



# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## THE HILL OF ERROR

**I**T does occasionally happen that a man, a party, or a nation takes the wrong road. A man may return; but a party and a nation must proceed on their appointed way to destruction, since in politics the portentous words are especially true, that things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Parties do not go wrong by conscious choice. Like the Pilgrim in a strange land, they mount the slow Hill of Error in ignorance of their changed destination, without suspecting that the gently rising pathway leads only to the brink of a precipice at whose base are strewn the remains of parties which "continue to this day unburied for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too far astray."

A party inevitably destroys itself. Otherwise it would destroy the nation, although occasionally it does succeed in the larger enterprise as well. At the last presidential election in the United States the Republican party carried precisely two states, because it took the wrong turning towards a higher tariff four years ago. Their predecessors, the Whigs, turned towards slavery, and perished in 1852, when Winfield Scott was defeated, and the very name which was in honour from the time of the Revolution became a term of reproach.

In England the Conservative party headed straight up the Hill of Error some ten years ago, under the guidance of a "business man" from Birmingham, and they are following in the precise path which led the Republicans of the United States to ruin. The false light came from over-seas. Colonial statesmen were called to their councils, as the saying now is, and they found it easy to advise when their advice was divorced from responsibility, and not dissociated from political self-interest. The Conservative leaders yielded to the arguments which were impressed upon them, and ac-

cepted the principle that the mutual loyalty of the different communities included in the empire can best be maintained by the establishment of mutual preference in matters of trade. They believed that the maintenance of this loyalty should be the first object of statesmanship, whether in the Dominions or in England; but they accepted, without sufficient examination, the dogma that mutual loyalty is inseparably bound up with mutual trade.

One step in the wrong direction led to another. If mutual advantages in trade were required to maintain mutual loyalty, then the policy of preference must necessarily be adopted. But, in order to establish preferences, England must be brought to abandon a policy which for several generations a large majority of the people had held to be as necessary for their commercial interests as protection was felt by people in the Dominions to be necessary for theirs. In the fancied interests of the empire, the Conservative leaders committed themselves and their party to a policy of protection. They persuaded themselves in ignorant sincerity that, apart from imperial interests, protection would best suit the commercial interests of England; but they also argued that it was essential if the empire was to be held together. No true loyalty to the empire—so the argument ran—was possible to any man who was not willing to adopt the doctrine of protection, even though he might believe that the commercial and social interests of England were best served by free trade.

A party is not a party when it destroys itself. It is merely a skeleton with a residuum of stupid mind. On the march the more far-seeing turn back or turn aside. They are willing to go one mile, but will not go twain. Tammany Hall has disappeared from the politics of New York because the best elements in the organization had long since made new alliances, carrying over their strength to collateral or rival bodies. In England a similar process of disintegration went on within the Conservative party. However radical may be the changes effected, or proposed, by Mr. Lloyd George, they are not nearly so radical as the change to which that party is com-

mitted so soon as it may return to office; and the men of conservative minds are being repelled.

A party in power grows old and dies. The party in opposition usually attracts to itself young men of spirit and independence and its virility waxes as the government wanes. But, at the moment, the personnel of the opposition in England is no stronger than it was on the morrow of its defeat seven years ago. There is a large number of educated and able men who find themselves in profound disagreement with the Liberal government, and their natural place is in the Conservative party. Rightly or wrongly, however, they are persuaded that the commercial and social interests of the English people require a certain fiscal policy. They do not hold by the dogma that the mutual loyalty of the people of the empire to each other is inseparably connected with mutual facilities for trade. They do not think that the Dominions should be asked to abandon their policy in the imagined interests of the Empire, and therefore they do not think that the interests of the empire really demand that Englishmen should abandon theirs.

In the Conservative ranks there is now no room for a man, however able, who cannot assent to a radical alteration in the whole fiscal basis under which British industries have been developed for the last eighty years. The consequence is that men who naturally belong to the Conservative party are excluded from its ranks, and, for the most part, are forced out of public life. Indeed, two important persons whose names will readily occur to the mind have been forced, however unwillingly, into the ranks of the opposite side. The effect on the Conservative party is that intellectually it is outmatched by the government. No House of Lords or Senate will ever afford such a valuable check to a party in power as the knowledge that there exist in the ranks of the opposition men no less competent than themselves to assume the reins of government. The government and the electorate in England are not only unwilling to accept the fiscal policy of the opposition, but they do not trust to its ability to conduct the affairs of the

nation. The result is that the party in power feel that they can do as they like, and England is suffering not so much from one-chamber government as from one-party control.

This homily is intended for the Liberals in Canada, lest they too mount the Hill of Error without foreseeing where their course will end. In that hour it may serve as a reason that they were led, or forced, over the precipice by their opponents; but a reason for going wrong is not always a justification. It may also serve as a warning to the Conservatives, since a new and stronger party always arises upon the ruins of the old, as the Republicans replaced the Whigs, and in turn held down the Democrats for fifty years. It will require great courage on the part of the Liberals, and a firm reliance upon principles to enable them to keep a straight course. In the past two years they have suffered much provocation. The basest passions were deliberately aroused against them and the holiest sentiments were invoked for their defeat. In the election itself, and at every by-election since, the power of money was used in its most brutal form; and in parliament a device was employed to silence them which every man who loves free and open debate dislikes to remember.

The question was, how Canada should begin to take an effective part in the naval defence of the empire. Three years earlier both parties were in agreement, and an attempt was made. This humble beginning was destroyed by derision which came from two quarters, from those who thought the measure inadequate, and from those who thought it unnecessary. A difference developed between the two parties as to which of two methods should be employed for the defence of the empire. The danger to the Liberals now is that the question of method shall develop into a question whether or not Canada is to remain a part of the empire at all; and that they shall be committed to a reply without having pondered the matter or even being aware that a momentous issue had been presented to them and was already pronounced upon. The irony of such a situation is the theme of all the fabulists; and

they are never weary of heaping ridicule upon the man who cries out for a thing and does not know what he was crying for until he gets it. The cry of the Liberals is for autonomy, for self-government. Let them be quite sure if that is really what they mean, and what is implied therein.

The naval question is not the final question. When Canada has decided to build a navy of its own, or to build a Canadian wing of an imperial navy, it has still to face the fact that it has no control over the issues which determine how the men and weapons called into being are to be used. We cannot spend millions on weapons of war and long continue to have no voice in the issues of peace and war. Whether we like it or not we are fast being driven to recognize that we have not really acquired self-government until we have acquired the same responsibility over the issues of peace and war as those acquired long since by the people of England, or by the people of the United States, or by the people of Mexico.

Self-government can be obtained in only one of two ways, by organic union with the Empire, or by independence. These are the only alternatives. All other proposals are mere subterfuges for evading the issue. Of these chimeras the only one which has received any thought is that form which is known as independence under the Crown. Norway and Sweden were united under one Crown in 1814. In our own time they separated, because the Crown could not continue to be responsible for two foreign policies which were bound to conflict. Hanover was independent under the Crown from 1714 to 1837, and the arrangement was not very satisfactory. Hanover, too, acquired complete independence. That was in 1837. In 1866 Hanover was annexed by Prussia.

Official Liberalism at the moment is averse from meddling in imperial policy. It is content to leave the issue of life and death in other hands. That is the abnegation of self-government. But whenever the moment comes, as it must come, that Canadians will have to decide that they must share in the control of the issues of peace and war, they will be faced by the question whether they are to control those issues jointly

with the people of the United Kingdom, or whether they are to control them separately. At present every government throughout the world knows that if the prime minister of England declares war, Canada is at war, and they will continue to know that until they are notified to the contrary. The moment foreign governments are notified that a declaration of war by the British government does not involve Canada in war, that moment they are notified that Canada has assumed its independence.

The alternative is the establishment of some system under which an imperial government, controlling the policy which ultimately determines the issues of peace and war, is responsible no less to the voter in Canada than to the voter in England. Such a system would give the Canadian voter self-government of exactly the same power as that now enjoyed by the people of England or of the United States. The inexorable fact must be faced that unless we are permanently to forgo the privileges of self-government, the very goal of Liberalism, the only other alternative is for us to settle the issues of peace and war for ourselves, and to notify foreign governments accordingly. That alternative is independence.

Whatever our private views may be, we cannot stand still. The Liberals have only two possible courses. They must proceed in the direction of organic union, or in the direction of independence. It is not enough to show how hard the one road is, or how far away on the horizon the other destination is lifted up, or even to allege that there may be a middle way, beginning no where and ending no whither, which no man as yet has discovered. The danger to the Liberals is that they may find themselves forced into an untenable position without knowing it, and without being prepared or willing to defend the place into which they were thrust by their own logic. It would be crediting their opponents with too much astuteness to suppose that the Liberals were being forced deliberately into a position of unalterable hostility to any plan of joint control, and so, by a process of exclusion, directed on their way up the Hill of Error.

Liberal politicians and journalists who speak from the lips outward, repeating their formulæ,—autonomy, self-government, happy as we are, vortex of militarism, dove of peace, entanglements, internal development,—would do well to take thought and consider where the logic implicit in these words will lead them. For these words do possess a logic of their own, no matter how lightly they are spoken. In time they will harden into a creed which will fasten itself on to the Liberal party. Long before that, sensitive Liberals will have felt the pressure, and they will slip away, some silently, and some protesting, as other sensitive persons slipped away from the Whigs, the Republicans, and Tammany Hall in the United States, and from the Conservatives in England.

Independence as the destiny of Canada is an arguable alternative, but the Liberals should be quite clear in their own minds that it is towards independence they are heading when they proclaim self-government as their creed and organic unity as their anathema. If they are not quite clear about it, the electorate will inform them, for the electors have a singular gift for reducing a complicated problem into very simple terms, and revealing as by a lightning flash tendencies and implications which are hidden from the wise and prudent politicians.

It is for the Liberals themselves to estimate the value of ultimate independence as a political cry, but in the calculation they should not neglect the incident of two years ago. At that time the people were stampeded into panic by a false alarm cunningly set. It is easy to imagine the fury with which they would turn upon a party which in reality menaced their ancient loyalty,—if one must use a word which in recent years has been prostituted to the basest purposes.

THE EDITOR

## THE UNIVERSITY AND BUSINESS

MANY years ago, while I was attending, in a very humble capacity, a great and famous Canadian public school, the institution was visited by one of those tidal waves of "practicalism" which every now and then wash over modern education. When this happens, Latin and Greek and all the top-hammer of the olden studies are carried, for the time being, far to leeward. At the institution of which I speak, one of the new things that was to be taught, and taught in a practical, just-as-good-as-real-life way, was banking. A corner space was railed off in the commercial class-room. A counter was set up with wire gratings, and the word "Bank" inscribed over it. Above the little wickets were minor legends, such as Paying Teller, Ledger Keeper, and so on. There were real books labelled Cash and Ledger: real promissory notes were made out on actual bits of blue paper, and printed cheque-forms were handed to and fro, in which the commercial class traded back and forward in sums that would have staggered the Chicago Produce Exchange. Reckless youths of thirteen were declared bankrupt for a couple of millions, and thought nothing of it. They went straight out and played hockey with the same ease of mind as Mr. Rockefeller when he played golf after a fine of twenty-seven million dollars at the hands of an American court. To all outward appearance the little bank was the most real of realities. You could draw foreign bills on Guatemala, conduct *arbitrage* business with St. Petersburg and Hong Kong between morning recess and lunch, and buy and sell stocks and bonds of any conceivable kind or quantity in the shortest possible time. And yet it failed. Somehow it didn't do. It wouldn't work. Try as we would we couldn't make it real,—inwardly. It was no use calling one of the boys a teller: he wasn't. It was no use pretending that the commercial master was lending us two millions; he didn't have it,

and we knew it; and anyway, if he had, he'd have been out from behind that little mimic bank like a hunted rabbit, and small blame to him. So presently the little bank failed. Its doors, metaphorically speaking, were closed; and it stood there in the corner of the class-room with its silly little signs and its vacuous expression, as a standing reminder that you can't teach banking in a class-room lecture any more than you can teach billiards in a sermon.

Aristotle said you learn to play the harp by playing the harp. The fundamental principle of learning how to do anything is by trying to do it; if you want to learn to shoot, get a gun; if you wish to learn to write buy a pen and ink, and begin. I think it was the famous Wackford Squeers who brought this theory to its highest point: the young gentlemen at Dotheboys Hall, as all readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" remember, were taught to spell window by going and cleaning one. Similarly, in a larger sense, I hold it to be true that banking can only be learned in a bank, commerce by the actual routine of business, railroading by drawing a salary from a railroad, and so on through the whole cycle of avocations.

Yet herein enters a peculiar difficulty. The banker trained in a bank, and only in a bank, is not the best kind of a banker; similarly, the railroad man who has obtained his whole training in the railroad itself is not the best kind of railroad man; and so on with the others. The case might be different, perhaps, if each separate branch of business and each department of life were marked off in an impenetrable, water-tight compartment. If a banker existed only for banking, and sat in his glass-and-iron hut, like a huge prehensile spider, evolved for a single function, things would be different. But, in reality, all the parts and branches of modern business, and its handmaid, modern politics, are interwoven together. What sort of banker would he be who knew nothing, let us say, of the transport system, the agriculture, or the land laws of his country? More than this, the thing called "practical life" is not the whole of life. It has its bounds and limits. Indeed, there have

been times and places where it has seemed a very small thing indeed, a negligible matter, or even a thing to be gravely suspected as diverting the soul from the nobler outlook upon things worth while. This, of course, was in the days when people still had souls and were concerned about them. But even now, when the soul has been largely replaced by the mind, or at any rate sub-let to a fashionable clergyman for a stipulated pew-rent or knocked on the head and rendered numb by the instrument called philanthropy,—even now practical life is not everything, and the man fitted for practical life and for nothing else finds himself, for a part of the time, like a deaf-mute at grand opera. After all, a bank closes at three o'clock; the banker must go somewhere for the night; and till he falls asleep he must eat, drink, talk, and somehow fill in the time till he hitches on his harness again next morning. Unimportant as this spare time may seem, it somehow has to be tolerated; and if there should happen to get mixed up in it the unavoidable society of a woman—(owing to a few rash moments of folly during which the banker forgot himself and made certain unguarded statements and promises which the law declares binding)—and perhaps the presence of a number of children, and a home and a house that must be attended to, and friendships that obtrude themselves,—if all this happens, I say, somehow the side of life that is not practical seems to have eaten up the other side and swallowed it altogether. And the banker, as he sits beside the blazing logs of the hearth fire in his sandstone palace, wishes that somehow or other he had been trained differently, so that he could have fitted into it all with a better grace and a truer sense of really belonging to it. What a jolly dog he could have been, so he feels, if only the jolly dog that is buried somewhere in his glum personality had been allowed to bark a little before it was choked in the dust of ledgers and silenced in the taciturnity of confidential business. How he could have talked, too, about books and art and ideas, and all the rest of it, just as keenly as any of the long-eared, professorial guests at his table who prate about Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, and couldn't raise a hundred dollars among a dozen of them.

So the banker, the man of the ultra-practical training, finds himself, with all his banking, shut out from the real feast of life. He's a damaged man, and he knows it. He is just as big a failure as the toy-bank that I spoke of a moment ago. It is too late, of course, to straighten the banker out. But the banker has a son, and he determines that his son shall not suffer as he has done. The son, just at present, is skimming over the surface of the country in a khaki suit as a scout, and holding high converse with the soul of Jesse James and Rob Roy and the illustrious dead. But the time is rapidly coming when he must be trained. The banker himself, like all rich men that have made money, is anxious to make the path of life easy for his boy. He likes to think that his son will not have to face the early hardships that he endured. So he takes out of the child's cradle the golden gifts of poverty, industry, and self-help that a good fairy had laid in his own, and throws them with a chuckle into the corner of a cupboard and substitutes for them the deceitful glitter of luxury, money, hired tutors, nurses, and the whole paraphernalia by which the children of the rich acquire in a generation or two the art of becoming poor. But this is somewhat beside the way. Let us suppose that our banker's son overcomes these evil gifts,—as wholesome boyhood can,—by the forced rigour of the scout, by the rude equalities of football, and by the pains and penalties of the democratic state of heathendom called school. Thus, the time finally comes when his father casts about to see what the boy's training and equipment in life is to be. His career itself is, of course, assured. He is to be a banker. But he is to be a different kind of banker from what his father was. The father has a mental vision of a banker, such as might be, a broad man, a man equipped with the world's culture and learning, able to hold his own with any one. There is a tinge of spite in the colours of the picture, but its creator is unaware of it.

It is in this frame of mind that the banker turns to the university, of whose existence he first really becomes aware at the time when his son is ready to enter it. He wants his boy

first and foremost to be a university man, because it seems to him self-evident that that ought to mean a cultivated man of the kind he dimly pictures in his mind. So he turns to the university, looks over its programme of studies, and interviews its president and its professors. He finds, or he used to find out many years ago, that the things that the university taught seemed to be the last things in the world of any possible use to his son. Maps of *Graecia Antiqua* hung upon its walls. There was a bust of Plato in the president's room,—not yet called his "office." The latest maps of the world in sight were those of Ptolemy. The president himself,—this, I repeat, was some years ago,—was a venerable person with a long, white beard, very scholarly but scarcely knowing five cents from ten. The professors, to the banker's eye, appeared melancholy, impractical people, mooning about in book dust, and unable to distinguish debenture stock from second mortgage bonds.

The whole machine seemed hopelessly rusty. The banker hesitated to trust his son to it. There was no sign of any good that might come to him from it. In the background lurked the apprehension that he might turn into a professor. Now it so happened that just about the time when the modern banker came to the university in his quest for training, others came as well. The railroad magnate, the corporation manager, the promoter, the multiform director, and all the rest of the group known as captains of industry, began to besiege the doors of the universities clamouring for practical training for their sons.

In earlier times and in other centuries their particular demands or desires would not have mattered much one way or the other. The person called the business-man was not a man who counted. The Greeks despised him, looked on him as necessarily a rascal, and, in the leisure of their olive groves, wrote little tracts to prove it. In the Middle Ages the business-man, in the form of a Jew, was made use of by unlettered kings and horse-stable princes who occasionally drew his teeth out or boiled him in oil to teach him to know his betters. It was reserved for our own age, the epoch of

machinery, to reverse all this and to enthrone the despised trader in triumph on the débris of broken aristocracies and bankrupt dynasties. There, with his pig-iron sceptre and his cotton robes, the clatter of his machinery lifts up its voice in his worship. No wonder, then, that when the modern business man began to turn his eye upon the colleges, there was such an upheaval and overturning, such a vacuum-cleaning of modern education as had not been seen in a millenium.

The result has been a desperate attempt, in a thousand ways, to make college education practical. The American universities broke out into all kinds of adjuncts and excrescences in the form of schools of commerce and departments of business. Instruction was given, or at any rate offered, in banking, insurance, stock broking, company promoting, and corporation finance. There were courses that taught the student how to be a bank manager in twenty-five lectures and how to be a railroad president in fifteen. According to the prospectuses of these courses, the whole secret of business success was to be recklessly given away for about seven dollars and fifty cents, payable in advance. The Isis of modern business was to be completely unveiled.

For the time being, the tide ran high. The older disciplinary studies fell under suspicion. They were not practical, it was said. They taught nothing that could not be obtained more easily in another way. Latin authors could be supplanted by a five-cent "Cæsar" done into bad English. Mathematics were replaced by the slide rule. Literature was represented by the daily newspaper with a comic supplement once a week.

The result was that a great number of tin-pot institutions and two-penny departments began to turn out a new kind of graduate, who spelt Cæsar with a G and thought that Edmund Burke was the name of a brewer. Over the surface of the graduates' mind was spread a thin layer of practical knowledge brittle as ginger bread.

We have had now about twenty years' experience of this kind of practical education, and we are beginning, I think, to see more clearly the right and the wrong of it, the good and the bad sides of it, than was possible at its beginning.

In the first place, it is quite clear that the attempt to teach the actual routine and mechanism of any business,—the “mystery” of it, as our ancestors used to call it,—breaks down altogether. The thing cannot be done. Just as there is no royal road to learning, so there is no academic short cut to a knowledge of affairs. What we call business is, stated very crudely, the art of making money. It can only be learned in the same way as people learn to skate and to dance the tango. Get out on the ice, or on the hardwood floor, and try,—that is the only method. All colleges which profess to teach practical business—apart from the mechanical acquirement of telegraphy and typewriting and shorthand, which is school-work—are nothing else than frauds. The only business, or mode of making money, which the student can learn in such a place is the one which he sees being carried on by the president and his gifted cohort of advertisers. More than this, even the true university studies which seem from their names and nature to wear an appearance of practical utility are twisted out of their real purpose if one attempts to turn them directly towards a specific, practical goal. Take the case of political economy. Here is a science that is the subject of very general misunderstanding. It is commonly supposed that it has something to do with the art of getting rich. In reality it has nothing whatever to do with it. Political economy, in its proper aspect, is an analysis of industrial society, an attempt to formulate a systematic survey of the forces that govern the rise and fall of prices, the mechanism of exchange, and the distribution of the fruits of production in the vast anarchical struggle of competing selfishness in which we live. In and of itself it is a science; that is, a survey of facts and phenomena made for its own sake, inculcating no precepts and proposing no programme. In so far as the science can be utilized as the basis of an art, it is concerned with the methods whereby the State may regulate industry for the advancement of happiness, not the means whereby an individual may better his fortunes. A young man in business who studies political economy to help him to make money, might just as well study astronomy to help him to see in the dark.

I mention the case of political economy because it is the most salient example of the necessary impracticality of college studies. But it is only typical of the nature of all of them. The only form of teaching that can be practical, in the smaller sense, is of the kind given by the plumber to his youthful assistant in "learning" him to adjust a washer to a kitchen tap.

But if it is being found by experience that the attempt at the direct, practical teaching of "business" breaks down all along the line, a similar discovery is being made, or rather re-made, in an opposite sense. It is becoming clear that the old disciplinary and cultural studies of the university, the Arts course, so called, are vastly more practical than had been supposed. The bank manager who has been cursed with a junior clerk who learned banking out of a college text-book and took a correspondence course on the art of pleasing the customer, learns to appreciate the opposite kind of product. The young man who has had a sound training in orthodox college studies is far better fitted to enter business than the boy who has been stuffed with the rigmarole of a bogus, commercial course. After all, the great aim of education is the acquirement of capacity,—not the ability to perform a particular mechanical thing in a particular way, but the power of turning upon any intellectual problem the full effort of a trained intelligence. It is just this power which the Arts course of a university ought to develop. The study of the binomial theorem is, visibly and directly, of no use in business; yet, as a matter of fact, one who has mastered it will find it relatively easier to turn up punctually at nine o'clock in the morning, to attend to what is said to him, to understand his own ignorance and do his best to remove it, than one who has never seen the inside of an algebra. A boy who has struggled with a Latin sentence will soon learn to write a good business letter; far better, indeed, than if he had plastered the surface of his mind with the ready-made phrases of a text-book on business correspondence.

But the fact that the orthodox studies of the university fit the student to enter business is only the smallest part of the

matter. A much more important thing is that they fit him to stay in business and to rise in it. If the training of a fifty-dollar clerk who was to go on as a fifty-dollar clerk, become presently a married fifty-dollar clerk, and grow grey in the pathetic routine of it, with his single Sunday suit and the false leisure of his fortnight's holiday,—if this were all that was in question, the case would be different. But in our age, fortunately, this is not all. The very essence of business life lies in advancement, in progress, in what is called "making good." Without that it is far inferior to the rude, open-air work of the hod-carrier or the gay adventure of the structural steel builder dangled against the sky.

If the man who enters business is not to rise in it, it is hardly worth while to devote any thought to training him at all. But if he is to rise in it, there must come, sooner or later, a time when he feels the need of a wider outlook and a wider knowledge which the routine of his business, in and of itself, cannot supply. If he is a man of power and intelligence he will set to work as best he can to remedy this defect. With no college education as a basis, he will set to work to make himself one. By reading, by thinking, by intelligent conversation, by theatres, by pictures,—a fragment here and an idea there,—he will acquire the broader outlook and the wider training that he knows by instinct to be indispensable. If not, he will stop dead in his upward progress, or become at best a mere money machine, distorted and despised.

Nor is the fact that college training enables a man both to enter business and to stay in it, the whole of the matter. Most important of all, it enables him to leave it. College study will give a man the outlook and the intellectual interest that will fit him for the larger aspects of life, when the door of the counting house is closed, when the alpaca coat is hung upon the wall, and when the business man must convert himself, for the time at least, into a citizen. This is the truest aim of college study. It fits a man to live. I will not say that it fits him to die: that form of fitness is grievously out of the fashion: a business man, or even a professor, fit to die would be sadly out of place in this rushing, striving world. That particular

kind of fitness is now assigned to the care of a first-class undertaking establishment, open, like the eye of old time Providence, day and night. But if a man no longer dares in this age to devote himself to being fit to die, surely the next best thing is being fit to live.

In speaking thus of college studies, I do not mean to say that there is no selection to be made among them, that one and the same curriculum is to be applied to each and every student. Very naturally, among the orthodox studies themselves, there are some that best harmonize with each particular walk in life. One may readily grant that the study of Hebrew or of Greek is suitable only for the specialist. There might even be a certain controversy as to the place of Latin in a programme of studies designed for a young man who is to enter business life; there is no need for those of us who regard it as the most practical method of learning to speak and write good English—even if it is nothing else—to be intolerant of other views. But the essential point is that the solid, orthodox studies of the university programme, taken in suitable, selective groups, offer the most practical training, in regard to intellectual equipment, that the world has yet devised. This fact is being recognized by many universities. The university schools of Commerce of the most successful type,—as those of, let us say, Chicago, Wisconsin, or an institution which I must not name,—are constructed on this basis. They do not profess to teach the mechanism of business. They offer what is really a programme of Arts studies, with emphasis laid in certain directions but never departing from the old time academic ideal.

It may well be, indeed, that our universities had previously been running a little too much towards academic specialization. Single branches of recondite study perhaps occupied too much of the foreground. If that is so, the modern demand for practical training and the onslaught of the business men on the doors of the colleges will have served a useful purpose. But as to the general soundness of college training as an equipment for any career of progress and enlightenment, there can be no doubt.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

## THE DOMINION AND THE PROVINCES

THE provincial premiers have assembled and they have returned to their provinces. They discussed grave questions arising out of the relation between the provinces and the Dominion ; but the sum of their deliberations does not appear to have been large, if one can judge by the reports which were issued from the secret conclave. They agreed to deprive a lieutenant-governor of part of his title and compensate him by adding to his salary. They were unanimous that the market for Canadian securities in England should be enlarged, and that increased subsidies should be paid to the provinces. It was hoped, not unreasonably, that this extra-constitutional convention might do something towards solving the rising questions between the East and West, between the Maritime and the Central provinces, between Quebec and the rest of Canada, between Canada and the Empire as a whole. Those who entertained such hopes were disappointed. It was hoped, too, that a new way had been found at least for bringing the contending parties together. The premier of the Dominion apparently still shares in this hope, for he issued a tentative invitation to the premiers of the provinces to meet in Ottawa some ten years hence.

In the meantime we must be content to employ such means as we have to decide who shall tax and who shall spend, and how both parties shall be represented. These are really the fundamental questions in any confederacy. They were comparatively unimportant when the amount to be spent was small. Now that the revenue is so large they must be settled by principle and not by expediency. Hitherto it was considered sufficient if the provinces were conciliated, but conciliation in one quarter leads to fresh demands in another. It has been convenient to assume that no questions exist; and one who raises them is regarded as a dis-

turber of the peace, like a recalcitrant, meddling shareholder at the annual meeting of a bank, who professes himself not entirely satisfied with the report which the directors hand out. Let him be content with the dividend which he receives.

Canada is in the position of the newly rich man who thinks that all paths can be made smooth by paying money to somebody. We have not yet learned that there are some problems which money cannot touch. We do not even yet perceive that we have problems. The people of the United States were for many years in the same situation. With the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 they supposed that the book of history was closed, but it was opened in 1861, and remained open for four bloody years, although they had, and still have, other means than war for solving their problems, whilst we have none. They can refer to the states for an amendment to the constitution. We have no provision for referring to the provinces. A constitution is a written document, and every document must be interpreted. They refer to their Supreme Court, and the judges, under cover of interpretation, alter the constitution to meet new conditions as they arise. We can refer to the Privy Council, but we were told quite specifically in 1904 by the Privy Council that it had not the slightest power to vary the terms of the Act which does duty for our constitution. And this tribunal, it must be said in all solemnity, is a power not ourselves. The present Lord Chief-Justice of England is eligible for membership, about whom the *Spectator* the other day asked the grave question: "Is it possible for any truthful defender of his conduct to say that he acted with the delicacy, the discretion, the candour, and the sincerity towards the House of Commons, which should be found in the holder of the highest judicial office?" Then follows the still more solemn affirmation: "To place a man with this record in a post where, more than in any other, delicacy, discretion, candour, sincerity, and a career untouched by legitimate censure are required, is to do a grave injury to the public interest."

All that remains for us is to send a joint petition from our two Houses to the parliament at Westminster praying that the British North America Act be altered. So long as our two Houses are in harmony, and the question is a purely academic one, that procedure will do very well. But let the question be a controversial one, either here or in England, and we shall receive illumination as by a lightning flash of the situation we occupy,—our supreme law created for us by a power which we do not create and cannot influence or control. Besides, there are many Canadians who make a distinction between their allegiance to the King and to the House of Commons ; and they do not fail to remind themselves that the parliament from which the British North America Act emanated, composed of the three ancient estates of the realm, the King, the Lords, and the Commons, was quite a different parliament from that to which the Act would now be referred. The Parliament Act by which one of the estates was eliminated profoundly alters our constitutional status. Only last year Canada declined formally to follow the suggestions which had been elicited from that department of the imperial government which is presided over by Mr. Winston Churchill. There is no guarantee that Canada will be more amenable to a decree which is bound in time to issue from another department, which may be presided over by Sir Rufus Isaacs, especially when it was precisely those who were urging us to comply who are now urging Ulster to rebel.

Constitutional development appears to proceed by a series of crises. This really means that a political organization is, like the crust of the earth, subject to stress and strain, which at times suddenly discloses itself in dislocations and faults ; and few persons think it worth while setting their house in order against the inevitable day. This day of reckoning is now close upon us. It has been ushered in by the attempt to adjust our imperial relations. The lesser breed of public men, and the most mongrel breed of newspapers, content themselves with scolding and calling shame upon us because we did this and did not do that. They failed in their

leap. We must now all set our feet firmly upon the ground. The best opinion is that our external relations cannot be settled apart from our internal relations, and that our internal relations cannot be settled apart from our external relations. A man cannot walk with one leg ; both must move in ordered sequence, else he will stand fast and finally fall.

Our diverse internal interests are falling apart. It is the present business to take note of the movement. The irony of political events is, as a rule, a process so slow that it is almost imperceptible in its growth. But in the past two years it has developed with a rapidity which is bewildering. The rejection of the trade arrangement with the United States left to the agricultural community a market in which they could neither sell nor buy. It was decreed by the town dwellers that the market for both purposes should be in the Canadian cities alone. The decree did not long remain in force. The United States abrogated it by a reduction, or abolition, of the tariff upon the more immediate necessities of life. The moment was not well chosen for the Canadian cities. The supply of food was not excessive, and there were internal influences at work making for scarcity and higher prices. In the first six months of the present fiscal year, 307,267 immigrants landed on these shores. Before the year is at an end we may expect an addition of half a million to the population. This army must be fed. They will produce nothing for a year, and they must subsist upon the food now actually in hand, in view of the long winter ahead when nothing can be grown. This was the juncture chosen by the United States to draw from our depleted supplies. Prices responded immediately. From Toronto twenty-seven car loads of cattle left for Buffalo the day after the new tariff went into effect and vessels began to load in the ports of the Maritime Provinces for the United States, a spectacle which had not been witnessed for forty years. Supplies which formerly came to Montreal were drawn off to Boston and other New England towns, and the cost of living increased.

There is always a latent dissension between town and country. It becomes clamorous when the town grows hungry. The Canadian cities have grown large in the past ten years without a corresponding increase in the rural population, or in its producing capacity, and the result is that Canada has now achieved the distinction of being one of the most expensive places in the world to live in. In twelve years the cost of living has increased by 51 per cent. We have beaten all rivals. Our nearest competitors are Austria, with a rise of 35 per cent., Belgium with 32 per cent., England and France make a poor showing with only 15 per cent. each, and Australia and New Zealand are little better.

It is easier to take note of economic results than to explain their causes, they are so multifarious and obscure. The one fact that stands out is that all classes of the community are not affected equally or at the same time. The man who produces food directly from the soil or the sea is the last to be affected. The city dweller who depends upon wages or salary suffers first and suffers longest, because wages and salaries are the last to share in the increase. The farmer and the fisherman profit first ; but the clerk and the mechanic and the humble labourer profit never, since wages do not keep up with the pace. In England the average rise in wages during the past ten years has been only a third of one per cent., or one thirtieth of the increase in the cost of living.

The whole world at the moment is caught in the grip of economic circumstance ; but the clerk or professor in Montreal, with a salary which was fixed at a time when the cost of living was forty per cent. less than it is to-day, is not sensibly comforted by the knowledge that his *confrères* in other countries are not much better off. The case of the labourer is not so hard. His wages are not so immovable as their salaries ; and labourers can move from place to place and from country to country.

Nor is there much comfort in the reflection that this is not the first occasion in the history of the world when the cost of living was beyond the ability to meet it. In England the

price of the necessities of life was at its height for modern times in 1873. There was a gradual recession until 1896, when prices began to rise again. If the year 1900 be taken as the basis of comparison, the downward and upward tendency would be expressed arithmetically as follows: 1873, 151.9; 1896, 88.2; 1912, 114.9. Thus, although prices have risen in recent years, the cost of living is not higher even now than it was in 1884, and it is actually lower by a percentage varying from 10 to 37 per cent. than it was in the years 1871 to 1884. From this it will appear that the end is not yet in sight. On the contrary, there is every reason to infer that the cost of living in Canada will increase by thirty per cent. more.

The movement spreads from one country to another as intercommunication is more complete. The increased cost of producing corn in Kansas or wheat in Saskatchewan is quickly felt in all countries where corn and wheat are consumed, and the consequent increase in cost of the products of those countries is promptly passed on to those who consume them. A railway in the Canadian West is paid for by the whole world which eats bread.

On every hand there is a cry for relief. The immediate remedy for distress from want of food in the Canadian cities is a prompt measure of retaliation upon the United States by reducing our tariff, and so tapping their supplies. But this cannot be done until parliament assembles, as it would appear that the powers of the Governor-in-Council are inadequate for dealing with this emergency, and are limited to a remission of duties only upon articles required in manufacture. There are also other difficulties in the way. The danger to our loyalty will not easily be forgotten, and the farmer must be reckoned with. For thirty years he has been milking the hind teat, and he rather enjoys his promotion to a more affluent source. It is wonderful with what equanimity he bears troubles which he does not feel. He is full of wise saws, and is quite capable of recommending to the city the counsel which the cook offered to the eel, that it should be content to stew in its own grease. A sapient butcher in Montreal proposes that an ex-

port duty should be placed upon the products of the farm. This remedy is as old as the days of Edward I, when no food was allowed "to go forth, with ye intent that there may be plentie in ye realm." In those days the farmers had no votes.

There are other respects, too, in which this natural divergence of interest between the town and country has been widened. The city is the place where opinion finds expression. If it is stifled there, it breaks out in the most unexpected places, at the cross-roads, the corner, and in the polling booth. There is extant a considerable body of opinion known, for lack of a better term, as liberalism. It thrives in the country. The town is fatal to it. When it is destroyed it revives and reflowerishes as radicalism. Until the present year Montreal was not without its two witnesses to liberalism. To-day there are none ; and the country takes account of the loss. Possibly the importance of the daily press is exaggerated, especially by those who manage it. Only a few days ago the president of the International News Service of the *New York American*, which is the largest newspaper in America, testified under oath that he had never heard of the proprietor of the *Montreal Star*, which is the largest newspaper in Canada. This confession of ignorance would be incredible had it not been made under oath. People have so often turned out on false alarms that a cloud of dust or a big smoke does not interest them any more. They see newspapers bought and sold as a farmer would buy swine or a politician a legislator; and yet the disappearance from Montreal of every organ for liberal expression marks the widening gulf between town and country.

This gulf in Canada is firmly fixed. In England all the important people live in the country. The most important may have a house in town; but that is only as a convenience for the man when he attends parliament, or for the woman when she requires to do a day's shopping, or to get her daughters married. In Canada the migration to the towns is marked. People who can afford it do spend a few summer weeks in the country, but they exist as isolated communities, disdainful

and disdained. Their winter holidays are spent in the uttermost parts of the earth, and when they grow rich enough to retire from the town it is to England they go.

In all democracies the course of the Conservatives is towards liberalism by a process of filching and pilfering of liberal doctrine. It is long since the Conservatives in Canada appropriated to themselves the very name itself. As a result, the Liberals are driven further and further into radicalism. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has stayed this natural course. He is no radical. A man who is at once a Catholic, a Frenchman, and a gentleman, never is. He kept the two parties close together, and he is the last restraining influence. Those who are doing their best to weaken his power, are, at the same time, doing their best to strengthen the forces of radicalism, which, in the end, will bear them down as it has borne down the House of Lords in England. The Conservatives loosed their hounds two years ago. They have been in full cry ever since. When the Liberals turn at bay they will have to lead them a champion without the piety of a Catholic, the grace of a Frenchman, or the manners of a gentleman. Then we will remember Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Gladstone is remembered in England in these Lloyd-George days.

The Dominion has grown too strong, and the provinces have grown too weak. That is the fundamental difficulty. But the Dominion over-estimates its strength and attempts to do by force what can only be done by persuasion. No human being to-day has more power than the premier of Canada. No king ever had so much. Kings were always liable to have the very basis of their authority called into question. New theories of sovereignty were continually arising, which ranged between two extremes of divine right and consent of the governed; and many a king lost his head in the effort to settle the dispute. But the premier exercises his power in virtue of laws specifically enacted by the people; and it does not affect their validity to claim that they were enacted at a time when no man could infer their implications or foresee the use to which they were to be put. What would be

said of a president of the United States, for example, who appointed every senator, who named the governor of every state, who placed every judge on the bench? Such authority is too great for any one man to wield. The possibility of naming the man who is, nominally at least, to wield this power is too great a temptation to those extra-constitutional entities which prevail in all democracies.

The plain truth is that this vast power has not been well exercised. Appointments have been made to the Senate, to the judiciary, and to the governorship which are a pain to the faithful and a bitter jest to the cynical. And these vicious appointments are not accidental and occasional, but deliberate and habitual. They are the product of the basest bargaining. If these offices were put up at open sale to the highest bidder, the method would have the merit of frankness and equal chance for all. Men who do not understand measures understand men very well, and they judge of a government by the appointments it makes. If we obtained that "control" in imperial affairs which many persons desire, and recommended Mr. Rogers as viceroy of India, Sir Rodolphe Forget as chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Sam. Hughes as commander-in-chief, and Mr. Pelletier as ambassador to France, we should be sure to be asked if it was the case that their faithfulness in lesser matters warranted the promotion,—and our view of the Empire would be changed.

Who is senator matters somewhat. Who is to judge matters much. The law and politics fall into quite different categories, and they are often at a natural enmity. To the politician much is forgiven; the judge is held to a stricter account. A judgeship may be a reward for political services. When it becomes a reward for political subserviency, a distrust of the whole judicial system is created in the minds of the people; the law and the administration of justice then pass from popularity into disrepute. From that it is only a step towards recalling judges who deliver unpopular judgements, and one step further to the annulment of legal decisions. When judges are chosen for frank political reasons from

active partisans, it would not be wonderful if they should be dismissed on the same grounds. The present arrangement cannot endure. It should not endure. It destroys the independence of parliament, respect for law, and unthinking acquiescence in its administration. It is a gross scandal that a man should sit upon the judicial bench with the dust of the political arena upon the ermine which he wears. If judges are to be appointed solely upon political grounds, the people will soon demand that they themselves shall appoint them as they do in the United States. The more successful lawyers have long since disdained the bench, and it is not attainable by industry or even by genius, since the man of the judicial temperament will not scramble for a place. The Dominion appoints the judge, but the province endures his judgements, and, in the long run, pays his salary. In the meantime, this power to appoint is employed as a means to hold provincial and Dominion representatives in subserviency.

Freedom of election is one of the most precious privileges of democracy. An election to the House of Commons is even less than a provincial affair. It is a matter for the constituency itself ; and yet in any by-election the Dominion government feels free to exercise its full force. It is for such conduct that General Huerta in Mexico has earned the censure of the world. The truth is that the Dominion government has completely destroyed the public life of the provinces. It holds out the possibility of office to their public men, and draws them aside from their immediate business by visions of a larger and more lucrative field. It has the public purse at its command. It can gorge the subservient and starve the recalcitrant into submission. It can corrupt public life by its expenditure, undermine private morality by its example, and sap the force of industry by its benefactions for political gain.

The provinces attach great importance to the number of their representatives, more, indeed, than to their quality. Ontario and the Maritime Provinces find their representation

dwindling after every census. To take the most extreme case, Prince Edward Island, which entered Confederation with six members, is now entitled only to three. If the present progress of population in Quebec and in Prince Edward Island continues, that small, but important, province will find itself without any representation at all. Quebec must have sixty-five members; and sixty-five divided into the total of the population of that province yields the number which is entitled to a member in all the other provinces, except in British Columbia, where the minimum is fixed by law. In this there is matter for a bitter controversy; how bitter may be judged from the history of Upper and Lower Canada from 1841 to 1864.

The relation of representation to population has formed a subject of controversy in Canada for three generations. Under the Union of 1841, Upper and Lower Canada were represented in the assembly of the provinces by forty-two members each. Upper Canada had the smaller population, and the lower province protested, claiming that representation ought to follow population. Upper Canada answered that the principle of fixed units was the true one. After the census of 1851, the upper province had 60,000 more population than the lower. The disputants then changed sides. Lower Canada claimed that the fixed unit was in accord with the genius of the constitution, but Upper Canada discovered that representation by population was the real basis of democratic institutions. The struggle went on till Confederation. Then the Maritime Provinces began to lose population relatively, and, in one case, absolutely. They began to advance the principle of fixed units; but meantime both the Canadas had forgotten it. After the redistribution of 1903, appeal was made to the courts to prevent further reduction as contrary to the meaning of the British North America Act. The Privy Council declared that the Act not only permitted but commanded representation by population.

However the premiers might disagree upon minor points, there was absolute unanimity that the provincial subsidies

should be increased. At the time of Confederation, these payments to the provinces amounted to less than three million dollars. To-day it amounts to ten million dollars ; and the premiers are unanimous in demanding that it be increased to thirteen millions. The text of the British North America Act is quite clear. Section 118 declares that the original grants "shall be in full settlement of all future demands." George Brown affirmed that they were "in full and final extinguishment of all claims hereafter for local purposes," and he offered to the provinces the counsel, that they "must supply all deficiencies from a direct tax on their own localities." Yet, within two years, the terms were varied to the advantage of Nova Scotia. For forty years the cry of "better terms" has been heard at every election, and the capacity to grant them has been the chief means of keeping the Dominion and provincial governments "in line."

The Confederation was formed just after the American Civil War over "states rights." Under the influence of that calamity, there was to be no question where the sovereignty lay. To the provinces were assigned their rights in set terms, and the residue was retained by the Dominion ; but it was never intended that the sovereignty of the Dominion was to be employed for the destruction of the provincial political life. By the power of appointment and the power of the purse, by public expenditure and private corruption, the Dominion government systematically destroyed the provincial assemblies, and made of them mere adjuncts to the central power. At the time of the election in 1911, the Liberals were in a majority in one of the provincial legislatures. At the local election, which followed within three months, they retained only two seats.

The Fathers of Confederation have gone to their own place. Whilst they were amongst us they were looked upon as gods walking the earth, and all discussion of their motives was estopped. A closer examination reveals them as men with like passions to those of the average Ottawa politician, and their motives just as mixed. The Confederation, instead

of being a heaven-born plan delivered by an angelic messenger into the hands of Sir John Macdonald, was really a device to break the impasse at which the province of Canada had arrived. The union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 was really an arrangement to break the power of the French. That was the meaning of the "joker" which lay concealed in Durham's Report. It did not work out quite in that way. Upper Canada still remained divided between "clear Grits," Reformers, and Tories; and the French held the balance. Accordingly, between 1851 and 1864, eleven ministries had fallen and government was impossible. Confederation was a measure of despair, and the means which were employed to bring it about were desperate ones. The Maritime Provinces were the key to the situation, and the record of the means by which it was won now reads like a sinister farce. It is all contained in that history, "Canada and its Provinces," which is now being issued from Toronto by Mr. Glasgow and his hundred associates.

After a century of bickering, these three provinces had achieved a system of government which was entirely satisfactory to them. The Crown was represented by a governor whose duties were clearly prescribed and his prerogatives well defined. To him was accorded the respect which was due to his position, admiration for his past services, and sympathy in his new endeavours. He lived in an atmosphere of good-will and he might easily become the recipient of affection. Indeed, there is much pleasant testimony to these happy relations. The position was one of dignity, and the governor usually had persons of dignity about him, so that the grace of the Government House did something to alleviate the rawness of colonial life. The people were furnished with certain standards. A society created itself in which some amenity and graciousness was preserved. There was a legislative council in which the more considerable persons in the community were specifically represented, and a house of assembly elected practically by a manhood suffrage. The model was familiar. It was a miniature of the

system which prevailed in the country from which most of the inhabitants derived their parentage.

Besides being happy, the Maritime Provinces were prosperous. With the lowest tariffs in the world, the revenues had doubled in the ten years before Confederation. Two hundred miles of railway had been built in Nova Scotia without resorting to special taxation. In New Brunswick a line had been laid across the province, with several branches, which in 1871 was connected with the system of the United States. The work had been begun as early as 1853, and the event was celebrated by a procession in which eleven hundred ship-wrights, representing seventeen shipyards, formed a part. At the time St. John ranked fourth in the British Empire as a ship-owning port, having eight hundred and eight vessels, with a capacity of 263,140 tons. Prince Edward Island had the largest population in its experience before or since.

The provinces were alert politically and were at work upon a plan of maritime union. There was nothing new in this. It was merely an undoing of the work of 1784, when Acadia was divided into three parts, and the failure of Cape Breton as a separate province was a further warrant. A convention was called in Charlottetown in 1864. A delegation from "Canada" asked to be received to present the wider proposal of a confederation of all the colonies. The attitude of the people was one of open hostility. At the outset of the negotiations they were not interested in the terms which might be offered. They were unwilling to consider any terms at all. They had other designs entirely, and it was their aim to effect a union amongst themselves, to revert to the ancient status in which all three had been united, New Brunswick undivided from Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island also an integral part. Between them there was a community of sentiment and a community of interest which had developed a local patriotism.

Canada was far away, further away than England, from a people which was accustomed to measure distances in terms of a sea-voyage; and Lower Canada, it was commonly re-

ported, was inhabited by a race which spoke an alien tongue and practised the rites of a religion which was strange to the majority of those dwellers by the sea. It was remembered that not many years before a hostile mob had burned the parliament buildings in Montreal, and had assaulted the representatives of Her Majesty in the public streets. More perplexing still, a document was known to be in existence, signed by many prominent citizens of "Canada," urging annexation to the United States. With such Confederation did not present many attractions. The fear was that the old and pleasant relations with the mother country would be altered. London they knew, with its thousand years of vivid and varied memories. Ottawa had but recently emerged from the wilderness. Its very name of Bytown denoted its obscurity. It was the cry of ancient loyalty against a transfer of allegiance.

The delegation separated. The proposal was laid before the people of New Brunswick in March, 1865, and in the new assembly Confederation had only six supporters in a house of forty-one. Only one member of the previous government escaped defeat. In Nova Scotia the question was carried in the legislature without an appeal to the people; at the next election only two confederates were returned. Of these one was unseated, and an opponent took his place. In Prince Edward Island the hostility was even more determined. A resolution that the terms should be adopted was submitted to the assembly in March, 1865, and was defeated by a vote of twenty-three in a house of twenty-eight. In the following year a resolution was passed by twenty-one votes to seven "that any federal union that would embrace the Island would be as hostile to the feelings and wishes, as it would be opposed to the best and most vital interests of its people." In 1870 a resolution was adopted by nineteen to four votes "that the people were almost unanimously opposed to any change in the constitution of the colony." In 1873 a resolution was offered that a union should be effected "upon terms just and reasonable." The question was put and the government was defeated by sixteen votes to ten.

How it came about that a Confederation which was so bitterly opposed afterwards came into effect will never be fully disclosed, since history deals only with what can be known. The means by which the leading opponents were won over—by which, for example, Howe was willing to assume a place in the Dominion cabinet—must always remain a secret, since men do not usually commit such matters to writing for posterity to read. It is a matter of record, however, that the twelve Canadian senators assigned to New Brunswick were selected from the legislative council; and of the forty-one members of the assembly sixteen of the most prominent resigned their seats to become members of the Dominion house or to accept office.

Nova Scotia gave open warning as late as 1886. From his place in the house the provincial secretary offered a series of resolutions contrasting the state of the province before and after Confederation, and assigning the reason for its "unsatisfactory and depressed condition," and affirming that "the objections which were urged against the union at first, apply with still greater force than in the first year." The government "deemed it absolutely necessary to ask permission from the imperial parliament to withdraw from the union with Canada and return to the status of a province of Great Britain." The resolutions were carried by fifteen votes to seven. The house was dissolved, and the government was returned by an increased majority.

After a trial of nineteen years those in charge of provincial affairs deliberately declared in their official capacity as representatives of the people, that the experiment of Confederation had failed. They may have been wrong, but the people affirmed specifically that they were right, and the party which opposed Confederation has been in power for forty-two out of the forty-six years since the event.

A nation is not created by calling a congeries of communities by the name. A nation is only created in the slow effluxion of time, and by the neutralization of the contending forces which exercise their power in environment, race, lan-

guage, custom, religion, common interests, history, and government. It is a synthetic product, and not a mere mixture or amalgamation. Therefore the half dozen men who are the government of Canada would do well if they were not to put too great a strain upon the binding tie between the Dominion and the provinces until all the parts are knit into an indissoluble whole.

The fiasco of last winter is convincing proof of the incapacity of the Dominion to do anything but to tax and to spend. It has left the provinces with a feeling of shame,—felt, of course, more acutely in some than in others,—with a feeling of indignation against the Conservatives for having taken up an untenable position from which they were driven in defeat, and against the Liberals for having achieved a victory. For the imperial business at the moment is at an impasse ; and it has arrived at the barrier through the exigencies of Dominion politics, since the politics of the whole are vastly more complicated than the politics of the respective parts which compose it. Left to themselves the provinces, even including Quebec, would have disposed of the naval question as easily as New Zealand and the Malay States have done.

In another place I have described the Earl of Egmont as the first imperialist. In 1763 he brought forth "a general plan for the settlement of all the conquered countries of America." In applying this general plan to a particular locality, which has since become a province, namely, the island of St. John, he declared that "the subjects of the island are to be considered and treated not as provincial or dependent, but as Englishmen, without any jealous or invidious distinction, as fully as though the county of Saint John was a member of the Island of Great Britain, and a part and parcel thereof." In every province that sentiment still lingers.

The Dominion has tried its hand at the imperial business, and it has failed. It will fail more egregiously when it comes to deal with more complicated problems. The time to

examine our instrument of government, and to discuss the method and spirit of its employment, is before it will be required for serious use, and not in the moment of emergency.

It is a hard lesson to learn that a man can spend his money better than any government can spend it for him. A dollar in the tax-payer's pocket is not lost ; but it is a queer looking dollar which comes back to him after it has been to Ottawa and returns to him through his provincial capital. The Dominion government will only be secure from provincial raids when it has no money to be raided. It will not do to allege that its surplus is not really a surplus. It will not do either to make haste to spend what it has. The remedy is to allow the provinces to do their own taxing and their own spending. Then the Dominion will cease to be regarded as an alien power to which tribute must be paid, and to be attacked so that a part of that tribute may be disgorged.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

## THE DEAD MASTER

AMID earth's vagrant noises, he caught the note sublime:  
To-day around him surges from the silences of Time  
A flood of nobler music, like a river deep and broad,  
Fit song for heroes gathered in the banquet-hall of God.

JOHN McCRAE

## THE NAVAL POLICY

IT is now considerably over two years since the present government in Canada was returned to power. The Conservatives came into office subject to a clear declaration of policy on the naval question. That policy, as enunciated by the leader, had two branches. First, he stated that he would consult the Admiralty ; and then, if parliament declined to grant "immediate and effective aid," he would appeal to the people. Second, he declared that a permanent policy would be worked out and submitted to the electorate. These declarations were recalled by the premier when making his announcement in the House of Commons last session.

In office, the new government demanded time for the consideration of a matter of such grave importance, a demand to which all reasonable men at once assented. In due time the Admiralty was consulted. It was consulted, it would appear from the memorandum presented to the Canadian parliament, not on the question of a permanent policy, but as to the form in which immediate aid might most effectively be given. In response to the advice of the Admiralty the government introduced an emergency measure in the form of a loan of Dreadnaughts. This measure was opposed by the Liberals, chiefly on the ground that it was a policy of contribution ; and the Senate refused its sanction until the will of the people should have been sought.

That was the situation last June. It is still the situation to-day. The Admiralty at that time advanced the construction of three battleships by ten months ; and Mr. Borden announced that he expected to be in a position to pay for these three ships by the time they were completed. Since then, however, no inkling has been given as to how it is proposed to proceed. Another session will soon be upon us ; and at the moment of writing no hint has been vouchsafed that the

emergency bill will be reintroduced or that any naval policy will be laid before parliament. The Liberals have assured us that they are willing to consider any policy on its merits. They are equally insistent that they will obstruct any proposal for a contribution with the vehemence with which they resisted last year's measure.

In the meantime, we are all in the dark. The people would like a chance to be able to judge between the naval policies of the two parties ; but that is a difficult task when one policy is permanent and the other merely temporary. The Liberals, of course, tell us that there is no doubt about the matter ; that the permanent policy of the government is one of contribution. But this the premier denies. Under the circumstances we are forced to content ourselves with inferences from statements by the premier and his colleagues and from the logic of the facts. Let us see whether these will resolve our doubts and throw light on the political landscape.

We shall take first two of Mr. Borden's declarations of what his policy is not. "In presenting our proposals," said he, on December 5th, 1912, "it will be borne in mind that we are not undertaking or beginning a system of regular and periodical contributions. I agree with the resolution of this House in 1909, that payment of such contributions would not be the most satisfactory solution of the question of defence."

Those words might be thought to be clear enough, but he was still more explicit in his reply to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on April 7th. Sir Wilfrid had said, "This is the line of cleavage between my right honourable friend's policy and our policy. His is imperial contribution : ours is national autonomous development."

"The right honourable gentleman," declared Mr. Borden in reply, "has reiterated over and over again in the course of his remarks that this is a policy of permanent contribution. I desire, speaking upon my responsibility as a member of this government, to take the strongest possible exception to the statements which the right honourable gentleman has made. I say, in the first place, that it is not a policy of contribution

at all ; and I say, in the second place, that it is not a permanent policy. That was stated on the 5th day of December last. I have stated it on more than one occasion since, and I state it again to-day in the strongest form of expression that parliamentary usage will permit."

It should be perfectly clear, then, that Mr. Borden does not consider his present policy "a policy of contribution" ; and, further, that he does not regard as the "most satisfactory solution of the question of defence. . . a system of regular and periodical contributions." Taking these denials as the basis of our argument, have we any clue as to what the premier's attitude is in regard to the permanent solution of the naval problem ?

Let us begin with the logic of the Churchill memorandum. At the Imperial Conference of 1909, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Reginald McKenna, submitted a memorandum on naval defence, containing this declaration : "If the problem of imperial naval defence were considered merely as a problem of naval strategy, it would be found that the greatest output of strength for a given expenditure is obtained by the maintenance of a single navy with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command." But he added, doubtless in view of the attitude of the then Canadian and Australian governments : "It has, however, long been recognized that in defining the conditions under which the naval forces of the Empire should be developed, other considerations than those of strategy alone must be taken into account. The various circumstances of the over-seas Dominions have to be borne in mind. . . . A simple contribution of money or material may be to one Dominion the most acceptable form in which to assist in imperial defence. Another, while ready to provide local forces and place them at the disposal of the Crown in the event of war, may wish to lay the foundations upon which a future navy of its own could be raised."

In 1912 a new Canadian premier went to England and conferred with the Lords of the Admiralty, returned and presented to the Canadian parliament this declaration of Admi-

rally advice : "The prime minister of the Dominion having inquired what form any immediate aid that Canada might give would be most effective, we have no hesitation in answering, after a prolonged consideration of all the circumstances, that it is desirable that such aid should include the provision of a certain number of the largest and strongest ships of war which science can build or money supply."

This advice the Canadian government interpreted as an invitation to contribute three Dreadnaughts to the imperial fleet, and there seems little reason to suppose that they were mistaken. In 1909 the Admiralty not only admitted that other than strategical conditions must be considered in imperial naval defence, but agreed to aid the Canadian government in beginning on a rather small scale to build a Canadian navy by the loan of officers and men to navigate and manage training ships. Under date of January 24th, 1913, on the other hand, Mr. Winston Churchill wrote: "The Admiralty will, of course, loyally endeavour to facilitate the development of any practical naval policy which may commend itself to Canada ; but the prospects of their being able to coöperate to any great extent in manning the units is now much less than it would have been at the time of the Imperial Conference of 1909. . . . Looking to the far greater manning difficulties which now exist than formerly in 1909, the establishment of two such units would place a strain upon the resources of the Admiralty which, with all the will in the world, they could not undertake to meet."

In 1909, as in 1912 and 1913, the Admiralty believed that a single navy with "unity of training and unity of command" would give the most efficient service from the point of view of naval strategy alone. In 1909, however, they recognized that, from the point of view of imperial politics, a single navy was impracticable. In 1912 and 1913 there was no mention of any "however." The Admiralty gave their strategical advice and saw no political obstacle to its adoption. What does that indicate as to the conception entertained at the Admiralty in regard to Mr. Borden's permanent naval policy ?

That is the first piece of evidence I wish to submit as to the meaning of Mr. Borden's declarations in regard to a permanent naval policy. The second is his catalogue, given in his speech on the third reading of the naval aid bill, of "things that Canada can do to aid the mother country aside from the provision of these ships." Here it is in brief form :

I. The construction of dry-docks which, while perhaps primarily useful for commercial purposes, could be constructed under Admiralty supervision and would be an important aid to the Admiralty in time of war.

II. The establishment of naval bases and the fortification of the bases and of the ports at which they are situated.

III. The defence of these bases by torpedo boats and other similar craft as to which we would seek the advice of the Admiralty.

IV. The establishment and gradual extension in the over-seas Dominions of shipbuilding and repair plants, capable, in the first place, of building small cruisers and other auxillary craft, as well as vessels for commercial purposes. This eventually might be so extended—and would, we hope, be so extended—that it would apply to vessels of a very much larger size.

V. The training of officers and men at the naval college at Halifax and on training ships : the men for the fisheries protection to be drawn from these men.

VI. Our fisheries protection service might be amplified and developed to a much greater extent than it has been in the past by the addition of small cruisers, which, while primarily used for the purpose of protecting our fisheries and natural resources against marauders, would, in time of war, be useful for the protection of our commerce, and so would to that extent relieve the imperial fleet of local defence duties.

This catalogue, it will be noted, contains no mention of a Canadian fleet. It is limited to dry-docks and shipbuilding plant, training of officers and men, naval bases and coast defence with small cruisers and torpedo craft. There is no mention of battleships or battle cruisers of the Bristol class

such as were proposed for the "tin-pot" navy. The question then arises: Is this all that Canada would be asked to do under the Borden policy? Or would it, in addition, be asked to provide ships and men for the imperial navy operating under the command of the Admiralty? And if so, what is the relation of this to a "contribution"?

The third and last piece of evidence which I will offer is the speech made by Mr. James A. Lougheed, government leader in the Senate, and in doing so I wish to make it perfectly clear that I am aware that Mr. Lougheed did not himself think he was presenting an argument for a permanent policy of contribution. In fact, just before he concluded, he made this distinct disclaimer of any such intention: "It must not necessarily be assumed," he said, "because the government proposes an emergency contribution such as that provided for in the Bill that this in any way indicates a permanent policy in any way antagonistic to one essentially Canadian. In fact, such a contribution as is proposed to be made of three battleships, remaining the property of Canada and subject to being recalled by Canada at any time, may be said to be peculiarly consistent with a Canadian policy. . . . The ships can at any time, in fact immediately when built, be made by any parliament the nucleus of a Canadian navy."

Quite so. But giving these words their full force, what are we to make of these utterances earlier in the same speech? "If the self-governing parts of the Empire," said Mr. Lougheed, "are satisfied that their destiny lies within the Empire, then nothing is more manifest than that their duty in this emergency is to participate in a system of common defence. It is almost unnecessary to enlarge upon the proposition that a common and coöperative system of naval defence is not only necessary but imperative. There will not be found any authority upon naval tactics who will pronounce in favour of distinctly separate national fleets. The imperial government, the Admiralty authorities, and all writers on naval tactics agree in common on this all-important subject. . . . In the face of the document laid upon the table and to which

I have referred, prepared by the Admiralty authorities (the original Admiralty memorandum presented by the premier on December 5th) this point (the concentration of naval forces in the North Sea) is made perfectly clear, and to attempt to depart from a system of common and coöperative defence for the entire Empire would be nothing short of sacrificing the very existence of the Empire itself. If, therefore, in naval tactics the defence of the Empire should be a system common to the entire Empire, then the corollary to this is indisputable, that such a system should be maintained at the cost of the Empire and not alone of Great Britain. This question of contribution is one that has never been urged by Great Britain upon the self-governing Dominions. Cheerfully have the defences of the Empire been borne by Great Britain herself, and not until the passage of the German naval bill has this most important of imperial subjects been thrust by its very necessity upon the attention of the self-governing Dominions. If common defence is the only effective system of defence, so must it necessarily be the least expensive upon the participants. The maintenance of separate, national defences by the self-governing Dominions, entirely apart from the weakness and infirmity of such a system, must necessarily involve the maximum of expense and the minimum of security."

Mr. Lougheed, it is quite true, was speaking of "this emergency"; but his arguments have so much momentum that they seem to go far beyond any such limitation. Otherwise to what conclusions are we led? "There will not be found any authority upon naval tactics who will pronounce in favour of distinctly separate national fleets." So says Mr. Lougheed. Yet Mr. Lougheed—if we are not to assume that he is opposed to a Canadian navy—will later brush aside this unanimity of opinion and support just what all authorities on "naval tactics" condemn. Mr. Lougheed's argument reads—to the writer, at least—very much like the McKenna declaration of 1909 on naval strategy without the subsequent limitation imposed by Mr. McKenna from the

point of view of imperial politics. Having thus completed our survey of the evidence, let us see how it stands. We have :

I. In 1909 the Admiralty favoured a single navy with a Canadian contribution to it, but consented to assist in the formation of a Canadian navy. In 1912 the Admiralty still favoured the single navy, and saw no need of modifying its declaration of faith. In 1909 the Admiralty knew that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was opposed to a single imperial navy and a Canadian contribution. They apparently believed that Mr. Borden was not opposed to it, and they assumed they could receive a single contribution at least.

II. The government leader in the senate, Mr. Lougheed, declares that no authority on "naval tactics" will pronounce in favour of "distinctly separate, national fleets." Like the Admiralty, he sees no need, in 1913, of making any reservation in regard to political conditions. Apparently he, too, assumes the political condition antagonistic to a single imperial fleet with a Canadian contribution had disappeared with the defeat of the Laurier government.

III. The premier himself outlines a tentative policy in addition to the loan of three Dreadnaughts; and his tentative policy is limited to coast defence, torpedo craft, and small cruisers suited only for local defence.

What are we to infer? On certain broad lines it does not seem to me that the task of inference is difficult. The premier pins his faith—so runs one of these broad inferences—to a single navy for the whole Empire. "I do not believe," he himself said, on February 27th, "that the security of this Empire can be maintained and preserved without a combination of the naval forces of the Empire under one control, at least in time of war." Yet—so runs our other broad inference—he is opposed to "a system of regular and periodic contributions." Are the two views reconcilable?

There are, it will be noted, two alternatives that are practicable in Mr. Borden's eyes. The first is "a Canadian division or unit of the British navy," always under the control

of the Admiralty; the second is such a unit under the control of the Canadian government in time of peace but reverting to the Admiralty as soon as war breaks out. In both cases, presumably, we would pay for upkeep as well as first cost; and in neither case would we control the ships in time of war. In neither of these cases is there anything of tribute; and in that sense there would be nothing of contribution in them. As in the case of the Bill of last session, the ownership of the vessels might remain in Canada; and that again would differentiate the proposal from a "contribution," such as is made by New Zealand, for instance. Undoubtedly, however, the intention would be that the "user" of the ships would be for the imperial navy; and so far as that goes, there would be a gift or contribution—the name is indifferent, the fact is important—by Canada for the Empire navy.

Apart from these considerations, however, the situation involved in either proposal appears to me highly dangerous, if not impracticable. Here is a fleet unit which is part of the imperial forces for war purposes but is paid for by the Canadian parliament. The Canadian parliament is sitting, and has before it the vote for the maintenance of this fleet. The Empire becomes involved in a war of which the Canadian parliament does not approve. Suppose the Canadian parliament rejects the vote for fleet maintenance. What, then, would be the difference—as far as the Empire and Foreign relations are concerned—from the situation which would arise, and which seemed so unthinkable to Mr. Borden, if the Canadian government controlled the fleet and did not place it at the disposal of the Admiralty in time of war? I should think that the effect on the Empire and on foreign relations would be less serious under Sir Wilfrid Laurier's than under Mr. Borden's theory. In fact, so long as the Canadian parliament holds the power of the purse over our fleet or over our unit in the imperial navy, it is idle to attempt to bind the Canadian government always and automatically to turn over this fleet to the control of the imperial Admiralty.

There is one way of escape from this difficult situation; and by a coincidence natural enough when the situation is understood, that way of escape is also a way of reconciliation for the two seemingly contradictory declarations of the premier. This way is the organization of an imperial taxing power—council or parliament, call it what you will—which will collect its own taxes to pay for the imperial machinery under its control. So long as the Canadian parliament is to vote money for the navy, I can see no other politically practicable policy than a Canadian navy, wholly controlled by the Canadian government, and acting under the Admiralty only at the direction of the Canadian government. But if we set up an imperial taxing power, than we can have an imperial navy in which Canada participates but to which she no more contributes than Ontario contributes to the cost of the Dominion government.

This provides a solution for the seeming contradiction in Mr. Borden's utterances. But it involves the inference that Canada should take no permanent part in imperial naval defence—other than in constructing naval bases and in other coast defence works—until the problem of the reorganization of the Empire is solved. That is a solution which it is difficult to conceive Mr. Borden would accept. It is too much like putting off permanent participation until the Greek Kalends.

FRANCIS A. CARMAN

## THE TARIFF AND WAGES

THE doctrine that high tariff protection and high wages are mutually causal has long served. This belief is based on two plausible principles. The first appears in the assertion that protection to industries in North America is necessary and justifiable, inasmuch as the higher wages paid in the United States and Canada, as compared with European countries, impose a handicap on the American manufacturer. The second and more recent application of the doctrine is revealed in the claim put forth that the tariff must be maintained in order not to endanger the high wages already enjoyed by the American workman. By inference, at least, this claim is based on the theory that the relatively higher wages paid in the United States and Canada are due fundamentally to the policy of protection which is common to the two countries. The public is familiar with the figure of the campaign orator who persuades an audience of workingmen that their existing wage scale will be seriously menaced unless they see to it that the tariff be kept inviolate. For the widespread acceptance of this belief the manufacturer is also responsible. At the suggestion that tariff schedules be revised downwards, there arises a protest from the protected interests that if their protection be reduced they will, by necessity, be forced to take refuge in a lowering of wages to their employees.

Curiously enough the first mentioned aspect of the argument is peculiarly attractive and useful to the manufacturer, whereas the second form is equally popular with the workman. Without inquiring too deeply into the economic intricacies of the controversy, it will be apparent to even the most casual observer that a logical hiatus exists in the reasoning which underlies the above-mentioned doctrine. It would seriously tax one's logic, and ingenuity as well, to explain satisfactorily how the relatively high level of wages existent

in the United States and Canada can be, at one and the same time, both the cause and result of a policy of high protection.

Inasmuch as the tariff is so insistent an intruder into public and private discussions, and because of certain notions relative to it, which are popularly entertained, an attempt will be made to discuss in some detail the two forms of the doctrine referred to above. Although, in a general way, this question will be treated as applying equally to the United States and Canada, nevertheless the bulk of the references and citations in the following pages will be drawn from the experience of the United States. This will be so because of the greater industrial development of the American republic and the greater availability in that country of statistical data pertaining to industrial and labour conditions. Moreover, the conclusions, in general, will specifically refer to American conditions, although by implication they will also cover the situation in Canada, inasmuch as the tariff policies, industrial development, the prevailing attitude towards the tariff, and wage scales are fairly similar in the two countries.

Following the chronological order of their appearance, attention will be directed first to the argument that the handicap of high wages under which the American manufacturer labours should properly be offset by the government through the agency of the tariff. This phase of the controversy was emphasized first about the middle of the nineteenth century.

That the general range of wages in the United States is higher than in other countries is almost needless to state. It is also quite generally recognized that Canadian wage levels are higher than those of Europe. In a report prepared by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce at the request of the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and published in 1913, it is shown, for example, for the several trades covered by the government investigation, that the weekly wages in the United States were more than twice as high as in the United Kingdom, and approximately three times as high as in Germany and France.

Furthermore, it was found that the hours of labour each week were shorter in the United States than in Great Britain, Germany, and France, which serves further to accentuate the relative greatness of the American wage. These conclusions may be concisely presented in tabular form. The following numbers represent percentages, and the figure for the United Kingdom is taken as the base or standard of comparison. The statistics relate to certain selected trades for the common date, October, 1905.<sup>1</sup>

Item	United Kingdom	United States	Germany	France
Weekly wages.....	100	230	83	75
Hours of Labour .....	100	96	111	117
Hourly wages.....	100	240	75	64

Another authority has endeavoured to satisfy the desire for a summary comparison of wage scales in different countries by comparing the wages paid to the unskilled day labourer who occupies the same relative position in every country. The following statement summarizes certain of the results of his investigations.<sup>2</sup>

England	Germany	United States
3s. to 4s.	2s. 6d. to 3s.	3s. to 7s.

It is indisputable that the American employer of labour pays higher wages than his foreign competitors. The question arises as to how real a handicap such wages form, and as to how urgent the necessity may be for granting tariff aid to the manufacturer. Undoubtedly, in the past, there have been innumerable instances where, in considerable degree, the American producer has been much in need of protection, because of the high wages he has been forced to pay. To-day, however, the number of such cases probably is limited to a few industries calling for relatively much hand labour and permitting little use of machinery. It is no longer true that goods made in America must have a higher cost of production because of the higher rate of wages paid there. "Go around

<sup>1</sup> "Foreign Tariff Systems and Industrial Conditions," p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Shadwell, "Industrial Efficiency," Vol. II., p. 116.

the world with an open eye to-day," says an eminent manufacturer, "and this old tradition will fall before the fact that in every city American goods are freely sold. The business houses grouped in the American Manufacturers' Export Association, over which I have the honour to preside, do a regular foreign trade in their goods of approximately two hundred millions, and among us it would be rather amusing were one to say that we could not compete because of our wages, when, as a matter of fact, we are doing it all the time. The old belief that the product of a man whose pay was three dollars must cost more than the product of a man whose pay was but two dollars dies rather hard."<sup>1</sup>

Too often has the manufacturer, hard pressed by competition, sought to reduce his cost of production by reducing the wages bill, which is the item that lies readiest to his hand. It is only in these latter days that the true economy of high wages has received more than an academic discussion. The testimony of a German textile manufacturer relative to this question has been considerably quoted. After making a minute and laborious analysis of the cost of production in his business, he was forced to the conclusion, contrary as it was to his former belief and prejudices, that wages were the last item which a textile manufacturer ought to touch in attempting to reduce cost.<sup>2</sup>

None among the advocates of this truth has been more effective in its dissemination than the Hon. W. C. Redfield, the present United States Secretary of Commerce, to whom reference has already been made. In the course of a speech in the House of Representatives on June 4th, 1912, Mr. Redfield, then a representative from New York, discussed the work of the Tariff Board from the view point of the manufacturer and treated the relation of wages to the cost of production. "The threats of reducing wages to keep cost down are," said Mr. Redfield, "now known to be merely indicative of the

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1 Hon. W. C. Redfield in speech before Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, November 22nd, 1912.

2 Quoted in Shadwell, "Industrial Efficiency," Vol. II., p. 126.

ignorance of those who make them concerning the causes of cost. The fetish of having to cut wages to keep cost down is dead or dying, and this assertion is admitted by even the Tariff Board."

A moment's reflection will show that the important factor in labour cost is not the rate of wages but the relation of the wage to the rate of output. It is not what one pays to workmen that is essential, but rather that which he receives in return for the payment of wages. In the Report by the Tariff Board on Schedule K, (wool and woollens), the statement is made, that "in general, the lowest labour costs per pound were in mills paying the highest wages," and that "frequently it is found that high wages and low labour costs go together." This official assertion is destructive of the theory that high wages represent a handicap which must be offset by tariff protection. Also witness the words of the Synopsis of the Tariff Board's Report on Schedule I (cotton): "As is well known, wages or earnings are not necessarily an index of the labour cost of any particular process of manufacture. The labour cost per yard depends on the relation between wages and output." An obvious conclusion from the above is that the cost of production of any commodity varies, even within a single country, as between competing factories and mills. Such variation in cost is the resultant of the fact that the normal process of manufacture is the outcome of the contribution and reaction of many factors, mechanical, human, economic, and physical.

That there is more than an accidental connexion between high wages and low labour costs, there is also significant testimony from Great Britain. In the introduction to the British Census a comparison is made of the net output, or value added by manufacture, with the number of persons employed in the various industries. Among the causes assigned for differences in the average net output is one of especial value. "A large average net output per head, which means a low labour cost, is usually associated," it is said, "with high average wages." The results of a recent official

investigation undertaken by the United States Department of Commerce into the question of earnings, efficiency, and hours of labour of workmen here and in certain foreign countries, may also be cited in support of the thesis that high wages, instead of being lamented as a handicap, should rather be welcomed as an accompaniment of high efficiency.<sup>1</sup> The results show a remarkable superiority in efficiency on the part of American industries as compared with British. Not only are more workmen employed in the United Kingdom than in the United States and Canada to add through manufacture a thousand dollars to the value of products, but machinery of greater capacity is also used. In British factories, as compared with those of the United States, nearly 18 per cent. more power and nearly two and one-half times the number of labourers are required to obtain equal results, measured in the value added by manufacture. In seventeen selected industries, for the period 1907-1909, the average wages in the United States were almost twice those in the United Kingdom, whereas the total expenditure for wages was only \$470 in the United States as compared with \$561 in the United Kingdom for every \$1000 added by manufacture. In short, accompanying the much higher wages paid in the United States than in Great Britain, there is present a much higher rate of efficiency and output on the part of the American workman.

Reference may also be made to the statement of an expert on the textile situation in New England. Mr. Edward Atkinson is credited with the assertion that whereas, in 1845, the daughters of New England farmers worked thirteen hours a day in the Massachusetts cotton factory to earn \$175 a year, and in 1889 French-Canadians worked in their stead ten hours a day earning \$300 a year, nevertheless the cost of labour per unit of output was less in 1889 than ever before.<sup>2</sup> The greater efficiency of the French-Canadian was due, of course, in very large measure, to the great advances made in mechanical improvements.

1 "Foreign Tariff Systems and Industrial Conditions," p. 41.

2 Atkinson, "Industrial Progress of the Nation," p. 193.

Inasmuch, therefore, as it has been shown that the phenomenon of relatively low labour costs and high wages exists alike in free trade England and protectionist United States and Canada, it may perhaps be accepted as representing a normal economic tendency. There will be a readier acceptability of this statement in the light of a few illustrations from practical experience.

In that part of the Tariff Board's investigations of labour efficiency in the American woollen industry which pertains to wool scouring, an examination was made of the costs of production in thirty mills. It was discovered that, whereas the lowest average wage paid to machine operatives in the thirty plants under consideration was 12.16 cents per hour and the highest 17.79 cents per hour, yet the low-wage mill nevertheless showed a labour cost of twenty-one cents per hundred pounds of wool while the high-wage mill had a labour cost of only fifteen cents per hundred pounds of wool. An important reason, assigned by the Board in its Report, for this puzzling situation was that in the low-wage mill nine cents were paid per hundred pounds of scoured wool for supervisory labour, while in the high-wage mill such labour received only six cents per hundred pounds. Furthermore, in the carding department of seventeen worsted mills it was discovered that the mill paying its machine operatives an average wage of 13.18 cents per hour had a machine labour cost of only four cents per hundred weight, while the mill paying its machine operatives 11.86 cents per hour had a cost of twenty-five cents per hundred weight.<sup>1</sup>

In the course of a round-the-world tour, in 1910-1911, Mr. Redfield gathered much significant material bearing on this controversy. For example, he cites a case which came to his attention while in Tokyo in January, 1911. An American friend had just secured a large contract from the Japanese Imperial State Railways, in open competition with Germany and England, for several million dollars' worth of locomotives. This manufacturer subsequently visited the locomotive shops of the Imperial Railways, and in the course of a conversation

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<sup>1</sup> N. I. Stone, *Century Magazine*, May, 1913.

with the Japanese master mechanic the question arose as to the comparative costs of production of locomotives in American and Japanese shops. A careful consideration of their respective cost books revealed the fact that, although the average wage paid in the Japanese mill was only about one-fifth that paid in the corresponding American plant, yet the labour cost for locomotives on the same specifications was three and one-half times greater in the Japanese shop than in the American, because of the much higher efficiency of the American workman.<sup>1</sup>

Another Japanese illustration perhaps may not be amiss. The traveller watched for some time the process of driving piles. Twenty Japanese women, each with a rope, lifted the pile. They were paid approximately twenty cents a day in American money. An expert analysis of the labour cost involved in that process showed that despite the mere pittance paid to the Japanese labourer the cost of driving piles by such a method was four times as great as it is in New York.

As would be anticipated, the cost of superintendence is likely to be greater in proportion as the labour is cheap. The labour, for instance, in the jute mills of Calcutta is extremely cheap, but at the same time very uneconomical, inasmuch as it requires so unusual an amount of European superintendence. It has been estimated that three to four times as much supervisory labour is required in the Calcutta jute mill as in a corresponding plant in Scotland. That the United States can export vast quantities of many different commodities must be interpreted also as evidence of a superior industrial efficiency in that country. "Given the scientific spirit of management, constant and careful study of operations, and details of cost," declares Mr. Redfield, "modern buildings and equipment, proper arrangement of plant and proper material, ample power, space, and light, a high wage rate means inevitably a low labour cost per unit of product and the minimum of labour cost." He adds that a "steadily decreasing

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<sup>1</sup> Referred to in a speech by Mr. Redfield in House of Representatives on June 12th, 1911.

labour cost per unit of product is not inconsistent with but, on the contrary, is normal to, a coincident advance in the rate of pay for the work when accompanied by careful study of methods and equipment. Conversely, low-priced labour nearly always is costly per unit produced, and usually is inconsistent with good tools, equipment, and large and fine product, else such labour would not be low-priced." At the conclusion of a speech in the House of Representatives on June 12th, 1911, Mr. Redfield asserted that, "it may be affirmed, without fear of successful contradiction, that American production to-day is often as cheap, or cheaper, in the labour cost per unit than foreign, and, so far from needing protection, it needs to be set free, that it may conquer the world."

The attempt has been made, so far, to show that industrial efficiency, which is synonymous with low labour cost, does not mean, and does not depend on, low wages, and that high wages are far from being a handicap to the manufacturer. If this effort has been successful a modification would seem necessary of the argument for protection that the American manufacturer must be protected against the low-wage scales of his European competitors.

The second application of the argument is the more attractive, because of its humanitarian complexion. There is present a strong suggestion of the spirit of social betterment in the argument that the policy of high protection of the United States and Canada should not be tampered with in order not to endanger the high rate of wages enjoyed by their workmen. This reasoning plays most adroitly on the feelings of altruism and of national patriotism, with the result that it is extensively accepted even by many who have no direct personal interest in the issue of protection.

That form of the argument which is perhaps most familiar to the public and at the same time is least able to endure a careful scrutiny is the perennial story repeated to the American labourer that the fundamental reason why he enjoys wages so much higher than those received by the English workman lies in the fact that whereas the United States is a protectionist

country Great Britain is not. This manner of reasoning is also to be found in Canada. After comparing wage statistics of the two countries, the protectionist orator of the United States turns with subtle flattery to his audience of workingmen and declares that it must, of course, be perfectly obvious to them what the one real cause must be for the marked superiority in wage conditions in the protectionist country. With a naïve inconsistency he neglects to add that wages in free trade England are distinctly higher than in protective Germany and France. The same argument, curious as it may seem, is used with telling effect, in a modified form, by the free trade orator of Great Britain. After reminding an audience of workingmen that they enjoy wages higher than those paid in France and Germany, he skilfully leads them to the desired conclusion that the explanation of the higher rate of British wages is found in the fact that England is *not* protectionist in fiscal policy. Here, again, there is a convenient omission of certain awkward details, for the English labourer is not reminded that in protectionist America wages are even higher than his own.

That the general statement, that tariff protection is the foundation-stone of high wages in the United States and Canada, cannot be rigidly applied, is obvious from a comparative study of various industries. Prominent among the wage-earning groups enjoying the highest wages are the members of various branches of the building trades. Thus, the mason, bricklayer, plasterer, plumber, carpenter, and painter may be said to belong, by virtue of their high rate of remuneration, to the aristocracy of the labouring class. In this same category may be placed the railroad engineer and the street-car motorman. Such men clearly belong to trades which are not accorded direct tariff protection. On the contrary, textile workers in the woollen and cotton mills and certain other classes of factory operatives receive wages so pitifully low that a Lawrence strike is sufficient to arouse a flood of popular sympathy for the strikers. These labourers are employed, however, in those very industries which are granted the most

liberal protection. Evidently tariff protection, in itself, does not invariably serve as a cause of high wages.

In short, the power of the tariff has been grossly exaggerated. Even the free trader, in a measure, has erred, in common with the protectionist, in attributing too much influence to the tariff as a factor in industry. That the influence of the tariff is almost negligible in the determination of wage scales, would seem to be a heretical doctrine to many. A heavy burden of proof, however, rests on those who maintain that the high level of wages in America is based primarily on the policy of tariff protection. To enter into a technical discussion of the economics of wages would not be possible within the limits of this paper, nor would such a study be essential to the subject in hand.

From another angle may this general question be approached. An entirely legitimate inquiry would be to ascertain how much benefit accrues to the American workman from the existence of a protective tariff. In other words, does protection clearly result in a material advantage to the labourer? As a result of the recent comprehensive investigations of the United States Immigration Commission into American labour and industrial conditions, the conclusion was reached that the earnings of married adult males employed in all branches of American mining and manufacturing are not large enough to support their families. In the cotton and other textile mills, as well as in the iron and steel plants, glass factories, bituminous, iron-ore, and copper mines, and in many other protected industries, it was discovered that the prevailing wage is a family and not an individual one. That is, the insufficient earnings of the head of the family must necessarily be supplemented by the labour of other members of the family. Information carefully secured by the Immigration Commission concerning 26,116 adult male industrial workers employed in thirty-eight of the leading branches of mining and manufacturing showed average annual earnings of only \$475. Of the 16,000 families included in the industrial investigations of the Commission only 40 per cent. were

entirely supported by the earnings of the family heads. Such is the status of industrial workers under a protective tariff policy. In the words of Mr. W. J. Lauck, an expert connected with the Immigration Commission, "the argument that the wage-earner is the chief beneficiary of our tariff system is legendary." If additional evidence be required of the failure of the American tariff policy to benefit the industrial labourers of the country, it exists in abundance in the recent reports of the Tariff Board and the Federal Bureau of Corporations.

The surprisingly low proportion of labour cost to total cost which exists in many industries was revealed in these documents. In its report on the pulp and news-print paper industry the Tariff Board showed that for the year 1911 the total mill cost of making one ton of news-print paper averaged \$32.88. Inasmuch as the average price received for this class of paper in the New York market during 1911 was \$43.90 the manufacturer's gross profit per ton was \$11.02. The labour cost was approximately only 10 per cent. of the total cost, and only 36 per cent. of the profit to the manufacturer. The significant fact was disclosed that with the New York selling price remaining the same, the wages of the labourers in the pulp and paper mills might have been doubled and there would still have been left a profit to the mill owner of \$7.75 for each ton of news-print paper produced.

From a study of the cost records of the United States Steel Corporation by the Federal Bureau of Corporations, similar conditions were found to exist in the steel industry. The expense of producing a ton of coke in the Connellsville region was ascertained to be \$3.69, of which twenty-five cents represented the wage to the workman. In making pig iron and Bessemer and open-hearth steel ingots and rails, the amount paid for labour was found to be only from 3 to 5 per cent. of the total cost of manufacture. Moreover, the present duty on steel products was ascertained to be from three to sixteen times the labour cost per ton.

Many illustrations are also to be had, in the woollen and worsted and cotton-goods industries, of significant contrasts.

between high tariff duties and small wages paid to workmen in the mills. A yard of men's worsted suiting was found by the Tariff Board to cost an American mill \$1.71 to place on the market. To the weaver of this cloth the rate of payment was calculated to be only five cents per yard, whereas the tariff duty under the Payne-Aldrich Act was \$1.02 per yard. Many other cases might be cited to demonstrate how extensively labour has failed to obtain any considerable material advantage from the existing tariff policy. Mr. Lauck's conclusion is that "American wage-earners are not getting their proper share of tariff benefits, and that their compensation might be greatly increased without any serious injury to profits or to industry." He says also that "the rates paid to workers in the iron and steel, paper and news-print, and the cotton, woollen, and worsted goods industries, for example, might be doubled and still leave large profits to be divided by the manufacturer and the wholesale and retail merchants."

Evidently, therefore, there is inherent in the American policy of protection no compulsion on the manufacturer to share with his workmen the benefits of protection. And, recognizing that the manufacturer is essentially human, no surprise need be occasioned by the fact that the labourer secures a mythical advantage only from such a policy. Indeed a protective tariff may, and does, adversely affect the interests of the labouring class, for, whereas wages are not appreciably increased, if at all, by such a policy, there is at the same time a distinct increase in the prices of many protected commodities entering into the everyday life of the workman.

In the face of such conditions it is refreshing to note that in the Commonwealth of Australia at least the attempt has been made deliberately to guarantee to the industrial worker a share in the profits of protection. This policy, aptly called the New Protection, has aimed to make the labourer an actual, as well as alleged, recipient of tariff benefits. As might be anticipated, it was inaugurated by the labour party. In substance it reverses the policy of the United States and Canada, and gives first importance to wage protection, treating the protection of industries as only incidental to this

primary object. This bit of experimental legislation of Australasia, that social and political laboratory, will repay a careful scrutiny by American students of the tariff. Australia broke new ground in 1906-07 in formulating this unique policy, which unquestionably will influence future tariff legislation of other countries.

The machinery used to accomplish the desired end was a combination of a customs duty and an internal revenue tax. A reasonably liberal measure of protection was afforded by the customs tariff, the rates of which were generally satisfactory to the manufacturing interests. Provision was also made for the placing of an excise tax on all home production of commodities subject to protection. The excise tax therefore, when operative, rendered nugatory in large measure the element of protection. It was provided that by complying with certain rigorous conditions producers might be exempted from the payment of the excise tax. The more important requirements, whose fulfilment would carry such tax exemption, related to wages and prices in the interests of the labourer and general consumer, respectively. Finally, as the official agent of the government, a so-called Excise Tariff Board was established to have jurisdiction over the working details of the plan.

This board was to serve as a judicial court, reviewing the cases of manufacturers and other producers who, wearied with payment of the excise on their respective products, might desire to secure exemption from the tax. By satisfactorily convincing the Board that his wage scales had clearly been raised to the requisite level, that he had introduced up-to-date safety devices and other improvements in his factory, that the working hours of his employees had been reduced to the prevailing minimum, and that he does not charge prices for his products in excess of a fair or normal rate, a manufacturer might escape the burden of the excise measure. The producer, therefore, who would enjoy the fullest measure of protection afforded by the tariff, could do so only by paying high wages, and otherwise benefiting his workmen, and by favouring the public as well by selling his goods at a reasonable price. This

policy, by judiciously adjusting the balance between the manufacturer's own self interest and his workmen's best interests, makes it a certainty that with the New Protection the labourer would be guaranteed a real and appreciable share of the fruits of protection.

Unfortunately, however, this policy had been in operation but a short time when a test case was carried before the Australian Supreme Court for a ruling on the question of constitutionality. The law was deemed unconstitutional by the court on the grounds that the federal government was over-reaching its prerogative in attempting, through its taxing power, to regulate wages and other conditions of labour. The ancient controversy over states' rights, which was revived, had much to do with the determination of this decision. Accordingly, the advocates of the New Protection have been forced to await the passing of a constitutional amendment which would confer on the Commonwealth government the requisite powers.

A strong hope had been entertained, elsewhere as well as in Australia, that in the Australian general election held on May 31st, 1913, the return of the labour party to power would be secured, and that the various questions submitted to the electorate would be voted upon affirmatively. Neither of these ends, however, was achieved in the election. The issues involved in the election were probably the most important that have yet been before the Australian people. The electors were asked by the labour ministry to grant vastly increased constitutional powers to the Commonwealth parliament and, correspondingly, to lessen the powers of the states. These proposals were put to the people in the form of six separate referendum questions which, if successful at the polls, would have granted power to the government to regulate labour conditions by fiscal laws.

An illustration of the general nature of the short-lived Australian policy is afforded by certain analogous legislation which was in operation for years in Queensland, one of the constituent states of Australia. Its purpose was to foster the use of white labour on the Queensland sugar plantations

and to discourage the employment of coloured labourers. A customs duty of \$29.20 per ton was levied on all imported sugar on behalf of the Australian producer. An internal revenue tax of \$19.47 per ton was charged on all sugar produced in Queensland, which tax obviously reduced the amount of protection afforded by the tariff. A bounty of \$14.60 per ton was paid by the government on all sugar raised and harvested in Queensland by white labour alone. By employing none but white labourers the Queensland planter could therefore assure to himself a net tariff protection of \$24.33 per ton on his sugar, whereas the tariff would yield him only \$9.73 per ton if there were any Kanaka or Chinese labourers employed on his plantation. It is almost needless to add that coloured labourers disappeared speedily. Similarly, one might confidently anticipate that, with the adoption of the policy of New Protection, the industrial workman would become for the first time an assured beneficiary of the tariff.

In conclusion, the assertion may quite safely be ventured that as the industrial workers of the United States and Canada come to a clearer understanding of the tariff situation, they will inevitably be moved to favour one or the other of two policies, both of which, as yet, are untried in these countries. They may turn, as many already are doing, to a tariff-for-revenue-only system, the opposite swing of the tariff pendulum, reasoning that whereas a free trade régime will not materially affect their wages, it will, nevertheless, appreciably lower the prices of certain of the commodities which enter into their everyday life. On the other hand, if protection, in some form or other, be maintained as the permanent policy, the labourer will undoubtedly advocate for America a system analogous to the New Protection of Australia. Although there are probably no peculiar conditions in the United States and Canada that would render such a plan impracticable, nevertheless its constitutionality would be, of course, a matter of personal opinion until the courts had passed upon the question.

THEODORE H. BOGGS

## ELUSION

COME back, O my desire  
Of old fond years, which yearned towards the goal of time  
As now to them I yearn; give back the fire  
    And urgency of the prime:  
Give back the joy, the wonder, the bright hope,  
    Ribboned about the golden head of youth;  
Why must my frustrate way for ever grope  
    After the fugitive white feet of Truth?  
    The gardens of the earth are grey  
    With Winter, and no voices play  
    Down the mute hills and valleys bleak;  
    Only, where the driven leaves fly weak  
    And shuddering down the frozen air,  
    I see pale shades of wistful care  
    And hopes of what might never be;  
    And in the woods and on the lea  
    New things unloved, old things forgot;  
    And even Desire wakeneth not,  
    But like a changed, unfaithful bride  
    Sleeps cold and nerveless at my side,  
Nerveless and cold and still, ungrieved, unsatisfied.

    Come back, O heavy pain,  
Instant with silver stabbings through the quiet night,  
So may my soul but conjure once again  
    The face of her delight.  
Now of pain's wound and pleasure's I lie free,  
    Where the street wafts dead, listless iterances  
Of some far music,—nay, it calls to me  
    From over the world's edge, where my past is.  
    And all the doors of all my days  
    Are opened to a stranger's ways,  
    Till I myself, poor ghost, am grown

An alien visitant, and unknown  
 My step on the familiar stair;  
 And the wide courts and thresholds bare  
 Are dim with vague, bewildered dreams,  
 Each traitor to the thing it seems.  
 —Come then, and let me almsman be,  
 Pain, of thy bitter charity:  
 Fill with fierce gleams the lampless halls,  
 And smite with shafted fire those walls  
 Where all delight is dead, and the sun never falls.

ERNEST CLIFTON

## BIRDS AT EVENING

WHEN the gulls fly homeward and the rooks are following high,  
 And the gray feet of the silence with a silver dream are shod,  
 I mind me of the little wings abroad in every sky,  
 Who seek their rest of God.

When the dove is hidden and the dew is white on the corn,  
 And the brown bee in the heather and the shepherd with  
 the sheep,  
 I mind me of the little wings in the holm-oak and the thorn,  
 Who take of Him their sleep.

When the brier closes and the iris-flower is furled,  
 And over the edge of the evening the swallow seeks her nest,  
 I mind me of the little feet abroad in all the world,  
 Who find in Him their rest.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

## TO ONE LYING DEAD

STRANGE that Thou liest so, void of all will  
For loving; so content with Thy long sleep  
That neither word nor sound may stir the still  
Calm quiet of the dream that Thou dost keep.

Pale now the cherished contour of Thy face,  
Thy lids lie heavy 'gainst the ache of light  
And hold in their wan stillness ne'er a trace  
Of waking from the shadow of Thy night.

Languid Thy tender feet unsandalled rest,  
Wearied of passage o'er the furrowed earth;  
They say Thou art gone forth upon Thy quest  
Seeking a greater fullness of rebirth.

Yet all that I have ever known of Thee  
Lies here. What has gone out from Thee this hour  
That leavest Thee, unstirred by word from me,  
Low lying like a fallen, scentless flower?

Hadst Thou a soul which through the drifting years  
My earth-bound vision was too dull to see?  
And didst Thou know the weight of unshed tears?  
Hadst Thou a spirit straining to be free?

A heart that knew regret and all desire  
And envy and that malice men call hate,  
And saw with fear the slow consuming fire  
Of life, and learned to be compassionate?

Then all of this was what I knew not of,  
Thou wert but loveliness made manifest,  
And wore the garment fashioned of my love  
So fittingly that I ignored the rest.

Shall all of Thee that I have ever known  
Become as dust the sun shines not upon?  
I did not know Thy soul so strangely flown,  
So may not find Thee where Thou now art gone.

Then let me kneel thus worshipping and see,—  
Thee whom I love, still lying as Thou art,  
That I may ever keep long dreams of Thee  
And hold Thine image close within my heart.

So shall I look upon Thy face so fair,  
And Thy sealed lids which sleep doth seem to please,  
Thy mouth's pale blossom and Thy fallen hair  
Where heavy shadows lie at pleasant ease.

BEATRICE REDPATH

## THE PANAMA CANAL

ARTICLE II of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of November 18th, 1901, is as follows: "It is agreed that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the government of the United States . . . . and that, subject to the provisions of the present treaty, the said government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal."

Now, just what are those rights? Are they as easy of definition as the apparently simple and direct language of the treaty would lead us to suppose, or must their connotation be sifted out by a complicated process of treaty interpretation? The latter seems to be the case, to judge from the running fire to which the whole canal question has been treated for the past decade, and which has become more concentrated now that the canal is approaching completion.

Article II quoted above mentions two kinds of rights: (1) Rights incident to construction. (2) Right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal. Correlative to the prospective exercise of these two sets of rights, two questions have been raised, the answers to which constitute the debate in the Panama Canal controversy. These questions are: (1) Do the rights incident to construction imply the right to fortify? (2) Does the right to regulate confer the right to exempt coastwise traffic? So that the discussion falls under two heads: (a) Fortification, and (b) Exemption from tolls.

(I) Fortification: This phase of the controversy was much canvassed by publicists a year or two ago, even such a stout defender of American policy as Mr. Olney maintaining that neither the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty nor the Convention with Panama in 1903 gave the United States the right to fortify.

Those opposed to fortification based their arguments on the text of the treaties, on the general principles of neutralization, and especially on the status of the Suez Canal as defined in the Convention of Constantinople, which was avowed as a precedent for the Panama Canal, and specifically forbids fortification at the Suez waterway. Limitation of space, however, and the fact that it is to-day only an academic question—the necessary provision for fortification having been made by the United States—excuse omission of any discussion on this point. It will be sufficient to state that, on a careful consideration of the chief arguments for and against fortification, the ayes seem to have it. The interpretation of the various instruments, as well as the declared policy of American statesmen from Monroe's day to the present, inclines, all things considered, to support the right to fortify. The two British statesmen most qualified to speak with authority have gone on record as not opposed to it, and their statements may be accepted as final. In the negotiations preliminary to the signing of the treaty in 1901 Lord Lansdowne, then Foreign Secretary, assured Mr. Hay that he was "not prepared to deny that contingencies may arise when not only from a national point of view, but on behalf of the commercial interests of the whole world, it might be of supreme importance to the United States that they should be free to adopt measures for the defence of the canal at a moment when they were themselves engaged in hostilities." And his successor, Sir Edward Grey, in his note of November 14th, 1912, commits the British government more definitely in these words: "Now that the United States has become the practical sovereign of the canal, His Majesty's government do not question its title to exercise belligerent rights for its protection." This makes any further discussion of fortification superfluous.

(II) In discussing the exemption of coastwise traffic from tolls, it is usual to begin with a lengthy historical résumé showing, by copious citations from messages, declarations of

policy, and treaties, that the United States has pledged itself to administer the canal as a "trust for mankind," to keep the canal "free and open," to exercise no "discrimination" against any nation observing the rules, and, above all, to charge "just and equitable" tolls. But this is really a work of super-erogation. In the case of the right to fortify, there was no mention of it in the definitive treaty; indeed, only the year before there had been an express prohibition on the point; so that it was necessary to seek light elsewhere in the declared purposes of statesmen and the interpretation of treaties. But no person of responsibility in the United States is seeking to deny that the rules laid down in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty are to govern. The government of the United States is prepared to administer the doctrine of equality of treatment of all nations and to charge just and reasonable tolls. That does not need to be proven. The whole controversy has arisen over, What are just and equitable tolls? How are they to be fixed? What elements enter into their determination? May any exemption be made consistent with justice and equity? May the United States in purely domestic matters, such as coastwise commerce, regard the canal as an "extension of its coast-line" without colliding with international obligations? What is the precise measure of the rights that Great Britain and other nations—all of whom *must* use the canal—have secured under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty? In a word, how reconcile national and international interests on the just and equitable basis that the treaty of 1901 calls for? Is it possible, or do the two spheres of interest fail to coincide?

On August 24th, 1912, President Taft gave his approval to the Panama Canal Act, which, among other provisions, enacted that "no tolls shall be levied upon vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States." At the same time he issued a memorandum setting forth the position of the government of the United States in some detail. Great Britain had entered objection to the proposed exemption, when it had come before Congress, on the ground that such exemption would contravene the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and

followed it up with a formal protest by Sir Edward Grey on November 14th, which protest is still the subject of diplomatic negotiation.

Has the United States the right to *exempt* coastwise traffic? It certainly has the right to *subsidize* such traffic. Sir Edward Grey is very careful in his note to point out that Great Britain is entering no protest against subsidies. That is purely a domestic matter. Great Britain itself within the past year has increased the subsidy paid to the Royal Mail Steamers, the principal British line that will use the canal, by a sum of \$315,000, sufficient to repay the tolls it will be charged at Panama. "This (a protest against subsidies) is not the case," says Sir Edward. "His Majesty's government regard equality of all nations as the fundamental principle underlying the treaty of 1901, in the same way that it was the basis of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888, and they do not seek to deprive the United States of any liberty which is open either to themselves or to any other nation; nor do they find either in the letter or the spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty any surrender by either of the contracting powers of the right to encourage shipping or its commerce by such subsidies as it may deem expedient."<sup>1</sup> This unequivocal statement seems, at a stroke, to rule out, as not having any point, many of the assertions and inferences that have been made; as, for instance, this one: "The question before us is: 'Shall we permit a foreign government to dictate to the United States respecting our domestic policy?' If our right to pursue a domestic right is challenged by a foreign power, our national integrity is assailed if we submit to such intrusion."<sup>2</sup>

This is darkening counsel with words, if Sir Edward's disclaimer is sincere, and it must, in all fairness, be so regarded, as far as *intention* to dictate is concerned. But does the British protest have the same practical effect that such dictation would have? In other words, if Britain's contention is upheld, will the United States in a matter unrelated in any

1 Sir Edward Grey in Note of Nov. 14th, 1912.

2 Senator O'Gorman in the Senate, Jan. 22nd, 1913.

way to foreign interests, be compelled to accept a kind of servitude upon its freedom of action in domestic affairs? To put it mathematically, is remission of tolls exactly equal in import to subsidies, or does the equality (in the latter case) become an inequality, and if so, to whose detriment?

To continue the mathematics of it. Suppose that, for operating expenses, maintenance, annuities, interest, and sinking fund, it is necessary to raise \$20,000,000 annually. Suppose that 16,000,000 tons of shipping are passed through the canal in a year; and suppose that every ton of this, foreign and domestic alike, pays toll. Clearly the "just and equitable" charge, "on terms of entire equality," "without discrimination" against any nation, would be \$1.25 per ton. Now, suppose that 2,000,000 tons of this—the estimated coastwise tonnage using the canal in 1925<sup>1</sup>—are exempt from tolls. That leaves 14,000,000 tons of foreign shipping to bear all the charges, not only for their own use of the canal but for that of the exempted two millions. In the second case, the quotient, the "just and equitable" toll, would have changed and would now work out at \$1.43 per ton. Clearly, then, there is an *arithmetical* difference between remission of tolls and subsidies. In the latter case, the United States pays, as a nation, for the supposed benefits that coastwise traffic brings to the consumer. In the other case, it is the foreigner who pays—to the extent of eighteen cents per ton. The question of the relations of water and railroad transportation to each other, and of both to the government of the United States, is a domestic problem, it is true, a question of abstruse economics with which no foreign nation has any concern, nor cares to have any, having the same problem on its own hands in one form or another. In recent years it has become acute, and it is vital to the government of the United States, in its fight against transportation monopolies, to make use of every available weapon. What better weapon than a domestic system of interoceanic trans-

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<sup>1</sup> The whole economic aspect of the Panama Canal tolls is discussed in an address given at Chicago by Prof. E. R. Johnson (who made the report on the tolls upon which President Taft acted). See the daily press of Feb. 6th, 1913. Prof. Johnson himself is against remission of tolls.

portation free from tolls? Subsidies are questionable remedies and, besides, divide the political parties. But at first blush, free tolls appear to be the equivalent of subsidies and involve no political manipulation.

This would have been all very well, did this domestic question of transportation not have to find its solution via the Panama Canal. Here, unfortunately, it passes from the domain of domestic politics into that of world politics. True, the United States owns the canal in the sense that it has constructed it and acquired virtual sovereignty over it, but there is more than this to the canal. It is a kind of international public service which the commerce of all nations must patronize.<sup>1</sup> The United States, by reason of its position, is the proper power to build and operate this public service, but it is doing so for the whole world, in effect. It has agreed that it will operate "subject to the provisions" of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and that treaty by Rule I of Article III says: "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

In the military sense, in the absence of express prohibitions, the United States may make the most of its ownership of the canal. But in so far as all questions of traffic are concerned, the United States has put itself on an equality with all other nations "observing the rules." It has lost nothing financially by constructing the canal. It will lose nothing. Its investments are protected by the tolls which all users of the canal are to pay. But even though it makes nothing financially, it has its reward otherwise. It is the owner of the plant, should contingencies arise. Its two seaboard are now coördinated and its military and naval effectiveness very much increased. And even if its coastwise traffic has to pay tolls,

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<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of the question from the standpoint of the ordinary law of public service, see the article by Prof. Wambaugh, of the Harvard Law School, in the *Boston Transcript*, Feb. 8th, 1913.

there will remain a profit to them, over and above all charges, which not every nation will enjoy—the profit, namely, arising from reduced cost of transportation from one seaboard to the other. So that the plea of remuneration for outlay used to justify remission of tolls does not seem to have force.

But we have been straying into economics a little. Let us get back to international law. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty superseded the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, but the latter was not completely abrogated. The principle—"the general principle"—enunciated in Article VIII of the treaty of 1850 was expressly stated to be operative in that of 1901. Now, on what basis were the changes made, on what basis the "general principle" retained? These go some distance to explain Great Britain's interpretation of the canal treaties.

By the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain had the better of the bargain. She, a European power, was to exercise joint protection with the United States over any trans-isthmian means of communication, wherever constructed. Neither one nor the other, however, was "to obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control" over a ship canal. In the second place, the canal or railway was to be "open to the subjects and citizens of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms," and to the citizens and subjects of other states willing to grant similar protection. Tolls were to be approved by the governments as just and reasonable.

Two elements, therefore, were prominent in 1850:

1 *Joint protection*, or to put it in another way, limitation on exclusive control by either party.

2 *Equal terms*—the equality in the case of tolls consisting in their being just and equitable.

Now, why was this treaty superseded? What was the impelling reason? Clearly, the desire on the part of the United States to construct the canal and exclusively control it. But a treaty lay in the way. Before the United States could realize its wish, Great Britain had to give up something. But in giving this up it would naturally cling all the more tightly to what it retained. That is just what happened.

"The United States gave up nothing it then had," says Senator Root. "Its obligations in that treaty (Hay-Pauncefote) were entirely looking to the future. But Great Britain gave up its rights to the protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, which, it was supposed, would be the eastern terminus of the canal."<sup>1</sup> The claim to the Mosquito Coast may not have been well-founded, but it had been strong enough to get Great Britain a favourable treaty, and the United States was very glad to dispose of it.

But they kept the "general principle" of Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, called in the 1901 treaty *neutralization*. One element in this was given up, we have seen. Something was declared in the preamble to be carried over from 1850 to 1901. There is but one thing it can be—the element of *equality*, as specifically defined in Article III, Rule 1.

Now this necessity of equal treatment to all, themselves included, may not be seen by the people of the United States in just the same light as it was in 1901. Ten or twelve years have brought changes. The United States has become virtual sovereign of the canal zone. It is beginning to scent possible conflicts in the Pacific. It has joined hard battle with the great transportation monopolies. All these considerations give it pause and make it doubt whether the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is really fair to its interests. But all this is beside the point. There is the stipulation, and until the treaty that contains it is superseded or abrogated, both parties are in duty bound to observe it. If the United States finds that the treaty is going to work injury to its economic policy, there is good ground upon which to open negotiations with Great Britain with a view to change, just as the change was made in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Besides, other nations have coastwise traffic that would benefit by exemption from tolls. As Senator Root said, in the speech cited above, the United States had no right under the terms of the treaty to discriminate in tolls "as between an American ship going from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and a Canadian ship going from Halifax to

<sup>1</sup> Speech in U.S. Senate, Jan. 21st, 1913.

Victoria, or a Mexican ship going from Vera Cruz to Acapulco. Such discrimination violates the principle of equality we have guaranteed to the world."

In his Memorandum of August 24th, President Taft gets around the difficulty by making the expression "all nations" of Article III, Rule 1, mean "all nations to whom we have extended the use upon the observance of these conditions," clearly excepting the nation—the United States—that makes the grant. To this the British Foreign Secretary takes exception. Under the treaty of 1850, there was no doubt about the recipients of the privileges of equality: they were to be the United States and Great Britain, and any other State acceding. "All nations," then (in 1850), would have included the United States. This element of "neutralization,"<sup>1</sup> as we have seen, was brought over to 1901, unchanged as far as can be discovered in the words and intent of the treaty. *A priori*, the "all nations" in Article III must include the United States. No change has been made in the import of the expression. But some have argued that, if that is so, "a belligerent shall not revictual . . . ." in Rule 3, will mean that "all belligerents (including the United States) are forbidden to revictual," and this is a self-denying ordinance that the United States can hardly be expected to employ. Hence, the inference is, that if there is no limitation on sovereignty here, there is no limitation in Rule 1. But, as Sir Edward Grey points out, something has been overlooked. When the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was made, the United States was not the sovereign of the zone; Panama was. And hence, "a belligerent . . . shall not" included the United States, and so did, therefore, "all nations" in Rule 1. But the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty opened up the way, and the Convention with Panama gave the title deed to sovereign control over the canal. This brought with it military control, as we have seen in the first part of this discussion, and, under the new conditions, "a belligerent shall not" would not include the United States. But nothing has happened to change the element of *equality* in the treaty of

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1. That is, the element of *equality* in the "neutralization" of 1850.

1901. That the United States accepted "in the ordinary and reasonable sense as when used elsewhere under similar conditions," and in adopting rules, the United States undertook to include itself within their scope. This being so, Mr. Taft's analogy to favoured-nation treatment would not seem to apply.

It has been shown that, if the United States exempts coastwise traffic and at the same time pays all charges out of canal receipts, the resulting rates will not be assessed equitably. But Secretary of State Knox, in his note of January 17th, has informed the government of Great Britain "that the tolls which would be paid by American coastwise vessels but for the exemption contained in the Act were computed in determining the rate fixed by the President." This is a statement of fact, and we cannot go behind it at present. So far as one can see, it gives an equitable rate; but it does not remove the danger. On his own admission, there must be a deficit. This deficit must be paid by the government of the United States. Ten, twenty years later the government may not be inclined to pay a deficit. The President has power to fix tolls, and Congress the right to legislate. What will such a government do to get clear of the deficit? Clearly one of two things: charge coastwise commerce tolls, or increase those paid by foreign commerce. It will be exceedingly difficult to do the former after a lapse of time. There will be almost a prescriptive right, it will dislocate transportation arrangements and become an acrimonious party issue. If the tolls are increased to the foreigner, they cease to be "just and equitable." So that the surest purchase Great Britain and the other nations have is to insist upon *all* commerce paying tolls, and letting the question of domestic traffic be settled by subsidies, or whatever other arrangements the countries interested choose to make. All nations, the United States excepted, perhaps, have every reason to insist that the policy of non-exemption be the one initiated, for then they have reasonable hope that it will harden into prescription, thus ensuring the permanence of just and equitable tolls.

There remains one further ground for protest against toll-exemption, not so immediate as the other, but yet contingent.

Coastwise commerce may not live unto itself. In the nexus of modern transportation systems, it may very well happen that exemptions granted to the United States coastal trade may work out to the injury of foreign commerce. For instance, if it is found to be cheaper to ship a cargo of tea to San Francisco, tranship and send it around to New York, such will be the route adopted by the shipper. Clearly, in such a case, the foreign carrying-trade will be the loser, American coastwise trade, though nominally domestic, in point of fact competing with and getting the better of the bona fide foreign commerce of other nations. This, of course, is on the knees of Congress to regulate either way, and if the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty does not provide by "just and equitable" tolls against the contingency, other nations have no redress.

If the considerations which have been urged above are correct, the conclusion is, that the exemption of coastwise traffic from tolls contravenes the intent of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. In such case, to quote Senator Root again, "the United States should either submit the Panama free toll question to impartial arbitration or retire from the position it has taken."<sup>1</sup> And if the latter course should be the one chosen, perhaps nothing could be better than to revert to the original American proposal, which did not contemplate exemption, and enact, as in the bill originally framed by the late Senator Frye and championed by Senator Lodge, "that all tolls and transit charges which may hereafter be imposed on public vessels of the United States and on merchant vessels of the United States for passing through the Panama Canal shall be paid from any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated . . . and such appropriation shall be deemed permanent, annual appropriations." These are subsidies, but they are just and equitable to all, for all may employ them without contravention of the rights of others and without affecting the rate of tolls.

HENRY F. MUNRO

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<sup>1</sup> Speech in U.S. Senate, Jan. 21st, 1913.

## LA LEÇON DU CANADA

A little book, "The Living Past," has recently been published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, by Mr. F. S. Marvin. The book is interesting for several reasons. To the ordinary reader it is interesting because in less than three hundred pages it gives a comprehensive outline of western progress from the days of the flint-ax to the days of the steam-engine, and witnesses the growth of a common humanity. In the words of Mr. Bryce, which he quotes approvingly, "World History is tending to become One History." To the scientist and to the philosopher the book is interesting because it cheerfully contends that the work of both is invaluable and, in a measure, succeeding. "Thus science and philosophy both said, Growth and Unity in thought: and history and humanity answered, Growth and Unity in action." To the historian it is interesting not only because it says that the historical point of view is after all only the point of view of complete truth, but also because it points out the lions in the way of its attainment. "Public interest in history is clearly on the increase. There is, however, one obstacle to its effective study which is growing likewise and has in recent years become serious, and even threatening. The growing interest seems to run some risk of being smothered by the abundance of its food. The study needs a clue . . . The growth of a common humanity; this is the primary object to keep in view. But it will prove vague and inconclusive, useless we add to it a content in the growth of organized knowledge, applied to social ends. . . ."

The reader who can finish the book at a sitting rises from his chair with a clear impression of the continuity of knowledge and of sympathy. Further, though the past is living, he does not wish to live in the past. He is glad to be modern, for he feels that present conditions are better than

"the good old times." "Side by side with the growth of science, which is also the basis of the material prosperity and unification of the world, has come a steady deepening of human sympathy and its extension to all weak and suffering things." The style is rather heavy, but perhaps not heavier than the weight of the subject demands. Mr. Marvin has used his pruning knife with good effect, and it would be difficult to dispense with a single line save at the expense of precision. Few books are worth reading twice: this should be read often.

But "The Living Past" is interesting for another reason. Unconsciously it illustrates the growth of a real *entente cordiale* in historical research. In regard to the struggle between France and England, Marvin says: "Now the understanding between France and England seems the most powerful and stable factor in international politics. . . . France wanted the stability and continuity, the tenacity and self-restraint in which England was superior." Almost at the moment when Marvin is penning these words, M. Gabriel Hanotaux on the other side of the channel expresses the same ideas in a different connexion, a different language, for a different purpose. The former sets out to trace a growing unity in ideals and ambition; the latter to explain why rivals cease to be such through the ascendancy of one. The former questions "The Living Past": the latter teaches "La leçon du Canada."

All the world knows that in recent years there has been an extraordinary revival of French colonial enterprise. In Algiers, Tunis and Senegal, in Madagascar and Morocco, the French are trying to profit by past mistakes, and to lay the foundations of a more lasting empire. With this end in view, they have methodically set to work to study the principles of colonization, and to discover the mistakes of their past, which lives again in their imaginations and in their literature. Salone, de La Roncière, Chapais, Siegfried, Arnould have poured forth volumes about New France, while a Franco-American Committee has been appointed to study the coloni-

zation of New France and to point the moral. The first book which this committee presents to the public is a new edition of "The History of Canada" by F. X. Garneau. For this new edition edited by M. Hector Garneau, grandson of the historian, Hanotaux de l'Académie Française, and Président du Comité France-Amérique has written an introduction which is a stirring appeal to France for renewed interest in colonization. Hanotaux calls his article "La leçon du Canada," and proceeds to pass in review French treatment of that important colony. He recalls the heroism and self-sacrifice of the colonists and missionaries, their perpetual wars with the cruel savages, the dogged English, the stern relentless climate. He points out the meaning of distance from the motherland, in those days when science had not yet begun to annihilate space ; and illustrates their complete dependence upon France.

"La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation écrivait, le 3 octobre 1648, ces lignes qui sont comme l'antienne de la vie canadienne: 'On dépend si absolument de la France que, sans son secours, on ne saurait rien faire. Ajoutez à cela que, quelque pressées et importantes que soient les affaires, il faut attendre un an pour en avoir la solution ; et si on ne les peut faire dans les temps que les vaisseaux sont en France, il en faut attendre deux. . .' Et encore, ni nous, ni tout le Canada, ne pouvons subsister encore deux ans sans secours, et si le secours manque, il nous faut mourir ou retourner en France !" The writer concludes that New France was a failure not through any fault of the colonists, but through lack of tenacity and self-sacrifice on the part of the home government. "Ce qui a manqué à la France de l'Ancien Régime pour garder ses colonies (cela apparaît aujourd'hui à la lumière des documents confirmant le jugement de l'histoire), c'est l'esprit de suite et l'esprit de sacrifice à l'égard de cette famille lointaine que l'esprit d'aventures avait essaimée de par le monde." Hanotaux's conclusion is sound. It was precisely this paternalism, this complete dependence upon France which sapped the initiative of the colonists and made their conquest inevitable when French assistance failed.

So long as the defence of Canada fitted in with the continental policy of Louis XIV and Louis XV it was defended, but the welfare and prosperity of the colony as such was only a secondary consideration. When it appeared necessary to make a choice between continentalism and Greater France, the mother country would not make the sacrifice necessary for the defence of the latter. As Berryer said to Bougainville, "Quand le feu est à la maison on ne s'occupe pas des écuries." The colonists were faithful unto death, but in the year of the conquest, when England sent 9000 men and 47 ships of war to conquer Canada, France sent only 328 men to defend it. Neither public opinion nor the men of affairs were well-informed; and under the guidance of Voltaire a movement was started to abandon the snowbanks peopled by bears and beavers, just as in nineteenth century England a party would gladly have severed their connexion with us of a later day. Paternalism, inconsistency, and spasmodic self-sacrifice on the part of the mother country; unquestioning obedience, devotion, heroism, and self-sacrifice on the part of New France—this is "la leçon du Canada": and this, says Marvin, is the lesson of the entire struggle. So far then, in the verdicts of historians on opposite sides of the channel, there is an *entente cordiale*. It remains to be seen whether the same is true of historians on opposite sides of the Atlantic.

It is not unfitting that this new edition of Garneau's "History of Canada" should come from the press at the present time. The first edition was published shortly after the publication of Lord Durham's famous Report which led to the union of the Canadas. This edition follows a new edition of Durham's work published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, by Sir Charles Lucas, who has spent many years in honourable service of what Charles Buller satirized as "Mr. Mother-country of the Colonial Office." Sir Charles Lucas writes from the point of view of one who has honestly striven to give the colonies the best possible form of government for the different stages of their development. Not unnaturally he is inclined to defend Mr. Mother-country, and in the intro-

duction to his new edition of Durham's Report he sympathizes with the view of the English-speaking Canadians. Of the demands of the French-Canadians he says : "Their contentions were ill founded : they were the contentions of a body of men who were mainly French in race and in cast of mind ; and who, being French, and having tasted the beginnings of political freedom, were intolerant of compromise. They wanted not merely the powers which the British House of Commons enjoyed, but more also. On the other hand, Lord Bathurst was insistent that the Assembly should have no authority to dispose of public money without the concurrence of the Upper Chamber, the Legislative Council, thereby restricting the powers of the Assembly as compared with those of the House of Commons. There was thus a great gulf fixed between the democrats and demagogues of Lower Canada on the one hand, and the conservative imperial government on the other ; but there was still, at any rate, the semblance of loyalty to the Crown; for, when King George III died, Louis Papineau took occasion to deliver an eloquent eulogy on the blessings which Canada owed to British rule.

Again, Sir Charles Lucas says : "Unreasoning and unreasonable, the French-Canadian majority in the Quebec House of Assembly stand condemned by their persistent hostility to a ruler so courteous and so public-spirited as was Lord Dalhousie." He must not forget that even a courteous aristocrat is not sacred if his cause be not sacred. The French-Canadians are the last race in the world not to respond to courtesy. In 1827-8 their hostility was not to the courtesy of Lord Dalhousie, but to the oligarchy which he symbolized. To say that the abuses existed and were notorious but not peculiar to Canada is not sufficient to justify their continuance. Had the Colonial Office been more careful in regard to the methods it adopted and the men it employed, this race antipathy need not have arisen: for, as Professor Egerton points out, it is the man with the grievance to-day who is the demagogue of to-morrow ; and according to contemporary reports of Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, the French-Canadians

were much more reconciled to British rule in 1803 than at any previous period. Lucas himself says that the friction was not racial but constitutional prior to 1810 when Sir James Craig was carrying on his "reign of terror." It was the mistakes of men like Craig and the Duke of Richmond which made Canadians dissatisfied with the courteous maintenance of the *status quo*. Of the Duke of Richmond and the Assembly Lucas says, "In their reckless procedure they arrogated to themselves control of the finances to an extent which would not be paralleled at the present day, either in the British House of Commons or in any colonial parliament. The Bill which they sent up to the Legislative Council was promptly and rightly thrown out by that body, and a crisis then began which years afterwards ended in armed rebellion, in the suspension of the constitution of Lower Canada, and in Lord Durham's mission." But it must not be forgotten that if the Assembly asked too much the home government was willing to give too little, and besides the Duke of Richmond showed as little tact on this occasion as he and the Duchess did when they gave a ball on the eve of Waterloo. In this connexion Professor Egerton's view is much more acceptable and much more just: "The Duke of Richmond began by asking for a much increased civil list. The Assembly retaliated by threatening to reduce those sinecures and pensions which had always been the reward of iniquity and the encouragement of vice; which in the mother country were the subject of complaint, and which in Canada would lead to corruption."

The purpose of this article is not to attempt a solution of the various vexed problems which are raised by Lord Durham's Report, and Sir Charles Lucas's new edition of that report; but rather to call attention to the later authorities accessible to the serious student of Canadian history, and to praise or blame these works as such. From this point of view Sir Charles Lucas has done a great service by making the report and appendices easily accessible at a time when the interests of the two mother countries are centred upon Canada.

In his introduction, which is Vol. I of the new edition, he gives an appreciation of Durham, a good sketch of conditions at the accession of Queen Victoria, a masterly review of the origin and development of the political difficulties of the Canadas, an analysis and criticism of the Report, and points out what parts of the Report were adopted and what were not. In Vol. II he gives the text of the Report with full explanatory notes, and in Vol. III he publishes the appendices. His introduction is noteworthy as an expression of the saner conservative point of view, and also as an illustration of his failure to understand the French-Canadian—a failure not uncommon among his colleagues. The text of the Report should be in the hands of every Canadian. The foot-notes will prove an invaluable aid to the student, while the work as a whole is a good example of careful editing. It should be read along with the new edition of Garneau.

François-Xavier Garneau was born at Quebec in 1809,—that year made so famous by the birth of famous men,—Darwin, the foster-father of the historical method ; Gladstone, the *laissez faire* statesman who would have given Canada her independence, and Tennyson who combated that tendency in those lines beginning :

And that true North, whereof we lately heard  
A strain to shame us—keep you to yourselves.

Garneau combined all three characteristics. He was a poet, a historian, and both his poems and his histories are the very echo of liberty. The poet's mantle descended upon his son: the historian's upon his grandson: and the latter, in his introduction to this fifth edition of the grandfather's work, gives much new information about the turning-point of his career.

Garneau was the son of a struggling merchant whose chief wealth was that passionate faith in education which characterized so many men in the initial stages of democracy. Until his twelfth year the future historian went to a private school where his eagerness to learn attracted the attention of

his teacher. As a result he was offered free education at the Quebec Seminary on condition of his becoming an ecclesiastic. But he would be hampered by no such condition. "Qui sait?" says his grandson, "peut-être couvaient déjà, sous ce front neuf, le besoin passionné de liberté, l'instinct d'indépendance qui éclateront dans l'homme précocement mûr." The next four years he was reading on his own account. At the end of this time he decided to be a notary, and during the first year of his apprenticeship he got his first impulse to write history. While working with some English fellow-students in the office of Archibald Campbell, a notary, he engaged in an argument with them, and as the debaters became warm they descended to argumentum ad hominem. One of them sneered at him: "Après tout qu'êtes-vous donc, vous Canadiens-français, vous n'avez même pas d'histoire!" "Quoi," he replied, "nous n'avons pas d'histoire! Eh bien, pour vous confondre, je vais moi-même la raconter!"

The facts of a man's life are interesting only in so far as they throw light upon the growth of his theory of life, and his attitude to his life's work. This incident was the turning-point in Garneau's life. Henceforward his whole being was consecrated to the compilation of his history. Though at different times a notary, a banker, translator to the Legislative Assembly, clerk of the city council,—these were but means to a great end which he never lost sight of.

A few months after he became a notary, he visited France with his heart full of hopes and of longing such as the Anglo-Canadian feels en route to England. Garneau's description of his own feelings sounds a universal note: "J'avais hâte," he writes, "de fouler cette vieille terre de France dont j'avais tant entendu parler nos pères et dont le souvenir, se prolongeant de génération en génération, laisse après lui cet intérêt de tristesse qui a quelque chose de l'exil." When he was about to return to Canada he was appointed secretary to M. Viger, the French-Canadian representative in London, and in this way he was enabled to spend three years in Europe. His stay in Europe was at a time fruitful of great events which would naturally stimulate the imagination of one with a less

poetical temperament. He saw the July Monarchy make its exit and heard the debates on the Reform Bill of 1832. He met the Irish nationalist O'Connell, the Polish patriot Czartoryski, and had the honour of reading some of his poetry to Thomas Campbell. Of his poetry others must write. It is enough to say that he was poet before historian, while his "History of Canada" contains many poetic passages. In his account of voyages, discoveries, and battles, or wherever imagination could be allowed some licence his soul becomes full of poetry as his speech of metaphor.

Though Garneau wrote at a time when history made little pretension to science, when documents were unedited and almost inaccessible, when the popular historian was the man who studied facts only to illustrate rather than to discover a point of view, none the less he is a pioneer of the modern historical method. Of the school of Voltaire, Thierry, and Michelet, he looked upon authority not as truth but as an aid to truth. In another respect he is modern, for the intrigues and squabbles of dynastic families were not his only interests. In him the people find a voice. Though this tendency is manifest in some historians since the discovery of America, he points out that it is only in the nineteenth century that it became more than a tendency. "Ce n'est que de nos jours que les annales des nations ont réfléchi tous leurs traits avec fidélité, et que chaque partie du vaste tableau a repris les proportions qui lui appartiennent. Nous voyons maintenant penser et agir les peuples ; nous voyons leurs besoins et leurs souffrances, leurs désirs et leurs joies : mers immenses, quand ils réunissent leurs millions de voix, agitent leurs millions de pensées ; quand ils marquent leur amour ou leur haine, les peuples produisent un effet autrement puissant et durable que les tyrannies, même si grandioses et si magnifiques, de l'Asie. Il fallait la révolution batave, celle d'Angleterre, celle des colonies anglaises de l'Amérique, et surtout la Révolution française pour établir le lion populaire sur son piédestal.'

Garneau, then, has a correct view of history: that it is the story of a people, that it should begin where they began, follow them through the various stages of their evolution, and trace the origin and growth of all the complexity of their various activities ; but in his view he was a pioneer and as such worthy of all praise. After a picturesque account of Cartier, Champlain, and other colonial pioneers, he concludes thus : "Voilà une suite de faits bien dignes de notre attention et de celle de la postérité." When one considers the times in which he wrote, the many journeys he made to Albany and to Montreal, in search of information, and all entailing much privation and self-sacrifice in the interest of his work, one would fain echo his praise of the early explorers : "Voilà un homme bien digne de notre attention et de celle de la postérité." Curiously enough Garneau sees in the modern historical method proof of the conclusion which Marvin draws in "The Living Past" : "Cette révolution dans la manière d'apprécier les événements est le fruit incontestable des progrès de l'esprit humain et de la liberté politique." Garneau, like Hegel, believed in a philosophy of history, and his work is characterized by brilliant generalization and penetrating criticism. His analysis of characters and of events is always interesting, and if at times he had insufficient information his conclusions are none the less stimulating on that account. Garneau has been called by French writers, the national historian of Canada, but the epithet is not deserved. Though he rose superior to previous historians in that he refused to look at history from the one angle of religion, he could not get away from the angle of nationality. Just as Durham and Lucas write with a bias—however unconscious—so Garneau mars his work by a similar defect. He cannot be called the national historian of Canada so long as the Canada he is thinking of is the Canada with a hyphen. It is unnecessary to cite more than one illustration of what is so generally admitted : "Si l'on envisage l'histoire du Canada dans son ensemble depuis Champlain jusqu'à

nos jours (1840) on voit qu'elle comprend deux phases distinctes : la domination française et la domination anglaise. L'une est marquée par les guerres contre les tribus sauvages et contre les provinces qui forment aujourd'hui les États-Unis ; l'autre est remplie par la lutte morale et politique des Canadiens pour conserver leur religion et leur nationalité."

Hector Garneau says of his grandfather, "Garneau n'appartenait à aucun parti politique. Il était sans préjugés de race et sans passion sectaire. Avant tout, il avait horreur du mensonge." No one doubts the honesty or truthfulness of the man. One can well believe, as he himself wrote to Chauveau, his biographer, that he would let nothing, not even family ties, stand between him and truth. One can well believe the grandson when he says that tolerance with him was a religion. As an admirer of Voltaire he could be intolerant only of intolerance ; as an admirer of Thierry he must love truth ; as an admirer of Michelet he could hardly be other than democratic and patriotic. In fact his fondness for these three presupposes community of ideas ; but all these could not make him entirely free from prejudice of race, though he seems to have risen above prejudice of creed. In fact the source of his inspiration was race antipathy. "Eh bien, pour vous confondre, je vais moi-même la raconter." But though one cannot call Garneau the national historian of Canada, he is one of the few Canadian historians whom one can read with pleasure. Parkman was an American : Kingsford's material is badly arranged and ill-digested. Who is there left who has faithfully gone to original documents ?

The first edition of Garneau written under the sting of the union of the Canadas, was published in three separate volumes 1845-46-48. In it the narrative ceased at 1792. A second edition was published in 1852, a third in 1859. These brought the history down to 1840. The author was busy on a fourth edition when he died (1866). As his grandson so aptly quotes, "Sa vie fut en ce livre, elle a passé en lui." The fourth edition was published by Alfred Garneau the poet and eldest son of the historian. The fifth edition is still

incomplete though the first volume has already appeared, and the other will appear next June. On this new edition the grandson has spared no pains. None but he could have edited it so carefully. One feels that the work is inspired by a species of ancestor-worship.

The new edition has many features to recommend it to all students of Canadian history. It is beautifully printed. The preface by Hanotaux gives a comprehensive survey of French colonial policy and offers the explanation of its failure which has been confirmed by statesmen and historians from Talon to Marvin. The introduction by Hector Garneau is a masterpiece. Its style is pointed and precise, its diction elegant, and it gives much information about the genesis of the historian not elsewhere accessible. This introduction should be read on the Ruskin plan, line by line, letter by letter. Further, the new edition is based upon original sources to an unparalleled extent. New matter has been added, between brackets, by the editor. Over two thousand notes and references have been inserted throughout the volume, besides very valuable appendices. Certain passages, almost entire pages, which appeared in the first two editions but were suppressed in the later editions, have been reinserted, so that in this edition the reader can discover the most mature judgements of the historian. At the same time the excellent bibliographies give the book a distinctly American stamp, and make it indispensable to students and teachers. In a word, the revised edition is "a veritable encyclopædia of the history of Canada."

Canada is not rich in histories, and if outsiders be allowed to judge us by our neglect of our own past, they would be justified in sneering, "après tout, qu'êtes-vous donc, vous Canadiens, vous n'avez même pas d'histoire !" In all Canada, with its many universities, we have only one chair devoted to colonial history. In Oxford there is a chair of colonial history and from its present occupant has issued the best hand-book we have on Canada under British rule. But in Oxford there is little interest in Empire history. Professor Egerton's lectures

are not so well attended as they deserve : the faithful are colonials or middle-aged men directly interested in the colonies, and yet Canada was never so much before the British public as it is at present. Never was there so much need to study our history and that of our neighbour to the south. Mr. Beer, in his "Colonial Policy (1754-63)" points out how the American colonies had first been asked to contribute men for the Indian wars, and that it was not till they held back for each other and did nothing that England attempted to tax them, since they would not fight. To-day the self-governing dominions have been asked to contribute not to the army, but to the navy. They are waiting for each other. There was a lesson of America in the eighteenth century. Will there be a lesson of Canada in the twentieth? France has led the way in drawing the moral of French-Canada, just as she was the first to point out its value in days gone by. The new edition of Garneau, though not marred by bias, is a sustained attempt to interpret the life and ideals of a people, not their political life only nor its material basis, but also those subtler forces which, in the case of the French-Canadians, explain the success of their race in Alsace-Lorraine, Louisiana, and in Quebec. Though not able to use the great libraries of England or of France, the editor, by a cosmopolitan subscription to journals and reviews, has been able to keep in touch with the latest authorities, and has caught the spirit of historical criticism.

Just as the elder Garneau was content to scorn public honours and devote his life to his history, so his grandson has been content to leave real estate and legal distinction to his more material contemporaries, while he, by many patient hours of "toil unsevered from tranquillity" has been trying to vindicate the memory of the historian and to express the views which he himself would have held to-day in the light of recent discovery. As a result he has produced a lasting work of which not only French-Canada but Canada may be proud.

D. C. HARVEY

## THE JUDGEMENTS OF CARLYLE

FEW characters and few literary reputations have been submitted to so severe a test from the scrutiny of succeeding generations as the character and the literary reputation of Thomas Carlyle. In his lifetime he spoke with an authority shared by none of his contemporaries. He had not lain in his grave a year when the famous indiscretions of Froude provoked a violent reaction that, for the many years it lasted, obscured all the issues upon which a sane judgement of the man and the author might be founded. Every great reputation must run the gauntlet of the ages, but such heat and venom as the Carlyle controversy engendered is rare, and has nothing in common with the ordinary oscillations to which literary fame is subjected. The hubbub has now so far died down as to permit us to judge his opinions without rancour or obscuring prejudice, and if we cannot at this remove of time rehabilitate an angel, we may at least rediscover a man whose grim humour was but the obverse of a native tenderness and kindness, and whose judgements, shorn of something of their distorting emphasis, have still some validity in a hurrying world. At this date, too, it is happily no longer necessary to defend Carlyle, the man, at the expense of his rarely-gifted wife, whose letters reveal not only a talent of penetrating keenness, but a nature also from which acute physical suffering and a constitutional irritability could not abstract the indwelling charm and sympathetic grace.

In the present essay the attempt is made to study Carlyle through his antipathies. This method of approaching a great author might conceivably be a fruitful one, for if we could discover why John Keats hurled his copy of "Don Juan" across the cabin, we should learn a great deal of Keats and incidentally contemplate Byron from a new angle of vision.

But the essay is also a confession of faith and a protest. Few readers of my generation, and these we need not envy, have escaped the vehement stress and strain of the impact of Carlyle's genius upon their minds, and few readers, I assume, have remained consistently loyal to their early enthusiasms. It is only fitting, however, that in our partial disillusionment we should gratefully remember our youth's debt to the author of "Heroes," and how at the first contact with "Sartor Resartus," the walls of our little universe strained and cracked and fell, and a new heaven and a new earth rushed in upon our minds.

This quickening power Carlyle possesses in a peculiar degree among the authors of the nineteenth century. A plastic mind flows readily into the mould of his thoughts, and youth is not the season when his energy and tremendous earnestness can be wisely or successfully resisted. His words then are oracles, and come to us charged with a significance that makes pale the utterances of ordinary men. The years pass, and he is no longer infallible. Contemporaries and predecessors who earned his vehement contempt speak to us now with more authority, and certainly with more persuasive grace, but when we have summed up the count of his deservings and undeservings we are constrained to recognize in him the greatest reservoir of spiritual energy in nineteenth-century England. In the pages that follow, the effort will be made to strike some working balance between the early enthusiasm for Carlyle in which most of us have shared, and the more cautious and occasionally hostile sentiments to which it usually leads.

How far Carlyle, were he permitted to return and give us a reasoned survey of his career, would be inclined to range himself among his own heroes, must remain in the region of surmise. A court of inquiry using the formulas he prescribed would grant him heroship at least in the second degree, upon the hating side, that is to say. To make a list of Carlyle's detestations would be a difficult task if detailed completeness were aimed at; to furnish a representative series of these is a matter of easy accomplishment, since almost any page of his

selected at random would provide an example. But our court of inquiry would, I take it, seek to satisfy itself not necessarily of the generosity or charity of his multitudinous hostile opinions,—for Carlyle was Calvinist enough to dispense with charity and to separate heaven and hell by limits not to be traversed,—but to satisfy itself rather of the reasonableness of his hatreds. Detestation of hypocrisy, cant, insincerity— one monster of many names—we cordially applaud, but in Carlyle's case the question surely is pertinent: Were his recorded opinions just, or merely the splenetic outbursts of a dyspeptic iconoclast?

The unreasoning optimist sees everything for the best in the best of possible worlds, the rabid pessimist everything for the worst in the worst of possible worlds. From this twin category of foolish persons Carlyle is necessarily excluded, for that the world is divine he no less vehemently believed than that the world is mad. Of the false idols that the nineteenth century proclaimed and wantonly worshipped, the following is a partial list—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Lamb, Landor, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Macaulay, George Eliot, Gladstone, Disraeli, Keble, Newman, Maurice, Bentham, and Mill. The three, solid, satisfactory persons he saw in modern England were Wellington, Peel, and Wolseley, to whom, for friendship's sake, although a poet, may be added Alfred Tennyson. Outside of England he looked with friendly eyes upon the ascending Bismarck, and he devoted an essay of admiration to the unspeakable Dr. Francia, the tyrant of Paraguay.

Wordsworth, Carlyle informs us, "is an old, very loquacious—indeed, quite prosing man, with a tint of naturalness, of sincere insight, nevertheless. He has been much spoiled; king of his company, unrecognized and then adulated. Worth little now. A genuine kind of man, but intrinsically and extrinsically a small one, let them sing, or say, what they will." As for Coleridge, "his life has been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling. . . . A weak, diffusive, weltering, inef-

fectual man." It is now Scott's turn. "It seems to us," writes Carlyle, "there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets; this is the highest quality to be discerned in him." Charles Lamb is a gin-bibber and a mountebank, and Carlyle has heard that there was insanity in the family. Carlyle's advice to his generation, "Close your Byrons and open your Goethes," is fruit of his belief that Byron is a theatrical sentimentalist with an infinite capacity for making sin delightful. But he has a lingering tenderness for the wicked lord which he refuses to bestow on Keats and Shelley, who sum up for him all that is detestable in poetry with all that is contemptible in life. "Milnes has written this year a book on Keats. This remark to make on it: 'An attempt to make us eat dead dog by exquisite currying and cooking.' Won't eat it. A truly unwise little book. The kind of man that Keats was gets ever more horrible to me. Force of hunger for pleasure of every kind, and want of all other force—this is a combination! Such a structure of soul, it would once have been very evident, was a chosen 'Vessel of Hell'; and truly, for ever there is justice in that feeling." Shelley's melodies sounded to Carlyle's ears like the infinite, inarticulate wailing of disconsolate infants.

The politicians and theologians fare no better than the poets. Gladstone appears to him "one of the contemptiblest men I ever looked on. A poor Ritualist; almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man—nothing in him but forms and ceremonies and outside wrappages; incapable of seeing veritably any fact whatever, but seeing, crediting, and laying to heart the mere clothes of the fact,

and fancying that all the rest does not exist—poor phantasm." Macaulay is "a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty—essentially irremediable, common-place—all that was in him now gone to the tongue. At bottom this Macaulay is but a poor creature, with his dictionary literature and erudition, his saloon arrogance. He has no vision in him. He will neither see nor do any great thing, but be a poor Holland House unbeliever, with spectacles instead of eyes, to the end of him." Bentham and Carlyle's quondam friend Mill are "sawdustish, mechanical persons, mere logic-grinders and profit and loss philosophers, the accredited high priests of the dismal science that is bedeviling England and the world to-day." The religious leaders are "pious and uninteresting frauds." Keble is "a little ape called Keble, of the 'Christian Year.'" Newman has not the brains "of a moderate sized rabbit." Maurice is "one of the most entirely uninteresting men of genius" to be met with in society; "all twisted, screwed, wiredrawn, with such a restless sensitiveness, the utmost inability to let Nature have fair play with him. I do not remember that a word ever came from him betokening clear recognition or healthy free sympathy with anything." The grounds of Carlyle's admiration for Peel are never explicitly stated. He seems to have had some suspicion that Peel was an honest man, which would suffice to mark him out for signal commendation. Wellington held in combination two inestimable gifts; he was a good fighter and a bad speaker—a Cromwellian compound, compelling praise. Sir Garnet Wolseley was also in favour as a diminished Cromwell, whose duty it might some day be to turn the key on the Houses of Parliament and send the members about their business.

My list, though representative and lengthy, is not complete. In fairness to Carlyle I should mention his constant approval of Ruskin's writings, his friendliness towards Sterling, and his qualified tolerance of Dickens. But it is sufficiently evident that Carlyle was happy neither in the time nor in the place of his birth, though the suspicion may be hazarded that neither time nor place are much concerned in the matter. His

country was inhabited by twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, and these poor fools were being led down the slope of destruction by specious demagogues or designing knaves. The very age itself was disease-ridden to the core, a machine-driven, godless, and bewildered age, its art fraudulent, its religion soulless, its science mechanical and atheistic, its politics sentimentalized, weak, and insincere, its guiding divinity the stump-orator, its panacea the ballot-box, and its wisdom the mere counting of noses.

I have not set down these *obiter dicta* of Carlyle's for the purpose of giving an initial, unfriendly bias to our opinion of the man. He has power enough without the aid of favouring criticism to survive all that he has said or done to imperil his good fame, and criticism that is perversely hostile wings wide of the reputation it seeks to wound. I have thought, merely, that the swiftest way to reach an understanding of our author is to survey dispassionately what he loved and what he hated, to ascertain why these things he loved or hated, and to explain it all, if possible, in terms of the man Carlyle.

The grim humour of these judgements is occasionally evident; the "native tenderness and kindness" I referred to is often far to seek. What objurgatory license we may allow to a man at the pit of whose stomach "a rat was perpetually gnawing" cannot by the eupeptic be satisfactorily decided, nor can the pathologically sound determine the angle of deviation that must be allowed to frenzied sensibilities and exacerbated nerves. Carlyle's moral skin was whipped raw by petty annoyances that the normally-disposed person would hardly perceive. His world was peopled by soul-destroying monsters, by cats that would not sleep o'nights, by dogs, and cows, and hurdy-gurdies; and in the occasional blessed intervals when outward noises ceased to lacerate, there was always some intruding bore innocently willing once, if not a second time, to offend his peace. Some physical origin we can therefore assign to Carlyle's careering opinions, and some element, too, there was in these sweeping denunciations of wilful exaggeration. The gift of phrase-making is a dangerous

lure, and Carlyle had early discovered in himself and studiously developed the graphic faculty by which Célimène gratified her admirers and disgusted her Alceste. You cannot be, at once, incisive and altogether good-humoured, nor picturesque with moderation. Yet the opinions upon men and their work that I have quoted were seriously intended and are to be most seriously considered. What are the qualities, then, we must inquire, which in Carlyle's view go to the making of great men, and what exacting standards does he impose that these names should fall so immeasurably short?

The characteristics that link Carlyle's heroes together, for he held that they were all fashioned from one stuff and were, so to speak, convertible entities, are principally, effectiveness in the practical sphere, sincerity, insight, and melancholy, conjoined with a spontaneity of action or utterance that bespeaks a certain unconsciousness of the power exhibited. They are essentially God-driven men, and they speak or act not from a studious calculation of consequences, but from a divine, inward prompting that cannot be resisted, into what straits soever it may lead them. Singled out by this divine purpose to guide an unwilling age upon the predestined path, they are usually not joyous persons, and Carlyle, when he cannot proclaim a chronic hypochondria in his heroes, is hard put to it to discover some period in the moulting season of youth when sorrow has laid a caressing hand upon them. Frederick, falling into dissolute courses, has his soul "tragically dimmed" for the remainder of his life. It was less Goethe's serene poise that stirred Carlyle's admiration than the fact that it issued from intense moral strife. "Wer nie sein Brot mit Thranen asz" is a quotation he never wearies of, and he repeats with approval the phrase of the French diplomat, who, contemplating Goethe's face, said, "Voilà un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins." Better, thinks Carlyle, it would have been to say with Goethe, "Here is a man who has struggled loyally; who has 'es sich recht sauer werden lassen.'—For Goethe has not only suffered and mourned in bitter agony under the spiritual perplexities of his time; but he has also

mastered these, he is above them, and has shown others how to rise above them." It was Voltaire's apparent levity that disconcerted Carlyle. Though constantly concerning himself with French themes and personages, Carlyle never reached an understanding of the French temperament. The *fond gaillard* perpetually baffled him. Consequently France provided him only with fractional heroes, and these he prefers to find among her men of action. Diderot's life struggle interested him, but not the flow of ideas that issued from that astonishingly fertile and original brain. Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon were all men who lived in the concrete and lifted heavy burdens. Carlyle, perforce, admires the stormy cheerfulness of the revolutionary leaders, but their seeming lack of spiritual seriousness disconcerts him. Napoleon's trite remark, "But who made all that, gentlemen?" goes far to redeem him in Carlyle's eyes.

He was unquestionably more at his ease with men by nature prone to melancholy, whose triumph over despair was often but the stoic's victory of sombre and, at times, defiant endurance, with some consolation permitted from the sense of a task accomplished. Cromwell's Huntingdon physician was much perturbed by his hypochondriac maladies. "Mr. Cromwell for many years was very splenetic (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also had fancies about the town Cross." . . . . "Brief intimation," writes Carlyle, "of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of sympathy he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? Our sorrow is the inverted image

of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become flame and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!"

If the hero is essentially melancholic, and such cheerfulness as he has the fruit only of courageous battle with despair, he is also a man of unswerving sincerity and piercing insight. The imputation of insincerity lay heavily upon two men of his choice. Cromwell and Mahomet possessed themselves violently of power, and the succeeding times have inclined to regard them both as scheming hypocrites, in whose defence it might be urged at best that they were themselves dupes of their own ambitions, and had hypnotized themselves into a kind of spurious sincerity. This view Carlyle totally rejects. If they were not true men, though mortally fallible, then the whole universe is based upon a lie, which is Carlyle's emphatic way of saying that his own view is right. "This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor, conscious, ambitious schemer. We cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest, confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum, a fiery mass of Life cast-up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *Kindle* the world, the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him." And this of Cromwell: "From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay, I cannot believe the like of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false, selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows, we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial, unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the

essence of all *real* souls, great or small? No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity. The longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less."

The world is full of half-sincere persons. The completer sincerity of great men is associated always with penetrating vision into the heart of things. Such men are in tune with the universal law, are at one with the eternal facts of life and at war with all its shams and simulacrums. Carlyle derived from his superficial reading of German philosophy a very convenient support for this view. The Kantian distinction, especially, between *Vernunft* and *Verstand*—the higher and lower Reason—he availed himself of with eagerness, for he found in this theory a confirmation of his own intuitive beliefs. It is very satisfactory to have the sanction of high authority for debasing the men and objects of our detestation, so into this philosophers' limbo of the Understanding or lower Reason, Carlyle found it pleasant and convenient to relegate all men of mere intellectual ingenuity, our quack writers and poets, our mechanical artists, our demagogic politicians, and our formula-ridden priests. These are our men of talent. Our men of genius, who number in Carlyle's grudging estimation perhaps one to a century on the continent of Europe, will probably be doers rather than writers, but whether they act or whether they speak they will possess, with all the qualities of cleverness that designate the *verständiger Mensch*, that superaddition of insight into the drift and meaning of life which is the mark of the higher Reason. A pedantic yet instructive list might be drawn up under the dual headings of *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, in which always the heroic qualities would stand in the left-hand column:

<i>Vernunft</i>	<i>Verstand</i>
Genius	Talent
Imagination	Fancy
Humour	Wit
Oratory	Rhetoric
Intuition	Logic

<i>Vernunft</i>	<i>Verstand</i>
Courtesy	Politeness (the mere outward form)
Goodness	Sanctions (moral conventions)
Religion	Religiosity
Unconsciousness	Self-Consciousness
Mystery	Mystification
The Dynamic	The Mechanical
Creation	Manufacture
Sentiment	Sentimentality
Sincerity	Hypocrisy

*Und so weiter.*

The man of supreme ability can borrow at will from the *Verstand* column. The lesser man may have flashes of inspiration, but he will be confined usually within his own list, and will discover to his satisfaction that present notoriety is associated, for the most part, precisely with those qualities within which his range is bound. The award of merit is, therefore, to be left to the arbitrament of time,—a truth which Carlyle continually announced, but which he rashly slighted in hazarding his manifold contemporary judgements.

The dyspeptic's privilege should extend only to momentary petulant outbursts, and is not sufficient to cover such well-considered and permanent opinions as those that I have recorded. The flagrantly worst of these reveal Carlyle as singularly ill at ease in his intellectual surroundings. He sometimes impresses us, as Taine described him, in the guise of some "strange animal, a relic of a lost family, a sort of mastodon, who has strayed in a world not made for him." The monstrous ineptitude especially of the estimate of Keats and Shelley, deserves comment now only for what it reveals to us of Carlyle himself. He enjoyed pathetic Scotch airs rendered upon the piano; and though he has written much and eloquently upon the subject, his appreciation of poetry is often, to the same degree, primitive and meagre. In these particular poets he looked for strength of personality, and

found only a melodious wail. Keats and Shelley are, unfortunately perhaps, pathetic figures in our literature, and have suffered much at the hands of lachrymose enthusiasts. But the pathos of their fate should not blind us to their singular force of character, and Carlyle's judgement upon them has value for us now only in so far as it exhibits with such cruel force his own æsthetic limitations.

Carlyle neither attempted nor was competent to judge Wordsworth or Coleridge as poets. There is no evidence in his conversation or writings that he considered their work as anything more than idle versifying. In Wordsworth he might have discovered sincerity, reverence, and imaginative insight—in short his own heroic compound upon the contemplative side; he perversely sees in him a garrulous, prosaic old man with, nevertheless, "a tint of naturalness, of sincere insight." The Coleridge of Highgate evidently bored him, and he assumed that no genuine song and no enduring message could issue from such tragic impotence of will. Lamb's humour was too subtle, his wisdom too humanly worldly to appeal to him. In this instance, the distaste was reciprocal. His "imperfect sympathy" with Scott is more difficult of explanation. Partly the loudness of his reputation repelled him, but this of itself does not sufficiently account for the diabolic skill with which Carlyle steers clear of all that was genuinely heroic in his great countryman—his frankness, his integrity, his serenity, his effortless creative power. Fiction, save that which issued from the brain of Goethe or Richter, repelled him, and Scott was bound to suffer from his critic's innate incapacity to deal with any form of art that did not convey, whether obviously or by mystic implication, some moral lesson to the age. It is less surprising, and yet it is surprising, that Carlyle should have so scanted the politicians of his time. Facts accomplished by Gladstone and Macaulay are discoverable without unwonted searching, and history will not deny them effectiveness in the practical sphere. But Carlyle saw only two copious rivers of rhetoric deluging a drenched land. With all their reforming activity they were still complacent children of their

age, zealots of material progress, supporters of the ballot, and temperate advocates of democratic institutions. Gladstone's ritualism and Macaulay's social predilections were merely the added degree of temperature which brought Carlyle's wrath to the boiling point. Small knowledge of Carlyle is needed to forecast his sentiments towards the mid-century religious group. He was compelled to regard them all as mad and dangerous enthusiasts. It would be hopeless, therefore, to expect him, with his militant individualism, to adjust his mind to the Newman point of view, and the sincerest and subtlest intellect of his age had to take his chances and suffer with the rest. Carlyle's treatment of Mill, apart from the breach of friendship it involved, is regrettable as a total misreading of the facts. The economists at large lie open to many of his charges, with the necessary modification of the Carlylean emphasis, but from the most sweeping of these Mill, at least, should have been exempt. Carlyle's mind, working in a large, intuitive fashion, could not estimate the value of a patient, unprejudiced, logical, yet none the less humane, survey and sifting of facts and arguments. Hard and logical though Mill's writings are, there burns beneath them a fire of human ardour every whit as warm as the more lambent Carlylean flame; and no mechanically inspired formalist could have inspired the devoted followers of whom Lord Morley is the last enthusiastic survivor.

If Carlyle's current judgements were such as we have seen, what value attaches to him in the sphere of creative criticism where immediate prejudices are not in question? Few critics could afford to handicap themselves so heavily, and yet retain a title to our regard. It is also a curious thing to note that a large part of his criticism concerns itself with a century that he detested, and with individuals whom he could regard with admiration only in so far as they could divorce themselves from its defects. His strongly held prejudices and angular opinions vitiated too often the clarity of his judgements, and his deficient sense of formal beauty effectively ebarred him from the appreciation of many of the qualities that confer not only distinction but greatness upon a literature.

Yet his critical work reveals always the operations of an acute and powerful mind, and when he is in tune with his subject there is little criticism that is more inspired. He did much with Coleridge to emancipate criticism from the magisterial methods of the eighteenth century, and in the process humanized it to an astonishing degree. No critic has so secure a sense of concrete values, and few have had such a profoundly moral view of the meaning of literature with so little of the pedantry of the professional moralist. Though holding the belief that only a good man can write a good book, his definition of virtue is not to be found in the Prayer Book or the shorter catechism. The essays on Burns and Scott seem to prove that an unchaste drunkard may have within him more sincerity and moral fire than a man blameless in all human relationships, who, nevertheless, is too obviously at ease in Zion, who had not wrestled in the wilderness, nor thrown his ink-pot at the devil. Spontaneity Carlyle values highly; of mere facility of utterance he is ever suspicious. He is never imposed upon by bulk, and Voltaire's fifty volumes do not contain for him one genuine thought. Flippancy and mere cleverness repel him. His chosen heroes of letters are men who have suffered and have maintained their faith, who hate falsehood and reverence truth with equal intensity, who do the work that is appointed to them with a glad honesty of purpose, and who yet realize that each moment of their lives is the fleeting point where two eternities conjoin. This is very fine, I grant, but, for the purposes of literary criticism, sometimes misleading, and the results arrived at are often demonstrably false. Voltaire may have been led captive on occasion by his own cleverness, and, flippant Frenchman that he was, he may have taken the Eternities and Immensities too much for granted; but he was much more than the adroit business man of Carlyle's too clever picture, and his fifty volumes are not reducible to the one genuine thought which Carlyle, with unreflecting rashness, denies him. It is proper for a critic to abhor diletantism from his heart's depth, but it is dangerous for a critic so wanting as Carlyle was in the sense of formal beauty to make public utterance of his

abhorrence. For him Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law rhymer, will have more value than Keats or Shelley, and Novalis, the rambling mystic, will outweigh Voltaire.

Criticism has changed its fashion much less in the last fifty years than history, which now esteems itself a new, if not an exact, science. We are forced, therefore, to compare Carlyle with the old rather than with the new historians. He has more affinities with Thucydides, with Tacitus, and with Voltaire, than with Mommsen, or Firth, or Vandal. Question a present-day investigator as to whether Carlyle should take rank as a great historian, and his answer will hesitate upon a negative. He is too personal, too vindictive, too partizan, and, however assiduously he may have used the sources at his command, the storehouses of information accessible to modern research have partially invalidated his results. Partizanship and temper, and, may I add, a misplaced confidence in our ability to read the Creator's purpose in the riddle of human affairs, do not contribute to clarity of judgement and are fatal to the detached and dispassionate calm which modern methods of research appear to demand. That certain facts of minor detail require amendment, is little to the purpose; and whether Louis XVI and his consort fled across France in a blue coach or a green does not affect the issue that they actually ran away, and that Carlyle gives us so dramatic a rendering of the event that no meticulously accurate, revised version can render it obsolete. It is safe advice to tell a young student to read Carlyle's "French Revolution" in an annotated edition. It would be execrable advice to bid him forbear to read it, for it is a book in which a vanished age tumultuously lives. In his power to vivify the facts and to awake from their sleep of death the actors in the buried past, Carlyle has had no modern rival. In no one man, unfortunately, are all things combined, and Carlyle was so possessed by the pictorial splendour and fiery, dramatic qualities of his theme that the philosophical significance of the movement escaped him. He is so lavish of his colours that one does not see whither the lines of his picture tend. Robespierre is a mere splash of sea-green upon his page, and Marat a bilious smudge.

These men had surely a meaning, had surely some philosophy of revolution which, however detestable, would have amply repaid investigation. But Carlyle abhorred them, and they remain a mere target for his phrases. From this book the emotional reaction is enormous, the intellectual reaction of inconsiderable moment. In the massing of details to present to the mind a graphic image of events, Carlyle is incomparable; in the analysis of details to explain events and set them in their rational sequence, he has been surpassed by many men who saw less vividly and largely but possessed a fuller measure of political sagacity and saving common sense. Our estimate of Carlyle as an historian will depend largely upon our personal preference for the poetry or the prose of facts.

A concluding word remains to be said on Carlyle's relation to the social problems of his time. His ideals were high and stern; and fearless and violent as he was in their utterance, he neither conciliated nor sought to conciliate the dominant sects and parties of his day. John Stuart Mill's friendship faded first into a perplexed toleration of Carlyle's eccentricities and extravagances of opinion, then lapsed into indifference, and waxed ultimately into intolerance and fierce contempt. Carlyle's essay on "The Nigger Question" in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1849 brought an immediate reply from Mill, usually the gentlest of mankind, but, on this occasion, provoked to an unwonted violence of phrase. "The great ethical doctrine of the Discourse," he writes, "than which a doctrine more damnable never was propounded by a professed moral reformer, is, that one kind of human beings are born servants to the other kind. I do not hold him," he continues, "to the absurd letter of his dictum; it belongs to the mannerism in which he is enthralled like a child in swaddling clothes." Is, then, the conclusion forced upon us that Carlyle was unsympathetically disposed towards the toiling millions and subject races of the earth? Not unsympathetically disposed, we may answer, but uncompromisingly severe, and, in fairness to Carlyle, I must indicate the grounds of this severity. It springs from his recognition of what he deems to be the fundamental and immutable law of our being, to strive

against which is, in his opinion, at once futile and dishonest. Toil, not happiness is our birthright, or only that happiness is conceded which arises from the sense of honourable work accomplished. We have no privileges, no inalienable rights, only a task appointed to us and imperative duties to fulfil. The God-appointed duty of the strong is to command in righteousness and wisdom; on the weak is laid the rigorous mandate to obey. That the Demerara negroes should eat their pumpkins contentedly and multiply beneath the tropic sun is no less grievous in Carlyle's eyes than the sentimental philanthropy which spares the lash and bids the nigger prosper after his own idle fashion. It seems never to have occurred to Carlyle, when invoking the immutable decrees of divinely-ordered fact, that the pumpkin-eating negro basking in the sun is probably fulfilling with great satisfaction to himself the laws of his own being, and perhaps rightly resents the lash as an unwarrantable intrusion upon his divinely-ordered repose.

But Carlyle has the prejudices of that type of genius which is narrow in the direct ratio of its intensity, and his mind harbours one aspect only of every problem which it confronts. The middle positions through which the logical, analytic mind delights to struggle towards a solution that leaves no argument untested on the way, his swift, intuitive mind abhorred. On the one side is the radiance of truth, on the other side is the darkness of spiritual death. From this chiaroscuro of dazzling light and impenetrable shade, the Carlylean gospel and the Carlylean style are compounded. The literary effect of this clashing of mighty opposites, enforced by an unexampled copiousness of incisive speech, is tremendous. We are exhilarated and swept off our feet by the onrush of his furious vocables, but in the end we are glad to rest upon a quieter shore, with the salutary sting of the brine upon our flesh. Wordsworth has described poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." From Carlyle we shall derive nothing but profit if we yield ourselves to the spell of his emotional appeal and revise his judgements in some hour of tranquil contemplation.

PELHAM EDGAR

## THE POET-LAUREATESHIP

THE news of the death of Alfred Austen and of the appointment of Robert Bridges to the poet-laureateship constituted for most of us a veritable rediscovery of the existence of that office—so completely had our interest lapsed during the unimpressive tenure of the late laureate. Nor did the preferment of Mr. Bridges over such well known poets as Rudyard Kipling, Austin Dobson, Stephen Phillips, Thomas Hardy, Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, Alfred Housman, Arthur Symons, and Mrs. Meynell tend to enlighten the laity as to the official conception of the functions of the laureate; for no one could recall at the time, and apparently no one has been able to discover since, any utterance of Mr. Bridges which reveals him as a spokesman of the national mood.

Mr. Bridges, now in his sixty-ninth year, has a large body of poetry to his credit—a masque, several metrical dramas, many lyrics, a sonnet-sequence, a number of experiments in the use of classical metres in English poetry, and several librettos for oratorios—but all these are academic in tone, and savour rather of the diversions of the student than the activities of the forum. This only can be said of Mr. Bridges—but this is much—that his work is unfailingly dignified, genuine, and poetic in the best sense of the word. His laureate utterances will never arrest or startle; but at least they will never disgust. He will have the negative merit of escaping the ridicule to which so many of his predecessors have fallen heir as soon as their muse donned the official robes. The choice of Mr. Bridges is a safe one and sustains the better tradition of the laureateship.

One is compelled to qualify; for the tradition is so confused, as between the men who have glorified the office and the instances in which the office has either failed to make or has quite disastrously unmade the man, that one is divided between

a desire to reverence it in memory of Tennyson or laugh at it in memory of Pye. But confused and frequently ignoble as the tradition is, it is none the less picturesque and interesting; and the renewal of public interest on account of the fact of a new appointment, makes it seem timely to trace the tradition and recall the past associations of the laureateship.

The *locus classicus* is, of course, the crowning of Petrarch upon the Capitol. There, in the words of John Addington Symonds, "the ancient and the modern eras met together and a new stadium for the human spirit . . . was opened;" but the stream of poetic tradition thus established was purest at its source. As it flowed down through the Middle Ages its waters were sullied by the intrigues of politicians and the tawdriness of courts.

In England, the office was an outgrowth of the practice of early monarchs of having minstrels attached to their retinue. Such were Gulielmus Peregrinus, the *versificator regis* of Richard Coeur de Lion, and a certain John Kay, who describes himself as Edward the Fourth's "humble poet laureate." Such voluntary appropriations of the title, and the contemporary tendency of the universities to confer the laurel upon academic poets, gave rise to a certain looseness in the use of the term, before the court title came into existence. For example, James the First, in "The King's Quair," refers to Chaucer and Gower as poets laureate. Of these, Chaucer, it is true, held various offices under the Crown and enjoyed various emoluments, one of these being the grant for life of a daily pitcher of wine, an analogy to the butt of sack which afterwards became the fixed honorarium of the post. But the analogy is misleading, for Chaucer received his pitcher of wine not for literary, but for official, services. The tradition that he was, in some sort, official poet laureate or was in any way recognized as such, seems to have no foundation. Dryden is made by a recent essayist to say that Chaucer was laureate to three kings; but all that Dryden actually does say is that Chaucer "was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them."

Indeed, considering the high offices which Chaucer held and his intimate associations with courtly life, he has left curiously little court poetry. "The Boke of the Duchesse," a tribute to Blanche, first wife of Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt, and the "Parlement of Foules," possibly an allegory of King Richard's marriage to the Lady Anne of Bohemia, are the only considerable poems associated with the court. The Envoy of "Lak of Stedfastnesse" is a direct address to King Richard, but it is the voice of the sage, not the courtier. It is only in the "Compleint" of Chaucer to his empty purse that the poet sounds a note which anticipated in any degree the mendicant verse with which Jonson used to besiege the court; but the deft humour of the "Compleint" disarms criticism.

Gower, on the other hand, played the rôle, even if he did not hold the office, of laureate to Henry the Fourth, to whom he addressed many panegyrics. King Henry's badge, the swan, was even appended to the collar which adorns Gower's effigy in St. Saviours, Southwark. Four sculptured roses are on the head of the figure, and, according to Leland, these were originally intertwined with a wreath.

Of the non-official laureates who precede the royal creation, the most picturesque is John Skelton, whose laureateship, conferred by "both the universities," is constantly referred to in his poetry.

At Oxford, the University,  
Advanced I was to that degree;  
By whole consent of their Senate,  
I was made Poet Laureate.

Spenser, also, was unofficially recognized as the laureate. As early as 1586, Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," had tendered him the crown, contending "that Spenser may well wear the garlande and step before the best of all English poets;" and upon the appearance of the "Faerie Queene," Nash in the "Supplication of Pierce Penniless" refers to Spenser as the new laureate; but there is no ground for supposing that Queen Elizabeth herself honoured him with

such a designation, though he was pensioned by the Crown; and Spenser's reference to his

discontent of my long fruitless stay  
In Princes Court

is hardly compatible with either the honour or the honorarium attaching to the office. Nevertheless, posterity not infrequently attributed to him the official laurel. Scott, congratulating Southey on his appointment to the laureateship, writes, "Long may you live, as Paddy says, to rule over us, and to redeem the crown of Spenser and of Dryden to its pristine dignity;" and Southey in the "Carmen Triumphale," which constitutes his first official utterance as laureate, acknowledges the high honour conferred upon him in receiving

The Laurel, meed of famous Bards of yore,  
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore.

Of the official poet laureates, Jonson is usually considered the first, though his recognition by James in 1617 as the court poet had not the precise features of the later appointments. The pension of one hundred marks (afterwards raised, as a result of one of his "poems mendicant," to pounds) and the tierce of Canary, were, however, definitely reckoned as an emolument for his poetical services to the court; and Jonson was not slow to remind his royal masters of their obligation, when, as frequently happened, payment was overdue. It is only a year after his appointment that we find him appealing to Master John Burgess and through him to Sir Robert Pye (ancestor of a later laureate, Henry James Pye) for the prompt payment of his pension, and warning him, after Ben's rather pugnacious manner, that there shall be no masque next Christmas if his salary is not paid.

The accession of Charles and the consequent diminution of Jonson's favour at court furnished the occasion for other dunning epistles. The tierce of Canary, which Charles had added to the pension, was not always forthcoming; and Jonson, who was too independent to play the courtier,

demanding his butt of sack from "The Board of Greencloth" in language which offended the authorities.

What can the cause be when the King has given  
 His poet sack, the household will not pay?  
 Are they so scanted in their store? or driven  
 For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?  
 Well, they should know him, would the King but grant  
 His poet leave to sing his household true;  
 He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,  
 Would make the very Greencloth to look blue:  
 And rather wish in their expense of sack,  
 So the allowance from the King to use,  
 As the old bard should no Canary lack;  
 'Twere better spare a butt than spill his muse.  
 For in the genius of a poet's verse,  
 The King's fame lives. Go now, deny his tierce.

As the poet grew old and saw himself supplanted at court, his formerly confident spirit was cowed by disappointment and a sense of waning power. The last poem which the laureate addressed to his royal master—the occasion, another birthday anniversary—has a pathetic effect of effort, as if the old poet were pulling himself together for another "official" panegyric:

Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse,  
 Though now our green conceits be gray,  
 And yet once more do not refuse  
 To take thy Phrygian harp and play  
 In honour of this cheerful day.

When the laureateship became vacant in 1637 through the death of Jonson, Davenant was appointed to the office. For ten years before his appointment he had played the courtier, dedicating plays and poems to prominent noblemen, and contributing masques to the entertainment of the court. Jonson's period of disfavour, when the preparation of court masques fell into other hands, and his last comedy, "The Tale of a Tub," was "not likte," coincides with Davenant's success in the masque, "The Temple of Love," in which the queen and her gentlewomen acted, and in which Jonson's former

partner and subsequent bitter enemy, Inigo Jones, appears as co-author. Another masque, "Britannia Triumphans," in which Davenant and Jones collaborated, was acted a few months before Jonson's death.

Petrarch's remark, "the laurel in no way increased my wisdom, though it aroused some jealousy," is borne out by Davenant's experience. The appointment was the signal for a storm of ridicule on the part of Davenant's rivals, an illness of the poet's which occasioned the loss of his nose furnishing the wits of the day with a barb for their shafts.

The period of the Protectorate was full of vicissitudes for the laureate. "Why should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts," Davenant is said to have written to Hobbes, apropos of "Gondibert," "when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week?" According to a tradition which at least ought to be true, it was John Milton, then Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, who rescued the beleaguered laureate from this particular peril.

Davenant, indeed, had a faculty for falling on his feet, for towards the close of the Cromwellian régime, when Puritanism was beginning to relax its vigilance, the poet enjoyed the unique distinction of being permitted to open and operate a theatre in London in which "The Siege of Rhodes" was performed. This privilege, however, got him into hot water again after the Restoration. In 1662 Sir Henry Herbert, bringing an action against him for excessive entrance fees at the Cockpit, described him as "a person who exercised the office of Master of the Revels to Oliver the Tyrant," and accused him of having "published a poem in vindication and justification of Oliver's actions." The laureate seems, however, to have thrived in spite of opposition. He died, full of honours, in 1668 and was buried in Westminster Abbey, "in the very place," according to Wood, "where his rival for the laurel, Thomas May, the English Lucan, had been buried"—one of the "little ironies" of which the laureateship has seen so many. Not less ironical, in its infelicitous reminder of a greater poet, is the inscription on his tomb, "O rare Sir William D'Avenant."

Two years after Davenant's death, the laureateship, on this occasion for the first time with formal letters-patent, was conferred upon John Dryden. With the pension and the "butt of Canary," now a fixed part of the emolument, was included the office of historiographer, and the office was conferred "in consideration of Dryden's many acceptable services theretofore done to his present majesty and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities and his great skill and elegant style both in verse and prose." As usual, however, the honour brought embarrassment in its train. His enemies did not allow it to be forgotten that prior to these "acceptable services to his present majesty" he had composed the "Heroic Stanzas" in laudation of Cromwell. He was accused of being a turn-coat in politics as in religion; and the jealousy incident to his rapidly accumulating honours culminated in 1671 in the famous "Rehearsal."

Bayes, the hero, was originally intended as a portrait of Davenant, but upon that poet's death the play was laid by for awhile, and when it was taken up again the new laureate was made the butt of the performance. The result is an absurd travesty of Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," and of other heroic plays then in vogue. With the parodies are coupled many passages of personal satire. Bayes' falling and breaking his nose is reminiscent of the former laureate. The superior and condescending manner of Bayes is a satire upon Dryden. "Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose."

At the revolution Dryden was succeeded in the laureateship by his arch enemy, Thomas Shadwell. The two poets had vilified each other ever since 1682, the quarrel beginning in a difference of opinion on literary matters, and degenerating, as so many such differences did in that day, into endless personal abuse. The notable item in the voluminous literature of the quarrel is Dryden's "MacFlecknoe," in which Shadwell

is established on the throne of the dunces, as another poet laureate was to be by Pope in the next generation. In wit and art, Dryden was an easy victor; but Shadwell's coarse flings, devoid of literary merit as they were, were probably none the less painful to Dryden. Dryden's loss to such a man of both the laureateship and the office of historiographer royal, was doubly bitter.

The remark of the Lord Chamberlain when asked why he had given the laureateship to Shadwell is typical of the literary standards which obtained in the official mind, "I do not pretend to say how great a poet Shadwell may be, but I am sure he is an honest man." It is this same Shadwell who originated the official function of the laureateship—the annual birthday and New Year odes, destined to remain the official duty of the post until Pye brought them to a pitch of absurdity, where they died a natural death. Shadwell did not live long to enjoy his unmerited honours, dying four years after he had received the laureateship.

In the hundred years following the appointment of Shadwell, the laureateship became the laughing stock of English letters. With the exception of Thomas Warton and, in a measure, of Nicholas Rowe, there was not a laureate whose appointment was not preposterous and whose official poetry was not a disgrace to literature. Nahum Tate, who succeeded Shadwell, was certainly no exception in this hierarchy of incompetents. His ridiculous perversion of "Lear," by restoring the king to his throne and betrothing Edgar and Cordelia, has rescued him from complete obscurity. "Tate," says Charles Lamb, "has put his hook into the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showman of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily." *Au reste*, the chief original poem of this laureate of the age of Addison is "Panacea—a Poem on Tea!"

Of somewhat greater ability was his successor, the dramatist Rowe. "The Fair Penitent," "Jane Shore," and "Lady Jane Grey" are not bad plays of the artificial and

sentimental sort fashionable in his day. His translation of Lucan is remembered; but the warrant for his elevation to the poet laureateship is sufficiently described in Hearne's comment, "This Rowe is a great Whig and but a mean poet."

It was George the First to whom Rowe was indebted for his appointment; and the poetic succession under the Hanoverian régime marked the utmost degradation of the laureateship. Chesterfield's remark that George the Second "thought the *belles lettres* trifles," and Pope's comment in the "Epistle to Arbuthnot":

And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,  
It is to history he trusts for praise

were equally applicable to the first George and the third. Typical is the choice of Rowe's successor, Laurence Eusden, the "parson much bemused in beer" of "The Dunciad"; and typical, too, is the road by which Eusden obtained the appointment—a celebration in extravagant panegyric of the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle, who in his capacity as Lord Chamberlain reciprocated by conferring the laurel crown upon the poet. Eusden was apparently as obscure in his own day as he remains to posterity. Even Apollo, according to the Duke of Buckingham, had not made his devotee's acquaintance:

In rushed Eusden and cry'd, Who shall have it  
But I the true laureate, to whom the King gave it?  
Apollo begged pardon and granted his claim,  
But vow'd that till then he'd ne'er heard of his name.

Upon Eusden's death, Richard Savage, as Dr. Johnson records, aspired to the honour; and when he was disappointed, appointed himself "volunteer laureate" to the queen. "The Volunteer Laureate, A Poem Most Humbly Addressed to Her Majesty on Her Birthday," pleased his royal mistress so highly that she confirmed him in his pseudo-laureateship, and granted him fifty pounds a year.

This was at least a more wholesome salve for ungratified ambition than that taken by another disappointed candidate of whom Wood tells in the "Athenæ Oxoniensis." When the post was vacated by the death of Jonson, Thomas May, the translator of Lucan, aspired to the honour. "But he, finding not that preferment which he expected, became a debauchee *ad omnia*, entertained ill principles as to religion, spoke often very slightly of the Holy Trinity, kept beastly and atheistical company . . . and endeavoured to his power to asperse and invalidate the King and his cause."

Colley Cibber, actor, stage manager, dramatist, and Eusden's successor in the laureateship, was at least an abler man than the parson much bemused in beer; but the fates conspired against him. His grotesque vanity and self-assertion antagonized even those who admired his ability. Not Benvenuto Cellini himself had so perfected the gentle art of making enemies. He had (but who indeed had not?) antagonized the arch satirist, Pope, and he had been appointed just in time to ascend the throne of dullness in the new "Dunciad," *vice* its former occupant, the fated Tibbald.

It was twelve years after Cibber's appointment before the recast "Dunciad" saw the light. A recent quarrel had furnished Pope with the immediate occasion; but already, when the laurel had been vacated by the death of Eusden, Pope had written a burlesque history of the laureateship describing the ceremonial of coronation with a wreath of mingled laurel, ivy, and cabbage, and adding, "In the next place a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himself; and no man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly."

"The Epistle to Arbuthnot," written in 1735, had contemptuously left to "laurelled Cibber" "the high task to lift up kings to gods" by the inevitable "birthday odes." When, therefore, the subsequent quarrel with Cibber added

resentment to contempt, Pope was ready, at whatever expense of artistic unity in the poem, to lead him to the dunce's throne.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head  
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.  
 All hail! And all hail again,  
 My son: the promised land expects thy reign.  
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;  
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days:  
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,  
 Where wretched Withers, Wards, and Gildons rest,  
 And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,  
 With "Fool of Quality" complete the quire.  
 Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shall support,  
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.  
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!  
 Sound, sound, ye viols, be the catcall dumb!  
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;  
 The creeping, courtly, dirty ivy join.  
 And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,  
 Light-armed with points, antitheses and puns.  
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,  
 Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:  
 And under his, and under Archer's wing  
 Gaming and Grub Street skulk behind the king.

No further degradation of the office would seem possible; but lest deeper depths might remain unsounded, Cibber himself, near the close of his career, put the finishing touch of obloquy upon the laureateship. It is Walpole who tells the story, in a letter to Horace Mann, "Our old Laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton: 'May it please your Grace, I know no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be, your Grace's, etc. Colley Cibber.' I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones is; he told me a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it."

The truth is that even in the England of the 1750's, a worse poet would have been hard to find. Jones was an Irish bricklayer who attracted Chesterfield's notice when the latter was viceroy of Ireland, and with Chesterfield's help published a volume of poems and staged a tragedy, "The Earl of Essex." He died in the workhouse in 1770.

It was seven years after Cibber had put Jones into nomination for the post, before the laureate died; and the Duke of Devonshire, then lord Chamberlain, offered the laurel to a poet who if he had accepted it, had lifted it out of the slough in which it had remained so long. But Gray refused the doubtful honour; and in so doing wrote a letter to his friend Mason, which contains an admirable diagnosis of the case of the moribund laureateship.

"Dear Mason—Though I very well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, 'I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an

age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate."

With Gray's refusal in his hands, Devonshire conferred the laurel upon a poet who, while far inferior to Gray, was at least a worthier candidate than Jones. William Whitehead, the son of a baker at Cambridge, and an M. A. and fellow of Clare Hall, had produced several plays of moderate merit and a variety of excellent miscellaneous verse. Unlike his predecessor in the office, he seems to have been a man of great personal charm. It had been well for him if the fates had left him to the undisturbed enjoyment of his fellowship; but as always, the laurel brought disaster. Gray was to have been excused from the birthday odes; but Whitehead enjoyed no such immunity. For more than twenty-five years after his appointment, he celebrated royal birthdays and royal marriages with unflinching regularity. Dr. Johnson thought Whitehead's odes even worse than Cibber's, and Cibber's in the dictator's opinion had been bad enough. "Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable."

Churchill fell foul of the laureate in "The Ghost" (1762) as Pope had done of Cibber in "The Dunciad."

Come, Method, come in all they pride,  
Dulness and Whitehead by thy side;  
Dulness and Method still are one,  
And Whitehead is their darling son.

. . . . .  
He, who in the Laureate chair  
By grace, not merit, planted there,  
. . . measures as he goes  
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose  
And is too frugal to dispense  
At once, both poetry and sense.

This was rough treatment; but Whitehead, with admirable urbanity, was content to make in "A Charge to the Poets" the retort courteous:

From noble names, and great in each degree,  
 The pension'd laurel has devolved to me . . .  
 Then since my king and patron have thought fit  
 To place me on the throne of modern wit,  
 My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large . . . .  
 He hurts his own who wounds another's bays . . . .  
 What is't to you, that numbers place your name  
 First, fifth, or twentieth, in the list of fame?  
 Old Time will settle all your claims at once,  
 Record the genius, and forget the dunce.

It may be said of the laureate that Old Time has at least compromised his claim, for though posterity has not recorded him as a genius, she has at least not wholly forgotten him.

With the appointment of Whitehead's successor, the laureateship, once more, *longo intervallo*, acquired merit from its recipient. Thomas Warton, professor of poetry at Oxford, author of the first notable, and in some respects still one of the best, histories of English poetry, and apostle in both his own poetry and his critical writings of the new romantic spirit, could speak as one having authority and not as one of the Grub Street scribes. He was a true poet, if not a great one; and, save for the famous practical joke of the "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship" in which Warton's first birthday ode was included in a volume of professed parodies of that form of verse, the "poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate" found him too august to be made the object of petty detraction. From the standpoint of the historian of the laurel, he belongs, in Carlyle's phrase, "among the happy people whose annals are blank."

Of Warton's successor, however, there is unfortunately a different story to tell. Henry James Pye was a descendant of Sir Robert Pye to whom, as chancellor of the exchequer, Jonson had appealed for the payment of his pension. For twenty-three years after his appointment he produced birthday

odes with the unfailing regularity of Whitehead, and with twice the latter's dulness. So many allusions to groves and feathered choirs were there in these effusions that, in the words of George Stevens,

When the *pie* was opened  
The birds began to sing;  
And wasn't that a dainty dish  
To set before a King?

His contemporaries and the wits of succeeding generations have vied in ridicule of this most preposterous of the laureates. A contemporary burlesque of Pye's "Birthday Odes" begins,

Hail, all hail, thou natal day,  
Hail, the very half hour, I say,  
On which Great George was born!  
Tho' scarcely fledged, I'll try my wing,  
And tho', alas, I cannot sing,  
I'll crow on this illustrious morn!

The custom of annual birthday odes could not survive the performances of Pye; and when the illness of George the Third offered a convenient excuse, the odes were dropped, not to be renewed during Pye's incumbency nor that of his successors.

When Pye died, and the laureateship was offered to Walter Scott, Scott confessed that "the office is a ridiculous one, somehow or other"; but being, at the time, in the beginning of those financial straits in which he became involved with the Ballantynes, and having an exaggerated idea of the honorarium attaching to the office, he seriously considered accepting the offer. "Were I my own man, as you call it," he wrote to James Ballantyne, "I would refuse this offer (with all gratitude); but as I am situated, three hundred or four hundred pounds a year is not to be sneezed at upon a point of poetical honour—and it makes me a better man to that extent." Upon reflection, however, he decided to keep the matter in abeyance until he had asked the advice of the Duke of Buccleugh.

The Duke advised him strongly against accepting the offer, and drew such a picture of the official duty of the laureate as was not likely to leave Scott much room for hesitation: "Only think of being chaunted and recitativèd by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids-of-honour, and gentleman-pensioners! Oh, horrible, thrice horrible!" And in more serious vein: "Walter Scott, Poet Laureate, ceases to be the Walter Scott of the 'Lay,' 'Marmion,' etc. Any future poem of yours could not come forward with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of *court plaster*. Your muse has hitherto been independent—don't put her into harness."

Acting on this advice, Scott wrote to the Marquis of Hertford, through whom the tender had been made, declining the office, on the ground that he already enjoyed a sufficient income, and that, also, he lacked "the power of filling it respectably and attaining to excellence in the execution of the tasks which it imposes." Coming at the close of the reign of Pye, this excuse might well have sounded ironical; but the blended dignity and courtliness of Scott's letter disarmed suspicion.

Immediately thereafter, Scott wrote to Southey, "On my return here I found, to my no small surprise, a letter tendering me the laurel vacant by the death of the poetical Pye. I have declined the appointment, as being incompetent to the task of annual commemoration; but chiefly as being provided for in my professional department, and unwilling to incur the censure of engrossing the emolument attached to one of the few appointments which seem proper to be filled by a man of literature who has no other views in life. Will you forgive me, my dear friend, if I own I had you in my recollection? I have given Croker the hint, and otherwise endeavoured to throw the office into your option. I am uncertain if you will like it, for the laurel has certainly been tarnished by some of its wearers, and, as at present managed, its duties are inconvenient

and somewhat liable to ridicule. But the latter might be amended, as I think the Regent's good sense would lead him to lay aside these regular commemorations; and as to the former point, it has been worn by Dryden of old, and by Warton in modern days."

As a matter of fact, the birthday ode, as has just been noted, had already been abrogated; and Southey was able to accept without incurring onerous obligations.

If the laureateship had meant (as indeed it should have meant), not the official panegyrist of the government, but the example to his generation of the ideal man of letters, perfectly dedicate, then Southey was, of all the succession, the laureate *par excellence*; for, as Byron truly said of him, he was "the only existing man of letters;" but, like his predecessors in the office, he was destined, in his official capacity, to be remembered by posterity not as the author of the "Carmen Triumphale"—

In happy hour doth he receive  
The Laurel, meed of famous Bards of yore,  
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore,—  
In happy hour, and well may he rejoice,  
Whose earliest task must be  
To raise the exultant hymn of victory—

but as the sycophant of George the Third in "The Vision of Judgment"—

A different web being by the Destinies  
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath.

It had, indeed, become the characteristic fatality of the laureate to be caught in the net of the great satirists. Shadwell, Dryden, Cibber, and Whitehead had been pilloried in "Mac-Flecknoe," "The Rehearsal," "The Dunciad," and "The Ghost;" and if Southey deserved such an uncomfortable immortality less than his predecessors, he was destined for treatment fully as savage. Byron's burlesque "Vision of Judgment," in which the laureate appears at the gate of Heaven to read his "Vision" as a witness on behalf of George

the Third, is probably the most successful and certainly the most merciless piece of ridicule which our literature affords:

He had written praises of a regicide;  
 He had written praises of all kings whatever . . .  
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,  
 And more of both than anybody knows . . .  
 He had written Wesley's life;—here, turning round  
 To Satan "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,  
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound . . ."  
 He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no  
 Persuasion on the part of devils or saints  
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
 He read the first three lines of the contents;  
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
 Had vanished . . . . .

For thirty years Southey wore the laurel, producing, meanwhile, if not the annual tributes required of his predecessors, at least a large body of panegyric poetry stamped with the official "manner" of the laureateship.

When, upon Southey's death, the honour fell to Wordsworth, the poet of "Tintern" and "The Prelude" was an old man with his poetic career behind him. He was loath to accept, and did so only upon Sir Robert Peel's assurance that "you shall have nothing required of you." He took Peel at his word, and during the brief span of life left to him wrote but little which could be construed as official poetry; and in the lines inscribed in a copy of his poems sent to the Queen, one of the few in which any reference to his office occurs, he appears rather to disclaim than to vaunt the laureateship:

Deign, Sovereign Mistress, to accept a lay,  
 No Laureate offering of elaborate art.

Upon Wordsworth's death, the laurel, curiously enough, was offered to Samuel Rogers. Fifty-eight years had elapsed since the appearance of "The Pleasures of Memory," and the vogue of that once popular poem had long since passed. Rogers had not, however, ceased to write; and though he

never equalled his early success, he remained a sort of mentor of the *belles lettres*. But the aged poet, now eighty-seven, declined the post, and on November 5th, 1850, the laurel was conferred upon Tennyson.

Few could question then, and none can question now, the wisdom of the choice. The story which Hallam Tennyson tells in the "Memoir," of Carlyle's advice to Milnes (in 1845) in regard to Tennyson's pension, is equally applicable to the conferring of the laureateship. Milnes had protested that it would be hard to justify to his constituents the granting of a pension to the then little-known poet. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, "on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned!"

With Tennyson, the evil ghost of the laureateship—its sycophancy, its dulness, its ineptness, its sterility,—was laid. Here, at last, the man was immeasurably greater than the office. The words which the poet had spoken of Wellington in one of the earliest and noblest of his official utterances—

He wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him

were as true of the laureate himself. But the very greatness of the wearer cast about the laurel crown an aura which made it a perilous inheritance. It is no wonder that, upon the death of the poet, there was talk of abolishing the laureateship. In the light of subsequent experience, that had, perhaps, been the part of wisdom; but it is surely not too much to hope that, in the laureate utterances of Robert Bridges, the purity and high nobility of the Tennysonian tradition may be worthily sustained.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

## THE KING OF YVETOT

**B**ERANGER'S well-known poem *Le Roi d'Yvetot* was first printed in 1814 in the *Epicurien français*. Its point and humour were directed against Napoleon at a time when his dynastic ambitions and military glory had destroyed the trade of France and burdened her people with excessive taxation. Reflecting general feeling as it did, *Le Roi d'Yvetot* became immensely popular : in fact, it is stated to have been sung from one end of France to the other only a few days after its publication. By many critics it is regarded as Beranger's masterpiece and by some, as the high-water mark of French lyric verse. Its unity of idea, its precision, its simplicity and above all, its sincerity, appeal to the translator, whose attempt to render it in another language must, of necessity, be sadly lacking. Of the numerous translations of *Le Roi d'Yvetot* into English, that of Thackeray is the most widely known, in which the spirit of the original is finely preserved. The following translation is an attempt to maintain the form of the original, which is just as much an integral part of the poet's conception as the thought.

There was a king of Yvetot,  
 Who ruled sans fame or fuss;  
 Late up, to bed betimes he'd go,  
 Slept sound,—inglorious!  
 And Jenny, ere he went to bed,  
 With cotton nightcap crowned his  
 head,  
     'Tis said.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 That's the sort of king, you know,  
     Ho, ho!

And every day four meals he ate  
 Within his thatched abode  
 And on an ass, with step sedate,  
 In royal progress rode;  
 So jolly, artless, hating slur,—

Il était un roi d'Yvetot  
 Peu connu dans l'histoire,  
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,  
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,  
 Et couronné par Jeanneton  
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,  
     Dit-on.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
     La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas  
 Dans son palais de chaume,  
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
 Parcourait son royaume.  
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,

His bodyguard, you ask? Good sir,  
 A cur.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 That's the sort of king, you know,  
 Ho, ho!

His feelings vexed him ne'er a fling,  
 Save ever tickling thirst,  
 To make a happy folk, their king  
 Must live his own life first;  
 So, sitting without brother sot,  
 He taxed each cask and drank a pot  
 For scot.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 That's the sort of king, you know,  
 Ho, ho!

He never grabbed at neighbour  
 states,  
 So gave his neighbours ease,  
 And, mark it well, ye potentates,  
 His statecraft was—to please;  
 Nor till in earth they saw him lie  
 Did his folk weep, that not an eye  
 Was dry.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 That's the sort of king, you know,  
 Ho, ho!

The portrait of this worthy lord  
 Hangs at this very day  
 To mark an inn whose fame is  
 stored  
 For leagues and leagues away;  
 And there he views in gala trim  
 The crowd, raising their cups a-  
 brim,  
 To him,  
 With, "Ha, ha, ha, Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 That's the sort of king, you know,  
 Ho, ho!"

Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
 Qu'un chien.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
 La, la.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux  
 Qu'une soif un peu vive;  
 Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,  
 Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.  
 Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,  
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
 D'impôt.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
 La, la.

Il n'agrandit point ses Etats,  
 Fut un voisin commode,  
 Et, modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code.  
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
 Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
 Pleura.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
 La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait  
 De ce digne et bon prince ;  
 C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
 Fameux dans la province.  
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
 La foule s'écrie en buvant  
 Devant :  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là !  
 La, la.

## THE DRIFT OF PINIONS

IT is an exciting thing, in these days of voluble mediocrity, to come upon a poet who is a first rate craftsman. The man who first said that poets are born and not made is responsible for a great deal of bad poetry in the world. Every minor poet, with a gift of verse making and an aptitude for disguising the poverty of his intellect by the outlandishness of his style, discovers that he is undoubtedly born, and thereupon congratulates himself upon his escape from the distasteful necessity of being made. Fearful of the charge of unoriginality, and shrinking from the toil of study, he neglects his masters, refuses to go to school with the great poets, and sits and strums upon his own small lyre till we all grow very sick of him indeed.

Now the truth is, that the main, if not the only, justification for minor poetry, as for minor music, and minor painting, is good craftsmanship. Nothing well and carefully made comes amiss to a lover of symmetry and form; and though the beauty of a lesser poem may be as little when compared with the beauty of a work of genius, yet it is still beauty for all that. Music is only in part a thing of the intellect; an original and creative mind will produce great music; but a mental equipment far short of that, if allied with feeling and taste and knowledge, can produce very delightful music. And poetry is more than half musical in its appeal. The thought may be ordinary; but if the structure, the form, the rhythm, and the feeling are good after their kind, the poetry is well worth the writing, and well worth the reading.

Now in this volume of poems by Miss Marjorie Pickthall\* we find just the qualities which are most lacking in the common run of minor poets. We find excellence sufficient to give

\* "The Drift of Pinions," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. The University Magazine, Montreal. London: John Lane. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.00.

us quite a thrill of excitement. It would be idle to pretend that there is marked originality of thought, or notable grandeur of style. But if there is not originality, there is freshness ; if there is not sublimity, there is grace and delicacy and a true lyrical touch ; and, what is best of all, and most grateful and uncommon, is the fact that this minor poetess has gone to the best masters for instruction in her craft.

The result is that she is a most promising craftswoman. Steeped in all that is best in poetry, she has learnt restraint, and the mastery of rhythm, and the management of rhyme, to an unusual and most delightful degree. One or two of these poems are, in point of form, perfect. "Armored," for instance,—deliciously reminiscent of Meredith in its pagan delight in an elfin nature, and its metre borrowed only to embellish,—or "The Pool" with its musical phrasing and telling, slight repetitions, or "Jasper's Song" with its robust jollity and individuality,—these three alone render this volume distinguished. From these one could quote lines which—and this is a notable test—begin to haunt one's memory, return to one suddenly from nowhere, after only two or three readings.

Rhythm and rhyme, indeed, are very strong points with Miss Pickthall. You may search the volume through for a lame or halting line, for a strained or dissonant rhyme. It is all careful and clean-cut, but perfectly free and flowing none the less. The tripping lilt of the three songs already referred to almost set feet dancing and hands beating time ; or again, the sonnet, "The Immortal," with its unusual rhyme-scheme and delicate language, moves with stately gait to the climax of a really fine concluding line. There may be—there are—reminiscences of greater hands in all of these,—more than a breath of Meredith, a faint odour of Keats, a whiff of Shelley on the breeze, as one might say—but they are none the less charming for that. And if minor poetry is not intended to charm, what is it for ?

Of course there are some frank imitations. An essay in the style of a master is always an interesting, often a

pleasing, production. "Fame" is capital Browning—a parody without the element of caricature. "A Saxon Epitaph" more than smacks of Swinburne—an original dangerous to imitate, for his manner is easy and his thought unbecoming to the average type of mind. "The Little Fauns to Proserpine," meritorious as it is, has one or two lines over-obscure, a feature not to be imitated in the creator of "Phcebus with Admetus." Less good is "Wanderlied"; the poetry of homesick Celts needs to ring very true if it is to be tolerated. Yeats can do in Ireland what mustn't be attempted in Canada. Miss Pickthall is versatile. Nature is her chief mistress—the nature of the ancients, peopled with gracile sprites and elves, unscientific nature, together with the joys she affords of sights and smells and sounds. But her mood may be elegiac, as in "The Immortal," or one of quiet wonder, as in "Dawn" (a trite subject freshly treated); or, again, she can make a point with felicity and restraint, as in "To Alcithoë."

In all the foregoing the merit is in the manner. The thought is refined and fresh and whimsical enough, but it is not new. In "The Bridegroom of Cana" and "The Little Sister of the Prophet" there is an added merit of originality. Both these poems are models of restrained and delicate treatment of their respective themes. The former, neither rhapsodical nor dramatic, yet with a touch of both modes and its suggestion of the two Loves, sacred and profane, is a work of unusual subtlety and maturity for what we understand to be a youthful hand. But I venture to think that "The Little Sister of the Prophet" is even better still. The combined simplicity and originality of the theme, worked out with admirable moderation and sense of proportion, and with an engaging naïveté of manner, make an irresistible appeal. The last stanza is perhaps the most delightful thing in the book.

And now for some harsher criticism. Where so much is excellent, it is a pity that anything poor and commonplace should be included. Miss Pickthall is never unpoetical, never slipshod or careless; but it must be confessed that she is sometimes dull. Suppose some lover of poetry, with more

affection than leisure for reading, should take up this volume and dip into it at random. What a misfortune, no less for him than for the authoress, should he open at "Swallows," or the "Frost Song," or "Serenade," or "The Mother in Egypt," or "My Father he was a Fisherman," or "The Hillman's Lass," or "The Island Songs"! All commonplace; careful, well-turned, very pretty; but such as is to be found in a hundred small volumes or the pages of any literary magazine. He would abandon the book, and turn to some old favourite on the shelf.

Now, if the volume were thinner, but contained only so select a group of poems as would ensure that the casual reader should forthwith light upon one or other of the songs I have praised above, with what eagerness and delight would he (should he be a man of taste) sit down to his reading and finish the book to the end! A shopkeeper puts his best wares in the window; but a poet should have no wares except the best.

Dulness is only pardonable in useful things; and poetry is not meant to be useful. But dulness is not Miss Pickthall's only fault. She is sometimes guilty of the far more surprising one of insincerity. It is insincere of her, for instance, to write "O Silver Rose," or "The Garden of Shushan,"—not insincere in the sense of having an intent to deceive, but in the sense of being untrue to self. A Western mind *may* have an Eastern imagination. It is rare, but it is not unknown. But Miss Pickthall has not one. And it is lack of self-knowledge—possibly a lack of self-appreciation—which has led her into the unreality of poems like these two. The result is sugari-ness without passion, and her native restraint—invaluable elsewhere—simply acts upon a mood which must be essentially unrestrained. Or again, take "A Mother in Egypt," the poignant, ignorant, un-understanding grief of the Egyptian peasant woman for her dead child could never be expressed in this dreamy, philosophic, poetical way. Imagination is a poet's birthright; but imagination must be congruous with its subject, or it becomes a mere essay in things as they are not.

Bad natural history, whether the subject be an Egyptian woman or Swallows, makes poor poetry.

Anything short of genius—to which all things are kindred—must, to be true to itself, be limited in its choice for subjects. A minor poet may be versatile, and all the better for it ; but he must not attempt all styles and all moods. Take, for example, the poem called “Pieter Marinus” ; Miss Pickthall’s airy muse, who can dance so deliciously among “the bracken fronds astir,” or contrast with such delicacy the ardour and impracticability of “The Prophet,” is no match for the grim repentance of the old smuggler’s black soul. Browning could draw that,—or, in another fashion, Kipling ; but Miss Pickthall’s attempt, although not bad (for nothing she writes is bad) somehow misses fire, and simply because the theme is unsuited to her.

But enough of this carping. In most of the many small poetry books which issue year by year, we should be only too grateful for what in this one we grumble at. That is because Miss Pickthall, at her best, sets so high a standard. It is her fault if we carp ; her fault for compelling so much of our admiration, for astonishing us with her workmanship, delighting us with her music, and stirring us with her feeling. If she will give us more like “The Little Sister,” “The Marriage in Cana,” “The Pool,” “The Shepherd Boy,” “Armored,” and “Jasper’s Song,”—to name once again only a handful of the best,—we will willingly read all the minor poems—and find a great deal that’s engaging enough in it into the bargain. When all is said and done, there is much notable poetry here.

LAURENCE E. JONES

## THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

**I**T is an obvious defect in the present structure of society that so many people lose at an early age the opportunity to pursue systematic courses of reading and study. When they are fourteen years old, if not before, they must leave school and begin to earn a living. The occupations upon which they enter are frequently so fatiguing and monotonous as to deprive them of the leisure and the desire for higher education; or, where the work itself is by no means exacting, it is usually regarded by the workers and their contemporaries as incompatible with intellectual effort. So that apart from a few continuation and night schools, and very casual lectures, we make no provision for educating large classes of the community after a very immature age. We accept without protest a situation which prevents them from learning what students in college are supposed to learn, to develop their critical faculties, to take broad views, to follow processes of abstract thought and to form generalizations. The public schools may be good as far as they go,—this is not the question,—but no one can claim that at present they provide such a stimulus as will keep their pupils intellectually active and inquiring in after life. Nor are the alertness and skill which some occupations do of themselves provide qualities sufficiently comprehensive to be the chief or only equipment for citizenship. Amusements and politics, like articles of food and clothing, must be made the subject of a vulgar advertisement and must be cheapened and coarsened if they are to win popular approval. The man educated a little above the average who seeks the votes of his countrymen is met at the outset by suspicion; to overcome the suspicion he must throw over the peculiar advantages which he possesses, and fight with the weapons known to his competitors and his constituents.

He often proves less expert than his rivals. This situation is very clearly described by H. G. Wells in "The New Machiavelli." The candidate begins by treating his opponents fairly, and by discussing the real issues in a dispassionate and rather impartial fashion. His speeches do not tell. He must begin to ridicule his opponents, to appeal to party prejudice, to amuse the crowd. He learns quickly and wins the seat.

Democracy is often blamed for its failure to provide leaders. So far as the criticism is just, the failure must be accounted for by the ignorance of the voters. The principles of popular election and of responsibility to the people are unassailable, but we cannot expect good results from the working of these principles until a larger number of people are given an opportunity to make a more consistent study of history and economics and of public affairs. The conventional methods of instructing students in colleges and universities do not necessarily make a man wise, but they do at least give him a chance of not remaining a fool. Nor need we concern ourselves with those among the richer classes who neglect their opportunities and often become the most intolerant and unintelligent of voters. Nothing can be done for those who will not help themselves. We must concern ourselves with the people, in whatever corner of the community, who would be glad to get a better education, and would profit by it, if the means of getting it were put in their way.

Modern England has gone far on the way to democracy, and has in consequence come closer perhaps than any other state to the problem of educating the voter. The labour party and the labour organizations alone made large demands upon their leaders for knowledge and trained intelligence. To meet the case there was a remarkable extension of educational agencies. Secondary and technical schools were developed, and the new universities took a larger part in the life of the great industrial centres. Still the old difficulty remained of offering to those who had left school before they could learn to think and had no time or money to return there, some regular help with their reading and thinking. University

extension lecturers presented their familiar themes in an attractive form to delighted audiences, but their influence was ephemeral; and institutions like Ruskin Hall reached only the few who, by means of scholarships or other privileges, could take some months or years from their work. The men and women tied to daily tasks were an hungered and they gave them no meat. The University of Oxford, to its lasting honour, called attention to the problem in the well-known report on Oxford and Working Class Education. Parts of the report may have been Utopian, and of course it disturbed the sort of university person who objects to having a working man sleep in his room during the vacation. It should, however, silence the observer, frequently a colonial, who thinks that because Oxford colleges teach the classics and have not a telephone in every room, they are not in sympathy with the age. The report established the need for such an organization as was soon to be provided in the Workers' Educational Association.

The object of the association, as described in its constitution, is "to promote the higher education of working men and women by arousing the interest of the workers in higher education, and by directing their attention to the facilities already existing; by enquiring into the needs and feelings of the workers in regard to education, and by representing them to the Board of Education, universities, local education authorities, and educational institutions; by providing, either in conjunction with the aforementioned bodies or otherwise, facilities for studies of interest to the workers which may have been hitherto overlooked; by publishing, or arranging for the publication, of such reports, pamphlets, books, and magazines as it deems necessary." The association consists of one hundred and fifty-eight local branches, in each of which are grouped individuals and local societies. The branch at Derby, for example, includes one hundred and fourteen regular members and twelve affiliated bodies, the latter being the Bricklayers' Society, the Bookbinders' and Machine Rulers' Union, the Certified Teachers' Association, the Coöperative Educa-

tion Committee, the Derby Printers' Association, the Derby Society for the Extension of University Teaching, the Independent Labour Party, the National Deposit Friendly Society, the National Union of Teachers, the Railway Clubs' Association, the Women's Coöperative Guild, the Typographical Association. Taken together the branches have at present 8,723 members and 2,164 societies in affiliation. Larger areas of territory are reached by district authorities consisting, like the local branches, of individual members and of affiliated societies. Both the district authorities and the local branches are represented on the Central Council, which corresponds to the central government in a federal state. The work of such a large organization must be many-sided. Reading circles and lectures are organized for the benefit of the affiliated societies. One branch alone has arranged over one thousand lectures for the adult schools, trade unions, and coöperative guilds in its neighbourhood. Efforts are made to assist children of the workers in securing a better education in the elementary and secondary schools. A library is being collected which will be available for all the members.

The most important and significant part of the association's work, however, is that done in coöperation with the universities. All universities and university colleges of England and Wales are represented, together with the association and labour organizations, on a central, joint, advisory committee which considers educational problems common to these bodies. An even stronger tie is formed by the joint committees, on each of which a university and the association are represented equally. Ten such committees are now established, including ten universities and university colleges, namely, Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Cardiff, Durham, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Nottingham, and Oxford. There are also committees with a slightly different constitution which permit of common action between the association and the universities at Leeds, Sheffield, and Reading. These joint committees provide instructors or tutors who form classes from among members of the association. A class consists of

about thirty persons who undertake to attend lectures and to write essays over a period of three years. An instructor visits each class at regular intervals. He usually lectures for an hour, and then leads a discussion; he hands back the essays, which he has read and criticized. The subjects studied are history, economics, political science, philosophy, psychology, biology, and sociology. Students who complete the course receive a special diploma. Those of them who can take a vacation in the summer are free to attend the summer schools which are conducted at several universities, and at which personal instruction and lectures are given by university tutors. This year summer schools for the benefit of the classes were held at Cambridge, Oxford, Liverpool, Manchester, Bangor, and Durham. Week-end schools are also being developed. During 1912 these were held at Birmingham, Durham, Halifax, Leeds, Liverpool, London, and Manchester, and were attended by over eleven hundred students. At present the association comprises 117 tutorial classes with 3,158 members, while in 1907-8 there were only two classes with 60 members. The Board of Education inspects the work of the classes, and in view of the favourable reports presented by its inspectors it makes a special grant in their behalf. The other funds needed come from the universities, from local education authorities, from private donors, and from the association.

The Workers' Educational Association has been long enough in existence to show that among manual workers many have the time and energy and ability to undertake serious study and even the writing of essays, once the necessary stimulus and organization are provided. They were disposed at first to ask for subjects which bore immediately upon their own lives; they soon discovered that to understand their own environment they had to go far afield in economics and history. Their first efforts, especially at essay-writing, were not always well directed; but, owing to their larger experience, they were soon able in many cases to attain the standard set by first-class honour men at the universities. And they have

always displayed an interest and enthusiasm such as are often wanting in undergraduates. That they should have accomplished as much by any other method as by that of personal instruction is very doubtful. They are responsible for the success of the classes. The tutor will advise and criticize, but to do either he must have some work, the results of some reading, put before him. It is not his business to pour his knowledge into empty heads. This adaptation of the tutorial system, as the method of teaching common at Oxford and Cambridge is called outside those universities, is the most noteworthy feature of the association. The system is expensive—a tutor who can look after twenty men individually could lecture to five hundred *en bloc*—and it is hard on the instructors. Still, it leaves its mark, and the three thousand members who have learned to think and work under the guidance of careful tutors, often their friends, will stand for much more in the life of the country than a host whose ears have been tickled by the thin eloquence of the extension lecturer. And the effect upon the tutors and upon the universities cannot be neglected. While engaged in this work the tutors do not take under-graduate classes. Still, they always maintain a connexion with the universities; they return to them at every opportunity and they may be called back to do a term's or a year's teaching. They are exploring great areas of human life and experience from which they were hitherto debarred. They are no longer studying economics in the abstract, but have the very stuff of the science under their hands. They have been able to put some of their new and possibly broader views into valuable books. Indeed, a whole literature has sprung from the association, mainly a text-book literature as yet, but one promising a more human presentation of hitherto rather dull and trite subjects.

The universities have been much encouraged by the success of this whole undertaking. They rejoice to have reached a large element in the community from which they were so long separated by what seemed the inexorable law that

men could not work with their hands and brains together. They are like merchants who have suddenly discovered new and unlimited markets for their wares. It is as though the old subjects and methods, which had become very familiar and rather commonplace to them, were found to be instruments of great rarity and value. The zeal and courage of the new students give the universities a renewed confidence in themselves and their mission, and a new hope. One of the most inspiring things in the modern, educational world is a summer session such as the association holds at Oxford. The session continues for six or eight weeks, the students coming and going according as their holidays begin and end. The men live in college, and both men and women have access to college gardens and common-rooms. They spend the greater part of the day discussing essays or subjects with the college tutors, some of the best of whom always take part in the summer session. In the early evening a special lecture is usually given, and later the students, who come in many cases from the north and are good singers, gather to sing glees and folk-songs. The whole proceeding, like so much that is best in England, is marked by simplicity and good feeling, and a complete absence of anything resembling either condescension or servility. To any one who has seen groups of working men and women reading in a college garden or has heard their songs across the quadrangle, it is obvious that the association has found the deep harmonies in the national life, and that by housing and assisting them the colleges, founded for national objects out of the nation's wealth, are discharging a real obligation.

The results of this English experiment must very soon be applied to Canadian conditions. The problem is the same in every democracy, and each year that passes we shall pay a heavier penalty for neglecting to provide the majority of our voters with some means of continuing their education. Many universities send their lecturers about the country; but, competing as they must for an audience with variety entertainments and church socials, the lecturers can do little more

than satisfy themselves that in every community a few people would be glad to undertake serious and consecutive reading. Indeed, there are already several reading or study clubs in Canadian cities and towns which approximate to the classes of the Workers' Educational Association but lack, in part at least, the guidance and assistance of experts.

Mr. Albert Mansbridge, the secretary of the English association, is to visit Canada in December of this year, on his return from Australia and New Zealand, where he has been trying to found a similar organization. Advantage should be taken of his visit here to consider the whole subject of university extension and to shape a policy for Canada. The universities should take the lead in the matter. They might very well begin by appointing a committee for each province. The committee should receive financial support from the provincial government. The resources of the universities are already strained, and for new work, obviously of a most deserving character, new revenues will be needed. The committee should appoint tutors or instructors who are not engaged in university work, or, better still, who can be released from it for stated periods. The tutors should organize the classes. At this stage English practice might be abandoned in one or two important particulars. The classes in Canada will not be composed exclusively of men and women engaged in manual labour. Class-divisions are not so marked here as in England, and labour-organizations have not as yet attained anything like the same strength or cohesion. The only test of admission should be willingness to write essays and pursue courses of reading over a fixed period. Again, it may not be possible in this country of great distances for tutors to visit classes as frequently as can the English teachers. During a portion of each term the business of superintending the work might very well be left to high-school or public-school teachers. Many of them would be glad to join the classes, and with their experience and knowledge they could provide very valuable leadership; and their participation in such an undertaking would have the further effect of bringing them closer to the

life of the community, from which their enforced preoccupation with the younger generation sometimes cuts them off.

Whether we shall be able to have in Canada summer sessions of a type at all resembling those in England is a large question, in answering which the climate and the character of our vacation here would have to be taken into account. Such a detail, with many others, must be left until an adequate organization has been formed. Of the need of an organized effort there can be no doubt, and the sooner we make it the better.

EDWARD KYLIE

### AT EVE THEY SAID

At eve they said: Behold the west  
 In new yet ancient beauty drest;  
 The hills and sky are glorified!—  
 I looked, but quickly turned aside.

At night by chance my window-bars  
 I opened wide and saw the stars.  
 The splendour gave me instant pain!  
 I closed the windows fast again.

And on the white face of a rose  
 That in my garden meekly grows  
 I cannot bear too long to look,  
 So chastening is its soft rebuke.

Sunset and star and rose I fear;  
 I shrink before their gaze austere.  
 O to be once again the boy  
 Cloud, star, and rose beheld with joy!

ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

## CLASSICAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND

THE moral of the recent history of classical study in England seems to be that disestablishment—whatever we may think of it in the political world—is not always and everywhere bad for the disestablished. It may at times serve as a salutary tonic. Certainly one may say that the modern development of interest in classical literature dates from about the period—the sixties of the last century—when writers on liberal education proposed to dethrone Latin and Greek from the educational supremacy which they then held, and to substitute the study of modern subjects, more especially natural science. The volume called “Essays on a Liberal Education,” is probably not much read now, and there is no great reason why it should be read,—for our present guidance, at any rate. As usually happens at the beginning of a controversy, the issues were presented rather crudely, and, in some cases, over-polemically; compromise, not war, was the deciding method later. Some of the suggestions have since been adopted; others have been tried and found wanting. All the questions raised have been fully and freely discussed, and not much is to be gained by going back to their earliest inception.

But one may say parenthetically that this earliest phase of a long controversy has a certain historical interest. It illustrates the admirable optimism of the nineteenth century, more especially that part of it in England which is usually described as the heyday of liberalism. Something or other was always going to be a panacea in those days: something or other, provided always it could be credited to English liberalism, was always going to bring the millennium,—that millennium which nowadays only politicians promise us, and that only because it is part of a politician’s business. The 1851 exhibition was going to do it; free competition and “*laissez faire*”

was going to do it ; in the more limited sphere of education, it was sometimes comparative philology, and more often science, that held the key to all mental elevation. And in the sixties thoughtful men imagined that the world was to be regenerated—in the true spirit of the sadly iconoclastic liberalism of those days—by getting rid of a classical education. At least, that was the way these early controversialists put it, in their first fine, careless rapture. The time for half measures and compromises was not yet. Probably they felt that the best way to inaugurate reform was to attack with more vehemence than was really right and necessary ; to strike a little harder than they need in order that they might have a stronger position in the day of negotiation. What they really meant to do, and what the fairest of their critics read between the lines, was not to expel but to equalize ; to assert the right, too much neglected at that time, of other subjects ; to give modern things, as well as Latin and Greek, their place in the sun.

Well, it is needless to point out that that place in the sun has been very amply conceded. The whole fabric of European and American education bears testimony to that. Science and modern languages have so many of the rooms on the south side that the classics now have to put up with the cold shade of neglect. They have been, educationally, disestablished ; they have been ousted from their proud supremacy ; but it looks as if disestablishment had made classical teaching more energetic than ever, and given it stronger claims on popular sympathy. It is difficult to speak of cause and effect here. I do not know whether it would be an insult or a compliment to teachers of the classics to suggest that they were intimidated by the threats of essayists into setting their house in order and infusing more life into their instruction : it would be a compliment to their adaptability and power of dealing with circumstances, but it might be a reflection on the character which needed the stimulus of terror to achieve its full perfection. It is better, I think, to take the safe ground of showing that the English-speaking

world was at that particular period really ripe for a new start in the matter of Latin and Greek. Probably the forces which made for attack, differently applied, made also for defence. Growing wealth and increasing population, and the levelling up of a democratic period, meant more schools and colleges; and more schools and colleges meant the direction of a greater variety of minds to the subjects of education, and a consequent tendency to strike out new lines. And, granting that the classics were still to be studied, work must find something new to its hand. The older scholars, the Bentleys and Porsons, the Lachmanns and Hermanns, the Gaisfords and Linwoods later, had done the necessary pioneer work in the constitution of the texts of the great classics, and the Munros and Mayors and Coningtons had continued the opening up of the routes. Grammarians who

settled *Hotis* business—let it be!

Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *Ge*,

Dead from the waist down,

had left indeed much that could be done, and has been nobly done by the Jebbs and Ellises and Goodwins who came a little later; but the field of possibilities within the sphere of the greatest classics was certainly diminished. To speak in the language of an Alpinist, the great peaks had been won: the routes to them were clear, as regards their main lines: succeeding climbers must go farther afield, or invent new routes,—just as the De Saussures and the Leslie Stephens have made it necessary for the modern mountaineer, who wants to associate something memorable with his name, to try how near he can go to breaking his neck. And the direction of new lines was indicated.

Whatever judgments the twentieth century may pass on the nineteenth,—and it seems that they are pretty severe, at least in England,—even the ardent spirits of to-day will not deny that ever since the Romantic movement one guiding motive was to get right away from cant and convention, and

see things as they are, steadily and whole. One sees that in fiction, in Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. One sees it in the changed spirit which has come over historical research in the last forty years, and has made history so much duller reading than it used to be, because the historian's object is now merely to arrive at the truth, while it used to be to annoy his political opponents. Poetry has great difficulties with that problem, and painting too. And I do not say that as the century progressed to its end this meritorious attempt has not produced some remarkable and not wholly pleasing results ; but it is not to be denied that the development of "realism" in fiction coincided roughly in time with the endeavour to read newer and truer meanings into a classical literature which was accepted as a matter of course from its very familiarity. People began to suspect a real humanity—something nearer to ourselves, and naturally explainable—in what was before regarded as a direct and somewhat inhuman emanation from Parnassus. What our rude forefathers easily accepted began to bristle with problems. Homer, of course, became a mere playground for critics and theorists in England, as he had long been on the continent of Europe. Thucydides had been the model historian, and Herodotus the father of lies. Now, I understand, on a poll of scholars it is Thucydides who would get most votes for deliberate mendacity, for Herodotus' character seems to have been, on the whole, reëstablished. And Horace, whom our ancestors thoughtlessly recited in youth and pretended to read for pleasure in mature age, was seen to be as full of cypher phrases and hidden meanings as Shakespeare under the lens of a Baconian. Whatever the conclusion, the fact remains that scholars are reading the classics with opener minds and a more awakened attention. No wonder ; for the great archaeological discoveries, besides being in themselves profoundly interesting, were shedding new light on Greek literature, and placing the Greek of historical and legendary times in a wholly different position. What has been regarded as gratuitous invention appeared now as an echo from an earlier world,—

the adornment and transmission of dim, prehistoric stories ; Greece was an intermediary between us and the earlier civilization of Cnossos and Mycenae and the Troad. Nothing could supply better food for the imagination. Altogether, with the opening of new vistas, Greek history and Greek scholarship became a much more exciting business than it had been in the old days when Thucydides was presented to school-boys and undergraduates as a series of exercises in syntax, and Greek tragedy formed the mind by a study of metrical rules and exceptions.

Far be it from me, or from any English critic, to decry or disparage the "grand old fortifying classical curriculum." It has played its part, and a very important one, in English education, and, one may really say, in the making of English history. For a long time classical culture, as it was understood, represented practically the whole of the secondary education enjoyed or suffered by our governing classes. And least of all ought an Oxonian to speak lightly of it ; for its earliest habitat was in the university, and I think I may say especially in the University of Oxford. It was there, I mean, that some knowledge of Greek and Latin began to be associated with the status of a gentleman ; and both the status of a gentleman and the study of Latin and Greek have been variously affected by it. The eighteenth century is an unpopular period,—even now, when the nineteenth, which was always cavilling at it, is itself falling into some disrepute,—and one does not readily associate beneficent changes with it, least of all in the University of Oxford, which has been supposed to represent the eighteenth century at its worst and blackest. Nevertheless, this maligned period was the parent of many reforms, or changes, for which the nineteenth century afterwards got the credit ; and one of these was certainly a great change in the condition of universities. Educationally and socially, Oxford was profoundly modified ; and it was the coincidence of the educational with the social alternative which brought about the state of things with which one is familiar,—the idea of the classics being a neces-

sary part of the education of a gentleman. The middle of the century found Oxford, one may say, with no university curriculum of any profitable kind. There were exercises for a degree ; but they consisted mainly in the repetition of stock formulæ, founded on the logic of the mediaeval schoolmen. Practically, so far as the university was concerned, a man might leave Oxford as ignorant of literature as he had come to it. It is very creditable to the college teachers of that day that, with no encouragement but their own sense of what was right and proper, they did inaugurate a kind of classical renaissance. It was not a period, I think, of profound or abstruse classical learning. But young men were encouraged to read a good deal of the great authors, and elegant scholarship was cultivated. Colleges competed with each other in the making of Latin verses, an art which indeed had an early popularity even in Oxford. It was all part of the civilizing process, and came all the more naturally as such, because it happened that about 1750, or so, the Oxford colleges were becoming, for good or evil, in great measure "Finishing Academies for Young Gentlemen," at any rate were becoming much more the special preserve of the so-called upper classes than had previously been the case. So it was that, as many colleges catered for the governing classes, the governing classes came to reckon elegant scholarship as their own peculiar attribute.

When Gibbon, in the rather grudging palinodia in which he takes back some part of his attack on the university (founded, it should be remembered, on some very juvenile impressions of a short residence at Magdalen),—when Gibbon says that learning has become "a duty, a pleasure, and even a fashion," it is noticeable that the foundation to which he is especially referring is Christ Church, then, as afterwards, the special training-ground for sprigs of nobility, and those who wish to cultivate the society of "the great." Such were the early days of classical scholarship at Oxford ; and this kind of revival was fixed and stereotyped when the university, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, established its

first honour examination. Classical scholarship was duly recognized from the earliest beginning of a *Litteræ Humaniores* examination; though some critics considered that the Aristotelian logic should have been ousted altogether instead of being left as a partner to literature. Anyhow, such knowledge of Greek and Latin as sufficed for the gaining of a class at Oxford was now endowed with additional prestige, because academic honours were recognized as a sure road to later success. In political and ecclesiastical circles especially, young men who had distinguished themselves at the university were much in demand. Greek scholarship, as it has been said, led not only to knowledge of the means of salvation in the next world, but to positions of emolument in this. Fellows of colleges who wanted church preferment edited Greek plays. I fear bishops have other qualifications now. In and outside the church some sort of classical knowledge was the appanage of the governing classes. In "Friendship's Garland" M. Arnold depicts the Rev. Esau Hittall, the sporting parson of the mid-Victorian era, whose claims to culture rested on a legendary copy of verses ("longs and shorts") on the Calydonian boar. If a man had no other considerable claims to respect, he was, if an elegant scholar, entitled to look down on those who, like Shakespeare, had small Latin and less Greek. You may remember Thackeray's somewhat ungentle picture of a Fellow of a College, often drunk and quite useless to the world (as Thackeray says) when sober, who still considers that he is something above ordinary mortals because he can turn anything in the world into Greek iambs.

So classical culture was the fashion; parliamentary oratory was tricked out with classical quotations; the House, less candid, or less virtuous than ours, must at least pretend to understand its Virgil and Horace. The second *Aeneid*, I have been told, furnishes the great majority of the Latin parliamentary quotations. Mr. Gladstone, in his day the typical, brilliant young politician, fresh from the triumphs of the schools, continued the habit of quotation through his life;

and I have heard it said that he was the only speaker who in his later years could venture to quote Greek in the House. We have changed all that now. Perhaps their association with a ruling clique has given the classics an unpleasant flavour of aristocracy. Perhaps a knowledge of extinct and mysterious tongues implies sinister designs. Anyhow, for whatever reason, an acquaintance with even Latin and a *fortiori* Greek is supposed to corrupt democratic virtue. It is a fact that Greek literature is singularly outspoken, and plain speaking is not always agreeable to democracies,—English democracies, I mean, of course.

Now-a-days, the old undisputed prerogative of a classical education is extinct. Classical study is fighting for its life, with very creditable success, so far, and, as I said, the exercise is quite good for its muscles. Naturally, no result has been achieved which one can consider permanent. There is no finality, fortunately, in educational matters. But it is perhaps worth while to register the state of things at this particular moment in England. So far the result of the battle amounts to this : in nearly all secondary schools, Latin maintains its position as a necessary part of the curriculum. It is for the moment fairly secure. The Homeric combats of to-day rather centre round Greek. The modern sides of our public schools do not teach Greek ; and from many secondary schools it has been banished altogether. In the universities, its fate trembles in the balance. Most of the newer foundations have settled the matter for the present : their students may begin and continue Greekless. Oxford and Cambridge still stand firm and make some modicum of Greek a necessary part of their initial examination. This is not always a popular attitude. During the battle which has been raging now intermittently for ten years and more, we have been told the truth about ourselves with remarkable candour, and our future has been painted in very lurid colours. We are the homes of dead languages and undying prejudice. We are obstacles in the path of progress. Multi-millionaires will not assist our poverty, and eventually the State will make a

clean sweep of our colleges, and start us afresh on lines more in harmony with the best traditions of democracy. These threats are backed up by the sweetly reasonable and enlightened persons who love Greek so much that they cannot bear to associate it with a compulsion which runs counter to our finer instincts ; nobody, in fact, ought to be compelled to learn anything,—except perhaps a little mathematics. And compulsion, they say, is quite unnecessary ; for they refuse to believe that the world will ever not wish to learn Greek. Somehow or other advocacy of compulsory Greek has come to be identified with a reactionary obscurantist habit of mind. I have heard it said, “so and so is a Liberal in politics : very strange that he should be in favour of retaining Greek in Responsions !” Political terms are strange things in their use and abuse. In England Liberal is a political term, liberal is a moral one : but what of that ? It is only to be expected that we should get credit for liberality, when it is only Liberalism after all.

The defenders of compulsory Greek at Oxford (and I suppose I may speak for Cambridge too) are not all of them merely hidebound pedants, timid reactionaries, dull obscurantists. They hardly look forward to a period when the British workman will demand a knowledge of Greek with the same enthusiasm as that with which he now demands beer. But they do hold that our civilization would suffer if Greek ceased to be fairly widespread and became the study of a few savants, like Sanskrit. They see that Greek suffers in schools (in some, perishes altogether) where it is not supported by universities ; and they see, too, that when Greek goes Latin is apt to go too. It is, of course, impossible that all universities should include Greek in their examinations, as of course it is neither possible nor desirable that all schools should teach it. But it does need protection. “There are few studies which it would be so easy to lose as that of Greek, few which it would be so hard to regain” (Conington) ; and that protection can only be given by Oxford and Cambridge. In these circumstances Oxford and Cambridge still insist on

Greek. But let the facts be noted : one often hears garbled accounts. Greek is only, for everyone, a part of the initial examination,—an examination which can be passed before the candidate comes into residence at Oxford. After that, the passman, the man who aims at no academic honours, must certainly offer the classics as part of his curriculum ; but the honours man need never open a Greek or Latin book during the whole period of his residence. Thus the much-abused “burden of Greek” does not weigh very heavily on the student. A natural science candidate must certainly get up an acquaintance with a couple of Greek plays or so, and a little Greek grammar. But he can do this before he comes into residence ; once at Oxford he can devote himself entirely to any “ology” that he pleases, without further interruption. And some of his most eminent leaders say that the interruption, such as it is, does him no harm, but rather good. These are thorny subjects.

The controversy has really been creditable to both sides. It shows, after all, how zealous we are about education, and that is the great thing ; and if universities have come in for hard knocks, they have only to expect it : suffering is the badge of all their tribe. I should not leave this subject without acknowledging the great help which the “defenders of Greek” have received from America,—sympathy shown in printed words or *viva voce*. Especially, coming as the help does from that country, it has done a great deal to show that the cause is not one of irrational, pig-headed conservatism.

We may claim, as I said, to have in view the wide dissemination of some sort of Greek culture,—Greek for science men is one way to that. Another, and a less controversial method, is to popularize the classics educationally by doing what we can to adapt our classical curriculum to the needs of the average man, who is not going to be a specialist in any particular line of study. We have him to think of,—perhaps even more than the serious student. And for him, what is a classical curriculum ? One is at once confronted with a number of excellent maxims, all applicable to the matter in

hand, and for the most part mutually destructive : a little knowledge, says one, is a dangerous thing : *πλέον ἤμισυ πάντος* and *μηδέν ἄγαν* says another. "Good are the Ethics, I wis : good absolute : not for me though" — says the not very serious student in A. H. Clough's poem. Things absolutely excellent may be relatively embarrassing. While the productivity of our writers on classical subjects is an excellent thing, and the examination system if not excellent, appears to me for the present to be indispensable,—yet inconveniences arise from both. There is the danger, for the average student of the classics at our schools and universities, of a kind of intellectual indigestion produced by a too rash indulgence in the pleasures of the library. He wants to have some kind of knowledge of part of Greek and Roman literature, some acquaintance with the best that antiquity can give him ; and it is all served up to him in a highly attractive and stimulating form. So many master hands are employed in cooking the classics for him ; there are so many books, English and American, which are delightful to read, and so many lecturers who present the theories of the learned in an interesting way, like powder in jam ; new lights on Ægean civilization, new lights on Homer and Virgil, brilliant literary appreciations of Greek tragedy,—any one might be beguiled by them, and, of course, it is all to the good. The classics have no doubt been enormously popularized. But a classical curriculum ought not to mean, primarily, reading translations, or books about books : all the "Realien" and all the brilliant speculations in the world are not quite the same thing, do not give the same mental exercise, as reading the classics for one's self : and life is so short. One realizes the brevity of life especially when sixth-form masters, themselves interested in modern research and criticism, try to give their pupils some idea at second hand of what is going on in the intellectual firmament where professors live,—where they lie (or at least develop pleasing hypotheses) beside their nectar, and hurl bolts at one another.

Once you embark on that "Cretan sea" of theories about Ægean civilization, or the inner meaning of Horace, or the relation of Euripides to Athenian literary coteries, you are in an atmosphere of controversial statements and somewhat enterprising logic which is rather too rarefied for the young. They have not the means of judging between the learned: the collation, the cold collation, of rival theories is strong meat for babes. Is it even quite right for young students, not yet sure of themselves in mathematics and logic, to move in a world where two plus two sometimes equal five (or, let us optimistically say, four and one half) and knowledge advances by a bold use of the *petitio principii*? Personally I cannot but think it is rather a pity that there is a tendency to disparage composition in the dead languages, to sacrifice it to general reading about them. Latin verse-making may produce, as Dean Farrar said, a "finical fine-ladyism of the intellect"; it may be an exotic which flourishes most luxuriantly in the thin artificial soil of vain and second rate minds: but at least it does teach a knowledge of the language.

If too much reading of books about books is not an unmitigated blessing, still less is it so when the end and object of reading is an examination. Getting up facts for examination purposes is rather a weary business; cramming theories has really nothing to be said for it; and cramming some one else's literary appreciation is the worst of all. There is this great justification of the examinational system,—that it shows a man at his worst and protects the public by destroying any illusions about him. And if papers of questions are not well adapted to a course of general reading about classical antiquity, what is to be said about their relation to specialized studies and "intensive culture"? One need not enlarge on the miscellaneous activities of modern specialism,—especially in America,—on the admirable seminar system, and the microscopic industry which is filling the world of to-day with such a multitude of monographs. Nobody can regard otherwise than with admiration the immense industry which our rising generation of students is putting

into classical research,—provided always that the youthful specialist, in his passion for intensive culture, gives himself time enough to acquire that competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, and that general acquaintance with ancient history, without which his researches lose some of their value. Seminar work is premature when a man does not yet know Greek. But here, again, we are face to face with the examination system. Examination papers are set by examiners who are only human (even if the candidate holds a different opinion at times) and naturally welcome the opportunity of showing that they too are acquainted with those monuments of erudition which choke their waste-paper baskets. Anyhow, it is only natural that the specialist should set the pace, and the candidate who is not a specialist has to keep up as well as he can. Now it is eternally creditable to a student to ascertain by his own careful research precisely, let us say, how many times *καί* occurs in Thucydides. He has gone through an exercise which could hardly be bettered by a treadmill, and at least he has read his Thucydides. But there is very little mental or moral elevation to be gained from acquiring from some one else's labours the result of those investigations in a tabulated form. The important thing is that as large a number as possible of intelligent men should be trained in the classics ; but they will not begin to do this if they are to be forced into a specialism which is uncongenial to them, and because it is uncongenial, and, for them, leads to nothing, will never be of any profit. It is well that universities should insist on teaching what the world calls useless ; but there are different kinds of inutility, some profitable and some not.

However the classics may be popularized for cultured circles in the world, in universities and schools they are, I think, endangered by the wholly admirable activities of their teachers. We have our *Classical Review* and *Classical Quarterly* ; we have our Classical Associations ; but we are in danger of dragging the average man too uncomfortably at our chariot-wheels. If we want to protect ourselves against the people who make a great outcry about school-boys giving too much time to the classics,—time which should be wholly

devoted, they say, to useful subjects,—I should suggest very humbly that teachers of the higher classes in schools forget for the moment the demand of the future palæographer and archæologist. He will look after himself in due course. They should really shorten the hours of instruction in Latin and Greek, and content themselves with a thorough grounding in the elements of both languages, as well as, of course, in the broad lines of ancient history; and a thorough grounding in the languages I take to include practice in Latin and Greek composition, which is to my mind, for most boys, a much pleasanter, more stimulating, and more educative exercise than hearing about the theories of the learned. *Given good teaching*, a sufficient familiarity with the languages might, one would think, be imparted without taking up a disproportionate amount of school time. Then let the boy who elects to take up classics at his university as a subject for his degree not be encouraged to cover quite so much ground as he attempts—under the stress of examinations—at present; let him broaden his studies, of course, but only carry them (like Mr. Casaubon) up to a certain point: not being introduced to the world of advanced study and research till he has taken his degree. Then is the time for him to judge between Minoan and post-Minoan, and to embark on such archæological or palæographical exercises as captivate his fancy: exercises which are delightful and profitable for the real student, but which should be kept as long as possible,—until they show results which are really important to our understanding of classical literature,—out of the cold atmosphere of examinations. But it is to the researches of our trained specialists that we look for the advancement of learning; and those universities which recognize the value of graduate work and its distinction from an undergraduate course are best serving that great cause. Never was classical culture so popular. It is for us so to direct it that it may inspire indeed the industry of the savant, but, what is more important, may be not dissevered from the life of the nation.

# ATHLETICS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

AN OXFORD DIALOGUE

THE golden sunshine of a late afternoon towards the end of May lay softly on the old college garden; piercing through the screen of limes above, it fell in fantastic tracery of light and shade upon the smooth green lawns. With its warm finger it touched the college buildings, Victorian, Georgian, Jacobean,—aye, and Plantagenet,—mellowing them all to a like antiquity.

It was emphatically an afternoon sun, very different from the crude, garish light of the morning; the kind of sun indeed that shone upon the Lotus Eaters in the land where it was always afternoon; and of all the scenes of the hemisphere now under its sway none could possibly be more fair. At least so thought the tutor as he lay, half asleep in a long wicker-chair placed close to the lime walk.

From there he saw, or could have seen if his eyes had not been as fast closed as the book which lay on his lap, on one side, the garden quadrangle of the college, its scarred grey walls picked out by the vivid spring green of the creeper and by boxes of gaudy geraniums placed as a point of honour in every window; on the other, unbroken lines of rose-crowned wall, smooth gravel walks now untenanted save by a tortoise and his mate,—pets not less dear to the undergraduate because they rarely deigned to show themselves,—and close-kept lawn, down which the eye is lured pleasantly to the final vision of the great iron gates at the end crowned with foliage, topped in turn by the spires of a neighbouring college. One of the show scenes of Oxford surely, and yet not dearer, in its well known beauty, to the eyes of her lover than many a vision by chance half-caught by day or night.

The tutor opened his eyes and stretched himself. There were none save the tortoises to see, though from the river the

pandemonium which had awakened him still continued. There, horn, pistol, and rattle, joined in one inharmonious whole, proclaimed the unities of time and place,—Oxford in Eights' Week.

A glance at his watch assured the tutor that it was shortly after half-past four, and that the second division of the Eights had just been rowed to the accompaniment of the noise that had awakened him. How came it, then, that the college, which had boats in the first and third divisions but not in the second, was deserted at this hour, when usually the gardens were dotted with men taking tea in the open air? Probably they were all on the river or on the college barge, this last day of "Eights." The tutor felt strangely lonely. Well, at any rate there was time to finish his tea and read a few pages of the neglected volume on his knees, before hastening down to the tow-path to cheer the college boat on its final spurt towards the headship of the river.

The tutor was young, not more than five and twenty. He was, moreover, singularly fortunate, inasmuch as, at times of stress and crisis like the present, his was no divided allegiance. The college that first bore his name as undergraduate upon its books had elected him its Fellow. Not his the hard lot of the Balliol man, transplanted to some other foundation, with the age of receptivity, which alone could have justified so cruel a proceeding, long past; doomed to move through life an object of suspicion to the members of his new college, suspected of worshipping strange gods of the East, of being a Midianite at heart with the brand of Cain upon his brow. In the tutor's case there could be no danger of new love and old being ever pitted against each other on flood or field. The tutor was young and, what is more, though not always the same, keen and enthusiastic. A past athlete, a present sportsman, a Hellenist in the one and only sense of that much perverted term, a thorough *καλοκαγαθός*, his lot was cast in pleasant places, where he was able to play the don in the morning and be the undergraduate for the rest of the day.

See him now as with book (Gardiner's "Greek Athletic Sports") on knee he pauses to light his pipe. In the act his eyes rest and remain upon the open page which depicts the *diaulos* at Olympia. His mind re-seeks memories of the trip which he made to the ancient, common centre of Hellas in the spring before he took his "schools." Before his mind's eye there passes the recollection of what he saw there, the ruined stadium, the statue-bases, the rifled treasure-houses, contrasted with the vision, presented to the inner eye of the imagination, of this spot, the first legitimate birth-place of athletics, in the days of its glory. . . .

"Here congregated the flower of the youth of old Hellas to compete with some daring stranger from the rough Thracian north, or with carefully trained young athletes, the pride of the white-pillared cities by the Ionian or Sicilian seas. Here one might have caught a glimpse of those fleet steeds of Cyrene which in their headlong course in the valley of the Alpheus left Elian horsemanship and the blood-mares of Corinth far behind. Here. . . ."

"Horses in the Peloponnesus!" It was a strong, resonant voice which broke the chain of the tutor's thoughts. "Horses in the Peloponnesus! Well, so there ought to be with so many mules on the Island."

Startled, the tutor sprang to his feet, to be confronted by the figure of a man who appeared to have glided from behind his chair. The stranger was tall, with a strongly marked profile, a hooked nose and lofty forehead. His broad chest was that of an athlete, and gave evidence of containing an excellent pair of lungs. The man was clad in loose-flowing garments of white, edged with a purple, gold-wrought border. His boots of soft, untanned leather, reaching half way up the calf, were also embroidered with gold. In one hand he held a broad-brimmed travelling hat, like the one which the statues of Hermes often wear; the other grasped a massive walking stick which, from its ornate design and the regal manner in which it was carried, might have been taken for a sceptre. To his robes there adhered small twigs and leaves, which

seemed to imply that his path had lain through the Oxfordshire sedges.

"You were talking of the horses of the Island," the stranger continued in his rich, full voice, "what would you say if you had seen those of the Aigeidæ? Such horses! I wrote an ode to them myself and, by Apollo, they were worthy of it. Their masters rode them themselves, too, but these nobles of Corinth have to hire fellows from Elis, more shame to them."

"Who are you?" asked the tutor weakly, half believing that he was dealing with the latest thing in dons.

"Who am I!" repeated the other in the incredulous tones of one to whom such a question is a novelty. "Why, Pindar, of course, Pindar the poet, the creator, Pindar the friend of kings and cities, the beloved of the Pythia. Now, do you know who I am?"

"I believe I have heard of you," replied the young don, as one who speaks in his sleep.

"Heard of me! Of course you have. Are you an athlete? Yes? Did I ever write an ode in your honour? No? Strange, most strange, but perhaps you never won anything. And so you would like to visit the Games?"

"Like it! I should love it above all else."

"Well, why not; why not? We shall go together. I myself will be your guide. I flatter myself that I know, and am known of, men as well there as in the rest of Hellas."

The young don sprang up so hastily from the chair into which he had again sunk under the influence of the disclosure of his visitor's identity, that he upset the tea-pot, and seizing the stranger by the arm, "Come, O Pindar," he said, "let us go; let us go at once."

"Stay, my young friend, I have a purpose in visiting this city, which I had almost forgotten. Are you not celebrating your own games just now?"

"Games? No. Oh, you mean the Eights. Well I suppose we are."

"I mean to hear about your contests, afterwards we shall visit Olympia. It seems to me some time since I was there. I must have missed the games last year; perhaps I was in Trinacria, staying with Hieron, or Theron of Acragas, or some of my friends there. Yes, that must have been it, though I travel so much and have been to so many games that I forget. Moreover, I, alas, grow old. Yes, I should like to see the Alpheus once more. Yes, we shall certainly go; but first you must recount to me the manner of the holding of your own *agones*."

"Well, I suppose I must, only there is nothing to them, you know, compared to the Olympic games. The men row in boats, you know, eight in each boat, I mean nine, counting the cox, who doesn't count. They all try to bump the boat ahead of them, except, of course, the boat which is in front of them all; it has nothing it can bump and has only to keep itself from being bumped in order to win. Do you see what I mean?"

"I do not think that I understand—quite. Do you mean that the trireme which pursues merely the passive, defensive,—as the sophists would say the non-energistic—policy or aim of not allowing itself to be overtaken carries off the wreath of victory? I should not say that its *ἀπερνή* was necessarily the greatest."

"It does seem a rather strange system when you put it that way, sir, but her crew work as hard as any other."

"Work! Do you mean that your youths and young nobles row the galleys themselves, actually working the oars with their own hands?"

"Yes."

"Banausic, most banausic! I can think of nothing more basely mechanical. We generally use slaves. Gelon and Hieron always did, and who knows more of these things than the sons of Deinomenes?"

"We do not look at it in that light at all."

"Then you are most certainly in the dark. Mind and body must work together in perfect harmony in the ideal

athlete, and what occupation can there be for the mind in rowing in a trireme? Why, your eyes see nothing save the back of the slave or labourer in front of you, and your body bends when his does; if it fails to keep time, it will soon feel the lash of the overseer. Are your young man chained to their benches?"

"No, of course they are not."

"Perhaps you wish to imply that, being only a Theban, I cannot be expected to know much about maritime affairs. The shield of Bœotia is certainly better known by land than by sea."

"And not always on the right side, even on land, Pindar—that little affair at Platæa for instance."

"Medized, you would say, medized. Go on, say it; heap reproaches on an old man who has sung the glories of Hellas for a life-time. I never encouraged the Mede. Bah, you have been reading Herodotus or that fellow Simonides."

"But, my dear sir, you misunderstand me."

"I at least never wrote an epinikian to mules,—mules indeed!—or to Sparta either! My young friend, I thank the gods that I never had any sympathy with the jingoistic ebullitions of a spurious patriotism. Let us be calm."

"Sir, I never meant to offend you."

"Quite so, quite so. We Thebans are rather touchy on some points. Besides, as you probably know, I was not born in Thebes but at Cynoscephalæ, which is at least nine miles distant from the city. I have often spoken in favour of Athens in my poems and complimented that city; certainly I am not a 'little Bœotian'. Besides, perhaps I spoke in ignorance of your sea contests. I can quite imagine that, as there is nothing to exercise a man's mind in rowing, he may well be able to use his eyes the while in studying the scene around him."

"Oh, but, sir, on the contrary, he must perforce keep his eyes in the boat, otherwise he is almost certain to earn the marked disapprobation of his trainer."

"The incident is closed. We will change the subject. Have you no other games, on land?"

"Oh yes, we have lots of them. There is cricket, for instance, which is played by the scholars in our schools and colleges. A single game of cricket often lasts for three days."

"The contestants would most assuredly need a great deal of *σχολή* to enter for a succession of these contests. I rarely jest, however."

"Then, Pindar, there is football which, even as we play it, is a rougher game than cricket."

"Ah, I have heard of that game. They played it at Sparta when they were not fighting. A most rude, brutal, and degrading pastime; no man of *ἀρετή* could possibly engage in it. I thank Apollo that I have never seen a football contest. What do you say? Oh, it must be far worse than the pankration, infinitely worse."

"Now, O Pindar, as you do not appear to like our *agones*, tell me of the Hellenic; speak of the glories of the Olympic games which you have seen and sung so often."

"The Olympics; ah, yes, they used to be a noble sight when people came to see the athletes and to hear me recite. They have rather fallen off lately though. So many people of all sorts, the scum of the democratic cities, resort there nowadays. Besides, there is too vast a horde of rhetors, and sophists, and people reading extracts from the 'Muses', save the mark, of a semi-barbarian fellow, Herodotus, or some such name, for a gentleman to get a hearing. It is certainly not like what it used to be in the good old days when my father first took me to Olympia. Then there were no horse dealers from Elis, hetairæ from Corinth, and merchants from the Peiræus, blocking the course so that one can neither see nor be seen. It is rather a disadvantage to be a gentleman from a gentleman's city in these levelling times."

"I know," broke in the tutor. "When I saw the Olympic games five years ago at the Leukon Teichos I missed the final of the short foot-race, wherein the best runners in the world were competing, by having to wade through miles and miles

of wines from the Midi, carpets from Brussels, and such like things—stuff that I can see any day in my own home.” There was a pause. Then, “Continue, O Pindar,” said the tutor.

“Another grievance is that we older Hellenes are swamped by the westerners who take the prizes away from our runners. After all, the whole of the Athenian ἀρχή is very little bigger than the territory of our Lord of Syracuse.”

“Yes, I know from the lists of victors how often the youths of Himera, for instance, conquered in the sprints.”

“They train too hard, making a penance of what should be a pleasure. Look at Croton, and the sort of life they make their athletes live there; at it day and night. And what do they produce after all? People like Milo, who is certainly strong, indeed disproportionately so, who can, so they say, eat a whole roast ox at a sitting, but whom I feel sure no right thinking sculptor would choose for a model. I have never written in praise of Milo.”

“And yet, Pindar, you wrote odes to many a battered-eared boxer. Surely, in them the harmony of soul, if any, was not reflected in a beautiful body?”

“Well, what would you have? I must earn my living like the rest of the world. One cannot always be singing in praise of a Theoxenos.”

“True, sir, we must take what the gods allow.”

“Nowadays, also, many whose speech might pass muster for Hellenic in Thrace, or be understood around the Euxine, but is certainly not up to our Doric standards, are allowed to enter themselves as competitors at the great games.”

“Pindar, what would you say if I were to tell you that at the Olympic games to-day nearly all the prizes are won by βαρβαροφώνοι? There was even an Ethiopian! The Hellenes are in a very small minority among the competitors.”

“Why then call that Olympic which is not even Hellenic?”

“Trickery is even resorted to. For instance, at the Leukon Teichos I saw a runner bored off the track to ensure the victory of a competitor who came from the same country as did the runner who played the unfair trick.”

"Ah, I remember something like that in the case of the runners from Taras in the year of the Eurymedon. One needs to watch those westerners."

"What you have said, O Pindar, makes me think that in some things we English are very like the Greeks,—I mean Hellenes. Indeed a great logopios, who was a member of the very academy where we now are, once wrote a book in which he pointed out certain similarities in the situation of the two races. He, however, lived before there were any more Olympic games."

"I should like to know to what extent you people have succeeded in imitating us Hellenes ; to be really like unto us in all things is not allowed to barbarians. Wherein do your contests, the so-called Olympic, resemble the games ?"

"Pindar, we too have our Westerners who come from a far land to snatch our laurels from us."

"From Trinacria ?"

"From far west of Sicily; from west of the pillars of Heracles."

"From the Hesperides, the Happy Isles ?"

"Certainly not, Pindar, you are now in the Happy Islands."

"Are they Phœnicians, these Westerners of yours?"

"Phœnicians perhaps in business, but in other things almost like unto Dorians—I mean Englishmen."

"Why do you let them beat you ? Do they cheat you ?"

"Not always, Pindar ; indeed seldom. We cannot help ourselves, for indeed they are very good, too good ever to need the refuge of trickery. Their vast polyglot cities teem with young athletes, their wealthy citizens spend money gladly to give their boys a chance of victory, the youths themselves train much harder than do ours."

"Then perhaps they deserve to win."

"They are like the Crotoniates ; and Milo of Croton would find a worthy rival in Ralph Rose of California. They are a nation of specialists, while we are one of sportsmen."

"One man may not excel in everything ; that the high gods will not allow, O youth. The ἀρετή of these your Westerners appears to me to be the greater in the games."

"Perhaps you speak truth, O Pindar."

"Tell me, my young friend, for indeed I am curious to know, are there any among you who live the life that I do, wandering up and down among the cities, singing the praises of the victors?"

"Indeed, there are, sir, a vast number of them ; only they sing in prose and not in poetry, and we call them journalists and sporting writers, not poets. They fly on tenderer pinions than did the Theban Eagle."

"That may well be; but tell me about them."

"Our chroniclers of the games do not need to travel so much. They can sit at home, and yet by means of the telephone and telegraph know who won what, and where."

"These be Greek names surely?"

"Yes, Pindar, they are Greek in name."

"Do your poets who write about the games ever make mistakes?"

"Apparently they do sometimes, though I do not know much about such things. We have, for instance, in our city just now a great writer on these our marine contests. He comes up each year at this time to play paidotribes and impart his lore and skill to the youth of his own ἐραπλία."

"What is he called?"

"His name is G——y Ni——lls: he is a very great oarsman."

"Does he ever make mistakes in his poems?"

"Sometimes, I should think, Pindar. For instance, he was once describing the greatest of all our marine games,—greater even than these, which are to them as the Isthmian are to the Olympic,—and he was speaking of the two crews which had managed to get into the final contest ; one had an Hellenic name, by the way. The other, which was from the West, this poet called the Argonaut Rowing Club of Winnipeg. I never was any good at geography myself, but one of our

Rhodians assures me that there are no Argonauts in Winnipeg which city, I understood him to say, is some distance from theirs. I speak under correction, however."

"I know, I know, I have made mistakes like that myself when writing odes to Sicilian victors ; assigning them to the wrong cities and so on. I could manage the Hellenic place-names all right, but the Sican and Sicel are beyond me."

"Is it not time that we were setting out for Olympia?"

"It is indeed time that I should be going, but first explain one or two points to me which I do not yet understand."

"Certainly, if you will tell me what they are."

"Well, as I came up from the river I saw your contests, or rather I saw those who watched them there. There were many women among the spectators, if I mistake not."

"Of course, there were. There always are, and why not? Oh! I see what you mean. No, our youths and young men do not row quite naked as yet, though there is said to be a growing tendency in that direction. Indeed, one of your successors, who is a poet, Pindar, speaks of

'The shorts that every year grow shorter.'

"Again, with regard to those Westerners of whom you were speaking a moment ago, you said that they spoke the same tongue as you do, if I understood you aright. Are they then of the same race?"

"The greater part of them are, though they are perhaps best described as Æolians or 'variegated folk.' The majority, and it is they whom I had in mind in what I said, like the Halicarnassian, have left the Dorian hexapolis though a goodly number who live to the north still remain true to our Doric *συμμαχία*."

"Why do your soldiers not carry shield and spear as do our hoplites? As I came through your deserted market-place, I met one clad in blue who stopped me and asked me where I was going. He had a helmet but no offensive weapons, so far as I could see, save a short stave at his side; so I ignored him."

"That was an *ἀστυνόμος*, a policeman, Pindar, not a soldier. Our soldiers wear red tunics, like the Spartans. Let me tell you that if it had not been festival time you would most certainly have been captured either by the city's soldiery or else by our own epheboi; both bands wear the *σάλπιγξ* on their helmets."

"Then I was truly luckier than I knew. One more question, my friend, and I shall cease to trouble you. What do your athletes train on? Are they eaters of meat or are they disciples of Pythagoras?"

"They eat meat for the most part, save a few who follow the precepts of our modern Pythagoras Eu. . . . . ce M. . . . es. May I now, O Pindar, ask you a question in return without giving offence, as I mean none?"

"Most assuredly you may."

"I really hardly know how to put it without appearing impertinent; it is perhaps rather a delicate question."

"Be of good courage, ask boldly what you will."

"Well, it seems to me, of course I am probably mistaken, that I have detected slight inconsistencies—one hesitates to call them anachronisms—in the course of your conversation. The exact date of the battle of the Eurymedon, again, has long been a subject of dispute among our scholars. Pindar, when did you die? You told me to speak without fear, remember!"

"Most certainly I did, but I should, it appears, have added and without stupidity. You actually ask me when I died! Man, I am one of the Immortals who never die, but live forever, and as such I am a spectator of all time and all existence. Now you are answered, I hope."

It was growing very dark in the old gardens. To the tutor it seemed as if twilight were falling with a rapidity unusual in an English spring. Long since the shadows had ceased to dance upon the lawns as they kept time to the rustling of the leaves overhead. The stars were beginning to appear in the sky, the lamps in the street. Even the figure of his companion seemed to the tutor to be growing dimmer, and dimmer, merging itself with the background of limes

against which it stood. The sweeping draperies were growing indistinct, losing their rotundity of outline and becoming more and more like the lines of a statue in relief. A strange hush had fallen on garden and quadrangle.

"Where are you, O Pindar," cried the tutor ; "are you there ?"

The voice replied, "Here am I, for this city is one of my favourite abodes. Here and wherever there is youth, and the splendour of youth, and the glory of the unspoiled body of youth striving with itself in god-like contests for honour, not for gain, there am I and there shall I ever be."

There came a noise like a clap of thunder, but it was only his book slipping from his lap on to the ground that awoke the tutor. He arose with a smile at the spirit of his dream and passed into "hall," to the high table of the dons.

That night was there great rejoicing in the college that had gone up four places on the river. A bonfire was lit in the ancient quadrangle, wine flowed, the Dean and others made speeches, and "the lovely light of the fair-faced moon beamed forth, and all the holy place sounded with festal joy."

W. G. PETERSON

## FAITH AND CERTAINTY

IN the October number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE there appears a striking article by Professor Hickson on the subject of immortality in which he criticizes all the standard arguments in favour of the doctrine of conscious immortality in a most thorough going way, especially the moral argument, and comes to the conclusion that there is no one of them which is logically valid. The criticism is severe and relentless, but calm and logical. In fact it would be difficult to discern any serious flaw in the nature of his treatment, which must win admiration from every philosophical student, whatever his previous views have been. At any rate, I do not propose to call any of his criticisms in question at the present time. I am willing to admit just now that this argument is without fault. Nevertheless, in common with a good many more, I am not willing to accept the conclusion that we have no sufficient reason for believing in the fact of a future conscious existence indefinitely prolonged after the dissolution of the body. Nor do I base my faith on any spiritual manifestations, such as seem to appeal to so eminent a scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge. Whatever value these may ultimately come to possess for the purpose of science, the confident expectation of mankind has never rested to any large extent on these manifestations, which are as widely rejected among believers in immortality as they have ever been by unbelievers. I would go further, and say that, notwithstanding Professor Hickson's argument, I am not disposed to take it for granted that he himself is wholly unbelieving, though he has not favoured us with any statement of his personal creed on the matter. Certainly many who would admit that every word he says is true and unanswerable are still believers and likely to remain so, with a faith so real that it shapes all their lives and underlies all their hopes.

For this is one of the matters in which the organ of practical certainty is neither the evidence of our senses nor the force of logic, but a faith that seems to be almost beyond analysis, yet more cogent than either sense or logic. The certainty of our immortality is not the only matter that is so. Let us look about a little.

One of the most obvious things to the man in the street is the existence of the external world which everywhere seems to lie around us. He would as soon doubt his own existence as doubt the existence of the external world with all its solidity and infinite variety. It seems like madness to question it for a moment; and yet every philosopher knows that it is the most difficult thing to prove that existence. It seems to be given to us by every one of our senses and its reality to be confirmed by almost every conceivable consideration. But every one of these arguments was attacked with great force by Bishop Berkeley, and, to the thinking of many, his attack is unanswerable. The idealistic philosophy, which makes the external world merely the creation of our own faculties, has certainly as much to say for itself as any other, and has never been successfully overthrown in debate. But though that has all been fully recognized for two centuries, every one of us still believes as firmly as ever in the existence of the external world, the idealist philosopher included no less than any other. If he attempts to act on any other supposition, he is promptly brought up standing by the first stone wall or closed door he runs against. For all practical purposes he is compelled to believe in it, or he will get into all kinds of difficulties. Faith reaches out beyond the evidence and assures him of the reality of the external world with a conviction that scorns all further proof or the absence of it. Faith is thus the organ of practical certainty, and, argue as we will, faith refuses to let go its hold on that external world.

Again, in one form or another, the overwhelming majority of mankind believe in the existence of a conscious and personal Supreme Being, who is immeasurably greater than man, and before whom man must bow in submission, willingly or other-

wise. I am not here concerned with the other qualities of that Supreme Being which go to make up the conception that differentiates one religion from another. It is enough that we posit in its most general form the belief in such a Being. On what grounds have we cherished that belief? Many arguments have been adduced as reasons for believing in such a Being,—arguments which need not be recited here, but are familiar to every student of theology and of philosophy. How convincing are they? It is equally well known that every one of them has been attacked and, to the thinking of many, attacked successfully. Immanuel Kant subjected every one of them to a most careful scrutiny, and after the most thorough going analysis gives it as his judgement that there is not one of them which on logical grounds compels belief. Few have felt that they could cross swords with the great thinker on this matter. But did he become an atheist because he was forced to give up the cogency of the arguments? By no means. When he had completed his process of pure reason he felt that he could not escape from the belief, because there was something within his own soul that demanded belief in a Supreme Being, though his analysis of it was never more than a phrase, "practical reason," the force of which could not be made clearer by any amount of explanation. In this Kant was doing only what the race has been doing from the beginning, and, in spite of the philosophers, will continue to do until the end of time. As Auguste Sabatier well put it, "Man is incurably religious," which is only another way of saying that man cannot get on in his thinking for any length of time without the supposition of a God to whom he is responsible, whether he thinks he can prove that supposition or not. Again, faith reaches out beyond the logical evidence and easily satisfies the mind by a sort of thumb logic as to the reality of the divine existence. Of course it is open to any one to say "superstition," if he will. But, on the face of things, it does not look any more like superstition to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being on such grounds than to believe in the existence of an external world. And if any one is so unhappy as to be destitute of this capacity for belief, I

know of nothing that will make it any clearer to him ; and like the man who has no ear for music, we can only leave him to the practical consequences of his own misfortune. He will assuredly miss much of the joy of life, and will miss also the support and comfort in right living which comes from the sense of a personal relation to a personal God who cares what we do and what we are.

If these two points have been made clear, there will be little need to labour the further point of the value of faith as giving us the practical certainty of a future life. We may or may not think we can prove it. The arguments are at least debateable. But that does not seem a sufficient reason why we should give up a belief which, in one shape or another, has been characteristic of man under all civilizations and at all stages of his progress. It is surely not foolishness to follow the sages and poets of all lands who, whatever their religious beliefs otherwise, have almost without exception cherished this hope as dear to their hearts and furnishing them with a potent motive for right living. Man craves for immortality and finds it hard to believe that his craving is doomed to disappointment. The almost universal attitude has been nowhere better expressed than in the familiar lines of our own Tennyson.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

A poet's dream ! A poet's vain imagination ! It is open to any man who has not felt that craving to say so. But, for practical purposes, it is better to cherish such a dream than to be a mere logician who would clothe all the world in drab and confine all man's hopes to the petty sphere of our fleeting life on earth. I prefer to believe in that which, on the whole, seems consonant with the spiritual purpose of the universe, even if some philosophers are inclined to hold that it cannot be proved to a demonstration.

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