THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL
MONTREAL

VOL. XVIII., 1919

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

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

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The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

The subscription price is two dollars a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at book stores for fifty cents each. Back numbers may be had on application.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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During the Editor's absence at the front the work of editing the Magazine is being undertaken by a local committee consisting of Sir William Peterson, Professors C. W. Colby, P. T. Lafleur, Dean R. W. Lee.

In the book review section, under the management of Prof. S. B. Slack, notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

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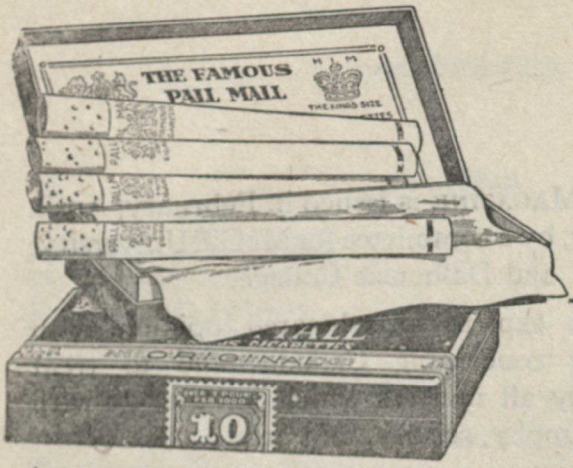

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

WILSON AND ROOSEVELT

The world issues connected with Wilson's presence in Europe tend to overshadow the significance of this incident as it bears upon the evolution of a striking career. None the less the personal or biographical aspect of such a unique journey deserves at least a word of comment.

Viewed thus narrowly, Wilson's triumphal procession from one European capital to another recalls the reception which Europe accorded to Roosevelt in 1910, on his return from Africa. Anyone who chanced to be in England or on the Continent at that time will find no difficulty in remembering how spectacular were the festivals and how loud the plaudits. German grand manœuvres were held in honour of Roosevelt, and as a memorial of these there still exists a photograph which bears a holographic inscription of William II, couched in the following terms: "Teddy showing William how to Direct the German Army." This is only one slight indication of the way in which Roosevelt was welcomed wherever he went, alike as a picturesque, vigorous leader, and as representing the one hundred million people whose affairs he had so recently guided with a firm hand.

It need not be pointed out that the circumstances of Wilson's visit are far more grandiose than those which furnished a background to Roosevelt's progress from court to court and capital to capital less than nine years ago; yet there seems to be a real biographical analogy between the one series of receptions and the other, in that both ovations represent the most that Europe could do to welcome men who have been chosen by the people of the United States to fill the great post of President.

Furthermore, Wilson's decision to visit Europe at this time seems certain to have no less direct a bearing upon

his subsequent political fortunes than the decision which Roosevelt made in 1910 with respect to his own future participation in the affairs of the United States. Here one has in mind particularly the meeting between the slayer of lions and Gifford Pinchot—a meeting which took the form of a long walk in the neighbourhood, unless memory fails, of the Riviera di Levante. Pinchot had already broken acutely with Taft, and it is hardly to be doubted that there was intensive conversation between him and Roosevelt on the outlook of the Republican party, during the course of that ramble among cliffs which overhang the Mediterranean. Whether Roosevelt had already decided before returning to the United States that he would lead the Progressive movement is perhaps not yet a matter of public knowledge. But whether he made this vital decision while he was still in Europe, or only after he landed in New York, the decision was made during the summer of 1910, and it determined the whole course of his subsequent career. Such was his popularity that had he been content to remain in retirement for a relatively short time, without thrusting himself into party politics, he might well have been called forth from dignified seclusion by an overwhelming cry of the masses. But had he been content thus to go into seclusion he would not have been Roosevelt. In short, the prudent and sagacious Augustus would have been satisfied to keep in the background at such a juncture, whereas Roosevelt, on his return from Europe in 1910, threw his hat into the ring and began to fight more strenuously than ever before, with the result that he completely disrupted the Republican party.

Now Wilson's resolve to go to Europe belongs no less in the category of momentous decisions than does Roosevelt's action in placing himself at the head of the Republican Progressives. In terms of American politics, Wilson's presence at Versailles is a challenge. If he returns to Washington with all the glamor of unquestioned and unquestionable success, he will find himself enthroned in the confidence of his fellow-citizens as never before. On the other hand, if mis-

adventure should attend his effort, or the results be equivalent only to a partial success, his prestige must be considerably diminished. At any rate, there is this resemblance between the two cases—that both Roosevelt in 1910 and Wilson at the close of 1918 followed the promptings of courage, rather than the doubts suggested by a calculating prudence.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

At the very moment when Wilson is enduring the world's limelight at Versailles, intimations from Washington show that the Republicans are neither abashed nor down-hearted. While the President's friends lavish upon him the praises which belong to one triumphant in war, his opponents declare that the recent Congressional elections mean no less than a Government defeat on a confidence motion. Nor is this all. Just before Wilson boarded the *George Washington* his chief journalistic exponent, Mr. David Lawrence, expressed grave misgivings regarding the internal affairs of the Democratic party. This article in the New York *Evening Post* is one of the most arresting contributions to American journalism which has been made during the past year. Hitherto Mr. Lawrence has eulogized the Wilson policies, both constantly and insistently. Now, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, he calls attention to manifest signs of friction, and to murmurings against the President which are very audible among Democratic Senators and Representatives. It may well be doubted whether the status accorded to Colonel House has helped Wilson either with the country or with his own party. Complaints of excessive centralization are frequent, and the aloofness of the Executive has given rise to a certain amount of discontent.

While such forces as these tend to impair the morale—or at least the unity—of the Democrats, the Republicans are gaining ground positively through the attitude of the Government toward economic problems. Mr. Kitchin is a heavy handicap to the Democrats, for though in the new Congress he will no longer preside over the Ways and Means Com-

mittee, the doctrines for which he stands have been under close observation throughout the United States during the past two years. Thanks to the intense patriotism which has been evoked by the war, there is a general willingness to bear the burden of an unprecedented taxation, but a vast number of people in the United States disagree with Mr. Kitchin's general outlook upon the present situation as it affects the raising of revenue. For Mr. Kitchin has done such to create the impression that he would not only raise an enormous revenue, but make the levying thereof a means for bringing about a wholesale redistribution of property. Obviously, all Democrats are not so radical as this. Mr. McAdoo, for example, seems to rest content with raising revenue, and does not, at least in like degree, desire so to redistribute property that it will be difficult for anyone to have an income of more than $5,000. But the theories and methods of Mr. Kitchin have done much to strengthen the popular belief that the Democratic party at large, besides distrusting and discountenancing big business, desires to do things which could only have the effect of cramping individual initiative.

A good many indications seem to establish the fact that a distrust of Democratic objectives is gaining ground, and if so, the Republican party is certain to profit thereby. Despite Socialist flourishes and alarms, the people of the United States are essentially individualistic, energetic, and eager to improve their condition through the medium of private contract. Hence, the more the Democratic party becomes identified in the public mind with a policy which seems aimed at restricting the maximum of private profit to the attainment of a moderate sustenance, the more the Republican party will be strengthened thereby.

It must not be forgotten that alike in 1912 and 1916 Wilson owed his election to special and exceptional conditions —first, to the great split in the Republican party, and secondly to the feeling which existed throughout the West in the summer and autumn of 1916 that he should be rewarded for having kept the country out of war. Even with this tremen-

dous local advantage—affecting an enormous area—Wilson was only saved from defeat by the fact that Hughes was sufficiently injudicious to mix up in the party politics of California before the Republicans of that State had held their primaries. In other words, there would still seem to be a normal Republican majority in the United States, given a united front and average leadership. Whether Senator Harding is destined to prove the Moses of the Republicans remains to be seen; but it will need a great triumph in foreign affairs to place the Democrats where they will have more than an even chance of winning the next Presidential election.

THE WARFARE AGAINST HEARST

One very healthy sign in the public life of the United States is the sincerity and pertinacity with which the war on Hearst is being waged. Notwithstanding the fact that the Hearst press has its representation in many parts of the country, the storm centre of this fight is in New York City, where a personal coalition between Hearst and the Tammany Mayor, Hylan, causes a scandal which cannot for one moment be ignored by the respectables. Hylan's attempt to give Hearst prominence as Chairman of one of the committees which have been named by the Mayor to receive the returning troops has led to a display of sentiment that will injure Hearst far more than he can be benefited by the appointment in question. For several weeks the newspapers have been filled with letters from eminent persons explaining in full detail why they are unable to serve on a committee with the owner of the New York *American* and the New York *Journal*.

Hearst, in fact, is more than an individual. Increasingly he is looked upon as a type, as a sinister influence, as a journalistic Ahriman, and all because it is believed more strongly day by day that for the sake of money and power he is purveying to the masses a kind of doctrine which tends to create class strife, and which represents no sincerity of opinion. It is quite clear that under present day conditions the press must have more and more power in shaping public

opinion. With universal freedom of speech, one must expect to see the expression of every type of opinion, even to the point of pure anarchy. But the distinctive thing about Hearst is that he foments discontent wilfully and sordidly—not because he has any beliefs, but because he prefers lies to truth, and scandal to decency, if by printing lies and scandal he is enabled to sell his wretched papers to the multitude.

THE MACHINE GUN

The machine gun is a very distinctive product of modern times, and from its importance as a weapon—particularly during the closing period of the war—it has received much notice. But the subject of its scope and portent is not limited to what it accomplished on a large scale in 1917 and 1918. Potentially it holds much in store for the future.

At Utica, New York (which is only about two hundred miles from Montreal), is situated the great factory in which the Savage Arms Company has been producing the Lewis gun at the rate of 6,500 a month. Here 8,000 highly skilled workmen have been toiling night and day in a factory which occupies fourteen acres of floor space, in order to produce with the utmost dispatch a lethal instrument which fires 800 cartridges a minute. To see the marvelous equipment which has been brought together to produce this result is to realize what applied science and industrialism mean in terms of dealing destruction to human beings. For instance, any President of a South American republic who had control of a shop like that at Utica could make himself ruler of everything between Panama and Patagonia, if only the Great Powers would not interfere with his activities.

However, it is not alone in terms of South America that we must consider the broader issues which are thrust upon us by the machine gun. A hundred years ago, when Metternich, representing the Holy Alliance, was doing his best to stamp out liberalism in Italy, the Austrians were at a relative disadvantage. Owing to a lack of telegraph lines, of telephones, and of railways, they were unable to ferret out political suspects

with dispatch. In short, a perfect machinery for the suppression of political disturbance did not then exist. Therefore, Metternich's minions only executed individuals here and there, or placed them in the kind of prison which Silvio Pellico has described. Now, we live in an age of high centralization—an age in which established governments have at their command all sorts of agencies for dealing swift and sudden death on a large scale to their opponents. There exist at least provisional data to show that in the course of the Great War the Hapsburgs put to death some 60,000 people for political offences. It is the era of the machine gun, when street risings can be checked quickly by those who have at their disposal the requisite machinery.

Apparently it is the machine gun which enables the Bolsheviks to retain power in Russia. A high political centralization in the hands of men who are undeterred by conscience or humanity renders it possible for a *de facto* established *régime* to wipe out over night hundreds of its opponents, taking off at one sweep of the scythe the leaders, thus leaving the rank and file disorganized.

It is not altogether fanciful to conjecture that were mankind to cast aside the restraints placed upon it by decency and good will, the machine gun and other like agencies might render possible a recrudescence of militaristic anarchy under a guise not unlike that which wrought havoc in the Roman Empire during the third century.

Let us hope that considerations of this sort are purely fanciful. None the less, the world ought to see to it that the Machine Gun is not permitted to supersede Parliament in the sphere of politics.

C. W. C.

EDUCATION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

One of the most celebrated sentences that the war called forth is President Wilson's about making the world safe for democracy. Without commenting on the criticism which has been or may be passed on this ideal, recent events in different countries have shown how

important it is that the converse proposition should be borne in mind, and democracy made safe for the world. To attain this, no factor is more vital than a sane and enlightened system of education.

An uneducated democracy is not civilized, and is, therefore, unsafe for the world. Russia supplies a terrible example. Apart from the ill-effects of rage and despair due to oppression and poverty, the illiteracy of that people tends to make them credulous and confused, and very impressionable to irresponsible talkers and dishonest schemers. Unfortunately, one of the most important of the provinces of the Dominion has the unenviable distinction of being almost the only part of the continent in which compulsory education has not yet been adopted. In this it goes hand in hand with Russia. And the amount of illiteracy in the Province of Quebec is notorious. Consequently, even in the most elementary arts, the province does not take the place it might. The figures of school attendance among both Roman Catholics and Protestants are appalling; among the former in the most populous district of Montreal, only forty per cent. of the children attending school, and only one half of one per cent. continuing to the final year. Over 90,000 children in the province do not get to school at all. Less than 23,000 children in all the schools in Montreal, out of nearly 84,000 enrolled in 1917, proceeded beyond the third year, and in this year long division is not taught in the Protestant schools! It is hardly necessary to point out that higher education at the Universities of Laval and McGill suffers tremendously in consequence. But even industry, commerce, and agriculture suffer as a result of the prevailing ignorance; and the higher activities of the province compare unfavourably with those of the sister provinces. The outcry against copying the United States in secularizing our schools is mere camouflage, used by certain interests, Protestant and Roman Catholic, to conceal their real aims. As the case of England shows, compulsory education does not exclude religious instruction; but the English statistics do show that

within five years of compulsory education being adopted, the school attendance had doubled. The United States, which is far ahead of Canada in the organization of industry and in schemes of social work and amelioration, displays a most impressive faith in the power of education. Teachers and thinkers are every year taking a more important place in that country in which they are better paid than in Canada, where their economic condition is, for the most part, simply disgraceful.

Recently there have been hopeful signs of a fresh mental and moral stirring, perhaps in part due to the contact with European countries brought about by the war. French-Canadian friends of education, like Senator Dandurand and the Abbés Dubois and Perrier, have in a forceful way riddled the fallacies of opponents and exposed the glosses which have been put on the reported results of education in this province by those who are always satisfied with things as they are, and are thus the enemies of all progress. They have clearly sounded the incontestable proposition that it is quite as much the duty of parents to see that the minds of their children should be developed as that their bodies should receive sufficient food. The law should be invokable equally for both purposes. The hollowness of the cry of penal legislation is obvious. It is a distortion in the interest of unenlightenment and debasing ignorance. To allow some fathers the exercise of the inalienable right, so-called, of determining the education of their children, is to condemn the latter to develop as savages.

EDUCATION IN CANADA

Not only in Quebec, but for the most part in Canada, rural education is in an unsatisfactory condition. This is due to lack of equipment, and still more to lack of well trained teachers. The latter condition is likely to be permanent and even to become worse, unless the people generally wake up to the fact that men and women of ability and character will not embark on a career which entails years of hard training and expense, and in-

volves exacting and exhausting effort, while its remuneration falls in many cases below that of the most unskilled labour. The whole social position of the teacher, from the elementary school to the university, requires to be raised and strengthened. In the schools more stress needs to be laid on providing a good mental training rather than supplying a smattering of many subjects, which may leave the minds of the pupils as unawakened as before, or even render them incapable of making an intellectual effort. The Universities have done something to raise the standards. They can do more by extending their scope through extension classes and by co-operation with working-class movements. But even at the Universities there has been a tendency to window-dressing, to making the curricula easier, and to borrowing ideals from other countries in which the type of mind and the kind of life are different from the Canadian. In connection with the demand stimulated by the war for making education more democratic, which ought not to mean the promotion of the existence of the unfit at the Universities, but the offering of more equal opportunities to all who are competent to benefit from higher education, many scholarships and bursaries of increased value are imperatively demanded. In this, not only the provincial governments, but the Federal Government might wisely assist. The latter has made a beginning in promoting scientific research at the Universities. Such research need not be limited to physical and chemical investigations in their application to industries and farming, but should include economic and all kinds of statistical inquiries in relation to questions of national and social significance. If such aid ultimately helped to effect some uniformity of standards among the Universities and to bring about an interchange of instructors and students, it might promote some kind of intellectual autonomy, which is much needed in Canada, along with the increasing importance of the country as an independent nation.

W. H.

FEDERATION OR EMPIRE

THE part played by the Canadian army in the war will be found, in retrospect, to have strengthened considerably the instinct of nationality. The recruitment and maintenance of a force purely Canadian in composition, sustained by Canadian resources, commanded by Canadian officers—having the same status, in fact, and subject to no more than the same limitations, as the armies of any other of the Allies—has induced in the Canadian people a sense of independent nationality never before experienced in the same degree. And this fact, coupled with some others of a somewhat different nature, will be the prime influence in bringing the problem of the future relationship between the Dominions and the Mother Country to a crisis in the not distant future.

At present the war is both too recent in time and too close in perspective to permit of a popular appreciation of the anomalies in the Imperial organization disclosed by it which will eventually require to be faced and overcome. Canada is just now taking a just pride in the result of the war and in the honourable share of its citizen-soldiers in producing it. But there will be reactions from the complacent outlook which sees only the military achievements of the Canadian army, and which is temporarily blind to the conflict between the implications of the creation and achievements of the Canadian army and the implications of the facts that Canada neither declared war nor joins the peace negotiations as an independent member of the Entente Alliance. For though the Dominions have separate representation in the Peace Conference, it is practically impossible for them to be regarded as other than British delegates while Canada has no accredited position in world diplomacy. In other words, the war, through its demands upon the component parts of the British Empire, has raised an issue which must be

decisively settled before any of them can settle down comfortably to the process of internal development; the principle by which Imperial relations are to be guided must be finally laid down. Once and for all must be decided the question whether there shall be a British Imperial organization, that is to say, an empire governed by a central representative body; or whether there shall be a federation of equal, sovereign states—which implies the freedom of any one of them to leave the federation if it should so desire.

Up to the present time the evolution of the so-called British Empire has proceeded much as the evolution of the British constitution proceeds: by the adoption of practical but imperfect expedients to meet immediate needs without laying down in set terms the general guiding principle which, in point of reality, underlies the makeshift. At intervals in the evolution of the British constitution there come crises when the methods of expediency fail to meet the case and it becomes necessary to state the governing principles in black and white. So far from the British constitution being an unwritten instrument, its main principles are to be found expressed, in language unmistakably clear, in various acts of parliament framed for the avowed purpose of asserting the rights of one of the three estates of the realm against the encroachments of the others. In almost every case it has been the Commons, the popular representative assembly, which has reduced to writing the principle by which henceforth the Lords and the Crown must be bound on pain of civil conflict.

The analogy holds true in regard to the Imperial constitution. From time to time the acts of the "Imperial" parliament have extended the constitutions of the colonies or Dominions. The tendency has been towards independence of the Dominions from the control of the Imperial parliament. The only important domain in which the Dominions are not now in full control of their own affairs through their own parliaments is that of external affairs. The time has come when the possession of that domain must be accorded to them

or the control of it vested in a central authority upon which the Dominions will be represented, and by whose decisions—necessarily reached by majority vote—they will be bound. That is the corollary of the proved ability and willingness of the Dominions to raise, arm and put in the field military forces for the common defence; the adoption of a definite naval programme will possess similar significance. The use to which armies and navies may be put and the occasion upon which they must be called into being and operation are determined by the course of external affairs.

The urgency of the crisis which is approaching will depend upon the speed with which the world recovers from the revolutionary disturbances occasioned by the war. As the necessity for common action between the erstwhile opponents of Germany and its allies vanishes; as these nations pick up again the national interests temporarily submerged in the overwhelming common interest of defeating Prussianism, the Imperial problem will emerge more and more plainly to view. The countries which have, in the exercise of their own wills and pleasure, sent armies to Europe, paid for them out of loans and taxes imposed, by their own parliaments, without Imperial dictation, and incurred, under the same conditions, vast future debts owing to the costliness of the effort, will not be content to relapse into a situation of partial independence. They will claim that the duty performed has placed them where they must have complete freedom to adjust themselves to their burdens without Imperial hindrance, and where they must avoid the possibility of their honour and credit being engaged or compromised by the acts of the British government for which they have no direct responsibility and in which they are not directly represented. Alternatively, they may claim to have the external relations of the whole Empire submitted to the joint control of its component nations by means of a central, representative, and sovereign authority.

The issue which was raised by the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1902 in regard to inter-Imperial trade is

about to be raised again in regard to naval control and foreign relations. It is the old problem of Imperial Federation. There cannot be concerted action without central authority of some kind. Just as in trade and tariff relations the issue has been evaded by expedient inaction, so in naval, military, and foreign affairs the issue has remained dormant because no crisis arose to challenge its conclusion. Now the challenge has arisen. It can be evaded only at the price of present cowardice and future disaster.

Mr. Chamberlain began by demanding free trade within the Empire and an Imperial tariff against "foreigners." That was the logical extreme from the system of real autonomy which left each and all of the Imperial units free to protect themselves, or to trade unhindered with friend or foreigner, as seemed good to them. The imperium—the real "empire" organization—in commerce was regarded as unattainable and inexpedient. In the opinion of most students of Imperial Preference it remains so after the lapse of sixteen years. An empire which presents an united front industrially and commercially to the world outside is inconceivable to-day as it was in 1902, owing to the conflict of economic interests, the diversity of resources and products and, above all, by the limitations on commercial and political liberty which are inseparable from it.

Now will come the problems of Imperial defence and of Imperial unity in the domain of foreign relations. The Imperial War Cabinet has been of practical use in the war; but it is to be realized that all the matters decided by it were so decided under conditions which made the governments represented in it practical autocrats; in the face of the common foe the autonomous rights of the Dominions and the Mother Country were simply regarded as in abeyance. The representatives of each unit accepted the conclusions of the War Cabinet as practical expedients dictated by necessity. That condition will vanish—is, in fact, on the testimony of General Smuts, already gone, and with its removal the War

Cabinet ceases to have any legitimate power to pledge the peoples represented in it.

Here, then, is the problem: shall there be set up an Imperial Peace Cabinet; or shall there be created a league of free British nations? Mr. Balfour recently pointed to the so-called British Empire as already a league of free nations; but the term is misapplied because the nations are not free in all respects. Shall they become so? Shall the "British Empire" resolve itself into a real league of British nations bound by treaties freely entered into to common action under specified conditions and for particular purposes? Or shall there be set up a real "imperium," an organization in which each Dominion will be subject to the decisions of a representative Imperial Cabinet or conference, the minority being subject to the will of the majority?

To these questions the citizens of the Empire ought now to be invited to address themselves. The activities of the supporters, whether possessing official status or not, of one or the other school of thought should not be allowed to prejudice the issue by presenting a case to audiences unaware of the implications of the present situation. Governments must not be allowed to exploit their positions as directors of official agencies in order to serve one or the other system. Democratic principle demands the settlement of these questions by the recognized methods of proposition of policy, explanation thereof, and acceptance or rejection by popular vote in each part of the Empire before action is taken involving commitment to courses from which subsequent retreat would occasion charges of disloyalty or breach of faith.

ARTHUR E. DARBY

TO THOSE WHO SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS

A CANADIAN RESPONSE

Heroes, sleep on! in that long row
Of graves, where Flanders poppies grow;
The larks, with hearts undaunted, sing,
And, rich in hope, their music fling
Where guns have scattered death below.

Men call you dead; ye are not so,
For you the Unsetting Sun will glow;
Your deeds will kindred souls inspire
And fill with patriotic fire;
Grief on your graves her tribute lays,
And Gratitude her homage pays,
And Love, with proud yet wistful eye,
Keeps vigil, where ye sleeping lie
In Flanders fields.

Still more now is your fight our own,
The torch that from your hands was thrown
Shall not be quenched, but held on high,
The faith ye teach us shall not die.
Then take your rest in slumber deep,
Doubt not that we the tryst will keep,
Nor dream that ye in vain have died,
FREEDOM shall not be crucified;
Through summer shine and winter snow
Sleep, where the drowsy poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JAMES FERRES

O-PIP!

"O-PIP" is the army way of saying Observation Post, the "Pip" part being the Morse code pronunciation of the letter P, so that it is not likely to be confused with B or E when being sent over the wire. But this is not intended to be a homily on the phonetic beauties of the Morse code. It is merely going to be a story of an "O-Pip," an F. O. O. (Forward Observing Officer), and a *ruse de guerre*. An army expresses its individuality and sense of humour in *ruses de guerre*. The German army put this one over and furnished the troops with several loud guffaws at the expense of a rather smart battery. It happened in this wise.

The F.O.O.'s of the aforesaid battery were keen young men, desperately jealous of a war-old reputation. It was their boast that war need never be slow from an artillery standpoint. "Good men could always find good targets," so they said. The motto of the battery was "Let us show 'em." It expressed the ambition and determination of the personnel with most commendable brevity and lucidity.

The battery was due for a rest and moved to a reputedly quiet sector on the Flanders front. The Germans in this area were reported to be almost tame—Huns who couldn't even whistle "Deutschland über Alles." In the new gun pits the betting was that before long the enemy would be dancing to a new version of the "Anvil Chorus," played by a master, on British eighteen pounders. The keen young men would see to that. Picking laurels where none were thought to grow was the battery's favourite pastime.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the view over and beyond the German lines was restful and pleasing to the eye. Here and there slowly dissolving wisps of smoke curled dreamily upward on the still air. War seemed miles away. Even the —th Battery's keenest F.O.O., hunting for targets with the eager friskiness of a terrier after rats, felt the soothing influence of the hazy spring sunshine. But this would never do, he

thought. It was all wrong from a standpoint of war—artillery war. Again his glasses travelled over the enemy territory with bloodthirsty intentness, searching, searching, searching. "Ah-h-h-h!" The flash of a shovel moving up and down with piston like regularity in the German support trenches caused the exclamation. With glasses riveted on the spot, he saw several more shovels come into action, the sun gleams catching the blades as they showed above the earth line—a working party of at least fifty. "Suspected sap," he wrote on his trench map, rapidly worked out the range and 'phoned the battery.

Ten rapid rounds were plumped upon the digging Huns. Pieces of board, corrugated iron and showers of rubble shot skywards above the smoke bursts of the high explosive. Slowly the smoke drifted away on the calm air. The shovels were not, nor was work resumed that day.

Ten rough, wooden crosses, barely showing, rewarded the F.O.O.'s swift scrutiny the next morning. The battery heard the wounded would probably bring the casualty list up to thirty—plus a wrecked saphead. "Not so bad," modestly thought they, "for an opening shoot." They might make something out of the place after all! A little later the F.O.O. was wiping his glasses and staring amazedly at the German trench graveyard. Up and down, up and down, catching the sun rays, worked a small army of shovels, seemingly winking contempt as they bobbed above the level. The battery got a hurry up call and smothered the "saphead" with twenty whirlwind rounds—bursts that filled the air with assorted trench debris and brought joy to the heart of the F.O.O. And the shovels were not, nor was work resumed that day.

Lines of care and creases of anger appeared upon the brow of the young gunner man when he focussed his glasses on the cemetery next morning. At least fifty rough wooden crosses were showing, but an even greater muster of shovels plied up and down with maddening, flashing regularity at the "saphead." Down at the gun pits the men took the news as a personal affront and shoved the long thin shells rapidly into the breeches of the wicked little guns, that coughed spitefully

and recoiled for more, as if they too felt the insult. Around the "saphead" the ground blazed with the stabbing shell flashes, the heavy yellow smoke of the high explosive lay heavily on the German work, skyward shot fragments that evidenced good shooting. It was a grand little "shoot;" one of the battery's nicest touches delivered with precision and effect. "Let us show 'em" set to Wagnerian music.

But inexplicable was the behaviour of the enemy. Through the remaining days of a maddening week, he erected crosses for his dead in great numbers and with apparent indifference, for the shovels performed their morning sun dance with engaging persistence. The battery damned and shot the saphead to pieces, the F.O.O. cursed under his immature moustache, and everyone took to heart the supercilious remarks of rival "gunner men" who came to see the battery's cemetery and listen to the tales of dead Huns.

The infantry finally solved the mystery of the shovels and gave a new joke to the army. They raided the supposed "saphead" and found two long wooden horses, to which shovels were firmly secured. These were worked to flash up and down above the earth line, by ropes which ran on pulleys, into some perfectly shell-proof dugouts. The neat, symmetrical rows of wooden crosses which decorated the background were placed where they would do the most good. Two of the German humourists, brought back as souvenirs, naively explained the finer points of the game, the success of which seemingly gave them huge enjoyment. They admitted that it was sometimes tiresome making new wooden horses for the guns to play with. But the shooting had been excellent, and prevented attention being given to a real saphead which had been completed two hundred yards to the left.

The —th Battery moved shortly afterwards, but the story and a nickname, which we must not tell, still follows them. It is only necessary to walk down to the battery lines and murmur "Let us show 'em," to find out how strongly rankles the memory of Fritz's *ruse de guerre*.

PTE. J. A. HOLLAND

A VISIT TO ARRAS

IT was on a gusty day in early spring that I left the chateau at ——— and struck across the untilled fields to the high road. I had a day's leave and had decided to spend it in a visit to Arras, one of the great show places on the western front. At the cross-roads an empty field ambulance received me, and I was off upon my joy-ride. A change at Aubigny, into the care of a friendly R. F. C. man, and we were out on the great national highway which runs in Roman fashion from St. Pol to Arras.

One more transfer to the R. A. M. Corps was necessary, and it was under their friendly care that I rolled under the St. Pol gate of the city, down the Rue Gambetta, and got out at the great Neptune fountain which cleaves the street in two. Arras at last!

Not that the ride—or rather rides—had been uninteresting, particularly to a Scotsman. Every Highland regiment in existence seemed that day to have one or more battalions in the vicinity, and the roads were gay with the tartans. Moreover, what a contrast between the long snake-like streams of traffic, the fields scarred by shells, and then close by some little village apparently untouched by the war, save that it is women, old men, and boys who are working in the fields! Of the rest *nefas amplius loqui*. This day of April, 1917, however, the Boche knows part of what I saw.

The first view of Arras is disappointing to the connoisseur in ruins. In degrees of destruction it holds a place mid-way between the classic fragments of Ypres and the tawdry pretentiousness of Albert. The bulk of the city still stands very much as it must have stood in July, 1914; the greater part of the German fire being concentrated on certain buildings, the cathedral, the old episcopal palace, the hotel-de-ville, the pride of the Artois. At Ypres the Hun has left himself no

marks to range upon. It is but a shell, with its stone ruins gleaming white in the moonlight like a dead city of romance. Arras like Albert is built of brick; some of the houses with their stone facings bear a curious resemblance to a Fifth Avenue mansion done in the colonial style; but she is saved from the blatant vulgarity of the Somme city by her architectural glories and her associations with the past. For she was the queen of the Artois plain, the bulwark of France against Spanish and Imperial Flanders.

It is a curious sensation to walk down one of the long winding streets of the city, keeping close to the houses on either side, for it is forbidden to walk on the road. Far more curious than being in a trench. Every now and then the bang followed by the long-drawn whine of an incoming shell is heard. For aught you know it may have burst just round the corner. The Germans still shell Arras in a desultory fashion now that they have obliterated their principal ranging marks, or else they are firing by the map, so many shells per diem into each section of the city.

The majority of the houses are still standing, though shaken as with the palsy. Here and there, however, there is one with its interior indecently exposed, the result of a direct hit by a shell. It is like gazing from the stalls at a house set on the stage of a theatre, or as if some scientific giant had cut a cross-section with a monstrous scalpel. Here are the little intimacies of that particular family life just as they were left immediately before the hurried flight and all who list can see. It is all so pitiable!

There are only a few civilians in the streets, though I did meet some prosperous looking individuals in the Grande Place, and not many soldiers. The latter strictly obeying the notices posted up at every street corner move along in single file, their shoulders brushing against the shuttered and barred windows of the houses, steel helmets on head and gas masks to hand. Even the little children on their way to school carry gas helmets along with their slates and books, in France to-day! The state instructs them in the use of both, for the gas like its master is no respecter of persons.

The street leading towards the station is barricaded and loop-holed, for no German attack will ever again spill itself on the streets of Arras. These barricades are a model of engineering according to the text book, with their low parapets and trenches dug behind to give the requisite height to fire over. The two sides of the obstacle overlap in the most approved style so as to afford through the centre a narrow crooked channel for traffic. The houses round about are pitted with bullets from the rear-guard action that the Germans fought to cover their evacuation of the town. In front of the station there is a large oval "square" which must be crossed circumspectly, *i.e.*, not across its diameter but by crawling around the circumference. This takes time, but there are picquets posted to enforce the rule; a very necessary one, as at any moment a German observation balloon may appear like a gigantic slug on the horizon. The trenches are only about a mile away, as the Germans hold the north-eastern parts of the city.

The station itself, in its monstrous futility, is in many ways the most tragic sight to be met with on the whole of the western front. Imagine a vast building, red in colour, about half the size of the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and not altogether dissimilar, wrecked by shell fire. The near platform has been put into a state of defence with a sand-bag parapet. The rails lie twisted and broken on the track, mixed with the débris of such sleepers as have not been removed for firewood. Over all is a fine impalpable dust from the glass roof above, the iron supporting stanchions of which have been wrenched asunder by the shock of high explosive. It is well over two years since the last train ran into Arras station.

As one goes out one passes the ticket office. Piles of tickets, to Amiens, to Lens, to Lille, to St. Pol, neatly done up in bundles and tied with string, litter the floor. It is as if a devil's child had laughed at its play.

The cathedral of Arras has been destroyed; not wrecked, as has happened to so many, but completely demolished. It

would be as easy now to rear an hotel out of its ruins as another house of God. A pile of stone and débris some fifty feet high chokes the side-street. Climb up that, make a similar descent on the other side, and you are in the cathedral. There is no roof, and the interior is one vast shambles of broken glass, shattered stone work, and fallen plaster. Here and there an image or altar stands intact amidst the surrounding ruin. In its prime it must have been a florid enough structure, with its great Corinthian capitals; but that does not excuse the foe who battered Rheims and would like to batter Amiens.

Adjoining the ruins of the cathedral are the remains of the Palace of St. Vaast. In this long rambling building, an affair of cloisters and colonnades, formerly a Benedictine Abbey, there were housed at the time of the bombardment the museum, the picture gallery, and the library of the city of Arras. Very little remains of all these. In particular of the 50,000 printed books contained in the latter, not a single volume is left, unless the municipality of Karlsruhe with true Teutonic tact means to restore the single volume that it borrowed therefrom before the war. The building was fired by means of incendiary shells, while it is alleged on good authority that a box barrage was put around it in order to prevent the rescue of its priceless contents.

It is difficult to prevent an account like this from becoming an indictment of the enemy for their senseless brutalities against mankind and its creations.

The greatest loss of all from the aesthetic point of view is the destruction of the Grande Place with its Hotel-de-Ville ringed in by old Flemish houses. The Hotel-de-Ville was destroyed in October, 1914, by means of incendiary shells. For its counterpart, with its noble oaken wainscot, its priceless tapestries, its lustres and chandeliers, one has to go to Brussels. A poor consolation under present circumstances.

Last of all the superb Belfry came down to the sound of its own bells. What the golden Virgin of Albert is still to the rolling pastures of Picardy, that was the Belfry of Arras to the Artois plain. For centuries it had stood with its Lion and

its Golden Sun and its Golden Crown, a guide and a landmark for miles around. It is as if we had gone back in history over two thousand years to the council chamber of some once free city, torn from the diadem of Hellas by a barbarian foe.

The last place that I visited in Arras was the citadel, which really forms a quarter of the city itself. Used by the French before the war as an infantry and artillery barracks, it was one of the masterpieces of Vauban. With its massive walls, deep moats, long and low barrack rooms with their quaintly sloping roofs, it reminds one of the fortifications and citadel of Quebec, in New France, and like them sings the swan song of the glories of the Bourbon kings. Memories of the great Turenne cling round the place, though the quaint old garrison church has been wrecked by shell fire.

On my way back along the main street of the city, I paused to watch the efforts of a party of Gordons, who, in conjunction with two French Engineers, are trying to lift from the road a massive bell as tall as the smallest of them, and finely moulded in relief. Perhaps it belongs to the ruined convent nearby, or it may be one of the great carillon bells of the Belfry itself.

The officer in charge does not know whether it is to be set up once more in its original station or is to be placed somewhere to serve as a gas alarm. As I watch the Highlanders straining their strong young backs in the effort to lift the monstrous bell, I notice everyone suddenly look upwards. Then there happens one of those things which seem to stand out with cameo-like distinctness from their setting, and which once seen can never be forgotten.

A plane with a broken wing—one of ours—is coming slowly back from the German lines. Like a great stricken bird it is looking for a place to land. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, six enemy machines materialize. Only a thousand feet above our heads the half-dozen Taubes go for our solitary single-seater, who can do little against his foes as they circle round, above, and beneath him, and rake him with their machine guns. We, alas, can do nothing, save watch.

It is soon over. Slowly at first, and then with ever increasing speed, the solitary machine with the red, white, and blue target painted on it begins to fall. Five of the Boche planes seeing their work completed make off. The sixth, sportsmanlike, remains hanging above its victim, now fast rushing earthwards, and continues to fire on him with its machine gun. But it is quite needless to "make siccar." The falling plane bursts into flame, though this does not stop the German, and the aviator jumps or falls out to drop a few yards from our feet. Satisfied at last the Boche plane flies off.

So I passed out through the great gates of Arras where the British picquet keeps guard over the city of the cave men.

W. G. Peterson

OUR CANADIAN HERO

He is not dead! but of that band on high,
That host seraphic, round the feet of God,
Who draw our souls to spurn this earthly sod;
His larger service now breathes forth no sigh;
His " Captain " Christ he seeth eye to eye.
Oh! ye who loved him for the love he gave,
Weep! but not always, o'er his shell-strewn grave;
The cause grows greater as its martyrs die.
The State is reborn as each hero lays
His life upon the sacrificial stone.
Why rings tall Canada in all men's praise?
Look! see her rise from blood and bitter moan!
List! God is saying to His blessèd Son:
" Ypres, C mbrai, and Calvary are one! "

John Stuart Thomson

SELF CATECHISM

TWENTY years ago, or less, in the History Text Book, "authorized for the use of Public and High Schools by the Department of Education," there was an account of the origin and present status of the system of education in Ontario, containing the statement that the said system of education was the most perfect in the world. Very possibly the book is still in use, or perhaps the "history" which superseded it perpetuates this jest which lies too deep for laughter. At all events there will remain in the minds of thousands of men this *monumentum perennius aere* to our national passion for mendacious and complacent self eulogy with regard to all departments of our government and many things not directly connected with government. The other day our newspapers told us that our methods of training returned and disabled soldiers was the model for all other countries! If the light be as darkness . . . !

It may be worth while to attempt, making only such assertions and comparisons as can be readily investigated by any one who will take the trouble, to examine a few of our institutions, asking whether they might be improved, and, if they need improvement, what the obstacles are. And in this pursuit we must not let the authors and executors of these institutions answer for them. For example, if it occurs to us, reviewing our travels abroad, that we are not making a right use of our waterways, we must not accept the reports from the Department of Canals as the last word on the subject. It is not many years ago since a Toronto newspaper advertised itself as the best newspaper in North America. Many of its readers who have never read any but Toronto or Ontario newspapers, still believe this. If we could all speak for ourselves in this fashion, we should doubtless be very creditable fellows in the main. And by all means let us have

done with the cant of giving no offence by avoiding comparisons. We shall humbug ourselves just so long as we refuse to compare our achievements with those of other people.

Let us speak, first of all, then, about our newspapers. That is something which interests practically every citizen, and it will be possible, furthermore, for our readers to examine our statements and conclusions on this subject, at the expense of a very little money, and of not very much time and thinking. Again, those who are not interested in what is said here about our newspapers, will not be interested in the rest of this article and may abandon it forthwith.

If good newspapers are to be found anywhere in Canada one would expect to find them published in our two largest cities. We should expect, of course, to find there, among others, newspapers which were merely parochial in scope; but in each city we might fairly demand a newspaper which gave daily or weekly, a good account of the world's news, a commentary upon international affairs, and a fair criticism of Canadian, American, and British politics. Now, we do not need to go further than the first of these requisites to say that there is no paper published in Toronto, either daily or weekly, which rises to any decent standard. There is not a single paper there which even takes the trouble to print verbatim speeches delivered by notable visitors in Toronto itself. Not one of them prints verbatim speeches delivered in the Commons in Ottawa. For addresses delivered in Britain or Europe they depend upon most unreliable sources in London, which give them garbled and distorted summaries. Events of the greatest importance in the United States, such as the initiation of experiments in municipal government, education, public utilities, and so forth, are not chronicled at all. Almost nothing at all is said of education in Canada itself. Two examples of the merely parochial newspapers we spoke of above are to be found in Toronto, one a morning, one an evening issue. They doubtless serve a need—we shall not quarrel with it. But in another paper, which advertises itself as a national newspaper, there is a very large proportion

of merely "local news," and there is the same lack as in the parochial papers with regard to purveying news of the sort mentioned above. In Montreal, a morning paper, much as it leaves to be desired, stands far above anything else we have in Canada, as a publisher of news. There is not an undue proportion of local news, more money is spent upon getting reports of current events, more care is taken in reporting, obvious mis-statements rarely occur, and, above all, the news pages are fair. But when we come to the second and third requisites this journal, too, absolutely fails. Commentaries on affairs are best given in leading articles, which this newspaper does not attempt, or in editorials, where political criticism might also be looked for. But the editorial page is the journal's weakest feature. It is always tedious and *borné*; it sometimes fails to impress one as desirous of being fair. In Toronto there is an evening issue which is an example of the merely yellow journal; in Montreal there is a syndicate of yellow journals. The best editorial pages in Canada are not to be found in the publications of the larger cities. The highest average is perhaps maintained by a daily journal published in St. John, New Brunswick, and as a newspaper it is surpassed by perhaps only two or three published in Montreal and Toronto. An Ottawa editorial page occasionally shows capacity, but this is not maintained. We must not omit to mention the French daily in Montreal, ably edited and well written, which daffs aside all the world outside the politics of a provincial party. Consecrated to a vain design, sectarian, prejudiced and narrow, it yet is written by men of education and men who can write, it shuns the more usual banalities, and follows the best European models in its leading articles, editorials and paragraph notes. For the rest, there is so little excellence or good quality, that one or two good features in a Winnipeg paper, and another in a Victoria paper, stand out as the only landmarks above the welter of trash, inaccuracy, incompetence and merely yellow journalism which the Canadian public tolerates and pays for.

The above statements will, no doubt, in many quarters, and particularly in newspaper offices, be thought sweeping. It is only with neutral opinion, however, that we are concerned. To the fair mind we may with confidence appeal. The statements made above cannot be controverted. It is notorious how inaccurately domestic news is reported. Listen to the speech delivered in a public meeting and read the reports of it in the next issue of the paper. A verbatim report, even of an address by an Imperial statesman, or distinguished foreigner, is never given, and often quotations are mistaken. The summary is generally a travesty; one always is given to wonder what qualifications are sought for in engaging reporters. Even the carelessness which is obvious on the printed page, the mis-spelling, the stupid head-lines, the slovenly arrangement of paragraphs and pages, argue carelessness and inaccuracy all through; for careful editors and writers would not endure such printing. The fair critic must also find the selection of news most inept. Railway wrecks are the staple of Canadian and American news, because they occur beside telegraph lines, and reports of them are disseminated gratis. Ontario newspapers derive their knowledge of Quebec affairs from the English newspapers of Montreal, and are much misled in consequence. They show no concern with the Maritime provinces. Naturally they are more concerned with the Western provinces, but this hardly goes beyond crop reports. The fair critic knows that no newspaper in Canada reports domestic or foreign news with anything approaching the fullness, accuracy and fairness displayed in the *New York Times* or *Boston Transcript*, to say nothing of the *Manchester Guardian*. Nor have we anywhere a weekly to weigh against the *Nation* or the *Spectator* of London, or the American *New Republic*. Any of our readers not acquainted with these papers can easily purchase them and make the comparison. The fair critic must admit that there is not a single editorial page in Toronto or Montreal which maintains a standard of good English; not one that displays knowledge of British and Imperial affairs—let alone foreign affairs—or great capacity

in any direction whatever, or balanced judgement. Leading articles, as we have said, are not to be found. To put the matter in a word, there is nothing expert in the production of Canadian newspapers.

And this leads us at once to the question, "What stands in the way of improvement?" A widespread improvement must not be looked for. In the small cities no very high level can be expected; we must think ourselves fortunate to find a newspaper so good as the St. John publication already mentioned. But in one or other of our two large cities a good daily paper might well be published, and in both of them we might certainly expect intelligent and well-written weeklies, reviewing affairs, politics and literature. It is often argued that there is not a large enough reading public to support such a daily or such a weekly. The argument is based on the notion that if there were fifty millions of people in Canada a good daily or a good weekly paper could be made self-supporting. But the best newspapers and weeklies never have been self-supporting. One of the best English weeklies is said never to have had a circulation of more than five thousand, though it is exported to all parts of the Empire, to the United States and Continental Europe. Its revenue from advertisements is correspondingly small. The case must be the same with a couple of American weeklies. At certain periods the best of the English dailies has not been self-supporting. A good newspaper is a philanthropic institution. Furthermore, it is not only money that is needed, but disinterested money. In Canada there are plenty of millionaires who would be willing, nay who are willing, to give money for the support of a paper, but the money has strings to it. Some years ago a weekly "agricultural paper" was founded, which was amusingly nescient of all bucolic matters, and which was later discovered to be the mouthpiece of one of our railway plutocrats. It has once happened that we had in our midst an able journalist with a message to deliver, who was also a millionaire, and we had an independent weekly in consequence. What has more often happened is that a group of

men have discussed the need of a publication which should lead opinion on some subject or subjects, and have made some tentative arrangements, which they abandoned on discovering that the means of publication could only be secured in quarters whence they scorned to accept it. The other day a New York paper, which was on the edge of bankruptcy, was bought up by an American millionaire, who promptly put the publication in the charge of its old editor, telling him to go on with his work, and who, furthermore, to insure the independence of the paper, appointed three trustees to keep the management free from influence. We have no precedent for such generosity and disinterestedness in Canada. It is an amazing thing how little money is genuinely given away in this country. Yet we have notoriously a very large proportion of citizens possessing most comfortable means. This class leaves philanthropy to the millionaires (who are also very numerous amongst us) and the millionaires on the whole are disappointing. χαλεπὸν τὸ ἀγαθόν. It is not often that society throws up capacity for editing a great journal; and it is much less often that such capacity is coupled with money. It requires considerable money to edit even a weekly paper which can be independent of advertisers, and which can seek out ability for literary and artistic criticism and pay for it, seek out experts upon such topics as become current and pay them, and in general give a small group of men the easy leisure which is, as a rule, essential to good work in any kind of literature, even journalistic literature. Much more money is required for the publication of a daily newspaper. An independent cable and telegraph service is very expensive. Not one but several editors are here required. The cost of producing the paper itself will be considerable, for if it is independent it will have a small circulation; a small advertising revenue will offer itself and some of these advertisements will be declined. It will be found, too, that a thousand a year will not be sufficient for reporters who can write good English, and recognize a Latin quotation if need be.

We can, if we will, follow Emile Faguet and other recent writers in accepting the old statement that democracy deliberately chooses the mediocre, or we can quarrel with them for doing so. But in either case we must welcome and encourage leadership from genius when it offers itself. Certain things come of themselves—the multiplication of buildings to hold wretched collections of books, and reading rooms where no good reading is to be found, to instance one thing. It has always been easy in Canada, as in the United States, to collect money for the support of religious institutions. But that *rara avis*, intellectual excellence, we hardly recognize at sight, and upon tardy recognition do not welcome. It is credible to perhaps only a very few people in this country, that there could be published here a weekly journal, with a circulation of a few hundreds, which should so *enlighten our leaders*, as to work an illimitable reform in cleansing the Augean stables of our politics, in education, in municipal government, in public economics, in literary and artistic taste. I once met a freshman in college, a youth of twenty-two, who had already earned his university expenses by "editing a newspaper in Manitoba." Editors like this are thick as blackberries. For our weekly another type must be found, and while it cannot be found in every fence-corner, we yet can find it, and the editor when found can also find men of culture, men of expert knowledge, to support him in his undertaking. The difficulty is to find ten or a dozen, or at most a score, of yearly subscriptions from megalopsychic men of comfortable means.

Let us turn now to the subject of municipal government, dealing with it more briefly since it has been often treated. It may be that we have not sufficiently recognized the difficulties in the way of governing our cities. In the first place they grow with a staggering rapidity. Prudent as our burghers may be they yet cannot provide a system which will not be outgrown before it is put into operation. And again, the growth is not the natural one of adding homogeneous elements to elements. It is commonly said that Canadian and American immigration are alike. But enormous dissimi-

larities go unnoted. The Americans were far on their way to nationhood before they threw open the floodgates to Europe. They had always on their hands the problem of a large coloured population, slave or free, but they did not set out with a population almost equally divided into two races of different language and creed. When the great wave of immigrants began it came chiefly from the British Isles, and consisted chiefly of people who had the same origin, language, political and religious traditions as the Americans themselves. Even the great German immigration which has been so much talked about since the war, came in the sixties, before the Germans had composed themselves into a political system, and hence it was much more assimilable. The American tradition was already strong, the American population was already vast, when the influx of non-British people began to be large. When the Canadian State was but a generation old, a motley horde of settlers, amounting annually to about a twentieth of the existing population, began to crowd into the larger cities. Besides these difficulties there is the lack of a leisured and educated class among us, from which we might draw for disinterested and intelligent governors of our municipal affairs.

And yet, when every allowance is made for our peculiar difficulties, there is little in the records of our municipal government of which we may be proud. It is hard to say which is the greater and more appalling, the corruption of Montreal's administration, or the ineptitude of Toronto's. Most of the smaller cities are governed on the Toronto model. There is not a great deal of "grafting" but there is a most capacious stupidity. Nothing more perverse can be imagined than the management of towns and cities in the Maritime provinces. The American, or Western Canadian, who visits them, most often calls them archaic. But conservatism alone cannot explain it, and indeed in certain industries, in commerce, and in the close connection with New England due to mutual migration, these provinces are very much in touch with the modern world. In the prairie cities where enterprise

and zeal for modernism abound, there is stupidity too. What incredible folly to allow a few gamblers to boom the prices of land until a corner lot in a prairie town became more expensive than a like amount of land in the heart of London!

The "real estate" craze lies very close to the root of municipal mismanagement in Canada. The remedy is a simple one, and has been applied with success in various countries. There should be maintained a Federal Expropriation Court, to which recourse should be possible *without cost* on the part of all growing municipalities. The city could then acquire *at its real value*, which would be assessed by the Court, adjoining farm or waste land, according to the requirements of its growth, and lay it out in streets. Water-mains, sewers, walks, and pavements could then be economically laid, since everything would be done systematically and not according to the exigencies of the moment. If the city then sold the land at its cost plus the overhead charges for these added conveniences, to *bona fide* prospective builders only, there could be no exploitation of real estate. Neither would it be possible at any time to exploit lands already built upon, for the city would always have land available for building, at its real value, and hence a "corner" could not be operated. Besides cheapening the cost of dwellings by fifty or seventy-five per cent, this would cheapen living in other ways; for it would at once abolish the deserts surrounding most of our cities, which are being held by "real estate" owners, and would establish once more truck-gardens and poultry farms at our city limits.

In conformity with our plan, let us ask what lies in the way of improving our municipal government. There have been a long series of reformers, sincere and well-intentioned men, in this field. In Toronto, as is known to many, more good was accomplished by one young man who brought a well-trained mind to the careful study of the subject, than by all the others. It is often said that the Government of a city should be put into the hands of a few men who have been successful in business. But business is a very multifarious

thing, and a man may well understand one business and fail in another. And managing a city is a very multifarious business in itself, and requires a great deal of knowledge and ability. Now a board of omniscient aldermen is not to be looked for, nor, perhaps, a board of aldermen who are severally experts in various departments. Besides it is not every year (the usual aldermanic term) that new and unusual problems have to be faced. But when once a lesson has been learned it should not have to be re-learned repeatedly by the mass of citizen voters, nor by those whom they appoint. When once the folly of a haphazard policy in town-planning has been shown and an improved policy followed with beneficial results, it surely might be expected that the old unsystematic ways would not be resorted to. Similarly one city should be able to learn from another's experiences. And again, when some citizen, or body of citizens, takes the time and trouble to suggest reforms which are obviously feasible and most desirable, it ought to result in action on the part of the municipal authorities.

Once more, it comes to the question of accepting leadership from intelligence. It is easy, no doubt, to turn such a phase into ridicule; to make it appear that we write of an odious Superman, or omniscient prig. Or again, it might be objected that leadership from intelligence never has been easily accepted, and one might in proof cite the ancient adage: "A wise man learns more from a fool than a fool from a wise man." However, if one follows "local affairs" in one of our large cities from year to year, and witnesses the age-long failure to adopt reforms, which have been year after year recommended, and against the adoption of which no thoughtful man can be found to speak; witnesses the lethargic acquiescence in a waste, or a nuisance, or a grave wrong, one comes to the conclusion that the stupidity to be quarrelled with is not the stupidity of ignorance, or that from which only one or two are exempt, but that perverse and wilful sloth, that determined, contumacious hebetude, to which might be applied the theological phrase "sinning against the light." What is

the trouble? Is intelligence not enough insistent, not enough self-assertive? Or is too little respect shown it?

Leaving the reader with this question before him, let us come to the most flagrant example of our refusal to grant the meed to excellence.

There are impediments to the frank criticism of our Canadian universities; filial devotion and loyalty on the part of one educated in Canadian schools and a Canadian university; regard and esteem for many who labour worthily in that field, and the consciousness too of the great part some of our educational institutions have played in the improvement of our culture. But discussion of this subject is precisely one of the things that may not be omitted. The whole body of our hypothetical expert abilities must be formed and fashioned in our universities. And where is expert ability so indispensable as in the university itself?

Let it be said then, at the beginning, that even in the best of our universities the high excellence which we desiderate is not to be found; and what is more, that conditions show no sign of improvement. It would be a good omen for the future if it could be said, that though an abundance of dead wood were being carried, present appointments were unimpeachable, and present opportunities for adding strength were not being missed. But this is far from being the case. It would be a good omen for the future if promotion followed on merit and appointments were probational. But this also is far from being true. It would be a good omen for the future if a standard of excellence were maintained in the examinations, for then one might hope for the raising of the standard in the secondary schools, which would immediately react to stimulate the quality of the university. Once again, this is far from the truth.

Now, by quality and excellence in the university is meant, almost exclusively, quality and excellence in the ability of the professors and lecturers. We are not very much concerned with the so-called equipment, except perhaps libraries and the equipment of laboratories and buildings

where scientific apparatus is installed. And with this last we have not much to do here, in the first place, because it is by no means the weakest department of our universities, and again because it is very closely dependent upon the general ability of the scientific professors, and so may be discussed with them; whereas the ability of most of the lecturers has nothing to do with the sort of hall they lecture in, nor upon the provision for gymnasium, dormitories, and so forth. It is, then, quality and excellence in the professors and instructors that we are interested in.

It must be admitted that we have a few professors and instructors of high reputation both in and outside Canada. Some of them are authors of books which are read the world over. Some few are scholars or scientists of international fame. But, strangely enough, in the university it is not these men who are most signally honoured or consulted. A man who has written a book that is admired in foreign universities may hold a very subordinate position, may draw a salary far smaller than that of some teachers in an elementary school, and may, unless he has married a rich wife, or has a private income, be snubbed and ignored whenever the university, socially or officially, forgathers. His only reward is given him by the discerning and capable students, who zealously attend his classes, while they neglect those of his official superior. It is true, of course, that many of our best professors hold high places, but it is not true that our worst professors hold low places, and in general there seems to be very little connection between academic attainments, between value to the university, and the place accorded by the university officially.

It is perhaps best to make it clear that the value of a professor to the university is not to be judged by any narrow or inflexible standard. Some of our best men cannot or do not write. Some do not even lecture well. Some are scholars merely and set a pattern for scholarship. Some are thinkers merely and help students to think. Intellectual attainment is a thing which is very various in its manifestation. A few

years ago it used to be said in the best of our universities, that the man among all the professors who did most good was one who had never written a book nor a review article, who had no eloquence on the public platform and who was a failure in the lecture-room, but who, nevertheless, possessed, besides real learning, a genius for kindling a lofty intellectual enthusiasm in the best students, who met him for informal instructions in small groups in his study, and often in his house.

The ways of appointing a university professor in Canada are exceedingly devious. We may leave out of account the "denominational" institutions, in some of which an absurd amount of attention is paid to the religious views of an applicant for a vacancy. One of the most striking features of the situation is that the staff of a university is in so large a measure co-optative, and hence necessarily tends to reproduce its own standard of excellence. Jealousy not only tends to keep a good applicant out, in many cases, but also tends to keep a good man in a subordinate position. The man who is most rapidly promoted is the man of mediocre attainments who knows how to flatter. Improper influence of one kind or another makes itself felt in many promotions and appointments. Indeed there are so many things which make for bad appointments, that it is not easy to analyse the reasons for errors in any given case. But one general statement may be made on the subject. There is always too little attention paid to academic distinction and to proven ability. When a vacancy occurs it is not advertised to potential applicants and the selection is not made in the open. The search for the best man is not thorough.

But suppose the greatest zeal for good appointments were shown. The difficulty does not end there. The ability to pick men is given to very few, and a university president is not infallible. Besides, a vacancy often occurs in a series of lean years, when no good men are available. In short, all appointments should be probational, and a university president should have the most scrupulous conscience in the matter of weeding out incompetence. The real state of affairs is

that many men are kept who are so inefficient that students take the matter into their own hands and refuse term after term to attend their lectures.

Let this brief survey of the condition of affairs in our universities answer. It is very general and will not apply in its entirety to each and every case. It cannot be said that all the remarks are demonstrable to the average reader; but the truth of it will be admitted by many who have fairly studied the question, and who know the facts. And now let us ask what the causes of the trouble are.

Is the difficulty due to the inherent character and constitution of our university system? The writer does not think so. The constitution indeed of our best universities is most admirable. They escape almost wholly the state interference which besets the German universities. They are not, like Oxford and Cambridge, strangled by a social caste; nor, on the other hand, are they banausic, like so many of the British provincial universities. And again, they are not overshadowed by millionaire endowments. Nor is the difficulty due to a malign bad fortune pursuing our universities from the beginning. Both in Ontario and in the Lower Provinces it happened early in our history, that a clique of transregionated snobs attempted to appropriate the colleges and schools to their own political and social behoof; but the attempt served merely to broaden the basis of the system and to give the nation a true idea of the scope of a university. Our institutions also have been often very fortunate in enlisting the services of great men as professors or administrators. The great difficulty, and the one which lies at the root of most of the difficulties mentioned above, is that our universities are not sufficiently endowed, and that not enough of the present endowment is allotted to the maintenance of teachers. If the lowest positions were well, or even decently paid, it would not so much matter to the good man whether he were promoted or not. Also there would be more good men offering their services. Very few people, outside of the universities, realize how small is the pay of professors and lecturers. In the very

largest of our universities the salary of a full professor is never more than four thousand dollars a year, and it may be as low as twenty-five hundred. The full professorships, however, are the plums. An associate professor does not get nearly so much, sometimes not much more than half of this amount. And an associate-professorship also is something of a prize. Most of the instructors rank as lecturers or assistant professors. The pay of a few of these runs as high as two thousand dollars, but some of them do not receive as much as one thousand, and the average is perhaps not much above twelve hundred. That is to say the average salary of the great body of instructors in our largest and best Canadian university is less than that of a book-keeper.

Adam Smith shows a great deal of insight into human nature, in that chapter where he enquires how it comes about that some very ill-paid professions (such as law, in his day) could command the following of some of the most capable citizens. And it must be confessed that the studious leisure enjoyed by a university instructor is a strong attraction, and one which has served this country well. The community can, indeed, almost count on securing the services, in some position or other, and for a certain length of time, of a certain small class of men who are, if not "born" teachers and students, at least strongly characterized by taste and inclination in that direction; and a very fine class of citizens they are, men who love learning and love teaching—like Chaucer's Scoler of Oxenford, "Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." Some few of these men have no other capacity, and upon them the state may count absolutely as teachers. Others again are fitted for other positions as well as for teaching, but consecrate their lives to teaching, considering it the nobler calling. But it must be admitted that the larger part of those who are qualified as professors by learning and the love of learning, and by the taste and capacity for teaching, are ultimately obliged, whether with a good conscience or no, to resign the calling and betake themselves to other employment. Our sparse population yields only a very small number of men who

are qualified for this most important of all professions, and on the other hand, the rapidity of our economic development offers many fields for the employment of such high training. The net result is that our colleges are full of professors who are most meagrely qualified for the positions they hold.

There are few subjects upon which so much cant has been uttered as the improvement of our universities. Occasionally provincial governments and the officialdom of the universities convene for discussion. Many platitudes, many insincere promises, much complacent self-commendation result. What else is to be expected? Members of provincial cabinets are not the men to know anything of the subject, and if they do grant money it is inevitably for the wrong purpose. Wise benefactions have come to universities from private individuals, and the community in truth has been exceedingly fortunate in certain cases. But not always. It is not so important to build a library as to stock it with good books. It is neither wise nor charitable, nor of common prudence, to erect buildings which can only increase the average cost of education without providing scholarships for poor and capable students. The truth is, that no recent endowments, either private or public, have been wise except those which have aimed at granting scholarships to needy students or increasing the salaries of professors. These two things, and especially the latter, are the crying need. And it must be said in passing that it is difficult to see how any good can be done by endowing some of our so-called universities, unless the community has hundreds of millions to spend. In Nova Scotia a population of half a million is provided with no less than four universities, and New Brunswick has a number almost in proportion. Ontario, with a population of two millions, has five universities. Even with the larger population two or three of these might be considered supernumerary.

As was said in criticism of our newspapers, it is astonishing how little money is genuinely given away in this country. Even bequests are rare, except for the purpose of erecting buildings as a monument to the benefactor. It is amusing

to read of a bequest from a millionaire, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars, for the purpose of "endowing a chair." That is to say the occupant of the chair is to receive twelve to fifteen hundred a year, unless the institution thus favoured is able to add to the amount. And the rich man could quite as easily have endowed the chair with four times this sum. But our millionaires really think that fifteen hundred a year is sufficient for professors—and have never been at pains to conceal their opinion. The public in general think that a university professor is in a most enviable position, in receipt of a good salary, which he augments by writing books while holidaying in the Alps or South America. We have stated the facts of the case above. Now school-teachers are, in this country, a notoriously under-paid class. Yet many young teachers in our secondary schools, with only the qualification of a bare university degree, receive from two thousand to twenty-five hundred a year. This circumstance alone should convince our university authorities that twenty-five hundred dollars is the very lowest initial salary that can safely be offered to any university instructor, however low in rank, and however young he may be. No full professor should receive less than five thousand dollars a year; and whether a man is to rank as full professor or not, a university president should be able to offer this higher sum if need be, to engage a man of marked ability, or to retain his services. (These figures, and all of those given above, are to be taken as applying to conditions before the war and not to the present abnormal state of affairs.)

Our millionaires and our well-to-do classes could very easily provide our important universities with endowments to accomplish this reform immediately. Let it be understood that no "money with strings" is wanted. The other day a single Crœsus bequeathed twenty millions to an American university, with no conditions attached. But aside from millionaires, there is a large wealthy class in Canada, much larger and much wealthier than the bourgeoisie in Tudor England who so munificently endowed the grammar schools.

We have dwelt at length upon this question in view of its transcendant importance. But we must not tarry too long lest it be thought that our chief complaint is against parsimony. Parsimony, be it remembered, did not enter into our lament upon municipal government, and if space permitted there remain other subjects to be dealt with, illustrative of the general theme, and in dealing with which parsimony could not be alleged. For example, the Province of Ontario maintains at great cost a Department of Agriculture, and, at the same time, a Department of Forestry in the University. In these departments there is supposed to be, and indeed there is, a large body of expert opinion on these subjects. Notwithstanding this, the province as a whole is extraordinarily wasteful, both in its agriculture and in its forestry. Furthermore, it seems never to have occurred to the authorities that these departments should be closely related—with the result that there are, in the oldest parts of the Province, hundreds of square miles of territory which should be under forest, and which misguided men attempt to farm. Similarly the Federal Government maintains at enormous cost, if not extravagance, a supposedly expert department of water-ways, and although this Department, unlike departments of agriculture and so forth, cannot be interfered with, or baulked by stupidity on the part of private owners, the mismanagement, waste and folly is as great as can be imagined; nor does the Department show signs of consulting with the Department of Fisheries, with which it should be closely connected. In all these departments parsimony is far from being the fault.

It is generally said, just now, that the war has made people think deeply of fundamental things. This may be true; but it argues a high optimism, and not too close a study of history, to believe it. In time of great movement people do not, as a rule, think very well. They feel deeply, they state themselves with vehemence, and act, whether in politics or privately, with considerable violence. And the phrase "think about fundamentals" is a very vague and dangerous

one. When people imagine that they are thinking about fundamental things, they are in all probability merely being misled by catch-words, such as "reconstruction," "conservation," "vocational employment," and so forth. Matthew Arnold said of Burke that he was so great because he brought thought to bear upon politics—and added that he was almost alone among Englishmen in doing so. Hard thinking is no more common an achievement than it has ever been. χαλεπὸν ἡ ἀρετή. But, as we have seen, the great difficulty is to have men follow excellent advice. In a perverse generation an Aeropagitica is no better than a rush candle, and a Solon will be less listened to than a Titus Oates. Political machinery and form of government are of much less importance than a spiritual quickening. Only do not let us make ourselves giddy with boasting! The citation of Philo's saying that "democracy is the form of government towards which the whole world progresses" has evoked in a gathering of Canadians the assumption that our democracy being so universal, our civilization must be therefore almost perfect! Whereas, in at least several epochs, the average education has been better, the general taste has been higher, cities have been less slum-ridden, and political rascals have been more quickly brought to justice. Even such assured self-complacency as this can be overcome, a mental sloth however heavy can be cured—if only the heart and moral sense of a people is sound; *la faiblesse c'est le seul défaut que l'on ne saurait corriger.* Holding this creed the critic cannot find his task a thankless one, nor a hopeless, and when rebuffs are most plentiful and hope is least, he is most driven in upon himself and examines once and again the accuracy of his own words.

CARLETON W. STANLEY

HENRY JAMES

Attention of perusal, I thus confess by the way, is what I at every point, as well as here, absolutely invoke and take for granted. . . . . The enjoyment of a work of art, the acceptance of an irresistible illusion, constituting, to my sense, our highest experience of "luxury," the luxury is not greatest, by my consequent measure, when the work asks for as little attention as possible. It is greatest, it is delightfully, divinely great, when we feel the surface, like the thick ice of the skater's pond, bear without cracking the strongest pressure we throw on it. The sound of the crack one may recognise, but never surely to call it a luxury.—Preface to *The Wings of the Dove.*

If I should certainly say to a novice, "Write from experience and from experience only," I should feel that this was rather a tantalizing monition if I were not careful immediately to add, "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost."—*The Art of Fiction.*

I

THE death of Henry James just two years ago brought to an end a literary career unique in several ways in the annals of English literature. Born in America, educated in European schools and in an American university, resident for many of his formative literary years in Paris, where he was acquainted with men of letters of various nationalities (including Turgenieff), and where he came under the influence of that powerful literary movement of which Flaubert was the centre, domiciled during his later years in England, he had enjoyed a variety of cultural discipline—his mind had been subjected to a "riot of discrimination" to which it might be difficult to find a parallel in a man of such large calibre.* Perhaps equally unparalleled is the contrast between the popularity of his earliest works and the utter mystification of the reading public in the presence of his later ones. But

* A line of Henri de Bornier says, "Tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France." Of James it might be said that he had three countries—his own, then France, then England.

most unique of all is his extraordinary independence as an artist—not merely independence of the novel-reading public, but independence of any lineage or contemporary influence in his own art. This latter statement, indeed, needs some qualification; I have already spoken of his coming under the influence of Flaubert. But this influence should rather be called a stimulus; it is utterly impossible to attach James to any recognized literary school. The critic who insists on labelling his victim "realist," "naturalist," "romantic," etc., will afford an amusing spectacle as he wrestles with the elusive James. And it is equally difficult to discover any antecedents for him; something, perhaps, he owes to Hawthorne, something to Balzac (whom he calls his "master"); but the peculiar *ethos* of his work seems to be elemental, not a cunning composite of tendencies exemplified separately by previous artists, such as, to a large extent, even Scott's work may be shown to be. This is a high and unusual merit in a writer, and alone deserves the name originality. How far this originality is from affectation or a mere striving for novelty, how native it is to James's mind, is shown by that remarkable series of prefaces prefixed to the volumes of the New York edition of his fiction, in which he compares himself, reviewing his life-work, to "the painter who passes over his old sunk canvas the wet sponge." Never has the laboratory of an ingenious mind been thrown so wide open to the curious gaze as in these frank essays; and what we see proceeding there is something far different from that specious alchemy of the "Art-for-Art's-sake school" with which it is a common mistake for those who have not read James carefully to confuse him. Esoteric, like that school, he too often is—in effect, but never in intention. That is the difference; and in the world's failure to see the difference lay the tragedy of his career. He was interested in real life and intended his novels to be a picture of it; he had no idea of making them the vehicle of a new philosophy, or fantastic products of virtuosity working in the void. But the "real" seemed to him a much more elusive and complex thing than it had seemed to most

novelists; and in his unflinching determination to track it to its innermost lair he made of his novels such difficult and unconventional things that the popular conclusion was that he was not aiming at the illusion of reality at all, though all the time he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to it.

II

I have said that James never aimed at making his novels the vehicle of a new philosophy; but it is certain that, in his earlier novels at least, he achieved the remarkable feat of discovering a new psychological theme. Happy the writer who, two hundred years after La Bruyère's despairing cry, "Everything has been said," can stand, like Cortez upon his peak in Darien, and gaze upon an undiscovered ocean all his own to exploit! And to this discovery James was piloted by his cosmopolitan training; in the impact of the old civilization of Europe with the new one of America he was fortunate enough to find a virgin subject, and one that he was supremely fitted to exploit. He remained faithful to this subject (which he treated first in *Madame de Mauves*, 1874) throughout his early period, and recurred to it at intervals afterwards, one of the most notable of his later novels, *The Ambassadors* (1903), representing his maturest treatment of his well-worn theme. It was really a great subject he had found, consisting in nothing less than the elevation to the international plane of that contrast between the *naïf* and the sophisticated, which, so far as it had been legitimately used at all by former novelists, had been confined to the narrow sphere of personal relations. This it is that gives a certain epic largeness to James's early novels which would otherwise be ordinary studies in social comedy or domestic tragedy. If Daisy Miller had been discovered enjoying the moonlight in the Harvard stadium with a student of that institution, we should merely have had a little picture of maidenly indiscretion; when she is discovered at that hour in the Roman Coliseum in the company of a rolling-eyed Italian, we behold the

flirtation of young, innocent America with ancient, corrupt Italy. Christopher Newman, in that splendid novel *The American*, baffled in his fight for his French fiancée by the unscrupulous intrigues of her bigoted family, but too proud to take revenge though a family secret has come into his possession that would damn his foes if revealed, seems to symbolize crude, naïve, generous, decent America at grapples with old Europe, that home of all the graces and all the ferocities of life. *The Europeans* reverses the usual situation and shows us a morganatically married Austrian baroness and her brother, a Bohemian painter, alighting upon a New England farm, where their *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre* are called by the plain names of double-dealing and lying. The little schoolmistress in *Four Meetings*, one of the world's great stories—who in her New England village pores over photographs of the Castle of Chillon, nourishing her dreams of romantic Europe, and who ends with getting saddled for the rest of her life with a very realistic specimen of that land of wonder in the person of the sordid mistress of a Bohemian cousin who dies in Paris—is the type of all those simple cis-Atlantic souls who have to learn that Europe connotes real, hard, mean human living even more than mediæval ruins and picture galleries. *The Portrait of a Lady* is, in a way, the pendant to *The American*, representing the idealistic American girl, Isabel Archer, coming to Europe in search of that commodity so sadly lacking in her native land, subtlety, distinction, *finesse*, and finding more of it than she bargained for in the form of an egotistic dilettante of a husband.

Such are the novels and tales which, between 1875 and 1885, made the name of Henry James famous. It will be noticed that, in all of them, fine as is the author's sense for the *raffinements* of Europe, the prize for virtue is awarded to his countrymen; James remains, after all, the American, the "New England conscience," the spiritual (and partly even the literary) descendant of Hawthorne. So true is this that I do not understand why Americans are still looking for "the great American novel." If they mean by that a novel that

symbolizes the best side of American character and life, they have it already in *The American*. About the year 1885, James abandons, on the whole, his great subject; though there are plenty of nationalities represented in his novels and tales of the next fifteen years, though his personages (so liberally supplied with travellers' cheques as they seem to be) are constantly gadding about Europe and even occasionally flitting to America, the international or intercontinental antithesis as such does not make its reappearance until near the end of James's career, with *The Ambassadors*; and then with a marked difference. Strether comes to Paris from Woolett, Massachusetts, to rescue Chad Newsome from the great Babylon and steep him again in the purifying waters of that Puritan village; but, instead of carrying out his noble mission, becomes converted to the humanizing influence of Europe by observing what a charming thing a man of the world is as represented in the transformed Chad. The moral intention of the book is somewhat vague to me; but I at least discern that the old antithesis between America and Europe has undergone a "sea-change."

Though the international situation was more or less abandoned by James after his early period, the psychological antithesis which it had introduced did not disappear with it; on the contrary, it forms the backbone of most of his later works. I implied a little while ago that, apart from clothing it at first in the dignity of the "international situation," James had been the first to make a "legitimate" use of the contrast between the *naïf* and the sophisticated; and, before pointing out what I think to be one of James's greatest originalities, I must make the meaning of this remark a little clearer. It has been often observed that, in French fiction, the "good" character is rare; the French dread of being a dupe has made worldly good sense their ideal rather than naïve nobility (except in their romantic poetry and drama). In the English novel, on the other hand, the "good" character has always been prominent; but he has unfortunately been of a kind to command our pity rather than our respect; frankly, he

is usually *bête*; we think involuntarily of such examples as Major Dobbin or some of Dickens's maudlin creatures. But James has conferred on virtue, on purity of heart, the service of making it interesting, *distingué*, even subtle and keen. The moral idealism of Christopher Newman and Isabel Archer is without a stain; but no one would call them "stodgy" characters; they have wit and imagination and brilliance; they are *naïf*, not because they are dull, but because they are noble; they are, to use the expression I heard a Frenchman apply to a real human being, *naïfs et intelligents*. In James's later novels, it is true, this simplicity of heart seems to be relegated most often to the weaker vessels of extreme youth and extreme age; but even then these, like Mr. Longdon in *The Awkward Age* or like Maisie in *What Maisie Knew*, are dignified, not "silly" characters. The secret of James's ability to effect this difficult combination is, I think, that he identifies virtue with good taste and good manners, the Christian with the gentleman (of the old school) in a way rare in literature since Spenser. Virtue during our modern period has rather been represented as ostentatiously rough and uncouth; Alceste was its type in fiction, Dr. Johnson in biography. But James's good characters observe the etiquette of the most frivolous tea-party as scrupulously as they observe the point of honour; in this sense they exemplify Anatole France's belief that the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost must mean nothing more or less than a violation of good taste. And with them this point of honour is a quite old-fashioned thing; it is nothing else than Duty, "Stern daughter of the voice of God"; and this gives a double piquancy to James's novels. In the first place we have this strange sense of a sombre moral being lurking somewhere behind the dazzling glitter and twitter of the social foreground; and, in the second, we see all the technical apparatus of psychological analysis, cosmopolitan experience, audacity in choice of subject, flexibility of intelligence, unconventionality of conception and style, put into the service—not, as all the precedents of the day would lead us to expect, of the new theories of life and conduct, of the "new morality," of revolt against all that inhibits the natural man—but of

the old Puritan doctrine of restraint and discipline. Thus is New England, after all, justified of her long-lost child.

III

What I have said in the last paragraph does not disprove my previous statement that there is no conscious "philosophizing," no writing with a purpose in James's novels; it simply proves that they are the expression of a personality, as all works of art worthy the name are. About the year 1885 James's tendency to express his personal views of life in novels extremely independent of previous models of that art took on a sudden acceleration. From that moment he seemed to the ordinary reader to be "Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." Yet there is no peculiarity of James's later novels which is not to be found in the germ in his earlier ones; and the most interesting aspect of his art to study is just this gradual vanishing of the clear, firm skeleton of his early works under the dense overgrowth of thought and suggestion in his later ones. Let us, then, examine the development of James's conception of the novel; and, in doing so, let us put under contribution not only typical novels of various dates, but also James's critical essays, which form a running commentary on his own practice.

What impression would be made by James's early novels on the ordinary reader who demands from a novelist an interesting plot, dramatic situations, vivid character-studies, bright and realistic dialogues, local colour, some pre-digested philosophy, and a clear, vivacious style? The verdict of such a reader upon *Roderick Hudson*, I imagine, would be that it was a fairly normal novel, a little thin in plot, extremely crude in the way the local colour is laid on in great splotches—whenever a great scene is to take place, Mr. James bundles all his actors into St. Peter's or the Villa Borghese or the valley of Engelberg, as though he were a courier in charge of a batch of "cookies"*—but vivid in its character-drawing,

*This "Baedeker" conception of atmosphere is a puerility which Mr. James hardly ever outgrew, and which is strangely at variance with the sophistication of his art in most other respects. It remains a permanent blot on all his earlier works.

fairly well provided with *coups de théâtre* (the ending being actually melodramatic), sparkling in its dialogue and simple and clear in style. Yet it already strikes several of the more permanent notes of its author's work—the objective point of view which refuses to identify itself with any limited philosophy of life, the tragic futility of the ending which leaves a sense of defrauded lives, and, above all, the tendency to present the action of the story as an image in the mind of one of the main actors, as a complicated truth revealing itself only little by little to his perception. This tendency is only in the germ in *Roderick Hudson*, yet I think that even of that novel it may be said that it is not so much a direct study of Roderick's character as it is a study of the slowly dawning perception of his character in the mind of Rowland Mallet. A little reflection will show how far this conception of the novel, logically exploited, might lead a writer. It is only a step from placing an intensively perceptive mind at the centre of a clear, orderly plot to getting primarily interested in the complicated reactions of the perceptive mind itself. In his earlier works, James spares his readers the trouble of having to be as perceptive as the protagonists in his stories are called upon to be; he gives the reader what we might call a "private view" of his plot and characters before he dresses them up in the disguise which his main actor must penetrate by the mere force of his insight. This is the ordinary practice of the novelist; when we are introduced to new personages in a novel we are usually provided with a certificate of character regarding them; we are not told what they are going to do, but we are told what they are, either explicitly or by inference. Now it very early becomes a characteristic—to some readers one of the most baffling, to others one of the most fascinating —of James, that his characters only become known to us as they become known to his hero or heroine; and sometimes their true selves are not revealed till the last few pages are reached. Now, surely in this sense at least, James may be called a realist beyond any of his fellows, for in real life is not our true knowledge of the people about us achieved bit

by bit, rather than revealed to us with their first hand-shake? I am far from claiming that, even in James's later books, there are no characters of the more conventional novelistic type, with definite contour and clear, bright colouring from the first moment. It is indeed one of the piquancies of his novels that both types occur in nearly all of them, so that it sometimes seems as though they must have been produced by the collaboration of a Dickens and a Maeterlinck, so strangely do figures broad and vivid to the point of caricature jostle others as unsinewed and pale as those of a fresco of Chavannes. But I think it usually holds true of the more significant characters, and it accounts for that hazy and enigmatic quality which readers complain of in them; the Henrietta Stackpoles, the Madame Grandonis, the Jim Pococks must be regarded as consciously introduced for comic or melodramatic relief.

The way in which the stream of the plot---slender at best —runs out in the sands of analysis and expatiation of all kinds in the later novels is also clearly accounted for by this focussing of attention upon the perceptiveness of the central figure or figures. Not only is the progress of the action impeded by the author's insistence on making stops thirty or forty pages long to round up all the perceptions—of past, present, and future—accumulating in his hero's mind, but of course this progress *is* just the development of his perceptions and can go no faster than it. The seeker after plot and thrills in Mr. James's later works feels like a tourist who has hired a passionate archæologist to show him over Rome under the misconception that he was a Cook's guide, and is disconcerted to find that, instead of sweeping majestically from the baths of Diocletian to the Vatican and from the Pincian to St. John Lateran, he is invited to inspect every brick in the ruins of the Palatine.

That Mr. James was capable of working out an interesting plot in the ordinary sense *The American* stands to show, as well as several of his short stories. Yet that novel represents an advance on *Roderick Hudson* towards Mr. James's ideal in

the development of the dialogue (to become so wearisome a feature to many readers in his later works, but very sprightly in this one), in its greater psychological finesse, and, it must be added, in the artificiality of its *données*. For it is strangely true that, as the underlying psychological insight of Mr. James's novels becomes finer, the actual mechanical plot (so far as there is one) becomes more and more fantastic. Was ever such a tale of sinister gloom and disappointment as *The American* built up on the farcical incident of a wealthy, idle American announcing to the wife of a compatriot in Paris that he wants to get married, and being directed, on presentation of his specifications, to a young widow in an exclusive *hôtel* of the Faubourg St. Germain, to whom he forthwith proposes? Was ever a comi-tragedy of inspiring but mistaken idealism like *The Portrait of a Lady* rendered possible because a rich, consumptive youth persuades his dying father to leave a fortune to a young lady whom he loves but cannot marry, in order to have the intellectual pleasure of seeing what it helps her to make out of her life? Was there ever such an imbroglio as that of *The Wings of the Dove*, where a woman plans that her lover shall marry another woman who is dying, in order that he may inherit the latter's wealth and then be free to marry her?

The Portrait of a Lady is, perhaps, the novel of Henry James in which there is the happiest compromise between his own search for the ideal form of that *genre*, his longing for "better bread than can be made with wheat," and the just demands of the average intelligent reader. There is little plot, there are almost no *coups de théâtre*, but there are vivid character sketches (*e.g.*, the exquisite picture of Pansy, one of the best of those portraits of children in which James's genius shines clearest); the dialogue is clever, and the story of Isabel Archer's clear-eyed throwing away of golden opportunities only to end by eagerly grasping at a snare and a delusion has a broad human pathos, as well as a sardonic comic value, that makes it the most solid of Mr. James's pictures of life on the larger scale. And in the gradual

unsealing of Isabel's eyes we have the first complete example of Mr. James's new method. It is only as her eyes open to the real character of Madame Merle and her husband that our eyes open too. Very typical of Mr. James, too, is the opulent atmosphere of English lawns and Italian palaces in which the story is bathed—an atmosphere, indeed, from which he seldom departs.

There is another feature common to these three early novels which I have not yet mentioned, but which weakens very much their realistic effect, and which recurs in many of his later ones. That is that the main character in each is launched on his experiences by some person—Roderick Hudson by Rowland Mallet, Christopher Newman by Mrs. Tristram, Isabel Archer by Ralph Touchett—who seems to stand in the background and regard the fortunes of the hero or heroine with an eye that is perhaps sympathetic, but at the same time amused and inclined to "enjoy the sport." This gives to the most tragic of Mr. James's stories something of the atmosphere of an organized experiment bordering at times upon a practical joke. This, combined with the affluent situation of his characters and their ability to solace their griefs with travel, conversation, and social delights, gives a holiday setting and atmosphere to his saddest tales which seems to take the edge off their misery and thus lessen their emotional intensity. Maria Gostrey, watching Strether's experiment in *The Ambassadors*, is a late example of this device.

Just here the diagnosis we have made of James's literary development may be fittingly confirmed by a reference to some of his criticism. As it happens, we have, in his volume *French Poets and Novelists*, some critical essays contemporary with his earliest works (these essays, first collected in 1878, had been appearing in American periodicals for a few years previously), while in the similar volume, *Partial Portraits*, published in 1888, we have a series of essays that keep step with his fiction from 1876 (*Daniel Deronda: A Conversation*) to 1888 (*Guy de Maupassant*), most of them dating from the middle eighties, just the period when the change from rela-

tively simple to extremely complex announced itself in James's work. I am not concerned with Mr. James's development as a critic (nor with his rank as a critic, except to remark in passing that the writer of the above-named essay on Maupassant as well as the about-to-be-named essay on *The Art of Fiction* is deserving of a more honourable place in that profession than some are willing to grant him), but with the development of his ideal of the novel. His essay on Balzac in the earlier book* invites us to admire in Balzac's novels certain definite "purple patches," certain solid blocks of character-portraiture, description, or psychological analysis hewn out of his author and set up in quotation-marks for us to feast upon on his own critical page. In other words, the novel presents itself to him at this date as it always presents itself to the average reader, as a thing that may be divided into independent categories, such as plot, description, dialogue, psychological analysis, each of which must know its place and not encroach on its neighbours, and the author's competence in each of which separately it is the business of criticism to discuss. If asked to criticize Scott as a novelist, for example, on this scheme, we might say that he takes first prize for plot, second for description, consolation for psychology. Very different is the point of view in the essay *The Art of Fiction*, dated 1884, just at the parting of Mr. James's ways as a novelist. There Mr. James, commenting on Walter Besant's rather mechanical conception of the novel as outlined in his lecture on the same subject, says: "I cannot imagine composition existing in a series of blocks, nor conceive, in any novel worth discussing at all, of a passage of description that is not in its intention narrative, a passage of dialogue that is not in its intention descriptive, a touch of truth of any sort that does not partake of the nature of incident, or an incident that derives its interest from any other source than the general and only source of the success of a work of art—that of being illustrative. A

* He returns to Balzac later in life in *The Lesson of Balzac* (1905), where he pays the master this tribute: " Let me meanwhile frankly say that I speak of him, and can only speak, as a man of his own craft, an emulous fellow-worker, who has learned from him more of the lessons of the engaging mystery of fiction than from anyone else."

novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism, and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of each of the other parts. The critic who over the close texture of a finished work shall pretend to trace a geography of items will mark some frontiers as artificial, I fear, as any that have been known to history." A better description of his later novels could hardly be given; it takes a long training in the reading of them to realize that the story is often being conveyed to us in the chance hints of a dialogue, in the gesture of a character, even in a description. For instance, when Chad Newsome enters Strether's box at the theatre on the latter's first night in Paris, his demeanour alone, by revealing to Strether that the boy whom he has come to rebuke is now more of a man of the world than himself, does the narrative trick that the ordinary novelist would require several chapters lurid with incident to perform. In all James's later works, we must be alert to see all the meaning in a smile, an intonation, a repetition of a word. As he says a little farther on in his *Art of Fiction*, "What is incident but the illustration of character?. . . It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way . . . at the same time it is an expression of character." He constantly returns to the falsity of the idea that the plot is something independent of the texture of the novel as a whole. "The sense of the story being the idea, the starting-point of the novel, is the only one that I can see in which it can be spoken of as something different from its organic whole; and since in proportion as the work is successful the idea permeates and penetrates it, informs and animates it, so that every word and every punctuation mark contribute directly to the expression, in that proportion do we lose our sense of the story being a blade which may be drawn more or less out of its sheath. The story and the novel, the idea and the form, are the needle and the thread, and I never heard of a guild of tailors who recommended the use of the thread without the needle, or the needle without the thread." When Besant calls for "adventure"

in a novel, James retorts: "What *is* adventure? . . . . It is an adventure for me to write this little article;" and a little farther on, he says: "A psychological reason is, to my imagination, adorably pictorial; to catch the tint of its complexion—I feel as if that idea might inspire one to Titianesque efforts. There are few things more exciting to me, in short, than a psychological reason."

The closeness of texture of James's later novels, the absence of plot in the ordinary sense, and the delight in psychology are surely foreshadowed in this manifesto. While this volume is open before us, we should not neglect a few other critical dicta illuminating for his own works. In the essay on *Alphonse Daudet* (1883), he says: "Modern manners, modern nerves, modern wealth, and modern improvements, have engendered a new sense . . . the shortest way to describe it is to say that it is a more analytic consideration of appearances . . . It sees the connection between feelings and external conditions . . . The appearance of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art, a closer notation, to divide it into its parts." Again, "what Daudet mainly sees is the great surface of life and the parts that lie near the surface. But life is, immensely, a matter of surface." There are many good and self-revealing things in the masterly study on Maupassant; I can select only a few. Contrasting the methods of French and English writers, he says: "We have, doubtless, often enough the courage of our opinions . . . but we have not so constantly that of our perceptions. There is a whole side of our perceptive apparatus that we in fact neglect." Meeting Maupassant's contention that psychology should be hidden in a book as it is in life, James asks, "From whom is it hidden? From some people, no doubt, but very much less from others . . . For some people motives, reasons, relations, explanations are a part of the surface of the drama, with the footlights beating full upon them. For me an act, an incident, an attitude, may be a sharp, detached, isolated thing, of which I give a full account in saying that in such and

such a way it came off. For you it may be hung about with implications, with relations, and conditions as necessary to help you to recognize it as the clothes of your friends are to help you know them in the street."

The first book which tested the grit of Mr. James's followers and which left him only a faithful remnant was *The Princess Casamassima* (1886). This strange phantasmagoria, moving amid the grime and fog of London, the palaces of princesses and the garrets of socialists and sempstresses, reveals Mr. James's versatility better almost than any other of his novels. We are amazed indeed to find this *habitué* of great houses and sumptuous parks, this Titian among novelists, able to turn off the Dutch interiors of Lomax Place and the Muniments' attic, the Dickensonian sketches of Captain Sholto and Miss Pynsent. It is a good example of Mr. James's fondness for penetrating his novels with the atmosphere, the savour of some great city. I do not refer to the crude laying-on of local colour in such an early novel as *Roderick Hudson*; but to the way in which the greyness and the austere splendour of London creep into every corner of *The Princess Casamassima*, just as in *The Ambassadors* we are conscious everywhere of "the far-spreading presence of Paris,"* and of "the poplars, the willows, the rushes, the river, the sunny silvery sky, the shady woody horizon" of the Northern French landscape. Brilliant as it is in parts, however, one can make little of it as a whole. Why? Because here Mr. James puts into logical execution his conception of the novel as the image of the mystery and confusion of life in a perceptive

* *The Ambassadors* is a wonderful book for the lover of Paris. Take the following from the description of a room in a hotel fronting on the Rue de Rivoli: "The glazed and gilded room, all red damask, ormolu, mirrors, clocks, looked south, and the shutters were bowed upon the summer morning; but the Tuileries garden and what was beyond it, over which the whole place hung, were things visible through gaps, so that the far-spreading presence of Paris came up in coolness, dimness and invitation, in the twinkle of gilt-tipped palings, the crunch of gravel, the click of hoofs, the crack of whips, things that suggested some parade of the circus;" or this: "The room looked empty as only a room can look in Paris, of a fine afternoon, when the faint murmur of the huge collective life, carried on out-of-doors, strays among scattered objects even as a summer air idles in a lonely garden;" or this: "The night was hot and heavy, and the single lamp sufficient; the great flare of the lighted city, rising high, spending itself far, played up from the Boulevard, and, through the vague vista of the successive rooms, brought objects into view and added to their dignity." It would be hard to paint atmosphere in words with a lighter, more exquisite touch. One can almost see a Claude Monet putting it on canvas.

mind, trying to understand this confusion but succeeding only fragmentarily. If the novel is a labyrinth, full of misleading trails and *culs-de-sac*, so is life, Mr. James would say. *The Princess Casamassima*, as I understand it, is just the picture that is photographed on the sensitized plate of Hyacinth Robinson's mind of the unintelligible life of London, its misery and its splendour, its beauty that makes men æsthetes, its injustice that makes them socialists and haters of that beauty. If we do not know where we are going in the novel, no more does Hyacinth, torn between his sense of beauty and his sense of wrong. The Preface to this novel (written, of course, twenty years later) has a great deal to say about the "perceptive" hero: "This, in fact, I have ever found rather terribly the point—that the figures in any pictures, the agents in any drama, are interesting only in proportion as they feel their respective situations . . . But there are degrees of feeling—the muffled, the faint, the just sufficient, the barely intelligent, as we may say, and the acute, the intense, the complete—in a word, the power to be finely aware and richly responsible. It is those moved in this latter fashion who get most out of all that happens to them and who in so doing enable us, as readers of their record, as participators by a fond intention, also to get most. Their being finely aware—as Hamlet or Lear, say, are finely aware—*makes* absolutely the intensity of their adventure, gives the maximum of sense to what befalls them. We care, our curiosity and our sympathy care, comparatively little for what happens to the stupid, the coarse, and the blind; care for it and the effects of it, at the most as helping to precipitate what happens to the more deeply wondering, to the really sentient." This may be called a retrospective manifesto, for from 1886 on Mr. James centred all his attention upon the mental adventures of "the more deeply wondering, the really sentient."

IV

My purpose has been to show how the germ of his later manner is implicit in his earlier works, and it does not seem a necessary part of my plan for me to speak of these later works

in detail. A more practical occupation would be to ask: "Is Mr. James's view of the novel a valid one?" In the first place it is interesting to place Mr. James's dogmatic statement that "we care . . . . comparatively little for what happens to the stupid, the coarse, and the blind," but only for "what happens to the more deeply wondering, to the really sentient," beside that famous pronouncement by Wordsworth in his *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* in favour of "humble and rustic life" as a subject for literature, "because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity," "because in that condition our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity." Is not the case of the simple soul struggling under blows that it cannot understand more pathetic than that of the sophisticated one that feasts upon the "pageant of its bleeding heart"? Not that there are no *naïf* characters in James; on the contrary, they play an important rôle, as I have shown in all his novels; but thei *naiveté* is moral, not intellectual; their perceptive faculties are never laid prostrate by an emotional blow. We look to a novel for emotional as well as intellectual entertainment; but James seldom gives us those emotional passages that produce the dramatic effects of most novelists (though he often leaves us to infer that they go on behind the scenes); he prefers to deal with what he calls in *The Ambassadors* those "quiet instants that sometimes settle more matters than the outbreaks dear to the historic muse." We feel that we have reached quite a lurid passage when one of his characters "turns awkwardly, responsively red." They seldom become more violent than that.

And then, as to the growing indifference to the sequence of plot in the novels, the willingness to interrupt the flow of the narrative by vast barricades of accumulated "perceptions," which reach grotesque proportions in *The Golden Bowl,* may it not be said without pedantry that a writer owes some respect to the *genre* which he selects as the vehicle of his thoughts? James cannot take refuge behind the new æsthetics of Signor Croce and Mr. Spingarn which would abolish the literary

genres as logical concepts having no æsthetic existence, because James himself in the Preface to *The Awkward Age* explicitly renounces this theory, which has been making such headway ever since the breakdown of neo-classicism. "'Kinds,'" says James, " are the very life of literature, and truth and strength come from the complete recognition of them, from abounding to the utmost in their respective senses and sinking deep into their consistency." Of course, the James enthusiast will demonstrate to you the perfect unity and structure of all his later novels; but this does not get over the fact that you are not kept *aware* of these qualities as you proceed through the novels. The fact is that as James grew older his delight in analysis and explanation got the better of his constructive sense.

Or of his peculiar handling of dialogue, especially in such a novel as *The Awkward Age*, can it be said that it is anything but exasperating to a reader who has not submitted to a special training in James? In the book just mentioned chapter after chapter is a mass of dialogue, in which the interlocutors seem to be aiming mainly at playing a game of mental hide-and-seek with each other and with the reader, defying each other to complete their broken phrases, to interpret their hints, demanding a "penny for their thoughts." One is tempted to cry, "Why don't you speak out?" The impression given is of something very portentous impending, until at last the mountain produces nothing but a mouse. Such dialogue may in a sense be nearer real conversation than that of most novelists; but then in real conversation we are helped out by the expression on our interlocutor's face, by his gestures, and a hundred other "imponderables" which are lacking in fiction.

Again, if James says that the complexity of his novels is but the complexity of life itself, might we not retort, "But it is the business, it is the *raison d'être* of art to be a simplification of life, an ordering of its chaos, an act of selection. It is its business to lay bare certain laws of life by clearing away the

tangle that conceals them; whereas you insist on presenting us with just this tangle?"

The fact is that James never seems to have realized that just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to make a novel—a writer and a reader. He seems not to have studied the psychology of the reader, except to appeal desperately to his power of attention. But surely it is part of the novelist's business to economize his reader's power of attention. Plot, emotion, simplification of life—these, the history of the novel shows to be the means to that economy; and these James rejects. But, on the other hand, how he sees the problem from the novelist's point of view! With what undaunted spirit he tries to push forward the frontiers of his art into unexplored regions! If, from the average reader's point of view, he failed, what a splendid failure it was! His earlier works (and some of his later) go to show that it proceeded not from lack, but from excess of competence. He burned his ships behind him. If Keats (or is it Shelley?) is the poet's poet, then James is the novelist's novelist.*

V

If James's later books are not, as a rule, good as novels, in what way then are they good? They are good because they contain in the midst of their endless hair-splitting and their preciosity, passages in which the innermost mysteries of personality are revealed with almost uncanny acumen and by the instrumentality of a literary style which for pure virtuosity is without parallel in our day. The late Emile Faguet said of Voltaire's work that "it is a chaos of clear ideas"; we might call Mr. James's novels a chaos of clear analyses of personality. There is no *nuance* of feeling or reflection that Mr. James is unable to distinguish from its neighbour; and it is in fixing these *nuances* that the marvellous virtuosity I have referred to best appears. We have noted how Mr. James

*Alluding in his Preface to *Roderick Hudson* to his concern with the most recondite technique of the novel, James says: "It is only by doing such things that art becomes exquisite, and it is only by positively becoming exquisite that it keeps clear of becoming vulgar—repudiates the coarse industries that masquerade in its name."

refuses more and more to give concreteness, clear definite outline and colour, to his action and characters; but the odd thing is that he tends more and more to put this concreteness into his representation of his psychological reactions, which he comes more and more to visualize, to convert into pictures. Moreover, there was in Mr. James from the first a poetical strain rare in novelists; it comes out, not merely in the style, but in the spirit, of a tale like *Daisy Miller*, which is as much an idyll as a domestic tragedy. What we get in the elder James is a strange, exotic compound made up of this poetic strain, this pictorial tendency, and this scientific analysis of personality. The tendency to write a novel as if it were a poem is represented by the following passage from *The American*: "She paused again, looking at him, and her mingled sound and silence were so sweet to him that he had no more wish to hurry her than he would have had to hurry the slow flushing of the east at dawn." Merciless insight combines with great pictorial gift to produce the picture of poor M. Nioche in the same novel: "M. Nioche('s eyes) . . . might have expressed the state of mind of an innocuous insect, flat in shape, conscious of the impending pressure of a boot-sole, and reflecting that he was perhaps too flat to be crushed." Who but James could have found this exquisite picture to express the delight of a cultured American girl living in an old English home: "To live in such a place was, to Isabel, to hold to her ear all day a shell of the sea of the past. This vague, eternal rumour kept her imagination awake." Or this one to express Lord Warburton's love for Isabel: "looking at her with eyes charged with the light of a passion that had sifted itself clear of the baser parts of emotion—the heat, the violence, the unreason—and that burned as steadily as a lamp in a windless place." Who could draw such a delicately ironical picture as that of Poupin, the French refugee in London, capitalizing his exile: "Poupin would be very sorry to be enabled to go home again (as he really might from one week to the other, the Republic being so indulgent and the amnesty to the Communards constantly extended), for

over there he couldn't be a refugee; and however this might be, he certainly flourished a good deal in London on the basis of this very fact that he so suffered from it." Who could have expressed the fears and foibles of simple minds, as James does in this passage from *The Spoils of Poynton*: "Poor Owen went through life with a frank dread of people's minds"; or in this from *The Princess Casamassima*: "Hyacinth had made a mental calculation of the time at which she would have risen from dinner; the operation of 'rising from dinner' having always been, in his imagination, for some reason or other, highly characteristic of the nobility." How many modern English novelists could rise to the following combination of keen observation, poetic fantasy, and rhythmic prose from *The Wings of the Dove*: "She had arts and idiosyncrasies of which no great account could have been given, but which were a daily grace if you lived with them—such as the art of being tragically impatient and yet making it as light as air; of being inexplicably sad, and yet making it as clear as noon; of being unmistakably gay and yet making it as soft as dusk."

These bravura passages are, in Mr. James's earlier works, usually indulged in only when the height of the subject calls for them. But there was always in him a tendency to express the meanest thing in the most magnificent manner. In his later works he gives this tendency full sway, with the result that he often produces an almost mock-heroic effect. For instance, in *The Golden Bowl* a gentleman suddenly discovers that "he had in him the spirit of the connoisseur." This does not seem a discovery of colossal human significance, yet it moves Mr. James to this exquisite passage: "It had been a turning of the page of the book of life—as if a leaf long inert had moved at a touch and, eagerly reversed, had made such a stir of the air as sent up into his face the very breath of the Golden Isles." Yet, in most such passages, just as in this one, we become so fascinated by the figure that we forget the first term of the comparison and therefore forget the incongruity. When we cannot do that, we often hesitate

between admiration and laughter, as in this extraordinary picture of Mrs. Lowder in *The Wings of the Dove*: "Susan Shepherd's word for her, again and again, was that she was 'large'; yet it was not exactly a case, as to the soul, of echoing chambers; she might have been likened rather to a capacious receptacle, originally perhaps loose, but now drawn as tightly as possible over its accumulated contents—a packed mass, for her American admirer, of curious detail. When the latter good lady, at home, had handsomely figured her friends as not small—which was the way she mostly figured them—there was a certain implication that they were spacious because they were empty. Mrs. Lowder, by a different law, was spacious because she was full, because she had something in common, even in repose, with a projectile of great size, loaded and ready for use. That, indeed, to Susie's romantic mind, announced itself as half the charm of their renewal—a charm as of sitting in springtime, during a long peace, on the daisied grassy bank of some great slumbering fortress." Mr. James will often pursue—especially in *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*—a pictorial analogy of that kind through all its logical ramifications, until at the end of a page or two we have utterly lost sight of our starting-point; it is the maincause of the difficulty of these books. Here is another gem from *The Wings of the Dove*: "It was her nature once for all—a nature that reminded Mrs. Stringham of the term always used in the newspapers about the great new steamers, the inordinate number of 'feet of water' she drew; so that if, in your little boat, you had chosen to hover and approach, you had but yourself to thank, when once motion was started, for the way the draught pulled you. Milly drew the feet of water and, odd though it might seem that a lonely girl, who was not robust, and who hated sound and show, should stir the stream like a leviathan, her companion floated off with the sense of rocking violently at her side;" and so on for a page, until we have forgotten all about Milly and Mrs. Stringham, and we are left with a vague impression that we are reading a story about two boats. Sometimes, on the other hand, both terms of

the figure seem to fit each other like hand and glove, as in the following from *The Wings of the Dove*: "Mrs. Condrip was quite a different thing from the mild Marian of the past; Mr. Condrip's widow expansively obscured that image. She was little more than a ragged relic, a plain, prosaic result of him—as if she had somehow been pulled through him as through an obstinate funnel, only to be left crumpled and useless and with nothing in her but what he accounted for."

Of course, the most banal side of this kind of style is bound to be preciosity—the tendency to periphrasis; and grotesque examples of this abound in Mr. James's novels. I have culled the following specimens. Instead of being told in *The American* that Newman felt like throttling a certain gentleman, we are informed that "he felt disposed to walk to him and clutch his neck with irresistible firm fingers and a prolongation of thumb pressure on the windpipe." The following reference to Sarah Pocock's propensity for lying might have been spoken by one of the *précieuses ridicules*: "Sarah had never refused to human intercourse that mitigation of rigour." James's people do nothing so banal as cable from Paris to America; this is what they do: "Again and again, as the days passed, he had a sense of the pertinence of communicating quickly with Woollett—communicating with a quickness with which telegraphy alone would rhyme." That the romance of moonlight walks is apt to be mitigated by the chilliness of the air is put thus: "Dinner and the subsequent stroll by moonlight—a dream on Strether's part of romantic effects rather prosaically merged in a mere missing of thicker coats." What is really gained by the following transformation of the simple fact that when Milly Theale went to interview the doctor he was attentive to her: "so crystal-clear the great empty cup of attention that he set between them on the table"?

These diseases of thought and expression—and I might have added specimens of James's other well-known disease, the tendency to long, involved sentences, were it not that specimens would be tiresome—are, of course, the usual nemesis of following that generally salutary admonition of his

to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost. Perceptions press in upon such a person until he is in danger of losing all sense of proportion and human value. In order to escape this danger we need to keep a firm grip of the complementary truth enunciated by Dr. Johnson in the celebrated passage of *Rasselas* where he states that it is the business of the poet to remark "general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest," but must "exhibit prominent and striking features," neglecting "minuter discriminations." Such a doctrine, if logically carried out, leads in its turn to the dryness and banality of neo-classicism; but it serves as a useful corrective to romanticism, which tends to concern itself wholly with "the streaks of the tulip." Did James, as he aged, come, by his pursuit of the *nuance*, to lose his grip of this central truth that the greatest literature, however exquisite, however subtle, deals with the normal, the representative? Those who like to call themselves classicists will say he did. The romanticists will appeal in his defence to Bacon's saying that there is no beauty without a touch of strangeness. But all competent critics of all schools will admit that there has passed from this earth a great talent, whose originality, conscientiousness, and moral refinement still await due recognition.

A. F. Bruce Clark

THE RECENT HISTORY OF GREECE

I. Up to 1914

GREECE, until the summer of 1917, has been in her national policy what her ancient Athenians were in their individual character, genius, and temperament: everything by starts and nothing long: mankind's epitome. And the irony of it is that while the classical scholars were indulgently smiling and saying, "true Greeks: the same race still: smart, shrewd, slim: courtiers and parasites: they show their origin better by their behaviour than they can ever prove it by ethnological evidence," the real offender after all, the man most responsible for all this shiftiness and mystery, is not Gounaris, or Skouloudis, or Kalogeropoulos, or Lambros, or the inevitable Zaimis, is not indeed a Greek at all, of ancient or of modern stock, but a Germanized-Russo-Dane, King Constantine; while conversely the one man who has never been a riddle or a sphinx, the one man who has been straight, clear, cool, fair and conciliatory, yet always most definite in his policy, is perhaps the truest Greek of all those concerned with recent Greek history: a Greek from the ancient island, where the Greeks created one of their earliest or actually their earliest civilization, where their chief god even was born and died, Venizelos of Crete. There is a man worthy, to say the least, of Ithaca: a second Odysseus, better than a second Ulysses; not only shrewd and calculating with the wisdom of the serpent, but also conciliatory and fair with the harmlessness of the dove. Twice, three times, possibly four times Venizelos has tried to do something for Bulgaria and has prompted Greece to generosity; he tried to get Kavalla—the rich port of the tobacco district east of Salonica—for Bulgaria in the spring of 1913, before the second Balkan war; he tried again in the spring of 1915, from January to April, in order to reconcile

Bulgaria after that second war; he tried again in the summer of 1915, even after Bulgaria—as we know now—was secretly pledged to Germany.

It is not his fault if that second Balkan war stank in the nostrils of all Europe, as a piece of scandalous mismanagement, bad faith, and greed; mismanagement by the Concert of Europe (by that embryo "League of Nations," to adopt the later phrase); bad faith by Bulgaria and Serbia; greed on the part of Greece.

Venizelos tried in 1913 to make his countrymen reasonable and to give Bulgaria one decent port, when they themselves had so many; he tried again in February, 1915, to make Greece and Serbia conciliatory and generous to Bulgaria, or to make them, if you prefer it, enlightenedly selfish.

His failure seems just another proof, if another proof be necessary, that there is no such thing in this world as enlightened selfishness; that it is a contradiction in terms; no man was ever honest because it is the best policy—and if he was he wasn't; least of all in the Balkans. Had they been really enlightened, truly politic, they would still be allied to-day, Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Roumania, and it is pretty certain that with such an alliance Serbia might even have defied Austrian invasion.

It seems perhaps a cheap thing to say that a little vulgar Christianity, a little common generosity and fairness, would have saved all these four states from the terrors that have since beset them. I am aware that Christianity is not always a sufficient manual of Foreign Politics. I remember—who indeed is likely to forget?—that even the great Cavour had his doubts of Christian politics, and dismissed Massimo d'Azeglio for his attempt to practise them; "If I had done for myself," said Cavour, "the things I have done for Italy, I should be a scoundrel." (Even Bismarck seems occasionally to have been susceptible to similar twinges of conscience.) It is a melancholy reflection for a great man to make and an honest man to hear; but, in spite of Cavour, it is pretty certain that a fair spice of Christianity in Greece's dealings with

Bulgaria, in Serbia's with Bulgaria, and in Bulgaria's with Greece and Serbia in the summer of 1913 would have paid all these states richly and probably would have averted the Great War itself.

And yet the only statesman in the Balkans who seems to have striven for a little vulgar Christianity in Foreign Politics was Venizelos the Cretan.

This man began his public life as a rebel in the mountains of Crete; a rebel against the Turks first, then against the Greek Commissioner, Prince George, who was ruling with a high hand. In the second stage of his career he was the diplomatic and tactful ruler of Crete. In the third (1910 and after) he became the tactful Premier of Greece, who reconciled those rebel officers who had seized power in Athens (like the young Turkish officers of Union and Progress, or young officers of more recent date in Spain) to King George and Crown Prince Constantine; who reconciled in turn the Great Powers of Europe to his strict handling of the islanders of Crete, yet never lost the affection of those islanders; who reconciled finally the mob of Athens to his conservative policy, yet never gave way before the mob; in short, here was a man who could steer a devious but safe and prudent course, like President Lincoln, amidst dangers of every kind and of opposite kinds; who never playing to the gallery yet kept the gallery quiet, and kept the officers in the stage boxes quiet too; to do as much anywhere needs character and genius, to do it in the Balkans is to work miracles.

Remember the general history of Greece and Venizelos becomes more and more admirable. Ancient Greece at its best seemed to more brutal but manlier peoples, like the Romans, too clever by half; too clever and—too mean, "the greatest, wisest—meanest of mankind."

These ancient Greeks were the domestic chaplains, the professors, the philosophers, the literary hacks of the nobles of Rome; upper class menials and cringing secretaries; Greece seemed born to black the boots of Roman barbarians, as she blacks the boots of the later Romans and barbarians of to-day

up the whole reaches of Yonge Street or St. Catherine Street. Odysseus and Pericles, we used to feel at school, might pass muster as gentlemen; but some gentlemen were not sure of Odysseus; at any rate the country was inherently weak and soon fell, after Pericles' days, into utter pacifism and materialism, in spite of or because of its intellectual pre-eminence, and collapsed in turn before the lumbermen of Macedonia and the trained soldiers of Rome.

It was clever enough to conquer its conquerors, and ultimately it gained from Rome the eastern portion of the Roman Empire and the city of Constantine (whence the names Roum, Roumelia, and Roumania still in use for two large blocks of that ancient Eastern Roman Empire); that city survived Rome as an imperial city and fell only to the Turks. The land of Greece itself was enslaved and overrun by Egyptians, Slavs, Venetians and Franks at various times and places; it was restored in 1830 from Turkish rule by France, Russia and Great Britain; it recovered later the Ionian Islands from the hands of Mr. Gladstone; it was the favourite protégé of all the classical scholars of France and Great Britain in the good old days when classical scholars were the statesmen of western Europe, from Byron and Canning down to Gladstone; and it was the protégé not less of the Russian Empire, which owes its church to Greece.

Greece has had considerable luck also in her more modern history, for just as the classical scholars passed out of date and power, and just as the House of Commons came into the hands of Premiers whose Latin is not rusty so much as raw,* just at that same time the democratic spirit of Greek politics—the Greeks are the very parents of free thought and free speech in the world; whatever else they cannot do, they can at least think and speak freely—made Greece popular with the modern democracies, with modern France and Great Britain, even as she had been popular with the previous and better educated generations of French and British voters and statesmen.

* One of them is reported to have translated Mr. Asquith's quotation of *Vox populi vox dei* as "Wait and see."

And so Europe always saves Greece from being hurt. In 1897 she fought Turkey again and was again beaten fighting alone by herself; but Europe intervened and gave Thessaly back to her by way of consolation. It was this unlucky war which indirectly brought Venizelos first upon the stage of Greek politics. The ex-King Constantine fought in that war of 1897 as Crown Prince and Generalissimo. The British in Athens used to say in 1910 that the Prince had fought well enough but his men badly; in any case he was beaten, and about ten years later, when Crete could not join Greece on account of Europe's veto, and Turkey was starving Greece by a trade boycott, the general discontent of the country permitted a group of officers, as in Portugal since, to seize the government and dismiss the Crown Prince from the army and drive the King into seclusion (1909-1910). This was in 1909, and they held power till the autumn of 1910 when they invited Venizelos from his island of Crete, which wanted to join Greece but could not. He came and made peace all round and restored the King and Prince to their natural places, and faced resolutely the populace of Athens, who demanded a constituent assembly but received only a revision of the constitution.

In 1912 he made an alliance with Bulgaria and Serbia against Turkey, but the jealousy of Greeks and Bulgars in Macedonia was so acute that it was not possible to decide beforehand how the division of Macedonia should go if the war succeeded. It seems likely that the larger part should have gone to Bulgaria. The hinterland, that is to say, is chiefly Bulgar, though it would pass the wit of man to so delimit it as not to give offence and cause individual injustices. The coast, on the other hand, is Greek. The Greeks are the English of Macedonia, the seafaring and commercial class; the Bulgars are just dour, solid, silent peasants and farmers, like the Bœotians of ancient Greece; other people have called them the Scotch drovers of modern Greece; they call themselves—ominously but apparently with good reason—the Prussians of the Balkans. The Serbs also had various settlements in

Macedonia, in the north especially. There are Albanians there too, and there are Vlacks or Wallachs, that is, Roumanians; and all these nationalities had little in common except hostility to Turkey. To complicate the question yet further, three, at least, of them were engaged for years before 1914 in making artificial "settlements" in Macedonia, and setting up artificial schools and conducting a lively propaganda otherwise in order to bolster up their imperfect title. The same bewildered peasant of Macedonia learned on successive days from electioneering agents, equally loud and positive but wholly contradictory, that he and his were pure Greeks in origin, pure Serbs, and pure Bulgars, though many Macedonian peasants are obviously of a very mixed strain.

That war of 1912 against Turkey went swimmingly, but unfortunately for Bulgaria she took many of the hard knocks and did much of the beating of the Turks, while the Greeks at their leisure pushed a mere retaining army, a handful of Turks, away from their port, and advanced on Salonica. They took it from the south, fortunately for themselves and Europe, a few hours before the Bulgarians took it from the north; just as the Serbs also captured Monastir in southwestern Macedonia before the Bulgarians could shake off the Turks in front of them to get there. Bulgaria, that is, did much of the work and lost the two Macedonian plums; she even lost ultimately the third plum, the Thracian city of Adrianople, after putting it into her mouth and getting her teeth into it.

Peace was signed at London on June 1st, 1913, but no division of Macedonia was made, the ambassadors at London only mediating between Turkey and the Balkan allies and not between the Balkan allies themselves; and Austria in particular being bent on not mediating between these warring friends, being bent rather on making mischief between them, and already designing—as we know now from Signor Giolitti—to make war on Serbia.

And now it was in the spring of 1913 that Venizelos worked hard to get consideration for Bulgaria and the port of Kavalla

and the tobacco country behind it; but Bulgaria wanted Salonica also; she wanted Monastir too, and was entitled to Monastir by the terms of her treaty with Serbia, and Serbia when she made the treaty had been willing. But Austria and Italy (then closely allied) objected to Serbia staying in Albania, where she had captured the port of Durazzo on the Adriatic. Austria wanted the Adriatic. Italy wanted the Adriatic. Neither was willing to give Serbia a port and outlet on the west for her landlocked people. Serbia argued that she had only meant to resign southern and western Macedonia to Bulgaria, and to resign access to the Ægean Sea via Monastir and Salonica, if she gained instead, as she had gained for a moment, access to the Adriatic. Bulgaria retorted that there was no such "if" in the bond; and actually there was not. Russia tried to mediate, but Bulgaria is not a Slav state strictly; it is a Turanian or Finn state, more akin to Hungary in race though the language is Sclavonic. Bulgarians are not as close to Russia in race or character as the Serbs are. Accordingly they did not trust Russia; besides, Russia had kidnapped their first king, Alexander of Battenberg, in the '80's and this chicken now came home to roost.

And worse. By this time (June, 1913) King George of Greece, who was a cautious man and had seen life's ups and downs for monarchs, and had succeeded a king expelled from Athens by his people for autocracy, and had himself spent some months in the seclusion of a political rest-cure imposed on him by disaffected subjects, had just been assassinated in Salonica (March, 1913) and Constantine was king in his stead.

The Bulgars did not trust Constantine or did not trust, perhaps, Venizelos' influence with him. Nevertheless their Government protested their willingness to arbitrate, while almost all Europe, and Great Britain most of all, sympathized with them and declared that it was a scandal and that Bulgaria deserved better treatment.

And then before arbitration began something happened. The Bulgarian Headquarters Staff and General Savoff, without declaring war and without, as Europe then generally

supposed, the authority of the Bulgarian Premier, attacked the Serbs by night (June 29th, 1913) in order to hurry the Russian arbitrators and give Europe a lesson in promptness, but above all in order to get possession of the two disputed cities before going into court to litigate about them. Possession, I am told, is nine-tenths of the law with all earthly tribunals, but most of all with such slow moving courts as the Hague and the Concert of Europe; *beati possidentes*; it is likely to be a difficulty perhaps even with the League of Nations, when it is founded.

The treacherous night attack fortunately failed, by a stroke—not too common in this world—of poetic justice. The Bulgarian Government forbade their General to risk a second battle, but the Russians protested, the Roumanians invaded the Dobrudscha, the Turks tore up the treaty of London before the ink was dry, and recaptured Adrianople from the east and south, the Greeks pushed the little Bulgarian force in front of them farther away from Salonica, and the unhappy country had in a moment four wars on its hands as punishment for its breach of faith and its midnight attack, and its compliance with Austrian mischief-makers.

It could hardly have been worse off, it might seem, if it had continued fighting, but its Government refused to do so and went to Bucharest and signed an ignominious peace which left it without southern or western Macedonia, with a diminished portion of the Dobrudscha, without any large city in Thrace, and without any Thracian seaboard except a bad strip of beach and marsh and open roadstead, running from the eastern corner of Kavalla to Enos (September, 1913). No wonder that Bulgaria was ready in 1914 to make almost any alliance against Serbia or against Greece or against Roumania.

No one knew at the time, I think, just where the then King or Czar of Bulgaria stood in this apparent collision between the Commander-in-Chief and the Premier, whether he was behind the Commander-in-Chief and equally to blame. It was a matter of suspicion only, while against the Premier

no one knew anything then or for months afterwards; it was not till the Athenian White book of 1917 appeared that the whole people of Bulgaria, through its Premier and Government, were implicated in the offence committed by the Bulgarian army in the treacherous midnight attack.

The then Czar—Ferdinand—has been always a difficult man to place. He is what is picturesquely termed a sob-artist; he can shed tears at will; he can control his voice as musically as the birds, whose study has been one of his scientific hobbies; and with the same scenic effect with which he manipulates his wardrobe he can let his voice break at the right moment; he is a most competent actor; perhaps, for that reason, most convincing and persuasive to his very undramatic and inarticulate subjects, who found in him every art and every parlour-trick they lack themselves; and as a first-rate actor he must always have been strongly drawn to a stage manager so accomplished as the Emperor William.

The peace of Bucharest was signed in September, 1913, and Bulgaria had to sign a further treaty of peace with Turkey soon after relinquishing Adrianople.

Obviously Europe should have interfered and put the Turks out, but the Concert of Europe—even had it been a concert instead of a discord—was like the Hague Tribunal; it had no international police with which to carry out its decisions (the crux still to be faced by the League of Nations).

Great Britain, perhaps, could have used her fleet against Turkey, but it is not Sir Edward Grey's way to take chances and adopt heroic remedies; he tried always to carry the Concert with him. The Concert could have prevented the Balkan wars altogether, but they procrastinated and dawdled and gained time while they lost opportunity. They interposed in earnest just when it was too late. Later, they could have righted the second Balkan war, but they were not united. Some of them wanted to give Kavalla to Bulgaria, but the German Emperor said "No," and the King of Greece thanked him in September, 1913, for that "Nay," and said that Greece owed her victory to him. It is the only incident, I think,

belonging to 1913 which had a bad omen in it for the Triple Entente. The Concert, in fact, did nothing for Bulgaria in 1913 because Germany was unwilling, yet the same Concert had already ordered Greeks and Serbians out of Albania on December 20th, 1912, because Austria and Italy were anxious to get them out.

Austria had actually mobilized and spent a fortune, without fighting (mobilization did not necessarily mean war in 1912). Austria had even proposed to Italy—we know now—to make a joint attack on Serbia as early as August, 1913, a year in advance of the actual attack. Serbia and Greece had already retired from the Albanian coast without fighting in accordance with the treaty of London, signed on June 1st, 1913, but drawn up, so far as the Adriatic and Albania are concerned, in December, 1912.

In short, the Concert of Europe, because it was no concert, first stole Serbia's prize, the coast of North Albania and her outlet on the Adriatic; then by disappointing Serbia drove her to steal Bulgaria's prize, Monastir and south-western Macedonia; and then allowed Turkey to steal Bulgaria's other prize, the city of Adrianople. The Italo-Austrian policy of controlling the Adriatic between them threw the Balkan states at each other's throats, and wore them out against each other, and was apparently designed to leave them helpless and exhausted against the time when Austria should be ready to advance again to Novi Bazar and then through Serbia to Salonica.

This is the sort of crafty Macchiavellian policy which the Germans impute in this present war to Lord Grey of Fallodon. Any one who reads the history of the Balkan wars will find nothing of the sort against him; will find, in fact, no criticism to make, unless it be that the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his passion for peace, was careful always to act with his European colleagues, and never took his courage in both hands and ventured to interfere alone, to help Serbia on the Adriatic or Bulgaria on the Ægean against Austrian, Italian, and German protests. The critics cannot have it both ways.

He was a man of peace at any price during the Balkan wars; even in July, 1914, he said frankly that he was still so, so long as the war was to be a Balkan war and did not involve western Europe. He made even the assertion that Great Britain had no "direct interests" in Serbia; an amazing assertion, it seems to-day, in the light of Monsieur Chéradame's researches and the New Europe's papers and all the light thrown on Germany's eastern ambitions; nevertheless, the Minister made it and was, it is to be assumed, almost as indifferent and as ignorant as the rest of us about Germany's aims via Salonica and Constantinople. At any rate, like the rest of us, he was just disgusted and shocked but not otherwise concerned with the second Balkan war. He would, no doubt, have interfered to punish Turkey and to restore something to Bulgaria, but he had not the Concert behind him and he had Germany and Austria against him. "Why should not these nations fight each other if they want to fight," said the cynical, Austrian Minister, and Europe bowed to his suggestion. History has punished the Minister, as she usually does, by carrying his idea further than he intended. The other day the subjects of Austria were fighting each other, Italians against Germans and Czechs against Hungarians, as the Balkan Allies fought each other, under Austrian instigation.

MAURICE HUTTON

WHEN THE GREENS OF THE FIELDS ARE SHOT WITH GOLD

When the greens of the fields are shot with gold,
Gold of the western sun,
And the silences hidden echoes hold
And wondrous meanings unfold,
There's no more to be done,
Then peace is won.

Then peace is won and the heart is unbound,
Unbound from an ancient care,
Then dreams unseen and songs without sound
May thousandfold be found
In the gold of the air,
Gold everywhere.

Gold everywhere and a deepening shade,
Shade of the dying sun,
When these for the coming night are laid
With its royal stars inlaid,
There's no more to be done,
Then peace is won.

EDWARD SAPIR

THE PRICE OF PAPER

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE JOURNALISTS OF CANADA

GENTLEMEN OF THE FOURTH ESTATE:

FOR many years I have been an interested spectator of your Sisyphean labours. To a certain extent I have even shared them. Except the school-teachers, no class in the community toils harder than you do. Every day, or every night, the same inexorable task confronts you anew—namely, x number of columns to be filled with something, somehow, before a fixed, unyielding hour. No matter how you feel—sick or sound—your task is the same. Year in, year out, it never varies. There is no such thing as getting ahead of your work. It is always prodding you in the back with the bayonet of necessity. You work under constant high pressure. At best, it is exciting, but it is always detrimental to comfort and the nerves. If you are employed on a morning paper, you must lead the life of nocturnal animals, and turn night into day. According to my observation, the journals of Canada are undermanned and the staffs are underpaid. As a rule, one man does two men's work, but not for two men's pay.

The worst of the evil is because our journals are afflicted with the curious, childish, universal rage for bigness, for mere size—megalomania. The "management" brags of the number of columns, the number of pages its particular journal contains. It bids the intelligent public observe how much pork it gets for a shilling; in other words, how many square yards of printed matter it receives in exchange for two cents. The *reductio ad absurdum* is seen in the Sunday editions of the Gotham press with their various supplements. I have a vision of a New York club on a hot Sunday morning and men in arm-chairs buried under avalanches of paper, and the floor

littered with "reading matter." It is the cap-sheaf of extravagant stupidity.

I may be wrong, but I seem to see a way of escape from the slavery you endure—a way to a saner, happier, more influential journalism. I offer it for what it is worth in all sincerity. Hear and perpend, ye over-worked Brothers of the Fourth Estate.

War is—well—what Sherman said it was. It has sent the Cost of Living sky-rocketing. Amongst other commodities, it has forced up the price of print-paper all over the continent, and consequently the cost of producing the journals. Newspapers complain of the paper-makers, and I think I saw that one of the latter with the suggestive name of Dodge had been prosecuted. Instead of injury, the higher price of paper may work a beneficent revolution in journalism. On this wise.

Reduce the Size of the Paper.

There is no reason why papers should be so big. There are many reasons why they should be small. They can be made smaller (and I think they *should* be made smaller) with immense advantage to the owners, the journalists, and the general public.

Begin with the Padding.

Cut out the boiler-plate cartoons from the U.S.A. joke-factories. They simply make ugliness a cult, and so far from being printed, they should be burnt by the common hangman. It is not merely that they are vulgar; they are consumedly sad—even in the best of times, provocative of tears. In war-time, they are more depressing than an *Entente* defeat. The mere omission of this nauseous stuff would brighten any paper.

Cut out the "Beauty Hints." Canadians are beautiful enough as it is. Also "What the Scullery Maid Told Maud." It is probably scandalous. Cut out the "Health Hints." Once a school teacher who was giving her class some lessons in elementary hygiene received this note from an anxious

mother: "Please don't tell Jane any more about her insides. It makes her proud."

The joke-column might well be jettisoned next. Canadians are not naturally witty, like the Irish. There is too much Scotch in them. They joke with difficulty. The alleged jokes are not only dull themselves, but the cause of the dullness that is in other men; for other men repeat them to unoffending citizens.

Cut out all the syndicated stuff—talks, travelogues, etc. —all the slush and gush imported from South the Line, all the columns run by Aunties, Uncles, Cousins This-and-That, and all the other old grannies. If we can't manufacture our own silliness within our own borders, let us do without, at least for the duration of the war.

Cut out the pictures of actresses, movie-stars, murderers, etc., especially the pictures of our Canadian athletes. Publishing their pictures only swells their conceit. It is an unpatriotic practice.

So much for the padding: it is not "news" at all. It should have no place in a *news*paper. By cutting it all out, I estimate that the average journal might be reduced one-quarter.

Now for the legitimate news and comment part, the real essential journal.

A great saving could be made in head-lines. The Canadian reading-public is made up of sane—surprisingly sane grown-up men and women, not children, or mentally defectives, or lunatics. They do not need to be screamed at daily in huge "scare-heads," made more terrible by dripping red. Head-lines are necessary, but there is measure in all things. By retrenching head-lines, I estimate that one-eighth of the remaining space could be saved to the benefit of the reading-public's nerves and temper. The vice of head-lines is that they tell you everything. A busy man says, "I just glanced at the head-lines this morning." They told him everything. The solid matter underneath would often give him scarcely

one new fact. Cut out the one or the other. Both are not necessary.

Cease to expand the cables and telegrams. During the war it was very amusing to read, for instance, the official *communiqué* from the front and then the reporter's version of it.

Cut out all letters except those to which the writer will sign his own name. An unsigned letter in the press is usually the stab of a coward. Anything fit to be printed should be signed. All this nonsense from "Disgusted Liberal" in a Conservative paper, or from "Lifelong Conservative" in a Liberal paper should cease at once; also the paragraphs that thoughtful self-advertising persons send in about their own doings.

By these economies, the swollen Gargantuan newspaper might once more fulfil its original function. It might give the really interesting local and foreign news on one page, with the editorial comment in a couple of columns, at the outside, and devote the rest of its space to advertising, etc. No "display ads.," of course. A four-page sheet, well arranged, well edited, freshly written, honestly handled would be a boon to any community. We are always talking about how busy we are. This would be a busy man's newspaper.

My suggestions are not so very wild. In the history of Canadian journalism there are two conspicuous examples of small newspapers succeeding even in money-getting. The first is *The Evening Telegram*. It began as a four-page paper. Every business man in Toronto read it, because it gave him all the news he wanted to read in brief, accessible shape. Ross Robertson re-wrote every news-item with his own hand, so that no reader of his paper could say, "I saw that in So-and-So." I cannot recall that it ever gave anyone a beauty hint. It was a business man's paper, and it was a gold mine for the owner.

The second instance is *The Acadian Recorder*, which has been running since 1813, more than a century. For a large part of that time, it has been under the management of

one family. It has seen many ambitious papers rise and fall. It goes on its steady way, an old-fashioned, four-page, blanket sheet, coining money for the Blackadars, and read by everyone in the North End. Not a "feature" in it.

A little while ago, an ex-brother of the guild, Fred Hamilton, let the cat out of the bag. In an article in THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE he communicated the discovery he had made, after leaving the profession—the discovery, namely, that the intelligent public has no respect for its journals. Even in the matter of reporting news, the journals of to-day have not the freshness and interest which Storrow Brown, the "rebel," showed in *The Vindicator*, and they simply cannot approach Joe Howe's news-items in *The Nova Scotian.*

The trouble is too much work, covering too much space, for too little pay. The remedy is, reduce the size of the paper, so checkmating the producers of pulp. Give the intelligent public of Canada a sane newspaper, without sensation, without "magazine features." This would mean that the news could be properly written up, properly arranged and edited (some of our newspapers are about as orderly as a rag-bag), and some leisure would be left the editor to study public questions, acquire some fresh ideas, and write his views in a convincing way.

Let us see which journal will have the originality to take in sail. A Greek proverb says that a big book is a big evil. A big newspaper is a big bore.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, that you may have more pay and less work, through this measure of war-time economy, is the earnest desire of

Your sincere well-wisher,

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

CANADIAN FORESTS AS AN IMPERIAL ASSET

IN the light of war experience, one is not called upon to argue the value of forest supplies to a belligerent nation. The grave predicament in which the Allied armies on the Western front would have been placed had Britain's home timber supplies been their sole reliance is not to be contemplated with comfort. Had France been unable to thrust into modern warfare at a day's notice the powerful, perfectly organized weapon of great national forests, no display of generalship or human fortitude would have availed against the German onrush. It is not surprising, therefore, to find not only in the British Isles, but in the overseas dominions a remarkable quickening of public interest in forestry policies, and new determinations that, despite the lethargy of the past, the notorious shortcomings common to the whole Empire shall not be imposed upon the future.

It may be that where the plodding foresight of the French and German sylviculturist for a century past missed the Anglo-Saxon completely, the picturesque mass-play of forestry battalions in days of war will be the means of forcing the importance of national forest management upon his peace time policies.

Of a certainty, the citizen who persists through these grilling years in his traditional contempt for national supervision of timber production invites catastrophe upon his country even if nothing worse than a *trade* Armageddon lie before us. But there are bound to be considerations of physical safety taking priority to trade. In any future war, the conduct of military movements will depend probably, even more than in 1918, upon an unfailing supply of timber materials, which in turn must be anticipated far in advance by national forestry organization, with public sentiment and

public resources patiently upholding its programme. We have lived through the unprecedented spectacle of nations mobilizing not only fighting men but women and boys, factories, mines, railroads, forests, and farms. Where shall one discover another such unprophesied enterprise as the transfer of 10,000 woodsmen from Ontario and Quebec and British Columbia to the forests of the United Kingdom and France? Or could one parallel in military history the hewing down of 30,000 French trees every day, and the transfer to the fighting front of 200 million board feet of timber a month?

To the British observer it may appear at first sight that the forests of Canada are but distantly related to the timber supply problem of the United Kingdom. In all treatments of this subject which the present writer has read, the probability of Canada engaging more extensively in the British timber trade is subordinated to other schemes having Russia, Sweden, and Norway as their forefront and reliance. Admittedly these countries have in their favour a very much lower freight charge, and none will dispute that Russia, in particular, with 1,200,000 square miles of timber lands, is competent to stand the strain of any conceivable demand.

The Forestry Sub-committee of the British Reconstruction Committee has, however, struck a new note in its recent report. It has ventured to consider the possibilities of a larger trade in timber with Canada, and goes far in suggesting practical steps toward that goal. The effect of the report in Canada almost certainly will be to demonstrate to the Dominion and Provincial forest administrations that timber conservation has suddenly taken on a serious imperial aspect, demanding an immediate application of scientific guidance and statesmanship such as would redeem some of our overseas forest policies from their present low estate.

The main object of the Forestry Sub-Committee, naturally, is the planting up of suitable areas in the United Kingdom so as to overtake in time the great discrepancy between coniferous timber consumption and home production. But the best-favoured planting scheme demands patient waiting

and heavy investments from the public treasury, either through direct payment for planting operations or by readjustment of taxation methods. Meanwhile timber must be had in undiminished quantities, and that means importation from mature forests beyond the British Isles.

It is one of the odd developments of the war that the forests of Canada were outlawed for military requirements by the need of eliminating timber cargoes from the shipping lists. For the greater part of the war period more ships were being used for timber than for any other British import, and this continued long after American wood cargoes were cut off. Canada, therefore, was obliged to content herself with sending forest labour in place of forest materials. The exceptions are to be found in a considerable export from Canada of chemical derivatives, such as acetone, used as a solvent for the fibres in high explosives, and the Imperial Munitions Board's demand for 125,000,000 board feet of Sitka spruce (*picea sitchensis*) for aeroplane construction. (Only 15 to 20 per cent of a spruce log is accepted for this purpose.) There has been at least one other tangible contribution to the Imperial cause: I refer to the undoubted development of public sentiment on forest conservation, the new determination of the governments to antidote the havoc of forest fires, and the slow dawning—not more as yet—of the rudiments of sylviculture in treatment of forest properties.

Meanwhile the past attitude towards Forestry, or "conservative lumbering," of most wood-using industries in Canada may be summed up in the old phrase, "Say nothing but saw wood." Much wood has been sawn, without doubt. The country has dipped deep into capital account and imperilled the sources of future interest. In a broad sense, this was inevitable. The forests have fallen victim to spread-eagle estimates, in which the lumberman was victimized quite as much as the public administrator. Scarlet calculations were wholly unopposed until very recent years; need one be surprised that public and private forest policies dragged at the tail of the procession? Our pioneer fathers' enmity for the

blockading tree trunks stuck fast. We were at no time world travellers and students of foreign procedure. We did not see that timber possessions attend the highest state of civilization, and in the most efficient nations of Europe are the more jealously guarded as pioneer days recede.

Though we may have paid the price in a diminution of the rich supplies of standing timber, the unhampered exploitation of the forest resources has undoubtedly had many and mighty compensations. Lumbering, our most widely distributed industry, has opened up countless productive agricultural and grazing areas, and has supplied winter employment for tens of thousands of farmers through their first attempts at field crops. Lumbering has always been the country's greatest employer; it is a greater wage distributor, and, with pulp and paper making, holds more capital than any other Canadian industry. Faith in Canadian potentialities has in this matter been correctly founded. The development of her natural resources is Canada's obvious path to prosperity. True, we have diverted much time and capital to not a few industrial exotics, but that has a fashion of correcting itself periodically. The manifest starting point of a young nation such as Canada is to seek to specialize in the least crowded field, to carry to market those wares that are subject to minimum competition. For instance, eighteen years ago, Canada's paper sales to the United States were just $122. The pulp and paper exports in 1918 exceeded $60,000,000, and the main reason for this phenomenal growth is that Eastern United States forests have "pinched out," or water powers have failed or risen to excessive cost, whereas in Canada, there remained that happy trinity for paper industries: wood, water powers, and transportation.

The industrial position of the pulp and newsprint paper mills in particular is not surpassed by any achievement of the United States. The point of apprehension, therefore, is not that the Canadian manufacturers of wood products need fear the ordinary tides of competition but that the supplies of accessible forest materials may prove unequal to the

demand. This is no longer a mere sour speculation. Lumber companies have been forced in many instances to face total depletion of timber supplies, particularly white pine, while even some more recently developed pulp companies are not a little handicapped by a failing source of accessible spruce wood. Corroboration is found in the constantly ascending price of timber limits, particularly in Eastern Canada, the advancing of Government dues as fast as old agreements expire, the reduction of "estimated" timber stands on much of the public and private lands as accurate cruises are applied. This not only presages a dilemma for many industries which cannot survive a greatly increased cost for long hauls on their wood, but it materially restricts development of new industries and curtails the country's advantages in foreign export. The latter is of exceeding importance, for our exports of forest products have overtopped every other manufacture except the temporary output of munitions. To maintain and improve the nation's export business is the most pressing concern of our financial statesmanship. Is it too much to ask, therefore, that the examination of the various factors in export trade of pulp and paper and lumber should show some penetration, and that our national government, taxing its brains over creating post-bellum exports, might with profit give some attention to the living forest that lays the largest of our export eggs?

The vital importance of forests to Canada cannot well be overstated. This seems so obvious that one would expect to find forest management a highly organized and advanced function of all governments these many years. Two-thirds of the Dominion is incapable of producing other than timber crops. Of the 163 million acres of Alberta, for example, not more than thirty per cent. are capable of cereal production, and in 1915 only 6,000,000 acres were actually tilled. Quebec had a hundred years start in agriculture, and yet but nine out of 200 millions of her acres are under farm; nor can that ratio ever be seriously reduced by agricultural expansion. Nearly seventy per cent of New Brunswick is fitted by natural

conditions for timber-growing, and for that alone. But forests, however vital to national existence, are backward political advertisers, and public policies in Canada have in a marked degree been formulated not primarily from scientific considerations but from respect for political consequences. Neglect of the forest breeds no consequences of such a sort; dead timber lands tell no tales.

Notwithstanding all the unmatched lethargy in the rudiments of public forestry, it is fortunate that no Canadian Government made the supreme blunder chargeable to the people of the United States of parting with the control by outright alienation of four-fifths of the republic's timber lands. Not more than five or ten per cent. of the ground title in the whole forested area of Canada has passed from the Crown. It is true that more or less self-perpetuating leases of the most accessible timber growing on the Crown lands have been granted to hundreds of private corporations, but the State still retains the whip hand of a leasing system. This most fortunate restriction, from which no government since the days of the French seigneurs has deviated except for railway grants, reserves to the Canadian people ample power to impose whatever conservation requirements immediate or future public needs may dictate. The United States lacks this weapon, except upon about one-quarter of the national forest domain, although on that quarter the Forest Service has applied the nucleus of sylvicultural management. As to the power of a Canadian Government to revoke a timber cutting license, this is not exercised except for flagrant breach of regulations; and over much of the licensed area official supervision of operators is yet so slight as to make the operator's conscience the main crutch for statutory observances.

Although in all civilized lands forest materials enter into the processes of production to an amazing extent, some nations, as the United Kingdom, manage to maintain commerce even with the handicap of importing seven-eighths of all wood materials used. Canada, however, maintains foreign

trade in normal times on the strength of primary products, and the products of the forests occupy a place in the export trade of Canada second only to those of agriculture. In the fifty-one years since Confederation, the values of various classes of exports have been as follows: Agricultural products, $2,010,298,011; animal products, $1,743,974,236; the forest, $1,418,568,514; the mine, $849,845,443; the fisheries, $485,-298,526; manufactures, $898,623,720; miscellaneous, $20,857,-806; total exports, $7,427,466,256. Our agriculturists, producing cereals and live-stock, are prolific wood consumers, employing about six times as much building wood per capita as the European farmer. Our fishermen rely upon cheap wood supplies for their fishing fleets, their boxes, barrels, and buildings. The coal mines of Nova Scotia and Alberta stand helpless without pit props. To meet the thousands of producers in the irrigated sections of Alberta is to recognize one of the foremost services performed by the forests of the eastern slopes of the Rockies, that of maintenance of stream flow. Not only, then, is the forest in Canada to be identified as the supplier of the lumbering and paper-making industries, but in its contributory relations to all other natural resources and forms of development it is an absolutely essential balance wheel.

The total area of forested lands in the Dominion is approximately four hundred million acres. As to timber contents, British Columbia tops all the provinces with about three hundred billion board feet, one-half the amount of timber growing in the whole country. Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Alberta, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba rank in the order given. Canadian forest conditions to-day, however, represent a strong modification of those existing even a century ago. At the time of the Napoleonic wars, Canadian soil under plow crops formed a trifling contrast to the vast regions of untouched timber. Always we have had the barrens of Ungava and the far-reaching profitless tracts sweeping north-westerly to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where only petty vegetation thrives. The treeless

prairie, then as now, almost devoid of trees, covers a triangular shaped wedge extending from eastern Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, the apex penetrating 260 miles north of the international boundary, on the North Saskatchewan River.

Had not forest conflagrations enjoyed such prolific liberties, had we been poorer fiddlers and better firemen, by far the greater part of the Eastern Dominion to-day would lie under rich crops of pine and spruce, our ability to compete in the United Kingdom with Baltic timber would have been far less handicapped, export trade to the United States would have been vastly amplified, and no part of the commercial organism of the nation could have avoided profiting from larger sales and larger profits on a well preserved and more accessible natural asset. Probably two-thirds of the original inheritance of forests have gone the useless way of flames. Lumbering, extensive as it is, has played a minor part in the reduction of wood supplies until recent years. Settlement, likewise, is a trifling factor, except in respect to the valuable hardwoods which have been practically cleaned out, so that we buy most of our oak and ash from the United States. The Ontario and Quebec forests are probably not thirty per cent as well stocked as in 1800, although settlement even now occupies less than five per cent of the total Quebec area. In 1850 Manitoba's wood contents were enormously in excess of those of to-day, a fact due to fire ravages, not to commercial exploitation. One need only produce the finding of government forest surveyors that in the tree-covered belt of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta (25 million acres in forest reserves alone) not more than 13 per cent of the trees are over 8 inches in diameter and not 5 per cent are as old as 100 years; or that one piece of completely stripped non-agricultural land in Saskatchewan measures 7,000 square miles. One forest fire was found to have run 450 miles across the province of Manitoba. This impoverished state of the prairie province forests is not due to adverse climate, soil conditions, or insect or fungous diseases, but to absence of

fire prevention. We have the authority of the Dominion Director of Forestry that the Prairie forests should produce as good timber as Sweden. British Columbia also has suffered extraordinary losses from timber fires. The finding of the Dominion Commission of Conservation is that twenty-two times as much timber has been lost to British Columbia by fire as has been cut for use. Two-thirds of the area adapted to producing timber is not now productive.

By these unfortunate records one may know that we have mimicked the conduct of nearly all inexperienced, well-endowed democracies. Australia killed her forest legacy with a thoughtlessness and speed to which Canada by sheer good luck can have no complete parallel. The early history of the United States was no better in conservation respects than our own. A source of wealth laid at a nation's door, ready-made, without any pains or costs of planting—real manna from the skies—is apt to come within that proverb: "Easy come, easy go." There was not until ten years ago in Canada more than a remote and academic knowledge of that science of forestry which treats timber lands not as a haphazard crop of ungovernable weeds, but as a distinct corporation of nature, subject to peculiar laws of reproduction and perpetuation, and delicately responsive to culture as to vandalism. Market conditions, above all, are the torches that light or dull the way for conservation. The first dose of forestry in the ears of Canadians sought to impose a German forest development scheme—outright Socialism as applied to exploitation of natural resources—upon Canadian timber land. Though we might borrow many lessons from German forestry, the general application of European methods was so obviously premature in our present stage of development as to alienate some of the sympathy of commercial rule-of-thumb lumbermen. There are coal and copper mines in the wilderness of Canada of vast value *if* connected with a market. Similarly we allow more fuel to go to waste in the wake of lumbering operations than would supply every home in the Dominion with a year's cordwood. Your German and French forester

markets his faggots because his market is at his elbow. Cut down ten elms and seven oaks in almost any part of England and bidders will be found for everything from the roots to the crown. Try such a thing in Canada! One may easily find his packages of faggots 100 miles from the nearest town, with no means of transport or else with costly railroad rates, and a trifling demand from townspeople, already over-supplied, or perhaps spoiled by the habit of burning imported coal. Fancy utilizing branches in British Columbia where Chinese labour costs $2 a day and $1.25 extra for board, or in parts of Ontario where axe-men are being paid this year as much as $70 a month and board! Is it any wonder that in Canadian lumbering operations, 35 per cent of the tree is left in the forest?

Readers acquainted with the conservative handling of forests in Central Europe may well take issue that the Governments of Canada have cut their forestry pattern according to immediate economic styles, and have foresworn true forestry by disregarding the future. One may easily contend that corporations, limited in life and outlook, created to produce profits, ought not to be the sole arbiters of a public-owned resource which by its very nature should be a perpetuating asset and is bound to go to ruin by purely selfish exploitation. The history of white pine, intrinsically the finest commercial wood we have, gives point to the contention that our public conservation policies are gauged by transient considerations. Present stands of white pine are a miserable fraction of their vast extent in, say, 1800 to 1825. The Canada of that day, sparsely settled, with no "Great West," offered a meagre home market for timber. Lumbermen operating in New Brunswick in 1825 shipped 425,000 tons of squared pine as well as great quantities of shingles, staves, masts, and spars, to Liverpool and the United States. Pine was then the great staple of the lumber market. To-day, not ten per cent of a New Brunswick or Quebec lumberman's cut is white pine, so drastic has been the depletion. Only in Ontario does white pine preponderate in the annual cut,

and that will not be for long. One of the largest Canadian lumber firms, once exclusively in the white pine trade, is floating to its mills to-day about 5 per cent white pine, representing accurately the contents of the limits. While it is true that the members of the firm are making more money from the inferior white spruce than their grandfathers did from pine, their fortune would be trebled were the white pine in existence to-day. Those owners of the few remaining stands of virgin white pine are usually keen supporters of conservation, and have brought their holdings within well-protected fire zones.

As white pine passed from the centre of the stage, the spruces exhibited increases in values defying all prediction. Not only was spruce called upon for moderate priced saw timber, but a quick expansion of the pulp and paper manufacturing industry put pressure upon the spruce areas to the extent of three million cords a year. Paper-making woods in all probability will never return to old market levels. In 1905 the Quebec Government placed on sale a number of timber berths and obtained therefor an average price of $111 a square mile. This average has constantly ascended until in 1917 the average price became over $440 a square mile. The common-sense necessity of protecting these rising timber values has had an effect in Quebec particularly of imposing commercial pressure upon the Provincial Government for improved fire prevention laws, and has banded Quebec limit-holders together to protect a forest area of 70,000 square miles, two-thirds of the accessible commercial timber contained in the province.

Every sign of the times points to advancing values not only for staple woods but for those for which only an inconsiderable market now obtains. Few are inclined to doubt that a profitable use will yet be found for every tree species in the Dominion. Our great need is research and experimentation, and upon that we have made a beginning with the Forest Products Laboratories located at McGill University, Montreal, and administered by the Dominion Forestry

Branch. Wood distillation holds promise of utilizing not only wasted by-products of ordinary forest operations, but woods for which the present offers no market. One may well enquire, why should not Canada take front rank in this impending expansion of forest industries? The efforts of the Government to cultivate at least an acquaintance with "the idea of Science" is winning support as the purpose and details become known. Experimental Laboratories have been set in operation for British Columbia's wood-using industries, to absolve them from the embarrassment of borrowing their scientific data on their local woods from United States sources. From the important angle of scientific study of the Canadian forest and the most advantageous practices of sylviculture in various districts (so as to offset the present rapid deterioration of the timber lands by non-scientific, old-fashioned systems) the Dominion Advisory Council for Industrial and Scientific Research has recommended the establishment under the Dominion Forestry Branch of experimental logging tracts in several more or less distinct locations so as to determine the most advantageous plans of forest management for commercial application. The Commission of Conservation is already at work on similar investigations in forest reproduction. Even more recently the impetus to fuller utilization of our natural resources has brought about investigations of railroad logging, and hauling by tractor in Eastern Canada; this in itself offers an avenue to great expectations. Except in British Columbia nearly all wood is floated from the forest to the mill. Not only does this involve a percentage of loss through the sinking of balsam and spruce, but it constitutes a barrier against the utilization of hardwoods such as birch, maple, beech, poplar, which cannot be floated long distances without heavy "sinkage." This unfortunate discrimination against the hardwoods is fast upsetting the normal supremacy of conifers in the forests of Eastern Canada, replacing the great commercial species of the past and present with hardwoods of merely secondary value. Cutting operations, as now con-

ducted, tend to undermine the essential materials of the nation's wood-using industries, and nothing but improved means of transporting hardwoods by rail or tractor, plus a wider market through research and experimentation and encouragement of special industries (as wood distillation), will supply a natural solution to this perplexing development.

Forests, in Canada or elsewhere, are not a constant quantity, as is an undeveloped silver mine. To withhold them from commercial use doubly defeats the aims of the conservator, for an unused forest wastes its mature stock and handicaps its young growth. A forest is a living organism, a massed battalion in Nature, demanding special discipline and subject to unique laws wholly apart from the aesthetic programme of the arborist. The ruinous consequences of our neglect of all such technical necessities of a living timber land, and an insensibility to the amazing inroads of forest fires, have taken a very drastic toll from coast to coast of Canada. Although Canada has had a united national government for more than fifty years, and provincial administration in Eastern Canada for a great deal longer, Ontario and Quebec and New Brunswick are not yet aware, except in approximate fashion, how much timber they own, how much has been lost, the areas and location of barren lands, and such other matters of inventory as obtain in any well-ordered business house. This condition is in the way of being remedied by surveys projected or in actual progress. Nothing, of course, would have forced a state examination of the forest conditions—so drowsy had we grown on the lotus of the "inexhaustible"—had not commercial operators suddenly been awakened to a dangerous set of circumstances. For example, the "drives" between the timber limits and the mill have been growing disturbingly long. Most of the logs coming to the great paper mills near Ottawa require at least two years to travel from the forest to the "grinders," with about ten per cent loss through sinking. Then, too, the old-fashioned bushman's boast that a Canadian forest can be cut over every 30 years for pulpwood, producing a like quantity at each cutting, has

been exposed as a piece of moonshine. In at least the St. Maurice Valley of Quebec, now under careful investigation by the Commission of Conservation, spruce trees will not grow to legal size for cutting much under 175 years. The latter takes account only of an unregulated forest and is not applicable, necessarily, to what might be done under sylvicultural treatment. One need only have compared the huge logs in the drives of Eastern Canada of thirty years ago to the diminished specimens floating by to-day to realize the absurdity of the "every thirty years" theory. Forests take a great deal longer to reconstitute their timber values after cutting than most observers seem to think.

The age-long plague of annual forest fires, happily, is being abated. British Columbia has organized a forest service of considerable dimensions, capable of keeping the fire hazard within reasonable bounds. Organization has improved protection as well on the great areas entrusted to the Dominion Forestry Branch chiefly in the three prairie provinces. Ontario, which holds about seventy million acres of forest, profited by the drastic lessons of the 1916 Claybelt fires, when 223 lives were lost and 800,000 acres were swept clean by flame, and now employs more than 1000 rangers with the accessories of "lookout" towers, trails, telephone lines, motor cars, etc., which ought to guard against any major catastrophe.

Quebec, impressed by the necessity of maintaining the great pulpwood industries, has developed extensive fire prevention systems covering about the whole of the accessible timber lands. Annual losses in Quebec give promise of steady diminution. New Brunswick, with belated alertness, is preparing not only to oust the fire waste from the greatest of its natural resources, but to take a step beyond any of the Eastern Canadian provinces by effectively supervising the cutting of timber. Nova Scotia, paying a serious penalty for prodigal treatment of its timber wealth, is now committed to fire protection, although replanting and state forestry work are yet below the horizon.

The most immediate and insistent need in Canadian forest administration is fire prevention. This is primarily a matter of educational propaganda, which receives for the greater part unenthusiastic attention in administrative quarters. Every year our losses run to millions of dollars, reckoning only the merchantable timber, and without a dollar's allowance for the resultant deterioration of the forest type. In the face of such lamentable facts, it is hard to treat even good-naturedly the casual admonition for wholesale *reforestation*. True, Canada has large areas that should be planted up, but what shall one say to the following illustration from the pen of Mr. R. H. Campbell, Director of Forestry? "Almost everyone who discusses the forest situation in Canada asks: What are you doing in reforestation? Yet the same men will go out in the forest and drop a match or a cigarette stub, and in one fire burn up more young trees than could be planted in twenty years. A fire in Southern Manitoba this year (1917) destroyed 600 acres of vigorous young growth. To replant this would cost probably $10 per acre, or $60,000, and would require 600,000 young trees. Solely as a result of the inefficiency of a forest ranger, one fire in another place ran over 14,000 acres. To replant this would cost $140,000 and take 14,000,000 young trees. Similar cases might be cited all over the country."

ROBSON BLACK

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

"I OUGHT to have been, among other things, a good poet," wrote Thomas Lovell Beddoes in the few lines to a friend in which he took farewell of the world he was voluntarily leaving; and the words were true. Morbid, ineffectual, irresolute, ever wandering on the confines of madness, his genius yet left adequate witness, in a few songs, a single drama, and some scattered fragments of works never completed, of its genuine originality and of its rare and subtle qualities. But for the strange blight that withered his every undertaking before it could come to maturity, he might have been, it would seem, a great lyrist and dramatist. He remains, however, to us mainly as the poet who "ought to have been"—a pathetic, lonely figure, living in restless exile, out of harmony with his times and remote from the sympathies of his fellow-workers—choosing at last that easeful death with which his melancholy soul had ever been half in love.

Had early success in his art been his, Beddoes' poetry would have bridged over that curious gap in the history of English verse which lies between the death of Shelley and the publication of the first works of Tennyson and the Brownings. Born in 1803, he was educated at the Charterhouse, and later went to Oxford. To literary ability he might have had some claim by inheritance. His father was a noted physician, with scientific ideas far beyond those of most of his contemporaries, who wrote books and pamphlets on medicine, science, and politics. His mother was a sister of Maria Edgeworth. An Oxford undergraduate of eighteen, already permeated through and through with the spirit of the great Elizabethans whom he had lovingly studied while yet a schoolboy, Beddoes published in 1821 his poem, "The Improvisatore"—remarkable as a boyish performance,

though of no intrinsic value. In the following year appeared "The Bride's Tragedy," in which the prevalent bent of the young poet's mind and his mastery over blank verse were clearly shown. Oxford has ever been somewhat step-motherly to her poet sons, and the complete indifference with which his work was received there may have discouraged his too vacillating spirit. With a lofty conception of the dignity of a poet's calling, Beddoes combined, as we see from many passages in his published letters, a constant and painful distrust in regard to his own powers. His was that weak self-depreciation, that μικροψυχία which, as Aristotle taught, does more damage to the man who would attain to excellence than all the over-confidence of self-conceit. At all events, no other poetry of Beddoes was given to the world until after his death. Of the many plays which from time to time he projected, only one, "Death's Jest-book," was completed; and it is from this strange, fantastic medley that we must now guess what would have been his success as a tragic dramatist had his genius been capable of sustained effort.

Having definitely abandoned the profession of letters for that of medicine, Beddoes lived henceforward chiefly in Germany and Switzerland, dividing his attention between physiological investigations, for which he showed great ability, and vague schemes for political revolutions, for participating in which he was of all men least suited. During his few visits to England it was his eccentricity rather than his talent that was apparent to his compatriots. The story of the amazed policeman who detected him in an attempt to set fire to the Mansion House with a ten-pound Bank of England note seems to be authentic. Fantastic, lonely, subject to violent fits of depression, his life went on till 1848. In the autumn of that year, while in a state of deep melancholy, he wounded himself in the leg. The injury would have been slight, but he repeatedly tore off the bandages until amputation became necessary. Later, with the cunning of madness, he feigned to have given up all intention of suicide; but the

first use he made of his recovered strength was to procure that strange and terrible poison kurare; and when found by his physician he was dying from its effects.

Beddoes' fame rests on his lyrics and the posthumous drama "Death's Jest-book," to which reference has been made. This latter is a singular and fascinating work, encumbered by faults of construction, but rich in passages of exquisite versification, and inspired throughout by an imagination extraordinarily wild, luxuriant, and beautiful. The play has no unity save such as is given it by the ever-insistent, haunting presence of Death. Death is the real hero; seldom is he off the stage, and always is he present to the imagination. As we read, we move among scenes of crime and revenge, of plots and counter-plots, conscious ever that the one reality among all these shadows is this inevitable, dominating Fate. Perhaps no other poet has wrought the stern fact of man's mortality into such mingled shapes of terror and beauty. There is a recurrent morbid insistence upon the gruesome changes of the tomb; there is the expression of the baffling sense of the mystery of the parting of soul and body; but there is also a tender brooding over the infinite peace that falls on him who has laid aside the burden of the flesh. Death's ineffable quiet is deepened by the contrast with the mad whirl of crime and hate in which the living are tossed. It is over the body of the treacherously murdered Wolfram that this dirge is sung:

> If thou wilt ease thy heart
> Of love and all its smart,
> Then sleep, dear, sleep;
> And not a sorrow
> Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
> Lie still and deep,
> Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
> The rim of the sun to-morrow
> In eastern sky.
>
> But wilt thou cure thy heart
> Of love and all its smart,

Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then above, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

This same Wolfram reappears later in the play as a ghost, being called back from the dead by his murderer, who once had been his friend. Unrecognized by all save him, the dead man takes his place among the actors of the drama, and this mingling of the dead with the living has a singularly lurid and bizarre effect. One of Beddoes' best known songs, as weird and grotesque as a Gothic gargoyle, "Old Adam the carrion crow," is sung by this returned shade, who declared he heard it from a snaky mermaid in Phlegethon, "one May-morning in Hell." But it is this same ghost, too, who proclaims the perfect beauty and sweetness of death. Disguised as a monk he tells Sibylla, the lady of his love, of her coming fate:

O woe that I must speak, for she who hears
Is marked for no more breathing. There are histories
Of women, nature's bounties, who disdained
The mortal love of the embodied man,
And sought the solitude which spirits cast
Around their darksome presence. These have loved,
Wooed, wedded and brought home their moon-struck brides
Unto the world-sanded eternity.
Hast faith in such reports?

SIBYLLA. So lonely am I
That I dare wish to prove them true.

WOLFRAM. Dar'st die?
A grave-deep question. Answer it religiously.
SIBYLLA. With him I loved, I dared.

WOLFRAM. With me and for me!
I am a ghost! Tremble not, fear not me.
The dead are ever good and innocent,
And love the living. They are cheerful creatures,

And quiet as the sunbeams, and most like
In grace and patient love, and spotless beauty
The new-born of mankind. 'Tis better, too,
To die as thou art, young, in the first grace
And full of beauty, and so be remembered
As one chosen from the earth to be an angel;
Not left to droop and wither, and be borne
Down by the breath of time. Come then, Sibylla,
For I am Wolfram!

SIBYLLA. Thou art come to fetch me!
It is indeed a proof of boundless love,
That thou hadst need of me even in thy bliss.
I go with thee. O Death! I am thy friend;
I struggle not with thee, I love thy state;
Thou canst be sweet and gentle, be so now,
And let me pass praying away into thee,
As twilight still does into starry night.

Beddoes has sometimes been described as a mere imitator. That he followed closely in the steps of the Elizabethan tragic writers is apparent to the critic almost at a glance. Webster, Ford, Marston, Tourneur—he owes a debt to each, nor does he seek to conceal it. But what strength is needed even to bend the bow of one of that generation of giants! And Beddoes at his best moments rises to the level of his great models. He has not the intense emotional force of Webster, not has he Ford's gift of subtle and sympathetic psychical analysis; but his work has a sweetness and a grace, mixed with something of Celtic mysticism and remoteness, peculiar to him among English dramatists; while his versification has at times a melody and a purity of diction not unworthy of Shelley. In spite of its confused plot and the somewhat wavering outlines of most of its figures, "Death's Jest-book" was no insignificant legacy left to the world by this shy and fanciful singer of old, unhappy, far-off things.

If we must, nevertheless, admit that his one mature drama, with all its weird charm, remains rather a mass of fragments than an organic whole, in his lyrics Beddoes can

be enjoyed without making any such reservation. Here, too, he is an Elizabethan born out of due time, yet in his songs is a sweet and penetrating note that is all his own. For the most part, his characteristic melancholy determines both the theme and its treatment, but whenever the gloom lifts he gives us verses informed by a delicate and almost playful fancy, expressing itself in language of delightful piquancy and quaintness. For an example of clarity and sweetness of tone, take the opening stanza of "The Two Archers":

> At break of bright May-morning,
> When, triumphing o'er dark,
> The sun's inspired lark,
> All sprites and spectres scorning,
> And laughing at all creatures' joys
> Who could not hang and dive and poise
> In their own web and flood of noise,
> Dropped out of his heart's treasure,
> The sunbeam's path along,
> Sparks and dews of song,
> As if there were no pleasure
> But to rise and sing and fly,
> Winged and all soul, into the sky.

One wonders, as one recalls his lyrics, that they should not be more popular, or at least more appreciated by the discerning, than they are. Their feeling is so fine and so genuine, their diction is at once so simple and so masterly, that it would seem that no anthology of English verse should leave Beddoes unrepresented. There is something crystalline, jewel-like, in the best of these songs, such as "Dream-pedlary," and the dirge beginning "Let dew the flower fill"; while it is but seldom that his love of the weird and the uncanny mars his music by a discordant note.

To appraise with precise accuracy the worth of Beddoes' genius would be a difficult task. His published letters show the refinement of his literary sense and the earnestness of his artistic convictions, not less than the eccentricity and irreclaimable waywardness of his nature. Never was great

wit more closely allied with madness. If he must be judged by his actual achievement, his place will not be lofty among the poets of England. But to those who are sensitive to the delicate charm of his strange, wild fancy, there will always hover about his verse the shadowy suggestion of what he "ought to have been." To his honour we recall that he never paltered with the lofty ideal of his art, which as a mere boy he had set before himself. If he buried his talent in a napkin, at least he never was guilty of letting it out to the money-changers. His aim was high, though his hand may have lacked the nerve to speed the arrow to the mark. Men of lesser ability, undazzled by the vision of beauty that distracted him, and untroubled by the hesitation and self-distrust that were his bane, have brought far more to pass; but who shall judge between the merits of their facile successes and the tragic failure of this life-long defeat? Morbid, and half-crazed as he was, we can yet think of Beddoes in the familiar words of Milton's mighty prose as "A poet soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him."

ELIZA RITCHIE

AN EAST AFRICAN ELEPHANT HUNT

STORIES of the chase of the elephant are commonplace enough. It is not often that a Canadian has the opportunity of following it, however; so perhaps this, and the fact that the particular hunt it is proposed to describe did not result in a kill, will lend a touch of originality sufficient to justify its description.

Having completed a ten months tour in the hot and unhealthy, but splendidly interesting, Nile Province of the Uganda Protectorate, I was ordered to report at the capital, Entebbe, on Lake Victoria—or Victoria Nyanza.

About two hundred miles of this journey were to be accomplished by water and, roughly speaking, two hundred by marching. Capt. "C.," of the K.A.R. (since killed in this war), was returning at the same time, so we decided to remain together throughout the journey and seize every opportunity to get in touch with some shooting.

From Nimule to the north end of Lake Albert we each had a steel boat in which were our belongings, servants, and a quota of sailors. These and two others filled with natives were towed by a launch. Five days of this brought us to the Victoria Nile.

The population along the banks had been removed by the Government on account of endemic sleeping sickness, and here was an opportunity to see if any had returned; so I decided to examine it as far up as the Murchison Falls.

Having reduced equipment to a minimum and taken "C." on board my boat, we cast loose. Three days rowing took us to the falls, whence we returned to Lake Albert and in five days reached the Marine Station Butaiba. We took a day to arrange for porters there. Three days march landed us in Masindi, the journey being varied by the long climb of the escarpment east of the lake and the traversing of the

Budonga Forest. At Masindi we changed porters and two more marches brought us to the Kafu River.

During all this journey we had many hunts at our various camping places and our bag included Bush Buck, Reed Buck, Water Buck, Cob, Hippopotamus, and Crocodile. I think hippopotami and crocodiles are more numerous in the Victoria Nile between the Murchison Falls and its entrance into Lake Albert than anywhere else in the world. We had also been on fresh lion and elephant tracks, and had heard their roarings and trumpetings but had not had time to follow them up.

As it was near the Kafu River that we encountered elephants, I will now extract from my diary.

"Dec. 3rd. We decided to make only a short march. A mile took us to the Kafu River, and about two and one half miles south of it we made camp. On the way I digressed to stalk a herd of about twenty male Cobus, but did not get one. While engaged in this, several Reed Buck and Oribi were sighted. Near the river it is quite open country, but we are camped just beyond where open bush scrub starts. We needed meat for our Safari (125 souls), so "C." and I set out in different directions to fill this want. I only saw four Reed Buck, one of which I got, while "C." bagged a Cobus and two Oribi.

"In the afternoon the local chief brought news that about four miles further on there was a herd of elephants which had been in this neighbourhood for some time and was continually devastating the shambas (gardens). We will follow them up to-morrow and hope for some luck. It has been warmer to-day, but after my long sojourn in the hot Nile country I enjoyed the recent coolness. It is a beautiful Sunday night, nearly full moon and clear as crystal.

"Dec. 4th. It is only 10.30 a.m. yet the day has been eventful. We arose at 5.30 a.m. and sent the boats off, "C." and I leaving at 6.15 a.m. Not far along we met the chief, who told us that the elephants were near, and shortly afterwards—having covered only about two miles—we found break-

fast ready and laid out by the road-side. We 'fell to' seriously, not knowing when we would get any more food. We could see a banana shamba about a quarter of a mile to the east of the river, and they said the herd was in or near it. We then saw to our rifles and ammunition. "C." had a double-barreled .400 and a .275 which his orderly carried. His other orderly had my .256 Männlicher. I had also a bearer with a single-barreled .500 and my cook Ferraji, with a double-barreled .450, my favourite rifle. My plan was to take the first shot with the .500 and then quickly transfer it to the cook who carried the ammunition for it, and take from him the .450 of which I had the ammunition. I would thus have three shots within a few seconds with plenty in reserve, while in case of need the cook could pump in the .500.

"The shooting of females is prohibited, but in view of the fact that they were destroying a shamba at the moment we had an excuse to do so if necessary, though we wished to avoid this if possible. It was known that the herd consisted mainly of females, but natives reported some good males.

"We had two trackers, the chief, two orderlies, my cook and gun-bearer, another porter and our two selves in our little army, so that given anything like good ground we should have a kill. My hunting has usually been done alone, so that to-day one felt there was a large element of safety in the number of guns and even in the number of our party, as in the event of a charge the elephants might only follow one or two.

"We then sallied forth, the trackers naturally in the lead. We passed the shamba and soon heard trumpetings ahead. The beasts were moving on slowly, so that it was some time before we got near them. The whole country was intersected with their tracks and many of the trees were freshly broken. Soon we heard the crushing of branches, the rumblings of their bellies, and further trumpetings. We threaded our way nearer with every sense in a high pitch of alertness. Then came a sign from a tracker that he could see them.

"There was scarcely any wind, and what little there was came in gentle puffs from various directions. Stealthily we went on. Soon about sixty yards away we could distinguish several in and behind a clump of high bush. Inspection for a short period led to the conclusion that they were all females. This was on native evidence, for I confess I had not seen any tusks distinctly, and these are the rough criterion on which decision as to sex usually rests in hunting. Those of the female are thinner and straighter, and are also of a finer texture, and bring a higher price. Presently they got our scent and rushed off. I felt rather panicky for a moment, but they did not come in our direction. Fortunately their sight is not as good as their scenting powers. We then made a détour, and waited for a time in the hope that a more favourable wind would arise by which we could track with a little more safety. The grass had hitherto been reasonably short. Our trackers had gone on. Again came trumpetings and the crushing of branches from several directions. In order to place them more accurately I climbed a tree, but could only distinguish one in the bush about three-hundred yards from us. During this halt we became quite brave again and many light sallies in conversation were indulged in. Soon the trackers returned and a light breeze having sprung up we again took up the trail. We soon realized that we were near them and a little later saw several. As far as we could make out they were all females. Before we could satisfy ourselves on this point thoroughly, a crashing noise was heard in our right rear. The elephants we had been watching became disturbed, and one came for us with ears out; there was a lot of noise and all our party ran. I hesitated to do so, thinking I could preserve my self-respect better by sheltering behind a high ant-heap; but my cook, on whose judgement I relied, forbade it peremptorily, so we too fled along a different track from the others. After a dash of about two-hundred yards we realized that the elephants had gone off to one side, so cut across through the long grass and joined the others. Only then did I realize that all the fuss had been caused by a second herd coming up on our right rear and

charging in our direction. We had been in grass six to eight feet high which made running difficult. This grass kept with us for the rest of the hunt.

"After a hasty discussion of the situation we made another advance, keeping to the right of the herd. We soon came on them again, and again they were among clumps of large bush surrounded by long grass. We spotted several. It took some time to decide that they were all females. I personally only saw the tusks of one. We then advanced stealthily to the shelter of a bush about twenty-five yards from them, and more or less satisfied ourselves that it was a female herd. This was difficult to establish, and took some time, as their tusks hung low and were only seen when they moved. There were probably thirty or forty of them, perhaps more. We withdrew a little and had just decided to leave them and trace some others when they realized our hostile presence. Trumpeting began and a rushing. We all fled hastily. I became aware that some animal was pursuing me, and was on the point of throwing myself flat in the grass to one side when I summoned up enough courage to look behind and found it was only my cook protecting my rear! Our speed was limited inasmuch as we had to follow irregular tracks where the grass had been trampled down by elephants. Nevertheless we stuck to it grimly and presently came on Captain "C.," thoroughly blown. He had only time to announce that the rush was over when a tremendous angry trumpeting burst forth not far behind us, whereupon our retreat was resumed. These terrible trumpetings of rage when animals are on one's trail would inspire most men with fear, and my respect for renowned hunters mounted considerably. I ran until nearly breathless, two 'boys' with me. I still had the .500 rifle but discovered that the cook was nowhere to be seen and he had the cartridges. We had no idea where all the others were. Then another terrifying scream sent us off again. We made excellent speed until nature indicated that a short rest was necessary. Nothing disturbed us here, so in a more leisurely and dignified manner we set out for a place of greater safety. We had

always to keep in mind the possibility of running into another herd. We soon heard rally calls from the others and presently "C." came up. He had been somewhere behind and to the right of me, and had slacked off somewhat latterly. Our experiences were hastily recounted, and then we had the men with us shout for the other followers. In a short time they rounded up all but the chief who joined us later on the road. I had expected some casualties, but luck had been with us. It had now to be decided whether we would resume the chase. "C." felt it would be unwise although he would do so if I wanted to. I felt it would be most unwise and the orderlies and others agreed with this; unwise for the following reasons: they were certainly almost all females, some with young. The grass was too high to examine them well, and they were both alert and savage. Captain "C." told me later that he knew them for about the fiercest herd in the country, but had thought it wise not to state this earlier. He has had considerable elephant experience and had once before been charged, though in the safer short grass country. He considered this his most exciting hunt, though it was a bloodless battle. We therefore cut across to the main road and soon got back to camp and the comfort of a long chair and a cool drink. If it had not been for our decision not to shoot a female we could at any of the three places where the herds were encountered have shot one, and the chances were that the others would have run up wind and away from us. It is the delay of examining them in unfavourable country which largely makes the danger."

Though I had not had a wide experience of elephants before this, I had shot two without any difficulty, but in many subsequent hunts I never thoroughly shook off this experience.

Since this was written, the Uganda game law has changed and the restrictions on females are not absolute.

Elephants still exist in very large numbers throughout the Protectorate, and are very well protected. They seriously ravage native plantations in many districts, and it is permitted to kill one under these circumstances. It is regrettable that the most common reason for doing so, however, is a pecuniary

one, for the tusks bring Rs. 7.50 to Rs. 15.00 a pound and often run over one-hundred pounds each, though that is a very good size.

After the first feeling of elation at effecting a kill, one feels oneself to be a sorry vandal at having taken a hand in depleting so noble a species—one of the few giants of the prehistoric age which have survived to our time.

R. E. McConnell

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

A LUCKY chance, in the course of last summer, put me in possession of what seems to be an unpublished document, of interest not only in itself but also because of its historical and personal associations. It is a very human composition, intensely characteristic both of its author and of his age, and showing what things were most present to his mind when, after a long and troubled life, he came to prepare for death. He had played a considerable part in the ecclesiastical quarrels of his country in the days when Scotland, after settling her own Reformation, took up the challenge of James the Sixth, and strove to convince him and others that Presbytery was more to the mind of the Scottish nation than Episcopacy. In the long war of Kirk and Crown the people of Scotland were generally on the side of the Kirk; and though the struggle was in point of form mainly about methods of church government and church order, yet the principles involved called forth the devotion of a succession of Scotsmen who, each in his own way, contributed to the extinction of the doctrine of the " Divine Right of Kings " some three centuries before it disappeared the other day in Germany. Of these men one was the Reverend Andrew Duncan, Minister of Crail, whose life runs almost parallel with that of King James himself. He incurred the King's displeasure for the part he had taken, along with other contumacious ministers, in the unlawful Assembly at Aberdeen in 1605, and in punishment for his rebel words and deeds he was more than once imprisoned, like so many others of his kind, and banished "furth of the realm." But all that failed to shake the serene confidence with which he expressed himself when he came to die; and so Andrew Duncan's "Last Will and Testament" may now be read as a fitting epilogue to the stirring drama of his troubled life.

The main facts of Duncan's career are known, and will be found set forth in Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanae* (ii, 2, pp. 416-7). The authorities given there include a reference to a Manuscript Life by Robert Wodrow; and having ascertained that this Life is not contained in the "Selected Biographies," or in the volumes published by the Maitland Club (1834-5), or the New Spalding Club (1890), I applied to the Librarian of the University of Glasgow, who kindly forwarded to the British Museum for my use one of the little quarto volumes (No. xiii) in which Wodrow has written out with his own hand his "Collections upon the Life of Mr. Androu Duncan, Minister of the Gospel at Crail in the Shire of Fife." Such interest as attaches to this paper may, therefore, be enhanced by the fact that I am able to give, for the first time in print,* important parts of Wodrow's narrative as leading up to Duncan's "Last Will and Testament," a document which, so far as I have been able to ascertain after fairly exhaustive inquiry, has altogether eluded notice until now.

The reader ought perhaps to be reminded here that Robert Wodrow (1679-1734), Minister of Eastwood, near Glasgow, was one of the most industrious chroniclers of the Church in Scotland, and a strong partisan of Presbytery. In 1722 he published his best known work, "The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution"; and twelve years afterwards he died, leaving behind him about one hundred and fifty manuscript volumes—note books, sermons, letters, biographies, miscellanies, and historical material of all sorts. His life of Duncan bears witness on its first page of having been begun 2nd February, 1731; and as the next life is dated 19th February, we may infer that the industrious Wodrow consumed at least part of the intervening days in compiling his account of

* This statement seems to be negatived by a rather careless note in McCrie's "Life of Andrew Melville" (2nd edition, 1824, vol. ii., p. 295), the substance of which is repeated by Dr. Scott in his *Fasti*. But all that the author means by "printed Calderwood" is, not that some later edition of Calderwood had drawn on Wodrow's MS. Life of Duncan, but merely that he had discovered in that MS. the same matter that appears on the pages cited in Calderwood's History. Calderwood's folio volume had, in fact, been one of Wodrow's principal sources.

Duncan, and in writing it out in a hand which I am glad to think (so far at least as this biography is concerned) no one need ever again try to decipher. My study of his work enables me to corroborate the judgement passed on Wodrow by the editor of the Maitland Club volume (1834), who speaks of the inaccuracy of his extracts from Calderwood, his "careless and incompact style," and adds that "the disease which at length carried off the author also impaired his ability for literary exertion for a considerable period before his death." Some evidence of this last point is furnished by the corrections that have to be made in the very first sentences of his Life of Duncan, as quoted below; and it may be noted that these manuscript errors are found corrected in a transcript of Wodrow's volume by another hand (Vol. ii in the Glasgow collection).

Wodrow had in Andrew Duncan an excellent subject for a biography. The headings of the various paragraphs into which he divides his life are in themselves sufficient indication of the stirring times through which his hero passed. In the margin of the introductory paragraph appear the words "His Character the Voucher of his Life." The opening sentences follow: "Altho Mr. Duncan's life requires a much longer and more circumstantial account than (m.s. that) I am able to form of it, yet being as it were marked out for the butt of persecution by (m.s. but) the Bishops, and called to suffering upon several pretty public occasions no things relative to him are preserved [other?] than as to several of his contemporaries and fellow-sufferers in this period. He was a man of learning, great piety, and much boldness for what appeared to him to be the cause of truth, and of Christ, and his zeal did not cool [but rather] grew as his sufferings abounded. We have reason to hope the aboundings of the consolations of Christ in proportion to his sufferings was the glorious spring of this."

The next sections deal with Duncan's birth, "about 1560" (just after John Knox had returned to Scotland), and his education at St. Andrews. "It is probable," says Wodrow,

"that Mr. Duncan was born about the beginning of our Reformation, and he lived to see the beautiful and scriptural constitution of our Church in worship and discipline very much reformed." At St. Andrews he "had the advantage to be for four years under the instructions of Mr. Andrew Melvil": in James Melville's diary he is singled out for honourable mention, along with Mr. John Malcolm of Johnston, as having become a "grait student of Theology" and a "special professed friend of Mr. Andro." In 1580—the year in which Andrew Melville was installed as Principal of the New College at St. Andrews—we find Duncan a "Regent" of the University, i.e., a member of the teaching staff. "From the Bible and him" (i.e. Melville), says Wodrow, the young graduate "drunk in those principles to which he adhered afterwards with the greatest closeness and constancy." By this time the Presbyterian order had been definitely established; it was expressly ordained that Bishops were not to be allowed, and formal denial was made of the claim that either King or Parliament had any right to say what the Church should teach or how it was to be governed. This provoked reprisals, and when James got his Parliament to declare that the King was the Head of the Church, and that he had the right to appoint Bishops, Andrew Melville was "forced to fly to England," taking with him a testimonial from the University, to which Duncan had subscribed his name (1584). Duncan afterwards "attended upon the lessons of Bishop Adamson," in connection with which Wodrow writes as follows: "Mr. Calderwood observed in the year 1584 that he and other students observed many false citations the Bishop made in his discourse upon the King's supremacy, his favourite subject, and when they consulted the History and passages pointed out as vouchers they were disappointed. At this time after the Bishop had examined Mr. John Robertson, afterwards a worthy and useful Minister, and Mr. Andrew Duncan, he said to the King one day, with a great oath, which was too common to them both in their conversation, that if that enemy to lawful authority (Mr. A. Melvil)

had remained here another half-year he had pulled the Crown off your head by his seditious doctrine, for he taught that Kings are by election of the people. Mr. Duncan, however, after gave practical proof of his regard to kingly authority." (Calderwood viii, pp. 272-3).

From St. Andrews Duncan passed to Dundee, then the second city in Scotland, and became Rector of the Grammar School there, *Moderator Scholae Deidonanae*, as he was called in the sounding Latinity of the time. Wodrow is not quite sure of this fact, though it is otherwise established; he cannot understand how Duncan could have had the time to write such learned books as those which are credited to the Dundee schoolmaster, and which obviously give its classical tone and colour to Duncan's English style—*Grammatica Latina* and *Scholia in Rudimenta Pietatis* (Edin. 1595), and *Studiorum Puerilium Clavis* (Edin. 1597). But he inclines to regard the identification as probable on the ground that "many ministers, as we have seen, were sometime before employed in public schools, and Dundee was a flourishing one." In these Latin studies Duncan showed himself a fit successor of George Buchanan, of whom we are told that he once served as Chairman of a Committee to fix on one Latin grammar for the whole of Scotland—probably the first instance in history of the demand for "uniformity of text-books!"

The date of Duncan's ordination at Crail Wodrow wrongly gives as 1590, which would certainly leave too short an interval for his scholastic activities at Dundee. It is now established from the parish records as having been September, 1597. Next year we find the following characteristic entry in the Records of the Presbytery and Kirk Session of St. Andrews. Those who know the district will easily be able to imagine the kind of February storm that kept the Minister of Crail from covering the nine miles that separated him from the meeting at which he was due:—

> "Feb. 15, 1598(-9). The whilk day, after the incalling of the name of God, Mr. Andro Duncan, who suld have maid the exerceis and Mr. William Murray who suld

have added being absent be ressoune of the storme, thairfoir Mr. George Gladstanes, lest the place suld be destitute, occupyit the samyn whois doctrein was censurit and allowit."

Five years before Duncan's settlement at Crail, in 1592, James had accepted an Act that is often referred to as the Magna Charta of Scottish Presbyterianism: it "ratified the liberty of the true kirk" to such an extent that the King himself could now be excommunicated for disobeying the "will of God" as interpreted to him by the ministers. A later enactment, passed in the very year of Duncan's ordination, has an important bearing on his subsequent fortunes. The General Assembly at Perth forbade the ministers to use their pulpits for the purpose of criticizing acts of the Parliament or Privy Council, or to attack individuals in their sermons; and further enacted that no convention should be called together without the presence of royalty or the authority of the crown. But all the time James kept on coquetting with the Catholic nobles and Episcopacy, in spite of the general aversion to bishops of a people who boldly proclaimed that they "would have no king but a presbytery." It must be borne in mind that, after his accession to the throne of England, James was now governing Scotland, as he boasted, "by the pen." He appointed bishops at his own will and pleasure, and even took to summoning the General Assembly himself, or otherwise let it go for a few years without being called together at all. Such abuses of the royal prerogative on the part of "God's silly vassal" led to the unlawful Assembly held at Aberdeen, 2nd July, 1605, which Andrew Duncan attended and to which he adhered in spite of the royal prohibition. After that, says his biographer, his life was "a continued scene of suffering." We may note that this favourite word "suffering" occurs frequently in the very first pages of the Life. Duncan is said to have "cheerfully ventured his all in suffering for and adhering to" the forms under which he had been brought up; and his biographer, when acknowledging his indebtedness to his predecessors

Calderwood and Rowe, and generally to "our printed historians," states it as his intention to give the best account he can of his subject, "tho it's much below what so (m.s. who) great and stedfast a sufferer deserves."

In punishment for his contumacy, Duncan was imprisoned in Blackness Castle, Dundee, on 3rd August; and being called before the Privy Council on 24th October, he refused to recognize the authority of that court in spiritual cases. Thereupon he was tried, along with five other ministers, at Linlithgow, 10th January, 1606, and being found guilty by a jury, with an adverse vote of 9 to 6, he was lodged again in Blackness and afterwards in Edinburgh Castle till October 23rd, when he received sentence of banishment from the King's dominions for life. In the following month he arrived at Bordeaux, and in May, 1607, accepted a position as Professor of Theology in the College of Rochelle. It was while teaching in this capacity that the subject of Wodrow's biography is said to have "had the Quartan Ague for over a year;" and the chronicler cannot repress a certain feeling of pride and satisfaction that such men as Duncan, despised and rejected by the "bishops and managers" in their own land, were "reckoned worthy to teach theology and to supply the most considerable churches among the Protestants abroad."

Notwithstanding an unfounded report* that he had returned to Scotland within a few years of his banishment, it seems certain that Duncan remained in France till 1613. The see-saw of Presbytery and Episcopacy was still going on, and in the previous year the latter system had been again set up in Scotland by the annulment of the Act of 1592. In July, 1613, says Wodrow, "he found means to get his petition to the King presented by somebody at court and carried through so as he was permitted to come home. Now the Bishops had got themselves settled and had no more to fear in judicatorys from such men as Mr. Duncan, and so it was a popular thing in them to yield to mild measures to men who

*See Letter of the Primate to the King, Edin., 18th Feb., 1910. (Maitland Club, 1834.)

had suffered so long." For the text of his supplication, reference may be made to Calderwood's History vii, pp. 181. All that need be reproduced from Wodrow in this connection is a paragraph in which he offers certain "Remarks" upon Duncan's petition:—"This address which, it is plain enough, he formed himself, has a good deal of natural oratory in it though very little of Rhetoric and Flourish. It wants not its show of the compliments of subjection and submission, which were most pleasing to the King next to flattering commendation of him, yet went not well down with Mr. Duncan's temper. But what I admire most is the natural tho unpolite turn he gives to the affair of the Assembly at Aberdeen, and the cautious acknowledgment he makes as to that, to please the King, and yet to preserve his testimony. It was well he prevailed to get home at this time for as soon as the King took it in his head to push the ceremony he had no favours to ministers that would not swallow them." The above citation will explain what Wodrow meant by his previous reference to Mr. Duncan's "practical regard for kingly authority." He had obviously something of the spirit of John Knox, of whom it was said that he "never feared the face of any man," and that he "neither flattered nor feared any flesh;" but he could also condescend to urge upon his Sovereign that any wrongful act of which he might have been guilty had been done in simplicity and ignorance, and in any case had by that time been sufficiently punished by exile and imprisonment. The prayer of his petition was granted, and Duncan returned to Scotland in 1613, showing himself ever afterwards, as Calderwood says, "a constant defender and maintainer of the established discipline and puritie of God's worship." For six years there is no break in his ministry at Crail. We next find him summoned before the Court of High Commission (13th April, 1619). In the year immediately preceding his trial, the Five Articles of Perth had been imposed on a reluctant Church, following on a visit the King had paid to Scotland—a visit which was productive of more than the usual amount of ecclesiastical

brawling. Calderwood gives a long account of the dispute between the Court and the Rev. Thomas Hogge of Dysart, as to such matters as the competency of the Commission, his attitude to the Perth Articles, the duty of kneeling at Communion, etc., etc. Mr. Duncan "compeered" at the same diet, but denied the jurisdiction of the Commission, and was forthwith ordered to be imprisoned. On receipt of his sentence, he gave in his admonition or protestation, Wodrow's version of which may be appended here, as a specimen of Duncan's vigorous prose style. It will be found to differ somewhat from that given in Calderwood's seventh volume (p. 377):—

"Seeing I have done nothing in this business whereof I have been accused of you and decreeted against, but have been serving Christ Jesus, my Maister, in rebuking of vice; Therefore in the simplicity and uprightness of heart I protest (seeing you have done me this wrong) at God the righteous Judge his hands, to whom vengeance belongeth and who will repay; and summons you before his dreadful judgment-seat, there to be censured and punished for such unrighteous judgment and dealing, at such a time and in such a manner as His Majestie shall think expedient: And in the meantime, declines this your judgment *simpliciter* now, as of before, and appeals to the ordinary assembly of the Kirk, for the reasons before produced in write. Pity your selves for the Lord's sake: lose not your dear souls (dear indeed to Christ, and should be dear to your selves); lose them not, I beseech you, for Esau his pottage. Remember Balaam, who was casten away by the deceit of the wages of unrighteousness, and forget not how miserably Judas lost him self for ever, for a trifle of money that never did him good. Fy on back and belly that destroyeth the soul! Better be pyned to death for hunger than for a little paultry of the earth to perish for ever, and never to be recovered so long as the days of heaven shall last and years of eternity shall endure. Should ye be burriors (i.e. executioners) to your brethren, the sons and servants of Jesus Christ. This doing is not the doing of the shepherds of the flock of Christ Jesus. If ye will not regard

your souls for conscience sake, I beseech you look to your fame. Why will ye be miserable both in this life and the life to come?"

"When the Bishop of St. Andrews," adds the chronicler, "had read some lines of it he cast it from him. Mr. Adam Bannantyne, Bishop of Dunblane, took it up and read it over, and directing himself to his brethren he said, 'He calls us Esaus, Balaams, Judases!' 'Read it over again,' said Mr. Andrew, 'and you will see that you mistake it. I exhort you to beware that you be not like them.' But after many speeches to and fro Mr. Duncan got no favour."

So far indeed was Mr. Duncan from "getting any favour" from his judges that he was suspended, confined to the town of Dundee, and on 10th May, 1620, deposed from his ministry. In spite of that, however, he broke confinement within a week, and is found preaching once more at Crail "as if he were a lawful minister, in contempt of his Majesty."

His troubles now thicken on him, and continue to march rapidly till his death. The remaining paragraphs in Wodrow's unpublished life are headed as follows:—"His trouble for a petition given before the Parliament, 1621—Proclamation in May that the subjects give in their petitions to the Clerk Register—July 9, Mr. Duncan presents a petition to the Clerk of Register—The Tenor of the Supplication to the Parliament—Desires at this time from the Parliament—The supplication not received—Mr. Duncan sisted before the Council July 23, 1621, and imprisoned in Dumbarton Castle for the above supplication—Liberat October 2 and confined in Kilrinnie Parish—Continues in his confinement there—Of preaching on the catechism in the afternoon—King's letter Nov. 14th, 1622, about liberty to Papists—Mr. Duncan's letter to the Archibishop of St. Andrews, Oct. 23, 1622—The Bishop's Answer—Mr. Duncan Dyes 1626."

Wodrow's comment on King James's "Proclamation for Greevances to the Parliament" (Calderwood vii, pp. 458-460) is perhaps worth recording here:—"This was a plain invasion of civil liberty, as is very ordinary when religious liberties are

invaded, and probably this was designed to bar applications from ministers and others who were aggrieved at the Perth articles, the main business of the Parliament being to approve these."

It was Duncan who "subscribed and presented" the Ministers' Supplication to the Clerk Register in 1621 (Calderwood vii, p. 464). After following in the main Calderwood's narrative, Wodrow adds this reflection: "All I remark on this part of his sufferings is that the Governors of the Council in the period are more moderate than either King or High Commission to Nonconformist Ministers."

Duncan's "Letter to the Archbishop of St. Andrews" (Calderwood vii, 564) is another well-known example of his vigorous and incisive style. On the ninth page of the M.S. Life, Wodrow introduces it as follows:—

"Let me only remark two things which Mr. Calderwood notices as going before it, though I do not [think] there was much if any connection betwixt them.

"The one is that at the Diocesian synod holden at St. Andrews October, 1622—That no minister preach any other doctrine in the afternoon of the sabbath save upon the Catechism. This Mr. Calderwood says was a point of conformity to the King's directions given to preachers in England. I would not be supposed to say anything against catachetical doctrine. It was the practice of the French church, and is so yet, and the Dutch Church preach still upon some head of the catechism in the afternoons, and I wish there were more direct preaching from the Scriptures upon the subject of our excellent catechism. But in fact in England and in many places in Scotland also, this turned in time of our first Prelacy to the neglect of afternoon sermons, and a bare examination on the catechism for a little time, and so the rest of the Lord's Day was spent in too many places on Footballs and other diversions.

"The other is a letter that came down from the King to the Council of Bishops read Nov. 14 this year. Therein he declared that 'howbeit for certain causes of estate he had

given toleration or freedom to some imprisoned Papists in England, yet it was never his mind to give liberty of conscience to Papists, far less occasion to Puritans thereby to repine against his laws; and therefore it was his will that the law should be put in execution without delay against both Papists and Puritans, that both be made obedient to the laws."

"This Declaration of the King," Wodrow goes on to say, "was satisfying to papists and occasion was taken from the fact of the King's liberating of Papists in England to argue against the King's words, to put the laws in operation against Papists and to look [for] favours when no way to be expected for Puritans. So Mr. Duncan reasons in this letter to the primate only upon the favour shown to Papists contrary to the King's word in his letter which came down four weeks after his letter which I now give."

LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

MY LORD.—It might be supposed that I, having been so many years under sentence of banishment and imprisonment, I might now at last, in my old age, look for some pity and ease; and so meikle the rather that favours are now extended to the enemies of the truth and Estate, commandment being given to set them at large out of their wards and prisons. We that are Christ's servants and ministers then might be worthily blamed if we expected less than these have already obtained. I must therefore request that now at last it would please you not to trouble altho I go and serve my Master in that calling he has set me in. King Adonibezeck's judgment should affray merciless souls. Hall-Binks are slidderie, you know, and earthly courts are kittle; and King's minions are set upon high shelves, but slippery and dangerous. I have seen one right high mounted in your room and course who got a foul and shameful fall.* Pity your poor soul, and look up to Him that can do this, the Mightiest. I beseech you remember you have overthrown my poor estate; but what reck of that? You have hindered God's work to be done of

* The reference is obviously to Bishop Adamson.

many and in many places. The Lord of Heaven give you remorse. I beseech you, as you tender your own salvation, play no more the burriour (i.e. executioner) upon your brethren: that is the devil's part. Return, amend, and disappoint many. If you pertain to God, these lines (m.s. thir lynes) will do you no ill. God make you seek mercy and amend.

Yours to be commanded in all good,

ANDR. DUNCAN,

Minister of Christ's Church at Crail.

Anstruther, 23rd of October, 1622.

I beseech you for an answer with the bearer.

"The Archbishop," Wodrow goes on to say, "wrote as follows at the foot of Mr. Duncan's letter, and sent it back to him. It was an evidence of his temper, that he wrote not in harsher terms. But Mr. Duncan was now among the eldest ministers in the Church: his freedoms were known and he was in good reputation. 'Brother—I am sorry to see you insist in your follies. Our kirk has not need of such spirits, especially at this time. You shall do well to be quiet, lest you fall into the hands of worse burriours than I have been. I mind to die without remorse for any thought or deed I ever did or kythed to you or any of the brethern. I return you your own letter to feed upon. Farewell."

The high ecclesiastic who, by Wodrow's own admission —Calderwood calls him hard-hearted—let Mr. Duncan off so easily on this occasion was John Spottiswoode, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland. Originally a supporter of Presbytery, he had been appointed to the St. Andrews see in 1615, the year in which the ministers were scandalized by the introduction of an organ into the royal chapel at Holyrood. As Archbishop he had, in 1618, procured the sanction of the Privy Council, and more recently (1621) the ratification of Parliament, for the notorious Perth Articles; and in dealing with recalcitrant ministers he had shown great zeal in exalting the royal authority over what he considered their petty scruples. It was this that drew on

him the wrath of Mr. Andrew Duncan, as expressed in the letter quoted above. Archbishop Spottiswoode lived to be a witness of the riot in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, on 23rd July, 1637, when Jenny Geddes threw her famous stool. On that occasion he is said to have lamented that one day had "thrown down" all the work he had done in thirty years.

But Duncan's end was now at hand. On 27th March, 1625, King James died; and remembering that one of the Perth Articles had imposed on the ministers the observance of Easter Day, the historian Calderwood piously and gratefully records that "The Lord removed him out of the way fourteen days before the Easter communion." Next year Andrew Duncan died also. Wodrow's account of his life concludes with these words: "I have wrote out no more about Mr. Duncan, only Mr. Row says, 'the Lord, after many great persecutions and troubles at home, and long banishment out of the King's Dominions in France, took him to himself in the year 1626.' "

Before he died he seems to have made a will, which I now proceed to transcribe in full. It was an appropriate ending of his life, as it will also be of this paper. The copy which has come into my hands, and which is a very beautiful specimen of calligraphy, written on parchment, shows by its water-mark that it was made in the reign of George III, probably towards the end of the eighteenth century. It bears the original date 14th April, 1626, but is without signature. On inquiring at the Register House in Edinburgh, I was informed by my friend and former colleague Mr. R. K. Hannay, Curator of the Historical and Antiquarian Department, that no trace of such a will could be found there. Duncan is known to have spent the last part of his life, after leaving Kilrenny, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, where the story goes that he was "almost miraculously" relieved in the midst of great pecuniary difficulties "by an unknown lady." In that case he would obviously have nothing to leave. Mr. Hannay is of opinion that the document which I now quote would not by itself be suitable for registration, as there was

no legacy duty to be levied or any executry. Wills involving only small sums would not come up to the Commissary. In any case there is no trace of Duncan's testament in the Edinburgh or St. Andrews commissariat, which would cover the whole east coast from Montrose southwards, except the small slice of Brechin. There is, of course, the possibility that, as the will seems to have been made at Berwick, it may have been registered in England; and I ought to add that Mr. Hannay does not exclude the possibility that this testament may be "a purely religious and sentimental exercise."

Those who have followed the account of Andrew Duncan's career will at all events agree that it is a highly characteristic document, couched in stately and measured Scottish prose, and redolent of the fervent piety and the sure conviction of orthodoxy that had sustained him through life. Amid much "suffering" he had "preserved his testimony," and had "held his course to heaven," and his "testament" will show that when he came to die he had his eyes still steadily fixed on the "scheme of salvation" which had been his inspiration and his guide.

W. PETERSON

The Last Will and Testament of Mr. Andrew Duncan, Minister of Crail, 14th Apryle, 1626:—

I, ANDREW DUNCAN, a sinful wight, Christ's unworthie Minister, in his glorious gospel, being sickly and weakly, worn with years and heavyness of heart in this pilgramedge, and being now weary of this loathsome prison, and body of death, because of sin, and having received sundrie advertisements, and summonds of my MASTER to flitt out of this uncouth country the region of death, home to my native land; And now sitting upon the Prisondoor threshold ready to obey, waiting till the last messenger be sent to convey me home to that glorious palace even the heavenly Hierusalem, that I may enter unto possession of my heretage, even that glorious kingdom of eternity whilk CHRIST came down from

Heaven to conquess to me, and then went up to prepare and possess it in my name as my attourney untill it pleased his Majestie to take me thither that I may in my own person possess it. I set down the declaratione of my Latter will, concerning these things which GOD had lent me in this world, in manner following: FIRST, As touching myself body and soul, my soul I leave to CHRIST JESUS who gave it, and when it was lost redeemed it: That he may send his holy Angels to transport it to the bosom of Abraham, there to enjoy all happiness and contentment. And as for this fraill body I commend it to the grave, there to sleep and rest as in a sweet bed until the day of refreshment, when it shall be re-united to the soul, and shall be set down at the table with the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles, Yea shall be placed on the throne with Christ and get on the crown of glory upon my head. As to the Children whom GOD hath given me (for which I thank his Majestie) I leave them to his providence to be governed and cared for by him beseeching [him] to be their tutor curator and agent in all their adoes: YEA and a FATHER, and that he would lead them so by his gracious SPIRIT through this evil world that they may be profitable instruments both in Kirk and Commonwealth to set out his glory; beseeching them on the other part (as they would have GOD's blessing and mine in all their affairs) to set him before their eyes, and to walk in his ways, living peaceably in his fear in all humility and meekness with all those they have adoe with, holding their course to heaven, and comforting themselves with the fair to look and glorious heretage whilk CHRIST hath conquessed to them, and to all that love him: Under GOD I leave Mr. John Duncan, my eldest son, to be tutor to my youngest daughter Bessie Duncan his youngest sister to take a care of her, and to see that all turnes go right, touching both her person and geir, my exeqrs. I leave my three sons, Mr. John, William, and David, to do my turnes after me, and to put in practice my directions, requesting them to be good and comfortable to their sisters, but chiefly to the two that are at home as they would have GOD's blessing

and mine. As concerning my temporall goods the baggadge and clathrie of the earth, as I have gotten them in the world of GOD's liberal hand so I leave them behind me in the world, giving most humble and hearty thanks unto my Heavenly Father for so long and comfortable a lone of the samen.

L'HEURE EXQUISE

Silenced are mirth and song, for night grows old,
And from my window towards the stars I lean
To drink God's air that sparkling clear and clean
Seems fragrant lily-scented. Fold on fold
The sheltering clouds of dawn brood, lined with gold,
O'er the deep slumbering town. That grim machine
To grind men's souls is hushed. A glimmering screen
Of frost lies on the grass. All silent, cold,
Earth dreams of day, whose sacrificial fire
Will waken her once more to hope and life.
Alone, apart from all, I steal this hour
Of mystic peace, and, born of my desire,
Pure yearnings live that shrink from day and strife—
So exquisite and frail their budding flower.

MARIAN OSBORNE

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

THE DESTINIES OF THE STARS.

By Svante Arrhenius (authorized translation from the Swedish by J. E. Fries). Putnam's Sons, New York. xvii+256 pp. $1.50.

A century ago astronomical speculation hardly extended beyond the confines of our solar system and attention was largely directed to explaining the motions of the planets and their satellites in terms of Newton's conception of universal gravitation. It is true that Kant and Laplace had advanced their remarkable hypotheses in an attempt to explain the origins of our solar system, but methods of observation had not yet advanced sufficiently to enable astronomers to extend these speculations to the stellar universe.

The last quarter century has witnessed remarkable developments in astronomy, comparatively few of which have become known to the general public. The problem of planetary motions may now be regarded as completely solved. The modern telescope has enabled us to plumb the universe to its outermost limits. The permanent records of the heavens made possible by the introduction of photography have furnished us with material for constructing a theory of the entire stellar universe and of the probable origin of our own solar system.

The story of these remarkable developments is related in popular style in the work before us, " The Destinies of the Stars," by Dr. Svante Arrhenius, President of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm. After a preliminary chapter on the " Origin of Star-Worship," the writer embarks on a discussion on " The Riddle of the Milky Way " in the light of most recent astronomical investigation. The writer considers the Milky Way to have been originally an immense spiral nebula resulting from the collision of two gas-clouds. In the course of time most of the gaseous matter condensed into the innumerable stars which the modern telescope reveals. Of special interest is an account of the probable climatic condition of the planets. The case of the Earth is first dealt with and the relationship of climate and topography is discussed at considerable length. From our knowledge of the effect of the terrestrial atmosphere and water vapour on radiation from the Sun, the author makes important deductions as to the climatic conditions prevailing on the various members of the planetary system. It appears necessary to entirely revise our ideas of Mars and the possibility of its being inhabited by intelligent beings. The mean summer temperature at the equator is deduced to be about —17F. The so-called " canals " are cracks or fissures in the Martian crust. Water exists on the planet, as the presence of polar ice-caps indicates—also in the form of shallow seas interconnected by the above-mentioned fissures or " canals " of small depth. Seasonal changes in the appearance of the

latter are accounted for by the formation of salt deposits during the Martian summer and the effect of drifting sand covering the ice formed during the winter. In such a desolate climate it is impossible that even the lowest form of animal life can exist.

Of the minor planets Venus alone possesses a climate capable of supporting low forms of life. The average temperature is calculated to be about 117°F. The atmosphere contains enormous masses of water vapour so that everything is dripping wet, while the temperature near the poles is not so high as to prevent a luxurious vegetation. It would seem that conditions on Venus are now similar to those existing on the earth many millions of years ago, while in the desolation of Mars we may read the distant future of our own planet.

L. V. K.

CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS ON EDUCATION.

Edited by A. C. Benson, C.V.O., LL.D., Master of Magdalene College; with an introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M. Cambridge University Press, 1917. 7s. 6d. net.

The conclusion of the war has brought with it other problems besides the restoration of international relations on a new footing. Each individual nation will have to set its own house in order, and no one can resist the pressing call for a reconsideration of social and political questions.

In the case of England and the British Empire, the problem of education will have a prominent place, and it is a satisfaction to see that our educationists are fully alive to the possibilities of the future. The present book bears witness to the quickening of interest in this subject. It is a collection of essays on various aspects of education; all the writers are men of eminence and well qualified to speak in virtue of their experience as well as their attainments. The result, therefore, cannot fail to be a most welcome and useful addition to our educational literature. Every single one of the eleven essays ought to be thoroughly studied by teachers. If we may be allowed to select one from the others as deserving special attention, it is the essay by W. Bateson on *The Place of Science in Education*. It has been our experience that scientific men frequently have a broader outlook and a more enlightened conception of education than any of the other classes of writers who contribute to the literature of the subject. This may be due to the fact that successful methods in education, as in other things, are based upon experience, which is an essential element in scientific training. The resolute rejection of authority, of which Mr. Bateson speaks (p. 140), is not a universal attribute of the teacher.

There are few subjects about which there are so many misunderstandings as education, few subjects about which the man of more than average

intelligence, who has had no practical experience of teaching, is more likely to hold crude and erroneous opinions. Many of these, it is to be hoped, will be corrected by the study of this book. The reader will find many brief sentences pregnant with important truths; sometimes the sentence may be a quotation, as in the case of Thring's definition of education (p. 172), or Faguet's description of literature (p. 104), or the extract from Peabody, on p. 81; at other times it may be the essayist's own contribution. We are glad to see that our national backwardness in the world of thought is frankly admitted; more recognition for intellectual merit is something definite to strive for. The fate of a Burns or a Milton has been repeated many times in the case of gifted men in other fields of art and learning. The remark of Bishop Creighton is quoted on p. 13; "An Englishman not only has no ideas; he hates an idea when he meets one." Viscount Bryce, in his introduction, speaks with more moderation: "There has been a drifting away from that respect for learning which was strong in the Middle Ages and lasted down into the eighteenth century." Dean Inge finds that pupils imbibe no respect for intellectual values at home, and find none among their school-fellows (p. 23, see too p. 30). Another essayist not only speaks in a similar strain, but adds: "Of late things have become worse. In the middle of the nineteenth century a perfunctory and superficial acquaintance with recent scientific discovery was not unusual among the upper classes, and the scientific world was occasionally visited even by the august. These slender connections have long since withered away" (pp. 122, 123). All this quite agrees with what we have ourselves observed Among the points which we consider as deserving to be carefully weighed, we have noted the following: literary studies as an antidote to excessive commercialism (pp. 17, 30); the debasing of our language by "rubbishy newspapers" (p. 30); the starving of the spiritual nature as a possible cause of social unrest (p. 33); the subordination in our education of the element of pure and simple enjoyment (p. 42); education as an effective force in linking nations together (p. 94); the insistence on the essential fact of the diversity of faculties and interests in the schoolboy (p. 124); and the desirability of regular reading lessons (pp. 46, 47). The idea that Mathematics should be treated as a subject which need not, except in special cases, be carried beyond the rudiments (p. 143), is one which the present writer has sometimes ventured to advocate; it would give great relief to the educational time-table, and would do no harm so far as we can see. The following sentence also, disquieting though it is, tells us a truth which must be faced: "Uncomfortable as the reflection may be, it is not to be denied that the countries in which science has already attained the greatest influence and recognition in public affairs, are Germany and Japan, where the opinions of the ignorant are not invited" (p. 131).

There is never likely to be universal agreement on the subject of education. It goes without saying, therefore, that the book appears to us to have some weak points. The school is assumed in most cases to be an English public school; the secondary schools and the large day schools, such as Manchester Grammar School, need in some particulars different treatment. For instance, in the essay on Religion at School, it is assumed that the schoolmaster makes the religious training of his pupils a part of his duty, for which he is recommended to fortify himself by a course of Harnack amongst other things. It is in this essay that we find one of the few cases where the writer supports a view which is absolutely rejected by another essayist (compare p. 60 with p. 135). Another defect is due to the fact that having attained mature years, the writers have a tendency to assume that education everywhere is following the lines familiar to their boyish experience. It is impossible to be acquainted with all the developments which are proceeding in different institutions; the present writer feels that he is handicapped in a similar way. We venture to refer in this connection to the repeated allusions to the need of more English teaching in schools (pp. 30, 45, 118). Surely there are few English schools nowadays which deserve this reproach. The quality of the English teaching is, of course, another question. We find the remarks of Mr. Nowell Smith (p. 118) quite beside the point; perhaps he will admit this if he inverts his question and asks: " How rare has been the power or even, apparently, the desire of a Napier or a Raleigh, or a Ker, to carry the flower of his English culture into the fields of classical study ? " We are encouraged by the example of the essayists to add a Latin quotation: *Quam quisque norit artem in hac se exerceat.* Another weakness which we imagine we detect is a subordination of practical points of view. Among these we reckon the question of the constitution of the bulk of our secondary schools. We wonder how many Englishmen are aware that the subjects to be taught at these schools are, or were till recently, laid down by a Board called the Charity Commissioners. Of course, they require Parliamentary sanction for their schemes, but this is mostly a mere matter of form. The executive committee who administer the schemes are mostly men locally prominent, who know hardly more about education than they do about commanding a British division at the front. We say this without any disparagement of their personal qualities and abilities. If the secondary education of the country were controlled by a board of men of the same quality as the authors of these essays, we might confidently look forward to better results. Another of these practical matters is that the schoolmaster's career must be put on a better financial footing if satisfactory progress is to be made. Not only do the secondary schools come off rather badly in the book, but the higher education of the Universities does not receive much discussion. We hope this is not because the writers

think that no reform is needed there. We take exception to the name of Classical Greats given to a well-known final examination at Oxford (p. 139); we do not know whether it is officially entitled to this name or not, but we think that it is time that the examination, as at present constituted, should be abolished; we regard it as one of the most serious drawbacks to educational progress. The reason for the surprising development of modern language studies at Oxford appears to us to lie to a great extent in the more practical methods employed; the same methods may prove equally efficacious in the Classical field. If the ordinary University activities are thus left without special treatment, still more is this the case with post-graduate work, with the claims of which it is desirable to familiarize the public mind at once. When we hear enthusiasts advocate—and they are doing so with increasing urgency—that a bright boy should have opportunities to pass from a board school to a grammar school and ultimately to a University, what do they propose that he should do when he arrives, full of honours, at the conclusion of his regular University course? Do they think that they can safely leave him at that point to compete with the army of respectable mediocrities in the occupation of place-hunting?

We had jotted down one or two other points to which we wished to draw attention, but we are afraid we have already exceeded the narrow limits of a review article.

S. B. S.