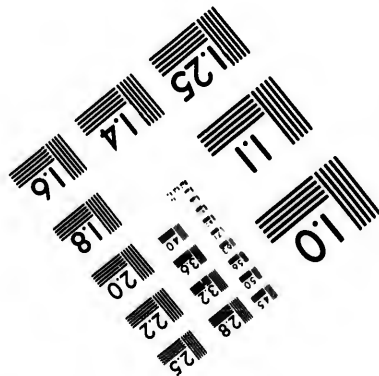
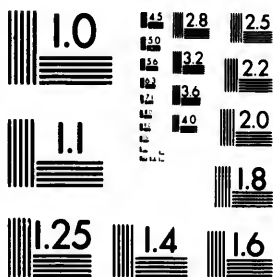


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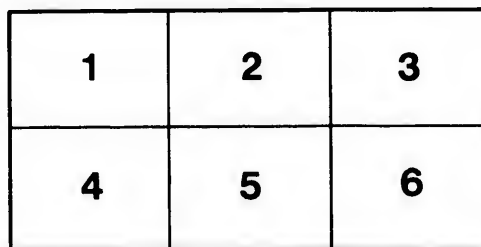
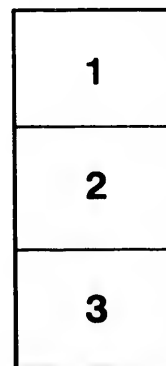
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C. R. Coates

SONNETS
POEMS
SKETCHES



GEORGE REED COATES.



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C. R. Coates

SONNETS
POEMS
SKETCHES



GEORGE REED COATES.

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In Memoriam.



GEORGE REED COATES, the author of this collection of poems and sketches, was born in London, Eng., March 18th, 1876, and died at the early age of twenty-two from the result of an unfortunate accident while prospecting for minerals in the Rainy River District, Canada.

He was partly educated at a private school in Margate, Eng., and Wesley College, Melbourne, Australia, but chiefly at the Ley's, Cambridge, Eng. He studied Mechanical Engineering under his uncle, Mr. Thos. Coates, C.E., of Darlington, Eng., and Mining Engineering at McGill College, Montreal, and the Kingston School of Mines, Ontario.

I have thought it desirable to preserve these sketches, which were found amongst his books, etc., some written at random on odd scraps of paper, while others show considerable care and thought. To those who knew the rare sweetness of his disposition, his intense love of nature, high idealism and absolute unselfishness which made his no ordinary character, these few lines will but inadequately re-echo the lofty spirit which marked his every thought and action.

The essay on Socialism shows the bent of his early investigations and the ardent desire to get at the truth of things, which goes to show that had his earthly life been spared he would have been an efficient and zealous worker along the world's best lines of progress.

In the writings of Matthew Arnold, the young author invariably found understanding and help—"Sweetness and Light."

Perhaps one of his strongest characteristics was a passionate love of music. That he was himself the possessor of an exceptionally fine baritone voice was a never-ending source of pleasure to him, and the object of his dearest hopes and ambitions.

His well-remembered saying that he would some day "Sing with the best," is already realized in its highest sense.

To his dear mother, and in her son's name, I dedicate this little book.

JOHN COATES.

Toronto, October 12th, 1893.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD.



“Sweetness and Light” :—a finely tempered mind,
The genius, God bestowed, of knowing right—
A vision clear for all things pure and bright
And beautiful and noble in mankind!
Groping in darkness, spiritually blind,
I yearning, seek for this more perfect light,
That I too could be armed with spirit-might,
And leave this gross, material state behind.
High up, the mists that round the mountain peak
Obscure the fair, ethereal scene beyond,
Are clearing, and the path we dimly seek
Is well defined. Master, thy magic wand,
Poesy, pierces the darkness, points the way,
And lights the awakened soul to perfect day.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURPLE EAST."



Thou mighty champion of the trampled weak,
Ever their valiant true knight hast thou been,
Surely thy pungent lines must fire the meek,
Surely thy flaming pen, thy tooth full keen
Must bite deep in the dull hearts of sluggish men,
And bring a nation's suffering to their ken
With such terrific force that from the paths of greed
They turn, forget their selfish ends at last to heed
That distant call for help, the overwhelming cry,
Sent by a struggling race yoked with black tyranny.

Ah! then for the strong right arm, the undaunted heart,
A foremost place in that great glorious fight,
Against the bloody Ottoman to take a part,
And banish tyranny forever from the light.

E EAST."

IMITATION OF KEATS.



OH for warm Summer and the South! I dream
Of casement, and of love glance, framed in tresses
Black as the night; of beauty that confesses
No idle languishment nor disesteem;
Of Bacchus and his purple flowing stream,
Of Venus, and of Faery Goddesses,
Of Phoebus, who with golden lyre, addresses
Warm youth and panting love in melting theme.
Lead me to some cool shade where I shall lie
On a soft couch of bedded grasses, strewn
With amorous flowers that never fade nor die,
And other than thy beauty never own;
Nor let me hear beneath this azure sky,
The mournful echo of the world's sad groan.

TO AUTUMN.



Season of sadness, sadness of the heart,
Regret for all the weary might-have-been:
I gaze upon this golden Autumn scene,
With many an aching void, an open smart,
For all that is no more. The swallows start
Their Southern whirling, with the fading green.
The latest harvest scattered toilers glean;
And nature's smile makes ready to depart.
Strive as I will I cannot shut the door
On memories of a youthful heart that thrilled
With glad anticipation. Now o'ercast,
Sadly I turn and view the granary store,
Stocked with the wraiths of aims, that unfulfilled,
Stare mocking from the corners of the past.

HOPE ON.



What matters it my heart, is all else drear,
Because Heaven's blue is sometimes tinged with gray?
Where, did no danger lurk upon the way,
Would glory in successful strife appear?
And if the cruel thorns evoke a tear,
Let us remember ever, while we may,
That God's rose still smells sweet, and tho' to-day
Be clouded, that to-morrow may be clear.
Behind the shrouded heaven gleams a star,
Beneath earth's snowy pall sweet flowers bloom,
Steadfast the light of Hope shines from afar
To strengthen failing hearts and pierce the gloom,
False apparitions, by its truth effacing,
A purer image in the soul replacing.

A MESSAGE.



As I woke one April morning,
All the world seemed cold and drear,
Though the sun was shining warmly
And the birds were singing near:
Sweetly singing, but their warbling
Seemed to me to have a sneer.
And I said: "'Tis only mocking,
All this promise, seeming cheer;
For the night comes, quickly shattering
All our hopes and bringing fear.
Then to all this vain delusion
Cold shall be my heart, and when
I see others with effusion
Meet thee, I will pity them."

But I wandered in the garden,
And I saw her from afar,
Saw her in her wondrous beauty,
Felt her presence, like some star
Shedding all her radiance round her

O'er the scene that erst did jar ;
And she smiled upon me sweetly,
Breathed upon me till the world
Seemed to have a different meaning,
And her spirit o'er me stealing,
Plucked I then a single flower ;—
'Twas a violet and I kissed it,
Wept upon it, and the power
Of its loveliness imparted
To my heart a softness, then,
Whispered I to her this message :
"All this endless plaint of men
Rises not from men's surroundings,
But the use they make of them."

THE EXILE.



The Summer wind is sobbing
In the vale against the trees,
And my head is throbbing, throbbing,
As I bare it to the breeze ;
And my brow is wet with anguish,
And my eyes are full of tears ;
To my home shall I return ?
O'er the waters shall I languish,
In the bitter coming years ?
Shall I back to thee return ?

The nightingale is singing,
In the stillness, on my ears,
It is ringing, ringing, ringing,
All the burden of my fears.
My senses of thy melody,
Have drunk its sweetness deep ;
Shall I hear thy voice again ?
The music of thy threnody
Is bitter, bitter sweet ;
Shall I hear thy voice again ?

Oh my heart is nearly breaking!
As I gaze upon this scene,
Memories are waking, waking,
Of the gladness that has been.
Oh thou home of happy childhood!
Oh thou scene of joyous days!
I shall always think of thee.
Thou songster in the greenwood,
Pouring forth mysterious lays:
I shall always dream of thee.

A LULLABY.



Twilight gray is stealing,
Evening bells are pealing,
 Lean upon my breast:
I my watch am keeping,
Sleep, my love, and sleeping
 Be at rest.

Shades of night are falling,
Little birds are calling,
 Calling tenderly:
Moonbeams gently gleaming,—
Dream, my love, and dreaming
 Dream of me.

Stars are softly shining,
You my arms entwining,
 Nothing now to fear:
Should the wind be wailing,
Should your heart be failing,
 I am here.

So until the morrow,
Bringing joy and sorrow,
 Tranquil let us be:
I my love enfolding,
God in heaven beholding
 You and me.

DREAMS.



As I sleep and I dream in the calm of the night,
Visions are hovering, greeting my sight ;
Visions of darkness, and visions of light,
Visit my sleep as I dream in the night.

As I sleep and I dream, 'tis the soft magic hour,
When faery and spirit from enchanted bower,
Come riding astraddle on moonbeam and flower,
Teasing my sleep with their mad 'witching power.

As I sleep and I dream, comes a vision so fair,
Clothed in the folds of her wonderful hair ;
Maddening me with a soft mocking stare,
Asleep in my powerlessness and despair.

As I sleep and I dream, oh what horror is this ?
Damning desire of beauty and bliss,
Pointing me down to a darksome abyss ;
Restless my sleep! oh what horror is this ?

As I sleep and I dream, whence this music divine?
Thrilling my senses like glorious wine;
Can it be strung from the harps of the Rhine?
Apollo, what ecstasy, music of thine!

As I wake from my dream in the gray of the dawn,
Still on my ears is that glad music borne;
Hark! 'tis the joyous lark heralding morn,
Faded my visions, in silence withdrawn.

LINES ON THE EMANCIPATION
OF WOMEN.



Yes, strike off these fetters and let me go free,
Too long hast thou fondled, I fawned at thy feet,
My soul is awake and a new life I see,
Its radiant young morning I hasten to greet.

Thro' the dim mists that hang over its springtime,
Sunned by the promise that nurtures its youth,
I catch the faint echoing call of its birth-chime,
And trace the fair form of this offspring of Truth.

Welcome, sweet freedom! the last link lies broken,
I burst from the bonds that have bound me so long,
Self-dependence is mine, its powers foretold
The birth of a right, and the death of a wrong.

ON

A REVERIE.



free,
thy feet,

Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny isles
The softness of the sea,
Blow thou across these mocking miles,
News of my love to me.

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Ripples her hair like waves that sweep
About the pleasant shore ;
Her eyes are bluer than the deep
Round rocky Appledore.

roken,
so long,

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray,
Soft kissed by early light ;
I dream she is the dawn of day
That lifts me out of night.

rong.

BATTLE BRIDGE.

(Concord, Mass.)



Their puissant spirits still enthrall the air,
Nor will the magic cease with added years ;
Swiftly through placid vales and pastures fair,
The silent stream its voiceless message bears.

Stirring the hearts of those who such as I,
Brood o'er their deeds 'neath that same stretch of sky,
Which witnessed each his oath to do or die,
And watched the first blow struck for liberty.

TO MEPHISTO IN THE GUISE OF A
WOMAN.



Hail! beautiful temptress forever entwining,
Some half-willing swain in the coils of thy tresses ;
For I, while I know that thy charms are designing,
Would taste the sweets of thine amorous caresses.

Half swooning with joy, still I am not forgetting
The penalty owing this excess of pleasure ;
I'm willingly snared in thy gold-silken netting,
Tho' doomed in the future to rue it at leisure.

Oh ravishing charms! on thy lips madly sinning,
I indolent grow towards the thought of my fate,
And yet, when my soul thou succeedest in winning,
I know thou wilt mock at my desolate state.



Silent drawing,
Sweet confusion,
Lips caressing,
Love's profusion.

Stolen sweetness,
Stress of passion,
Love's completeness,
Human fashion !

Quick awaking,
She still clinging,
He forsaking,
Blackness bringing.

Shamed, degraded,
Stern contention,
Guilt paraded,
Cruel convention.

Broken, drifting,
None befriending,
Torn, despairing, hope all fled—
Naught existing,
Daylight ending
In a sunset bloody red.

OVER THE BOUNDLESS SEA.



Over the boundless sea
I drift from an unknown source,
Impelled by an unseen hand,
I take my rudderless course
To a far off distant strand,
Over the boundless sea.

Is it for that unknown land
The sun sinks down in the West?
And I wearily take my stand,
For I may not take my rest
Till I reach that unknown strand,
Over the boundless sea.

Over the boundless sea,
Oh weary, weary heart,
Awaiting a sign to tell
The clue to thy life's part,
Thy course till then drifts aimlessly
Over the boundless sea.

EA.

AFTERWARD.



If only you had not looked at me,
And I had not seen the wish unexpressed,
Had we but paused events to foresee :
Remorse had not stabbed, and scattered the breast.

How did it happen you ask? and plead
That never a word by you was spoken!
Ah—but a glance of the eyes, and I read
A God's gift lost, and our two hearts broken.

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Weary and sick
Of struggle on this Plane,
Where now the couch to rest
A soul in pain?

Doubting, false doubts
I feel them all to be,
What is it comes to shake
My faith in Thee?

Oh for a calm
On this great storm of life!
Only a moment's stay
From endless strife.

Only a gleam,
An opening in the West,
There catch a ray from out
The Vale of Rest.

Caught in a stream,
A surging human tide,
I grasp their empty faiths,
Still scorn a guide.

God give me strength,
A higher, loftier aim;
Lead me to nobler paths
Than empty fame.



I sat by the old fireside
And I heard the faint echoes chime,
As the old year went and the New Year came
To enter the list of time,
And I gently lifted the mantle cast
On the distant shores of the past,
And I saw in a dim shadowland
Forms that I loved long ago.
To that silent band in a sweet command
A voice spake soft and low,
"Time goes on and no man knows
What the end shall win,
But from Spring's sweet showers
And Winter's deep snows
I silently gather my flock within."

TO A LONDON SQUARE.



Oh sweet is the glimpse of thy green in the morning,
So calm and reposeful thy quiet domain;
The buildings around seem to be deeply mourning
The fates that have cruelly made them so plain.

To-day I detect on the bushes surrounding,
Wee buds peeping forth, shyly heralding Spring;
And Melody sings from the branches abounding,
To Love, and to Hope, and the pleasures they bring.

And glad is my heart! like the wand'rer returning,
Who gazes on England with memory aflame;
As with joy overflowing and sentiment burning,
He blesses the land of his birth and his name.

Old London Square—so sweet and refreshing,
Thy verdure and contrast this city transform;
Still silently rest from the turmoil distressing
And act as a lull in the midst of the storm.

SPRING SONG.



Hark! Hark! it is the Spring;
The lark is on the wing,
And the buds upon the tree
Peeping down on you and me
As we sing—
Welcome, welcome Spring!

All the heavens are rife
With joyous sounds of life,
And the fresh young blades of grass
Smile up at us as we pass,
And we sing—
Welcome, welcome Spring!

Sweet nature wears her smile,
Casts the veil she wore awhile,
Lifts her bared face to the sun,
Penetrates us as we run,
And we sing—
Welcome, welcome Spring!

ON A SUNSET.



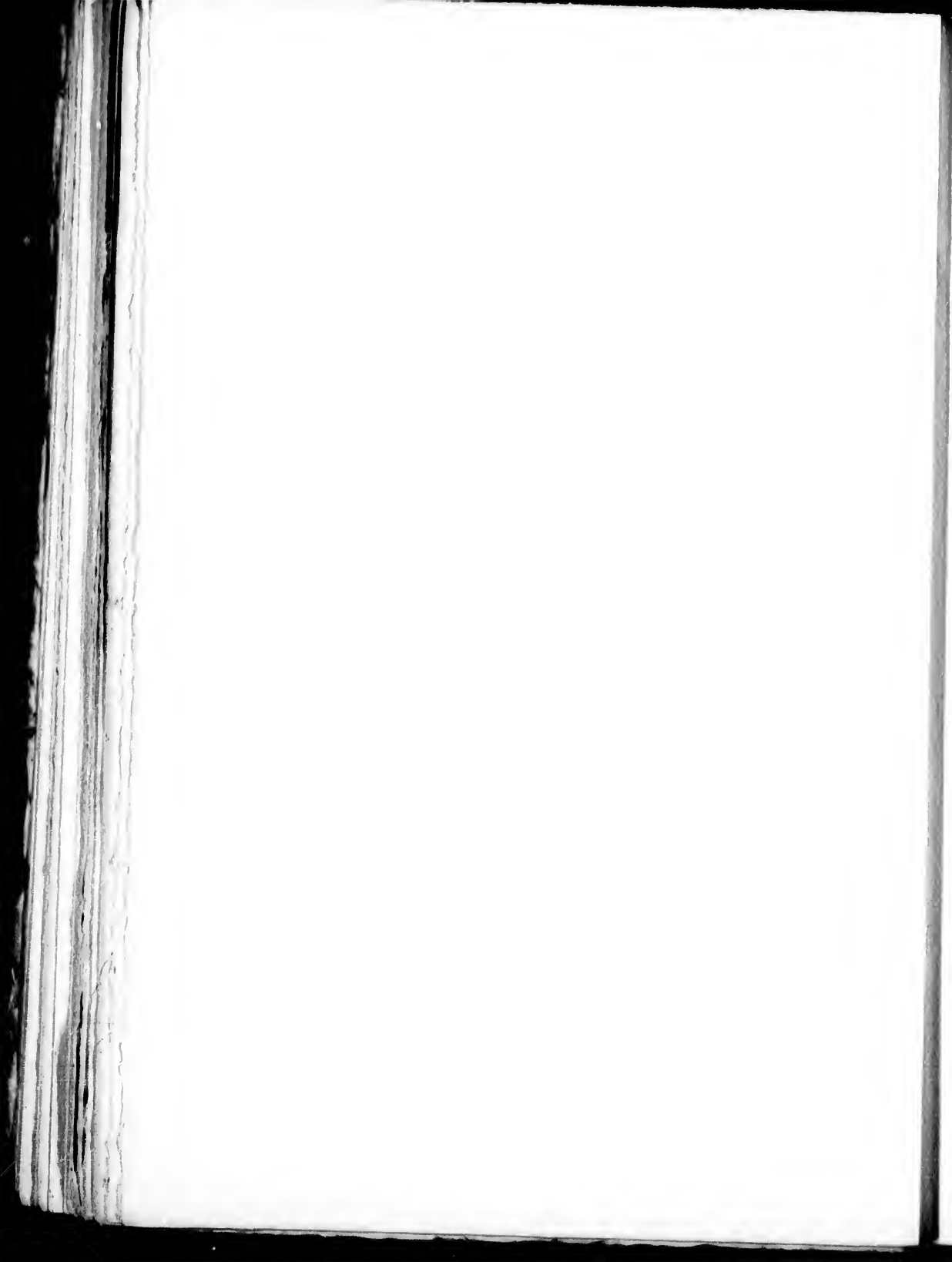
Fast dying embers of the impassioned day!
Keep open still thy gates of glowing fire,
Or merged within thy lovely hues entire,
Waft me, Oh waft me to some far away,
Where this dull life's interminable gray,
And weary-hearted stumbling in the mire
Shall be forgot; thy glorious colour lyre
Softens and stills my aching,—stay, Oh stay.

Thou fadest—cruel—and leav'st a mateless dove!
Within thy narrow shapes, from some high heaven,
I saw the neglected image of my love,
Leaning as does yon cedar towards the Lake,
To view the perfect contours of her shape,
Why, holding forth such fruit dost leave me leaven?

"On a Sunset" was written after a glorious sunset, while camped on the shores of Camp Bay, Lake of the Woods District, Canada.



PROSE POEMS.



THE UNKNOWN.



Not a movement,—not a sound, save ever and anon faint catches of a breaking sob: the sob of the melancholy wind as it murmurs its plaint to the silent trees.

How majestically they stand in the weird night light, with naught to mark their sympathy for the grief of the pity-pleading wind save the rustle of a leaf as it brushes its way through the branches, falling like a great tear upon the earth's cold cheek.

What magic in the glimmer of the silent stream! so still, and yet so swiftly flowing. Calmly the stars keep their night watch o'er the sleeping children of Nature; the twining flowers, how sweet their slumber! Like youths and maidens locked in a love-brace, their tired eyes closed, their faces up-turned, to be chastened by the falling dew.

What mighty charm haunts the air, breathing of some near magic presence! Gently but surely it presses upon me, inspiring my soul with fear and wonder until—suddenly—the sense of my own infinite nothingness rushing over me, trembling I bow down and worship at the feet of the great unseen Unknown!

THE RUBICON.



Helpless and hopeless she stands upon the brink of life and gazes with dazed eyes into the endless vista of dim eternity; behind, the unceasing din of worldly strife, before, unearthly stillness out of which arise the phantom forms of Sleep and Death.

Oh life of tears, what hast thou to offer? Oh sleep of Death, take me to thy bosom, lull me to an everlasting, dreamless rest.

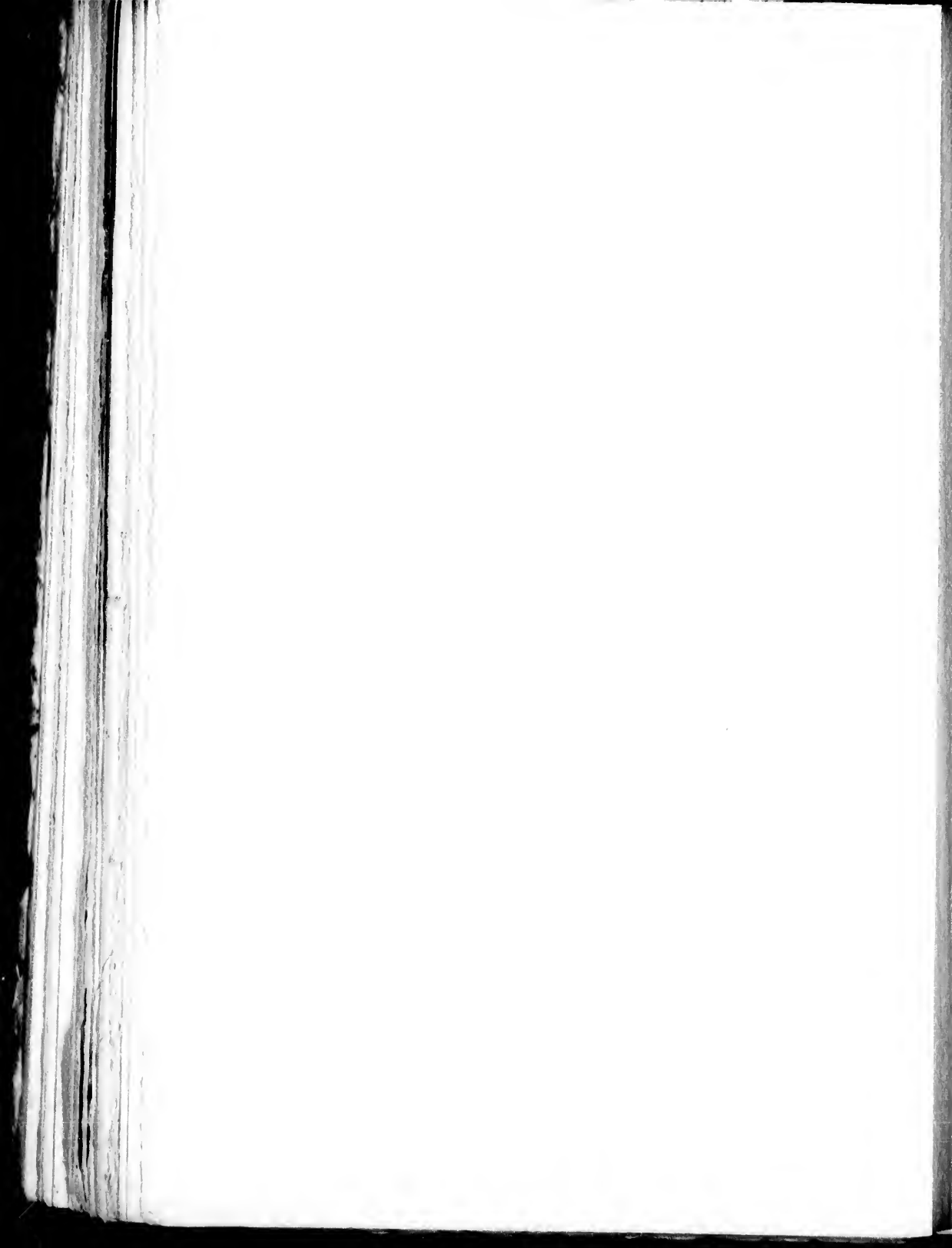


Oh my love, my love, long have I sought thee. In the dark winter of my loneliness I have warmed my starved soul with sweet visions of thy brightness. I have even been happy in the sweet uses of my imagination—beautiful gift of God. I have weaved many, many fancies—pictures in which thou wast ever the centrepiece—poems in which thou wast ever my inspiration. Truly, oh beauteous one, hast thou been the goddess of my idolatry! Long have I worshipped thee and waited thy coming.

And now, oh blissful pain, now that thou hast come—I am afraid—I dare not approach thee. The sense of my unworthiness, the knowledge of my grossness, is strong upon me. How can I draw near to thee thou pure in spirit? How can I—earthbound as I am—breathe the pure atmosphere of thy high heaven? Oh lovely being, how shall I throw off the burden of this mortality? How shall I escape the lusts, desires, and weaknesses which I am made to contend against, and yet which mortify and shame my bruised spirit?



SKETCHES.



SOCIALISM.



ALL observers are aware that great changes are looming in the future—that we are undergoing a rapid social evolution. Just what shape these changes will take, forms a subject of serious conjecture to the minds of many to-day. All thinkers are agreed that the existing relations between the classes and the masses are as bad as bad can be. But the cause of the disease—the root of the evil, is not so apparent to the superficial onlooker.

In as brief and concise a manner as possible I propose to-night to attempt to give you a short diagnosis of this serious but intensely interesting case, a case to which all modern thinkers are giving their best attention, a disease which is not spreading, but has already spread; a disease with which all are tainted, nay charged, charged in body, mind and soul. What treatment then is to be discovered in order to expurgate the malady? What Herculean purgative is to cleanse this modern Augean stable? This is the momentous question which at present occupies modern advanced thought.

That a state of luxury, ease and idleness is the lot of a few, whilst the many lead a hand to mouth existence is a fact that has seemed natural hitherto, indeed seems natural enough to-day, to all but the small minority of thinkers to whom I have already referred. But 'tis the latter to-day who are thundering the question, why are the few rich? And why

are the many poor? Why does the wealth of a nation remain in the hands of a few whilst the many slave for a pittance? Yes, and consider themselves fortunate to be allowed to slave for that pittance.

In England, during the Feudal age, we are aware that the lot of the common people was a comparatively happy one. They were able to live in comfort; they owned a fair portion of land, besides having for their use the large tracts of common land and the lands in the possession of the then existing Monasteries. The proletarian owned his fowl, his sheep, his pig, and very commonly his cow. That honest labour should be unable to make a comfortable home was a state of affairs then inconceivable. Poor-houses were unknown, beggary and starvation practically unheard of. This was the merrie England that produced the sturdy yeoman who performed such wonders in the Crusades, who conquered nearly the whole of France, and who laid the foundation of all England's greatness.

Let us trace then the succession of events which have led up to the present unhappy systems of Landlordism in the country and Capitalism in the towns.

After the Wars of the Roses, which impoverished the nobility, the great nobles who were at variance with the Crown and Parliament set to work to restore their fortunes by turning out the peasant owners and by encroaching on the common lands which the laborers depended upon for depasturing their animals, also accompanying these robberies by a steady conversion of arable land into pasture. Let me draw your attention especially to the latter fact. The masses of the people were agriculturists. To-day, with our improved methods of cultivation and labor-saving machinery, arable land will employ more than twice as many men as pasture. But in those days the proportion was far larger.

Why then did the nobles pursue this course? Simply be-

cause there was more to be gained by feeding sheep than men. To compete profitably in the wool markets of Flanders was more important than to maintain a race of independent peasant farmers. So serious then became this flood of landless people, unfortunates with no place in society as it then existed, that Henry Seventh and his Parliament made constant efforts to check the rapacious and harmful actions of the barons, but, unfortunately, to little purpose.

The landless class still increased, and more and more people became dependent on others for support. Henry Seventh, a great, though penurious monarch, saw clearly that the welfare of the mass of his subjects, not the inordinate wealth and aggrandizement of the few, constituted the real strength of his kingdom. He was anxious therefore to keep the land in the hands of small owners, who were really the bone and sinew of the country. He made laws, and even the day labourer received his consideration and was secured by the laws four acres of land to his cottage. Such a suggestion as this: Four acres of land or the equivalent in work secured, mind, not to be sought for, prayed for, or given as a sort of favour, but secured—would be ridiculed to-day. Why, to-day a labourer feels himself under an obligation to the man who allows him to work at a bare pittance, but I will show later on that it is the capitalist who in reality is the debtor to the labourer.

But to return to Henry Seventh. In spite of his laws the process of expropriation went relentlessly on.

But the confiscation of the lands of the Monasteries, and Priories and Nunneries, at the time of the Reformation, was a far greater blow to the welfare of the people. Carried out with a shameless disregard for the rights and privileges of the people, by the most violent and despotic monarch who ever sat on the English throne. This was the greatest injury inflicted on the poor which our history records. The property

Simply be-

of the Catholic Church, though not always well administered, was in reality at the service of the poor and needy. Whatever might be urged against abbots and friars, pauperism was then unknown. The celibate parish priests had small expenses and the land they held, was held, it may almost be said, in trust for the people. They were, however, swept away, their goods seized and the lands taken from the people to be held by the king or given to his favourites.

Thus the poor, who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church, the wayfarers who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses, were deprived at one fell swoop of alms, shelter and schools. When, however, the Monasteries were thus destroyed, and their lands confiscated, not only was almost the last hold of the English people on their own soil torn off, but the monks, nuns, priests and friars, were turned loose upon the world to swell the ranks of the "unemployed." The whole country was overrun with loafers and vagrants deprived of the means of living by no fault of their own. Not even the most atrocious laws could keep them within limits, and at length, paupers being thus numerous in the reign of Elizabeth, who had resumed all the confiscated lands, a Poor Law was passed,—and from that time to this pauperism has formed as integral a portion of our social constitution as the aristocracy who created the necessity for the law.

How could it be otherwise? The landed rights of the many had been sacrificed to the greed of the few; and confiscation, really put in force to bolster up luxury and selfishness, was carried on in the name of religion. From that time up to the present the whole face of England has been changed, In place of well-being, contentment and general prosperity, as described by Fortescue, depression and misery has become the common lot of the people who own no land. The mere wage earner has taken the place of the labouring petty farmer—a man at the mercy of his employer. Nothing more

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shameful is told in the long tale of class greed than this of the seizure of the common lands by the upper and middle classes of Great Britain. To deprive the people of their last vestige of independent holding, and thus to force all to become mere hand to mouth wage earners at the mercy of the capitalist class, such has been the practical effect of bill after bill framed by a Parliament made up almost exclusively of land owners, and in no sense whatever representative of the mass of the people. In the course of 150 years, between 1700 and 1845, no fewer than seven million acres of public land, and probably a great deal more, were enclosed by the landowners of England in Parliament assembled, without one half-penny of real compensation ever being made to the public, whose rights were thus ridden over.

The very people who ate up the whole country away from their countrymen, and made land a monopoly, cry out fiercely that they are being ill-used when an attempt is made to re-assert some small portion of the rights of the nation over that which is, and always has been, the property of the nation—the land of England. What sort of title have many of them to their lands?

“The trees that spread their boughs against the evening sky, the marble that I have prepared beforehand these millions of years in the earth, the cattle that roam over the myriad hills—they are mine, for my children—

If thou lay hands on them for thyself alone, thou art accursed.” “For I will have none who will not open his door to all; treating others as I have treated him.”

Such is the written command. The majority of monopolists, I have no doubt, consider themselves Pillars of the Church. How, then, do they reconcile this with their consciences.

I propose to describe briefly the position of the modern Capitalist, showing how, in order to increase his capital, he

cheats the labour he employs of its due reward, appropriating to himself a large part of the results of the labour of others without payment. Labor is the basis of value. As an illustration of this fact, take a piece of cloth and make it into a dress. Its value is increased by just so much labour as it took to make the plain cloth into a useful garment. Thus, if the dress is worth just twice as much as the cloth, it is because it (the cloth), contains only half the labour of the dress. Now let us see how the Capitalist, who applies his capital to this particular line of work, makes his profits.

He buys the raw material ; he employs labour to work it up into a finished article ; and he sells the finished article. These are the three processes of his business, and in one (or more) of these processes he must get more than he gives—otherwise he can make no profit.

He buys cloth, employs dressmakers to cut and stitch it, and sells dresses. These, as I have said, contain so much cloth and so much labour (including the labour necessary to replace wear and tear of machines, rent and other necessary expenses). And the value of the dress is equal to the value of the cloth plus the value of the labour put into it.

It is obvious that in the long run the dress will not sell for more than this. If not, where does the profit come from ? It must come out of the cloth or out of the labour. But he has paid the full value of the cloth and therefore he cannot on the average get more in selling it. This only leaves the labour. Has he paid the full value in purchasing that ? No, certainly not ; and it is here that the profit arises.

He pays his women fifty cents (50), (generally less), for their days' work at the sewing machines. But the labour that they put into the work is worth far more than fifty cents ; and the value that he gets in the market for the dress (above the value of the cloth out of which it is made), is the actual value of the labour put into it, not the value of the wretched wage which he gives.

Thus it is that he gets more than he gives.

The process is simple enough. An article for whose entire production the total sum of labour expended is nine hours, will fetch in the market an equivalent of nine hours' labor.

So if the workwoman puts nine hours' labour into the dress, she will at any rate increase the value of the dress on the market by that equivalent sum. But does anyone suppose that the fifty cents, which she receives, is the equivalent, or anything like the equivalent of these same nine hours? What in the way of ordinary necessities of life does nine hours' labour represent? Godwin, the author of "Political Justice," calculated that a man with ordinary labour, unhampered by the rapacity of others, should be able in two hours daily to support himself with the necessities and conveniences of life. What does Henry Thoreau say in his book "Walden?"

"For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year I could meet all the expenses of living." This man tired of wading through the bogs of modern social life, had the pluck to land himself on the dry ground of actual necessity. He squatted on a small piece of land in New England, built himself a little hut, produced the main articles of his own food, hired himself out now and again for a little ready money, and has recorded for us the results of his experience. Moreover, to leave no doubt as to his meaning, he adds: "The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study." (He was an author and naturalist).

The real truth about Thoreau is that he was a thorough economist, and having, so to speak, labour in his right hand and its reward in his left, he had no difficulty in seeing what was worth labouring for and what was not, and no hesitation in discarding things that he did not think worth the time or trouble of production. One day he picked up a curiosity and

kept it on his shelf for a time, but soon finding that it required dusting, he threw it out of the window. It did not pay for its keep. Thoreau preferred leisure to ornaments; other people may prefer ornaments to leisure. This is, of course, a matter of taste. But you cannot have ornaments and idleness both.

But this is a digression. To return to the capitalist, or rather to the seamstress. The nine hours' labour, then, which she puts into the dress, ought to represent for her a comfortable living for several days. It represents a bare living for one day. She ought to receive say \$2 for it. She receives fifty cents. The capitalist pockets the difference. The wretched woman makes him a present, or has to make him a present of four days' work in the week. She gets the value of her labour for two. And this is where profits, where interest under our present social system come from.

The position of women in these matters is notoriously bad, but that of the male labourers, skilled or unskilled, is little better. Marx calculates that the ordinary cotton-spinner makes a present to his master of three days' work in a week. He puts six days' labour into the yarn, and his master in selling the cotton gets the equivalent of that six days' labour, but he only gives the spinner the money value of the three days' labour.

Under the old system of feudalism, a man was obliged to give, say one day's work in a week, or at most two to his feudal lord without payment. Such a man, though he had the remaining five or six days' wholly to himself, was thought little better than a slave. Nor was he. English capitalists would, of all men, subscribe largely to relieve human beings from continuing in such a shameful and degraded position. But here at home we have men, women, and children, who are obliged to give four, five, six hours a day to the capitalist and yet are thought free. This cease-

less labour of the workers continually enriches those already rich, until extreme wealth enables a privileged minority to live in careless luxury, undisturbed by the struggle for existence that goes on beneath them. Have labourers no right under the sun but to work when capitalists think fit, and on such terms as competition may determine?

"You shall see things—as they are," said Ruskin, himself one of the very last men to fall into vain imaginings that what is "bad" is the only "reality,"—"And the least with the greatest, because God made them; and the greatest with the least, because God made you, and gave you eyes and a heart."

That is Ruskin's prophecy—or is it a command? How far, looking round on any section of English life at present, can one honestly say this prophecy is being fulfilled? At any rate, it is part of our lives to strive to inculcate and spread larger and more generous and adequate ideas of life, more belief in "the best that has been thought and said in the world," in education, in religion, and above all in ordinary social relation. Not that we, like Matthew Arnold, are likely to meet with any immediate success.

But no,—they rubbed through yesterday
In their hereditary way,
And they will rub through if they can
To-morrow on the self-same plan.

Yet in reviewing the changes in thought and in sentiment on many subjects which have taken place during the last quarter of a century, one looks forward to the future with a heart full of hope and gladness.

In Canada here we are becoming more thoroughly democratic every day. That the distribution of wealth is here also sadly faulty is indeed too certain. Here, too, is felt the alternation of inflation and stagnation consequent upon our capitalist system, and the large capitalists, either English or

native, are acquiring excessive preponderance. But the possibility of a man taking himself out of the wage-earning class is far greater than in England. The abundance of virgin soil, the rapid increase of wealth in proportion to the population keep wages at a higher level than in the old country. Not as yet, of course, can we hope to realize more than a portion of that for which we strive, but the time approaches when capital can be made public property no longer at the disposal of the few, but owned by the community for the benefit of all. For, while capital is left in the hands of the few, poverty must be the lot of the many. The same with the land. The land was made by God for His people, not to be monopolized by a few for game preserving and other useless purposes. Therefore let us have Nationalization of the land that the land may be used by the people for the good of the people. But, let me say in conclusion, true Socialism does not consist merely of a series of economic measures which we wish to see taken. We do not strive for a life of mere ease and comfortable living for the people. This pursuit of wealth, this idea that wealth is a precious end in itself, this is what we would change. Perfection, not wealth, is the true aim of life—perfection which consists of becoming something, rather than in having something. Culture, says Matthew Arnold, is a study of perfection, and perfection—as culture from a thoroughly disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it—is an harmonious expansion of “all” the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature. Never, he goes on to say, did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe, that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth but as machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for

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this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voices; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one has to become just like these people by having it?"

And thus, culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present. The pursuit of perfection then is the channel into which we would direct the vitality and energy of the people; instead of their being misused in the present vain pursuit of worldly riches. The pursuit of culture which seeks to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—nourished and not bound by them. This, says Arnold, is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality.



SYNOPSIS OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.



THOMAS CHATTERTON was born in Bristol, in the year 1752. Among the poets of the 18th century, he occupies a place absolutely unique. His remarkable intellectual precocity, his matured literary style and his marvellous originality, single him out in an age when such men as Johnson, Gray and Goldsmith were at the zenith of their fame. For this reason, together with the fact of his untimely end at the age of seventeen, the name of Chatterton stands alone in the history of the world. The bulk of his literary fame rests on those curious creations which have come down to us in the form of the "Rowley Poems." At an early age he conceived the character of an imaginary monk-poet, of the name of Thomas Rowley. Producing poems of rare and beautiful merit, he dressed them in quaint mediaeval language, and ascribed them to his fictitious monk, who was supposed to have lived in the 15th century. The MSS. of these he professed to have found in the old Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the sextonship of which had been in the Chatterton family for over two hundred years.

These poems were received at first with child-like credulity, but brought no substantial remuneration to Chatterton. He accordingly addressed himself to no less a

personage than Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, a distinguished literateur and patron of the fine arts, who at first acknowledged the poems with great courtesy. This courtesy, however, led Chatterton to make a more unreserved communication, in which he revealed his poverty and youth. Walpole's suspicions were at once aroused, and he placed the MSS. in the hands of the poets Gray and Mason, who pronounced them to be of modern construction. Walpole then treated Chatterton with much harshness, refusing for some time to return the poems, and to this treatment can be clearly ascribed Chatterton's subsequent act of self-destruction.

It is on this motive that the dramatist has constructed the following play:—

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CAST :

THOMAS CHATTERTON,	-	The Boy Poet.
HORACE WALPOLE.		
JACK LADGATE,	-	An impecunious actor, friend of Chatterton.
MRS. ANGEL,	-	Landlady to Chatterton and Ladgate.

Action of play passes at No. 4 Brook Street, Holborn,
London.

Scene :—A garret. At the back a window, across which
is a pallet bed. In front, to the right, a table with two wooden
chairs beside it. On the table, ink, pens and paper. To the
left, a door.

Time :—Late afternoon.

ACT I.



SCENE I.

Curtain rises and finds Mrs. Angel at the window, looking out. She is a motherly woman, and throughout displays great concern on behalf of Chatterton. Enter Chatterton immediately.

CHATTERTON: (He is pale and thin and signs of poverty and hunger are deep-set, yet he carries himself proudly, even haughtily, and speaks cheerfully, with an effort.)

The same story, the same story.

MRS. ANGEL: Oh, Mr. Chatterton, haven't you been successful to-day?

CHATTERTON: Successful! I have never yet been able to learn the meaning of the word. Ah, Mrs. Angel, my hopes of ever realizing the fair ideals I used to dream of are fast fading away. The picture I painted of a life earnestly devoted to the true and the beautiful—some quiet spot where free from the thought of mere worldly gain I could give full scope to my imagination, and after a life of unceasing activity of thought be able to lay some acceptable offering at the altar of the Goddess of Art! But where is my picture? Alas! blotted out! Instead, I am barely able to keep body and soul together! What are these awful forces which bar the path to success—aye, even the modest success I ask—a bare living! The whole world seems to

have risen against me, and everywhere I seem to hear the cry "Chatterton, you shall not succeed, you shall not succeed!"

MRS. ANGEL: Oh, Mr. Chatterton, I am sure it will all come right in time. Why, what a lot you have printed already, and you so young too!

CHATTERTON: Ah, yes, they are always ready enough to print, but when it comes to pay, it is a different story. But I am forgetting about you. I have been able to scrape together a little to-day, and so can pay you your rent—all but sixpence—which I expect to be able to make up to-morrow. (He places the money in her hand.)

MRS. ANGEL: Oh, Mr. C., I am in no hurry. Would you not like to keep half until you are better off?

CHATTERTON: No, no thanks. (He points to his forehead.) See, I have that here which will get me more.

MRS. ANGEL: (Looks at him and hesitates, then walks to the door and turns.)

Will you have something to eat with us, Mr. C.?

CHATTERTON: No thank you, Mrs. A., not to-night.

MRS. ANGEL: (Aside, putting up her hand.) He's that proud, that proud. (She goes off.)

CHATTERTON: (Sinks into a chair wearily.) Ten and sixpence—a beggarly half guinea for sixteen poems—the cheats! The cowardly cheats! How long is this to last? Not a bite of food, not a crust for two days. How am I to live? What am I to do? And now my great hope—the work I sent to Walpole—rejected! (He lets his head drop into his hands.)

(Jack Ladgate enters. He is a mean, poverty-stricken individual, with an affected manner. He is constantly posing and patronizes C. somewhat.)

JACK LADGATE: Ah, C., in the dumps again? Cheer up! Don't give way! Look at me; you never see circumstances get the better of me!

CHATTERTON: Jack, I cannot understand how you always manage to pull along.

JACK LADGATE: No, Ha, Ha! (He nudges C.) It's the women, C., it's the women.

CHATTERTON: The women! How do you mean?

JACK LADGATE: You must have noticed the remarkable way I have with the women. It's wonderful how they take to me. Take my advice, C. Cultivate a way with the fair sex. Sweet creatures - so full of pity, so tender and sympathetic, and above all, so ready with their help. Oh, yes, I owe a great deal to this devil of a way I have with the women.

CHATTERTON: Why, how does that put bread in your mouth?

JACK LADGATE: Put bread in my mouth? Only this morning I breakfasted with my friend, Mrs. Tompson, the cook. By the way, I was telling her of you, and she was mightily taken with the idea that you wrote verses; now, she wants you to come along this evening, and in return for beef and beer, you can reel off something for her. I usually give them bits from Richard the Third and Hamlet. Ha, Ha, Ladgate's Hamlet for a meal. By Jove! It's cheap at the price. However, times are bad, and fair exchange is no robbery. What do you say? Will you come?

CHATTERTON: Ha, Ha! Beef and beer, and kiss the cook, for my poetry. No thanks.

JACK LADGATE: (Offended) All right, C. I don't see anything to laugh at.

CHATTERTON: Don't be offended J. I know you mean kindly, but I can't come to-night, thanks.

JACK LADGATE: Well, well, we'll see. What luck with your poems lately?

CHATTERTON: None whatever.

JACK LADGATE: But what of the tragedy you sent to Walpole? Ah, there were some fine lines there—as good as anything you’ve done. What did Walpole say to that?

CHATTERTON: Oh, it’s a long story. You know what a rage there is for anything mediaeval at present. Well, to better the chances of his making use of it, and thereby hasten my profit, I dressed it up and made it look as ancient as possible, and sent it to him as the work of a monk named Thomas Rowley, who lived three hundred years ago. He wrote me at first praising it highly. This led me to tell him of my poverty, and he seems to have become suspicious, for he showed the manuscripts to Gray, the poet, who pronounced them forgeries. This, Walpole wrote to me, and concluded by saying that he desired no further communication with a person capable of practising such deceit.

JACK LADGATE: Does he know that you are the real author?

CHATTERTON: He did not, and he has neglected to return the manuscripts. Yesterday, I wrote him strongly, demanding them back, and telling him that I wrote them.

JACK LADGATE: Have you another copy? I’d like to read over some of the lines again.

CHATTERTON: Yes, I have the original. I made a fresh copy to send to Walpole. (He gives him the copy. Mrs. Angel enters.)

MRS. ANGEL: Mr. Chatterton, a gentleman of the name of Walpole would like to see you.

CHATTERTON: (Starting.) Show him up.

JACK LADGATE: (Goes over to C. on way to door.) Talk of an angel. (Goes out.)

CHATTERTON: (Much agitated.) What can he want? Can there be hope yet? (He calms himself as Walpole enters.)

WALPOLE: (A finely dressed, elderly, pompous man.) I have the honor to address Mr. Chatterton? (C. bows.) I have called in order to return your MSS.

CHATTERTON: Ah, you are good enough to return them at last.

WALPOLE: Mr. C., the terms of your last letter to me were singularly impertinent. That the return of your MSS. was unfortunately delayed through an oversight, I admit, but I have put myself to some inconvenience to return them in person.

CHATTERTON: May I ask the reason of this extra trouble?

WALPOLE: That I may the better impress upon you the very serious mistake you are making in your choice of a career. Let me urge your immediate return to the attorney's desk. A more complete study of your verses has convinced me of the absolute necessity of this step.

CHATTERTON: You praised them highly at first.

WALPOLE: Yes, but you forget that you led me to believe that they were written at least three hundred years ago. Your use of Saxon words in their phrasing gave them a certain quaintness. Stript of this, I can find nothing to recommend them.

CHATTERTON: (Angrily.) Any merit you saw in them at first—and you certainly gave me to understand that you saw plenty—must be there now. No mere question of time can alter the intrinsic value of the work. The fact that your first opinion was given when you were under the impression that the poems were the work of Rowley, is a guarantee that your judgment was an unprejudiced one. What object would you have in praising a man whom you supposed to have lived three centuries ago?

WALPOLE: Sir, I repeat the only interest they had for me was that which is attached to all ancient MSS.

CHATTERTON: You praised them without reserve!

WALPOLE: (Ignoring him.) Now that that interest is removed, they have no further value. In giving me a false impression you committed an act of base deception.

CHATTERTON: (Imploringly.) Oh, but my poverty, my poverty.

WALPOLE: (Ironically.) Return to your former work, and when you have made a fortune, it will be time enough to tempt the Muse.

CHATTERTON: Oh, Mr. W., I implore you, do not mock me. This is no idle fancy. There's a divinity that shapes our ends! Some unseen power controls me, and bids me write—I must obey.

WALPOLE: Tut, boy, tut, I have advised you.

CHATTERTON: (Imploringly.) Mr. W., it is in your power to help me. I again entreat you. Refuse and you will live to regret this day.

WALPOLE: Sir, you are insolent. I have given you good advice.

CHATTERTON: I'm starving. I implore you to help me.

WALPOLE: Mr. C., take back your forgeries (He throws MSS. on table.) I wish you good day.

CHATTERTON: (Tearing MSS. in two.) No, stay. You spurn me, but before you go you shall hear what I have to say. These poems which you call forgeries are none the less the product of my own brain, the fruit of my imagination. I feel and I know that there is true merit in them. If you live longer than I, and I believe that you will, you will bitterly repent your treatment of me. In the fullness of time my work will be recognized, and you will have to meet the sternest reproaches. May God forgive you, for you will never be forgiven on earth! (Walpole goes.)

CHATTERTON: (Throws himself into a chair at table, lets his head drop on table and sobs.) What am I to do? What am I to do? (He pauses and sobs with his head on the table, then rises frenzied.) Oh, this is terrible! Terrible! The dreams, the hopes that I built upon—my poor castles—all shattered! My mother, my dear sister, the luxuries I had hoped to give them, the comforts they will never have; my aims, anticipations, all unfulfilled! (He returns to table and sobs, then rises and goes to window.—There is the glow of the sunset outside.) How beautifully the sun lingers; it contains the last of my dreams, my hopes. Ah, it is going now. (The glow fades away.) But it will rise to-morrow, while I feel that I shall never, never hope again. Ah, here comes the early moon to join with all the world in mocking Chatterton! (He turns from the window.) Never did Death seem half so sweet as now—to sleep a dreamless sleep and be at rest from all this ceaseless toil and anguish! (He returns to the window.) How strange it is that even the dumb beasts are better off than I! Whilst they are kept and fed, I starve for want of a crust. (He grips his breast in agony.) Oh, this hunger, it gnaws me as a hungry dog a bone. Is there no charity in the world? (Picks up his hat.) I must get bread—surely some one will give me credit—if only for a crust. (He walks to door and meets Mrs. A.)

MRS. ANGEL: Oh, Mr. C., how ill you look—have you had anything to eat to-day?

CHATTERTON: (Excitedly.) Ha, ha, no; I forgot until this moment. Just going out to get something. (He goes out).

MRS. ANGEL: (Goes over to the window and looks out.) Poor boy, I don't believe he's eaten for days—and he's that proud he won't take nothing he can't pay for. (She feels in her apron pocket and takes out letter.) Ah,

I have forgotten to give him this letter. (She places it on table.) Never mind, he will see it when he comes in—there.

(Enters J. L. hurriedly.)

JACK LADGATE: Hullo, Mrs. Angel, where is Mr. Chatterton?

MRS. ANGEL: Gone out to get something to eat, he says, but I don't believe he's got as much as a penny in his pocket.

JACK LADGATE: A penny—not he, and he never will have until he's learned to pocket that cursed pride of his. Pride, Mrs. Angel, is of no use to a starving man. Now, I have pride and to spare, on occasion. By the way, you never saw me in the part of Hotspur, did you?

MRS. ANGEL: No, Mr. Ladgate. (Aside) for a very good reason too. He! he!

JACK LADGATE: No, no, of course I haven't had an opportunity of filling that part in London. Ah, my version, I venture to think would take well here. (Mrs. A. looks doubtful.) I remember those provincial blockheads were unable to understand it—a little too subtle for them. (Aside.) Ye Gods, how they laughed. Now, speaking of pride—(Enter C. weakly. He pulls himself together when he sees the others.)—Now, there was an exhibition of—(He breaks off on seeing C., and Mrs. A. goes out.) Ah, Chatterton, there you are. (His artificial air suddenly disappears and he lays his hand on C.'s shoulder in deep concern.) Why, man, how ill you look. Now think better of it and come with me to-night.

CHATTERTON: No, Jack, not to-night, thanks.

JACK LADGATE: Ah, sit on that pride of yours, Chatterton, or you will starve to death.

CHATTERTON: (Mysteriously.) No, I shall not starve to death.

JACK LADGATE: Well, I'll call in again before I go, and see if you have altered your mind.

CHATTERTON: (Impulsively.) Ah, don't think I'm ungrateful Jack. You have been a kind friend to me.

JACK LADGATE: (Kindly.) All right lad, cheer up. (Goes out.)

CHATTERTON: (Watching him out, then carefully closes the door.) Starve to death, Ah, no not that way. Here's my sleeping draught,—more sure, more speedy—here's that which will lull me to my everlasting rest. No credit for bread—curse them—but this (he holds up packet) will satisfy me more effectually—no second hunger there—(lays packet on table and crosses to window.) Oh, monstrous, cruel uncharitable world, to use me thus; to kill me with your grim, unpitying indifference. No smile of welcome—no helping hand. Oh, cold, cold world, how I hate you, I hate you, (he raises his hand to his breast and groans—then turns to table and takes up poison.) Ah, a trusty weapon, a sure tool with which to burst the doors of death. Now, God pilot my soul, and farewell to all. (He drinks the poison and stands for a moment motionless, then sits down and reads as he writes).

“Farewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of mammon, worshippers of trick,
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise,
I go to where celestial anthems swell,
But you, when you depart shall sink to hell,
Farewell, my mother; cease my anguished soul,
Nor let distraction's billows o'er me roll,
Have mercy, Heaven, when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.”

(He repeats the last two lines, then laying down the paper, sees the letter and starts up.) Why, what is this? A letter? (tears open and reads) “Dear Mr. Chatterton, I had the good fortune to see the Rowley poems when in the possession of Mr.

Horace Walpole. I then pronounced them forgeries, and have just learned that they were your compositions. The least I can say at present is that they are true poetry. It grieves me deeply to learn of your poverty, and I shall call upon you to-night, when I trust that you will allow me to do all in my power to help you. Thomas Gray."

(C. crunches the letter and allows it to drop to the floor.) Thomas Gray, the poet (stands gasping, then shrieks) Life's last irony. Oh, what a fool has fortune made of me. (Clutches at his throat.) My God, what agony. (Weakly.) I think this must be the end. (He struggles to bed and lies down. The moon shines on his face. Presently he starts up in agony and struggles to the centre of stage, where he writhes and then falls and lies stretched out. Immediately a loud knocking is heard at the door and J. L.'s voice is heard calling) "Chatterton, Mr. Gray is here. (The door bursts open and he rushes in crying) "Chatterton, Chat - - - (stops abruptly and throws up his arms aghast.)

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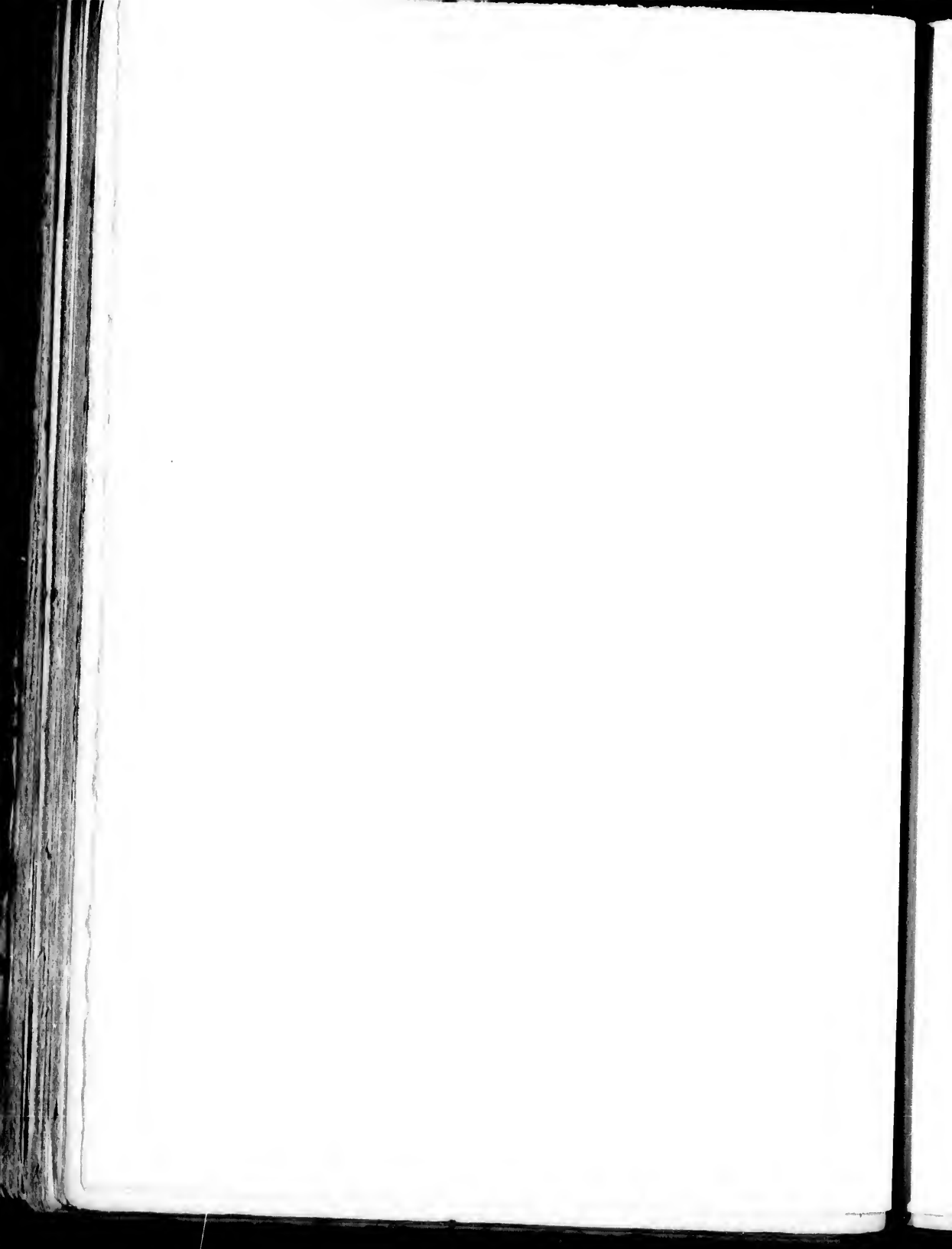
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Written for the Daily "Mail and Empire," in reply to a previous review on the production in London of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf."

IN a recent address on the drama during the Queen's reign, Mr. Forbes Robertson, referring to Henrik Ibsen, asserted that he was undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with.

An eminent critic and editor of a newspaper which has by its restless energy and the undoubted worth of its matter forced its way into the very front rank of the newspapers of the world (I refer to Mr. Massingham of "The Daily Chronicle") speaking of the eventful afternoon on which "Little Eyolf" was produced at the Avenue Theatre, London, laid stress on the fact that not by a special coterie of thinkers (as Mr. Clement Scott would have us believe) was the theatre filled, but by representatives of every section of thought in London—that is the world. He also said that the play had on him "the effect of music."

Another critic of great discernment remarks that "opinions will and do differ as to the meaning and full value of the piece, but who can deny that it is the work of a master of the human heart and a master of the stage?"

Now, the most striking fact in all Ibsen's work is the wonderful simplicity of the language which he uses in order to expose his vast and searching knowledge of human nature. And it is in this one fact alone, we venture to think, that the pity of Ibsen's greatness and influence is felt. It is in this particular respect that our own great master, Mr. Pinero,

resembles him closely, and it is no doubt due to this resemblance that insistence has been given to the statement that Mr. Pinero belongs to the Ibsen School, but that is a question that hardly concerns us here and it is to "Little Eyolf" that we would now direct our attention. The characters in the play are Alfred Allmers (landed proprietor, man of letters, formerly a tutor), Mrs. Rita Allmers (his wife), Eyolf (their child, now nine years old), Miss Asta Allmers (Alfred's younger half-sister), Engineer Borgheim and the Rat Wife.

In the first act Allmers has just returned from the mountains after his first absence from his wife since their marriage, an absence of a fortnight; and we are speedily made to feel that there is something wrong about the man; the tone of his conversation does not ring sincere, and his attitude towards his wife is not responsive to the strong jealous affection she has for him. We further learn that it is due to his wife's "gold and green forests" that he is able to devote himself to the book which he has intended to be his lifework. He now tells us, however, that whilst "in the infinite solitudes on the mountain peaks" he has formed a resolution never to finish his book—"Human Responsibility"—but henceforth to act it out in his own life. He will no longer be a schoolmaster to his son, but a father, "Eyolf shall carry on my lifework if he wants," he declares, "or he shall choose one that is altogether his own. Perhaps that would be best. At all events I shall let mine rest as it is. I can't divide myself in this matter, and therefore I shall efface myself—Eyolf shall be the complete man of our race and it shall be my new lifework to make him the ~~man~~ 'ete man.'" And so after ten years and a communion with the stars which gives him strength for his exaggerated self-renunciation he launches upon the elementary duties of fatherhood. So strongly are we made to feel the trace of insincerity in his every speech that already we begin to see through the man. It is in this act that the

Rat Wife makes her appearance; a character so charged with meaning that we feel that only the master mind of Ibsen could have conceived it; a character symbolizing death so vividly that we feel that only the master hand of Ibsen could have portrayed it.

She is described as carrying in a black bag, a little dog with which she explains she lures the rats, and which strangely fascinates Little Eyolf. It is upon Eyolf that she fixes her attention and the following conversation passes between them:—

EYOLF: And does he bite them to death?

THE RAT WIFE: Oh, not at all. No, we go down to the boat, he and I do, and then they follow after us, both the big ones and the little ratikins.

EYOLF: (eagerly) And what then—tell me.

THE RAT WIFE: Then we push out from the land, and I scull with one oar, and play on my Pan's pipes. And Mopseman, he swims behind. (With glittering eyes.) And all the creepers and crawlers, they follow and follow us out into the deep, deep waters. Ay, for they have to.

EYOLF: Why have they to?

THE RAT WIFE: Just because they want not to—just because they're so deadly afraid of the water. That's why they've got to plunge into it.

EYOLF: Are they drowned, then?

THE RAT WIFE: Every blessed one. (More softly). And there it's all as still and soft and dark as their hearts can desire, the lovely little things. Down there they sleep a long, sweet sleep, with no one to hate them or persecute them any more. (Rises). In the old days, I can tell you, I didn't need any Mopseman. Then I did the luring myself—I alone.

EYOLF: And what did you lure then?

THE RAT WIFE: Men. One most of all.

EYOLF: (with eagerness) Oh, who was that one? Tell me!

THE RAT WIFE: (laughing) It was my own sweetheart, it was, little heartbreaker!

EYOLF: And where is he now, then?

THE RAT WIFE: (harshly) Down where all the rats are (resuming her milder tone). But now I must be off and get to business again. Always on the move. (To Rita). So your ladyship has no sort of use for me to-day? I could finish it all off while I'm about it.

RITA: No, thank you; I don't think we require anything.

THE RAT WIFE: Well, well, your sweet ladyship, you can never tell. If your ladyship should find that there's anything here that keeps nibbling and gnawing and creeping and crawling, then just see and get hold of me and Mopseman. Good-bye, good-bye, a kind good-bye to you all.

(She goes out by the door on the right).

EYOLF: (softly and triumphantly, to Asta) Only think, Auntie, now I've seen the Rat Wife too!

(Rita goes out upon the verandah, and fans herself with her pocket-handkerchief. Shortly afterwards, Eyolf slips cautiously and unnoticed out of sight).

We then come to another very powerful scene, in which Rita reproaches her husband for his coldness on his return home the evening before. "There stood your champagne, but you tasted it not," she quotes, and the emotion of this scene is still fresh when shrieks are heard in the distance from the direction of the fiord.

It is here that Ibsen gives us an example of one of his lightning word pictures. He describes in four words Little Eyolf's death with a vividness which leaves us gasping:

RITA: (on the verandah listening) Hush, be quiet; let me hear what they are saying. (Rita rushes back with a piercing shriek into the room).

ALLMERS: What did they say?

RITA: (sinking down beside the arm chair on the left.)
They said "The crutch is floating."

In the second act we learn that it was while watching the Rat-Wife row out over the fiord that Eyolf, standing alone on the very edge of the pier, seemed to turn giddy and disappeared; that he was seen lying on his back on the bottom; and with "great, open eyes." A painful scene occurs, and it is here that Ibsen strips Rita and Allmers naked to their very souls. We see the man in his true colors. We see his superficiality, his falseness and cowardice. We are shown Rita, "the passionate, warm-blooded being," "the child of earth," jealous to satisfy her uncontrolled desires—not a nice picture by any means, but one which appeals to us much more readily than Allmer's selfish priggishness. "Not out of love for Eyolf," says Rita, "did you sacrifice your book, but because you were consumed with distrust of yourself—because you had begun to doubt whether you had any great vocation to live for in the world."

ALLMERS: (observing her closely.) Could you see that in me?

RITA: Oh, yes; little by little. And then you needed something new to fill up your life. It seems that I wasn't enough for you any longer.

ALLMERS: That is the law of change, Rita.

RITA: And that is why you wanted to make a prodigy of poor little Eyolf.

ALLMERS: (with sudden passion.) You are the guilty one in this!

RITA: (rising.) I!

ALLMERS: Yes, you. It was your fault that he became what he was! It was your fault that he couldn't save himself when he fell into the water.

RITA: Alfred—You shall not throw the blame on me!

ALLMERS: Yes, yes; I do! It was you that left the helpless child unwatched upon the table.

RITA: He was lying so comfortably among the cushions, and sleeping so soundly, and you had promised to look after him.

ALLMERS: Yes, I had. (Lowering his voice.) But then you came—you, you, you—and lured me to you.

RITA: (looking defiantly at him.) Oh, better own at once that you forgot the child and everything else.

ALLMERS: (in suppressed desperation.) Yes, that is true. (Lower.) I forgot the child—in your arms!

RITA: (exasperated.) Alfred! Alfred—this is intolerable of you!

ALLMERS: (in a low voice, clenching his fist before her face.) In that hour you condemned little Eyolf to death.

RITA: You, too. You, too—if it is as you say.

ALLMERS: Oh, yes; call me to account, too—if you will. We have sinned, both of us. And so after all there *was* retribution in Eyolf's death.

RITA: Retribution?

ALLMERS: (with more self-control.) Yes. Judgment upon you and me. Now, as we stand here, we have our deserts. While he lived, we let ourselves shrink away from him in secret, abject remorse. We could not bear to *see it*—the thing he had to drag with him——

RITA: (whispers.) The crutch?

ALLMERS: Yes, that. And now, what we now call sorrow and heartache—it is really the gnawing of conscience, Rita; nothing else.

“Little Eyolf” is a drama of retribution. Remorse and anguish have set in. They are haunted by the thought that the child's “great open eyes” may watch them day and night.

ALLMERS: Our love has been like a consuming fire. Now, it must be quenched.

RITA: (with a movement towards him.) Quenched?

ALLMERS: (Hardly.) It is quenched—in one of us.

RITA: (As if petrified.) And you dare say that to me?

ALLMERS: (More gently.) It is dead, Rita. But in what I now feel for you—in our common guilt and need of atonement—I seem to foresee a sort of resurrection—

RITA: (Vehemently.) I don't care a bit about any resurrection:

ALLMERS: Rita.

RITA: I am a warm-blooded being! I don't go drowsing about—with fishes' blood in my veins. (Wringing her hands.) And now to be imprisoned for life in anguish and remorse! Imprisoned with one who is no longer mine, mine, mine!

ALLMERS: It must have ended so, sometime, Rita.

RITA: Must have ended so! The love that in the beginning rushed forth so eagerly to meet with love!

ALLMERS: My love did not rush forth to you in the beginning.

RITA: What did you feel for me, first of all?

ALLMERS: Dread.

RITA: That I can understand. How was it, then, that I won you after all?

ALLMERS: (In a low voice.) You were so entrancingly beautiful, Rita.

RITA: (Looks searchingly at him.) Then that was the only reason? Say it, Alfred! The only reason?

ALLMERS: (Conquering himself.) No, there was another as well.

RITA: (With an outburst.) I can guess what that was! It was "my gold, and my green forests," as you call it. Was it not so, Alfred?

ALLMERS: Yes.

RITA: (Looks at him with deep reproach.) How could you? How could you?

A happy contrast to this maudlin prater of duty is Engineer Borgheim, full of joy in his "great piece of road-making, with mountain ranges to cross and the most tremendous difficulties to overcome." Asta, with her quiet strength and restraint, also provides a vivid contrast to Rita, and it is almost a relief to find after all that she is not Allmers' half-sister.

In the last Act Allmers decides to go away, and Rita determines to go down to the beach and bring all the poor neglected children home, and take them to her heart. "They shall live in Eyolf's rooms; they shall read his books; they shall play with his toys; they shall take it in turns to sit in his chair at table, and thus fill the empty place within her 'With something that is a little like love.'"

ALLMERS: (Stands for a moment lost in thought, then looks at her.) The truth is, we haven't done much for the poor people down there.

RITA: We have done nothing for them.

ALLMERS: Scarcely even thought of them.

RITA: Never thought of them in sympathy.

ALLMERS: We, who had "the gold and the green forests."

RITA: Our hands were closed to them. And our hearts too.

ALLMERS: (Nods.) Then it was perhaps natural enough after all that they shouldn't risk their lives to save little Eyolf.

RITA: (Softly.) Think, Alfred. Are you so certain that *we* should have risked ours?

ALLMERS: (With an uneasy gesture of repulsion.) You must never doubt *that*.

RITA: Oh, we are children of earth.

ALLMERS: What do you really think you can do with all these neglected children?

RITA: I suppose I must try if I cannot lighten and—ennoble their lot in life.

ALLMERS: If you can do that—then Eyolf was not born in vain.

RITA: Nor taken from us in vain, either.

ALLMERS: (looking steadfastly at her.) Be quite clear about one thing, Rita. It is not love that is driving you to this.

RITA: No, it is not—at any rate, not yet.

ALLMERS: Well, then, what is it?

RITA: (half evasively.) You have so often talked to Asta of human responsibility—

ALLMERS: Of the book that you hated.

RITA: I hate that book still. But I used to sit and listen to what you told her. And now I will try and continue it in my own way.

ALLMERS: (shaking his head.) It is not for the sake of that unfinished book—

RITA: No, I have another reason as well.

ALLMERS: What is that?

RITA: (softly, with a melancholy smile.) I want to make my peace with the “great, open eyes,” you see.

ALLMERS: (struck, fixing his eyes upon her.) Perhaps, I could join you in that? And help you, Rita?

RITA: Would you?

ALLMERS: Yes, if I were only sure I could.

RITA: (hesitatingly.) But then you would have to remain here.

ALLMERS: (softly.) Let us try if it could not be so.

RITA: (almost inaudibly.) Yes, let us, Alfred. (Both are silent. Then Allmers goes up to the flagstaff and hoists

the flag to the top. Rita stands beside the summer-house and looks at him in silence.)

ALLMERS: (coming forward again.) We have a heavy day of work before us, Rita.

RITA: You will see—that now and then a Sabbath peace will descend upon us.

ALLMERS: (quietly, with emotion.) Then, perhaps, we shall know that the spirits are with us.

RITA: (whispering.) The spirits?

ALLMERS: (as before.) Yes, they will perhaps be around us—those whom we have lost.

RITA: (nods slowly.) Our little Eyolf. And your big Eyolf, too.

ALLMERS: (gazing straight before him.) Now and then, perhaps, we may still—on the way through life—have a little passing glimpse of them.

RITA: Where shall we look for them, Alfred?

ALLMERS: (fixing his eyes upon her.) Upwards.

RITA: (nods in approval.) Yes, yes—upwards.

ALLMERS: Upwards—towards the peaks. Towards the stars. And towards the great silence.

RITA: (giving him her hand). Thanks.

It is easier for us to understand Rita's sudden conversion than Allmer's, and we are, perhaps, hardly convinced that the latter's will last. But how noble in theme the play, and does it not have on us "the effect of music?" How soothing those closing chords, like a sweet, far-off strain on a calm summer's night after the heat, the fret, and fever of the day. And in spite of our incurring Mr. Scott's displeasure, we leave the play, softly murmuring, "thanks, thanks to you, great master."

A PROSPECTOR'S STORY.



AT the present time when so much attention is being drawn to the vast mineral wealth of our country, the outcome of which would seem to be a new and almost phenomenal era of prosperity for Canada, I think that some little attention might also well be given to that individual who has silently added so much to the wealth of great countries, who endures hardships undreamed of by his more fortunate fellows, and who, through suffering countless ills, so seldom reaps any reward adequate or even inadequate for his endeavors—I mean that individual of a large working class, the prospector.

Even under the (from a prospector's point of view) almost perfect conditions which prevail in our Lake of the Woods and surrounding mining districts, might his life from any point of view be described as a happy one, and considering the fact that in so many different ways of adding wealth and distinction to the country is he the pioneer, it is perhaps only fair to give him, more especially at the present moment, a little thought.

I have said that the conditions which prevail in our Lake of the Woods district are almost ideal for prospecting, but I will give a short outline of a recent outing extending over some six weeks, and if those good people who are contemplating throwing up comfortable positions for a vain rush into a country like the Yukon, will keep in view the fact this is the merest child's play, they may pause and reconsider their decisions.

It was in the last week in June that my partner and I started out. My partner, an Englishman of some eight or

nine years' experience of roughing it in this country, I a "greeny." To pay for my lack of experience I found the whole outfit, and we went on half interests.

As we intended working several new districts, we decided to take an Indian, but owing to its being near treaty time we were unable to get one in town. We started off, however, fully expecting to be able to get one at a reservation on the way. This, however, we were unable to do, and being dubious of our way, we struck over to an Indian fisher whom my partner knew, and who proved willing to guide us to the point at which we intended working inland. In an incredibly short space of time his wife, two children and grub were all in their birch bark, and, although our canoe was lighter and we carried less weight, in about five hours he and his wife had given us all the paddling we wanted. We camped on a small island, and the night being fine we did not put up the tent, simply rolling ourselves in our blankets and pulling the mosquito net over our heads. Not being as yet quite accustomed to my hard couch, I did not sleep particularly well, and we arose at four o'clock next morning. This happened to be fortunate, as at five o'clock a steamboat picked us up and we were able to dispense with the Indian. After carrying us about fifteen miles the boat dropped us and we made for our inlet, a small creek extending, according to the map, some seven miles inland. About half a mile from the mouth we came to some rapids and were compelled to make a portage of a quarter of a mile. Portaging on a cold day may not be particularly hard work, but at the hottest time of the year by the time one has carried some 300 lbs. of stuff, not including the canoe, with the flies rampant all the time, one is inclined perhaps to exaggerate the hardness of the conditions of working. We had three more portages, however, before we finished the day. The river was remarkably pretty, tiger lilies strewing the stream; the pine, poplar and birch reflected in the water all added to the attractiveness of the

scene, and had it not been for the flies and the intense heat, the place would have been a veritable paradise. As it was, however, the black flies taking a particular fancy to me, my face was soon covered with smudges of blood.

We camped at what was shown on the map as the head of the river, but the next day finding that it was connected inland with a whole chain of lakes we decided to paddle back and try and get an Indian at the mouth of the river to act as guide.

Starting out with a handful of grub and the mosquito net, we paddled down in the cool of the evening and made the portages comfortably, but by the time we arrived at the lake we were caught in a heavy downfall of rain which lasted all night. We were unable to keep a fire on and were forced to crawl under the canoe and wait for morning. The next day, being unable to persuade any of the Indians to accompany us, we returned, spending a week or so in the district, explored and prospected it as well as we could, without, however, meeting with any success.

Striking down again to the main lake we were fortunate enough to meet an Indian, a young buck, who offered to act as our guide for four days pending his departure for his Treaty Reserve. As we wished to work some country about twelve miles to the south, and which would entail a good deal of travel in the bush, we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity. The contact we wished to strike extended round a lake which lay four or five miles inland. Paddling down and camping on the shore of the main lake, we started early the following morning into the bush, the Indian carrying the axe, "billey" and most of the grub. My companion and I taking our picks and a sandwich of bacon and bannock which we were unable to squeeze into the "billey." After following a trail some three miles we struck off into the bush trusting to our Indian and the compass. When we reached

the shores of the lake we wished to work round, the Indian for some extraordinary reason decamped, taking the axe and food he was carrying. We decided to stick to our original plan and work round the lake. This we did, making a circuit of some fifteen miles through pouring rain and thick wet brush. Absolutely sodden with the wet, we got round to where we expected to strike the trail out. This we were unable to do, and darkness catching us in a swamp we were compelled to lie down and fight the clouds of mosquitoes. Not having carried our matches in a box, we were unable to light a fire, so we lay on the wet earth, aching with the damp, cold, weary and exhausted, but unable to sleep, praying for dawn to end the incessant battle with the mosquitoes. With the first streams of light we started on our search for the trail and fortunately stumbled on to it after some hours of wandering.

Arriving back at our camp we found that the Indian had left the grub but had stolen the axe. I was so feverish with mosquito bites on every part of my body that we laid up for the day. With the evening we drifted in the canoe on to the lake for a breath of air and gazed at a wonderful sunset; the fading colors seem to paint an Allegory and we returned to the camp and the dull gray of a prospector's life in an unbroken silence.

