TO

H.R.H.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

1911

BY EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

OTTAWA

SALVE

i

THE bond, O Prince, which holds our hearts to thee
Was never wrought by politic design;
'Tis natural as the fragrancy of pine,
And dear as is the sense of giving free
To loyal Kings a reverent loyalty;
Its elements do graciously entwine
With love for vanished friends, for natal shrine,
For airs of spring, for all her flowers which be
Lovely beneath what majesty of blue:
A filial mist may cloud your warrior eyes,
And you see Home beneath Canadian skies,
When the pure strands, O Prince, are shown to you,
A Home with folk who, when a loved one dies,
Love unforgetting on their whole lives through.

ii

When maple sap and buds have scarce begun
The greening tint our early April shows,
The singing-sparrow, braving lingering snows,
Renews his gentle elegy for one
Whose cherished memory Time hath not undone;
For still her praise in fondest story flows
To Youth from aged lips, whose childhood rose
When all the Realms hailed you her newborn son.
And when the little singer plaintive ends
His delicate refrain, our heart-strings wait
What else his native heart may meditate;
Yet ever seems he chanting: Now May wends
This way to bring Queen's Birthday blooms elate—
Our dearest flowers were all her loyal friends.

iii

And ere May goes she strews our olden Queen
With prairie crocus sheathed in velvet gray,
The mystic-sweet arbutus' fairy spray,
Spring beauties starring o'er the gladey scene,
Mild violet throngs, which charm the dells away
From dusk, with tints adorably serene,
Bold bloodroot multitudes of waxen sheen
Crowding on headlands open to the day
When woodland daffodils of pensive head
Have shrunk before the bannered trillium host:
Then hazes, dreaming over field and coast,
Seem to enshroud our well beloved dead,
Whose long engloried annals cannot boast
A fairer ray than her own goodness shed.

iv

This storied festival of all our year
Was unforgot in Edward's honoured reign,
And ever shall be, though we see again
A crowned manliness we well revere:
The more our Royal Sailor's name is dear,
And Mary's, for her queenliness so fain
Of Pity's help to Poverty and Pain,
The more we deem our olden Queen is here,
Regnant in children bearing sceptred trust
As in profound humility of soul;
And more our grateful hearts the King extol,
Since to our sway he spares the Prince august
In mien, in fame, most worthy on the scroll
Of royal kin, frank, simple-hearted, just.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

WITH the publication of the Minutes of its Proceedings, supplemented by the issue of the Naval and Military Agreements more recently arrived at between the Home Government and the Dominions, it ought to be possible for impartial students of empire politics to gain a clear idea of what has actually been accomplished by the Sixth Imperial (*née* Colonial) Conference, held in London from May 23rd to June 20th. For such a purpose it is well to stand apart from the extreme views of party politicians. The "don't talk to me of empire" school may plume itself on its belief that "Imperialism is dead," but when one finds, on the other hand, an ultra-imperialistic Premier like Sir Joseph Ward assuring the National Liberal Club that the Conference just concluded "has done a great deal more than all previous Conferences put together," one does not feel quite like weeping over an open grave.

For over twenty-five years we have been engaged in discussing the organization of the Empire, and it would indeed be strange if no progress at all could be recorded. The old ideal was that there should be as little formal connexion as possible between her colonies and the motherland, and theorists looked complacently forward to the time when the former would drop off like ripe fruit from the parent stem. But the logic of events has been too strong for them. Partly drawn, no doubt, by the attractions of Jubilees and Coronations, the children have been glad to gather from time to time round the family hearth, and they were never less minded than they are to-day to cut the connexion and set up in business for themselves. They have "got the habit" of coming together, and of trying to formulate their common interests as well as to recognize, at the same time, their joint responsibilities. Some people have been afraid of going too

far in the direction of imperial unity. On the British side the perversity of party politics still leads a certain school, which need not here be defined or designated, to look for every sign of the process known as "hiving off," in order that they may turn round triumphantly and say "I told you so!" On the other hand every one knows the strength of the feeling for autonomy in the Dominions. But if you will only substitute the phrase "voluntary co-operation" for "unity" or "concentration," and make as sparing a use as possible of the word "imperial," it is astonishing what results may be obtained in both quarters. There are of course some who will not allow you to speak of "empire" or "imperial" matters, unless you are using these words to designate a hotel or an exhibition. But the fact remains that, whereas in former days all that the Colonies had to do was to attend to their own local affairs and behave themselves properly, they are now of their own accord and free-will entering the sphere of imperial interests,—notably those of defence and foreign policy. The Naval and Military Agreements, just published as a most important addendum to the Minutes of the Conference, are the answer to the statement that the Dominions over-seas "refuse to enter into any closer bonds of formal union, either for military, political, or commercial purposes." (*The Nation*, June 17th 1911). These epoch-making contracts help further to emphasize the fact that, apart from the change from "Colonial" to "Imperial" Conference, the meetings periodically held in London go forward now for the discussion of questions of common interest no longer as between "the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Prime Ministers of the self-governing Colonies," but as between "His Majesty's Government and His Governments beyond the Seas."

The most favourable omen that heralded the assembling of the Conference may be said to have been the non-party memorial signed by some 300 members of the British House of Commons, and presented to Mr. Asquith towards the end of April. The intention of this memorial was to urge that

practical steps should now be taken, possibly by the establishment of a "representative council of an advisory character, in touch with public opinion throughout the Empire," to bring the Over-seas Dominions into closer contact with the management of those imperial affairs which are at present mainly in the care of the Mother Country, though they affect the Empire as a whole. In the speeches made in support of the memorial may be found anticipations of proposals made at the Conference itself, including at the one extreme an Imperial Council with an executive controlling the affairs of the Empire and, at the other, a non-elective Commission which could serve as a link between the quadrennial Conferences, and help to prepare and digest the material to be submitted for consideration. The important point to note is that it was the expressed wish of this variously-composed delegation to keep matters affecting imperial unity outside the domain of party-politics, and also that its members seem to have realized the essential difficulty of the whole problem, —how to reconcile any such forward step with the autonomy of the self-governing Dominions. In undertaking to bring before the Imperial Conference a petition which he admitted was "more variously supported than any he could remember having seen in the course of his career," the British Premier sagely reminded the deputation that nothing of a practical nature could be done without the fullest concurrence and consent of the Over-seas Dominions themselves.

If the 300 British M.Ps. of every sort of political complexion, may be said to have anticipated the proceedings of the Conference, they were themselves anticipated by one of the Dominion Premiers. Before leaving Sydney, about the middle of March, Sir Joseph Ward, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, made a speech—apparently unheralded and unpremeditated—in which he undertook individually to settle the whole question of the organization of the Empire. Starting from the need for systematic coöperation for defence, he proposed to constitute an Imperial Parliament, to which should be committed all questions involving defence, along with

kindred subjects such as foreign policy, foreign treaties, and international agreements. There was to be an Imperial House of Representatives, returned upon a basis of population, and an Imperial Senate, to which each portion of the Empire would elect an equal number of members : the resulting Parliament to be strictly limited to imperial questions, and to have the power of determining the contributions required for defence from each Dominion represented. This scheme would have the further advantage, he thought, not only of relieving an already overburdened House of Commons, but of securing concurrently internal autonomy and Home Rule for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

How did the Conference, when it assembled, deal with these and such like suggestions? Both Lord Salisbury in 1887 and Mr. Chamberlain in 1902 had put the need for coöperation in defence alongside of the need for an improved political organization such as would enable the Empire to act together as a unit in foreign affairs, and the desirability of better commercial relations. But when it came to the suggestion of an Advisory Council, the Colonial Premiers would give no countenance to a body which would obviously derogate in theory from their position as heads of responsible governments, and which might be found to be in practice distinctly embarrassing. The same story was repeated in 1911. For while much was accomplished in the way of coöperation for imperial defence, the suggestions for improved methods of political union resulted in practically nothing.

It is obvious from the record that the leading part in rejecting the somewhat crude and immature proposals for constitutional changes made at the Conference was taken by the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His attitude from first to last has been one of vigilant and vigorous assertion of Canadian autonomy and ministerial responsibility. In 1897 he joined with others in recording his opinion that "the present political relations between the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies are generally satisfactory under

the existing condition of things." In 1902 he was the only Colonial Premier who refused to accept the principle of increasing the defensive strength of the Empire by contributing to the cost of the British Navy, either in cash or by the establishment of "local naval defences" in consultation with the Admiralty. Though his scruples seem more recently to have been somewhat overborne, it is important to recall the fact that he was not willing that even in time of war the local naval forces of the Dominion should come under the general direction of the Admiralty. It is probable that to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the possibility of war was for a long time unthinkable. His well-loved native land was—in Sir Wilfrid's thoughts and imaginings—to enjoy an experience that would be unique in history—that of growing up beyond the reach of aggression from any quarter whatever. When we are summing up the results of the Conference, in the light of the Naval and Military Agreements already referred to, we should not omit to note that as recently as last year (29th Nov. 1910) Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared in Parliament that "under present circumstances it is not advisable for Canada to mix in the armaments of the Empire." His formula of voluntary coöperation is so much respected in London that official draughtsmen never fail to include in their documents such phrases as "should any of the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire at a time of real danger." Even in the latest Agreements it will be found that the wording is carefully chosen to guard against the possibly unwarranted assumption that any part of the Empire would "desire" to take its share in general defence.

With such a record behind him, it must have been obvious that the Canadian Premier would not be at all likely to fall in with the views of Sir Joseph Ward. Sir Wilfrid had gone to the Conference "with very few suggestions to make," and in the spirit, no doubt, of one who desired to maintain the *status quo*. So when the Premier of New Zealand came on with his proposals for an Imperial Council of State advisory to the Imperial Government, Sir Wilfrid would have

none of it. In very trenchant language he pointed out that "what Sir Joseph Ward proposed was not an advisory Council, but a legislative body elected by the people of the United Kingdom and the Dominions beyond the Seas with power to create expenditure, but no responsibility for providing the necessary revenue to meet that expenditure. Such a system was indefensible. The body might say that five, ten, or twenty million pounds were necessary, so much for each of the different portions of the Empire, and then the respective Governments would be dumb agents in carrying out the decision. They would simply have to provide the money asked for. Such a proposal he thought was absolutely impracticable."

The commanding influence wielded by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Conference may be estimated from the fact that it was in deference to objections made by him that a much more modest proposal put forward by the Home Government was also withdrawn. In order to bridge over the intervals between the meetings of the Conference itself, Mr. Harcourt proposed to set up a standing Committee, without either executive or legislative functions, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, the Permanent Under-Secretary, the High Commissioner or other Representative of the Dominions, and a Representative of Newfoundland. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, however, stated that "he would view with serious apprehension the interference of anybody whatever between the Home Government and the Governments of the Dominions. He adhered to the position he took up four years ago, that the relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country should be carried on by themselves. The organization of the Colonial Office had given ample satisfaction, and he thought they should leave matters as they were at present." In spite of support from some of the other members of the Conference, Mr. Harcourt intimated that he would not proceed further with his proposal. The Conference is therefore left without any Standing Committee to prepare business in the intervals between its

meetings, and to put things in proper form for discussion. This is one of the points to which Mr. Lyttleton, a former Colonial Secretary, referred to in the House of Commons when he spoke of certain important proposals as having been "asphyxiated in an atmosphere of bland inaction." Let us hope that the next Conference may not have a repetition of this year's experience, when in response to a long neglected despatch asking for suggestions for the agenda paper, our own Dominion Government sent in the end a reply to the effect that it had nothing of sufficient importance to put forward but would join in discussing any points raised by other governments.

The need of a better organization within the Conference itself is illustrated in the discussion which took place over the Declaration of London. Members had evidently forgotten the resolution passed in 1902, "That, so far as may be consistent with the confidential negotiations of treaties with foreign powers, the views of the Colonies affected should be obtained, in order that they may be in a better position to give adhesion to such treaties." Otherwise they might have shown more surprise when the Canadian Premier stated his view that "it was a very far-reaching proposition that the Dominions should be consulted in regard to treaties negotiated by the Home Government. . . . If a Dominion insisted on being consulted in regard to matters which might result in war, that would imply the necessity that they should take part in the war." The English newspaper press seized on this pronouncement as an indication of the approaching dissolution of the British Empire! It was argued that it is not open to any of the Dominions to regard itself as a part of the Empire merely when it suited its convenience. "Either it flies the British flag or it does not. There is no middle course. To make war in common and peace in common is the ordinary undertaking of any two Powers which enter into an offensive and defensive alliance. It must be manifest that Imperial partnership can have no stability if based upon a weaker sense of mutual obligation

than that which binds two allied peoples, however remote their systems and their race." In the general chorus of disapproval which followed the Canadian Premier's utterance, statesmen like Lord Selborne, and jurists like Sir Frederick Pollock took an active part. Referring more directly to South Africa, the former stated the somewhat obvious truth that "there is only one way in which any part of the British Empire can make sure of remaining neutral when the British Empire is at war, and that is by severing its connexion with the British Empire in time of peace." In a legal deliverance on "neutrality," Sir Frederick Pollock said: "The law of nations knows nothing of an International unit, whatever its internal constitution may be, making war and peace in sections." In Canada, Mr. R. L. Borden did not fail to improve the situation. He protested against the idea that Canadians would "desire to enjoy the prestige and advantage of the British connexion and the protection of the British flag until trouble comes, and then to reserve the right to remain neutral," and poured ridicule on the suggestion that, while in peace we should be part of the Empire, in war we should "find both honour and safety in a happy neutrality, which will permit our forces to maintain a glorious inactivity while our flag is fired upon by armed foes."

The Canadian Premier had in all probability nothing more in his mind than the formula of "voluntary coöperation," and the need for observing the procedure prescribed to the Parliament of the Dominion before any overt act of war is committed. He was simply giving its full interpretation to the little phrase "should it so desire," which has been incorporated, as already stated, in all the documents that govern and regulate the partnership of each of the Dominions with the Motherland. Messrs. Monk and Bourassa—and the Province of Quebec generally—would not have liked to see that little phrase left out! An attempt was made, however, to indicate that South Africa and Canada had common interests in pressing the point, and that General Botha would be found to be in full agreement with

the attitude taken up by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This turned out to be a misconception. General Botha is a soldier, and knows too much. No doubt he fully realizes the significance of the words used by Lord Selborne : "If South Africa lost command of the sea, either by the destruction of the naval power of the Empire or because South Africa had separated from the Empire, South Africans would no longer have it in their power to develop their South African nationality as entirely free men and without external interference." General Botha knows that South Africa has no Monroe Doctrine to help it out at a pinch ! It was quite natural therefore that, in spite of certain articles in the *Volkstem*, his friends should have at once protested against the attribution of any "neutrality" views to the South African Premier, while he himself, on his return to London from the Continent, repudiated such views categorically and without any reservation.[1]

So far as imperial defence is concerned the great advances made by the recent Conference will best be understood from a study of the new Naval and Military Agreements. The tenor of these documents, now that they have been given to the public, seems fully to justify what Mr. Asquith said to the Conference, by way of forecast, in his closing speech : "Our discussions, conducted also, and necessarily, under the same veil of confidence in regard to co-operation for naval and military purposes, have resulted, I think, in a most satisfactory agreement, which, while it recognizes our common obligations, at the same time acknowledges with equal clearness that these obligations must be performed in the different parts of the empire in accordance with the requirements of local opinion and local need and local circumstances." Take the naval agreement. Every one knows what the command of the seas means for our widespread Empire. Henceforward in time of war the navy is to be kept for strategic

1 "General Botha does not agree with the *Volkstem* article, and considers that for South Africa or any other Dominion to be neutral, while the Mother Country is at war is an impossibility, There can be no question of optional neutrality."—*Reuter's Agency.*

purposes one and indivisible, and even in time of peace, with uniformity of discipline, and arrangements for the interchange of officers and men, the advantages of unification will to a great extent be secured. For the sixteenth clause of the Naval Memorandum runs as follows : "In time of war, when the naval service of a Dominion, or any part thereof, has been put at the disposal of the Imperial Government by the Dominion authorities, the ships will form an integral part of the British Fleet, and will remain under the control of the British Admiralty during the continuance of war." Under such conditions, the old theory of local defence will, with the consent of the Dominions, be abandoned, and we shall hear no more of the iniquity of proposing that Canadian battle-ships shall go away across the ocean,—never perhaps to be seen again !

The next thing is to get the battle-ships. The change which has been brought about is probably due to the information given to the Colonial Premiers in the joint sittings with the Imperial Defence Committee. What was put before them must naturally be only a matter of speculation, but the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, announced shortly after the Conference adjourned, is a step which the Home Government is not likely to have taken without first securing the appreciative assent of the Dominions. Probably a great deal more was put forward that would help to show the essential inter-connexion of foreign policy and defence. And no doubt the spirit which animated the deliberations held at these joint-sessions, with the assistance and advice of the expert members of the Committee of Imperial Defence, was that which the Prime Minister of England described in the speech with which he prefaced the proceedings of the Conference : "Everywhere and throughout, the object is not aggression, but the maintenance of peace, and the insurance against loss and destruction of the vast social and material interests of which we are the trustees. It is in the highest degree desirable that we should take advantage of your presence here to take stock together of the possible risks and

dangers to which we are or may be in common exposed ; and to weigh carefully the adequacy, and the reciprocal adaptiveness, of the contributions we are respectively making to provide against them."

As to commercial relations, it will not be expected—especially in view of the great Reciprocity issue now before the country in the Dominion elections—that in the pages of this MAGAZINE more than a passing allusion should be made to the action of the Canadian Premier in securing from the Conference a resolution drafted with the object of enabling any of the Dominions which may so desire to withdraw from the operation of a (commercial) treaty without impairing the treaty for the rest of the Empire. Though no previous notice seems to have been given of this motion, it obtained a very general assent, and was accepted by the Home Government as inevitable, in all the circumstances. Whether it will make for "closer union," as Sir Wilfrid Laurier urged, or for disintegration, remains to be seen. In another resolution, equally unexpected, but probably the result of conference with the Home Government, Sir Wilfrid Laurier asked for, and obtained, the appointment of a Commission which is to visit all the Dominions and to collect all possible information that may be of use in stimulating and developing trade coöperation. It is expressly stipulated, however—and the point was much insisted on by the Secretary of State—that it is not to be in the power of this Commission to make recommendations as to the fiscal policy of the Dominions or of the Mother Country. In regard to such policy the United Kingdom and the several Dominions are, and must remain, as Mr. Asquith said, "each master in its own house, and every self-governing State in the Empire must pursue such a fiscal policy as in the opinion of the majority of its citizens is for the time being best suited to the requirements and conditions of their own country."

Aside from these grave issues, it is almost superfluous to chronicle the fact that the Sixth Imperial Conference, in the course of its sessions, occupied itself with the discussion of other matters of "common interest" to the Governments

concerned. Among these may be mentioned the Imperial Court of Appeal, naturalization, emigration, improvement of cable, wireless, and steamship communication, labour exchanges, Indian immigration, uniformity in the laws relating to trade-marks, and patents, copyrights, etc. These and such-like subjects were found to be admirably suited for discussion on the basis of the coöperative principle. And effective action as to some of them is likely to be taken at once—as, for example, the matter of judicial appeals, where the changes about to be introduced are largely the result of Lord Haldane's broad statesmanship and wide, judicial experience. But in importance none of these issues can compare with imperial defence and foreign relations. Within a few weeks of the adjournment of the Conference we had the spectacle of a European Continental power "trying it on" to see how far it would be allowed to go. And so far as we can forecast the future, the same thing is likely to happen again. On this occasion considerable effect was produced in the various Chancelleries by the firm utterances of the English Prime Minister, backed as he was not only by the Leader of the Opposition but also by a representative of the Labour Party. Perhaps the day may come when the Colonial Premiers too, speaking for the great democracies they represent, will have the opportunity of ranging themselves alongside of the officers of the Home Government at such a time of stress. Then would the British Empire speak with one voice, and the peace of the world would be secure. Meanwhile, instead of shouting that "imperialism is dead," let us rejoice that the Conference held this summer was able to do so much to strengthen the relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country, and in Mr. Asquith's words to "make the Empire in all its activities, and throughout all its parts a more complete and effective instrument for the furtherance of our corporate unity and strength." We have now had twenty-five years of discussion, in the next twenty-five we may again have to realize the meaning of the ancient motto, "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

W. PETERSON

WAR AND EMPIRE

THE GREAT ILLUSION. By Norman Angell. London, William Heinemann, 1911.

ANCIENT AND MODERN IMPERIALISM. By the Earl of Cromer. London, Longmans, Green, and Company, 1911.

THE WEST IN THE EAST FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. By Price Collier. Toronto, McLelland and Goodchild, 1911.

IMPERIAL UNITY. By Viscount Milner. London, Hodder Stoughton, 1909.

THE GOVERNANCE OF EMPIRE. By P. A. Silburn, D. S. O. London, Longmans, Green, and Company, 1910.

A PROJECT OF EMPIRE. By T. Shield Nicholson. London, Macmillan and Company, 1909.

THE ROUND TABLE, A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE POLITICS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Toronto, A. T. Glazebrook.

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the British Empire is the fact that it does not exist. It is as true for us as it was for Adam Smith more than a century ago that "this Empire has hitherto existed in imagination only. It has hitherto been, not an Empire, but the project of an Empire." It may be that we ought rather to say that if there be a British Empire then, great as it is, it relates to not one quarter of the King's Dominions. If the phrase betoken the control by one of them of immense territories and wide-spread populations, it has indeed a sufficient fulness of application; but in the more modern and the broader meaning of common effort and common responsibility on the part of all who fly the same flag, we are not able to use it. Britain has an Empire; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, have nothing but themselves.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier proclaimed this when he declared, quite logically, that unless we were consulted in the policies that governed Empire, it remained with us to say when, and whether if at all, we should take our part in the consequences. He went considerably farther, and changed indeed the whole basis of his logic, when he announced his wish that the Dominions should not be consulted, because they would thereby commit themselves to liability for the consequences. Mr. Fisher of Australia is reported to have been not less frank in stating[1] that we are not an Empire, but a very loose association of independent nations, willing to remain in fraternal coöperative union, but only on condition that we may at any time, or for any cause, terminate the connexion, untrammelled by any laws, treaties, or constitutions. While he has repudiated the report, the fact that it could be published is in itself momentous.

To some, this state of affairs is a matter of congratulation, to others of regret; to none can it be a matter of indifference, for, whichever party be the wiser, things cannot stay as they are. The facts are changing as we look at them; and these are the days that inevitably determine whether a British Empire will ever declare itself, or whether it will be written in history as nothing but an abandoned hope.

If we would have any clear idea of the forces and tendencies involved in this question, we must rid our minds of the metaphors that are the cant of our time. It is not the part of wisdom that similes and figures of speech should control policies; and yet on every hand they are held out to us as the decrees of fate. How many imagine that they have said the last word upon our destiny if they repeat with Turgot that colonies, like fruit, must drop from the tree when they are ripe! As well answer that if the fruit drop it drops to be consumed. It is true that Turgot's prediction was justified as regards the America of his day; but only because that particular colony willed it so. Nothing can hinder another colony in other circumstances from willing and achieving otherwise. "One

1 *Review of Reviews*, July 22nd, 1911.

urgent reason," said Sir John Seeley, in his "Expansion of England," "why politicians should study history is that they may guard themselves against the false historical analogies which continually mislead those who do not study history." Unless we allow our own fictions to have a mesmeric effect over us, we may depend upon it that our simple question is, Do we intend anything, and if so, what do we intend? In determining the possibility of a sound and lasting Empire we shall find that great errors exact great penalties, but to bring about or to avoid the errors and the penalties there will be no fate and no forces more mysterious than our own moods, our characters, and our capacities.

On the other hand, some of the friends of Empire unwittingly do their best to persuade many against it, preaching, as in their time they learned, notions of its requirements quite as uncalled for, by similes quite as unjustified; giving a frequent handle to the accusation so emphatically resented by Lord Milner, that Imperialists are "people who think only of national power, of armies, and navies, and of cutting a big figure in the world."[1]

Of such, it seems, is Mr. Collier, who, though he speaks from an American point of view, is almost one of the family in his solicitude for us. Our liking for his friendliness and charm, his vigour and sincerity, so keenly engaged in pointing the moral for us and for his countrymen, must not blind us to his occasional tricks of superficial thought. His aggressive Imperialism of stakes and claims, of forced and professional expansion, of restless patronage, is founded on the dogma that "a nation, like an individual, must grow or it must die."[2] If by "growth" he means a continual increase in bigness, then, with all respect to Mr. Collier, his analogy is absurd. The only individual to whom the alternative of growth or death ever presented itself, was the frog who would be an ox. When he ceased to grow, he died of too much growing. If there were any analogy at all in the physical way, and there

1 "Imperial Unity," p. 17.
2 "The West in the East," p. 14.

is none, it might more justly be said that, when we reach our natural utmost and cease to grow, we begin to live, to develop, to establish ourselves. Thereafter, no full-grown man can by taking thought add the least part of a cubit to his stature, save by putting cork in his heels. Some national expansions do indeed resemble this operation, but coming from analogies to facts, nations do what they can, not what they must.

Expand, says Mr. Collier, or go to the wall. Accordingly, we are not surprised that he quotes, though with the qualified approval by which cleverness always compromises, the saying of Von Moltke: "La guerre est une institution de Dieu. En elle les plus nobles vertus trouvent leur epanouissement. Sans la guerre le monde se perdrait dans le materialisme." Could the Ironic Powers go farther than to tempt such a statement from the man whose success, and all that it meant, changed the Germany of Goethe and Heine, of Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, of Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner, into an iron materialism that produces nothing for the spiritual gain of mankind? Could there be a more typical example of that militarist confusion of thought which really seems to imagine that peace lies all day upon a silken couch, spending no more effort than to raise herself for one more feast of sweets and fats, of butter and honey?

We may be quite prepared to admit that not all who live at peace appreciate the fact that it means time and room for continuous energy, endeavour, and advance. We may be quite prepared to admit, on the other hand, that a little healthy killing does no harm. Bodies are cheap, and not every soul is indispensable. If war meant nothing but the survival of the fittest, by all means let us organize opportunities to kill those who prove their unfitness by getting in the way of the guns. And if it were but slaughter, if it gave rise to nothing but the virtues of courage and endurance, let those who can afford so quick a luxury, so easy a cure for all the impatience, the cramped ambitions, the tenacious griefs of men, leave dull desks and every week go forth to battle. The only trouble with the game of life upon such simple terms is that

the sport would speedily stop for want of players. For those faculties which mankind desires to preserve, we must find a more permanent training school.

But our friends, the militarists, are never consistent. None of them have the backbone to maintain, undiluted, the high moral principle of war for training's sake. Sooner or later each of them supports his militarism by one of two added arguments; either, that it ensures peace, or that, as an instrument of policy, it produces quick profits and substantial returns. Now, if the first be the case, then war, that great school of morals, is for ever to be unused, because of armaments, those infallible compellers of peace; while if the second be true, then peace, because it is despicably fat and rich, is to be supplanted by war in order to achieve for us greater fatness and vaster riches. Which then is it that we really are being offered—war to train character, war to gather wealth, or armaments to ensure peace? We cannot have more than one of the three.

It may be replied, however, that there is a better and higher use for armaments than any of these alternatives. Certain nations, it is thought, represent ideas that are, on the whole, inimical to the world's progress; certain others consistently defend those that make for the world's advance: the former immoral, or, if you like, unmoral merely, resting on the position that might is right, that power is a law unto itself and justifies its purposes; the latter aiming always at an earthwide security and freedom that must for ever challenge such anarchy. If, prejudiced as we may be, we honestly believe that our own country is of the second sort, then national ease and national existence itself are small considerations and of little value to us, when the principles we revere are to vanish from the earth. The two attitudes must for ever clash, and if the one be armed so must the other be. Search ourselves deeply that we are not hypocrites, that in the rôle of defenders of the faith we in our turn shall need no challenge, but if British principles inevitably train us to resent the statesmanship of

Machiavelli, then, if we make a British Empire, these are the facts a British Empire has to face.

To this there is but one answer, and it is not direct. It rests in the knowledge that Machiavellian statesmanship must some day come to an end, not from resistance but from a realization of its own futility. Very understandably, if not very nobly, it has sought to use war for the sake of gaining tangible advantages. It is now about to discover that for such an object war is an utter mistake. This is the theme that Mr. Norman Angell has so brilliantly developed in what must be acknowledged as, politically, the most important book of the generation. "Is it true," asks Mr. Angell, "that wealth and prosperity and well-being depend on the political power of nations, or, indeed, that the one has anything whatever to do with the other? Is it true that one nation can gain a solid, tangible advantage by the conquest of another? Does the political or military victory of a nation give any advantage to the individuals of that nation, which is not still possessed by the individuals of the defeated nation? Is it possible for one nation to take by force anything in the way of material wealth from another? Is it possible for a nation in any real sense to 'own' the territory of another—to own it, that is, in any way that can benefit the individual citizens of the owning country? If England could conquer Germany to-morrow, completely conquer her, reduce her nationality to so much dust, would the ordinary British subject be the better for it? If Germany could conquer England would any ordinary German subject be the better for it? The fact that all these questions have to be answered in the negative, and that a negative answer seems to outrage common sense, shows how much our political axioms are in need of revision."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Angell acknowledges no use for force, but he points out the decisive difference between the rôle of conqueror and that of policeman, and shows in how small a range, comparatively, the latter can apply. He illustrates, for example, the complete difference between the taking of Alsace-Loraine by Germany and that

of California by the United States, Algeria by France, or India by England. "Alsace-Loraine is owned by her inhabitants, and nobody else; and Germany, with all her ruthlessness, has been unable to dispossess them, as is proved by the fact that the matricular contributions of the newly acquired territory (which incidentally is neither three millions nor eight, but just about one) is fixed on exactly the same scale as that of the other states of the Empire. Prussia, the conqueror, pays per capita just as much as, and no less than, Alsace the conquered, who, if she were not paying this million to Germany, would be paying it, or, according to my critic, a much larger sum, to France; and if Germany did not own Alsace-Loraine, she would be relieved of charges that amount not to one but to several millions.[1]

"The citizens of London would have no imaginable interest in 'conquering' Birmingham, or vice versa. But suppose there arose in the cities of the north such a condition of disorder that London could not carry on its ordinary work and trade; then London, if it had the power, would have an interest in sending its police into Birmingham, presuming that that could be done. The citizens of London would have a tangible interest in the maintaining of order in the north,—they would be the richer for it.

"Order was just as well maintained in Alsace-Loraine before the German conquest as after, and for that reason Germany has not benefited by the conquest. But order was not maintained in California, and would not have been as well maintained under Mexican as under American rule, and for that reason America has benefited by the conquest of California. France has benefited by the conquest of Algeria, England by that of India, because in each case the arms were employed not, properly speaking, for conquest at all, but for police purposes; and so far as they fulfilled that rôle, their rôle was a useful one.

"How does this distinction affect the practical problem under discussion? Most fundamentally. Germany has no

1 P. 41.

need to maintain order in England, nor England in Germany, and the latent struggle, therefore, between these two countries is futile. It is not the result of the inherent necessity of either people; it is the result merely of that woeful confusion which dominates statecraft to-day, and is bound, so soon as that confusion is cleared up, to come to an end."

As for the point that there is still left room for struggle over the question, who shall be policeman and reap the advantages consequent therefrom, it is not difficult to show that these are matters governed by the conditions of trade and production. If monopoly be the result of control, how is it that Germans successfully compete with Englishmen in the trade of India, and do so without the expense of preservative measures? The policeman can only be exclusive where the efficiency of its merchants allows it. To any attempt to regulate otherwise, the facts of economic and financial relationships supply sufficient checks if we are wise enough to heed them, or unsparing punishment if we are not. A Spain, lavishing her energies first upon conquest and then upon keeping rivals from all trade and intercourse with the conquered region, is finally exhausted by her own mistaken effort.

There is no space here to consider all the many other issues raised by Mr. Angell: how he exposes the "indemnity illusion" among others, showing that the conquering population in general loses proportionately to the injury inflicted upon the credit of the conquered; how he reminds us that the struggle for existence is one of coöperating men against arbitrary environment, and, although it includes competition, decidedly excludes war among the parts of the organism; how he demolishes that humourless rhetorician, General Lea, and that magniloquent busybody, Mr. Roosevelt. The nonsense of "unchanging human nature;" of "the survival of the fittest" by war; of acclaiming the military virtues as having any value for civilization except in so far as they may be forms of civil virtues; the signal error of personifying the state, and of concentrating, against an abstraction, feelings that none of us have for the individual men of another country:

all these and the endless phases of the "great illusion" Mr. Angell treats with a logic as lively as it is potent, as honest as it is complete. But it is his conclusions that chiefly interest us at present.

"How," he says, "may we sum up the whole case, keeping in mind every empire that ever existed, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Mede and Persian, the Macedonian, the Roman, the Frank, the Saxon, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Bourbon, the Napoleonic? In all and every one of them we may see the same process, which is this: If it remains military it decays; if it prospers and takes its share in the work of the world it ceases to be military. There is no other reading of history."

While, therefore, there is still plenty of need for force, the policeman, and while it is impossible to do otherwise than arm as long as "not his interest but what he deems to be his interest, will furnish the real motive for our prospective enemy's action;" yet it is to be hoped that every lover of his country, instead of idly watching the tangle become ever more involved, or even, in pure despair of better things, turning to praises of his tyrant, will take active part in the propaganda that Mr. Angell so practically suggests as the only sure and safe means of freeing ourselves from the incubus of armaments.

In the meantime such risk as there may be to any British country is certainly common to all. It is extraordinary that it should have occurred to any one to doubt the fact, however little he may like it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's notion, if it be really anything more than rhetoric intended to take the wind out of the sails of Mr. Bourassa, that when England is at defensive war, Canada, if it chooses, can be at peace, is amazingly naïve. There is one place only for our choice of war or peace to be uttered, and that is in the council chamber, where the international policies are framed that settle war or peace. There Sir Wilfrid will have to be, raising his voice against provocative policies if he wishes to keep us out of defensive war. Hostile cruisers will not wait while he juggles with the meaning

of autonomy. They will speedily set to work to do to our commerce whatever they may under the Declaration of London, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier is congratulating himself that he never knew, or was asked to consider, how far that Declaration did, or did not, protect this commerce.

The same must be said, though with a difference, in considering the views wrongly put into the mouth of Mr. Fisher of Australia. "There is no necessity for us to say we will, or will not, take part in any of England's wars. If we were threatened we should have to decide whether to defend ourselves; and if we thought the war unjust and England's enemy in the right, we should have the right to haul down the Union Jack, hoist our own flag, and start on our own account."

Of those who agree with such declarations, it may very pertinently be asked, is England to have the same liberty if the strenuous nationalism of any one of the Dominions brings it into trouble in its own sphere? is Britain to be free to leave the proud Dominion to its own devices on the plea that she had no say in the policy that provoked the war?

Fortunately there are fair grounds for the belief that in the case of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, actions went more sagely than words. We are told that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is to be extended. A sagacious article in that new and important quarterly *The Round Table*[1] gives good reason to suppose that when the question of the extension of this treaty should come up for consideration by Great Britain, it would necessarily be brought home to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand that their various attitudes towards the people of Japan might determine Japan's attitude towards the treaty; that an aggressive policy against Japanese immigration might turn an ally into a possible enemy; and that at such a time two choices would be in question—the choice of Great Britain, whether she could afford to sacrifice her policies and increase her risks in half a dozen quarters for the sake of Dominions which could not possibly maintain their wishes single-handed; and the choice of the interested Dominions,

1 Vol. I., p. 143.

whether they could afford to continue in courses that only they endorsed. It is not difficult to guess that instead of such a crude and dissociated choice there was, at the recent Imperial Conference, a responsible discussion by all the parties concerned, of all aspects of the treaty. If so, for one moment at least, our representatives faced the fact that Empire means a common risk and a common responsibility. It is noteworthy that the prime minister of South Africa has thoroughly repudiated the notion that in time of war it can mean anything else.

If, then, the risk is common, so should be the decisions that determine the risk. Do not let us be misled by any beatings of the drum "autonomy." When we say that a people should govern itself, let us consider of what group and what aspect of the people we are speaking. The same meaning has very different applications. If it is city-wide in the city, province-wide in the province, Dominion-wide in the Dominion, it must be Empire-wide in the Empire. The citizen of an autonomous Quebec eats the same breakfast off the same plate as the citizen of an autonomous Canada, and never quarrels with him; nor will he be jealous of himself when he adds an Imperial vote to his many others. Rather will he feel that until he has done so, he is being governed from without.

These, then, are the liabilities of Empire; what now of its work? Listen to this from Mr. Collier: "If you and I had taken over the government of a distracted country, which for centuries had dated passing events from the last raid, the last massacre, the last famine, the last deluge, the last plundering ride of a foreign invader; and if we had laid there 30,000 miles of railway, 100,000 miles, and more, of telegraph wire; if we had watered 17,000,000 acres with canals of our own construction; if we had arranged that one in every seven acres of the whole country were irrigated; if we had built schools, nursing homes, dispensaries, hospitals, where eight million children are vaccinated and twenty-five million people receive relief annually, and post-offices and police stations; if school attendance had increased from 500,000 to 6,000,000;

if the letters carried had increased from none to 700,000,000 annually; if we had policed the country from end to end, administered justice without fear or favour; spent millions of money and thousands of lives in the country's defence; protected the people from brutal customs, protected the widow and the orphan; secured to every man, woman and child his rights, his property and his earnings; if out of nearly 29,000 offices of the government drawing salaries, ranging from £60—no small income for a native of India—up to £5,000, as many as 22,000 were filled by natives and only 6,500 by Europeans; if out of a gross revenue of £75,272,000, only £20,816,000 was raised by taxes so called, while in England taxation supplies five-sixths and in India only about one-fourth of the public income; if we had reduced crime to proportions smaller than in England itself; if the public debt outside of debt secured by the ample assets of the railways, canals, and so on, amounted to only £28,000,000, a sum less than half of what it cost to suppress the mutiny alone; if the land, which when we took charge had hardly any commercial value, was now worth £300,000,000; if the export and import trade in less than fifty years had increased from £40,000,000 to £200,000,000, while taxation works out at about thirty-seven cents per head; if innocent religious and social customs had only not been changed, but protected from interference, in these days, too, alas, when so many people mistake interference for influence, and in a land of jarring and quarrelsome sects—if you and I had a fraction of these things accomplished by the English in India to our credit,we should be astonished at censure from without or criticism from within, we might indeed be tempted to resent them."

Is there not another emotion that you and I might feel—regret that we had no part whatever in so magnificent an accomplishment? If we are a busy people it is because we know that the more we do, the more we can do. We have not been bitten by the lust for that fatal fruit, supremacy; but we are always hungry for the meat of plentiful and wide-

spread work. "If it is sometimes wearisome and distasteful," says Lord Milner,[1] "to have to talk about the Empire, there is nothing so bracing, so inspiring, as to try to live for it." And, again,[2] "give me that political organism, be it small or large, which affords to its members the best opportunity of self-development, of a healthy and many-sided human existence. I believe that the close association of the several peoples under the British Crown, their leading a common national life, tends to promote these things, and that there would be a distinct and immense loss if the tie were broken, alike to the various communities as wholes, and to all the individuals who compose them."

It may be that we shall not find it easy to win a share in these undertakings that for so long have been the happy privilege of the humblest Englishman. Responsibility is a burden the capable and the proud do not easily divide. Yet perhaps we too have qualities that might help very considerably in treating what Lord Cromer calls "the great Imperial problem of the future;" namely, "to what an extent some three hundred and fifty millions of British subjects, who are aliens to us in race, religion, language, manners and customs, are to govern themselves, or are to be governed by us." It is a problem that in his belief will give us occupation for many an age to come, perhaps the most interesting, the most intricate, the most serious of all that could employ us. And in the task of bringing to the East what good the West has learned, well might we find ourselves receiving in our turn powers of the mind and the aspirations of man with which our hasty days have never communed, though the Ganges holds them to her breast and wonders that we will not come to seek.

Certain it is that there is now for our choosing an Imperial ambition, the noblest we might conceive, with opportunities, such as none others have had, to realize the conception. Certain, too, it is that we in Canada need some definite status,

1 Imperial Unity, p. 41.
2 *Ibid*, p. 17.

to put an end to those doubts of our national integrity that must make every true Canadian blush for shame. Was there ever such a spectacle as we for the last twelve months have presented, of a concrete and vigorous country wondering how far it could remain loyal to itself; how far it might be tempted to yield its very body and soul to influences alien to its whole tradition? Let us have done with this for ever by announcing, once for all, to ourselves and to our neighbours that we move in other ways.

As for the form in which a British Empire should declare itself, there will be many views and many differences. It may at once be recognized that trade agreements, however useful they may be, will not take the place of that form. Mutual arrangements and polite coöperations will not be enough. There is no Empire until the vote of a Canadian affects as many issues as that of an Englishman. It is not the object of this essay to discuss and to criticize the various schemes that have been suggested. They are set out in Mr. Silburn's book for any one to ponder. But it may well be pointed out that there is no need to lose one jot of proper autonomy in creating a central body to deal with common interests. In any event, they must be dealt with in common, or we must soon take a decided step towards absolute separation. They are dealt with in common to a certain extent, if we may suspect that at the recent conference the word we did not hear was wiser than that we heard. Why then not deal with them in our ordinary constitutional manner by a single representative body responsible to a united electorate?

There are many difficulties to be considered. But consider them we must, or Empire is for ever impossible. If we resolve to face them in a natural manner, there will be plenty of time to do so; the details will develop themselves as we come together. But if we see no necessity now, and make no present effort of the sort, we shall have to realize that, in doing nothing, we decided everything, and in making no positive choice, we made the most irrevocable choice of all.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT

AN article on "Twenty Years of International Copyright," by Brander Matthews, in the June number of the American *Review of Reviews* is very well worth reading from a Canadian point of view, in that it tells the story of how the development of American literature was retarded prior to the passage of the International Copyright Act of 1891. The Canadian government now proposes to enact a Copyright Bill avowedly to retaliate against the United States, and, by making wholesale piracy possible, to force the Washington government to become a signatory to the Berne Convention.

With their usual aversion from being partners to an agreement which would give to the other side at least as good a bargain as to themselves, the Americans always consistently refused to enter into a reciprocal arrangement with England regarding copyright. The result was that unless an American writer had private means or a profession bringing him an income, he could not afford to devote any of his time to literature owing to the fact that American re-printing houses were flooding the reading market with English books on which little or no royalty was paid.

The nineteenth century, so prolific of virile writers in England, no doubt would have produced in America also many a writer of equal possibilities. These "mute inglorious Miltons," however, were given no chance under the short-sighted policy of authorized piracy acquiesced in by the government at Washington.

As Mr. Brander Matthews clearly shows, America suffered in a way which can never be overcome. Having no literary school of her own she was forced into adopting that of the English, and the American reader, much as he detested his English cousin in those days, was compelled to

absorb his mental pabulum, often unwittingly, to be sure, from the minds of the Motherland he had cast from him. It is seen only too plainly now, what a terrible price America paid for allowing the naturally predatory instincts of her people to prevail.

"Copyright" is now, and has always been understood to mean something for the protection of the producer, that is, the author. Up to the time of Queen Anne there was no adequate protection for him, and consequently the writers of the day were able to get but a pittance for their work, since no publisher—or bookseller, as he was then called—could afford to produce a book which could be "appropriated" by any rival concern that pleased to take it. Much of the successive copyright legislation in England was towards the strengthening of the author's rights against the booksellers, and there seems to have been much animus against the latter, who perhaps needed regulating, more or less, in their dealings with their authors. To-day, however, owing to authors' associations and literary agents, and to competition among publishers, a writer is almost able to dictate terms to the publisher.

About the time of the passage of the International Copyright Act in 1891, the labour unions in the States began to acquire their present-day power and it was only natural, perhaps, that, having the power, the strongest of them all, the Typographical Union, should insist on forcing into the new Act the very reprehensible "manufacturing clause" which grants the protection of copyright only to works composed and printed in the States. This, of course, necessarily meant the use of American paper and American cloth for binding, both of which were highly protected by tariff. Once again England, therefore, won a literary victory, since anything, large or small, can obtain copyright in England by the simple act of publishing, and can be defended by registering at Stationers' Hall. While literature was restricted in the States to only that which it would pay to set up and print there, in England, to quote Lord Cairns, "The aim

of the legislature is to increase the common stock of literature of the country," which at that time allowed an alien writer the same protection in England as that accorded to a British subject. In the United States only an American citizen was entitled to such protection.

The new Buxton Copyright Bill will put a somewhat new face on copyright affairs in Great Britain, in that it proposes to grant protection only to those works of which the author is a British subject or a bona fide resident in some part of the British Empire. For the first time the English copyright law will be brought under statutory form, and it is no doubt an echo of the new Patent Act which requires that a patent to be protected in Great Britain must be manufactured there.

In Canada the new Copyright Act proposes to include a " manufacturing clause " in so far as printing is concerned, which the minister publicly avows is retaliatory upon the United States. If the States are to be punished—and who shall say they do not deserve it—probably the most appropriate weapon will be a rod of their own pickling. And whereas, in time past America had on the surface everything to gain by pirating from England, now she has everything to lose by having her literary product pirated by Canada. For hardly an American periodical publication comes into Canada that has not one or more articles of more or less interest to Canadians; and can we be sure that all Canadian printers will be proof against the great temptation to " appropriate " an interesting article which costs them nothing but which cost the American publisher or editor some tens, hundreds, or perhaps thousands of dollars?

The world has learned a few lessons in honesty, or at least in " honesty being the best policy," in the last few years. It has learned that disposing of forest lands to political heelers, for instance, has resulted in denuding the country of pulp-wood, and Canada has seen the result in the United States and has established her conservation policy which provides for sowing as well as reaping. It should not, therefore, be a

matter of mere conjecture as to whether Canada shall stunt the growth of her own native literature by copying the fatal mistake made by the Americans when they yielded to the temptation to steal, and strangled their own literature to such an extent that, in what seems to have been the most prolific period of writing among English-speaking peoples, or rather during the period of literary awakening as exemplified by the Victorian writers, only a few American authors forced their way to the front. It is probable that had not they been possessed of so strong an individual American note, even they could never have risen through the stagnant water which the American people and their government refused to see needed aerating to bring life to it. Had it not been for the fact that Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Cooper, and Irving, for instance, had other means of subsistence, their writings could never have seen light, and that they then did was largely due to the fact that England recognized in them a new school quite unlike its own and reprinted their work, certain English printers taking a leaf out of the Americans' book and pirating as they pleased.

This, while bringing these American writers to the attention of readers in England, did not mean that it brought any dollars into the pockets of the writers. On the contrary, we find that they received little or nothing from the English editions, while thousands of copies were sold. Indeed, it is said that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" half a million copies were sold in England in the first few months of its appearance but that not a penny of royalty reached Mrs. Stowe.

A responsible publisher cannot afford to identify himself with any act of piracy, and therefore he shares with the author the baneful effects of a national state of affairs which allows an unprincipled printer to produce in unlimited quantities books not only that are pirated, but which are so ruthlessly abridged and garbled, chiefly for economy's sake, that the reader can never tell whether he is reading what the author wrote or not, the book itself, moreover, as a rule,

being badly printed on poor paper and issued in a worse binding. Mr. Gladstone once said:

> "Noble works ought not to be printed in mean and worthless forms, and cheapness ought to be limited by an instinctive sense of law and fitness. The binding of a book is the dress with which it walks out into the world. The paper, type, and ink are the body in which the soul is domiciled; and these three—soul, body, and habiliment—are a trio which ought to be adjusted to one another by the laws of harmony and good sense."

A good instance is Mr. Bryce's notable work, "The American Commonwealth." It was not possible to copyright the first edition when it appeared, and so when the sale seemed promising enough to bring out a pirated edition one promptly appeared. When the present authorized second edition was published containing much new material which could be protected by copyright, the printers of the pirated edition brought out a "new edition" also, impudently inserting "new chapters" but without any intimation that they were not from Mr. Bryce's pen. The average purchaser of this garbled work, therefore, has no means of telling that what he is reading is not "Bryce" at all except in a few chapters.

After all, the reading public can only perform a certain stint of reading, the limit being set by time and inclination. If, therefore, for economical reasons he limits his purchases to the cheapest, the reader will not only degrade his taste but put such a restraint on both author and publisher in his own country that we shall stand in as great danger of repressing our potential Canadian literature as the Americans did of strangling their own prior to 1891. As a matter of fact, our danger as Canadians is infinitely greater, since, from our close proximity to our neighbours and the smallness of our population as compared with that of the States, we are much more likely to be americanized than the Americans were to be anglicized by British writers three thousand miles away. That the community of readers' interests is much closer between Canada and the United States than between us and

England is attested by the fact that some millions of copies of American magazines come into Canada yearly, as against a few hundred thousand copies from England. Our habits, customs, modes of living; our climate, our youth as a nation even, so closely approximate parallel conditions to the south of us that, putting aside the question of political absorption, our literature is in greater danger than was ever that of America. Much as we may wish to put aside the concrete idea of political absorption as the result of inter-trading, we must not lose sight of the power the press wields in its daily, weekly, and monthly offering to Canadian readers of North American ideas wholly from the point of view of the United States. There is much to fear in having all this matter, simply because it can be "appropriated" at no cost, dished up by Canadian periodical publishers as original "Canadian" thought to unsuspecting readers. Thus, unthinkingly, shall we assist in our own undoing.

It is much to be regretted, of course, that the present size of our population will not make profitable for consumption wholly in Canada the cost of type-setting and printing here a book written by a Canadian, and so, unfortunately, many a good MS. is now returned to its writer because the Canadian sales will not warrant a publisher undertaking its sole cost of production, an American publisher not finding it of sufficient interest to his public to warrant his undertaking any part of its initial cost by publishing it in the States. This proves the Canadian publishers' contention that the mere inclusion of a "manufacturing clause" will not of itself increase the amount of printing to be done in Canada. With our population growing by such leaps and bounds as at present, the time will come when we in Canada can absorb what we produce, and for that reason we should be content to bide our time and, meanwhile, preserve our Canadian national literature, even if at present it is only potential.

It is not so much the piracy of books which Canadian publishers and authors have to fear, since the publisher knows, as a rule, whether a forthcoming novel, for instance, will

be in danger of being pirated, and can always take the precaution of procuring a set of plates in advance and printing in Canada to publish simultaneously with the American edition. The thing he has to fear is the danger of part of a book being taken and published in cheap form for some specific purpose. For instance, Prof. Adami has written a "Text-book of Pathology" to the order of an American publishing house. Undoubtedly many chapters of special significance to students, and perhaps to practitioners, could be abstracted and put up in cheap form by a pirate without paying a cent of royalty. Again, many text-books have been handled by authorized agencies in Canada who by their labour and ability have been able to get for them an increasing sale in Canada. Before the time arrives when it would be profitable to obtain a copyright in Canada by printing there and, in addition, to pay a royalty to the author, a pirate can produce an edition at a profit since he has no royalty obligation to consider. This danger is increased by the clause in the proposed Bill which allows only fourteen days in which to copyright. Under the present existing Act one is allowed to print, and so obtain copyright, at will. It is to be hoped that the "at will" clause will be retained in the new Act, since an authorized agent generally knows sooner than the pirate when a locally printed book would be profitable. Another danger is the menace to existing Canadian periodicals now paying for contributions by Canadians. If one or more magazines are to appear filled merely with matter "lifted" from the best American magazines and be published at a price so cheap that legitimate publications cannot compete at a profit, both legitimate publishers and authors suffer.

Undoubtedly Canadian printers and paper-makers bring great pressure to bear on the government towards confining protection to locally produced books, but they evidently do not appreciate the fact that a publisher, if for reasons of convenience alone, would much rather own his plates and have them handy when needed for a new edition, and

bind only such quantities as are needed from time to time. Printers and paper-makers, moreover, have a very erroneous idea as to the sales of various imported books. Some months ago a member for Toronto introduced a Bill into the House to amend the Copyright Act so as to include a "manufacturing clause." When the members were shown how it would never be profitable to print the comparatively small number of a book now being imported, the Bill was withdrawn.

The proposed Bill contains a clause designed to regulate the price of a popular book. While this is perhaps advisable as a protection to the public in return for the protection of the author, there is not much danger of the government's ever having to interfere in the interest of the public, as the publisher himself puts out a cheaper edition of a work just as soon as he feels the stratum for the higher priced editions has been drained. A cheaper edition is only possible in that there was originally a higher-priced one.

If piracy is to obtain here, the business of publishing is bound to languish in just the same way as it did in the States prior to 1891. In those days the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and other writers were first published in England in monthly numbers or parts. On arriving in America these became the property of any one, and so the reputable publisher, among whom were found the Harpers, and Appletons, arranged with the English publishers to pay a fair royalty for the privilege of obtaining in advance copy for the last few numbers. This enabled the royalty-paying publisher to get at least the cream of the sale by printing and distributing for sale a complete book before the last part of the English edition could be imported and become public property. Even then it was possible for a number of pirated editions soon to appear, often in incomplete and garbled form, and be sold at a price which would undersell that of the royalty-paying publishers. Reputable publishers bound themselves not to interfere with each other's purchased rights, but it would have been a feat as impossible as that of Mrs. Partington's to attempt to "corner" all the re-printing establish-

ments in New York alone. Indeed, so numerous did re-printing houses become that when Mr. Lovell formed the United States Book Co. to embrace all those of importance, no less than thirteen sets of plates of "Robert Elsmere" were turned in as part assets of as many houses, copies of this book having latterly been sold at wholesale by competing houses as low as eight cents a copy, or much less than the cost of production. The temptation to commit piracy must have been great when the authorized publisher found it necessary to print a first edition of one hundred thousand copies of that particular title. The same publisher, Lovell, whose literary adviser was Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier, acquired the rights to the first publishing of Kipling's early writings, printing first editions of from twenty to twenty-five thousand copies. Many editions of these early Kipling books from pirate plates are still printed in the States and occasionally an attempt is made to slip them through into Canada, although they are now almost sure to be held up at the Customs and confiscated.

An old employee of Lovell's gives a most interesting account of how the messengers of the different pirating houses used to meet the steamers arriving at New York and obtain copies of some new English book which had been purchased for them by their London agents. The messengers raced to their respective offices and the books were at once torn apart and put into the hands of as many compositors as possible. The type was then hurried to the waiting presses, after a most perfunctory proof-reading, and the edition rushed off—the first one to appear getting the cream of the sale.

Where arrangements were made in advance with royalty-paying houses for American editions of Rider Haggard, Corelli, Kipling, etc., the greatest care had to be exercised to prevent copies being stolen by dishonest employees and sold to a rival concern. If a single copy were missing or unaccounted for the whole staff was locked in to be searched until the missing copy was produced.

At that time fiction was carried by the post-office at one cent per pound; a mail sack holding one hundred and twenty-five books. The first edition, therefore, was distributed by post and so mailed that the copies intended for San Francisco sent, for instance, on Monday, for Utah on Tuesday, for Denver on Wednesday, for Chicago on Thursday, etc., etc., were all offered for sale on Friday which was publishing day in New York.

All this, of course, came to an end on the passage of the Act of July, 1891, when the American government permitted the copyrighting of the works of aliens when produced in the States and if published simultaneously with the English editions, England granting the same privileges but requiring registration only.

This privilege of registration has been grossly abused, and American periodicals have been enabled to penalize Canadian newspapers for reprinting extracts of articles from American magazines which have been merely registered at Stationers' Hall. This, of course, will no longer be possible after the passage of the proposed Buxton Copyright Act in Great Britain when protection will only be granted to bona fide residents in the Empire or to Britons living abroad.

While the foregoing is amusing to read as having happened elsewhere, it can only be considered as a serious lesson to Canada and Canadians, and it behooves all publishers and authors in the Dominion to give the matter their most careful thought and consideration and to bring their side of the question in all its seriousness to the attention of their local members of parliament before the Bill comes to its final reading. It seems inconceivable that the government which at the present moment is seeking friendly relations with the United States and reciprocity in natural products should, at the same time, be creating a condition which will bring down upon it the wrath of the whole American press, advertising to the world the fact that Canada is deliberately taking a retrograde step in civilization.

FRANK WISE

COMPANY LAW

ONE of the aims of Imperial Company Legislation from the time of the Act of 1862, has been to exercise a supervision over Companies that offer their shares to the public, and at the same time to give as great freedom to the company as is consistent with protection of the public. In working out the provisions of the Act of 1862, experience showed the desirability of certain amendments, with the result that the tendency of the legislation in respect to the supervision of companies has been towards greater stringency in the methods designed for the protection of the public, chiefly in the direction of compelling a company which offers shares to the public to take the public into its confidence in respect to its affairs.

It is proposed in this article to make a comparison of the provisions of Canadian with Imperial legislation in respect to this matter of protection of the public. Some of the principal methods adopted with a view of exercising a supervision over joint stock companies are: (a) The requirement of annual returns to the government. (b) The regulation as to the issue of the prospectus and as to what it shall contain. (c) Compulsory appointment of auditors. It will be convenient, therefore, to make our comparison under these headings.

A. ANNUAL RETURNS.—The Dominion legislation as to returns followed the provisions of the Imperial Act of 1862, but stopped there. In other words, none of the subsequent amendments as to returns enacted by Imperial legislation have been adopted by the Canadian parliament. In fact, Canadian company legislation, provincial and federal, presents rather a motley appearance in this as well as in some other respects. We find, for example, that, whilst the Canadian Act is still clothed in some of the cast-off sections of the Imperial Acts of 1862 and of 1867, the British Columbia legislature has adopted the latest fashion as set forth in the Imperial Act of 1908; and Ontario is some-

where between the two, having adopted much of the Imperial legislation in 1900, but not having followed the further amendments of 1907 and of 1908. No doubt, the Ontario legislation, in the revision which is shortly expected, will be brought up to date.

The scope of this article will not, however, permit of tracing the comparison through all the provincial Acts, and will, in the main, be confined simply to a comparison between Imperial and Canadian legislation, meaning by Canadian legislation that of the Parliament of Canada. It should also be explained that the following remarks do not apply to the class of companies which come under special statutes, such as railway companies and insurance companies, but only to companies which come under the provisions of R. S. C. c. 79, and which may be broadly described as commercial or trading companies.

The provision of the Canadian Act R. S. C. c. 79, s. 106, as to returns in the case of companies, except loan companies, from which returns are required, is as follows: Companies incorporated under letters patent are required to make a return to the secretary of state whenever a written request shall be made by him therefor, showing, (a) The amount of the capital of the company and the number of shares into which it is divided. (b) The number of shares taken from the formation of the company up to the date of the return. (c) The amount of calls made on each share. (d) The total amount of calls received. (e) The total amount of calls unpaid. (f) The total amount of shares forfeited. (g) The names, addresses, and occupations of the persons who have ceased to be members within the twelve months next preceding, and the number of shares held by each of them.

This provision applies only to companies which come under Part I of the Act. There is no provision made for returns in the case of companies incorporated by special Act. This, as before remarked, is the same provision as was contained in the Imperial Act, 1862. The Imperial Act, as now amended, calls for an annual return of all the above particulars and of

many more, the most important being those called for by subsection 3 of Section 26 of the Act of 1908, which provides that the returns must include a statement in the form of a balance sheet audited by the company's auditor, and containing the summary of its share capital, its liabilities and its assets, giving such particulars as will disclose the general nature of these liabilities and assets, and how the values of the fixed assets have been arrived at.

Now, whatever may be the opinion as to the Canadian Act being sufficiently stringent in the matter of returns, it is quite evident that far more protection is afforded to the investing public under this section of the Imperial Act than is afforded under the corresponding section of the Canadian Act. Under the Imperial Act the return must be annual. Under the Canadian Act the return, when there is any provision for return, is to be made only when required by the secretary of state. Under the Imperial Act the assets and liabilities must be disclosed. Under the Canadian Act it may be practically impossible, even for a shareholder, to obtain this information. Under the Imperial Act all that is necessary for either a shareholder or an outsider in order to obtain information which it would be practically impossible to get under the Canadian Act, if the directors chose to withhold it, is to send for a copy of the returns, for which a small charge is made.

The foregoing remarks must be qualified in one respect; namely, that loan companies, which come under the provisions of Part III, are required, under the Canadian Act, to make an annual return, and to disclose their assets and liabilities, the amount of their investments, the average rate of interest, and the extent and value of their lands.

No doubt, objections to this regulation requiring a company to disclose its assets and liabilities will suggest themselves, but the necessity of protecting the public should be paramount. The Imperial Act has met, to a great extent, many objections which might be urged by the recognition of what is defined in the Act as a private company, that is, a company that is limited as to members, that does not offer its

shares to the public, and that restricts the transfer of its shares. These private companies are not obliged to make a return of their assets and liabilities, and are exempted from other provisions of the Act designed to protect the public. The legislation, in effect, says, "you may trade as a company with all the advantages of limited liability, and the legislature will not require you to disclose your assets and liabilities so long as you do not go to the public for your capital; but if you offer shares to the public, then you must disclose to the public the position of your company."

B. PROSPECTUS.—The prospectus is the document by which the public is invited to invest in companies, and it has always been a fertile source of litigation. One of the mischiefs which the Imperial legislation sought to remedy by way of regulation of the prospectus was the concealment by fraudulent promoters of the real vendor to the company; and, accordingly, in 1867, it was enacted by the Imperial legislature that a prospectus was to be deemed fraudulent unless it disclosed all contracts made with the company or the directors and promoters. That section was adopted by the Canadian legislature, and though repealed in England by the Act of 1900, it is the section which appears in the Canadian Act of to-day as R. S. C. c. 79, sec. 43. It provides as follows:

1. Every prospectus of the company, and every notice inviting persons to subscribe for shares in the company, shall specify the date of and names of the parties to any contract entered into by the company or the promoters, directors, or trustees thereof, before the issue of such prospectus or notice, whether subject to adoption by the directors of the company or otherwise.

2. Every prospectus or notice which does not specify such date and name shall, with respect to any person who takes shares in the company on the faith of such prospectus or notice without notice of such contract, be deemed fraudulent on the part of the officers of the company who knowingly issue such prospectus or notice.

This section is expressed in very wide terms, and a literal compliance with it would, in many cases, be very onerous, if not impossible. Consequently the courts, in interpreting it, held that what was meant by "every contract" was "every material contract," meaning by "material" every contract which would be likely to influence the judgement of an intending applicant for shares. It was, as we have seen, repealed in England in 1900, and a new section containing many more regulations as to the prospectus was enacted, and this section of 1900, with some modifications, now appears as Section 81 of the Imperial Act of 1908. Without giving the provisions of Section 81 in detail, it will be sufficient to note that, among other things, it requires: A statement of the minimum subscription on which the directors may proceed to allotment, and the amount payable on application and allotment on each share, and, in case of subsequent offers of shares, the amount offered and paid on each previous allotment. A statement as to shares and debentures paid, or partly paid, otherwise than in cash. The names and addresses of the vendors of any property purchased or acquired by the company, or proposed so to be purchased or acquired, which is to be paid for wholly or partly out of the proceeds of the issue offered for subscription by the prospectus, or the purchase or acquisition of which has not been completed at the date of the issue of the prospectus, and the amount payable in cash, shares, or debentures, to the vendor. A statement of the amount paid or payable as purchase money in cash, shares, or debentures for any such property as aforesaid, specifying the amount, if any, payable for good-will. A statement as to commission paid for subscriptions for shares or debentures. A statement of the amount or estimated amount of preliminary expenses. A statement of the amount paid within the two preceding years, or intended to be paid, to any promoter, and the consideration for any such payment.

Section 80 requires that the prospectus be filed with the Registrar.

The sub-section of section 81 which is substituted for the provisions still contained in the Canadian section, provides

for a statement of the date of, and parties to, every material contract, and a reasonable time and place at which any material contract or copy thereof may be inspected; but this requirement is not to apply to contracts entered into in the usual course of business, or to any contract entered into more than two years before the date of issue of the prospectus. Further sub-sections require the names and addresses of the auditors, and full particulars of the nature and extent of the interest of every director in the promotion of, or in the property proposed to be acquired by, the company.

The provision as to minimum subscription was enacted in order to remedy the abuse by which directors often went to allotment on what is described in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the article under the heading "Company," as "a scandalously low subscription," and under another section of the Act, Section 85, the directors are not allowed to proceed to allotment until the amount named as the minimum subscription in the prospectus, and, if no amount is fixed, then the whole amount, has been subscribed, and the amount in each case has been paid; and Section 87 provides that a company shall not commence business or exercise any borrowing power unless shares held subject to the payment of the whole amount thereof in cash have been allotted to an amount not less than the minimum subscription.

The provision of the Canadian Act, Section 26, Part I, is that the company shall not commence business or incur any liability before ten per cent. of its authorized capital has been subscribed and paid for. Part I of the Canadian Act also provides that not less than ten per cent. of the allotted shares shall be called in and made payable within one year from incorporation, and that the residue shall be made payable as provided by the letters patent, the by-laws, or the provisions of Part I. Part II has the same provision as to the first call of ten per cent., but provides that the balance must be paid ten per cent. yearly.

Under these provisions, the ten per cent. need not be paid in cash. It may be all paid by transfer of property. Under

the Imperial Act, the minimum subscription, which must not be less than five per cent., must be paid in cash, but the point in this connexion is the difference between the two provisions as to publicity. Under the Imperial Act the amount on which the directors proceed to allotment must be stated in the prospectus, so that anyone seeing the prospectus would know whether the subscription required was five, ten, twenty, or one hundred per cent., and could form some idea of the actual cash capital of the company. Under the Canadian Act this is not necessary. The Imperial Act further provides that if a prospectus is not issued, a statement in lieu thereof must be filed. This provision, however, does not apply to private companies, and they can commence business without filing either a prospectus or a statement.

Some of the provinces, such as Ontario and British Columbia, have adopted the foregoing provisions as to prospectus and minimum subscription, but Nova Scotia has the same provisions as in the Canadian Act; it has, in addition, the directors' liability provisions adopted by the Imperial legislature in 1890.

Another of the foregoing provisions of the Imperial Act which requires comment is that which provides that the prospectus should include a statement of the vendors of property, to be paid for wholly or in part out of the proceeds of the issue, and the amount payable for such property in cash or shares and debentures, and the amount payable for good-will.

This, with another provision which will be noticed presently, is directed against the watering of stock. One of the common abuses of company law is the sale by promoters or directors of their own property or business to the company at greatly exaggerated prices, in return for paid-up stock; and the good-will of a business being hard to value precisely is one asset which, in this kind of a deal, is often greatly overvalued. Naturally in such cases, where promoters are selling their own property, they are not anxious that the public should know it.

In order to check this abuse a provision was made in the Imperial Act of 1867, by which a contract was required to be

filed with the registrar whenever stock was paid for otherwise than in cash. If the contract was not filed, the shareholder was liable in a winding-up to pay the full amount of his shares. This provision, which is in force in some of the provinces to-day, was found to work hardship in cases where people had honestly given property of adequate value in exchange for paid-up shares, but had, through inadvertence, failed to file a contract; consequently the foregoing provisions and the provisions contained in Section 86 of the Act of 1908 were passed. Section 86 provides that the contract must be filed, but places the penalty for not doing so on the directors, instead of, as formerly, on the shareholder. The effect of these provisions is that if shares are paid up by means of transfer of property, the public has a means of knowing whether the vendors are disinterested, and of judging of the value the company has received for its paid-up shares. A recent well-known American writer, in discussing these provisions, makes the following observations: (See Machen's "Modern Law of Corporations," Par. 786). "Shares are issued as fully paid, but representing little or nothing in real value. The company's nominal capital is placed at a fabulous inflated figure, and unwary investors—lambs, in the language of the Stock Exchange—are deceived into believing that a company with so large a capital must have sufficiently strong financial support to insure its success. . . It is investors in the company's securities and the public at large upon whom the evil weighs most heavily. At all events the rules of law which prohibit fraudulent or collusive overvaluations of property accepted in payment for shares afford little or no protection. . ." Par 795: "Some method of enforcing publicity as to the property which is accepted in payment for shares of stock is probably the true remedy." Then, after noting the objections to the Section of 1867, the author sets out the above amendments to the English Act.

With the exception of the "material contract" section of the Act of 1867 (Sect. 43 of the Canadian Act above set out) the Canadian legislature has not adopted these or any

other provisions designed to check the abuse of watered stock. It is apparent on the face of it that the Canadian section only provides against part of the mischief. It is not obligatory that a prospectus should be issued or a statement filed in lieu thereof. It does not cover a case where the contract is made after the issue of the prospectus. It only applies to some of the classes of companies which come under the Canadian Act; and it is a very difficult section, as we have seen, to construe intelligibly.

If the abuse is to be dealt with, it should be dealt with as adequately as possible, either by the adoption of the Imperial amendments or by other effective means.

And here it may be noted further that the Canadian Act does not contain any provisions corresponding to those which are generally known as the directors' liability provisions, which were enacted in England in 1890, and now appear in Section 84 of the Imperial Act, 1908. The object of these provisions was to shift the onus of proving fraud in the case of a misstatement in the prospectus from the shareholder to the director. Under the previous law the shareholder had to prove not only the misstatement but that it was made fraudulently by the director, a thing which it was often impossible to do, even in cases where there was little doubt of the fact, and to get over this practical difficulty these provisions were adopted.

C. AUDITORS.—The provision of the Imperial Act, making the appointment of auditors compulsory, and prescribing their duties, needs no comment. Respectable companies always have auditors, but the Act is directed against companies whose respectability is not above suspicion. The Canadian Act contains no such provisions.

To sum up: as compared with Imperial legislation we find the Canadian defective in its provisions for the protection of the public. (a) In providing means by which the public can readily ascertain the position and financial standing of the company. (b) In protecting it against the evil of watered stock. (c) In protecting it against the fraudulent statements of directors.

Of course there is always the question as to whether the public should be protected. But even the strongest opponent of anything approaching paternalism would hardly refuse to place a policeman at a spot where it was known that a burglar would enter.

No doubt there may be differences of opinion as to some of the details of the above provisions, but the evils are admitted by every one. Moreover, not only English but American experts agree that the best cure that can be devised is more publicity, and it is just in this respect that the Canadian Act and those which are similar to it, are defective. This need of more publicity will be more readily appreciated when we remember that under the provisions of the Canadian Act a shareholder practically knows nothing of the affairs of the company, except what the directors choose to tell him. He can see the statement at the annual meeting, but he cannot examine the books, except the books showing transfers of shares, nor obtain extracts from the books, nor, in short, ascertain the position of the company except from the directors. It is true that there is a process provided by the Act by which, theoretically, its position can be ascertained by the shareholders, but it involves an application to the courts and the risk of incurring heavy costs, and is altogether so cumbersome that it is seldom, or never, resorted to. Apart from everything else, such an application would tend to have as disastrous an effect on a company as an application to wind up.

So far as the Canadian Parliament is concerned, there may be, and no doubt are, reasons why no attempt has been made to remedy by legislation many of the evils which have been referred to. In the case of returns, for instance, the Canadian legislature may very well consider that most companies are already furnished with sufficient occupation in making the returns required by the provinces under the provisions as to extra-provincial companies. But would not a simplification be effected if the Dominion and the provinces were, as far as possible, to make the provisions of their Companies Acts the same, and a simple way of doing this would be to follow the evolution of Imperial

legislation, on which much of our legislation is founded, and to adopt the amendments made from time to time by the Imperial legislature. If it should be asked why we should adopt the amendments of the Imperial Act instead of making our own, the answer is that there is no reason if we can provide equally, or more, effective remedies. But it should not be forgotten that the development of Imperial company legislation has been an evolution determined by actual experience in order to meet specific abuses, and not an *a priori* set of rules drawn by theorists at random. Moreover, if ability and experience go for anything, we find men like Palmer and many of the eminent English judges, including Buckley, on the commissions which have considered and drafted these amendments, and all their wealth of experience is at our disposal if we care to use it.

Again, if all Canadian legislation were approximated to the Imperial, we should have the benefit of all the English judicial decisions on the points which arise under the Imperial Act. In fact, we would have a body of the most highly trained experts continually working on the problems which, from time to time, confront us, and the results of their labour would be available to us without any trouble or expense on our part. The benefits to be derived from a uniformity of company law, and indeed of all commercial law throughout Canada, can perhaps only be realized by those who have constantly to deal with commercial interests in different parts of the country. I am satisfied that these (and their number is increasing daily with the expansion of the country) will unanimously endorse any scheme tending towards uniformity. If a commission were appointed consisting of representatives from the Dominion and all the provinces, much, I am convinced, could be done in this direction in a very short time. It is certainly an anomaly that the enactments of our legislatures are found to be one at one stage of the development of the Imperial legislation, one at another, and one at a third stage. It would be easier to understand i f each legislature had struck out on original lines, but the position as we find it is hard to

reconcile with any intelligible principle of development. We find abuses recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. We find experts on both sides of the Atlantic agreeing that the best remedy is more publicity, and we find either no attempt made by much of our legislation to meet the situation, or else remedies applied that have been tried and found wanting. The Dominion has given us much good legislation in railway and insurance matters, for instance. Let us hope that in the press of other matters the legislators may find time to take up the question of the Companies Act, and let us hope, too, that the Dominion and the provinces may find a way to get together and harmonize all their company legislation on some intelligible basis.

R. B. HENDERSON

WORDSWORTH

Poets had sung of star, and sky, and hill,
And twilight beauty of the winding shore;
Had paused to catch the sounding torrent's roar,
To feel the gentler music of the rill
Change to their music; e'en thy daffodil
Had hymned a dirge that passeth nevermore,
And daisies lured thy Chaucer from the lore
Of books to sing them with his royal skill.
But thou first sang the soul of cloud, and light,
And storm, draping the peak's solemnity,
Where Nature, 'mid her secrets rarely trod,
Communing with no spirit on the height
As she communed with thine, lay bare to thee
And indistinguishable from her God.

CHAS. E. MOYSE

ALOUETTE

II

IN the April number of this MAGAZINE I only got half way down the south shore of the St. Lawrence on my canoeing trip between Quebec and the Saguenay. I now pick up the thread again where I left off, at l'Anse à Chamas, a tiny bay sixty miles below Quebec and the same distance above Cacouna.

The nearby village town, St. Jean Port Joli, was once within the manorial sphere of that picturesque old seigneur, Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, who began to write his first book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, after he had entered his seventy-seventh year. The waters all about are historic both in name and memory. The channel by which we had come down used to be called after Iberville, the great French naval hero of Hudson Bay. The narrow east end of it still reminds the present generation of gallant young de Beaujeu, who fell dead beside the far Monongahela just as he waved his hunting cap to give the signal for that hidden attack from the encircling forest which ended in Braddock's defeat. What was once known as the English Channel, in front of us, and what is still known as English Bank, lower down, tell the tale of the British conquest and the change of route that followed it. And Isle-aux-Coudres, exactly opposite, under the north shore, also takes one back to the Conquest, when it was the British naval base during Wolfe's siege of Quebec, and, far beyond that, through the whole of the French régime, when it was a pilot station and a very famous anchorage, straight back to Jacques Cartier himself, whose logbook for the 6th of September, 1535, states that he landed there and called it Isle-aux-Coudres from the abundance of its hazel nuts.

We had spent nearly a week in the parish of St. Jean Port Joli, and there was quite a large gathering of dogs and boys round the tent an hour before we left. My particular chum here was a very bright little black-haired and brown-eyed chap of twelve. He never tired of hearing tales of the sea, and we parted with many hearty good wishes, on both sides, for another meeting—*à l'année prochaine!* He was very particular, when giving me his correct address, to see that I got both his Christian names, " as his family had been at St. Jean since the old, old times, and so many people had just the same surname now." He wasn't much higher than my waist, and his sturdy little sunburnt legs were bare—for this was Monday morning. But as he stood there, with his battered straw hat in his hand, wishing us good-bye and a pleasant voyage, I thought he might live to grace even the sesquipedalian dignity of Rosario Herménégilde.

We shaped for Pointe-aux-Orignaux, twenty-one miles down in a dead straight line, but twenty-eight by the course we actually took. The redoubtable Baie Ste. Anne lay between us and our destination. It is a bad place for any kind of craft in dirty weather or at low tide, and I would advise canoemen to respect its humours accordingly. It is eleven miles across, point to point, and seventeen round by the shore. It is full of tussocky mud, oozy tidal flats and promiscuous knife-edged reefs. In one place it dries out three miles, and a tall man could wade out nearly as far again at low-water springs. The bay is known as le Fer-à-Cheval. But it is much more like an ogre's fish hook, with the long, low, sharp, wicked curve of Pointe Ouelle, barbed with hull-piercing rocks, all ready for a strike. The only safe way, if you are in a vessel that can't float clear in less than half a fathom, is to give the upper point of the bay, Pointe St. Roch, a berth of four miles, right out to the South Traverse. This famous Traverse is a submarine canyon, six miles long, and narrowing to a bare quarter just where the whole ebb and flow of the great South Channel concentrate their utmost force in a reversible, deep sea

rapid, which runs ten miles an hour on the ebb of a spring tide, even in the calmest weather. I have shot down it in my canoe, without taking a capful of water over the lip; but only with a very moderate south-west. Once I ran it in my yawl, on the fullest spring ebb of the season and before a roaring hot gale from the south, with every stitch of canvas we dared to carry. And what a winged delight it was—that glorious moment, when my own quickening pulse throbbed with the whole wild heart of the St. Lawrence!

The tide was not to be high till noon; but, as the wind was contrary, we left at eight, so as to make sure of having enough water to cross Baie Ste. Anne by the long, inside curve, if necessary. As it happened, we took an outside curve instead; but the distance remained the same, twenty-eight miles, and we took considerably longer to do the first eight than the last twenty: the moral of which is that you needn't bother your head with time-tables, and all the other dusty worries of the land, when you're canoeing down the river. After making about a mile in a good, strenuous hour, I noticed that Isle-aux-Coudres, nine miles north-west of us, was going through a regular series of transformation scenes. First, it looked like a row of gigantic targets, then like a lot of box cars, and then like one long palisade. This made me look out for squalls from the cavernous Gouffre of Baie St. Paul, which is a mountain gorge on the north shore beyond. And the squall came. But, luckily, it wasn't a white one, which would have forced us to run for it and jump into waist-deep water, so that one man could have held the canoe end-on while the other unloaded her before beaching. Then the interrupted head wind returned as fresh as ever from the north-east. After three hours of steady paddling we had made barely five miles. We were now off Pointe St. Roch, where we had camped the summer before. On that occasion, which also happened to be a Monday morning, a friendly *habitant* boy offered to post my letters "very soon," which was when he went to Mass the following Sunday! He had never crossed the river

or been to Quebec. Yet what he wrote me on New Year's Day would have shamed many a globe-trotting correspondent.

The flood stream had another hour to run against us when we got opposite the big double-spired church of St. Roch des Aulnaies, the most conspicuous landmark at the upper point of Baie Ste. Anne. The wind was as strong and contrary as ever, so we edged into the bay, whose seventeen miles of curving shoreline seemed to be stretching along a good deal more than usual. It is remarkable for the many, odd-shaped, rocky hills rising erratically straight out of its general level. At a distance, some of them might be South African ant hills and others moss-grown boulders—only, we're not accustomed to ant hills and boulders hundreds of feet high. We were well inside the bay, and just debating whether to land or fight it out, when we took one more good look down the north shore; and there, over at Cap à l'Aigle, twenty miles off, we saw the smoke of a brushwood fire beginning to straighten upwards, and the reflection of the distant water beginning to change from dark to light. We at once made for the ship channel, and arrived there, five miles out from shore, at the same time as the calm we had seen coming up to meet us.

The last of the wind seemed to have just sailed by on the last of the flood, leaving only its wake in the air. And now, at full noon, all the tidal currents paused for a moment as they turned. Even the great South Traverse, close beside us, was hushed, in the same momentary pause, between its tumultuous ebb and flow. Meanwhile, the wake of the wind had died away from the channel, and was becoming fainter as it spread towards the land on both sides. Here and there it would barely touch and half dim the sheen of a shoreward reach. Or one of its last aerial ripples would wash gently into a tall column of smoke, far up the mountain side, stir the topmost plume a little.....and earth, air, and water, all were still. The mightiest of rivers lay basking its ten broad shining miles in the midsummer warmth, far as the eye could see, for many times that dis-

tance, up and down, between its mountainous north shore and undulating south. The dark, sheer precipices, the long, green woodland slopes, the nestling white villages, the quiet grey spires, all, like the vast St. Lawrence, were lulled into one siestal calm. We alone were moving—but glidingly slow, and silently, except for the low plash of the paddles, the tiny eddies they sent whispering astern, and the soft, intermittent purl of the cutwater—as if the canoe itself drew easy breath at every stroke: silently, slowly, and alone, far out on the slumbering river, under a caressing sun, in a world of golden light and day-dreaming blue.

We were below the South Traverse before its ten-mile ebb current had set in; but with the help of a tamer one of five and steady paddling we soon brought Ste. Anne de la Pocatière abeam. The square white houses, huge college and big church look as if a bit of a garish new town had been grafted on to a spot among those eccentric hills which was meant to grow an old-world village. We then began to close the land, over towards Pointe Ouelle, and skirted the outside of the enormous "porpoise" fishery. The loop extends a mile and a half from shore, and altogether there are several miles of great gaunt stakes, made fast in such a manner that they wave about wildly with the current to frighten the "porpoises." I remember once paddling through the inner gap on a half ebb, and quite feeling how the timid little white whales lose every chance of escape rather than face that terrible korral of menacing arms brandished all round them. By moonlight these stakes are weird enough to men, with their gnarled forked tops clutching at you with skeleton fingers. The runs of the porpoise here were famous long before *le Roi Soleil* granted the fishery rights to de Vitry, whose descendant is commonly credited with the honour, or dishonour, of having brought the British fleet safely up the St. Lawrence to the conquest of Canada. This story of the French pilots is dying as hard as that old Armada myth, which would have it that the Spaniards were defeated by the storms that kindly came to Britannia's

aid. The fact is that the Spanish fleet was defeated in action before the storms came on at all, and the British fleet in Canada worked its own way up with its own officers and with a minimum of dependence on the lubberly French pilots, who made more fuss over running a single ship through the Island Traverse than the British did about whole squadrons and convoys together. It is the human elements that win the day.

Rivière Ouelle flows in on the upper side of the point of the ogre's fish-hook. It has an interesting old seigniorial history, and the seigniorial family has produced more than one historian. There is an antique charm about the tithe of oil which the porpoise fishers of the old régime vowed to pay the seigneurs in perpetuity, and which actually has been so paid ever since, as a token of their gratitude for seigniorial aid in a life-and-death lawsuit against the neighbouring parish of Ste. Anne de la Pocatière. And there is a curious coincidence in the fact that while de Francheville, a priest of Rivière Ouelle in the seventeenth century, turned soldier to repulse Phips's invading Americans, there should be a veteran British soldier in the seigniorial family of the twentieth century who has just turned priest.

Pointe-aux-Iroquois is three miles down and Pointe-aux-Orignaux half as much again beyond. All three points have good reasons for their three distinctive names. But some barbarous creature of the Intercolonial Railway melted all three down into a perverted one, the "River Well," that does disgusting duty for the station and wharf where you change trains and take the ferry for Murray Bay. Perhaps railway underlings—and "bosses," too—can't be expected to know any better. Didn't they use a classical dictionary, without classical taste, to "fix up" the place-names along the New York Central? Old names should never be changed, or new names given, without national authority inspired by someone who really knows. And when summer visitors can't get on speaking terms with the originals they might be furnished with tourist transla-

tions, for use in the silly season. There could be no difficulty in doing this for Pointe-aux-Orignaux, on behalf of people who have already invented the euphemistic expression of "loaded for moose."

But moose were not the game I met with at Pointe-aux-Orignaux, alias "River Well." The wharf hotel was all agog about the ham; not *a* ham, but *the* ham. It appeared that there had been a serious difference of opinion between the directorate and the *clientèle* about a ham that was either conditionally or unconditionally promised for a picnic over to Murray Bay and back. On my suggesting that it would soon blow over I was attacked by both sides, who, however much they differed about the mere ham, were united in considering it altogether a question of principle by now; which they well might, as the whole thing happened the summer before! I only spent two long rainy days there; so I never found out what the principle was. But I couldn't help thinking how proud that pig must be, when he looks down from some porcine paradise and sees the ham he used to humbly scratch against a common sty still distracting the best society of "River Well" a full twelvemonth after its lamented absence from Murray Bay. The wharf was a greater centre of interest for me on another occasion, when I tried to round it against the climax of a three-days' storm. I had a strong ebb and an excellent bow paddle to help me with the otherwise empty canoe. But we had to give in after an hour's struggle. The waves were big enough to make a thousand-ton steamer pitch her nose in. But they were free enough not to curl their tops aboard of us. An enthusiastic amateur waterman on the wharf declared he often saw more than half our keel; and I have no doubt that the time will come when I shall recall the good old days in which I used to show the whole of it and float serenely on nothing but the spray! One foggy morning, on a third occasion, a cattle ship that had lost her bearings came within an ace of running down the ferry. The result of such a collision would probably have been the

foundering of both, as the ferry is a very solid, beamy vessel, built expressly for cutting through the ice. This reminded me of the notorious wording of a Lloyd's report, which said a certain cattle ship had gone down and all on board were lost, "including forty souls and twenty-seven cattlemen." A dear old lady at the dinner table hoped the police did something to Mr. Lloyd. But she also admitted that she had never been on board a cattle ship.

It is only ten miles straight across to Pointe au Pic at Murray Bay, and, as we went far out, when the morning sun was shining full on the valley of the Murray River, we had a magnificent view of the whole scene: the old primeval beaches rising in tiers and mamelons round the mouth of the Murray and terracing the trees and houses on them, the crowded French-Canadian village huddled into the narrow valley and straggling off, in sparse white dots, far up the gorge; with the big, swelling, green hills close by, and ridged blue peaks beyond. I am not surprised that the summer visitors of thirty years ago thought they had found a Laurentian paradise. And I dare say some of them remembered how a similar scene once affected Wordsworth, a poet still more important to our own generation:

> "Well may'st thou halt and gaze with brightening eye!
> The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
> Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
> Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!"

But it wasn't long before the inevitable sequel came :

> "Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
> On which it should be touched, would melt away."

Do what you will—go about bare-headed, dress in *étoffe-du-pays* homespuns, carpet your floors with *catalogne*, pay *habitants* to sing their unself-conscious folksongs before your most self-conscious audiences at the most artfully countrified picnics, call yourself a child of Nature after bridge and dinner parties, and get yourself photographed ever so often as an open-air man or girl—do all this as much

as you like, and really mean it all as well, and you can't prevent the original spirit of the place from dying, once it has to breathe a fashionable air. The native wood-note wild is never heard in gardens.

I have stayed at Murray Bay, in a household as near perfection as anything human can ever be without a dog, and enjoyed myself immensely. But the native charm I never knew there is gone; and I have only once found any compensation in the change. This was on a violet and starry night, when sailing past with a balsam-scented land-breeze, while a full military band was playing one of those waltzes which *einem in die Füsse ging*, as they say in Vienna. Mood and circumstance were so accordant then that, except on one other occasion, when the best dance-music orchestra in the world was playing beside a still more historic river, I have never felt the rhythm of flesh and blood beat through me more intensely. A frivolous little flash of feeling, if you like! But we are body, soul, and spirit in music as in other things; and love of dancing, within its mood, never dulled any appeal to the soul and spirit of any one who could appreciate serene Mozart, profound Beethoven, or troublous Wagner. And wasn't there a famous doge of Venice who went to his death with a haunting little plea for the body's instrumental music?

> "Love and night are life and light;
> Dance and wine and song
> Speed and slay the halting day,
> Ere it live too long."

Two miles below Pointe-aux-Orignaux is l'Anse St. Denis, running back in a deep inland loop, so full of fisheries that unless you can walk blindfold through the maze at Hampton Court you had better keep outside altogether when it's dark. But go in by all means when it's light, if you care to slip quietly into what is, figuratively as well as literally, a backwater of river life. You can look out to seaward, where steamers pass by miles away. And you can hear the whistle and rumbling beat of trains beyond

the low wooded hills that form the boundary of the meadow-lands round the loop of the bay. But they all belong to quite a different world from yours in here, where only the tides and seasons really count at all.

Three miles farther you come to Cap Diable, which well deserves its name. It is not very high or black or devilish to look at. But its reefs, set round it like ranks of infernal *chevaux-de-frise*, are enough to give a bad name to any neighbourhood. I must say, however, that the local prince of darkness has always been a gentleman to me, letting me through the worst of his tidal gaps without so much as a scratch. Years ago the body of a man belonging to one of the best-known families in Canada was found by some seal-hunters in a snow-drift here. This proved to be the sequel of a particularly horrible murder, aggravated by all the circumstances under which it was committed, yet of such a peculiar nature that publicity was useless for the ends of justice. Imagine how this gruesome story would have been told, re-told, paraphrased, perverted, and gloated over in the press to-day! But, even now, it is only spoken of with bated breath by the older people down the river, who still maintain a nicer reserve than we do in presence of the many-headed beast.

I'm afraid I'm becoming almost Xenophontic with my parasangs; but canoemen need particulars of mileage, which, after all, are only one of the minor miseries of life. Four miles on and in from Cap Diable you see Kamouraska church and village, looking as if they were comfortably moored against the shore and might float off again with the tide. Many low-shored places look like this at a distance; but Kamouraska more than most. We were received with open arms at the best boarding-house, from the front steps of which I had been ordered into the kitchen on my first appearance in those parts a few summers before. I am not unaccustomed to such splendid vicissitudes by now. The first time I turned up, late at night, after a forty-two-mile paddle, in my roughest sea-kit and with my two most

trampish-looking bags on my back, at the front door of a hostelry in another place, I was only let in and given the worst room after much anxious hesitation. But the next time I went there I was given the best room at once, overcharged with all the extras, whether I had them or not, and sent off with a shot-gun salute from the landlord and all his able-bodied sons. He yelled out reassuringly that the shot was small—*ri'n que pour les alouettes*—as the first shower of it fell round the canoe. But I humbly covered my diminished head and shoulders with an empty canvas bag, when I remembered that even the royal family were never saluted with anything better than blank.

Kamouraska was once a great storm-centre of party politics; and the parish priest was so wrought up by the woes of his country that he added a little commentary of his own to the bishop's *mandement*, which forbade all priestly interference outside the domain of faith and morals. "You have heard how the *curés* will abstain from any worldly influence. But, O my children, I implore you to remember on election day that the colour of *Heaven* is *blue*!" There was nothing exciting about the somnolent, mid-August Kamouraska of my own experience. Strangely enough, my first new acquaintance there was a German who had married a French-Canadian wife under rather romantic circumstances, and whose old regiment I had met some years before at the Kaiser manœuvres in the Fatherland. We sat up late that night—for me it was very late, indeed, as in three successive summers I only once was up after dark or in bed after sunrise, when camping out. We discussed the *Reichskanzlerstelle* and all its occupants, from Bismarck to Bethmann-Hollweg, whom my new friend remembered at the university, the difference between the real German army and navy and the perversions one sees about them in the press in English-speaking countries, the Algeciras affair and the fall of M. Delcassé; and then—photography in the open air! which brought out samples of his handiwork that proved him to be as good an amateur as I ever saw in my life, bar one Englishman.

Rocky hills rise up in various directions all over the country here and for another hundred miles down-river. But they are much less eccentric in shape and situation at Kamouraska than in Baie Ste. Anne. When the tide is high Kamouraska has a very pleasant sweep of water front. The islands, rocky and wooded, are quite picturesque; and the view of the north shore and its sunsets is magnificent. But the bay is very shallow, altogether tidal, in fact; and a high, thin, breaking sea gets up there in no time. At dead low tide it looks like the morrow of a battlefield, as my German friend remarked. There's a whole league of mud between the village and Grande Isle, where the revolving light winks its warning over the ship channel between the Pilgrims below and South Traverse above. Kamouraska is one of the oldest settlements in Canada, and its islands were for many generations the point from which the accepted ship channel took its thirty-mile slant across to Isle-aux-Coudres. The one hundred and forty-one sail of the main British fleet and convoy under Saunders kept going by and altering course over English Bank for several days together in 1759. "Comorasca" and many other phonetic spellings of the kind appear in the logs of H.M.SS. about the 23rd and 24th of June. Cap Diable is always entered as a landmark for bearings. The master of H.M.S. *Dublin* calls it "Cape Divil." But on board H.M.S. *Neptune* it appears first as "Cape Diabolo" and then as "Diaboli," from which change to the plural I hope we are not to infer that the master of the flagship saw two Cape Divils as the day wore on!

One Sunday morning, a perfect Laurentian summer day—calm and warm, but with plenty of young life held in leash in the strong, clear air—we went down from Kamouraska to Great Pilgrim on the run of the ebb, from seven to noon. The bells were ringing the *sursum corda* of the day. Their peals came out to us from pious villages in currents of vibrating, mellow sound, that met and mingled overhead and all around us. But one far-distant lin-lan-lone reached us for only a cable's length or so, as we

passed the narrow gully in the hills through which it found its single outlet into a world beyond the little valley to which it called. Inside Long Pilgrim the seabird voices mingled with the bells. There were numbers of young gulls taking their first lessons in the art of flight. One, in particular, a herring gull, who could scurry about like a road-runner and swim like a duck, required a deal of noisy encouragement from his parents. He could wheel in fair imitation of a sea-swallow, and straightaway a little almost as well as his elders. But sailing was beyond him. For a good hour we floated on, looking up into the endless blue, at the white, long-winged birds. What rainbows gleamed round those wings when they circled between us and the sun! We closed in on Middle Pilgrim, where a brisk kingfisher was darting about with a cry like a London bobby's rattle. But I caught something better in the tail of my eye, where a full-grown, great blue heron was intently staring into a finny-looking pool. He was a magnificent fellow. I don't think anything could have induced me to shoot him as he stood there, the very embodiment of statuesque beauty and plumed grace. We took infinite precautions to stalk him with the camera. He rose disdainfully, with his grand head thrown back (unlike the poker-necked cranes) beating the air into eddies we could actually feel. I snapped him; and afterwards found I had done so on a previously used film! I never regretted a miss so much, except one, far down the North Shore, when somebody's nervous shift spoilt the chance of a lifetime at a killer whale that rose suddenly a paddle's length from my canoe.

Eight miles from the north shore and two from the south the Pilgrims form a long, narrow group of bold, rocky islands, five miles long altogether, and no individual island more than a quarter wide. The hollows are well wooded, but the tops, about two hundred feet high, are bare and solid grey rock, fantastically shaped into bastions and turrets in some places, so that they presented a "strange and romantick appearance" to one of Wolfe's officers. The foot of every

precipice is strewn with immense boulders, which form giant rockeries, with " verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways."

Early in the afternoon we climbed to the top of Great Pilgrim, which is the farthest down and a great deal the highest of all. The bells were ringing out again, the crew of a schooner were singing a full-toned chorus as they rowed into Pilgrim Pool, and the wheeling hosts of seabirds were calling everywhere, on the water, about the sheer cliffs, and overhead. They would suddenly come sailing over the topmost edge, see us there, back their wings, flurry, and shoot up as high again, or sweep outwards into a quickened loop of flight. Then the bells and men were silent, and even the gulls began to rest; while, all around us, we could feel the invisible tides of the air turning towards the ebb of that perfect day. The lightest zephyr of a land breeze was making the few, still columns of smoke veer a little. The rising tide of the river was making the " meadows by the sea-downs " " watery soft " again—*ὕδρηλοι μαλακοί.* And the westering sun was lighting up the varied greens of the south shore and the long, filmy blue of the distant north.

Surely, it must have been on an afternoon like this that Menander counted himself a happy man to have seen, " without pain, those holy wonders, the common sun, stars, clouds, and fire," and that Pascal felt *" ce consentement de vous avec vous-même."* In such a harmonizing atmosphere each memory seemed sweet, each hope fulfillable; and all five senses in accordant unity as well:—

> " Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
> Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
> Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
> Les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons se répondent."

I often wonder why some family that likes salt air, fine scenery and camping out doesn't pitch its tent on Great Pilgrim. The only inhabitants on the whole group are the lighthouse keeper's family on Long Pilgrim, more than three

miles away. And there is a good spring and a picturesque camping ground close by. Once we camped there quite happily through the whole of a full-sized, three-day storm. We saw it coming, ran in, and cut enough balsam boughs to make mattresses a foot thick, from which we took dry kindling on the second and third days. But—weren't we bored to death? Not a bit of it! We kept in training by paddling two hours a day in the empty canoe—a full one would have been smashed to splinters when trying to shove off. We visited the schooners sheltering in the Pool, talked over all the river news, and sighed sympathetically over the good old days of smuggling between St. Pierre, Rimouski, Isle-aux-Coudres, and other most-favoured-nation places. Then, there were the eiders to visit, too, at this their farthest inland nesting haunt in the whole world, and gulls and terns and herons. And their sadly diminished numbers, owing to wanton destruction of every shameless kind, spurred me on with my scheme for an animal sanctuary in Labrador, with outlying sanctuaries elsewhere, of which the Pilgrims would most certainly be one.

There was a dense mist, just before sunrise, on the fourth day. Then, quite suddenly,

> "Wolkenzug und Nebelsflor
> Erhellen sich von oben.
> Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr,
> Und alles ist zerstoben."

It is only an easy fifteen miles from Kamouraska to Great Pilgrim, and the mainland between is not particularly inviting from the train. But, nearly two-thirds of the way down by the river, and after passing the last of four little rocky islets, which are joined to the shore by goose-grass meadows at low water, you come to the ruins of a wharf, now nothing more than a quarter-of-a-mile of big stone ballast, from which even the old square timbers have almost completely rotted off. And thereby hangs a tale. This wharf was once the scene of great local activity, when the mooring-posts held trading schooners fast alongside, when

loaded carts clattered and rumbled over sound woodwork, when the cottages inshore were peopled, the ship-yard clicked and thudded with the hammers, the mill was busy all day long, and the manor above had a resident seigneur. That was before the trains and steamers came to concentrate everything at a few great centres and bleed the smaller ones to death. But that was also before the jerry builder came; and the manor looks as stanch to-day as when it was built a century ago. It stands a hundred feet up the steep rise, on a small natural terrace. Its front door opens at the end, not the side, of the house, and faces the east, from which it is sheltered by a grey, boulder-shaped hill, only a few yards off, across the climbing road and the little brook that curves round the base of this hill before cascading down to the river. There are rocky heights behind and woods all round, except on the river side, which is a sheer drop down to the grassy flats. It seems a quite natural way of describing this long, deep, beamy building—so excellently constructed of solid stone and timber by ship's carpenters that it looks fit to go foreign to-morrow—as being broadside on to the St. Lawrence and heading down stream. The basement is a good hold, and the two storeys above are well laid on their orlop and main-deck beams. The out-buildings are all in perfect keeping; and the flagstaff rises, like the tallest pole-mast, one hundred feet exactly, in a single piece of pine. A straight row of Lombardy poplars and the remains of a trim walk and an old-fashioned, formal garden on the inshore side, remind you that, once upon a time, this was still another bit of the *Mère-Patrie*, transplanted with such loving care into a sheltering niche of the Canadian wilderness.

We had accepted an invitation to meet some members of the family who now own the seigniory, and who were coming down for a couple of days to collect the seigniorial dues. The tide was out when we arrived, before our hosts, and we had to carry every ounce of our three hundred pounds of baggage over the ruins of the wharf and up the hill. But

the goat and mule and monkey in us did it all quite handily. The little brook running through the pine wood, and rippling round the base of the boulder-like hill, was very soothing that dreamy afternoon, and refreshing to bathe in next morning. The woods beside it, all " moths of shade and butterflies of sun," dappled its green-grey stones, which looked like snake skins gliding up where its swift water was smoothly gliding down. But, out in the open, when eager to make its last big leaps and join the tidal creek beside the wharf,

> " On polished stones it danced,
> Like childhood, laughing as it went."

The great natural feature of Pointe Sèche is Mont Louise, which shows many hundreds of feet of precipitous front to seaward from about a mile inland. It was a signal station in the old French days; and the beacon fires which heralded the appearance of the invading British fleet were lit on its summit. It commands an extensive landward view all along the old trail which gave this seigniory its name of Notre Dame de l'Islet du Portage. The *voyageurs* could land beside the little hill now called Pointe St. André and, after a good portage, get into waters by which they could ultimately reach the coasts of New Brunswick and Maine. But the seaward view is the real glory of Mont Louise; and it reveals a panorama of the north shore unequalled from any other place on the south. There, straight in front, are the magnificent blue ramparts of the Laurentians, twelve miles away at their nearest point, and stretching right and left in a line nearly ten times as long. Almost our whole journey lay spread out before us—in the furthest west Cap Tourment overlooks Quebec, while the Saguenay hills are only half as far away to the east. The Laurentians are steep towards the river; but their crests flow in easier undulations, except where the line is cleft by the hollow Gouffre of Baie St. Paul, the gorge of the Murray, and the deep fiord of the Saguenay; and where it rises in the vast, sheer walls of Les Eboulements, high above

all the rest, tower by tower, from both flanks to the great central one that crowns the stronghold set here by Nature to guard her secret, long before Man appeared on Earth to spy it out.

We returned at dusk to the cottage our kind hosts had left open for us after their own departure. Our path led through the dark wood where the victim of a duel, fought a century ago between two rivals for one fair hand, is said to have been buried at midnight under a natural tombstone, and where his wraith is still said to walk about disconsolate. The mist off the tidal flats drifted in on us as we reached the terrace, and half shrouded the ghostly moon that peered over the encircling pines. What vespers could we have that night except the eerie *Chanson du Fou*?

"Au soleil couchant
Toi, qui vas cherchant
Fortune,
Prends garde de choir;
La terre, le soir,
Est brune.

"L'océan trompeur
Couvre de vapeur
La dune:
Vois, à l'horizon,
Aucune maison,
Aucune.

"Maint voleur te suit;
La chose est, la nuit,
Commune.
Les dames des bois
Nous gardent parfois
Rancune.

"Elles vont errer—
Crains d'en rencontrer
Quelqu'une:
Les lutins de l'air
Vont danser au clair
De lune."

There are only fifteen miles between Great Pilgrim and Cacouna Island. If it's rough, with the ebb running, give the Rivière du Loup a good berth, because the big and little rivers, meeting at right angles, raise sharp-ridged chops that send enough slapping tips aboard to make the canoe at least uncomfortably wet. The first English maps marked this down as "Wolf" River. But the name originally came from the herds of seals, or "loups-*marins*," that used to frequent the rocks here before the town sprang up. The upper part of the town is now called Fraserville, from the members of the clan of that ilk who settled hereabouts after the Conquest and intermarried freely with their fellow Roman Catholics. They left an ever-increasing number of Fraser descendants who became French-speaking to a man. But there's a touch of poetic justice about this. Didn't Charlemagne himself invent the name for the man who gave him the best strawberries he'd ever eaten, and whom he dubbed "Le Fraisier" on the spot?

The French-Canadians, even now, are hardly out of the nicknaming age. I remember a visionary shopkeeper, whose scheme for cutting a canal across the hills earned him the name of "Tranchemontagne." Presently he found himself obliged to put both his old and new names over his shop: "Dostaler *dit* Tranchemontagne;" and by and by his son dropped the first altogether. There was a wrecked British sailor whose whole stock of French consisted of the single phrase, "*je n'en sais rien.*" His grandson is a French-Canadian chemist, M. Jean Sarrien. Another British sailor disappeared among the *habitants* as William Hastie. A while ago some money was left to his heirs, who successfully claimed it under their present cognomen of Billastie. The determined Gallicizer is no more daunted by the names of places than by the names of persons, no matter how refractory they may be. A settlement on the frontier rejoices in the title of Sainte-Elisabeth de Boundary Line. And the place fond Scotchmen christened Inverness is now

colloquially known by the holier but more bibulous appellation of Sainte-Ivrognesse!

The long ridge of Cacouna, a ground-swell from the valley and a cliff towards the river, used to be a great summer resort for people of all ages, from the cradle to the grave. But fewer who are between these two extremes go there now, the more's the pity. What sea-born air! And what galops I took through it in the first spring of the day—" my horse a thing of wings, myself a god "—when my spirit flew before me,

> " To hold and see the Sundawn yet
> And hear what Morning heard!"

But, seen from the river, Cacouna has no great beauty to attract you; though, if you agree with chivalric Froissart —*sus toutes flours j'aimme la Margherite*—you should look at the little milky way of marguerites on the seaward slope beside the Indian village.

For my own part, I confess to having an extraordinary feeling for the Cacouna reefs. They are nothing to look at: long, low, and narrow, with only a foot of smooth, black rock showing above high water, except at my favourite seat, where a single, conspicuous stone stands out, like a sea-lion rising. But, somehow, they have been the place of all others where I have thought most intensely over the problems of animal life and death. Absurd as it may appear to most minds, the vexed questions that have obsessed me for years and years, and that obsess me still, are not those of religion and science—for religion and science seem to be the natural complements of each other, like soul and brain—nor even the ceaseless re-adjustments of ethics and evolution, but the fate of our non-human fellow-beings, here and hereafter. Man, however immeasurably superior in many ways, is, after all, a fellow-subject with all the other species of the animal kingdom. He began to put his thumb and forefinger together, used tools, and so became handier, craftier and more fit for worldly success than his anthropoid cousins. Then he went into predominant partnership with the dog, to his

own exceeding advantage in the struggle for existence. And the dog? Well, hasn't he had "a dog's life" ever since? Man thinks the world was made for himself alone, in spite of some hints from earthquakes and mosquitoes. He knows that he alone has any sense of right and wrong; and proves it by his nice distinction between human and humane. And he believes that he alone will ever have a better world hereafter; though most North American specimens of him seem quite content to live on here, with a progressive faith in money and machinery. And why not, if they can only succeed in making their life all means and no ends? But what are life and death to every other species of animal? Nobody knows: we are all agnostics together. A mother that dies in defence of her young, a dog that will die for his master, and many an animal whose only experience of man is the pain and misery it entails—what becomes of these? And if any sentient beings can be born to pain without pleasure, through no fault of their own, and can never have a recompense hereafter, what becomes of universal justice? War, that great test of national worth, meat, and even thoroughly clean sport, all have their place in the present phase of evolution. But murder is murder, though in different degrees, to whatsoever animal it may be done; and man's attitude towards this, and his general bullying cruelty towards his humbler brethren, fill me with horror, hatred, and, in the absence of divine or scientific knowledge, with all "the bitterness of things occult."

Cacouna Island looks like a whale two miles long, stranded in water shallow enough to show three hundred feet thickness of his bulk, from snout to tail. Its north side has an overhanging cliff, which is a home of sunsets almost equal to Mont Louise. I shall never forget a nine-hours' ecstasy of sight and sound I spent on its top. By day, the sky had been an ocean. At sunset it became a world of emerald lagoons with reefs of crimson gold. By night it was a lake, all islanded with stars. Then, looking down into the still depths, I saw the earthly transformation.

"The stars light up my Father's palaces,
Shine in blue fathoms underneath the bay;
And with white wands, like pilgrims, enter they
To rest....."

With the first quiver of dawn across the upper air, the river is awake. The white whales are only deep breaths at first, then a dim greyness here and there on the paling waters, and then glimmering, curving streaks. The fish-hawks come with loud, trilling whistles and a throb of big, strong wings. A flight of duck settles with a fluttering, pattering confusion of splashes, and spreads into line like a regiment of cavalry. Every cranny in the crag I stand on seems alive with newborn kittens. But the multitudinous mewings come from the young sea-pigeons, whose busy parents are already getting breakfast for them and showing a winking flash of white on each black wing and the red stern-light of their carmine feet as they fly to and fro. And, over there, on Cacouna Island Reef, the harbour seals are stretching themselves on their flippers, suppling their tails, and nosing the wind before diving in to fish. Everything that lives and moves in the water is astir for the work of the day. But look behind you, and you will see the sluggard land with the sleep hardly out of its eyes.

A satisfactory canoe trip should extend to the Saguenay. Now, there are ten tidal currents here, from main to main. There are reefs and shoals, tide-rips and eddies. The water is too cold to live in long, the currents much too swift to swim against at all. Many a man has met his death hereabouts, where thousands and thousands of vessels look out for some of the worst navigational dangers known. But, on the other hand, with the proper kind of canoe—and the proper amount of knowledge, skill, and care in handling her—there should be no danger worth stopping for. It is about eighteen miles, direct, from Cacouna Island to Tadousac, and Red Island is about half way between them. You would have to make about twenty-five in crossing. Study the charts, get good local information, mind the tides and currents,

choose fine weather, and you ought to do it in a single flood.

Tadousac is the oldest white man's outpost in all your journey. The fur trade was carried on here before Champlain founded Quebec. And even in the matter of touristry, which we think such a very modern invention, Tadousac easily bears away the palm from the whole New World; for de Monts, the father of tourists in Canada, first came here in 1600, simply out of zestful curiosity. The first Canadian church was also built here, a good place for people who came from the sea to begin their churches in. And it is pleasant to observe how much of the same old simple piety is still a distinguishing trait among the modern French-Canadians who have their business in great waters. I have often watched them, here and elsewhere, before the shrine of the guardian angel of the sea, *la bonne Ste. Anne, l'Aïeule de Dieu, Sauvegarde des Navigateurs.* Do they not mean what Fogazzaro says:

> "Servii l'Onnipotente,
> Or gli domando pace:
> Col viso all' Oriente
> Morir quassù mi piace."

Careless man gets many a reminder of his constant nearness to death down here. But it does not often happen that a crew survives to tell the tale of such a cataclysmal sight as that of the earthquake of 1663, when the whole forested top of the hill above the mouth of the Saguenay slid headlong into the St. Lawrence, before the horrified eyes of several French sailors, whose vessel nearly foundered in the enormous wave that swept across the river.

You must never be caught in an open boat at the mouth of the Saguenay when the ebb is running out and the wind is blowing in. You would only be caught that once! The Saguenay comes down, a mile wide and a hundred fathoms deep, at a good six knots an hour. Between it and the St. Lawrence stands a submarine cliff that comes within ten fathoms of the surface. The baffled waters underneath dash full tilt against this cliff and then shoot up through

the surface, which they tear into a weltering mass of whirlpools and mad breakers. On a calm, sunny day it is a beautiful sight to watch this furious tide-rip break into that "flower of the wave" which Alkman of Sardis described for all time as the κύματος ἄνθος.

The Saguenay is no place for paddling against the tide! Jacques Cartier saw that: "*y a une rivière fort perfonde & courante, qui est la rivière & chemin du royaulme & terre de Saguenay.*" Notice that he called it the "rivière *et* chemin." Canada was and is a country of waterways; and it is still by her waterways that she is to be seen to the best advantage. The "river-road" is excellent with the flood, though the up-stream becomes slower and slower the higher you go, till it only just carries you into Eternity Bay, thirty-two miles from Tadousac.

A canoeman floats into the majestic presence of this bay like a fly on a leaf. The entrance is overshadowed by its guardian capes, Eternity and Trinity. Their foundations stand fast a thousand feet below the surface, while their mighty battlements rise two thousand feet above. The sheer heights, vast depths, and wild, primeval scenery make this culminating part of the great fiord the fittest for its native drama of the storm:

> "Et rapidi fremitus et murmura magna minarum.
> His ibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas
> Percipit atque horror."

But Nature is even more appealing here when all is still round the bare brow of Cape Eternity, well before sunrise. Here, at this expectant hour, you might be the first of men to gaze in wonder on the first of worlds. For when the rim of the sun flames over the remote south shore, and the whole sea of mountain tops around you suddenly flushes with the life of day, there, far below, the unawakened Saguenay remains, one vivid moment, dark as the night of Chaos.

WILLIAM WOOD

FONTINALIS

TO the north of Quebec, and at three thousand feet above sea level, the September nights are bitter cold, and a collapsable stove, weighing perhaps four or five pounds, is a necessity in camp. The tent, which, without it, would be a damp and freezing cavern, becomes a most cheerful and comfortable lodging, an ambulatory home in the wilderness, where shelter and dryness and warmth await one.

While the fire crackles, and the stove grows red-hot, the three *messieurs* of the party, on their *sapin* couches, smoke and talk endlessly of fish and fishing. By how many camp-fires have the same questions come up, and who shall solve them? Do the Laurentian waters contain more than one species of *fontinalis*, or can all the variations in colour, form, and size be accounted for by differences of environment? Are the heavy fish with underhung jaw, which the *habitants* call *becs croches*, merely old trout, and at what age and why did they begin to leave their fellows behind in point of stature? How comes it that in one water the fish never exceed a certain size, while in another, where the conditions appear to be no more favourable, a certain small proportion grow indefinitely? May it be that the half-pound trout and the five-pounder, which you take in two consecutive casts, are of the same age, but simply represent different degrees of ichthyic prosperity? Granting that one fish comes into the world better fitted than another for the struggle of life, is the only other element of importance the quantity and quality of food available? Is the very large trout one that has begun life with a superior mental and physical equipment, has been favoured by fortune, has made the most of his opportunities, and has early learned to prey upon his kind? Given such conditions, how long will this lord of his tribe continue to grow, and to what size will he attain?

The very word "trout" is one that cannot be used without an apology and an explanation. It is commonly known that the brook-trout of North America, *salvelinus fontinalis*, is of the charr, and not of the trout, family, but the name is probably too firmly fixed to be dislodged. More unfortunately still the word is ignorantly or carelessly used to cover all the native charrs, including, among others, the salmon-trout, *namaycush* and *siscowet*, the different species of *salvelinus*, and the true indigenous trout of the west, *irideus*. To complicate the matter further, a host of local names are in use, so that where fishermen from different parts of the country meet and compare notes, the first step must be to settle upon the meaning of the terms employed. How embarrassing then for the sportsman, familiar with the proper application of these names beyond seas, who finds charr called "trout," salmon-trout "salmon," bison "buffalo," wapiti "elk," and ruffed grouse "partridge"!

The North American brook-trout does not seem to have prospered in European waters, and more is the pity, as he is a beautiful fish and a game one. The writer may be unfair to the brown trout, but he ventures the opinion that *fontinalis* takes the fly better, fights harder, is more resourceful, and must be given the preference on the table. Many instances come to mind of fish that played for half an hour or longer, and fully occupied the angler's attention for every moment of the time.

Upon the difficult questions of growth and maturity some guesses may be hazarded. Where trout are supplied with all the food they can assimilate and every condition is favourable, they will attain a weight of three pounds in as many years, but what takes place in captivity gives little or no clue to the rate of increase when they have to fend for themselves. An instance may be recorded that shows what are the possibilities of growth. Among the thousands of lakes in the Laurentian country, there are few indeed that do not carry trout. One such lake there was which seemed to be absolutely barren, although it contained plenty

of food; and the reason for this unusual condition of affairs was a very obvious one. The small stream which flowed from the lake fell abruptly two hundred feet, and fish could not ascend it, nor were there any communicating waters above. The owner of the preserve caused a number of small trout to be carried up from below and liberated. The age of these transplanted fish is a matter of conjecture, but in point of size they perhaps averaged three or four ounces. A year later, three-pound trout were taken from the water thus stocked. The sequel is interesting. In the following season the fish had fallen off in weight, and were remarked to be in very poor condition, and examination showed that the feed was exhausted. It will be noted that, unlike their equals in neighbouring waters, these fish were not provided with an unlimited number of their smaller brethren when other supplies failed, and the rapid increase and subsequent decrease in size of the members of this colony seem to be fully accounted for by the unusual situation in which they found themselves.

For many months in the year, as I believe, almost the only item on the bill-of-fare of the large trout is small trout *au naturel*. The fish who has the good luck to attain a size which enables him to practise cannibalism, soon puts himself out of danger of being eaten. The pounder is safe from the attacks of the larger members of his family, and you find him in their company, but the little fellows seek to keep out of the way. When casting in water which generally holds great trout, the free rising of small trout is regarded as an almost sure indication of the absence of larger fish. Conversely, the advent of the great trout is often notified by the small fry leaping into the air to avoid capture. Not seldom, too, when a little trout is being brought in, a large one will follow him and perhaps even contend with you for his possession. I recollect a fisherman who was so irritated at the disregard of his fly, and at the persistence of a big fellow in this course of action, that he baited with a six-inch trout, worked him towards the hover of the monster, and

then laid down the rod and took out his watch. The line began at once to run out slowly, but the inclination to take the rod in hand was resisted until the time that custom allows in the case of a pike had expired; then the bait had been gorged, and the fish was played and landed.

Great trout there are, indeed, who scorn every fly at all times, and in some waters other lures must be used. Even the Nepigon yields its best fish only to the spinner, or artificial minnow. Yet, as you may presently see, large *fontinalis* sometimes take the fly, and take it readily. Tradition has it that some fifty or sixty years ago a brook-trout was caught in the Rangeley Lakes, in the State of Maine, which weighed thirteen and a quarter pounds, but this I find it impossible to verify. What appear to be trustworthy records from the same quarter, in the sixties, show fish of ten pounds weight, but at the present day a five-pounder is accounted a very large trout.

Of the Nepigon, wonderful stories are told, and the books of the Hudson Bay Post at the mouth of the river contain entries of the capture of trout of eight pounds weight. I have seen two fish said to have been taken in that region five years ago. As mounted they are respectively twenty-eight and twenty-seven and a quarter inches in length, and six and a half and six inches in depth. The weights are given as twelve, and ten and three-quarter pounds, but it is difficult to believe that the larger of the two exceeded nine pounds when caught. If it did, there has been an extraordinary shrinkage, and experience shows that in the process of mounting the tendency is for skins to gain in length and lose in breadth. Making allowance on the basis of other observations, the original dimensions of the first fish would be, approximately, twenty-six and a half by seven and a half inches, a size which appears to indicate a weight of about eight pounds. The scales and markings of these fish at least suggest the idea that they are a cross between the brook-trout and one of the salmon-trouts, and opinion favours such a possibility. Of true trout exceeding eight pounds

in weight I can only speak with personal knowledge in a single instance, and, whatever prizes anglers of the past may have secured, nowadays a five-pound fish is rare enough, and one must go far and fare hardly for him.

The steady decrease in the average weight of trout taken in waters naturally stocked, and systematically fished, seems to be very significant. In a certain river where record is kept of all catches over a pound in weight, the average of such trout in twenty-five years has fallen from three pounds to about one and three-quarter pounds, although about the same number of "record" fish are taken annually. In this water trout of five, or even four, pounds weight have become uncommon, and six-pounders, which were often met with in the early days, only appear to exist as fish which the angler reports that he hooked but failed to bring to net. Can the conclusions be avoided that large trout are old trout, that trout live to great age, and that after a certain point growth is very slow? I am inclined to say that they escape the common lot of mortals, and do not die of old age. Certainly in some forty years of fishing I cannot recall seeing a dead or dying trout whose condition could not be accounted for by disease or injury. So great an authority as Professor Agassiz said with regard to the *fontinalis* of Rangeley Lakes that "no man living knows whether these six and eight pound trout are ten or two hundred years old." If age claimed its annual toll, could one fail to see dead trout from time to time in waters frequently traversed, where countless thousands of the creatures live? Other fish, notably carp, are known to live indefinitely, and why not trout? A way of escape from this conclusion may be sought in the suggestion that the mortality of trout from old age takes place only in the winter, when the conditions of existence are hardest. In that case their mortal tenements might be easily disposed of and disappear under the ice, and during the spring freshets. There is no evidence, however, to support such a view. It is a sobering thought that the great trout may be far older than the middle-aged fisherman who

seeks to outwit him, and that time will sooner replace the angler than his quarry. Definite proof may possibly be secured, as in the case of the Pacific salmon, by observing the annual growth of the ear-bone, but failing this there appears to be no way of arriving at the facts but by marking trout and noting growth over a long period.

Many pipes were smoked, and the stove burned cheerfully, died down, and was more than once refilled, while the talk pursued an even more devious way than do these rambling notes, but ever kept returning to the original theme. Meantime, echoes of debate, drifting to us from the men's tent, told that they too were talking of fishing, and were at the moment concerning themselves chiefly with the practical questions of tackle and methods. To a race of facile speakers, one might almost say of orators, one subject serves as well as another for discussion, and a very fury of controversy can be aroused as to the best way to make pancakes, or to stop a leak in a canoe.

It appeared that Mesgil—so I seek to render phonetically the approved contraction of the good fellow's baptismal name, Hermenigilde—had made report on a certain little rod which he had watched being taken out of its case and equipped for action. The delicate politeness of the French-Canadian forbade any expression of adverse opinion in the presence of *les messieurs*, but he had looked doubtful as to the ability of this pretty four and a quarter ounce toy to "*lutter avec une grosse truite.*" Now, under his own canvas roof, and to his associates, criticism was unconfined, and the rod was verily on trial for its life. The body of opinion was evidently to the effect that while it might be fitted for the capture of "*les petites*" or even "*les moyennes,*" one were better armed with a man's weapon when the affair was with trout longer than one's arm, trout, moreover, that had lived their lives in, and fought their way up, so swift and strong a stream. Had not Dr. S. taken two hours and a quarter to bring a four and an eighth pound trout to net in quieter waters across the divide! two hours and a quarter on a six ounce rod, and where

to seek for a better fisherman! Figure it out for yourselves, my friends—this trifle of cane and glue and silk pitted against a fish weighing perhaps two pounds for its every ounce. Would it stand the strain, and if so how long might the struggle last?

So waged the dispute, till the clamour drowned the rush of the stream over bar and boulder, and nervous loons on the great water to the south of us woke up and talked to one another at the top of their voices across the lake. After a twelve-hour day on portage and with paddle, sleep comes easily, but on comparing notes in the morning it appeared that every one had been awakened about midnight by the dismal cry of a lynx from a mountain side a mile away. The sleep of the woods, though refreshing, is not profound, and one rises quickly to the surface of consciousness.

At five o'clock in the morning we broke camp and embarked breakfastless for the two-hour paddle to the other end of the lake. No prudent navigator makes a crossing between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, as, in the day-time, the winds sweep over the barrens and through the mountain gorges with great force, and render canoeing on the broader waters dangerous. Sometimes, too, a whirlwind, in the speech of the country a *sorcier*, appears unannounced even in fine weather, and although the disturbance is of small area, it is violent enough to upset the canoe that encounters it. The sandy margin of the lake which bore our tracks of over night, and which the moose and caribou had made their highway before we disturbed them, was frozen, so that every foot-print of man and animal seemed to be cut there in stone. Over the water lay a dense and chilly mist, and the drops from the paddles froze on the gunwale. However beautiful were the slow revelations of islands and of wooded promontories, and the glow of the early sun on rising mist-wreath and on hillside splendid with autumn colours, it was pleasant to land, to straighten out cramped knees, and warm numbed fingers while the preparations for breakfast were going forward. Simple but

satisfying meal! Porridge with a little grated maple sugar to take the place of cream, a half ration of bacon, and almost the last of our bread. Tea of course there was, for to us in the woods the humblest fare with tea is a *repas*, while an ample provision of food ungraced by tea is no more than a *bouchée*. With canoes, tents, blankets, rifles, and other necessary impedimenta to carry over long portages through a difficult country, it had been necessary to come in "light"; which means that the dunnage bags contained only bread, flour, oatmeal, pork, bacon, tea and sugar, salt and pepper. Given a sufficiency of these no one need complain of his fare, but we had counted upon the addition of game and fish, and after a week of wandering nothing had fallen to our rifles, and even fish had been scarce. Something akin to starvation was uncomfortably near at hand, and every member of the party had a keen, personal interest in the replenishment of the larder.

We made camp where the river, flowing out of the lake, begins a turbulent career which ends in the St. Lawrence thirty leagues away. For a mile or two, however, the current is not too rapid for canoeing, and here, at this season, great trout assemble on their annual migration to the spawning beds in the lake and the streams which feed it. This, at least, was the somewhat vague information upon which we were going, and the expedition was conceived for the purpose of testing the statement that trout of fabulous size had been seen or taken in the upper reaches of the river. It is not so easy as one might think to discover where the great trout lie, or how best to fish for them, but it is incomparably more interesting to attack such a problem than to be guided to a spot and bidden to cast there.

By ten o'clock the tents were up and all was snug, and we set forth pursued by rather more fervent good wishes than usual. "*Bonne chance*" was to-day something beyond an expression of polite desire that *les messieurs* should have good sport. Careful fishing at the foot of the first gentle rapid yielded nothing, and a good pool below this was equally barren

of results. When another really capital pool had been tried without a warrantable fish being seen, we began to doubt whether we were not again following such a phantom as had lured us into the wilds on many another occasion. Food must be had, and it was resolved that the canoes should part company, and that the occupant of the first canoe should try for a shot at moose, caribou, or bear. There were many fresh tracks of these animals, and it was plainly their habit to range along the banks, and to cross the river from point to point. Moreover, a fresh breeze blowing up stream would give an easy approach if game were sighted. Mesgil and the writer were left to explore at our leisure—a task be it said quite as much to our liking as that of our companions. The next pool to which we dropped down was a fine-looking one, though scarcely so large as that which had just been drawn blank. The river came into it with a strong though quiet current, and was thrown against the right bank by a reef of gravel and boulders. As the canoe drifted through without stroke of paddle, the angler, who was covering as much water as possible, kept lengthening cast towards the bend, where oily eddies circled just out of reach of his flies. Some influence not to be defined or expressed was drawing towards this little bay, and Mesgil seemed to feel it too, for he responded with a turn of the paddle to the "*à terre un peu*," almost before the words were spoken, and the instant the fly fell over the coveted spot there was a heavy lunge. Mesgil can always be trusted to do the right thing in a canoe, and very silently and skilfully he backed the craft to the other side, and up to the bar of gravel, where, after perhaps ten minutes of varying fortunes, he had the satisfaction of netting a trout of three and a quarter pounds in the literal pink of condition. This was rapidly followed by one of two and a quarter, one of three and three-quarters, and one of five pounds. This last fish fought with great determination, and came clear of the water after a salmon-like rush. More than once have I seen it affirmed in print that the brook-trout does not jump after being hooked. This

is probably true of small fish, but trout of two pounds weight and upwards not infrequently leave the water when on the fly. During one season when attention was particularly directed to the point, it was observed that one great fish in three jumped after being hooked. An extraordinary leap I recall, which, to my eye and that of a friend who was looking on, appeared to measure not less than eight feet from the point where the trout left the water to the point where he returned to it. On rare occasions, too, these fish will come clear, or almost clear, of the water to take the fly, but for the most part they do not show on the surface and make as little disturbance as do salmon.

Such sport as that I write of was too good to be enjoyed alone, and with these four splendid fellows lying side by side in the bottom of the canoe and clad like the autumn woods in scarlet and gold, I reeled in and took up the paddle. A few strokes brought us to the lower end of the pool, where the water shoals, and the bottom becomes visible. It was then that Mesgil's sharper eyes caught sight of some monstrous gray shadows a few yards away on the starboard bow, and his "*O sacré bateau, regardez les truites!*" sent my glance to the spot. I could only swear to two, though Mesgil affirmed that he saw a dozen. I had very definitely determined to fish no more, and what followed in the next few beats of the pulse was action without conscious volition. One hand laid the paddle down, the other picked up the rod. The tail fly swung loose from the cross-bar of the reel, and was despatched with one motion in the proper direction. The smaller of the two fish rose, was hooked, and Mesgil at last had his wish to see the little rod "*lutter avec une grosse.*" From the first moment there was no doubt that this was a strong and unusually heavy trout, and he played after the fashion of his kind. Mesgil delicately and quietly worked the canoe to shore, and held it steady during the awkward business of disembarking while a fish was running. By this time our trout had gained an immense length of line, and was feeling the advantage of the current below the pool.

He had to be swung into easier water, and then contested stubbornly every inch of the return journey. Again and again did he take the fly to the farthest limits of the pool, but he neither bored nor sulked. For many a year of free and strenuous life, swiftness and dexterity in surmounting rapid water, in pursuing his prey, and in avoiding the attacks of his enemies, had been the things that counted, and in this, his final struggle, he used the arts which had availed him. After what seemed to be a very long time, but was not and could not be measured by the watch, the rushes became shorter and we caught a glimpse of a side glorious with red and orange, and then did we first know of a surety that here at last was the fish worth toiling and waiting for,—the fish of dreams. Fighting to the end, and under the utmost pressure of tackle, he came slowly to the bank, and the task of netting was performed by Mesgil to admiration. One breathless moment there was when it seemed that the capacious landing net would not receive him, but his day had come, and the last impulse of his powerful tail sent him home, and he swung in to meet the *coup de grâce*.

Passing from the glamour of pursuit and capture to the chill realm of figures, I set down what can only conjure up a dimensional wraith of the fish that lay between us on the grass. Weight, eight and a quarter pounds; length, twenty-five and three-quarter inches; depth, eight and one-eighth inches. The girth can scarcely have been less than twenty inches, as his back was very broad and he was in superb condition, but I carelessly neglected to measure this. Mesgil and I took our hats off and bowed low to the largest trout we had ever seen, and the occasion being a solemn one, and calling for some recognition, we filled our pipes from one another's pouches.

How different this must be to the pursuit of the sophisticated trout of the British Isles! No laborious stalking and dry fly casting. No hair-fine tackle or tiny lures. A variant of the Parmachenee Belle on a No. 4 hook was this

great fellow's undoing, and he rose within twenty feet of the canoe on a bright day!

It may interest brothers of the angle under other skies to contrast the conditions under which their favourite sport is pursued. As against the tedious waiting for a favourable day, and the wary approach to the feeding trout, we have the arduous voyage into a wild and untravelled country, where transportation of that exiguous provision which it is possible to make for life and comfort is always a serious affair. The indispensable canoe, although the lightest of its kind, is no mean burden on portages of three or four hours between canoeable waters. Then we have the fascinating uncertainties of finding the fish in miles of river, or in lakes of such a size that it would take many days of steady casting to cover them with a fly. While small trout are found almost everywhere, the largest ones may easily be overlooked in some few square yards of water which they occupy to-day and desert to-morrow, and there is room for exercise of wits in discovering and attracting them. I admit freely that extreme delicacy in casting is not essential, and, so far as I am aware, dry fly fishing is not practised on this continent. Not only is there no necessity for it, but I doubt whether an exponent of that graceful art would meet with any success. The most effective work is done with the drowned fly, and it appears to present the strongest allurement when brought through the water with a series of quick and almost jerky motions,—suggesting to the trout, as I think, the movements of the tail or fin of a small fish near the surface of the water. To complete the comparison, I allow that our heavier casting lines and larger flies give a better chance of bringing trout to net, though, on the other hand, we use light split-cane rods which are incapable of putting a very severe strain on a fish. While it is useful to be able to command a long cast, few trout are raised, and effectively struck, with a longer line than fifty or sixty feet from the reel.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadow of the high western bank was falling across the pool, we returned to it, and found the fish still there and in the same humour. What "record" might have been made I cannot say, but when all the trout had been secured that nine men and a dog could dispose of, it was time to stop. A little more than two hours of fishing gave us twenty trout that weighed seventy-two and a quarter pounds. The second best fish turned the scale at seven and a half pounds, and a brace weighing two and three-quarters and two pounds, on the same cast, brought both nets into requisition.

When the canoes discharged their cargoes before the tents, there was very sincere rejoicing, and it was not long before trout rolled in wet paper, and buried in the embers, were being cooked in the woodland style. To these the men added a dish of boiled heads, a favourite *plat* with them, and one that tastes much better than it sounds. The dog who shared our fortunes had such a meal as he was wont to dream of, and lost the pinched and anxious expression which he had worn for many days.

That night there was great talk under the stars of things in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the water under the earth,—but chiefly of the latter; and the little rod was declared to have justified its existence, and was restored to its case as straight as a lance, without a winding started, and in enjoyment of an established reputation.

W. H. Blake

MIRIAM

Was the last life so grim for thee, my babe,
That thou dost come all troubled to the new?
Sleep in the shelter of a mother's love,
And let the peace of God take from thine eyes
Those lingering wraiths of past activities
On some far-driven world, whence thou hast won
To this new sphere of labour, light, and love.
Haply thy spirit holds the dim reflex
Of all I gave to aid thy passing here,
Since when, deliberate in faith, I took
The lonely path beside the sudden grave
To home thy weary spirit in this clay,
Where death's spent breakers, lash'd to surge and foam
Lap softly on the laughing sands of birth.
All that I gave. . . . Sleep, lest the darkness tell
How my torn soul cried out to God for thee.
This is the glory of our womanhood—
To share in our degree the Maker's power
And taste his loneliness, who only knows
How deep into the well of tears we draw
That other hearts may overflow with joy.
All that I gave. . . . Ah, blot it from my brain
With thy fresh innocence, my slumbering boy;
Thy life shall prove I served my God in this.
Dream gently on toward thy larger days
'Neath the sweet spell of childhood, while I read
The holy writ upon thine open brow;
For not one light of all the mind may reach
Can more reveal the living truth of God
Than his pure presence in a babe asleep.
Yea, in thy growth the reverent eye shall see
Some motive offspring of his parent power

Quicken thine atoms and inspire thy mind
So to unfold that in this mortal form
Some thought from God shall live for earth expressed.
Let me repeat the lesson thus reveal'd,
Lest in my pride I lose the moment's dower:
I hold a son of God in trust awhile,
A sojourner within my motherhood
Set in my charge to rest a space and gain
The gather'd force of earth's experience,
Till life's stern call shall bid thee forth to join
His other sons whose toil and pain refine
Earth's gross material to meet his thought.
But, oh, to fix and so for ever make
This my one moment infinite for all!
Wilt thou accept the prophet's woful task
And speak infinity with finite words
To minds engrossed within or callous grown
In the stale grooves of custom ?——Nay, my child,
Set no horizon to the spirit's view,
Lest soaring Faith, grown weary at her bars,
Stoop earthward from the practice of her wing.
Rather be thine to rend the letter'd cloke
That shrouds religion to a narrow grave
Upon the lip within the temple wall,
And make this life thy service to its Lord
Out in the open temple of his world.
And, if thy days be all thy mother's aim,
Thy life shall be a conscience to our kind,
Clear to reveal the upward course of toil,
Strong in the power of pure simplicity,
Tender and reasonable unto truth;
So shall we in thy faithful mirror shown
See our true kin to God and share thy light
Through the foul substance of these selfish days
To the fair spirit of a motherhood
Whose larger love takes all unto its care.
This be thy charge, and to a tardy world

Thou shalt be Yeshu through our womanhood:
Thy gentle truth shall break the narrow bounds
Where stubborn prejudice and tyrant use
Withhold her from life's larger ministries,—
Shall guide her from the shallow ways of earth
To the deep tenour of her destiny:
For she whose love is hallowed of her God
To give the garment to his spirit here,
Cradles infinity upon her breast,
And holds the future for his human clay.
She thus ennobled in the Maker's toil,
With deepen'd strength toward the higher task,
Shall gather up and cleanse his wayward dust
And make the clay all worthy of his use,
Who from the bestial entail of our life
Evolves a being nearer to his own.
Wilt thou for this endure. . . .
I hear his step
Among the whispering palms. Thy father comes.
Welcome, my husband, to a mother's dream
Over our firstborn.

VAUTIER GOLDING

ROMAN BRITAIN

THE Roman occupation of Britain is often supposed to be set in an historical blind alley. The student of Roman history has wider fields, rich with more instructive material, in which to work. The student of English history in seeking out "origins" finds no clearly marked pathway connecting the Britain of to-day with the Britain of A. D. 300. Great as is the influence of Rome on western civilization, yet in Britain it is not, as a whole, a direct inheritance coming from the days when the island was a province of the Empire. Elsewhere, Roman influences have continued in almost unbroken succession from the time of Augustus. This is seen clearly in the history of the Romance languages, or of Roman law. Another instance of this historic continuity may be quoted. When Christianity made its way through Roman Gaul, the bishops were established in the local administrative centres; and in those French towns of Roman origin, with few exceptions, their successors still remain. In Britain this connexion is wanting. There has been no direct succession of tenure, even in the case of York, London and (?) Lincoln, which sent their bishops to the Council of Arles in A. D. 314. The later bishoprics were generally established either in places that did not exist in Roman days, or, if existent, as in the case of Canterbury, were comparatively unimportant. This example is one among many showing that in Britain Roman civilization largely disappeared in the violent course of the Anglo-Saxon conquest. It had not taken such deep root there as elsewhere, and the destruction wrought by the invaders of the fifth and following centuries was more complete. One cannot say of Britain so truly as of some other Roman provinces that "when the frontier fell at last, the victors came to learn, not to destroy." In fact, here they destroyed nearly everything and only learnt long after, and then but little from the provincials whom they conquered.

Many cities were brought to sudden ruin by fire and sword; others were gradually abandoned and left to decay. London and Exeter are perhaps the only two cities that can claim, with any degree of certainty, a continuous municipal life from Roman times to our own. In parts, the conquerors even made their first settlements away from the main Roman roads. Civilization had to be built up anew, as the Saxons gradually settled down in their new home and, in the course of years, became christianized.

This story, inconclusive though it appears, is worth recalling. The work that the Romans did in Britain was not wholly lost labour. They began the material development of the country in a systematic way. They drained the swamps, reclaimed land from the rivers and the sea, cleared the forests, opened mines, introduced new trees, crops, and animals, and drove their highways from one end of England to the other. Thus they reclaimed parts of Lincolnshire, and " made " Romney Marsh, in Kent,—for which the present writer should be duly thankful, as there he was born. Their roads, such as Watling Street and the Fosse Way, are still in use here and there; and it has been said with truth that England enjoyed better roads for those three centuries than ever after, till the close of the eighteenth. They built the first cities, beginning with Colchester; and though most of these were for a time destroyed, yet their tradition remained, and eventually new towns grew up on the sites of the old. While we cannot be certain of every instance, as sometimes the later comers merely guessed that the Romans had been there, in the main this tradition is borne out by the number of place-names of obviously Roman, or partly Roman, origin, such as Chester, Manchester, Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, Caerleon, etc. It has also been held by some, though not conclusively proved, that outside of the towns faint traces of Roman divisions can be found in the land system of later times.

Again, though Roman rule in many ways bore hard on the subject peoples, yet under it law and order prevailed in place

of inter-tribal anarchy. The Celtic population remained on the soil, and historians have to reckon with a Celtic revival in the fifth century. They were left to shift for themselves after 410, and in time they succumbed to the invaders. But let us remember that the Anglo-Saxon conquest took many years to accomplish. According to good authorities, the Britons were not wholly exterminated or driven out into the far north and west, but often remained in their old homes, down-trodden indeed, but retaining sufficient strength to contribute their share in the building up of the new England. As these people were at least partly romanized, on this view we may believe that Roman influences did survive, however weakly and obscurely. It was also under Roman rule that Christianity was first established in Britain, and, though hard pressed in later days, never wholly disappeared; so that the Roman-British Church was able to take its part in the conversion of Saxon England. Its influence, indeed, went further; for St. Patrick was probably of Roman-British origin.

Apart from these points of contact with more recent times, Britain, as a province of the Roman Empire, is interesting to those who seek to recall the former greatness of that dominion. Thus, one realizes its extent, if one remembers that it reached from Britain in the north-west to Syria and Egypt in the south-east. We understand that it was " an unconscionable time a-dying," when we consider that Britain was one of the last provinces to be annexed, and one of the first to be formally abandoned; yet it was held for over three centuries and a half. We have, too, a fairly complete account of the conquest, and so can study the methods adopted in the advance of Roman imperialism. We can trace, at least in outline, the organization and administration of the province after the conquest. The remains in the north and west illustrate the Roman methods of frontier defence.

It is true that Britain was not as fully romanized or thoroughly civilized as some other parts of the Empire. There are but few " monumenta," such as impress the traveller

in southern France. Though more than one claimant to the imperial throne set out from this northern frontier, and Constantine started on his victorious career from the city of York, yet, to our knowledge, Britain did not herself produce any imperial statesman, or give birth to any great man of letters, as did Gaul and Spain. To have produced an arch-heretic in one Pelagius was then at least a doubtful honour.

Thus Britain is not the most instructive example of a Roman province. Still, such features of Roman civilization as can be traced here may be taken as fairly typical.

The day has hardly yet come for writing a complete history of Roman Britain. It is true that, unless some long lost manuscript reappears from Egypt, the literary evidence is exhausted. Of pre-Roman Britain we all know something from Cæsar's narrative. Tacitus and Dio Cassius tell the story of the conquest in its earlier stages, though, when it comes to exact details, their accounts are often provokingly inadequate. But for the later years of the conquest and the subsequent organization of the province, we have, for the most part, to remain content with the meagre references of later chroniclers. Unsatisfactory as these are, they still have a certain value, even where they need correction, as providing suggestions for the excavators of to-day in working out their conclusions.

But the archæologist's spade has brought many things to light; and now that excavations are no longer carried out in haphazard fashion by local enthusiasts alone, much valuable knowledge has even recently been obtained, not only of the course of events during the acquisition and the loss of the province, but also of its condition during those presumably happy years when it had but little history. Good work is being done, not only by local organizations, such as the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, but also by the universities, by Glasgow along the line of Antonine's rampart, by Manchester in Lancashire and Derbyshire, and by Liverpool in Cheshire and Wales.

We may briefly illustrate by some examples the manner in which old errors have been corrected and new information acquired, in recent years, through systematic excavation. On the northern frontier, it used to be vaguely supposed that southern Scotland was more or less part of the province from the time of Agricola (A.D. 80) onwards, till a fairly late date. It has now become apparent that, while Agricola pushed forward into the Highlands, along routes that can be partly conjectured more from the remains of camps than from anything Tacitus tells us, and there defeated the Caledonians, yet he "showed the country rather than conquered it" for the Romans. His advance was premature and his successes were not permanent.[1] Traces of his forts can be found along the isthmus between the Clyde and the Forth, but these were evidently abandoned soon after; and the subsequent enlargement of his earlier fort, which has been recently excavated at Newstead,[2] near Melrose, seems to suggest that, for a time, the frontier was set at the Tweed. By Hadrian's time, Newstead was no longer a frontier post, and the border was fixed along the line between the Solway and the Tyne, the great barrier known as Hadrian's Wall being placed across the island from coast to coast. Some years later, another advance was made; the forts at Newstead and other places were rebuilt, and the continuous "vallum" of Antoninus Pius was erected from the Clyde to the Forth, with a number of new forts, such as Bar Hill, etc. But soon afterwards revolts occurred both in southern Scotland and northern England; the northern forts were again destroyed, and by the time of Commodus, before the end of the second century, Scotland and Northumberland were lost. Except for a few advance posts, such as High Rochester, Hadrian's Wall became the frontier once more. Historians tell us of the achievements of Septimius Severus in Caledonia in campaigns that proved fatal to his own life (A. D. 211), but there is no clear evidence to show that they were more than punitive expe-

1 "Roman Scotland," *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1911.
2 "The Roman Fort and Newstead," James Curle; and other works.

ditions. Thus, while certain points are still in doubt, excavation has made it tolerably clear that Scotland was effectively occupied for less than fifty years.

The many problems connected with Hadrian's Wall are not yet all solved; but here again new evidence has come to light. The first forts along this line seem to have been built by Agricola, but it is not certain that they remained continuously occupied. The wall has several features. To the south run a ditch and earthworks known as the "vallum." To the north is the wall of stone originally eighteen or twenty feet high. It is now a mere fragment of its former self, since it has been used for centuries as a quarry by economically minded builders of roads, houses, and churches, as is seen at Hexham, Chollerton, and Corbridge. Except where it runs along the edge of a cliff, the wall was fronted by a ditch. At intervals along the wall were permanent stations, strongly fortified, as in the case of Borcovicus (Housesteads), Aesica (Great Chesters), etc. Both the solid masonry of their outer walls and the columns of their official buildings are in keeping with a great imperial system. Between these stations were "mile-castles," and between these again were turrets. Between the wall and the vallum ran a military road which enabled the troops to concentrate rapidly under cover at any point that might be threatened. At one spot the wall was broken by the Tyne, which was crossed by a strongly fortified bridge, remains of which can still be seen. In addition to these features, traces have been rediscovered of an earthen rampart, about two miles long, and apparently of an earlier date than the stone wall. This discovery seems to support the view that the earthen rampart only is Hadrian's work, and that the stone wall was built over it by Septimius Severus, except at this one point. The literary authorities say that both Hadrian and Severus built walls, and the antiquarians found it difficult to reconcile the accounts. But the discovery of the rampart would seem to verify both, since two walls are now to be seen. What the vallum meant is still uncertain. It can hardly have been effective

for defence, and may have formed the civil boundary of the province.

Some of the stations have been completely explored, and the inscriptions bear witness to the presence of the foreign auxiliaries that served along the frontier. In one case, if not more, we can trace the decline of Roman power. First, one half of the double gateway was built up; then, as the defenders grew yet fewer, the other half was blocked. The sight vividly suggests the tale of the last struggle, as told with the insight of genius, even if some details be inaccurate, in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

A little south of the wall lay the small town of Corstopitum (Corbridge). Originally a fortified base for the northern advance, in its latter days it seems to have been a civilian rather than a military settlement. This is a new discovery; for till excavations, which are still in progress, began on the site, it was held that the most northerly civilian settlement of any kind was not far north of York. The importance of Corbridge in the second century is attested by the large granaries and military storehouses, the foundations of which are still being laid open. Another discovery, and a curious one, is the "Corbridge lion," a grotesque piece of sculpture, though not wholly contemptible.

At York, the capital of the province and headquarters of the Sixth Legion, remains of Roman masonry can be seen in the later walls, but systematic exploration of the site is impossible, for the Roman colony lies buried beneath the mediæval city. But smaller and often significant finds are still being made. The same may be said of Chester, the station of the Twentieth Legion. Here, as elsewhere, the mediæval walls follow more or less the lines of the Roman, and some idea of the area and the plan of the original fortress can thus be obtained. Here a leaden pipe was found inscribed with Agricola's name. Here, too, we are reminded that within the period of occupation there were many generations, the later of which did not always reverence the earlier. For we find that in a Roman extension of the walls,

earlier Roman tombstones were used without scruple. Vandalism is not wholly modern.

At Caerleon, in Monmouth, the third great fortress, which comprised some fifty acres with quarters for the five thousand men of the Second Legion, important discoveries are yet being made. The stone-built amphitheatre, "King Arthur's Table," is now being uncovered, and is the only one of its kind as yet known in Britain. Generally a hollow cut out from the ground and seats on the turf sufficed for a Roman-British holiday. At Caerwent, a few miles away, the remains of several houses have been uncovered. Here, too, are the forum and basilica, as in many towns, which are all, in this respect, miniature Romes. The most significant discovery at Caerwent is that made in 1902 of an inscription that mentions a decree of the "Respublica Civitatis Silurum." This shows that to some extent at least the Romans did not destroy the tribal system in Britain, but made it a basis of administration, as was commonly done in Gaul, where the tribal names, such as Paris or Rheims, have survived. Previous to this discovery it was possible for a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* to assert with apparent justification that the system was not used at all in Britain.

Beyond the Welsh border there is more yet to be learnt. There are remains of roads running through to the west coast, and of forts, such as Gellygaer and Caersws, where, besides the military and official buildings, traces have been found of a native trading settlement. All this district was, in a sense, outside of the province, but it is clear that the country was for a long time securely held. Within these northern and western frontiers the military element was slight. Where military remains are to be seen, they generally date either from the earlier period of the conquest, as in the case of the forts in Derbyshire, or from the closing days, when the south and east were no longer secure from Picts, Scots, and Saxon pirates. Thus the walls of Colchester, Richborough, Pevensey, and Burgh Castle probably all belong to the fourth century. Between these periods

the land enjoyed peace, with a few brief intervals, and its history is uneventful.

A few features of this civilian life may be mentioned. There were only five fully privileged cities: York (Eboracum), Colchester (Camulodunum), St. Alban's (Verulamium), Lincoln (Lindum), and Gloucester (Glevum). Of York we have already spoken. None of the other sites can be examined as a whole, since they lie in large part buried under the cities of a later time. But they all present fragmentary remains, such as the North Gate of Lincoln, and minor discoveries are frequently made. At St. Alban's, indeed, a large area yet remains open for excavation. London, again, still preserves a few Roman features. Only recently part of the Roman wall was found deep down under the site of Christ's Hospital; and not two years ago a large boat was unearthed near the river. Many of the smaller towns are in the same position; the possibilities of further discovery are limited but by no means exhausted.

There are, however, a few sites which were never reoccupied. Thus at Wroxeter (Viroconium) the remains of the baths and the basilica were examined some years ago; and a large space is yet available for further investigation. In one place it has been possible to examine practically the whole area of a Roman-British town. At Silchester (Calleva Atrebatum) in Hampshire the only buildings of a later date on the site are a small church and a farm house. The Roman ruins lie a very little way below the surface, and it was possible to map out the site before beginning excavations. The walls of the town are still standing above ground, and the double ditch in front can be traced. The town is not rectangular in plan, as it did not originate from a Roman fort or camp, but was a British settlement before the conquest. It has, however, the four gates, N. S. E. W., with roads converging on the little square forum, which is flanked by the basilica with its two apses. Fragments of the columns of this latter building show that even the court-house of a small country town, inhabited probably

almost wholly by romanized Britons, not "Romans," was a place of some pretensions. In addition, the remains of three or more temples have been discovered. The private houses seem to have been built partly of wood, and to have had, as a rule, no second story. Often they were built round the three or four sides of a quadrangle. "Hypocausts" are numerous, showing a system of hot air heating not unlike our own. Fragments of coloured plaster reveal designs that have since become conventional, and recall in simpler form the house walls of Pompeii. Several mosaic pavements have been uncovered. In one instance we can trace two periods of occupation, as under the court-yard of one house lies the mosaic pavement of an earlier building. Artistically this earlier design is superior to the conventional type found in most villas. Numerous smaller fragments have been dug up, such as house-tiles, barrels used in sinking wells, hand mills, pottery, and small metal work of every kind; also, curiously enough in such a place, a fine bronze eagle. The foundations have also been laid bare of a small apsidal Christian Church, with a mosaic pavement where the altar stood.

Silchester is a typical example of the small country town of the province, whose inhabitants seem to have reached a fair portion of prosperity and some degree of culture and refinement. In the open country "villas" have been found in great numbers, from Brading and Carisbrooke in the Isle of Wight to Woodchester and Lydney in Gloucestershire, and Aldborough, north of York. In nearly every house we find mosaic pavements in varied colours and of elaborate patterns. Some of the designs are geometrical, others represent vegetable and animal life, or scenes from classical mythology. These manor-houses, being in many respects self-supporting, had not only living rooms, but offices, storehouses, and workshops attached.

As to the industries of Roman Britain, our knowledge is limited. The more expensive manufactures, such as the magnificent silver dish found some years ago at Corbridge,

and even much of the pottery for common use, were generally imported. Many such pieces are stamped with the name of the Gaulish maker. There were, however, potteries both in Kent and Northamptonshire. But, speaking generally, manufacturing does not seem to have flourished in Britain, except on a small scale and to meet limited local demands. On the land, however, considerable areas were cultivated under the "villa" system. Strange as it sounds now, Britain exported both food-stuffs and raw material. In the fourth century wheat was sent to the troops on the Rhine. Timber, also, was probably exported, also lead and iron. But as the mines were worked mostly by slave labour for the government, we cannot speak of them as providing one of the industries of the people in the modern sense. The lot of the humbler workers both in town and country was no doubt often hard. Of their condition we can but make conjectures, as their habitations have largely disappeared. Remains of native villages, however, have been found, and primitive as they are, they yet show signs of Roman influence.

There is good reason to think that the Roman civilization reached over most of the country and did not touch merely the surface of society.[1] There are only a few examples of real, native art during this period. Some of the pottery and enamel pieces show genuine native workmanship, but for the most part Celtic tradition, even when artistically superior, yielded to the common Roman convention. Latin seems to have been spoken, or at least understood, even in comparatively humble quarters. At Silchester are rude inscriptions in Latin scratched apparently by common workmen; on another fragment is scrawled the "Conticuere omnes" so familiar to every matriculant.

We can study this civilization, for the most part, on its material side only. What the higher interests of these provincials were we can merely guess. Britain hardly reached the same standard of culture that some other provinces did,

1 F. Haverfield, "The Romanization of Britain," Proceedings of the British Academy, 1903.

but we cannot say that its civilization was wholly wanting in nobler elements. On one side of this life a brief word must be added. Evidences of Roman-British religion, or religions, are abundant. As everywhere, native divinities were often assimilated to the conventional gods and goddesses of Rome. Yet the cults of Celtic deities, like the "mother goddesses," or of local "numina," such as Coventina, nymph of the fount of Procolita, survived. It is not difficult to enter into the thoughts of the man who raised an altar to the "Genius Terræ Britannicæ." The religion of Mithras also had its votaries, as a number of inscribed altars show.

How far Christianity had spread over the land by A.D. 400, we cannot ascertain. Christian symbols are found, such as the ☧ in the stonework of a country villa, and some obscure writing on a leaden tablet has been interpreted as a letter from one Christian to another. An altar "to the old Gods," which had fallen into decay and was renewed by an official, possibly suggests that Christianity was not to be found amongst the governing class only. We are told that three bishops from Britain attended the Council of Arles in A.D. 314. But so far the remains have been discovered of only one Roman-British church at Silchester. Possibly some later churches stand on the sites of Roman-British Christian buildings. Such is the tradition concerning St. Martin's, Canterbury, in which there are portions of characteristic Roman brick-work, but it does not admit of proof. However, St. Martin's, or again St. Alban's Abbey, built in part of Roman materials and on the supposed site of the saint's martyrdom, may symbolize for us the survival of Roman-British Christianity in the land, and the part that it played later, though not on these sites, in the conversion of England.

Within these pages it has been possible to tell but a small part of the story of Roman Britain. The coins alone would furnish material for a chapter. But perhaps enough has been said to suggest that one need not cross the Channel to see with one's own eyes memorials of the greatness of Rome.

G. Oswald Smith

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH DEMESNE

IN the Lowlands of Scotland in the shire of Renfrew lies the valley of the Cart. The Cart is a tiny river that rises in the heathery Kilbirnie hills, under the name of the Maich, and after passing through Kilbirnie and Castlemple lochs, winds its course north-eastward through the fertile holms of Renfrewshire, and past the city of Paisley, famed for its radicalism, its thread-mills, and its abbey, in the order named, till it joins the Clyde hard by Inchinnan Ferry. The valley of the Cart is not "all-beautiful" like the valleys of the Doon and Tweed,—for does it not include the aforesaid city of Paisley?—nor has it been widely famed in song. Poets of considerable repute in their day,—Semple and Tannahill,—have lived in it, but the name is unpoetical. Perhaps, too, the valley of the Cart may seem to impartial and alien eyes merely an ordinary piece of lowland landscape, which bright memories may enable its natives to endow with a thousand special lines of beauty.

But in this valley there lies an ancient and historic estate called Castle Semple, whose varied charms, the gift alike of nature and history, would redeem Pittsburg from its coaly squalor, and add graceful beauty to the Manchester canal. The estate lies on both banks of the Cart, which expands for the space of three miles into the shallow lagoon known as Castle Semple Loch, but the house and "policies" are all on the northern shore. The history of Castle Semple is the history of a hundred other such demesnes in Scotland; even to-day, in its decadence and hour of wane, it presents most of the typical graces and vices of feudalism.

Once upon a time the estate included a huge area, but now it is curtailed to about twelve thousand acres, of which five thousand are rough moorland, let to a syndicate of sportsmen as a grouse moor. Three thousand

acres are enclosed within the "policies," which begin at the town of Lochwinnoch and end at the village of Howwood. The loch bounds them on one side, and a massive twelve-foot stone wall on the other. There is at each of the two main entrances a lordly gate with little mullioned towers and fretted battlements, from which a winding drive leads straight over a lawn of rich pasture into the woods. Entering from the Lochwinnoch side, the road leads through some magnificent old trees, elms and beeches, till it reaches the "Warlock's Glen," a deep, winding gully formed by a little burn running down to the loch. At the entrance to this glen, the main estate road parts into a high road and a low road, one keeping down by the loch and the other turning upwards above the glen to the estate saw mill, whose wheels are driven by the waters of the burn. A luxuriant growth of rhododendron and bracken ensures a bright colouring for the Warlock's Glen at every season; the daffodil and primrose grow in abundance, and the rowans and birches have made it their peculiar home.

The low road leads on through a glade of spruces and beeches to the relics of a maze,—in olden times so necessary an adjunct of every Scotch country house, though most of them have now disappeared or suffered sadly at the hands of modern gardeners. The Castle Semple maze is unkempt and tawdry. It is a tangled mass of rhododendrons, and the branches meeting above the paths make it gloomy and uninviting. Beyond the maze are the ponds, a series of artificial basins, fringed with rhododendrons to the water's edge, in whose shelter the coots and water hens build their floating nests. The ponds are on different levels, and a small waterfall affords an outlet for each in turn. They are of very ancient date, and probably were the fishing grounds of the monks. By the side of one of the ponds there stands hollowed out of, or built into, a bank of clay, two old stone cells, wherein it is supposed that the friars from the neighbouring church paid their solitary devotions and penances.

At a later date the ponds were famous for their fat trout, but to-day they are used as a fish hatchery by a syndicate which has stocked the loch.

Hard by the ponds, on an eminence, stands the ancient Collegiate Church of Castle Semple, which the ferocious piety of the Reformation has spared from total destruction. It is now a ruin inhabited by jack-daws, but its architecture is still picturesque and instructive. The chapel is well clad with ivy and woodbine, and is surrounded by splendid old trees. In the east end is a vault, where the family of Semple and their successors have deposited their dead; therein are upright tombstones testifying, in a mixture of bad English and worse Latin, to the virtues, honours, and possessions of the departed. In the west end are flat gravestones, now almost wholly covered up, where the priests and friars are supposed to be buried. The chronicler tells us that the "common people" were buried around the chapel, and skulls and bones are frequently dug up to confirm his statement.

The mansion-house lies within a hundred yards of the loch, and is now almost uninhabitable through dampness. It was built early in the eighteenth century, and is in the Scotch baronial style, the effect of which is an air of comfort and solidity rather than of picturesqueness. It forms three sides of a square: the house proper in the centre, the kitchens on one wing, and the stables on the other. A quarter of a mile distant from the house is Temple Hill. On the top of this has been erected a large pavilion, leaden-roofed and with a terrace in front, which commands a magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. On a clear summer evening one can distinguish vessels going down the Firth of Clyde, and the varied scene down the well cultivated valley, with its whitewashed farm houses, each in its clump of trees, reveals the pleasing fruits of a thousand years of rural toil. In days gone by it was the custom of the family to journey to the Temple on a certain date in each year and spend the whole day there in a picnic, but the

pavilion is now deserted and crumbling. It is in the middle of the deer park, where to-day the herd is reduced to half a dozen.

Across the valley from the Temple lie the gardens, with their famous hothouse and the establishment known as the Shiels, which was the home farm. In the wild old days it was the settlement of the tenants and herds, but at a later date it was the scene of vigorous agricultural enterprise carried on by the eighteenth century lairds. Whatever may be the faults of modern Scottish landlords, their forbears did yeoman service to the country by their studied improvement of agriculture: the gentry travelled to foreign lands when no one else could afford to, and brought back new ideas and methods, which they were liberal enough to practise and teach to their dependents. It was on Castle Semple estate that turnips were first cultivated to any extent in the west of Scotland, and one laird expended a fortune on huge drainage schemes which benefited the whole neighbourhood.

Such are the natural features of the demesne, and their interest is only surpassed by the history of its denizens. The name "Castle Semple" means, of course, the castle of the Semples, and a great race in their day was that family: their name is writ large in the grim annals of Scotland. We learn much of their story from the work of a certain George Crawford, published in 1720, and reëdited and brought up to date in 1780 by a kindred spirit called William Semple. The book is entitled "A History of the Shire of Renfrew, and a Genealogical History of the House of Stewart," that illustrious race having had their original seat in the shire at Darnley. The preface cannot fail to attract, wherein is written sagely: "The writer has some pleasure in reflecting that time, the destroyer of every other human labour, will render this the more valuable, and that in future periods, when perhaps the works of our most elegant modern writers shall be considered as obsolete, this authentic relation of facts will be esteemed a faithful and pleasing

vestige of antiquity." It has always been the writer's belief and hope that the average blue-book will survive the average novel.

The tradition relating to the name "Semple" is as follows: One of the early queens of Scotland, while hunting on the Renfrewshire moors, was suddenly seized with the pains of travail at a time and place where no "chirurgeon" was available. Among her train was one whose dull wits had earned him the name of John the Simple, but at this crisis he belied his name by attending to the queen with complete success. A cross near Barochan, called the "Queen's Cross," is said to mark the scene of this experiment in amateur midwifery. The hero was afterwards knighted by the grateful king, and John the Simple became Sir John Semple, or Sempill, as it is variously spelt.

The Semple family were, in the reign of Alexander III, about 1255, lords of the manor of Eliestoun; the ancient keep of that name is still a landmark for motorists on the highroad between Glasgow and Ardrossan. One of them, Lord John, in the year 1505, founded the Collegiate Church of Castle Semple. We are tersely told that "he, being at the battle of Flodden, which was fought on the 9th September, 1513, had the hard fate there to be slain." Scotch chronicles are always admirably brief on the subject of Flodden. William, his son, obtained a charter of the lordship of Semple. He augmented the paternal inheritance and acquired the lands of Leven, Kirkpennyland, and Third-part in the shire of Renfrew. His first marriage was with Margaret, a daughter of the proud house of Montgomerie, Earl of Eglinton, and the lady's ancestral arms adorn the outside walls of the Collegiate Church to this day. When he died his honours devolved upon Robert, his son, who, "being a person of very martial spirit," was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Pinkie. On his release he continued for a space affectionately devoted to the interests of Queen Mary, but, like many another shrewd gallant of that age, his affection cooled at the

thought of the Regent Murray's pikemen, and his zeal for the Roman Church melted into Calvinism at the prospect of fat church lands to plunder and possess. It may do him wrong, but he was certainly present at the battle of Langside fighting against his queen. He claimed to have been shocked at the murder of the unfortunate Darnley, but such squeamishness was a rare quality in that epoch. The martial piety of a good Reformer had its earthly, as well as its spiritual, rewards, and in this case they took the form of a charter of the lands of the abbey of Paisley, which made Lord Semple an indefatigable servant of the king and a firm supporter of Calvinism till his death. The triumphs of the Presbyterian religion in Scotland were not always won by martyrdom and altruism.

From that date until 1727 the history of the family is uninteresting. In the latter year the ancestral estates were alienated to Colonel William McDowall, a younger son of Alexander McDowall of Garthland, in Galloway. At this point the family of Semple passes from the Castle Semple stage. They still hold estates in the east of Scotland, and the title endures to this day: the eldest son is designated Master of Semple, a privilege and sure sign of antiquity.

Of their successors the McDowalls, three generations reigned in Castle Semple, till financial misfortunes not unconnected with the abolition of the slave trade and the resulting decay of the West Indies, brought ruin upon them. One of the leading members of the family, a military officer of rank, committed suicide by drowning himself in one of the ponds, and the estates were sold, with the exception of a small property to which the family retired with their shattered fortunes. They called it "Garthland" after their ancient seat in Galloway, and it still remains in the family. One of the members of the Garthland family was once well known at Ottawa as the Dominion representative for Prince Albert.

There was a cadet branch of the family of Semple on the other side of the valley at Beltrees. The first of this

branch is best known through his wife, Mary Livingstone, the heroine of that fine old ballad that begins :

> "Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
> This nicht she'll hae but three;
> There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
> And Marie Carmichael, and me."

and goes on to what is surely the saddest verse in the realm of song :

> "I wish I could lie in our ain kirk yaird,
> Aneath the auld yew tree,
> Where we pu'd the gowans and threaded the rowans,
> My brithers, my sisters, and me."

Sir James, their son, was sent as ambassador to England in 1599, and some of his correspondence with Burleigh is interesting. In 1601 he was transferred to France, and we learn that at a later date he participated in the spoils of the conquest of Ireland. We are told that "he was a great poet as were his successors," but his fame seems to rest on a ditty known as "The Peddlar and the Priest." His son Francis also dallied with the Muse, and produced a poem entitled "Habbie Simpson, or the Piper of Kilbarehan," wherefore the inhabitants of that town are known even to this day as "Habbies," to their great disgust. Francis, in addition, was a Radical and wrote a semi-socialistic pamphlet called "The Banishment of Poverty." One of his songs, "Maggie Lauder," is still a well-known air. He is also one of the numerous persons on whose behalf claim is laid to the authorship of "Auld Lang Syne." Personally, I would fain think that he was the gifted soul, but the only internal evidence that I can conjure up to support the theory is the abundant profusion of "gowans fine," on the braes around Beltrees. To him succeeded his son Robert, to be followed by another Robert, one of whose books, with an inscription dated 1782, is in the writer's possession. With this Robert ended the male line of the Semples in that vicinity, and not an acre of land now owes that name allegiance in Renfrewshire.

To those who know it well, Castle Semple and kindred demesnes must possess an undying attraction, which distance can never lessen. In later days when the policies went to rack and ruin through lack of funds necessary for their upkeep, the unkempt wildness of the woods and "rides" was even more pleasing than well mown lawns and trim carriage roads. It was an oasis of natural beauty and historical relics in a busy commercial district of Lowland Scotland. Within its walls, one felt intuitively in a different atmosphere: the presence of a dead past was there on every side. Woodland rides and thickets there were, just such as Scott describes in the opening chapters of "Ivanhoe," and it would never have occasioned one any surprise to behold "two hounds of black St. Hubert's breed" emerge from the copse in pursuit of fleeing deer. Pictures could rise before the eye of a Lord Semple riding off with his men at arms to the stricken field of Flodden; of a feudal muster destined to join Regent Murray at Langside; of the pious practices of the worthy monks and the solemn ritual of burial services in the old church when a lady of the house was laid to rest; of the fierce raids of hostile Cunninghams from neighbouring Glengarnock Castle. One can repaint the varying annals of the estate and its denizens; the vicissitudes of war and peace; the phases of bigotry and religion; the perils of famine and plague; and the mirth of rustic revels following a plenteous harvest.

The story of Castle Semple is not peculiar in any way; it is probably less interesting than that of many similar places. Time was when the policies were cultivated as a vast home farm on which a dozen teams worked. To-day, practically the whole of the demesne, several thousands of acres, is let for grazing, and not a single acre is under the plough. And yet although the romance of war and chivalry that formed the halo has gone for ever, there is enshrined in just such places the story of the past of a vast portion of the Canadian people: to-day it is part and parcel of their heritage.

J. A. Stevenson

LITERATURE AND POLITICS IN THE REIGN OF ANNE

THE present has, with a fair approximation to accuracy, been called the era of popular government, and of discussion by newspaper, magazine, and pamphlet. The spirit of democracy is abroad, moving to and fro in Europe, in America, in Australia; and in this stage of universal education, vast population, and wide areas, the written is taking the place of the spoken word. The masses are awakening to an appreciation of their collective importance, and newspaperdom, depending on circulation for success, is not slow to voice their sentiments.

That the power of the press is tremendous, and that the middle classes realize and fear that power, is a fact which a Hearst and a Lord Northcliffe well know. That the power which is recognized as capable of moulding the opinion and of inflaming the passions of seven millions of voters should be bottled up in the pen of one man, is a possibility which has roused the fears of many. To some it would even appear that political liberties won by discussion are being subverted by the weapon with which they were attained. While such fears may be considered exaggerated, it cannot be denied that the newspaper is the most potent force in present day democracy. The pulpit, by a convention, is debarred from meddling with politics. The newspaper makes politics in editorial columns, in doctored news items, and in advertisements, its business. The pulpit speaks, at a liberal estimate, to half the male community once a week; the newspaper to the whole community in the morning and evening of six days in the week. Discussion in the club is referred to the touchstone of the party newspaper; and it is unfortunately too true that a man is alive or dead, famous or infamous, a statesman or a scoundrel, according as he is represented by the party sheet.

Democracy in England disappeared with the folk-moot, nor was it till the days of the Commonwealth that the people again became a power, making themselves felt in channels more constitutional than the revolts of Jack Cade or the rabble risings led by the trade guilds. During this long period there was a dearth of political literature, but it is somewhat remarkable that the first use of an English pen in any great controversial sense was an effort to stir to action not only the rulers and the educated but also the populace. John Wycliffe is sometimes called the father of English prose; he at least made use of the language and idioms of the masses to drive his arguments home. The storm he conjured up passed beyond his control, but its very violence affords evidence of the power of the pen. Though it was long before the press was set to work in modern fashion, Caxton, in the sleepy little almonry at Westminster, did for popular government things greater than he ever dreamed of.

It is curious that the first newspapers outside of London are associated with the great rebellion. Public opinion and public support were courted by Royalist and Roundhead. The opposing armies carried with them small presses to issue bulletins to their supporters and to the country through which they passed. When, at the close of the struggle, parliament gained the upper hand, the tone of the Royalist organs became so bitter and inconvenient to the government that, in 1647, the Licensing Act was passed. Thus commenced an era of suppression of discussion in the press, lasting, with an intermission from 1679 to 1685, when the servility of the judges was as effective as the support of parliament, till 1692.

Charles II had, on his accession, little need of support by literature, and apart from the product of a few courtly scribblers whose chief title to royal favour was an air of fashionable breeding and a complete disregard of the laws of decency, there was no writing of any moment. Towards the latter part of his reign, however, literature took an important position. The Puritans were again carried into

prominence by the wave of reaction against the unpatriotic and sensual court. The struggle of parties, heretofore submerged by the popularity of the king, recommenced, and Charles turned to literature for assistance. The stage began to display astonishing fervour for the monarchy, and Dryden in "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Medal" turned his genius to the support of royalty. James II, strangely dull in matters vital to his cause, could not appreciate the great services of Dryden, reduced his salary by £100, and paid little attention to literature.

At his accession, William III was popular enough. Both parties united in support of the revolution. The only discordant notes, it has been said, amid the chorus of adulation, proceeded from the Jacobite writers concealed in the garrets and cellars of Grub Street. There was, therefore, little need for a direct patronage of party writers. But William, though a foreigner, was not blind to fundamentals in English politics and to the advantages to be derived from able pens. Defoe was early given a government post "without the least application" of his own, and rendered good service to his master. His "Argument shewing that a standing army with consent of parliament is not inconsistent with a free government," his "Essay on Projects," his "True-born Englishman," and his "Reasons against a war with France" were all directly in support of William.

At the accession of Anne, the position of politics and literature was clearly defined. Parties, in the modern sense, had begun to form. Very roughly, the Whig interest was that of the war party, the towns, the commercial classes, and the dissenters. The Tories stood more for the landed interest and the Church : a party rather of permanence than of progress. Party feeling throughout the reign ran high, and a perpetual strife of lying, scandal, and intrigue was waged. The very women became politicians. Pictures of Titus Oates decorated the fans, the handkerchiefs, the snuff boxes of Whig women of fashion; while Doctor Sacheverell was equally honoured by their women

opponents.[1] There were Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams.[2] There were Whig plays and Tory counter plays. Swift declared the very cats and dogs were infected with Whig and Tory animosity.

Nor were Whig and Tory the only shibboleths. Lines of cleavage cut sharply across the parties themselves and gave rise to hatred, riots, and a tempestuous atmosphere. The country, usually Tory, but in some places Whig, vehemently hated the town. That churchmen of whatever party by no means loved dissenters, the furious invective in the "Shortest Way with Dissenters" will abundantly prove. Swift, both as a Whig and as a Tory, could speak of the Scotch only as "Scotch dogs," "most damnable Scots," "Scots hell hounds," "cursed Scots still."

The Church exercised on both politics and literature a great influence. It was the Church question which had caused the downfall of James and the advance of William. While the early part of the reign of Anne saw no absolute division between Whigs and churchmen, and no great Church agitation for any one political party, this state of affairs did not last. Except for the unholy alliance of Marlborough, Nottingham, and the Whigs in 1711, it may be said that from the date of the impeachment of Sacheverell, political parties were grouped by ecclesiastical considerations, and the Tory party became above all that of the Church. By its control over the universities, the Church had a great power over rising writers. Addison, to retain his fellowship, would have had to take orders. Nor would he, in all probability, when a cleric, have refrained from controversial politics. Swift, as a churchman, battled nobly for what he considered the truth; and when such second rate men as Boulter and Hoadley were, for their journalistic work, made bishops of Ireland and Bangor respectively, there was little to lead any man to consider politics and the press unbecoming to the cloth.

1 *Spectator*, No. 57.
2 *Spectator*, No. 61.

At the time of Anne's accession, the press had for ten years been free from the Licensing Act, but was for long to lie under the shadow of a most arbitrary and unjust law of seditious libel, a law which, under the interpretation that the greater the truth the greater the libel, practically crushed all effective criticism of the government. And yet the opposition, whether Whig or Tory, by political allegories, by the judicious omission of vowels from the names of the great, by blizzards of anonymous pamphlets, managed to keep party politics alive, and to appeal to that force which literature was ushering into politics—public opinion.

Of literature, as opposed to party pamphlets and the like ephemeral productions, this reign would have seen very little, had it not been for an individual, Jacob Tonson, to whom, considering the vital work he performed, too little attention has been paid. It was due to the keen business enterprise of this man and a few like him, that the publishing business became that solid and money-making trade which financed and stood behind many of the most respectable literary enterprises of the reign of Anne. Addison and Steele owed much to Tonson; all three owed more to economic forces beyond their control. The vast development of commerce, the sudden growth of English trade, the consequent increase of commercial capital, meant much to English writers. The spread of commerce called for a better standard of education; mere reading and writing were not alone sufficient, and became common accomplishments. Increased wealth meant more leisure, a craving for amusement. The growth of the cities and towns involved a development of social habits, the rise of the coffee house, the club, and an intense desire for news and discussion. To these forces the *Spectator*, "The Battle of the Books," the *Tatler*, the *Universal Spectator*, owed not only their success, but possibly their very existence.

It is just here, through these economic and social movements, that we trace the connexion between the Whigs and literature, and find the explanation for the Tory opposi-

tion to the press. Literature was kept alive by the towns and commercial classes. The Tory squire did little to support the city scribblers. Beyond Dyer's weekly letter, his whole reading matter might be a few books in mediæval Latin, and a treatise on fox hunting, lying in the dust of a hall window, beside a broken riding whip or a pair of ancient horse pistols. The press, therefore, depending mainly on the towns for support, tended naturally to the Whig in tone and to be in bad odour with Tory governments. This, indeed, was the case. Nor is it insignificant that Jacob Tonson was one of the founders of the Kit-Kat Club, and that the tax on printed matter, which, in 1712, stopped the pens of half of Grub Street, was imposed by a Tory government.

Great though the influence of the reading public was on literature, it was spasmodic and uncertain compared with the constant effort of statesmen to enlist promising writers under their banners. The connexion between literature and patronage was very close. It was doubtless to this fact that Addison owed his travelling pension of £300; it was certainly in this connexion that he became Commissioner of Appeal in the excise. Steele, because of his vehement support of Marlborough and his friends, received a commissionership of the Stamp Office. Defoe was released from prison by Harley on condition that he should enter the service of the government. When Harley fell in 1708, Defoe was taken on by Godolphin, and on the fall of the latter was re-employed by Harley. Swift was for a time blessed with promises of the "greatest preferments" by Halifax, Somers, and Sutherland, and eventually received preferment from Harley and St. John. Newton, Locke, Rowe, Congreve, Prior, Phillips, Parnell, Tickell, and Gay all benefited by pensions, appointments, or professional promotion.

The popularization of politics was one of the great effects of the literature of this period. While the streams of pamphlets using scare italics in their head-lines which issued from the presses, did nothing to lessen the virulence

of party hatreds, they did much to make every "dull fellow of Good Education.... turn .... to .... politics"[1] and foreshadowed an England where affairs of state are the concern of every one. To create a live and powerful public opinion was but to make the first step towards democracy; and this the writers of the Augustan age assuredly accomplished. Though at the time the country as a whole had little direct influence with parliament, popular opinion, whether by mob pressure or by the votes of free constituencies, generally made itself felt; a state of affairs clearly revealed by the Sacheverell case.

When public opinion could so impress itself, and when the press had such a large share in the formation of it, it is not difficult to discover one of the elements which, up to 1709, was responsible for a gradual Whig growth of power, and of decline from that date. Up to 1709 all the able writers had at bottom been Whig, the war had been successfully prosecuted, and there had been little effective criticism of the government. But the beginning of the year saw a change. Though the war had been successful, it had been long drawn out and bloody; Marlborough, envied by many, feared by Anne, had made a fatal mistake in seeking to be captain-general for life; Sacheverell gave the Tories a martyr and a war-cry. With all this upon which to work, and with the assistance of the Tory press schooled by long years of opposition to perfect literary precision in the expression of popular grievances, Swift in the *Examiner* (November, 1710, to June, 1711) had little difficulty in routing the remaining Whig forces.

The fact has been noticed that literature owed much to patronage. The writers, on the other hand, returned good value to their patrons. Swift defended Harley against the muddle-headed October Club; Defoe, beside other less creditable work, performed invaluable service in helping to consummate the greatest feat of statesmanship and compromise in Anne's day—the Union. Steele

1 *Spectator*, No. 43.

remained quiet, and discontinued the *Tatler* when Harley retained him in office in 1710. Even the mild, spectacled *Spectator* performed a political act of no small importance when it printed the preface to Doctor Fleetwood's Sermons.[1]

Addison's pictures of the coffee houses full of eager disputants, of the "garrets inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country,"[2] is a familiar one; it heralds and inaugurates the era of popular discussion of the constitution,[3] of politics, of international law, of statesmanship.[4] Nor was the discussion of such high subjects without effect in the insensible creation of a more educated, a saner, public opinion.

Literature undeniably moulded the taste of the generation in art, poetry, music, and criticism. It had a corresponding influence on politics. Addison and Steele, in the politically innocuous *Spectator*, did much to restrain excesses and immorality in both public and private life. When Defoe, political weather-cock though he was, lashed the parties that "stooped to vile and unbecoming meannesses, briberies, forgeries, perjuries, and all manner of debauching of the principles and manners of the Electors," he was clearing the way for the purer politics and the cleaner politicians of the future.

The importance of, and the connexion between, literature and politics in this reign can hardly be exaggerated. The period is one of a few years, yet those critical years of transformation may be as important for the historian or statesman seeking lessons or suggestions, as are ten generations following or preceding. The reign of Anne is, in the constitutional and literary, what the French Revolution was in the social and military fields. In each the time is short; in each the changes are momentous; in each the rearrangement of vast forces, the massing of new interests, the growth of new ideas, the birth of new principles, make

1 *Spectator*, No. 384.
2 *Spectator*, No. 556.
3 Defoe's "Legion Memorial."
4 Balance of Power. Cf. Defoe's statement: "He would rather the Popish House of Austria should ruin the Protestants in Hungary than the infidel House of Ottoman should ruin both Protestants and Papists by overrunning Germany."

the period not only highly important but also intensely stimulating.

We see here the gradual formation of party government foreshadowed under William III. Party, it is true, still depends largely on the sovereign, more on the sovereign than on the House of Lords. But it was with this reign that the royal veto died. And the fact that it is a question of party and not of clique is important. There comes in, therefore, a new note of dependence on the country. A party is strong or weak as it pleases, and does not run counter to the prejudices of the people. The statesmen had learned, nor could they forget, the lesson of James II and William III.

News then was essential,—news to feed supporters, news of the plans of the opposition. Politics reacted on literature, and literature on politics. But the function of letters was not to be merely handmaid to the politician. If politics demanded news, education demanded discussion. The avidity with which the productions of Addison, of Swift, of Defoe, of Steele, and of the host of the literary unwashed, were devoured, points to the existence of a want which, up to that time, had remained unsatisfied. The *Spectator*, for instance, did not create the demand for literature. But it developed a taste for literature and discussion of a superior plane. This aspect of the press as a refining and educational influence was not its least importance. To exhibit the good on both sides of the question; to mitigate the rancours of party warfare; to introduce the salt of humanity, the savour of humour, and the preservations of morality and religion into every department of life; to reveal man to man and party to party; to show each that the other was no monster, but a true-born Englishman; to introduce into political life the healthy common-sense and sane ideals of the average man; to substitute in the place of a struggle for the benefit of faction, a struggle for the good of the state, was the work of the statesmen, but much more of the men of letters, of the reign of Anne.

LEWIS DUNCAN

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

THE school boy of Ontario learns along with the facts that two and two make four, and Britannia rules the waves, that the educational system under which he is studying was originally planned by some supernatural agency of perfection and brought to earth through the medium of Egerton Ryerson. This was not always as untrue as it is now. After Dr. Ryerson's experience and thought were made use of in 1846, Ontario was rather more than abreast of many older countries in the work of education. His system, with its principles of free instruction for all classes, its trained teaching profession and its wise religious settlement, was a vast stride from the haphazard instruction which was formerly received in the country school house. Until very recently the school system of Ontario was tolerably efficient. But of late years a change has come over educational methods. A new education is displacing the old. Whether we are taking what is best from both we must decide. We are unquestionably developing, but whither our development leads us is a matter of great concern.

Most of our modern theories of education have their origin in Frœbel. Few men have done more service to the cause than this German. But Frœbel was a theorist whose ideals were touched with the sentimentalism of his nation during the age in which he lived. To put his ideas literally into practice is unwise; to exaggerate them is fatal. Both these errors are constantly committed. The new doctrines—founded largely on Frœbel—claim that "the process of education need not, and should not, be forbidding." In consequence of this we see education sugar-coated to a degree that must make it nauseous to a sensitive palate. The Frœbelian system demands that an intimacy with

nature should be the heritage of every child. As a result we have little boys and girls becoming intimate with their mother earth through a microscope. Frœbel's belief in the divinity of the child—whatever that may mean—results in child-worship. This, in turn, often gives rise to an adolescent impudence, which is anything but divine. The science of education has about it an atmosphere of mystic idealism that casts a shadow of distrust on the very name of educationalist. Some one has claimed that this individual belongs to a new division of humanity. Formerly the world was divided into those who taught and those who learned. The educationalist does neither. Our belief that such a person must be a creature of visions is quite justified by his talk about the "free republics of childhood," and the "sunlight of joyousness." With his eyes on the clouds, our idealist applies his theories regardless of circumstances. If the facts do not square with the theories, so much the worse for the facts. But let us leave the theorist and turn to what he his doing.

We could spend much time discussing how the machinery of our school system is at fault—how, in its useless rigidity, it is both smothering the originality of the teacher and retarding the advancement of the pupil. The Department in Ontario is carried on too much in the spirit of the French Minister of Education, whose greatest boast was that when he rang a bell the same lesson commenced in every school in France. Our headmasters are fastened down to an inflexible routine; their teachers have scarcely more latitude. The same mania for system often keeps a clever lad at elementary work until study has become banal to him from sheer monotony. The method of teaching subjects such as writing is fixed with an adamantine firmness. I was present at a writing lesson one time when, in stirring words of encouragement, a teacher told two of her pupils, lately arrived from England, that there was a gleam of hope for them; they might yet master the Ontario "position" in writing.

In Ontario schools there are defects in those who teach, defects in what they teach, and in their manner of teaching it. Possibly the most obvious fault in primary education is of the first class. The employment as teachers in our public schools of nearly 5,500 more women than men is, of course, a matter of economy and, at present, of necessity. But it would surprise many people to learn from Frœbel and his interpreters in Ontario, that woman as a teacher is to be preferred to man. Whether the great philosopher proves by psycho-physiological reasoning that this is conclusively so, is of small importance. We only know that 81 per cent. of our public school teachers are women, and that the proportion is still increasing. We know that the discipline often lacking at home is left to the scanty authority of these female teachers, and that young men, often twenty-one years of age and over, are receiving their training for life at the hands of immature girls. There is a great deal to be said for the imperfect, though austere, instruction of the retired soldier in preference to the sentimentalism of some graduates from modern normal schools.

The ability of the average teacher of either sex is none too high. Little is demanded of the teacher-in-training. Political expediency has lowered the examination standards, and with the standards have gone down the salaries. The average income of a male teacher is $660, that of a woman teacher is $449. These incomes, I must say, are slowly increasing, but it is not to be wondered at that in most cases teaching is looked upon as a temporary makeshift. Again, the present system, to a great extent, reduces all salaries to a dead level. Individual ability does not influence the question of pay in the slightest degree. Teaching is not a profession; it is a branch of the civil service. If less money were put into the manufacture of miniature hat-racks in manual training departments, and more money put into salaries, it would be well. We might eventually have personality in teachers, rather than mere erudition; we might be able to employ teachers

who are men first and teachers afterwards. It is a melancholy fact that those engaged in education, not alone in the public schools, are the worst paid of all professional classes. We cheerfully pay money for lakeside drives, and for war memorials, and yet we begrudge adequate incomes to the people who are doing what is incontestably the most important work of the nation.

Now, to turn to what is taught. The new ideas are fast coming into vogue. Manual training departments are being set up all over the province. Singing and, what is euphemistically known as art, are firmly established. Nature study seems to be a permanent embellishment. Whether for good or evil these subjects have evidently come to stay, and they threaten to bring more innovations in their train.

Manual training has become a fetish in our primary education. It may be that our very material age demands something tangible in school as well as elsewhere. One often hears the remark that we should have done with teaching words and should teach things. It is unquestionably right that boys should learn to use their hands, but it is quite as wrong to turn a school into an elementary contractor's workshop and to treat every lad as if he were a carpenter in embryo. It is doubtful if the manufacture of hat-racks and towel-rollers has much more bearing on the average man's life than a course in history.

It is a question if nature study, as it is at present taught in our public schools, is altogether desirable. One text-book—still, I believe, recommended—on the subject would incline one to say, No. It is a comprehensive volume, comprising what appears to be a generous sifting of botany, zoology, geology, and several other sciences of an advanced type. It cannot teach a child to appreciate nature as a whole, but it teaches him rather to make an analysis of his surrounding, at an age when he is anything but analytical. In the early period of a child's life his imagination is his strongest faculty. Instead of learning to love the out-of-doors by reading imaginative

literature, or better still, by listening to an imaginative teacher, he is introduced to his mother earth by statistics and formulæ. Through such a training his highest aspiration, becomes, not to be in the fields for the sake of their beauty, not to enjoy the mystery of the woods, but to amass a huge collection of bugs, all different. This glorious achievement, I am told, constitutes part of the year's work of one of the forms in the High School.

Again, the so-called art course in the schools has been established with the best of intentions, but rather fails to accomplish its desired end. The object of the study is presumably to give the pupil a slight knowledge of sketching and painting, and make him a tolerably intelligent critic of art in general. The course is probably quite successful in achieving the former purpose; in fact, most public school boys gain more knowledge of the technique of drawing than they are likely ever to use. But fugitive sketching will not give one any keener comprehension of the great masters. It is a question if the time now spent in school on impressionistic water-colours of maple leaves would not be better employed in studying reproductions of real art.

But even granted that these fancy subjects are an acceptable addition to the primary education of Ontario, we must surely deplore the important place they have been assigned. It is a great temptation to the teacher confined to rigid methods of teaching the three "r's" to seek relief in such practical subjects as these, in which more latitude is allowed. Again, the results are more showy. In the schools of Toronto there are no prizes for work of any kind, but by the system of inspectors of singing, drawing, and manual training, and by the exhibitions to which are sent specimens of the work of each school, every principal and every teacher is encouraged to make as much as possible of these new subjects, often to the positive neglect of the less spectacular work. There is no way of estimating the excellence of a school by its pupils' knowledge of English, or by their ability to cypher, but an easy method of judging these institutions

is to notice this one's mastery of the subject of modelling clay elephants, or the other's insight into the manufacture of paper houses.

Much of the new element in education is a result of the modern mania for acquiring useful information for its own sake. The motive which impels us to teach the child the peculiar arrangement of the calyx of the petunia, or that the knee-pan is called the patella, is none too remote from our longing to learn how far the people of China would stretch if placed in a row, or how many kinds of door-knobs there are in Toronto. Of course it will be said that each bit of school knowledge helps to build up a connected whole. But a connected whole has often little bearing on life. A subject seems frequently to be taught for the sake of teaching. There is too little effort to relate the studies one with another. Too much is done in the same spirit of priggishness which refuses to allow a pupil to solve a problem in arithmetic by means of algebra. Why those few gifted people who can understand algebra are not allowed to use it, is a mystery.

I should like to plead for a more general and a more sane use of English literature in our school curricula. After all, reading is the only means of education, and perhaps of recreation, that most of us will ever have, and if the majority of people do not get in school a love of literature they will never acquire it outside. The school readers, excellent as they are, are not adequate. The method, not by any means excellent, of teaching what is in them, would not give any one a love for anything. When I was in the third form in the public school—not very long ago—our literature lessons used to consist of applying subjects to the different sentences, and then to the different paragraphs and stanzas, of our readers. It seldom got beyond this, and it was not an interesting hour. If, in every form at school, from the kindergarten up, the children were obliged constantly to hear good literature suited to their years and interests; and if, as soon as possible, good authors, not ruined by being grammatically treated, were placed in their hands and re-

quired to be read; if this were done, we should do much to banish the class that derives its only mental pabulum from the columns of the newspaper.

The most abused of the new doctrines, one which is greatly influencing our own schools, is the principle which strives to make teaching palatable, and which attempts to put education on a par with painless dentistry. The theorists completely overlook the fact that much of the labour of learning is an end in itself, while our only object in our relation to the dentist is to avoid him. The efforts to infuse delight into a dull lesson are often interesting. In a text-book on music there is the following passage on Harmony, called "Major C and his Relatives": "All the majors, excepting major C flat, live on the second floor, and all call themselves Flats; so you may begin anywhere on any of these black keys and play a scale. Before you leave these majors, you must notice that major C flat and major B have to enter by the same door, but when they are once inside each has a home and family of his own." Another school book gilds over the study of grammar in the following captivating way: "In walking out we see various kinds of birds: sparrows, robins, hens, and what not; and just as there are various kinds of birds, there are various kinds of words,—nouns, verbs, adjectives." These books, I am happy to say, are not used in Ontario, but they are written in a spirit which is not infrequently seen in our province.

Whether such painless education is preferable to the birch-rod I am not in a position to say. It is manifestly unwholesome for children to look upon their school as a glorified play ground, quite as unhealthy as for them to regard it as a prison. Nothing demoralizes a boy so much as the idea that teachers are employed for his amusement. Mr. Dooley, a fountain of good sense, complains that, "We sind th' childer to school as if it was a summer garden where they was to be amused, instead iv a pinitinchry where they're sint f'r th' original sin." The standard subjects are even being sugar-

coated. A principal told me that not long ago he set an examination in history in which one question asked for the chief events of several important years. He was triumphantly informed that dates were no longer taught. To those of us who hold fast to such guides as 1066 and 1492 as our only standbys in an historical chaos, this will be peculiarly depressing. It is very absurd to consider the learning of dates as drudgery at an age when memory is most acute. To eliminate the multiplication table from arithmetic, and to purge spelling of the alphabet, will doubtless be the next step. Meanwhile, let us wonder mildly how the man, reared on this jelly-fish system, will find the monotonous labour of keeping a day-book or of laying bricks. Possibly by that time we shall have illustrated ledgers to make pleasant the work of the book-keeper, and morrice-dances to lighten the brick mason's toil.

Another principle which is making a very definite appearance in our schools is that which attempts to do away with punishments. I suppose that the belief in the divinity of a child is bringing this about. Nowadays, when the future citizen of Canada places a bent pin in the teacher's chair, he is, according to this theory, gently reproved, informed of his sacredness, and asked not to do it again. The use of the strap, a most innocuous weapon, is greatly discouraged in Toronto schools as a violation of the child's divinity. May I be permitted again to quote from Mr. Dooley. He is describing Mary Ellen's school: "The childher was settin' ar'rround on th' flure and some was moldin' dachsunds out iv mud and wipin' their hands in their hair, an' some was carvin' figures iv a goat out of pasteboard, an' some was singin,' and some was sleepin', and a few was dancin', an' wan la'ad was pullin' another la'ad's hair. 'Why don't you take the coal shovel to that little barbaryan, Mary Ellen,' says I. 'We don't believe in corporeal punishment,' says she, 'school should be made pleasant for the childer,' says she. 'Th' child who's hair is bein' pulled is larnin' patience,' she says, 'an' th' child that's pullin' the hair is discoverin' th' footility iv human indeavor,' says she."

The appalling increase in juvenile crime is generally attributed to melodrama and the low novel. Is it unwise to suppose that the under-discipline of our schools is partially responsible?

Reward is going the way of chastisement. Prizes, either for work or play, are now unknown in Toronto. Examinations, as far as possible, are either abolished or made so easy as to lose their value as a test. In short, the life of a school boy is being deprived of the elements of contest, of reward and punishment, which are the very essence of his existence in after years.

These, then, are some of the defects of our public school system—its Chinese inflexibility, the fads and anomalies in its curricula, the sentimentalism which makes play of work and abolishes discipline, and the low standards of efficiency demanded of its teachers. The last, however, is the great blemish. If we can make the teacher's career attractive—not only by raising his salary but by affording him greater opportunity for liberty of action, by placing a premium on originality and ideas rather than on a wooden adherence to a routine—if we can do this the teaching profession will be afforded its proper status. Then it may be that education—not alone in the public schools—will come nearer to being a reality; and it may not be too much to hope that it will lead to the attainment of the culture, in the best sense of an abused word, which is its true aim and will cease to be what Dr. Jowett once called it : "the grave of the mind."

VINCENT MASSEY

JEANNE D'ARC IN HISTORY AND FICTION

ANOTHER addition to the long list of articles dealing with so trite a subject as the career of Jeanne d'Arc! The past few years, especially the year before last, were bountiful enough to satisfy the appetite of the most omnivorous reader in contributions elucidating one aspect or other of her extraordinary life. Yet the uniqueness of her career, like everything unique, provokes reiterated questioning into the exceptional chain of events which gave birth to so rare a phenomenon. Moreover, periodicals written in the English tongue have contained only a vanishingly small fraction of what has been published. Since the question of the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc once again quickened interest in her career, French investigators have been unwearying in their efforts to introduce harmony into the conflicting mass of historical testimony concerning her, and to reconstruct therefrom an image of her personality and environment which shall conform to present day conceptions of historical truth. It may, therefore, not be untimely to present in a Canadian magazine the vicissitudes this character has suffered in history and in literature, and to summarize the conclusions attained by eminent French scholars after their renewed perusal of first-hand documentary evidence.

One statement we can make at the outset, as it were anticipating the conclusion: the character of the Maid of Orleans has nothing to fear, and much to hope, from an ultimate revelation of the whole truth about her; the nearer we approach the truth, the more brightly does her life-story shine out as the story of unselfish devotion to those ideals men cherish most: God and country. The mystic halo which veiled her from clear vision in her own century has to yield to a relentless rationalism nowadays, not understanding

rationalism in any narrow sense, and, above all, steering clear of any abstract and narrow-minded hypotheses based upon researches in natural science; such hypotheses have been formed by specialists in nervous disorders who have diagnosed her "case," and pronounced upon it with all the conviction of one-sidedness. What one can legitimately demand of a rationalist treatment of facts is simply a construction which shall satisfy the demands of human reason, an arrangement according to the principle of causality, which eliminates all space for the intervention of the miraculous and supernatural, except in so far as even the commonest phenomena are miraculous, as involving ultimate bounds which elude all human investigation.

To her contemporaries Jeanne d'Arc was an enigma. Her friends and her foes had their respective ideas concerning her, which ideas, however, were not the result of an impartial scrutiny of facts, but rather dictated by partisan attachment to, or partisan aversion from, the cause for which she suffered martyrdom. In the eyes of the majority of Armagnacs—the Royalist faction in France towards the close of the Hundred Years' War—she was a saint, possessing all the attributes of a saint, according to then current notions. They regarded her as of immaculate purity of life and conduct; as holding direct intercourse with Heaven and the angels of Heaven; as possessing the gift of prophetic vision; they even attributed to her power over death, and it was commonly believed that she manifested this power by restoring life to a dead child. All these notions they circumstantiated by their construction of the deeds she accomplished. The same facts, differently construed, made her appear a witch in the eyes of the opposing factions—English, Norman, and Burgundian; the power of accomplishing the wonderful was not disputed, but this power was not bestowed on her by Heaven, but purchased rather at the price of her immortal soul, at which price she had entered into league with the powers of hell. As firmly as one side was convinced of her saintliness, the other side was convinced of her sorcery. Yet another view was ad-

vanced at the trial of rehabilitation, held twenty-five years after she had died the martyr's death, and after those aims for which she had sacrificed herself had been attained. The evidence at this trial was so arranged as to portray her as the messenger of God, sent with the express mission of delivering the realm of France from foreign yoke, of crowning the legitimate king of France at Rheims, and anointing him with oil from the holy vessel which an angel, in the likeness of a dove, brought at the coronation of Clovis, and which was replenished by divine agency at every succeeding coronation.

These three views prevailed throughout the fifteenth and well into the sixteenth century; then came an oscillating between extremes, a union of diabolical and divine in the same personage. This gives us the character seen in Holinshed's chronicle, which we shall have occasion to examine later on. However much these views may differ among themselves, they have at least one thing in common: an explicit recognition of the supernatural. In our days every one will agree that such an admission of the supernatural means nothing else than that Jeanne d'Arc was an enigma to her biographers, no matter how satisfied these were with their own interpretation. We may, indeed, state that, previous to the eighteenth century, there was no general demand for a revision of the first verdict. So long as legends of saints were implicitly believed, there was nothing in the history of Jeanne to astound common opinion. Before we can attain to a satisfactory view of her character, two preliminary stages are necessary: first, supernatural intervention must be eliminated, and secondly, historically authenticated facts require re-interpretation in the light of present day beliefs regarding the nature of things. The first part of this was accomplished by the destructive criticism of the eighteenth century, the second by the constructive efforts of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

At the present time we may flatter ourselves that the labours of historians have placed us in possession of approximate truth. But the evolution throughout the recon-

structive period has been a very gradual one, and has been signalized by some ugly excrescences. Among these are particularly noticeable the aberrations of natural scientists. We have all witnessed the triumphant career of science through the last century, and we are all acquainted with the presumptuousness of the victor. Natural science has frequently displayed the worst features of a tyrant; and in the case of Jeanne d'Arc it has submitted facts to a treatment similar to that to which the Procrustes of mythology subjected his guests. It is extremely fascinating to arrange facts with such simplicity that we have on one side divisor, on the other dividend, producing a quotient without remainder: we had better hesitate, however, before applying this arithmetical method to aught so elusive as a human soul. Here is a specimen of the method to be avoided. At Jeanne's trial repeated enquiries elicited the information that her visions were always to the right. Now, if they were simply to the right of where she stood, she had but to turn through an angle of, say, 45° and she would have had them full in the face. But she never, apparently, sees them, except to the right —manifestly a case of unilateral hallucination. This is a phenomenon commonly attendant on hemi-anæsthesia. It is true that we can never apply complete tests to prove the existence of hemi-anæsthesia, but a number of symptoms warrant us in supposing it to have been present. Now, this very frequently accompanies hysteria. So that the visions of Jeanne are nothing but the hallucinations of an hysterical woman, hallucinations which eventually overpowered her whole personality, since she not only sees them and hears them, but also smells the delicious odour they shed about them, and touches them and embraces them; she expressly states that at her trial and no one doubts her veracity. The hysteria is easily accounted for by the distress of the land so dear to her, *la douce France* of the ancient songs. While in this pathological condition she was influenced by suggestion; some person, whose identity is to us unknown, made use of her ecstatic moods to carry out a policy whose success

depended on the incognito of the real author. Acting under such promptings she attacked the foe with frantic courage; her example emboldened her fellow-countrymen, and they achieved comparatively easy victories over an enemy who, as we know, was in a precarious condition, dispirited and demoralized. We shall discover later on what objections present themselves to this simple solution of the problem, which, in reality, does nothing but substitute mental derangement for divine intervention.

Fortunately neither one nor the other of these *pis aller* is necessary; as is usual in such matters, both views contain an imperfect statement of the truth. There is inspiration, if, at least, we regard the intuitive apprehensions of genius as inspirations, since genius itself is quite unconscious of any process of reasoning by which it comes into possession of such insight; and this inspiration we can regard as divine, if thereby we signify that Jeanne's unselfishness and general nobility of character were derived from unmediated dependence of the individual on absolute justice. In the same way, we cannot refuse to recognize an ecstatic element in her constitution, which may well be connected in some way with the non-advent of puberty in her case, seeing that her visions first appeared when she should normally have reached the age of puberty. This is, however, by no means the same thing as a diseased mind, and is, in fact, so common an occurrence as not to cause any wonder at all. In giving a very brief account of Jeanne's career, I shall, therefore, avoid either of the extremist views, hoping, however, to retain what of truth each involves. Those who wish to read more fully on this subject might well take up Anatole France's charmingly written *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc;* or Andrew Lang's "The Maid of France," in great part a polemic against Anatole France, in which Mr. Lang corrects his adversary in some important details, and, in particular, dispels the notion of clerical influence, his most valuable contribution, I believe; or, finally, a series of articles, published in *La Revue des*

Deux Mondes last year, by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, *membre de l'Académie française*, a most exhaustive study of the crises in Jeanne's career and of the circumstances producing them. This is, I think, the most valuable contribution of recent years to the history of Jeanne d'Arc.

What we have to explain in Jeanne's career is: (1) How did a simple girl, whose duties had hitherto been to tend her father's sheep and help her mother at the distaff, conceive the idea of leaving her home and assuming the command of armies in her monarch's cause? (2) How did she induce the mighty ones of the earth to entrust her with such command? (3) How did she gain victories over a foe who had inflicted such a series of defeats on the armies of her native land? (4) Why was she abandoned at the very zenith of her glory? (5) Why was she condemned, and that by her own countrymen? (6) What is the real meaning of her "voices"; and of what was she convinced were her celestial visitants? Little more than a suggestion of an explanation can be attempted here. I again refer any reader desiring to satisfy himself of the validity of the conclusions to the above-named works.

The two salient features of Jeanne's character are piety and patriotism. These two qualities, raised to a most unusual degree of intensity, constitute the motive force in her career; everything was subordinated to them; no obstacle seemed so formidable that it could not be overcome by them. Our first point must, therefore, be to explain how she acquired such clear ideas on religion and country; for she had clear vision and no mere sentimental attachment. In the first place, we must remember that her family was by no means on the lowest rung of the social ladder. There is ample evidence that both parents took keen interest in those events which were so deeply agitating the nation. For some time her father was the so-called "dean" of the village community; and in this capacity he was necessarily brought into immediate contact with the wider sphere of political events. His duties on one occasion took him to the castle of that

Seigneur de Baudricourt, to whom Jeanne first directed herself, asking to be provided with an escort to go to the king at Chinon. There is every reason to assume the father to have been quite a public-spirited man, whose authority in his native village was considerable, who must have frequently discussed in his domestic circle the serious plight of the country. Again, Domremy, Jeanne's native village, was no isolated spot; important lines of communication passed through it, and Jeanne must have heard many a wayfaring man relate the story of the disasters befalling France. Not only that, but serious fighting occurred before Jeanne's own eyes, and on one occasion she helped in driving all the flocks and herds of cattle from Domremy to a neighbouring fortified township. For most of us, our lessons in patriotism are not written in such letters of fire, and yet we are expected to learn them. Surely it is not demanding too much of Jeanne to expect her to have taken them to heart.

If we can suppose her patriotic sentiments to have been derived from her father, it is equally safe to ascribe the pious element in her nature especially to the mother's side. The name Romée, the mother's surname, most probably testifies to some pilgrimage, of which there is no record; we do know, however, that just at the time Jeanne set out definitely on her career, the mother was on a pilgrimage to Le Puy, whence she sent a mendicant friar, Jean Pasquerel, to attend to her daughter's spiritual interests, and we are justified in supposing her never to have lost interest in Jeanne's ghostly affairs. Moreover, several near relatives were clerics, and had a keen regard for this eminently religious girl. At any rate, there is no sufficient testimony that any of these clerics acted as the *deus ex machina*, as M. France assumes. We, in our literate age, are too prone to regard one who can neither read nor write as on an inferior level of intellectual development, but may there not be some truth in that seeming paradox of Plato, that the inventor of writing was responsible for much deterioration in independent, original thought? Her

subsequent behaviour reveals remarkable intuitive ability to see at a glance the very core of a question, so that by far the greater probability is, that she acted entirely on her own initiative in undertaking her task and with very definite notions of what she purposed doing.

The active principle, therefore, in Jeanne's character came to her in a very natural way. We have next to enquire how she ingratiated herself with influential persons, so that she should first be brought into the presence of the Dauphin of France and then be entrusted with the command of armies. The means she employed to achieve this were equally natural: the charm of her manner and appearance, the earnestness with which she looked on life and its duties, her unselfishness and eagerness to relieve another's suffering and share his burden. From the information collected at her trial one can form a fairly good image of her character. Several bore witness to her sharing her meals with, or giving them up entirely to, some hungry wayfarer; to her sleeping on the attic floor whilst some wanderer, often no doubt one who had suffered in the wars, had her bed. Such qualities endeared her first of all to the hearts of the common people: adherents gathered round her in ever widening circles, until the circles included the turreted strongholds of feudal aristocracy. Her task was made easier by a superstition current among the common folk, that a maiden would arise from the marches of Lorraine and deliver the realm of France; as soon as Jeanne made her appearance, this prophecy was applied to her, and numbers flocked to her in consequence. Jeanne had stayed for some time in Vaucouleurs, and had converted to her way of thinking several gentlemen not unknown to the Seigneur Robert de Baudricourt before that old noble acceded to her request and furnished her with the necessary escort to accompany her to the Dauphin at Chinon. Here, too, it was those same qualities we have just noticed in her and the affection of the masses that eventually overcame the Dauphin's reluctance. Probably it was without any high expectations that Charles, the Dauphin, gave her permission to raise troops

and lead them in battle against his enemies. It does not seem necessary to attach too much importance to the sign which Jeanne is said to have given Charles; possibly it concerned his legitimacy, of which he had begun to doubt. Jeanne saw the need of banishing all uncertainty on that point; she knew quite well what it meant to the French nation if they were convinced that they were fighting for the legitimate scion of the royal line.

The same natural endowments that Jeanne hitherto manifested account largely for her successes on the battle-field. She possessed the genius of the born commander of men; her attack was swift and daring, full of surprises for the enemy; she instinctively grasped the weakness of the enemy's position; her physical courage was unquestioned, she was usually to be found where the battle was raging fiercest; many touching acts, such as are related of the greatest generals, are related of her, acts which endeared her to the hearts of her men; the soldiers all felt that she suffered with them, and that they were not being led on to slaughter by a blood-thirsty tyrant; like Gustavus Adolphus, she never tired of exhorting her troops to a higher morality and in particular to abandon those strumpets that were then the bane of armies. By these means she enforced upon the French troops a discipline and inspired them with an enthusiasm which had been absent from them for so long. On the other hand, her English adversaries were demoralized; their numbers were far weaker than is commonly supposed; they were poorly equipped; and one is forced to the conclusion that their tactics round Orleans were, to say the least, defective. Where the odds are such, no Heaven-sent gift of prophecy is required to foretell the normal issue of the conflict.

It was with unerring eye to what was of real strategic value, that Jeanne concentrated her efforts on her two objectives: the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation of the Dauphin as king of France. The former of these two ends had to be achieved before any safe advance was possible; it was out of the question to leave a beleaguered city of the

magnitude and importance of Orleans in the rear; the latter had a significance which we can hardly realize now. Just at that moment, there was no crowned king of France; the performance of the coronation ceremony would add enormous prestige to the cause of Charles. Jeanne's view of the situation was somewhat similar to the naïve view expressed in the *Chanson de Roland*, that God was the real sovereign, and the king was his lieutenant here on earth; she never expressed it otherwise than that Charles *avait le royaume en commande*. The coronation had the same importance as the laying on of hands has in the eyes of an orthodox believer in apostolic succession; many who had wavered before the coronation would become staunch supporters after it.

To understand the next stage in Jeanne's career requires a knowledge of the political intrigues and perfidiousness which had been unchained by her successes in battle. The subject becomes at this point too intricate for me to attempt any satisfactory unraveling of the threads. There arose the common, petty jealousies among courtiers; Jeanne was disconsolate that no vigorous plan of campaign was prosecuted; it would have been such an easy matter to drive the foreigners out of France, to the last man of them. The Duke of Burgundy, hitherto an ally of the English, began to parley with Charles; his ambition was to make himself commander of a wide tract of France, and this ambition was thwarted by the victories of Jeanne. Charles VII, now crowned king of France, was himself a good-natured but indolent person; the efforts necessary to consummate his coronation had exhausted his small store of energy, and now he preferred to spend halcyon days in his castles on the Loire, and lull his cares in the arms of his Agnes Sorel. Not until it was too late did Charles detect the perfidy of the Duke of Burgundy; Jeanne raised an army and prevented the Duke from capturing Compiègne, the possession of which would have placed him in command of the line of communication between Paris and his Flemish domains. In this battle Jeanne was taken prisoner, and was

some months later sold to the English at the price of a prince's ransom.

This brings us to the last episode in Jeanne's career. Our elementary school reading books have made us familiar with certain scenes from her trial and condemnation; we read there that she was condemned as a witch and burned at the stake in Rouen. This is nothing but the truth; yet it is, by no means, the whole truth. A trial for witchcraft was no uncommon thing in those days, and such a trivial matter was speedily disposed of, creating little stir. But Jeanne's trial lasted for several months and aroused the curiosity of the whole of Europe. More than an accusation of witchcraft was needed for that. Nor does it suffice to affirm that her strange destiny and the conspicuous position she had attained account for the prolongation and general curiosity. Almost all her judges and jurors entertained towards her that personal antipathy felt against the agent of humiliating reverses: they had all, at one time or other, trembled at her triumphs. The ultimate verdict was, from the first, a foregone conclusion, and might have been arrived at with far greater despatch; the incriminating facts under these two heads were so palpable that one or two sittings would have disposed of the whole affair. The composition of the tribunal before which Jeanne was arraigned provides some index to the gravamen of the charge; it was entirely an ecclesiastical tribunal and contained many of the very highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church. This affair evidently conflicted with some vital tenets of the Church, and these spiritual jurors were anxious to base their verdict on some breach of ecclesiastical observance. What is this more subtle point? It is simply that Jeanne was so bold as to assert that Heaven could be approached directly, and that ecclesiastical mediation was not absolutely indispensable to the attainment of salvation, thus affirming that principle which is fundamental to all Protestantism, the immediate relation of the individual to God. What else than flagrant heresy could such an assertion be in the eyes of a tribunal consisting of cardinals, bishops, and various subaltern

scholastics whose interests and, in some cases, convictions induced them to regard themselves as the sole dispensers of God's grace on earth.

A brief quotation from the trial will illustrate this : "Will you submit to the judgement of the Church on earth in regard to all that you have said and done, whether good or evil, and to all that appertains to your trial ?" "On all that is asked me, I submit myself to the Church militant, provided it does not command me a thing impossible to do. And I repute it a thing impossible to do to declare that my acts, and words, and all that I have answered concerning my visions and revelations were not done and said in the name of God (*de par Dieu*)." "If the Church militant tells you that your revelations are illusions or things diabolical, will you submit yourself to the Church?" "I shall submit myself to God. If the Church prescribes me the contrary, I shall submit myself to no man on earth, but to God alone, whose commandment I shall always obey." "Do you not then regard yourself as subject to the Church of God on earth, that is, to the pope, the cardinals, archbishops and bishops, and other prelates of the Church?" "Yes, I regard myself subject to them, but only after God has been served (*mais Dieu premier servi*). What I answer is not of my own imagining; it is the commandment of my voices; they do not bid me disobey the Church; *mais Dieu premier servi.*" *Mutatis mutandis*, we have here the like sublime attitude of preferring decrees of eternal and unfailing justice to the ordinances of man that is assumed by the Antigone of Sophocles: "Not such are the laws set among men by the justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force that a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing statutes of Heaven. For their life is not of to-day or of yesterday but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth." Here we discover the consummation of the tragedy of Jeanne's career: she had foolishly thought and hoped that the glory of a warrior's death was reserved for her, that an English arrow would end her days

after she had lived long enough to see the cause for which she had sacrificed herself assured of success, and now she was doomed to perish, a victim to that blindness and perfidy of a commonplace world which has always refused to concede the right of existence to whatever does not conform to its own conventional notions. It is pleasant to see that the Catholic Church has in our own days atoned for its error by canonizing Jeanne d'Arc.

The career of Jeanne d'Arc, as outlined in the previous pages, is essentially human, and rises to that height in its humanity that we may rightly style heroic. No introduction of the supernatural is necessary to place her on a pedestal from whose eminence she can beckon struggling humanity to elevate itself towards her; her life and death form such a perfect unity, a unity derived from unswerving devotion to the ideal she had set before her, that any other than a rationalist presentation of it mars the picture by the inclusion of an element that refuses to blend with the rest. Yet she herself believed in her divine mission; she was convinced that Ste. Marguerite, Ste. Catherine, and St. Michel appeared to her in person and bade her go into France and relieve Orleans, and crown the Dauphin at Rheims. She did nothing except after consultation with and, almost always, with the approval of, her "voices." The celestial messengers not only gave her audible commands; she also saw them; smelled a delightful smell when they were near; touched and even embraced them. Thus, the hallucination had taken possession of all her senses, and with a rare degree of intensity. In spite of that, we instinctively shrink from regarding as mentally diseased one whose whole life reveals not a jarring note; moreover, her clearness of perception, her directness of aim, her resoluteness in the execution of her designs, and above all, the fact that she did occasionally disobey her "voices," all of these things make it impossible to include her under the category hysterical.

The wonder is, not that Jeanne should have had visions, but that it should have been considered wonderful that she

had them. Her life falls in the first half of the fifteenth century; her notions of things would naturally be of the mediæval order. It was then accepted without question that the framer of the laws which govern this universe could intervene and effect a temporary suspension of the operation of those laws. Visionaries existed by the thousand; apparitions of the kind vouchsafed to Jeanne were then as common as it is in our days for an excited brain to construe as realities the unsubstantial forms of mist on a moon-lit night. The difference is that a man laughs now in broad daylight at the nocturnal creations of his fancy, whereas then the apparitions seemed real to sober reflection. Surely it is characteristic of any naïve religious age to see and have normal human intercourse with the anthropomorphic embodiments of supernatural powers. The saints that Jeanne saw were those whose story must have been familiar to her from early childhood. That it is possible that men of sanest intellect and to whom any tendency to romanticism is quite alien should have, at least, occasional hallucinations, is attested by the case of Socrates whose warning "daimon" seems to have been a genuine hallucination, affecting, however, only the sense of hearing. The phenomena are similar in the two cases, and their explanation is probably the same: they represent an intensity of feeling which has not attained to the distinctness of conception. Such a state of exalted imagination arises from concentration on the inner world of consciousness and temporary obliviousness to the world of external things, and it may cause what we mistake for an idea, but what really is an intense feeling, to flash through our minds with all the vividness of an inspiration.

The history of Jeanne d'Arc in literature takes a course very like the one outlined above. First, there is what we may call the supernatural period; following this is the destructive period; finally comes the reconstructive period. As representatives of these periods, we may take Shakespeare for the first, Voltaire for the second, Southey and Schiller for the third.

In *Henry VI*, Part 1, the main action concerns the war with France. As Talbot is the leading figure on the English side, so is *La Pucelle* on the French. If we omitted a number of scenes relating strictly to English domestic affairs, this play might be entitled " Joan of Arc." How much of *Henry VI*, Part 1, is Shakespeare's own composition and who were the real authors is a question we cannot enter into here. Perhaps plural authorship may be responsible for the uncertain delineation of Jeanne's character ; more likely the uncertainty arises from ignorance concerning the historical personage. Holinshed's chronicle, Shakespeare's principal source for his plot, shows the same vacillation. After describing how she was of beautiful countenance, strong and manly body, vigorous and bold mind, well informed in politics, apparently chaste, humble, obedient, the name of Jesus continually on her lips, fasting several days in the week, called to save the state of France by the power of God, Holinshed expresses doubt how she could have suffered the fate she did if she had been as holy and pious as she pretended. He finally approves the verdict that she had slandered her sex by wearing men's apparel, that she had nursed accursed superstition, and had made herself a pernicious tool of hatred and bloodshed through devilish witchcraft and magic. In the Shakespearian play the same ambiguity prevails and all attempts to reconcile conflicting statements, and form a harmonious image, would be futile. In the opening Acts the divine origin of her mission is emphasized :

> " Heaven and our gracious lady hath it pleased
> To shine on my contemptible estate;
> Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs
> And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
> God's mother deigned to appear to me,
> And in a vision full of majesty
> Willed me to leave my base vocation,
> And free my country from calamity."

Then she speaks of her vow of maidenhood; she prophesies return of halcyon days to France and the end of England's

glories there. We see her, in successive scenes, work the wonders she has foretold ; we see her in a speech of touching simplicity and high patriotic fervour vanquish the hostility of Burgundy to France. Then, most unexpectedly, her entire complexion changes and she is seen in league with fiends whom she addresses as " familiar spirits," and as " ye choice spirits that admonish me." We must assume the pact to have been sealed in due form, with blood, since she says:

> " Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
> I'll lop a member off and give it you
> In earnest of a further benefit,
> So you do condescend to help me now."

Then another most unexpected turn; she tells her judges whom they have condemned and contrasts herself with them:

> " I never had to do with wicked spirits:
> But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
> Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
> Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
> Because you want the grace that others have,
> You judge it straight a thing impossible
> To compass wonders but by help of devils."

And so the picture keeps altering its complexion to the end of the drama. We are glad not to be compelled to ascribe such a crude production to the great master himself; his share probably consisted in retouching the work of others and inserting a few scenes.

The most impudent piece of work concerning Jeanne d'Arc is probably *La Pucelle* of Voltaire. It is a superficial concoction of the French *Aufklärung*, in which a lascivious imagination runs riot. It is well that the author tells us in the first line " *Je ne suis né pour célebrer les saints;*" this concession would have been superfluous in any other part of the poem. No attempt is made at serious characterization ; the prince of scoffers maintains the vein of frivolous banter throughout twenty-one cantos. The levity of the portraiture may be gauged from the following lines :

"Jeanne montra sous féminin visage,
Sous le corset et sous le cotillon
D'un vrai Roland le vigoureux courage.
J'aimerais mieux, le soir, pour mon usage,
Une beauté douce comme un mouton.
. . . . . .
Et le plus grand de ses rares travaux
Fut de garder un an son pucelage."

And a like nicely calculated piquancy and slipperiness runs through the whole poem.

The theme afforded occasion for digressions on various topics to which Voltaire entertained a consistent aversion and which really merited his satire; a morbid eroticism, however, frequently mars the *pointe*. To Voltaire's irreligious mind, the religious and superstitious character of the fifteenth century seemed little more than a sham or crass ignorance ; consequently, page on page ridicules the grave doctors in theology and their credulous flocks. The escapades of monks and nuns are detailed with evident relish ; sometimes the buffoonery is carried to Rabelesian extremes ; the charges brought against them are those with which we are familiar both in satire and pathetic tirade. St. Denis, the patron saint of France, appears in very undignified guise. Various allegories are interspersed to show the reign of ignorance and folly. After the ecclesiastical dignitaries, the most severely castigated are the royal and other temporal dignitaries. Charles VII forms a target in which many a shaft strikes home. His amours with Agnes Sorel provide many a vulnerable spot. Then the devious and insinuating paths of the courtier are exposed. Even the conventional phraseology of French classical drama had to suffer under this universal satire; many a line is an obvious parody on the familiar style of Corneille and Racine, the courtier-poets of the seventeenth century. This is sufficient to show that Voltaire selected the theme *La Pucelle* in order to have an opportunity of airing the stock conceptions of the *Aufklärung*. In so far as his attack is directed against manifest insincerity, as for

the greater part it is, we are with him ; it was indeed high time that many hazy romantic notions, an inheritance of mediæval times, should be dissipated by a saner reasoning; but it is particularly disgusting to find an utter lack of discrimination between what is manifest insincerity and what is truly sublime. This attempt to rid the world of cant and hypocrisy had as its immediate effect the vilification of one of the brightest characters in French history, until one mightier than Voltaire came; and, although a foreigner himself, and belonging to that race whose national existence was at the time menaced by France, he replaced such a wreath about her brow as no breath of hostile criticism will ever avail to wither.

Before the ultimate triumph was wrought, an attempt was made to vindicate the character of Jeanne in a youthful effort of Southey. The poem is inspired by high moral motives and adds a number of positive features towards the reconstruction of a true image of the heroine. "The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her and inspire her with courage and heal her wounds ; the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feeling of inspiration. The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale." Here, for the first time, a poet portrays her as the representative of an ideal intelligible to human reason, an ideal, however, that is essentially of Southey's own age, and, in particular, of a person who "was ignorant enough of human nature to believe that a happier order of things had commenced with the independence of the United States and would be accelerated by the French Revolution." Thus we find glowing descriptions of natural beauty, reminding one much of Wordsworth; an apotheosis of Nature *à la Rousseau*, when reminded by the holy father that "Nature doth lead to sin" :

> "'Tis but the priest alone can teach remorse,
> Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of heaven."

Jeanne answers:

> "If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
> To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,
> This is what Nature taught! No, fathers, no!
> It is not Nature that doth lead to sin;
> Nature is all benevolence, all love,
> All beauty."

Then come idyllic pictures of the healthful, natural life in the greenwood's quiet shade, where is no vice, no hunger and misery, where wan and woe-begone faces are unknown. The heroine, too, appears as the advocate of universal peace and the typical philanthropist of the closing decades of the eighteenth century:

> ". . . that gracious God
> Sends me a messenger of mercy forth,
> Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,
> To England friendly as to all the world;
> Only to those an enemy whose lust
> Of sway makes them the enemies of man."

Apart from shallowness, this too intensive localization of the character would suffice to satisfy us that finality had not yet been reached in the portrayal of our heroine. Though a real advance on any of its predecessors, it is still a violent moulding of facts to suit the particular conception of an individual or circumscribed era. That stamp of universality, which every truly great character in literature must be imprinted with, had not yet been imparted.

This task it was Schiller's lot to perform. He was the first to raise the character of Jeanne above the limitations of time and circumstance. In his drama the heroine stands for an ideal which is not the ideal of the eighteenth or any other century in particular, but which holds true for all time. Nevertheless, in Schiller's drama the historical character is portrayed with astonishing veracity; to describe Schiller's heroine would, in great measure, be to repeat what I have said in speaking of the historical Joan of Arc. With the power of concrete imagination, Schiller saw, even before

historians had shown it, what was the real meaning of Jeanne; then he used historical data, often with bold re-arrangements, to portray this meaning. Even the supernatural element is here introduced, to such an extent is the *couleur locale* maintained; only it is not introduced as an unsolved riddle, but infused with deep philosophic and symbolic meaning. Schiller saw that the Maid of Orleans embodied what closely resembled his own ideal of mankind: her life illustrates the victory of idealism. To show this he had to modify the last episode in the heroine's life; it was a very happy idea of his to obviate the introduction of the trial scene. Moreover, Schiller's reflections on the nature of genius had, in a way, made his mind sufficiently receptive to comprehend a character like that of Jeanne. The following sentences taken from his essay on naïve and sentimental poetry might be directly applied to her: "Every true genius must be naïve; its naïveté alone makes it genius. Unacquainted with rules, those crutches of weakness and drill-sergeants of perverseness, guided solely by nature or instinct, its guardian-angel, it threads its way unerringly through every maze of false taste....Only to genius is it given to be at home outside the known, and to extend nature without transcending it. Genius must solve the most complicated problems with unassuming simplicity and ease.....It does not proceed according to recognized principles, but according to inspiration, and this inspiration is divine (everything that healthful nature does is divine); its feelings are laws for all times and for all generations of men."

The two features which I have spoken of as fundamental in Jeanne's character, piety and patriotism, are the motive forces, too, in Schiller's drama. Both are realized by her with an intensity of feeling which proceeds from solitary retirement from the busy world and close communion with nature, and produce in her the notion of her exalted mission. This notion alienates her thoughts from the routine and natural interests of her station in life, and constrains her to abandon home and friends to set about her divinely appointed

task. Every trace of selfishness is consumed in the sacred flame that burns within her; her own individuality is merged in the interests of her country. Very different is her conduct from the wiles of ordinary diplomacy; cold calculations based upon expediency are not for her. There is in her person a harmonizing of the individual will with absolute justice. The keenness with which she realizes this elevates her feelings and ideas to the distinctness of actual perception. Schiller was the first to seize this, the real meaning of her visions, and uses it to symbolize the moral necessity constraining her to act. Her vow of maidenhood, too, which furnished Voltaire with occasion to vent his frivolity, is infused by Schiller with a depth of meaning removing it far from the commonplace. Her renouncing the natural life of woman is used to symbolize the necessity of devoting one's whole being to the accomplishment of any great task which shall promote the well-being of mankind generally. And lastly, Schiller was the first to endow her career with real, tragic meaning; she shares the fate which has so often befallen those destined to raise their fellow-men from the depths of disaster, to be first acclaimed with hallelujahs and, when their task is done, to be shamefully abandoned by those whom they have renounced all earthly joy to save.

E. W. Patchett

THE POETRY OF ALBERT LOZEAU

FRENCH-CANADIAN writers have been classified by the literary historian and critic, Charles ab der Halden, into two groups—the Quebec school and the Montreal school. The older, or Quebec, school, to which the names of Crémazie, Fréchette, Chapman, and others gave lustre in the 60's, is conservative, loyal to classical standard, so constantly imitative that their motto might be, in the words of M. Coppée, " Qui pourrai-je imiter pour être original? " Their subjects are limited in scope, their treatment of these conventional; consequently, though they have written many pleasing verses, there has been no great poet among them. Their verses are dedicated to God, to the Church, to France, and to Canada. Their attitude to the more daring and revolutionary " jeune école," which is best known through its " Soirées du Château de Ramezay " from 1898 to 1900, is well voiced by M. Ernest Deliose in answer to their invitation to him to join them: " Je serais plus en faveur d'une école de jeunes, ou plutôt d'une classe de jeunes littérateurs travaillant selon les principes, à l'imitation d'un maître quelconque."

The attitude of the group of ardent young spirits who met at the Château to cultivate the study and practice of letters was entirely different from that of their sage elders. They read their own effusions and criticised each other frankly, looking always for originality in matter and form, and breaking away from the long traditions of their people. Though the soirées came to an untimely end, through misunderstanding and jealousy, the school had accomplished two ends: it had shown that, in the midst of the engrossing pursuit of wealth, even in the commercial centre of Canada, the material had not entirely supplanted the ideal; it had, moreover, made the discovery of two real poets. A noteworthy figure at the gatherings was the handsome, erratic,

Irish-French boy, Emile Nelligan, whose splendid genius was eclipsed by the loss of his reason when he was but nineteen years of age. He left only one volume of verse to indicate what the world lost in the tragic fate of the "Chatterton of Canadian poetry." One other voice was heard at the gatherings, though it was a voice from the darkness. Next to Nelligan, his friend and contemporary, ranked in poetic merit the bed-ridden invalid, Albert Lozeau. Though he could not share the inspiration of "fellowship with kindred minds," he sent contributions whose merit was readily recognized. With the disappearance of Nelligan, Lozeau has become the most interesting and notable member of the Montreal school.

Albert Lozeau's history can be summed up in a few words. He was born in 1868, in a modest little French-Canadian home, and his childhood and youth were passed in the north-east district of Montreal, then known as St. Jean Baptiste village, where he attended the St. Jean Baptiste academy, close to his house. At sixteen years of age, when he was taking the commercial course at the academy, preparatory to going into business, he was prostrated by an obscure spinal disease and condemned to a "mattress-grave" for nine years. For the last five years he has been able to sit in a wheeled chair, and for two summers has had the delight of an occasional drive in the neighbourhood of the city. The rest of his story is that of his literary work.

Lying, as he says, "les pieds à la même hauteur que la tête," the weary hours were lightened by the reading of books lent him by friends. Especially the poetry of Villon, Ronsard, Du Bellay, Baudelaire, and Musset delighted him. The "mal de rimer" seized him, and he wrote many lyrics which were read not only at the soirées of the Jeune École, but appeared in local French journals. They brought him reputation and friends. When Charles ab der Halden was writing his "Nouvelles études de la littérature française-canadienne," he wrote to M. Lozeau, asking for examples of his work. They were sent in the only form possible,—

newspaper cuttings. The suggestion of the critic that a selection be published in book form sank into the mind of the poet, but lack of means prevented him from carrying it into effect. It was shortly after this that Sir Wilfrid Laurier played the part of fairy god-father. He called to see M. Lozeau, enquired what would be the initial cost of bringing out a volume, and a few days later sent a cheque sufficient to defray the expenses of having it produced in Paris. Feeling that his own critical faculty was not keen enough to distinguish his best work, M. Lozeau requested the assistance of M. ab der Halden, and once more sent his large collection of cuttings to Paris. The chosen poems were forwarded to Rudeval Frères, with a personal letter from the author which so fascinated the editors that they inserted it in the preface to the volume, believing that it was the best possible commentary on M. Lozeau's particular talent.

" Je suis, dit-il, un ignorant. Je ne sais pas ma langue. Je balbutie en vers assez harmonieux (j'adore la musique), souples et lâches. Je n'ai pas d'idées. Je rêve et ne pense pas. J'imagine, je n'observe pas. J'exprime des sentiments que je ressentirais. Il m'est parfois arrivé d'en exprimer que j'ai ressenti. J'ai vu des arbres à travers des fenêtres. J'écris des sonnets de préférence, parce que j'ai l'haleine assez courte. . . J'ai rimé pour tuer le temps qui me tuait par revanche. . . Je suis particulièrement abondant en faiblesses. C'est que je n'ai pas fait mon cours classique, que je ne sais pas le latin dont la connaissance est indispensable pour bien écrire le français. . . C'est par des bouquins que me passaient mes amis, que je me suis mis au courant et que le mal de rimer m'a pris. Je dis le mal de rimer, mais pour moi ce n'était pas un mal, c'était plutôt un bien, qui m'a, je le crois sincèrement, arraché au désespoir et à la mort."

There was a further sifting of the material sent and " L'Ame solitaire " appeared, a delightful collection of lyrics. The editors were not alone in looking kindly on this first

venture of an obscure poet. The reviewers, both French and English, noticed it at length, the English even more appreciatively than the French, and a rapid sale followed, exhausting an edition of eleven thousand copies in a few months. A second edition was readily issued by the publishers at their own risk, and this, too, is now practically exhausted. Naturally this success encouraged M. Lozeau. He has continued his contributions to newspapers and magazines, and looks forward to publishing a second volume this year, including poems descriptive of the beauty of places in the neighbourhood of Montreal.

Undoubtedly the circumstances of M. Lozeau have had something to do with the universal warmth of appreciation and interest with which his work has been received. A youth who could, in the seclusion of a sick room, out of the study of his own heart, give to the world songs throbbing with passion or filled with delight in the beauty and music of the earth, had in him that which touched the most generous and kindly chords in human nature. But on their own merits these songs deserve their welcome. They are the frank and sincere expression, simple, natural, and direct, of the emotions of a sensitive mind. Naturally gay, not even long years " with his heels as high as his head " have made M. Lozeau melancholy, or quenched the light-hearted movement of his verse. Without the restrictions of the older Canadian poets, he deals with subjects of general human interest, he speaks in the universal language of the heart.

In the different reviews of his book, nearly every poem has been quoted. Not a few have been translated, for their simple directness is most fascinating to the translator. It is perhaps to this characteristic should be ascribed the cordial appreciation of the English readers. The keen French student of literature misses the fine turns of expression, the skilful use of epigram in which he delights, but to a people with whom directness and simplicity are the basis of style, there is something very attractive about such verses as the " Chanson des mots," beginning,

" Il est des mots qui sont des joies
Et d'autres qui sont des douleurs,
D'autres ont la douceur des soies,
D'autres ont l'arome des fleurs."

In this poem also appears the Gallic lightness of touch that no " mattress prison " has been able to destroy. To quote again the words of M. ab der Halden: " Le combat de l'esprit net et lucide contre la chair meurtrie est un des caractères les plus hauts de sa poésie. Si la chair a souffert l'âme a sa liberté."

There are a few poems where a gloomier tendency appears. One of these stands high in the opinions of M. Lozeau's admirers, and has been translated under the title of " Inconsistency."

" Ah! pourquoi donc les yeux, si ce n'est pour pleurer;
Et le cœur, pour aimer jusques à la souffrance;
Et la chair, pour saigner et pourrir; et l'enfance,
Pour vieillir; et l'espoir pour se désespérer!

Pourquoi surtout, pourquoi le mensonge du rêve,
Quand on gémit captif de la réalité,
Si ce n'est pour en être à toute heure hanté,
Pour en apprendre aussi l'inanité sans trêve!

Tout ce qui semble bon, à l'essai nous trahit.
L'illusion nous rit: c'est par elle qu'on souffre!
Si nous nous élevons, en bas s'ouvre le gouffre,
Que nous creuse la fuite à mesure qu'on fuit!

Et nous tombons toujours comme fait un homme ivre,
Toujours désespérés, mais fiers d'être debout!
Car nous nous relevons sans cesse, et jusqu'au bout
Nous maudissons la vie, heureux de toujours vivre!"

Allied to the poet's happiness of disposition is the deep love of music which is perhaps the most striking feature of the whole collection of poems. It appears everywhere in the love poems. The fair one has " les mains musiciennes " and " la musique des yeux." In his poet's calendar, " Les Chansons des mois," autumn sings a cradle song, June has

melodious murmurs, the sunshine of April is, like music, perfect in rhythm. Indeed, a section of the volume is devoted entirely to music and musicians. It contains some of the most charming of his verses. All the pleasure that the outside world might have afforded in the days of opening manhood has been concentrated in this one resource left to him. Every instrument has its song of praise, even the homely " piano d'Italie." A clever piece of genre work is " Mandolines."

" Mandolines
Cristallines
Vous avez un triste lot:
Vos notes sont des échardes,
Risible est votre sanglot,
O criardes!

Votre accord—
Passe encor
Lorsqu'avec art on vous pince—
Fin comme un accent aigu,
Mais souvent plus que lui mince,
N'est ému.

. . . . . .

Le destin,
C'est certain,
Vous fit la poitrine frêle,
Puisqu'on vous entend tousser,
D'une exécrable toux grêle,
Sans cesser . . . ."

The section closes with a beautiful little " Rondel musical."

" La musique berce nos peines
Et les endort pour un moment,
Comme en ses bras bonne maman
Berce bébé, des heures pleines.

Tout cède à son enchantement,
Regrets, remords, désespoirs, haines, . . .
La musique berce nos peines
Et les endort pour un moment.

Doux vent d'oubli soufflé des plaines
Bienheureuses du firmament;
Harmonieux apaisement;
Opium des âmes humaines, . . .
La musique berce nos peines."

Some of the songs have been set to music. M. Letondal composed notes for one of the most delicate of the lyrics, " Le Beau Jour."

" Oh! le ciel bleu! le clair ciel bleu!
Eclatant là-haut comme un feu
Qui flamberait frais et tout bleu,
Si bleu, si bleu!

Oh! le vent doux! le bon vent doux!
Qui passe en caresse sur nous,
Comme un frôlement de doigts doux,
Si doux, si doux!

Oh! le jour léger, calme et beau!
Qui plane comme un grand oiseau,
Et qui disparaîtra plus beau,
Si beau, si beau!"

Another that, like this, almost sings itself and has been also set to music is entitled " Rondel sur la neige."

" La neige fine, fine, tombe
Du ciel hier profond et bleu,
Et dans la rue, enflée un peu,
La neige par endroit surplombe.

La neige fine tombe. Il pleut
Comme un fin duvet de colombe.
La neige fine, fine, tombe
Du ciel hier profond et bleu.

Le teint du mendiant se plombe:
Il gèle. Ah! qu'on fasse du feu
Et qu'on héberge, au nom de Dieu,
Le pauvre, de peur qu'il succombe!
La neige fine, fine, tombe. . . "

In his love poems, M. Lozeau makes a new departure in French-Canadian poetry. " Le Désir " and " Le Regret "

have the throb of passion, the true lover's ardour, found in no work of his predecessors. In this respect he marks " l'aube d'une renaissance littéraire dans notre pays. Et si M. Lozeau n'avait écrit quelques pièces qui méritent à peu près le nom de vers d'amour, on pourrait se demander avec inquiétude si ces jeunes gens ont un cœur et des sens." The same writer later predicts that the ripe talent of this young poet will gain applause from all lovers of poetry. One of the best known of the love poems, " L'Attente," is placed at the beginning of the volume. This is perhaps more frequently quoted than others by the reviewers:

" Mon cœur est maintenant ouvert comme une porte.
Il vous attend, ma Bien-Aimée: y viendrez-vous?
Que vous veniez demain ou plus tard, que m'importe!
Le jour, lointain ou proche, en sera-t-il moins doux?

. . . . . .

Une heure seulement de pure jouissance,
Pourvu que Dieu m'accorde un quart de siècle entier
De rêve intérieur et de jeune espérance,
Pour méditer sur elle et pour l'étudier,

Pour ordonner l'instant et régler la seconde,
Pour que rien ne se perde et que tout soit joui
Jusqu'à la moindre miette, et que le temps du monde
S'envole, n'emportant que de l'évanoui!

Une heure suffira. J'aurai vécu ma vie
Aussi pleine qu'un fleuve au large de son cours,
L'ayant d'une heure, mieux que de jours fous, emplie;
D'une heure, essence et fruit substantiel des jours!

Mon cœur est maintenant ouvert comme une porte.
Il vous attend, ma Bien-Aimée: y viendrez-vous?
Que vous veniez demain ou plus tard, il n'importe!
Mon attente d'amour fera de telle sorte

Que mon lointain bonheur en deviendra plus doux."

The loved one is not a dream but a passionate reality in " Le Secret des yeux " and " Le Bonheur." The closing stanzas of the latter, especially, show a depth of sentiment surprising in a youth whose life has been so shut away from the companionship of others. Yet this is marked, like all

his work, by a lofty purity which is an unbroken tradition of French-Canadian writers.

" Tu ne m'as jamais dit: Baise-moi sur les yeux,
Lentement, longuement, afin de goûter mieux. . . .
Tu ne m'as jamais dit cela....Tes deux mains nues,
Je les ai quand je veux, d'elles-mêmes venues.
Tes lèvres, je les sais prêtes à mon baiser:
Elles n'ont pas voulu jamais se refuser,
Ni ton front où, parfois, à ton insu, se joue
Une mèche d'or brun, ni ton front, ni ta joue.
Car ton cœur jeune et franc répète chaque jour,
Que l'amour ne doit pas dire non à l'amour,
Et qu'il est, par bonheur, de légitimes fièvres
Qui s'expriment par la caresse de nos lèvres!
Mais si l'être caché transparaît dans les yeux,
Comme à travers l'eau pure un fond mystérieux;
Si ce qu'on aime et cherche est là, dans les prunelles,
Qui se concentre, intime, et se révèle en elles,
Ah! laisse-moi, malgré tes paupières de chair,
Dont le frêle tissue si mince est presque clair,
Laisse-moi, rougissant comme une exquise femme,
Poser sur tes deux yeux un baiser sur ton âme!"

To his unfortunate contemporary and friend, Emile Nelligan, he has addressed a sonnet full of admiration for his genius and grief for its eclipse:

" Tu montais radieux dans la grande lumière,
Enivré d'idéal, éperdu de beauté,
D'un merveilleux essor de force et de fierté,
Fuyant avec dédain la route coutumière.

Tu montais emporté par ton ardeur première,
Battant d'un vol géant la haute immensité,
Et là, tout près d'atteindre à ton éternité,
Tu planais, triste et beau, dans la clarté plénière.

Mesurant du regard le vaste espace bleu,
Tu sentis la fatigue envahir peu à peu
La précoce vigueur de tes ailes sublimes.

Alors, fermant ton vol largement déployé,
O destin! tu tombas d'abîmes en abîmes,
Comme un aigle royal en plein ciel foudroyé!"

" L'Ame solitaire " is not only a valuable contribution to our literature, but it gives promise of finer work when a deeper experience of life shall enable M. Lozeau to write what he thinks and knows instead of what he dreams and imagines. To quote once more M. ab der Halden: " Très intelligent et très averti, il lui manque quelque chose, et le jour où M. Lozeau, renonçant à sa joliesse un peu mièvre ou à sa fantaisie un peu conventionnelle, exprimera de vraies émotions et de vraies pensées, il sera l'artiste le plus complet de son pays."

MUSICAL ROUNDEL

Sweet music softly cradles grief,
And lulls it to a moment's rest,
As on the gentle mother's breast
The cradled babe finds oft relief.

All yields to her enchantment blest,
Love, hate, remorse, despair are brief. . .
Sweet music softly cradles grief
And lulls it to a moment's rest.

Soft Lethe wind that stirs the leaf
On happy meadows of the sky,
Oblivion-bringing harmony,
The human spirit's poppy-sheaf. . .
Sweet music softly cradles grief.

ROUNDEL ON THE SNOW

The snow is falling fine, so fine,
From skies so lately blue and deep,
And on the road in feathery heap
Lies soft on each projecting line.

The snow falls fine, it floats in hue
Like flakes of down that dove's breast line;
The snow is falling fine, so fine,
From skies so lately deep and blue.

The beggar's hue is leaden quite:
'Tis freezing. Let us fan the flame
And shelter in the good God's name
The outcast, lest he die this night:
The snow is falling light, so light.

K. CAMPBELL