



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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THE MEMORIAL TOWER

HALIFAX, 1758-1912

i

NOT wrung by force, not by rebellion stained,
Came civil freedom here in peace to dwell;
'Twas England's gift, deliberate, unconstrained;
And England's daughter, all the world to tell,
How dear she prizes such a gift divine,
Has made this tower an everlasting sign.

ii

First of free states within the Empire's fold
To rule herself, the Mayflower Province keeps
In constant mind her primacy of old;
And, while the tide her iron coast-line sweeps,
By this tall cairn, unto the latest age,
Shall teach her children their proud heritage.

iii

These stones were laid in loyalty; these walls
Were reared in bond of world-wide empery;
These broad foundations, whatso'er befalls,
Betoken union knit from sea to sea.
And in the building, mother and daughter lands
Have joined their off'rings, and set to their hands.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE INTELLECTUAL DEATH

I.—THE JOYLESS WISDOM

“For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun’s hot eye,
With heads bent o’er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD

WE used to be taught in the old times—such of us at least as attended the Scottish Minerva in her orthodox temples—that the chief end of man was to glorify God and rejoice in Him all the days of his life; and as the lesson was commonly enforced upon our tenderness without mitigation or remorse of hand, I suppose we are not likely to forget it for the rest of our earthly span. *How* God was to be glorified and rejoiced in was not, so far as I can remember, indicated with any clearness, and, to be honest, I do not know that many of us concerned ourselves very greatly about that matter; possibly our actual glorification of Him, such as it was, would be all the more effectual and acceptable in consequence. However that may be, I think that those old Puritanical instructors of youth, in spite of their sourness and severity, do yet merit our respect, inasmuch as they not only asked a question to which some sort of reply must necessarily be given before any reasonable system of education can be evolved, but also supplied an answer to it. In its own way, too, it is an excellent answer, notwithstanding a suggestion of vagueness, and I should be quite ready to adopt it as the basis for my own little educational air-castles, provided I may be allowed to interpret it in my own fashion. I shall, however, come to that later on.

Here I only wish to point out that much of our modern education seems to be reared on foundations that are at least equally indefinite and a good deal more unsatisfactory; indeed, one might go the length of saying that it is an attempt to build without any solid foundation at all. In so far as it has any definite object in view beyond enabling its disciples to pass examinations, it appears to aim at supplying promiscuous information and inspiring a belief in the virtue of intellectual work for its own sake. Now I do not dispute that information is occasionally serviceable, and intellectual work occasionally desirable, but I wish to protest against any theory that regards either the one or the other as intrinsically good; and in this preliminary skirmish I shall, from a safe distance, fling a pebble or two at that powerful and much honoured giant, *Work-for-Work's-Sake*. I am no David, and my little missiles will prove very harmless even if they should happen to hit their mark; so the Philistines need not feel at all alarmed.

I maintain, then, that we have nearly all of us, nowadays, a preposterous notion of the importance and value of work. By work in this sense, I mean, of course, intellectual and artistic work—so-called—as distinguished from the necessary labour of life. The latter takes its due place in any rational conception of life, and though, like most obvious and indispensable things, it is generally ignored in theory by educationalists and other people of superior attainments, it is sufficiently exploited by them in practice. We are all dependent upon it, and it may be fairly questioned whether any one who does not do his own share of it can be properly in touch with humanity at all. When intellectual work is so entirely divorced from this labour as is usually the case in our professional and academical circles to-day, its products run a considerable risk of being vitiated and rendered useless: they are like the artificial liver and bacon which an enterprising tradesman is recorded to have put upon the market with a modest advertisement of its being “wholesome or nearly so”—exceedingly ingenious in conception but decidedly innutritious as an article of human nature’s daily food. I shall not, however, expatiate on that point at present.

The thesis I am anxious to combat, namely, that such intellectual work must in itself be admirable, is nearly always associated with the kindred fallacy that there is necessarily something meritorious in unpleasant work of this kind. The latter notion has so permeated the atmosphere we breathe that even those of us who are in our hearts convinced of its inherent falsity are, nevertheless, influenced by it against our will. I suppose we are all of us familiar with the feeling that a morning has been well spent simply because we feel it to have been unpleasantly spent. We may, more or less dimly, recognize that the commentary we have been writing is a mere encumbrance to the text, that the index we have been compiling is the index to a useless book, that the scientific abstract we have been making is a hindrance, not a help, to any serviceable thought, and yet, in spite of ourselves, we also have a sneaking self-congratulatory feeling that we have justified our existence for those wasted hours solely because we have submitted to pass them in dull and tedious drudgery. I do not say that there is not some small excuse for such a sentiment when the taskwork in which we have been engaged is done for daily bread; we can then shift the initial responsibility of our labour on to other shoulders and may perhaps indulge in a certain complacency at having finished our spell with credit. Doubtless the Israelites in their Egyptian bondage felt every now and then a good deal of satisfaction when the tale of bricks was prosperously achieved. But there are innumerable cases in which the sentiment I speak of has not even this slight palliation, and it is to be explained, I think, as a form of unconscious ascetism—the pestilent ascetism which declares that because a thing is disagreeable we are bound to be benefited by it. Whereas, if we pass a morning in doing something that makes us happy to do and that brings us no immediately tangible reward, the pernicious suggestions made to us in our early youth or inherited from our still tyrannous forbears for ever so many generations back, rise up in us and persuade our foolish conscious selves, so ready always to be overborne by any specious, confident lie, that the precious moments

are fleeting past us unutilized; so that we actually imagine we must have been doing something reprehensible. A lady of my acquaintance used to say that she never permitted herself to read a really interesting book before lunch without experiencing a sense of having wasted her time, and I suppose some smack of the same feeling lingers on even in the best of us; for while it is generally not beyond our power, in the course of time, to part from the undisguised vices (or at least to suffer them to depart from us) the pseudo-virtues cling to us with invincible tenacity. One would have to be very great and good before one could thoroughly realize that happiness is an end in itself—that if we have been legitimately happy we have done the best possible thing not only for ourselves but for all about us. At any rate, so far as this intellectual or artistic work is concerned, I am convinced that there is only one complete justification for it, and this is that it should be done simply and solely because one likes to do it.

Ruskin, who in the course of his life said pretty well everything vital that has to be said about education, remarks somewhere that “all literature, art, and science are vain, and worse, if they do not enable you to be glad, and glad justly.” This implies, I think, that they must also be produced spontaneously and with pleasure. I do not, of course, mean that work—persistent and painful work—may not be requisite for their production; but it must be undertaken willingly and performed without conscious strain. The man who is genuinely interested in anything may be trusted to labour at it eagerly enough; he will be content to go through such preliminary drudgery as is necessary and will scarcely feel that it is drudgery; and even if he should unduly overtax his strength in the eagerness to accomplish his desire, there will be no sense of forced effort in what he does. He will rejoice, not perhaps in the actual labour but in what it brings him—the opportunity of expressing himself according to his true bent. “I don’t like work,” observes a character in one of Mr. Conrad’s tales, “no man does—but I like what is in the work,—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality

—for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know.” But I am afraid there are not many of our scholars and men of science who labour in that spirit. Far oftener it is precisely the reverse: instead of finding themselves in their work, they lose themselves more and more irretrievably; a mechanical habit of industry takes the place of vital impulse, turns out an endless succession of quite useless products, and not only considers itself thereby entitled to honour and reward but actually has its claims acknowledged. And, as a consequence, literature, art, and science are smothered almost to death under the accumulations of rubbish heaped upon them by such painful assiduity.

Think what a tranquil place the world would be without all the things that have been made with dull effort or unhappy toil. Think of the blessed absence of all the physical and mental paraphernalia by which our lives are embarrassed—the hideous household ornaments, the foolish luxuries of fashion, the empty newspapers, the depressing novels, the dreary treatises, the futile scientific researches—in fact, nearly all the products of modern intellectual and artistic commerce. It may sound a daring thing to say, but I really believe that the only art and literature unreservedly and permanently good for humanity are those that have come out of the happiness of their makers. Of course, an immense amount of very capable and clever work has been produced from other motives—from the need of money, the desire of occupation, the thirst for fame, and so on; but take it all in all, the world could get on satisfactorily enough without it. Even in the case of such excellent work, as, for instance, much of George Eliot’s—work that has been done mainly to distract thought and deaden sorrow—I should be inclined to say that, valuable and worthy of respect as it unquestionably is in its way, its loss would not be altogether a matter for regret. But if a thing has been wrought for pleasure’s sake, there is always something delightful and heartening in it: it may not be in any sense “great,” but the happiness that has brought it into being renders it charming. The great genius exercises

his great gift because he cannot help doing so; the lesser exercises, or ought to exercise, his small talent because he really likes to; but he who works at art, or literature, or science, with conscious effort and as a duty, is on a wrong track altogether, even though all the guideposts he has consulted on his journey may have agreed in directing him thither.

The view that such industry is in itself commendable has, I imagine, gained its vogue chiefly in consequence of the practice and preaching of various gloomy, earnest, and dissatisfied mortals who, finding life a burdensome business, addicted themselves to hard, intellectual labour as, on the whole, a safer and more effective narcotic than society or strong drink. Possibly it is, but I think its uses have been unduly advocated. Carlyle is responsible for a good deal of the modern misconception on the subject in this country, though it must in fairness be added that the misconception is often due to his interpreters rather than to himself; and Zola is a flagrant instance of one who deified work for its own sake without any discrimination. The doctrine, being presented to the public in a serious and insistent fashion, has naturally got itself widely accepted and has done an immense amount of mischief; so that nowadays any indefatigable wretch who wishes to make a name for himself in the intellectual world sets about the business with a positive sense of virtue, and actually supposes himself a public benefactor when he employs other people about his trumpery. This is, of course, a quite unwarrantable assumption. If the resultant work be, as it very frequently is, merely a laborious compilation of insignificant facts or the exposition of worthless theories or a presentment of unwholesome imaginings, its production is as much an economical iniquity as any extravagance of luxury. The first thing, then, that a sane system of education has to recognize is that industry of this nature may do more harm than good; and along with the fallacy of work for work's sake it must rid itself of the twin fallacy of information for information's sake. I now propose—solely, of course, for the pleasure of the thing—to state my views, very briefly and gently, on that subject.

II.—LEARNED LUMBER

“How lovely! To think that there are all those books,—and that one need not read them.”

EDWARD CARPENTER

It was Tennyson, I think, who was once moved to the solemn enquiry, “Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail against her beauty?” If by knowledge he meant what the majority of people mean when they use the word, I must confess that I for one have no ardent affection for the lady and have frequently been inclined to rail against her charms. But I daresay—though I am afraid I cannot feel quite sure of it—that Tennyson understood what he was talking about and did not make the common mistake of confusing knowledge with her ugly sister erudition. At any rate, in what I have to say regarding the theory that learning is to be pursued for its own sake, I should like to protest at the outset that I have no desire to cast any unkind reflections on the real fairy princess.

The main difficulty in dealing with the subject is that there is, of course, one sense in which the doctrine I have just quoted is perfectly true, and another in which it is false and mischievous, and it is therefore necessary to distinguish between them. Unquestionably boys and girls should be shown that learning is to be loved and followed after for its own sake, and not for the ulterior ends of material success, yet they must on no account be persuaded that it is incumbent upon them to grasp indiscriminately at all learning, but must be allowed to confine their attention to what they will study with a natural and prompt alacrity. Probably every one has an interest in something or other, if only he were permitted to find it out, instead of being crushed under the steam-roller of information which he doesn't want and which ought, by rights, to be kept out of sight and out of mind as far as may be. The result of cramming pupils with promiscuous masses of information is that they lose the sense of what they really like, and at last either dislike all learning as such, or, worse still, delude

themselves into a belief that it is all equally delightful and that to swallow down as much of it as possible is, in Sir Andrew's phrase, "as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry." Now, the fact is that information is mostly a useless thing. Unless it can be serviceably applied or gives real and vital pleasure to its possessor, it is simply an encumbrance, and though no doubt it may always lay claim to a certain potential value, yet this is so trifling that it seldom repays one for the trouble of gathering and storing it. As a rule our mental apartments are filled by our educational outfitters with a wilderness of lumber, while the few really necessary articles—the chair, table, and fireplace—are left out altogether.

I should say, then, that it is a gratuitous piece of folly to learn anything that one does not really want to learn, just as it is a gratuitous insult to tell people instructive facts that they do not want to know. I am sure that nobody who has ever suffered from the companionship of one bitten by the mania for imparting information will dispute the latter assertion. One need only listen to a circle of average "cultured" members of any of the learned professions—schoolmasters, university professors, and the like—when they are counting over their conversational small change in company and edifying themselves and their friends with what it pleases them to call "good talk;" one need only observe how they spend the time in passing about bad threepenny-bits to one another, each man pretending that the coins are fresh out of the mint and handing them back to his neighbour with that gravity which smacks so unmistakably of unreality,—in order to confirm one's distrust of most of such doctors. And in their business hours they are generally engaged in doing the same thing in an even more portentous fashion; they make a parade of their erudition, surround it with mystery, represent it as something eminently precious, and labour to instil into their youthful hearers a quite erroneous conception of life and learning.

Now, to get rid of impressions thus formed in one's early years is naturally a very difficult matter; indeed, many people never manage to escape from the troublesome and foolish falsehoods that have been forced upon them in this way; and when once the pestilent doctrine that learning is an end in itself has taken firm root, the desire for the acquisition of facts is often so unduly stimulated that it demands constant attention and grows into a positive disease. It may seem a very elementary and obvious truth that information is no good whatsoever unless you are able to digest it, but it is a truth that requires spreading in the educational institutions of most countries. Pupils should be made to realize that intellectual excess is just as bad as any other sort of excess and just as disgusting; an inordinate craving for information does, indeed, generally lead to the almost incurable disease of "culture," which might be defined as the grasping of ideas by main strength and holding on to them as outside burdens, the mental system being too feeble to assimilate them with itself. The only thing to be done with a child in the matter of instruction is to find out, by observation, what it really likes doing and then help it to gratify its propensities in the only natural manner, namely, by allowing it to follow the example of the First Witch in Macbeth and to do, to do, and to do. The fatal notion that the right method is not to permit a pupil to do things but to teach him *how* they should be done, is deeply implanted in the modern mind. We give him endless rules and suggest to him difficulties that he would probably never have thought of if he had been left alone, with the result that, when at last he is given an opportunity of putting all this theory into practice, he finds himself hopelessly hampered; and it may take him years and years to get quit of all the noxious ideas that have been so wantonly imposed upon him from outside.

The truth is, most of us have such extremely weak intellectual digestions that we should live much more happily and healthily on half or quarter of the supplies that we try to thrust upon our hard-used mechanism. As Samuel Butler

remarks, "a man is a fool to learn anything until he has been conscious for a long time of being uncomfortable without the knowledge;" and Tolstoi implies the same thing when he declares geography to be, generally speaking, a useless science. "Why," he asks, "should I bother as to where Siam is? If I want to go to Siam, I can find out its position and how to get there in half an hour; and if, as is highly probable, I never want to go to Siam, why on earth should I trouble my head about it?" Surely this is thoroughly sensible and what any normal person, unvitiated by cultured influence, would think of his own accord. Of course if a child should happen to be fond of looking at a map, studying it, and finding out about distant places, let him do so by all means. His natural bent is that way, and he may learn about Siam or even extend his survey of the world from China to Peru, if he likes, without any danger of becoming a cultured person. Indeed, that will be the best possible thing for himself and others, for it is always a pleasure to be in the presence of some one who is eagerly interested in any subject and ready to share his enjoyment of it by talking unaffectedly about it. This statement, I need hardly say, is by no means inconsistent with my former condemnation of the determined dispenser of information for information's sake; it is precisely because the information is regarded by the latter as an end in itself that we find it so insufferably dull, and though no doubt a high complacency may attend his exertions, yet they are assuredly not fed by the springs of living joy.

In such a scheme as I have hinted at, the child would become a participator in its own education—surely a most desirable thing for it to be. It would quite unconsciously choose its own subject, or subjects, and be healthily indifferent to the other vast possibilities that might offer themselves. There would be no shame to it if it had never heard of Julius Cæsar, or Magna Charta, or the fifth proposition of Euclid, or any such oddments; and no one would think the worse of it if its acquaintance with botanical or zoölogical nomenclature were as small as Adam's in the early days of Eden—not that

the latter supposition, at any rate, is a very likely one, for most children are naturally curious about beasts and flowers and would gladly learn to distinguish an oxlip from a cowslip and a whitethorn from a black, if only they got the opportunity. Under such conditions most people would probably turn their best attention to the things that lay immediately round about them, and would more or less ignore what was distant. The exceptional person, besides being interested in the former class of affairs, would also show some decided affection for one or two other subjects, and would work diligently and peacefully at them: he would represent the artistic and intellectual part of the community—the men of talent who are naturally prompted to write, make music, paint, invent, and so on. As for those who would apply themselves to a multitude of divers subjects and do so successfully, they would represent genius, but they would be few and far between. The fact is that only the very great ones of the earth, men or women, are strong enough to carry the heavy load of knowledge along with their humanity, and without this exceptional strength people are better left in the contentment of wholesome indifference. It was safe enough for Shakespeare, and perhaps even for Bacon (if one may be permitted to regard the two as separate entities), to indulge in anything that tempted them, even to the extent of taking all knowledge for their province; they were great eaters, and, as George Herbert remarks, "a good digestion turneth all to meat." But it was not at all safe for Mr. Casaubon to draw near a bookshelf; he had a delicate intellectual digestion and ought to have denied himself pleasures that he was unfitted to partake of. It comes, of course, in this as in most other things, to a question of suitability. What a person can assimilate, let him have by all means; but do not persuade him, before he is in a condition to judge for himself, that it is his bounden duty to make a Strassburg goose of himself. Holofernes is far too fond of setting the dainties that are bred in a book before his pupils and impressing upon them what a delightful thing it is to eat paper and drink ink; and as many of the poor

creatures are fatally trustful and obedient, they run a good chance of being ruined for life.

Fortune has recently thrown me a good deal into the society of a "well-educated and cultured" lady who has been thus corrupted. She might really have been a very pleasant, cheerful, sensible companion if only she had never been taught to read, but unluckily she was sent to school and, being of a bidable disposition, was unable to withstand the malign influences of the place. It certainly is a misfortune—I am not sure that it is not something worse—for a child to be credulous and conscientious in these days. The consequence was that she believed everything she was told, and almost worked herself into a nervous prostration in endeavouring to fulfil her tasks. She studied most of the day and a great part of the night; and when, later on, her bad angel led her to Germany, she plunged more deeply yet into the pit where they struggle together for useless information. There was no one to tell her that she might just as well have made a habit of eating three dinners one after the other; so she listened to any quantity of music without comprehending a note of it, frequented picture-galleries and gazed upon the visible souls of the great without beholding them, and read masses of standard literature without understanding a page. The things fell on to the surface of her mind, and unfortunately a good many of them still stick there and are a trial to any sensible person in her neighbourhood, as well as a great nuisance to herself, though of course she is now quite beyond the perception of that fact. Instead of occupying herself with the kindly, practical domesticities, as Nature intended her to do, she imagines that she must take an intelligent interest in politics, art, and education, dutifully peruses the various notable productions of light and heavy literature, attends lectures and debates with the assiduity of Mrs. Jefferson Brick and her companions, and altogether is a much more harassed and unhappy woman than she ought to be by rights.

That is the one great type of the intellectual triumph achieved by our education; we may perhaps call it the docile.

The other—the facile—is probably even less desirable. Its representatives possess a certain worthless power of appearing to comprehend when comprehension is really far from them, and as this power is eminently serviceable in the examination room, where the ensconcing themselves into seeming knowledge, as Lafeu says, is all that is required, it is cultivated without scruple by preceptors and pupils alike. In fact, it constitutes the main part of what is generally understood by “cleverness,” and cleverness has in our times reached such appalling proportions and holds such an unwarrantable position of honour that I must give myself a fresh chapter to deal with it even in the most summary fashion.

III.—THE BADGE OF THE DEVIL

Philaminte Depuis assez longtemps mon âme s'inquiète
De ce qu'aucun esprit en vous ne se fait voir . . .

Henriette J'aime à vivre aisément et, dans tout ce qu'on dit,
Il faut se trop peiner pour avoir de l'esprit.
C'est une ambition que je n'ai point en tête;
Je me trouve fort bien, ma mère d'être bête.

MOLIÈRE

IN the old times, if we may credit Juvenal, beauty was the gift with which devout parents most frequently petitioned the gods to endow their children. Nowadays, should our prospective fathers and mothers deem it advisable to trouble the heavens at all about such businesses, they would rather, I fancy, be disposed to put in a plea for plenty of cleverness in their offspring. At all events the quality is honoured, boasted of, cultivated, and exhibited to a quite unreasonable extent, for it is at least as dangerous to its proprietor as beauty, and nothing like so agreeable to other people. Indeed, for my own part I have come to regard it as about the most unenviable gift that a malicious fairy can bestow upon her unlucky godchild, and if ever I am told of some promising youth who shows signs of “amazing cleverness,” I feel tolerably confident in my own mind that he is extremely unlikely to come to any good or do anything useful; at any

rate he will first have to spend many weary years in contriving to get rid of such a hampering possession. And yet this is the quality that modern education, by its system of examinations, its spirit of competition, and its general commercialism, tends to foster above all others.

Perhaps I should endeavour to define a little more clearly what I mean by cleverness, for the word is inevitably used with a great deal of latitude, and of course I am prepared to admit that it need not always imply inherent worthlessness in its subject. Literally, if I am not mistaken, it signifies a readiness to catch hold of a thing; and it will perhaps be sufficient for my purpose if quickness of apprehension, as distinct from quickness of comprehension, be taken as its essential characteristic. Of course the two things are not incompatible with each other, and it would be absurd to regard such quickness of apprehension as an evil in itself; indeed, it is probably an attribute of most master-minds, only in their case it is always kept in its proper place, aided and rendered effectual by other more solid qualities. After all, the epithet "clever" is not one that we dream of applying to any of the indisputably great: who, except Lord Frederick Verisopht, would ever describe Shakespeare as a clever man? It is true that Mr. Bernard Shaw is fond of referring to himself in similar terms, but no doubt that is only his modesty. If we feel that any one is merely clever—if, I mean, that is the quality that recurs again and again to our mind as distinctively his—we are paying him, I think, a very doubtful compliment and hinting pretty strongly that in his case surface carries the day over substance. That, after all, is the truth about cleverness: it is only a veneer, sometimes quite a charming and legitimate one, but more often noxious and demoralizing in its deceptiveness.

The sphere of art naturally affords the aptest illustrations of cleverness and its ways, and I shall therefore attempt to make my meaning a little plainer by a consideration of what we see there. We find that the clever artist is always more concerned about the husk of the things with

which he deals than about the kernel; the nuts with which he supplies us are capital to look at, and we may be ready enough to admire, and even take pleasure in, the exquisite polish of their shells, but they yield no sustenance inside. Now the genuine artist is always concerned primarily with the vital fruit, and only secondarily with the covering that encases it. Hence it is that cleverness is infallibly a sign of decadence in any period of art in which it is obtrusive. During the formation of any school, the Early Fathers are, I suppose, too intent upon the essential matter and how practically to accomplish what they have in their minds to have any leisure to be clever. No doubt they practise technique, strenuously and devotedly it may be, but still only for the other and more important end—to reach the truth that lies behind it. They do not practise art for art's sake, but for the sake of something beyond—as a means of lifting some corner of that veil which hides from us such wonderful treasures of beauty and happiness. And so long as the attainment of technique is thus unconscious, as it were, and subservient to the greater end, so long as the artist is working to discover some fragment more of the truth that lies at the back of all, just so long may he safely and unreservedly give himself up to his art. He will thus master it without being mastered by it, and all the while he will be unaware or careless of his greatness as an artist, regarding his labour merely as a bridge to bring him a little nearer to his ideal. It almost seems, however, as if human nature were incapable of sustained effort along such wise and unselfish lines. There always comes a period when the mind becomes concentrated on some one thing—some thought or emotion—as an end in itself, and from that moment the decline of the school, or the individual, has begun. Once a certain technical perfection has been reached, the attention of the artist becomes, it would appear, inevitably concentrated thereon, and in the effort to refine upon it still further he is led to regard technique as an end in itself, and no longer as a means to some other and greater end. Dogmas are formed, hard and fast

rules are laid down, virtuosity sets up its flag, the sedulous ape makes his appearance, and the period of cleverness is declared.

I fancy one could trace this evolution through most forms of art, if only one knew enough about them, but naturally I can make no claims to any such omniscience and must confine myself to the generalization. In the early periods of any great artistic or religious movement there has always been a spontaneous outburst of energy: people have created, not indeed without labour, but happily and unconsciously, rejoicing in their work and yet throwing it from them as a squirrel throws the nut from which it has extracted the kernel. Head and heart have been pretty equally divided, as I suppose they have to be if anything healthy is to come to birth. Where either one or the other rules exclusively, the balance is lost, the attention is focussed too absolutely on some single point, the great truth behind it is ignored, and cleverness is left to eat its own heart. The total abstainer, for example, loses himself because he fixes his regard on water-drinking as an end in itself, and not as one small means to a greater end; the rigid evangelicals come to grief because they consider religion as an end in itself, and not as the most effectual means of lightening the burden of the mystery of the world; and so with any other such obsession. Of course such people need not necessarily be clever, but they have the vices of a clever age. They are no longer passionately interested in life, in finding out more and more about it; they are content to observe and admire a technique that formed the least important part of the legacy left them by the great masters.

It may be thought that I have wandered very far from my subject, but I trust I have not lost sight of it entirely. The point I am anxious to make is that there is nowadays a deplorable amount of exceedingly clever and exceedingly innutritious production in art, literature, science, and so on, and that this state of things is actively encouraged by the whole system of modern education. Indeed, only a mind of

exceptional robustness and sincerity can quite escape from the contagion of the disease; and, as I have said before, many men capable of real greatness have also the quality of cleverness to a perilous degree. Tolstoi is a good instance of this; the cleverness in some of his early work could hardly be excelled, but one sees how it gradually gave way to something much greater and more wonderful. Perhaps cleverness—a too obvious cleverness—is the fault that keeps us from accepting Ibsen as one of the very great; and undoubtedly it vitiates an immense amount of work by our contemporaries—work that is extraordinarily brilliant and effective for the moment, but none the less as sterile and unprofitable as a Mephistophelian illusion. It is, by the way, significant that the devils have always been credited with a liberal supply of the commodity in question, and have apparently never got any permanent benefit out of it, while no one, so far as I am aware, has ever ventured to suggest that the angels are similarly endowed.

Compared with such a type of cleverness as I have tried to indicate, downright stupidity is a thoroughly comfortable thing to meet, and it need hardly be pointed out how many of the great writers—Shakespeare, Aristophanes, Molière, Meredith, and so on—show a peculiar affection for their unsophisticated dullards. The reason is, I fancy, that people with no conscious estimates at all are infinitely preferable to people with false estimates, and accordingly those rustics who regard the world elementally, as it were, and much as their own beasts might do, are often as refreshing as water in a desert. Cleverness is perhaps chiefly irritating because it is made up of false and superficial estimates of life and humanity. It busies itself with what is worthless and insignificant, and displays a great deal of futile subtlety in so doing—indeed, it is apt to destroy itself by an excess of that very dangerous quality. The really great men, on the contrary, are too wise to be subtle, though perhaps they may, in the earlier stages of their development, like to play with subtlety as a toy or use it as an instrument for exercising hand and

brain in preparation for the difficulties with which they will have to grapple later on. But it is worth no man's while to be subtle once these difficulties are overcome; and as soon as any one is ready for simplicity, it is impossible for him, I think, to regard subtlety as anything but an intellectual plaything. Now the estimates consciously formed by clever people, being the products of an over-estimated intellect, are almost invariably subtle, while the stolid rustic mind is generally healthy enough to dispense with such estimates altogether. This does not by any means imply that it has no unconscious ones; it has, and for the most part very sound ones. In fact, it is really the clever person who is most likely to have no settled convictions at all, and it is mainly the want of them that enables him to flit about so airily and assume such a variety of elegant and engaging aspects. Once he has managed to acquire any substantial conviction, he is more or less rooted to that, and his cleverness may then take on a tinge of wisdom. For wisdom is no mere quickness in catching hold of ideas, but a vital perception of truth, and anyone who has, however unconsciously, secured such a perception is essentially a great deal better educated than the majority of those ingenious academicians who appreciate all things superficially and with their intellect alone. Nothing is more useless and arid than cleverness of that kind, and nothing is more common nowadays when we are all, I am afraid, a little inclined to indulge in it. If only we would all consent to appear as stupid as we are, how pleasant, nay, how entertaining we should be!

I think, then, it is an urgent spiritual need of our present age that we should not only acquiesce contentedly in our own lack of cleverness, but should be ready to admit that we do not greatly care about its manifestations in others. There is no doubt a charm in watching any one play with it, but it is a luxury that should, like whipped cream, be sparingly enjoyed. If kept in its proper place, cleverness may be a delightful thing, but an undue attachment to it is apt to lead to the habit of insincerity, and ought therefore to be guarded

against and repressed as far as possible. Our educational system, however, not only refuses to recognize this, but encourages, and even insists upon, the quality. It is the clever pupil, as distinguished from the intelligent one, who comes creditably and successfully through the maze of the modern curriculum. He is not to be blamed. He is incited to make a better show than his fellows if he possibly can, to scrape up a very superficial acquaintance with a great number of subjects and pretend that it is an intimacy with them, to triumph in the examination-room by an adroit exhibition of specious articles—and how can he manage this except by the exercise of cleverness? He adapts himself more or less readily to circumstances, cultivates certain fluencies and facilities that happen to come natural to him, contrives to find temporary accommodation for his stock of undigested learning, and carries everything before him. The chances are that he will gradually delude himself into the idea that he has really acquired an immense amount of knowledge and is a thoroughly well-educated person; and then he is probably ruined for life and will become one of our successful men. It is sad to think how many of our lively youths have been brought to that pass, and in my next section I shall attempt to indicate how such a very undesirable consummation might be prevented, or at least extenuated.

IV.—AND THESE FEW PRECEPTS

“A man is not educated, in any sense whatsoever, because he can read Latin or write English, or can behave himself in a drawing-room; but he is only educated if he is happy, busy, beneficent, and effective in the world.”

RUSKIN

I NEED hardly say, I imagine, that I carry nothing in the shape of a detailed educational scheme or programme in my pocket. I am afraid no definite and infallible recipe can be given in such a delicate matter: one can only follow the example of the Scotch cook who, when applied to for instructions regarding a certain branch of her art wherein she showed

a peculiarly happy knack, explained largely—"Ye tak' the flour and ye tak' the butter—and then ye mak' a scone!" I merely wish to urge one or two general considerations regarding education, and I should be extremely shy of forming them into anything like a system. Nor have I the smallest desire to show rancour to our present educationalists, who have, I am sure, all the eminent qualities attributed to them both by themselves and others; I do not doubt for a moment that they are industrious, painstaking, conscientious, and well-meaning—indeed the results they achieve prove that beyond all question. The only faults I might perhaps just hint against them here are a lack of imagination and a possible insufficiency of common-sense. To the former defect we may, I think, ascribe the unfortunate circumstance that our educational system is, for the most part, regulated almost entirely from the point of view of the teachers and administrators. If only the children had been got in and consulted first—practically consulted, of course, for I do not pretend that they could have drawn up a definite statement of their wants—things would have been very differently arranged. But they were not, and indeed, for that matter, an equally arbitrary policy (not unlike the great parochial principle so highly esteemed by Mr. Bumble) has generally been exercised even in the case of much maturer scholars. I have recently had an opportunity of making some casual observations on academic ways in one of our most respected educational institutions, and I discovered, among other things, that the methods of instruction employed do not in all instances find favour with the undergraduates. Now, no doubt the latter may be very ill-advised to object to them: I express no opinion on that point, but I do certainly think it somewhat curious that the mere fact of their having views of their own as to what they wish to learn and how they want it presented to them should generally be regarded by those in authority as a ludicrous impertinence. "Well," say the professors indignantly, "if a university is to be run according to the wishes of the students, the sooner it is shut up the better!" And yet, really, if the students are not to be pleased

and satisfied, what is the university there for? Why are they to be held in bondage by an unhappy tradition and forced to disimprove not only the shining hours, but the dark ones also (for many of them sit up to two or three in the morning over their labours), by gathering sorts of information which they do not in the least want but which they are required to produce on demand?—when the first, and by no means the worst, use they will make of their liberty will be to forget as quickly as they can nearly everything they have learned. Obviously it is a wasteful and ridiculous system that has this for its result.

Perhaps what I have said may be considered an exaggeration, so far as universities are concerned, but it will, I think, be admitted that in school instruction the question as to what the child likes is generally about the last thing considered, and that the teacher's capability for his profession is seldom tested by the amount of interest he can awaken in the taught. If Tolstoi's method were adopted, and the children were allowed to leave any lesson as soon as they became bored with it, I wonder how many pupils would be left in the ordinary class-room at the end of most scholastic hours. And yet, if work suited to his capacity is offered to the average child, he will do it willingly and trustfully. Tolstoi relates that his scholars often begged for a second hour when the first was over, that they were found waiting in the morning for the school-room doors to be opened, and that they indignantly rejected the very mention of the word holiday.

I would, then, teach the child what he wishes to learn, and, for the rest, give him a congenial mental and moral atmosphere to breathe in, so far, but only so far, as this could be quite simply and naturally secured. There is a great deal of nonsense talked nowadays by conscientious educationalists about the proper "environment" for a child. The proper environment is to give him what he likes to have. The apprehensive souls who attach so great an importance to those environments which they carefully and artificially create round about themselves and their pupils, never seem to realize that environment

has an awkward trick of working both ways. A child brought up in a deeply religious atmosphere *may* develop into a saint or mystic of the most superior attainments, but he is just as likely to follow Don Juan's track along the primrose path. A child æsthetically reared among Chippendale chairs and tables may very possibly cultivate a taste for Heppelwhite in his riper years, or he may, in the fullness of time, turn lovingly to Mission simplicity or Mid-Victorian curliness. Nurtured in white simplicity, he may readily incline to scarlet complexity; and an environment of Mrs. Jellyby will probably induce in him, as it did in Mr. Jellyby, a certain coolness to the cause of missions. If we cannot give a child the environment he likes to be in, the next best is probably one which will naturally suggest to him that he will do well to take a thought before making himself acutely obnoxious to those beside him at the moment: and then he may be left to evolve himself in an atmosphere of judicious neglect.

Judicious neglect is far too little employed in our educational methods. With that deficiency of common-sense that makes us such an eminently practical nation, we think it incumbent upon us not only to lead our youths to the Pierian Spring, but to make them drink it, willy-nilly; and then we are astonished if they contract dropsy or hydrophobia or water on the brain, as they not uncommonly do. A little learning may perhaps be a dangerous thing, but a great deal, taken in the form in which it is usually administered, is rank poison. We have only to recall our own school-days and think how mercilessly we were forced to swallow draught upon draught of that *elixir mortis*—how the one aim was, not to make us understand or enjoy, but to get us through this grammar, through that period of history, to another book of Euclid, to the end of three sonatas; and then we may ask ourselves how far we comprehended what we were doing. There is only one refuge for the victims of such education, or, as it ought properly to be called, *induction*, and that is to be so obstinate and stupid that no teacher wants to have anything to do with them. If a child is very slow and finds it

exceedingly difficult to understand any new thing whatsoever, and if he is also of so stubborn a disposition that he absolutely refuses to leave any subject, once they have insisted upon introducing him to it, until he has some idea what it is all about, it may, indeed, go ill with him in the school-room, but it will be well enough with him in reality. The number of subjects he will learn will, of course, be extremely limited, but so much the better. For if one manages to learn in one's youth the right way of approaching even a single subject, the work of education has been accomplished; the teacher who has taught you that has done all he can for you, and the rest lies with yourself. It is of no great consequence what the subject is; most children will incline to something or other, and if only they are encouraged to work at that something and are never hurried on, however tardy of wit they may show themselves, or offered a second repast until they have not merely swallowed but assimilated the first,—well, they may not take their learnings quite as fast as we do air, but they will prove effective people in the end.

The second disastrous error of our educational system is, I think, to be found in the spirit of competition by which it is possessed, and which, so far as its normal manifestations at our schools and academies are concerned, deliberately inculcates a lack of interest in the actual subject that is being studied and an intensity of interest in what can tangibly be got out of it. The pupil's heart is set upon making a good show in his examinations, at surpassing his fellows, at proving himself an exception; and work undertaken in such a spirit cannot be healthily or happily or usefully done. "Devil take the hindmost" may perhaps be a good enough motto in its own way, but it does not seem to me that, under the present arrangement of things, the devil, as a matter of fact, displays more alacrity and infallibility in taking the foremost; and I feel sure that, for the majority of us, the middle place is safest. Really the first and most important thing to teach people is, that what they should strive for is, not to be exceptional but to be normal—a good average. Nobody is wanted to be

“original,” to do “clever” or “powerful” work; in fact, young folks should be made to understand that it is, upon the whole, regrettable if Nature has made them able to do that sort of work and nothing else. Of course if a man *will* be a genius, he may take the joys of such an election, but he must also put up with its penalties. It means that he is different from other men, and that he will probably be happier but also infinitely more unhappy. Such a thing is hardly to be encouraged consciously. If the bent is so strong that it cannot be kept in check, then, indeed, it must be helped, and helped whole-heartedly, but if he *can* be persuaded to be normal and to accept the normal happiness of his fellow-mortals, it will probably be wiser and pleasanter for him and everybody else that he should do so. “Genius,” to quote Butler once more, “is like offences. It must needs come, but woe to him by whom it cometh.” If this view were a little more prevalent, we should escape an immense amount of the mischievous pseudo-genius to which our cultured classes are liable, and which would never have made its appearance but for the false and pernicious doctrines concerning it that are instilled into the child in its tender years and cannot afterwards be got rid of. If only people were taught betimes that the desirable thing is to be as others and that competition is a miserable business, we should suffer a good deal less from nervous strain in early and later life. If they could be persuaded that the only real reasons for doing anything at all are that they are fond of it, and that the instant the idea of making money or of gaining popularity or fame with men they neither know nor care about—“the public”—enters into the question, there is something fundamentally and incontrovertibly wrong, why, then we might manage to get a little real knowledge and a little real art from happy creatures instead of the eternal *paté de foie gras* of information and technique supplied by our present methods.

Under such conditions, too, we should, likewise, do away with that useless parade of mystery to which I have previously adverted, and which our academic instructors are so

fond of setting up as a barrier between their young disciples and the attainment of knowledge. I do not believe there is any such mystery about any kind of knowledge, or art either; provided the pupil has a genuine love of what he is studying, he can have it in the form suited to his capacity, and if he does not force it or attempt to appropriate the knowledge suited to some different capacity, the acquirement of it will make him very happy and contented. But the moment he endeavours to grasp more than he can hold, the moment he uses his knowledge for any reason but the right one, he ceases to have the command and direction of it, and becomes its slave. And one capacity is just as good as another, though of course all are not equally great in amount or equally useful to the world at large. The point to insist upon is the absurdity of any rivalry between different kinds of capacity. It is true that the market-gardener, for example, may not be able to become a Chancellor of the Exchequer nor the washer-woman a prima donna, but they may, nevertheless, both be supremely good of their kind. Heine, to take a concrete instance, could be the best of his kind easily enough, but he could not be Shakespeare; and it was exceedingly foolish of him to resent the fact, and not simply to rejoice in his own capacity and in Shakespeare's other and mightier one. It is this feeling of envy and emulation that saps the root of everything nowadays. To compete with the great masters in their own special line is held to be quite a commendable ambition, though of course it can only lead to vain, morbid, and unhappy effort. Obviously, those unquiet souls who are never satisfied with being themselves, are doomed to perpetual discontent. They are like the aspiring maiden in Grimm's tale who wanted to be first King, then Emperor, then Pope, and, finally, the very God Himself. But they only succeed in being the very Devil.

No thorough remedy for this unsatisfactory state of things would be possible, I suppose, without a somewhat startling "Umwertung aller Werte" in the educational world. So far as any policy of amelioration might be prac-

ticable, I should say that the main principle to be observed is, in all possible cases, to cease teaching the child how things are to be done, and to make him do them: one might call it the apprenticeship system in opposition to the academical. Instead of setting pupils to learn complex rules as to how this or that is to be done, let them get to work on the thing itself, and merely watch over them to see that they do not stray too far out of the direct road. This is what the old painters did in their studios with the youths who cleaned their brushes; and it is what the modern cook does in the kitchen with the kitchen-maid who starts her career by scraping carrots, and ends it, perhaps, by rivalling Imogen's proficiency in neat cookery. If one keeps an eye on a child to discover what he seems to like doing best and then allows him to go on doing it, with the attention engendered by affection, one will be safe enough. A trifle of supervision will be all that is required to keep him from losing his way on the technical side; and if his enjoyment of what he is doing is sufficient to make him eager to improve his skill, there is little fear of his failing to master his subject to the full extent admitted by his capacity. And who will venture to foretell the usefulness of any medium capacity honestly employed? Let any one work accurately and contentedly, with due attention but without introspection, and he will soon be able to do what he wants to do well enough for all practical purposes.

The present overwhelming desire seems to be to put the cart before the horse. The last thing asked of any child is that he should do anything; but instead, year in and year out, he is told about the doing of it until all natural interest in the subject is extinguished. He is painfully taught, not only how things are to be done, but how they are not to be done, and it is only the actual doing of them that is scrupulously avoided; indeed the answer to the old riddle as to what it is that keeps going round and round without ever getting there might be accurately and promptly given as "the modern system of education." A great deal of the unhappiness in our present life is due to the want of harmony from

which pupils who have been subjected to a régime of this kind necessarily suffer. In such instruction, the intellect alone is engaged, and the other faculties are allowed no chance of participating and coöperating with it. Yet it is only by coöperation that any healthy and satisfactory results can be attained. The academical method is an unnatural one: it may produce talent of a sufficiently striking kind; it certainly does produce an almost unlimited amount of cleverness in every department, but, like all unnatural things, it is incapable of mating and breeding successfully—the talent and cleverness are sterile and, like Jonah's gourd, wither by the morning. We have to recognize that thinking is in itself a barren thing, and may just as likely be a sign of mental infirmity as of strength. In these latter days the malady of thinking is almost as prevalent as tuberculosis, and perhaps I may, on some future occasion, be permitted to attempt a modest diagnosis of it. I only wish that I could also endow a sanatorium for its cure.

JACOB SALVIRIS

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

I.

THERE may appear a certain degree of impertinence in a college which is neither old nor famous venturing to have a history of its own, But history is largely a matter of right perception into the real nature and true proportions of things. All education is a movement of the race towards the light, and wherever men have organized to spread the light, there history has been made. Only the seeing eye is needed, and the understanding heart, and the diligent pen to set the story down. The claim of the little unknown college to recognition by the world is not absurd, for its history is the history of an idea.

For that idea a romantic background was provided by the alarms and splendours of a world-wide war. The nations took sides with or against the Corsican, and the years were filled with battles by land and sea. One staunch little British province, which had stood fast when her sister colonies revolted, now bore her share of loss and glory with the Motherland. The provincial capital, founded as a military necessity, has seen three great wars. Though more than once in danger of assault and capture, she has remained a maiden city. In war-time the harbour was constantly filled with ships, and the streets with soldiers, coming and going on their divers errands. Smart frigates and dashing privateers made port almost daily with their captures. Prize money flowed in rivers and civic life was a rich, gay pageant. In the last months of the war, a small expedition, so many transports, with details of so many regiments, escorted by so many men-o'-war sailed out of the harbour one day; destination, as the newspaper said, unknown. Their destination was a hostile port which they took without much ado and held and ruled for more than half a year. When peace was declared, the

forces came back with some ten thousand pounds sterling in the military chest. That sum of money won in war formed the original endowment of the little college.

For more than a twelvemonth, the money lay untouched, until the man came upon the scene with the idea. He was a Scottish earl who had been a school-mate of Sir Walter's at Edinburgh and had attained high distinction in the army. He had served his king with honour in every quarter of the globe, and, now that the Corsican was safe in St. Helena, he was made governor of the province of Ultima Thule. On his arrival there, he found the sum of ten thousand pounds in the treasury, without a definite object to expend it on. The needs of the little province were many. It needed roads; and as continuous war had been the rule for more than a generation, it was supposed to need a highly organized militia to be ready for the next rupture of peace. But what this soldier decided that the raw, struggling province chiefly needed was not good roads, or a canal, or a trained citizen soldiery, or a complete survey of her unexplored domain, but college education on a new principle. It was a strange idea to find lodgment in the brain of a military man.

This was all the stranger, as Ultima Thule possessed one college already. The province had been given its essential character by the Tories who had been driven out of the Thirteen Colonies, when they set up for themselves. The first thing these exiled loyalists did was to provide for religion, literature and education by ordaining a bishop, founding a monthly magazine and establishing a college. On this last they imposed the model of Oxford, as they could not conceive of any better, or indeed of any other system. One fine old crusted Tory, an Oriel man, by the way, insisted upon the Laudian statutes going into force. These enjoined on all students residence within the college, attendance at chapel, as a matter of course, subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles on entrance and on receiving a degree, and abstinence from seditious meetings and dissenting conventicles. The comedy of the situation lay in the fact that the faithful, who were

entitled to the privileges of higher education, were few, and that the college was supported by public money drawn from the pockets of those very dissenters who were excluded from it by the constitution of the college.

It was not a military problem, but the soldier-governor solved it by creating a new college based on the broad principle of "toleration." No religious test was to be demanded of either professors or students; the classes were to be open to all sects and confessions; there was no provision for residence; students were free to lodge where they pleased; the townsman or the military officer might pay his fee and attend a single course of lectures without the restraints of a discipline designed for boys. Instead of being planted in a small country town, the new college was to be in the capital, in the centre of things, thus anticipating the modern rule for the most desirable location of seats of learning. The new institution was to be in fact a little Edinburgh, as its rival was a little Oxford. So the forces were set in array over against each other, and the battle was joined. On the one side the aristocratic ideal, conservative, exclusive; on the other, the democratic ideal, liberal, comprehensive. Nearly a century has passed, the battle has been long and hard; but the victory of the liberal idea is decisive and overwhelming. Even the conservative college has been forced to accept it.

For endowment of the new college, the governor advised the use of the unexpended ten thousand pounds in the military chest. So the college was founded by a soldier with money taken in war, and it had to fight for its life. It is not strange that in due time such a college should bring forth soldiers and have a war record. *Fundator noster* was a small man physically; his title was the Earl of Lyttil, being the ninth bearer of that distinction; and so it was all in a concatenation accordingly that the institution he founded should be known as the Lyttil College, as it is unto this day. All the alumni are proud to be known as Lyttilites and to wear the ancient cognizance of the noble earl, an eagle, proper, displayed, on a field argent.

Dolcefar, the capital of Ultima Thule, was founded as a naval and military station to counterpoise another colonial city of "our sweet enemy France," a strong city, once, of ten thousand inhabitants, which has been a ruin, where fishermen dry their nets for more than a hundred years. Seated beside her wonderful triple harbour, the provincial capital was laid out by military engineers in accordance with the mediæval idea of a fortified town. It must be compact for the greater ease of defence. In the very centre was a square which is known to this day as the Grand Parade. Here the ancient British Grenadiers were mustered and drilled; here guard was mounted daily with stately ceremony; here the early provincial laws were published by the Provost-Marshal after notice by beat of drum. For a century and more it was the heart of the quaint provincial town, always full of colour and movement. And here was built the first home of the Lyttil College. It was not a large building, but a certain simple, austere dignity was impressed, who knows how, upon the stone and mortar. Some Scottish architect made the college as Scottish in character as its founder.

There was one great day to be marked for evermore with white in the calendar of the Lyttil College, the day the corner-stone was laid of the old building. In the early nineteenth century, the mediæval instinct and capacity for pageants had not yet died out; and it was still possible to make a civic function picturesque and impressive. This was a grand occasion. The red coats, with colours flying and music playing, made a lane from Government House to the Parade through which passed in stately procession His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the civil magistrates, his glittering staff, and a train of army and naval officers in scarlet and blue and gold. The Grand-master of the Masons met the procession at the south-east angle of the low, rising walls. Christian prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its appointed place and duly tapped with a silver trowel in the hand of the noble earl.

Then coins were deposited in the cavity, which was thereafter sealed by the identical brass plate which is preserved in the present library of the Lyttil College. Symbolic corn and wine and oil were poured over the stone in pagan libation, fine speeches were made, and then the good people dispersed and left the new seminary for the higher branches of learning to struggle for existence.

For more than forty years the history of the Lyttil College was the history of a building. These were its Dark Ages, during which, except for one brief interval, it was used for every possible purpose except the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating club, a mechanics' institute, a post-office, a music master and his pianos, an infant school, an art club, a hospital and a pastry-cook's shop all found shelter at different times beneath its hospitable roof. The post-office had quarters there for years and paid a goodly rent, but the infants' school, the mechanics' institute, and the museum got house-room free. The imagination is taken with the tale of the art club, as related by an original member, a gentleman of the old school, who wore a neck-cloth and was in his hey-day in the thirties of the nineteenth century. It consisted of about twenty ladies and gentlemen from the town and garrison, who united for the cultivation of painting, and it was by no means a mere pretense or a refuge for fashionable idlers. Indeed, the productions of the old gentleman's brush, which used to hang on the walls of his low-ceilinged study, amply confirmed his words. The governor, a Waterloo veteran, himself an artist of no mean ability, was the president of the club as long as it lasted. Every spring these daring amateurs gave a public exhibition of their work.

It must have been a very pleasant club; the old gentleman's recollections of it were rose-coloured. The members were chosen with the greatest care, the patron was the King's representative and held a little court in Government House. Between the lights, when it was impossible to work, the pretty girls and titled ladies organized impromptu dances,

for there was a piano in one of the rooms and orderlies were always in attendance to shift the easels and the stools. It lasted three years, but in the fourth there was no show of pictures in May, no aristocratic patron, no society. That was the terrible cholera year, when the air was thick with the smoke of tar-barrels burning on every street corner to stay the plague, and the fear of sudden, agonizing death stared every one in the face. The Lyttil College was turned into a hospital; and instead of painting officers and dancing Lady Marys, the rooms were crowded with ghastly sufferers and their helpless, terrified attendants. The ambulance, with its green cotton hood, was always busy, bearing the smitten to the wards, or taking corpses away for hasty burial. As many as eighteen dead bodies would be carried out of a sultry August morning beneath the pompous Latin inscription on the three stone slabs surmounting the doorway.

In due time the Dark Ages came to an end and the Renaissance of the Lyttil College followed, as spring follows winter. Various attempts had been made to operate the college as a college, but they ended in failure, and they were forced time and again to close its doors and "allow the funds to accumulate." This sad period is one wearisome tale of incompetency, detraction, plot, counterplot, petty provincial jealousies, legislative stupidities and faction fights. If a college could be killed by mismanagement, negligence, and spite, the Lyttil College would now be only a name on a gravestone. But the liberal idea outlived its enemies. At last a few wise strong men who believed that union was strength rallied warring sects to its support, and set it definitely on its feet. The reorganization merely expanded the original plan now nearly half a century old; and since then the growth of the college has been steady and strong. Like all hitherto discovered colleges, it suffers from lack of funds. At one time, the statistical don proved beyond a doubt that at a given date the college must close its doors. But just in the nick of time the Benefactor made his appearance. He was an expatriated provincial who was making a fortune in the

neighbouring republic. He endowed professorships and offered bursaries and scholarships to promising students. Such munificence had never been known before in the country. His example was followed by other wealthy men, whose gifts established the Lyttil College firmly and for ever. There was no more talk of closing doors. The college grew in numbers, strength, and reputation. Soon the old building grew too small for the students and a new site must be sought on an old camping-ground freckled with the circles where bell-tents had stood. The prophets declared that at last the Lyttil College had found an ample and final home. Within twenty years it has outgrown its present domicile, and has been forced to find another. On the outskirts of Dolcefear, a large estate has been bought and a building scheme covering fifty years has been mapped out. The Lyttil College deserves its name no longer. By a strange coincidence the new site was once the property of the very graduate of Oxford who, by forcing his obnoxious restrictions on the old college, made the Lyttil College possible. It still bears the name of his family seat in England. Thus does the whirligig of time bring in his revenges.

II.

When the Lyttil College experienced its Renaissance, new-fangled notions of education were not in the air. It seemed a natural thing that learning should be under clerical control; and no one had thought of questioning the value of classics and mathematics as the indispensable basis of all mental training. Classics and mathematics were the twin pillars of the Lyttil College's old curriculum, and the two scholars from Dublin and from Aberdeen who professed those subjects gave the place standards, tradition, reputation. If such a statement seems too pretentious in the case of an unknown "seminary for the higher branches of learning," it must be remembered that several thousands of Lyttilites have sojourned within its walls and regard it with feelings that are worth considering, such as affection, respect, and admiration. The

men who could implant such feelings in generation after generation of their disciples are also worth considering, especially as they were the last of their race. Later ages should be told what they were like. Neither the Lyttel College nor any other will ever see the mate of the old professor of mathematics.

He was always old. When he died at his post after thirty-eight years continuous service, the students buried him from the college and bore his coffin shoulder high to the grave. In his honour they produced a special number of the college paper, filled with tributes to his worth from those who knew and loved him. There were also pictures exhumed of him at various ages, and the very earliest seemed old. Something was due to the sedate clerical garb of his youth, something also to the natural gravity and strong North Country features, and something to his high conception of the teacher's office. At the same time, he was always young; his mind never grew old. His genial spirits never suffered decay. Until the end, his humour and his somewhat caustic wit brightened the dullest meeting of the *Senatus Academicus*. Far on in life, he kept up his old athletic habits, spending his vacations beside his favourite trout stream, although the fish were strangely few and hard to capture in the later years. When his step became very heavy and slow, he would still, with a smile, maintain himself in case to dance the Highland fling.

He was a man of varied accomplishments; and perhaps he did not underestimate his skill in any one of them. An assiduous brother of the angle, a scientific exponent of long whist, a solver of chess problems, a performer on the flute, at his own parties, he professed himself capable of giving academic instruction on all these branches of learning. Mathematics were of course his pastime, but he was equally proficient in classics. At one time he made a practice of opening the first class in the morning with a Latin prayer of his own composition, he would turn nonsense verses into Virgilian hexameters for the amusement of a younger colleague, he

was ready to converse with a French priest whom he met on his travels, or with a like-minded don in the tongue of Cicero for hours at a time. When he went a-fishing, he was wont to put a Greek play in his pocket. Once when the Professor of the more Humane Letters broke his leg while skating, and was housed for weeks, the Professor of Mathematics conducted his classes in Greek and Latin with great applause. When at the last he was suddenly struck down in the little house where he lived alone with one servant, friends coming in to care for him found on the study-table his well-worn Greek Testament, open at the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

Once a priest, always a priest. The old professor began his career as a minister of the Kirk of Scotland; and in his early days at the Lyttil College he was in constant demand as a preacher. Composed slowly, with great care, scholarly, fresh, and delivered with a studied elocution, his discourses always drew together attentive congregations in Dolcefear. As he grew older, he became more lax, or more advanced, whichever you please. His last sermon was delivered in the Universalist chapel; he designedly omitted grace before meals; and he has even been seen of a Sabbath morning making casts in a likely pool, "Just for a specimen," as he explained. A farewell discourse in the kirk on the text: "Shall he find faith on the earth?" caused something of a sensation among the orthodox; but its mild heresies would rank their author now-a-days in the extreme wing of the conservatives. His repute as a public lecturer was equally high. The news that he was to speak would always fill a hall. On such themes as "A Trip to the Moon," he was inimitable. Humorous, droll, sly, pawky, moving from point to point somewhat heavily and slowly, he really had the secret of combining amusement and instruction. He had his own quaint phrases which stuck in the memory and raised the laugh.

On his real strength he did not pride himself nearly so much as on his accomplishments. He was a great

teacher. He shone in the class-room. He had left the university with the pleasing conviction that mathematics was a science in which no further progress could be made, and that he had conquered the whole domain. Backed by this confidence, he inevitably assumed a lordly air towards his subject, which impressed his students profoundly. But he really knew his subject, and he had a genius for teaching. A genuine gift for exposition, for making things clear was in part the secret of his power. Over and over the same rules, the same elementary conceptions, he went for nearly forty years, without tiring of them himself. There was always a batch of fresh recruits to be moulded for the old campaign; and he enjoyed to the last giving them their drill and putting them through their facings. The Lyttilites liked the discipline themselves, for the old professor had a way with him. His tongue had a razor edge which usage could not dull; but never were sarcasms delivered with such a beaming, affectionate, paternal, contradictory smile. The victim might suspect himself complimented and the laughter of his fellows a roar of applause. The old professor was by no means impartial; he had his favourites and his butts. Some few never forgave his persecutions; but the vast majority admired, feared, loved him. He was the favourite professor; his was the popular class. The first question an old Lyttilite put to the newcomer from the college was, "How's Charlie?" Whenever the graduates foregather, endless stories are told of his *dictes et gestes*. They will furnish forth a whole evening's entertainment. His pet phrases, his mannerisms, like his cough for emphasis before implanting the sting of an epigram, were famous. In short, the old professor was a character, the last of the dominies. He taught until within five days of his death.

III.

The young (or new) professor was the pupil of the old professor. He was made by him, admired him, was like him, and was unlike him. Entering college at an uncannily

early age, he soon shot to the front as a lad of parts. Nurtured on the classics and mathematics, he nevertheless showed his bent for the study of nature and his capacity for research which has since made him famous. Specialization marked him for her own. A scholarship gave him the means to study abroad and he learned what the universities of the old world, and particularly of Germany, could teach him. Then, with his foreign degree, he came back to serve the Lyttil College.

His point of view was at the opposite pole from his master's. The special science of which he became a devotee was an infinite book of secrecy in which the wisest could spell out only a word or two here and there. To take all learning for his province, to think of the subject he professed as made, and not in the process of making, to have time for accomplishments, for leisurely vacations, for games or for reading outside his branch of science seemed to the new professor beneath the practice of a reasonable creature. He was a handsome fiery little man, with dark auburn hair, eyes of the same colour, and an energetic nose. He walked with rapid, disproportionate strides,—a sure sign, say close observers, of ambition. He was ambitious; he aimed at making contributions to his science; but the tools ready to his hand were few and poor. The laboratory of the Lyttil College was practically a desert. The luxurious shining toys which are provided so lavishly for some professors to play with were not to be thought of. There was no money for such things. So the new professor made his own apparatus, with which he investigated and researched and studied and made his discoveries, which he communicated to various learned journals in his specialty. He laboured terribly, day and night, summer and winter, term-time and vacation. For him a holiday in the country meant taking his work with him. A bathe in the sea, an afternoon's tramp, were the useful relaxations, refreshing for a renewal of his toil. Other interests fell away; he became that essential product of modern conditions,—the specialist.

It would not be fair to call him a narrow specialist. He was eager to impart as well as to acquire; he lived for his pupils as well as for his science, and so the lucky Lyttil College had on its staff two real teachers at the same time, representing the old school and the new. Though the old professor and the new professor remained friends, admiring each other greatly, they came into conflict in the meetings of the *Senatus*. The old professor was in favour of prescription, the new professor advocated more freedom, other new professors rallied to his side and by degrees the Lyttil College was modernized in curriculum and administration. Ready, keen, vehement in debate was the new professor, combative as a game-cock, but careful always to observe the rules of the game. For all the years of his appointment, he supplied the motive power of the institution. He was fond of the Lyttil College and lived for it, although his talents called him to a wider field of opportunity; and he listened to the call.

His reputation grew and grew. Out of his empty laboratory he produced learned paper after learned paper which made him known far beyond the boundaries of his province. He took part in a war of theories which agitated the upper air of the scientific Olympus, in which he fought not without glory. And he had his reward. He was received into the ancient society to which all scientific men aspire and had the right to place three certain letters after his name. A position in a famous university followed; and the Lyttil College lost her most distinguished alumnus for ever. At last he had obtained his desire; but he had spent the best part of his life in the service of his *alma mater*, and his eyes were moist the day he said good-bye to the college and his colleagues. Beyond the sea he is the same tireless worker that he was in the days of his provincial obscurity; and he has left his mark upon the ancient and famous university, which reckons so many great names in the long roll of its professoriate.

Other interests fell away; he became of modern conditions—the specialist.

IV.

One great advantage of a little college is that the teacher may come to know his pupils. They, in turn, profess to believe that this personal contact is a benefit to them, and this pleasing theory makes it hard for the teacher to retain his needful humility. There can be no manner of doubt that the teacher and his teaching profit thereby. When the college grows in population, this desirable intercourse comes to an end, inevitably; mere arithmetic intervenes; that there are only twenty-four hours in the day renders this possibility of mutual acquaintanceship a dream. To the professor with large classes, his students are simply a mosaic of young faces in the lecture-room, an alphabetical list of names against which to set marks for examination or returns of attendance. He loses touch; his influence and his power as a teacher are bound to suffer. The equation remains one-sided. He may not know his students, but his students know him. He need not flatter himself that there is anything unknown about him. Every day is a day of judgment. Every day he is subjected to the pitiless scrutiny of a hundred or more very clear young eyes which serve active brains, intent on plucking the heart out of his mystery. Not a slip, not a foible, not a weakness, not a mannerism passes without remark, comment, analysis. Their judgments do not err on the side of lenity; they see only one side of the man, and perchance there are possibilities in the direst pedagogue which function outside the class-room, and which, if known, might soften the harsh justice of impetuous and incharitable youth.

Sheer numbers prevent the professor in a large institution from knowing his pupils. In the little college, he deals not with educational units but with individual young human beings each with a history of his own. In this he has a great advantage over the other learned professions, which deal chiefly with grown people and set characters. The clergyman sees human nature at its best, the lawyer at its worst, and the

doctor, in pain, sickness and decay. But the teacher is dealing with humanity in its age of hope, "when everything seems possible, because everything is untried." His work lies full in the agitated mid-current of young life. He must be indeed stolid and self-centred, who can remain unaffected by its generous motions. Age may vaunt its sad superiority of wisdom; but youth is the age of idealism, of aspiration, of virtue. The true teacher should never grow old, for he lives, as does no other, with the young. In his heart there should be an eternal May.

Because Ultima Thule has diverse elements in its population, and because for generations provincials have followed the sea, a professor of the Lyttil College in meeting his freshman class for the first time confronts a mass of collective experience Ulyssean in its quality and range. This boy was born in his father's ship off Bombay; the earliest recollection of this quiet girl is being taken ashore during a "norther" at Valparaiso. This young man has seen knives drawn and men drop on a pier-head at Rio. Even if they themselves have not sailed the Spanish Main or gone down by the Horn, their fathers, brothers or other blood-kin have been seafarers and have come home from deep-sea voyages with tales of strange lands on their lips. These youths gathered here for the sake of book-learning have all their undervalued lore of life. They have sailed boats single-handed on lonely seas; they have hunted the bear and moose; they have known the perils of the forest, the ocean, the mine. They have endured the varied and exacting labour of the husbandman throughout the changing year. They have been brought face to face with reality. Not a few have already taken degrees in the rugged school of privation, and are at college solely through their own powers of self-denial and self-help. Very often, as in the fairy-tales, it is the youngest son who is given his chance by the hardworking elder brothers and sisters who stay at home on the farm and join forces to support the lad of parts. Descendants of French peasants and of out-wanderers from the pleasant Rhine country are to be found in the Lyttil College,

still manifesting the characteristics of their forebears ; but its chief strength is recruited from three districts settled by clansmen from the Highland hills. Respect for the minister and the dominie, for learning and education runs in their blood. In such conditions, the teacher's problem is simplicity itself. He does not have to coax and coddle and dry-nurse a set of pulpy, or indifferent, or *blasé* youngsters into meeting a minimum of college requirements for a degree. His pupils are already men in will, determined to know and eager to learn. The teacher's only task is to be sure of himself and to feed his disciples with solid food. To such pupils the teacher owes the homage of respect; he may count himself fortunate if he obtains theirs in return.

Though there is a decorative fringe of young women, and though many of them become good students and all work with conscience, the Lyttil College is essentially a man's college. Men do things. Every autumn, the professor confronts a fresh array of strange young faces. In the formative quadrenniad that follows, he comes to know something of the character and history each face and name represent. Then they pass, in the curious phrase, out into the world. The next thing their old teacher knows they are wagging their heads at him in the pulpit and telling him all his sins, or they are winning higher degrees in foreign universities, or acquiring fortunes with bewildering rapidity, or making books of learning and repute, or conferring with him as undoubted equals in points of scholarship, or leading political parties, haranguing constituents and making laws in various little senates, or moulding public opinion through the press and dealing with matters of life and death. In short, they are doing men's work in the world, and their whilom preceptor finds it hard to readjust the focus of his spectacles, through which he views them and their achievements. Yesterday they were boys, *in statu pupillari*, and boys they remain, let him do his best, in the professor's eyes, to the end of the chapter. A few years of such experience will lead the most superior and light-minded young professor to see a sound

reason for the practice of Comenius; and he will uncover mentally whenever he enters into the presence of his freshmen. He will become impressed with the magnitude and the solemnity of his task; he may even realize that his office is essentially a religious one, and, remembering the custom of the old professor he will feel like beginning each lecture by signing himself, *in nomine Domini*.

The Lyttil College is no impossible Eden fenced off by adamantine walls against the assault of evil. Tragedy forces its way in. Death, disgrace, sin, crime, insanity, moral degradation occur from time to time, to remind us we are in this present world, to sadden and to overawe. Dark shadows are inevitable. In hundreds of youths assembled year after year at one educational centre by some mysterious law of natural selection, there shall not fail to be included a few of the baser sort; but these are the rare exceptions. Nowhere is the moral atmosphere purer than in a college. When we think of the slipshod ethics of middle-life, its love of ease and compromise, its cowardice, its evasions and of the impotence of old age for good or evil, we must conclude that virtue is with youth. Lyttlites have their faults, but they present a high average of character. A college develops the brotherly spirit of the regiment and the ship; and these collegians are good to one another. They care for their sick in hospital; there are cases of a scholarship resigned in favour of a less fortunate classmate. Some attain the moral height called heroism. There was one honest-faced quiet boy who dived three times for the fellow bather who had sunk at his side. Three times he dived in determined effort, and the third time he did not come to the surface. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." There was another lad of fair hopes and great promise. He was mortally hurt in a game, and his first word after the accident was to clear his opponents of blame. Of such deeds are the Lyttlites capable.

The usual prizes of life,—wealth, fame, place—do not come the teacher's way. He is vowed to academic poverty,

which he embraces gladly for the sake of the compensatory freedoms. He knows that he is scorned by the man of the world and the man of affairs as an unpractical recluse; but he is also aware that not infrequently a measure of envy mingles in their scorn. Learned leisure, the friendship of books, the golden mediocrity of fortune, are often regarded wistfully by those who are quite unfitted to enjoy them. And though the college pedagogue is conscious of being pursued through life by the half contemptuous, half envious pity of the successful, and though he may be tempted at times to wish for more of this world's goods as a member of a society in which money is the measure of all things, his regrets are never long lived. He has his compensations. Of these, the chief is merely that he should not be forgotten by those he has taught. A visit on the eve of departure for a foreign shore, or on return from travel, a book to his taste, a Christmas greeting, some little token from the other side of the world after years have flown, civil wedding cards, announcements of birth, rare letters which are never destroyed, a word of thanks or gratitude for what he has tried to do,—these insignificant, elusive things make up the teacher's hidden riches and render him more than content with his little house, his modest table and his shabby book-lined study. A wise man has declared, "We live by admiration, hope, and love."

V.

All the activities of the Lyttil College are pent up within four walls and under one roof. There is no residence or (suggestive word) dormitory. The students lodge where they please throughout the town, Scottish fashion; and the one building is used solely for the purposes of instruction. It contains two little libraries, five little laboratories, besides little class-rooms, offices and other accommodations,—a marvel of concentration. No charm of architecture invests it. The Lyttil College looks as utilitarian as a red-brick factory, as ugly and gaunt as poverty joined with ignorance could

make it. And yet these incredible Lyttilites idealize the monstrous fabric and grow lyrical in honour of its one passable feature, the "old red tower," the antiquity of said tower being some score of years. Some avoid revisiting the place after graduation because it awakens a curious homesickness. Others make a point of coming back with wife and child, as on a pilgrimage. The most remote send affectionate inquiries about the dear ugly place from the ends of the earth, for they see it still through the rose-coloured mists of youth and enthusiasm.

The session is old-fashioned and well-nigh unique. It lasts for eight months, with very few breaks, and then comes a long vacation of a full third of the year. That is the division of time. The session is a period of intense activity followed by a period of intense repose. If the college looks like a factory outside, it is a beehive within, humming with intellectual activity. The sacred hours are from ten to one in the morning. The visitor who traverses the corridors then hears the voices of various lecturers beating through the general stillness, with now and then a burst of applause or Kentish fire, for one of the Lyttilites' most cherished privileges is the right to cheer their professors, ironically or with good will. The custom has its uses; it corresponds to the custom of having markers at the targets to show what shots get home, and it is not abused. At five minutes to the hour a bell rings, and the stair-cases and corridors are suddenly filled with the tramp of feet and the noise of many voices coming, going, intermingling in their passage from class-room to class-room. The self-determining tides of young humanity find their different goals; the tumult ceases, silence reigns once more broken only by the booming of the lecturer's voice. There are always readers in the one large room on the ground floor with windows looking to the south, and labourers in the laboratories. The college motto is '*Ora et labora;*' and there is a determined effort to carry into effect the second command at least. Inspection would hardly find a single room in the building

without its corps of workers from morn till eve. The Lyttil College is a working college. The casual drones are soon detected and put out of the hive.

And yet it would be a mistake to think of the Lyttlites as a set of spectacled young mandarins. They are hearty youths who know how to play as well as work; and not seldom are the best scholars the foremost athletes. Their one game is an old-fashioned variety of foot-ball; and they are famed for their prowess in it. An ancient town and gown rivalry with a local club gives the keenest edge to competition. The annual contests in October are Homeric. During that month both town and college go mad over the game. A series of struggles for a costly hideous silver "trophy" has continued for years, with trumpets of victory, groans of defeat. On match days the grassy arena of the athletic ground is lined thick with excited, vociferous partizans, to cheer the gladiators on. In all the throng there is no keener onlooker than the reverend head of the Lyttil College himself; he has never been known to miss a match, rain or shine. Most of the staff attend also, or if not, they are busy at golf, or quoits, or boating. In the winter they pursue the antique Scottish sport of curling. No one can accuse the Lyttil College of neglecting the body in its cultivation of the mind.

Vacation comes with the cold rains of the bleak norland spring. The fever of the annual mechanical testing called examination has spent itself; the last diploma has been signed in the dusty, littered library, the last excited conference of the *Senatus* has been held, and the hurry-flurry of Commencement Day is over for a year to the unspeakable relief of the head and all the staff. For Commencement Day is somewhat Saturnalian in character, and the demure Lyttlites reward themselves for eight months decorum by what might appear to the uninitiated outsider as a dangerous riot. Songs, cheers, chaff, shouts, jokes, personalities from the students' gallery enliven the orderly "proceedings," and the professors are baited freely, to the huge delight of all but the victims.

Then the Lyttlites disperse to the four winds of heaven. Very few are able to spend the vacation in idleness. The majority must employ their leisure in finding money for the next session's expenses. They have various ways of making money, which they do not care to discuss, never considering perhaps that the experience so gained may prove as valuable as the book-learning acquired in the class-room. They carry on the fine old tradition which unites learning with narrow means.

In vacation, the Lyttl College is empty and lonely, like a rock on the sand when the tide has ebbed far away. "All the bloomy flush of life is fled." Silence reigns in the dusty class-rooms and the long corridors. Only now and then a solitary professor lets himself into the library with his private key to borrow a book; but he does not stay long. His footsteps echo strangely loud in the vacant halls. Outside, the vine in the re-entrant of the central tower, which looks in the winter like a map of the Amazon and its tributaries, resumes its leisurely green escalade of our walls. Up it has crept storey by storey, and in time its triumphant banners will flutter above our battlements. In mid-summer, it forms a wavering green arras, which ruffles and sways in the wind. In autumn, the leaves turn all hues of crimson and copper, most glorious to see. Now, the single retainer of the establishment, a veteran of the Great Mutiny, emerges from his winter burrow in the furnace-room for the annual house-cleaning. He is an absolute factotum, being stoker, parlor-maid, carpenter, mason, gardener all in one. He and his wife, an old campaigner, have their "quarters," as he calls them, in a corner of the basement. A reminiscence of barrack life is the plain plank bed without mattress or blanket, on which he stretches himself between watches. Indoors, he sweeps and dusts and paints and creates a strong atmosphere of common soap. Then he sallies forth with rake and hoe to put the walks in order. The grass grows high and is never cut or mowed; but a curly-headed old Kerry man grazes his seven fine cows round about, which adds a pastoral touch to the

academic scene. An occasional tourist invades the vacation stillness, or an old graduate revisits *alma mater*, with his little boys in his hand. Happy is he if he encounters one of his old professors in the building and can chat about college affairs. And so season follows season, the years slip away, and the little college which is not a building, or a staff of teachers, or a body of students, or all combined, but a spiritual ideal, strikes its roots deeper into all hearts concerned with it.

VI.

If it savours of impertinence to assert that the Lyttil College has a history, it must seem the empty vaunt of a fanatical admirer to rank it as a world power. But this is the sober truth. The Lyttil College does verily reach out its hands to the ends of the earth and sway men and events. Consider the fact that it has trained several hundred ministers of the Christian religion, who have now for many years been preaching to congregations of faithful men all the world over. Some have become missionaries to the heathen, and carry the Lyttil College in their hearts to India, China, and the islands of the sea. Almost as great is the number of secular teachers, who have devoted themselves to the task of instructing the youth of the province, and to a less extent, of the Dominion. Not a few have reached the rank of professors in full-blooded universities and have attained modest eminence in the scholastic world. They are all proud to attribute their success to the training they received within the walls of the Lyttil College. But for it, they must have remained unenlightened to the end of their days. Besides, not a few of our law-makers, judges, and public men who form opinion by means of the press were made what they are by the Lyttil College. The aggregate of such influence wielded by so many Lyttilites in so many directions must be incalculable. Then as befits a college founded by a soldier with money taken from the enemy, it has a war record. In '85, Lyttilites went to the front at the call of the country and endured the hardships of campaigning, without the rewards and glories of actual fighting. Again,

in '99, when the Mother Country called on her children for aid, five Lyttilites were found in the first force of fighting men sent by the Dominion to the seat of war. One company was commanded by a Lyttilite, and it so fell out that when the regiment made a desperate night attack, and the order was given to "retire," a Lyttilite corporal questioned the word as it came to him in the thick darkness amid the devil's racket of the fusillade, and did *not* pass it on. Consequently the one company with the quiet Lyttilite captain held its ground desperately within sixty paces of the enemy's trenches, till day broke and the white flag was hoisted over the huge river camp. After the war, the Lyttilites brought back two large *vierkleurs* to the college. The trophies hang in the library above the portrait of the founder. After the war, four Lyttilite girls were chosen to go out and teach the children of the conquered. So it is plain that the Lyttil College has meddled with affairs of the first magnitude, not without glory. The Lyttil College is a world power. Every little college is a world power.

But the Lyttil College is a thing of the past. It has outgrown its second home and entered upon a much greater inheritance. Ample grounds await the next development. Generous friends have overwhelmed the Lyttil College with their gifts. Splendid plans are being made and executed for stately buildings, suitable equipment, sufficient endowment. Cinderella has blossomed into the princess of a fairy-tale. But one thing is certain, she cannot be more beloved in her prosperity than when she was unknown and poor.

M. E. REDON

A SAXON EPITAPH

*The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers.*

*The earth saith of the earth :
All shall be ours.*

Yea, though they plant and reap
The rye and the corn,
Lo, they were bond to Sleep
Ere they were born.

Yea, though the blind earth sows
For the fruit and the sheaf,
They shall harvest the leaf of the rose
And the dust of the leaf.

Pride of the sword and power
Are theirs at their need,
Who shall rule but the root of the flower
The fall of the seed.

They who follow the flesh
In splendour and tears,
They shall rest and clothe them afresh
With the fulness of years.

From the dream of the dust they came
As the dawn set free.
They shall pass as the flower of the flame
Or the foam of the sea.

*The earth builds on the earth
Cities and towers.*

*The earth saith of the earth :
All shall be ours.*

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

A PERFECT DAY

IT was in the first week of the New Year that I stumbled on a Day—such a Day—made for the gods. As I dressed in the morning something told me it was a Day of Days. The birds had been noisy in the early hours of dawn, but it was not that. I think it must have been the silence, for in January, in the North, it is unusual to have no wind. And when I looked out of my window and saw the sky shedding soft lights everywhere and transforming the dreary landscape of a grey yesterday into a perfect summer scene, I knew it was a Day of Days and vowed I would shake the fetters of labour and rush out to meet it with eager hands.

You, who toil over manifold papers and whose ears grow dulled to the pen scratchings of days and years, you know what sudden joy such a Day brings, after a surfeit of stifling labour and out-door greyness; you know the quick resolve born of a fine Sunday morning, and the resultant glow of tramping miles, and the reward of quickened thought and heart-beat. But this was a week-day that must be wrested from the tyranny of labour. The vision of things-to-be-done must be shoved out of existence, and with no qualms, rather with a spirit of exaltation and of humility, one must set out, with faithful Ash, to pay homage to this Day of Days.

Have you ever thought what it means to stumble on a Perfect Day? Have you ever thought of the tragedy of passing on without having noticed it except to say that it was "mild weather" or that "things were coming on too fast"? The poignancy of beauty is only equalled by its power of elusiveness; hence the urgent need to leave all and follow.

On this Day one cannot remember having thought at all. To walk, to breathe, to soak in light and air is enough; to take the path by the sea, mile after mile, over cliff and gorze-land, watching the lazy waves, as gentle as the Day itself; this lost day from Summer.

The ancient landmark of Dunstanborough Castle is the first stopping-place. From the grass-grown battlements the shore line creeps along for miles, reflected lights glimmering in the shore waves, and in the sky the opal tints of a far off sunset. One must always stop here; the grass, soft as moss with generations of sheep cropping, the stillness, but for the murmur of the sea away down below the rocks, the lonely ruins that have looked for years as if they were on the point of toppling down; all insist on being accepted as the spirit of the place. It is here too that hungry humanity consumes sandwiches and fortifies itself with silver-papered chocolates. There is a dungeon too, which has been made famous by the incarceration for a summer's afternoon of an adventurous maiden. It looked as black and gruesome on this Perfect Day as it always does.

Descending the steep slope on the other side of the castle one finds a poor, dead gull, probably blown against the rocks by the storm a few days before. The sand dunes stretch away to the north and the sun glistens on the crest of a big wave just breaking on the beach. It is pleasant to walk on firm sand and watch the break of the shore waves, and to gather shells "for the children." As long as the ocean rolls in there will be shells, and as long as there are shells there must surely be children to play with them; so one gathers the silver shell and the cocked hat and the mussel, and thinks of the good times one used to have long ago, and hopes to have again—with "the children." Diminutive footsteps on the sand lead up and down the dunes and cause speculation as to their owners. Who, besides oneself, in this quiet corner of the world, has wandered out to pay homage to this Day? A tiny torrent rushing towards the sea reveals itself at the bend of the shore, and at its mouth, with the sun glinting on their faces, three shouting urchins scramble among rocks and sand, happy in the unconscious conviction that they have found a day from summer. One expects every moment to have the illusion completed by seeing shoes and stockings torn off and a rush made for the sea. But in the west the opal tints are

deepening and a slight chill in the air reminds one that it is all a dream ; that after all it is only January and that it may snow to-morrow and that presently, perhaps as soon as four o'clock, the moon will be the only Light of the World

The little village by the sea is silhouetted against a glowing sky but the sun still lingers on the wave crest, stealing through the gap in the dunes which the little torrent has forced for its comfort and fate. How one hates to leave it all.

Then, as if to touch this Day with humanity and stamp it for ever as theirs, a straggling group of four people detach themselves from the shadowy village, and, forming into couples, man and maiden, slowly precede one homewards. The first are obviously but friends, restrained in attitude, conventional; the second are lovers, lingering in the sudden dips of the sand dunes and silently devising means to lag behind. One sees them from afar and at length leaves them to their dreams at the old castle, and passes on to the fishing hamlet and to the gorze moor, where the rabbits scurry among the most prickly of whin bushes. Beyond the cliff road the moon is already making a silver path across the sea and in the west the Perfect Day is fading out of sight. The village road is almost dark as one passes through, and there is no stir, nothing to show that a Perfect Day has dawned, and lived, and passed on.

BELFRAGE GILBERTSON

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY

IN the laws of Manu, the venerable code of the Hindus, which claims divine inspiration, we find the legal position of women stated in satisfactory and unambiguous terms: "I will now propound the eternal law for a husband and a wife who keep to the path of duty. . . Day and night a woman must be kept in dependence by the males of her family. Her father protects her in childhood; her husband protects her in youth; and her sons protect her in old age; a woman is never fit for independence. . . A wife, a son, and a slave, these three are declared to have no property; the wealth which they earn is acquired for him to whom they belong."

Though in its present form this ancient code dates from a time perhaps only a century or two earlier than the beginning of the Christian era, it reflects the wisdom of a conservative race, as it had been handed down for uncounted ages.

It is a mistake to suppose that we have here the Oriental view. The Hindus were not, in all probability, Asiatics to begin with; and their ideas as to the position of women did not differ essentially from those which we find among the ancient Greeks and Germans, who belonged, with the Hindus, to the Aryan race. The earliest documents of all these peoples give us a picture of a patriarchal family in which the husband is the lord over the wife, who has no property of her own, for the simple reason that she belongs to a family in which there is but one owner of property, namely, the *paterfamilias*.

Among all of them we find unmistakable indications of a prehistoric time when the wife was bought by her husband or by his father for him. While the wife herself is a species of property, and among the most valuable, we shall not expect to find her claiming to own things for herself. The origin of married women's property is to be found in the practice of the wife's father, which grew up in a later age, when he sold his daughter, giving back the price to her in the form of a dowry.

Let us compare with the laws of Manu the law of one of our new Western provinces. The statutes of Saskatchewan in the revision of 1909 enact: "A married woman shall be capable of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise of any real or personal property as her separate property, in the same manner as if she were a *femme sole* without the intervention of any trustee." This is the modern English law, and it is now in operation in all the provinces of Canada except Quebec. It is also the law of by far the greater number of the states of the American Union.

In the ancient law, speaking broadly, the wife has no separate property and no contractual capacity. In the modern law of England she retains her own property, can make new acquisitions, and can deal with her estate as freely as a man. If we were unacquainted with the history we might easily suppose that we had here the end of a gradual and unbroken progress from less to greater freedom. But this is not the case. In the later Roman law the wife had achieved complete independence in the control of her separate estate and could deal with capital and income without requiring the consent of her husband, a privilege denied to the wife in Quebec to-day. But after the downfall of the Roman Empire the wife fell back for many centuries into a position of almost as complete dependence as that in which we find her in the laws of Manu. Here, as in so many other cases, we find, instead of a continuous advance from one position to another, that posts of vantage, painfully won, have had to be relinquished, and that it is only after many ups and downs that victory is secured.

By the old common law of England the personal property of a woman, including the rents of her real property, passed at her marriage absolutely to her husband if there was no settlement, and he could deal with it without the slightest reference to her. And by the marriage she lost her powers of contract, for, upon the strange fiction that the husband and wife were one person, it was said that her very being or legal existence was suspended during the marriage, and a man could not make a contract with his wife because this would

be only to covenant with himself. As it has been well put, the husband and the wife were one person and the husband was that person. Nor were the husband's powers restricted to the wife's property; the husband might give his wife moderate correction, and the two parties to a beating are seldom at one as to the point at which moderation is exceeded. Blackstone, one of the most genuine of unconscious humorists, says of the right of the husband to beat his wife that, although with us in the politer reign of Charles II. this power of correction began to be doubted, "yet the lower rank of people who were always fond of the old common law still claimed to exert their ancient privilege." And after explaining with natural pride and satisfaction, that, by the English law, a wife had not a shilling of her own and in almost all the affairs of life had about the same freedom as an imbecile, he sums up his account with the inimitable phrase, "even the disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit, so great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England."

In all this the English law was by no means isolated. As regards the right of correction, for example, we find a French writer, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, saying, "un mari n'est comptable à personne de la manière dont il punit sa femme lorsqu'elle le mérite." But in England and in the countries which have taken their law from England the reaction against these picturesque old customs has been most complete. The wheel has come full circle. The wife has achieved a position of more perfect independence than in most other countries. Neither in France nor in Germany is the normal position of the married woman to-day so independent as it is in England, or Ontario, or Massachusetts. In Germany, it is true, if there is a marriage settlement under which the wife has a separate estate, she can deal as she likes with this both as to capital and income, whereas in France and in Quebec this is held to be too dangerous a freedom. By our law, even if the husband has bound himself by the marriage contract to leave his wife full power over her separate

estate the law does not allow effect to this generous impulse. She cannot sell her immovables or give them away without his consent, and it is probable that she cannot deal with any part of the capital of her movables except subject to the same restraint. This last point is not quite clear under our code, but the view which prevails in practice is that the married woman at the best can only be free to administer her estate, that is, to dispose of the income but not to sell a house or to buy stock in a company. These are great matters and things too high for her. This rule, that the feminine mind is not qualified to deal with capital, is in Quebec one of those rules of law which are said to rest upon public policy, and therefore are not to be changed by the mere agreement of two frail human beings. A woman may have attained to the age of most mature wisdom, a period which I shall make no attempt to define; she may, as an unmarried woman, have made a fortune by her business sagacity, but the moment she marries, though her husband be never so incapable in business matters, she requires to be protected by him from any rash dealings with her capital.

When the law condemns something as contrary to public policy in Montreal, which is in no way disapproved of at Toronto, a place which rather prides itself on its high standard of morality, we are inclined to think that the question deserves some consideration. It can hardly be as plain as the sun in the heavens that it is wrong for the married woman to be allowed to dispose of her capital, if this terrible freedom is permitted to her in eight out of the nine provinces of Canada. In all of them she gets it without any bargaining at all; it is presented to her by the law, whereas in Quebec if her husband agrees to give it her the law refuses to hold him to his promise. It is somewhat hard to suppose that the women of Ontario or Saskatchewan possess a power of brain and strength of will denied to their sisters in Quebec. The reason for the difference of treatment is of course historical and due to the fact that our law has been inspired by French and not by English influences.

Seeing that in Canada we have two different legal systems, and that many people come to live in Quebec who have been married in a country whose laws are different from ours, it is important to know whether the rights of consorts who migrate to a new home depend on the law of the country from which they came or on that of the province in which they have settled. The general principle is that their rights of property continue to be those which they possessed in their original home. If they had made a marriage contract they would have continued to be bound by it through all their migrations. If they made no contract this was presumably because they were satisfied with the rights which the law gave them. Seeing that the husband is entitled to change the matrimonial domicile it would be very unfair to the wife if, by emigrating to a country where the law was less favourable to married women, he could diminish the rights which she had at the marriage. But it must be borne in mind that it is the original home, and not necessarily the place where the marriage was celebrated, which supplies the governing law for the whole duration of the marriage. If two people living and domiciled in Montreal prefer to go to New York to be married they will still be governed by the law of their native province as to their rights of property. Two persons from Montreal who get married in a state where divorce is easy will not enjoy the advantages of this laxity. It is the law of the matrimonial domicile at the time of the marriage which fixes their rights of property. But this does not apply to such rights as are considered to be rights of succession; these will depend on the domicile of the deceased at the time of death.

So, if an Englishman and his wife who were married in England since 1882, without any marriage contract, have settled in Montreal, the wife will continue to be separate as to property, though if she had been married here without a contract she would have been in community. Probably, also, the English wife retains her power to deal as she likes with her separate estate, though this is a point upon which lawyers differ. Whether a person is capable of making a certain con-

tract depends, as a rule, on the law of his domicile at the time. From this point of view it is argued that if a wife has become domiciled in Quebec after her marriage she has become subject to the same restrictions as apply to other married women there. On the other hand, it is said that the restriction in question, namely, that a wife shall not be allowed to alienate her property without her husband's consent, is merely a right which our law gives to a husband over the wife's property, and that if the foreign husband had no such right when he came, there is no reason why our law should make him a present of it. I am inclined to think this is the correct opinion, though it is a difficult question, and authorities differ about it.

The fundamental rule of our law is that a married woman is incapable of contract, and that without the written consent of her husband no agreement which she makes is of any legal effect. To this broad rule there are a few exceptions, but it must be admitted that they are very limited, both in number and extent. A married woman can make deposits up to \$2,000 with certain savings banks and the banks are entitled to allow her to withdraw what she has deposited without having to enquire further what becomes of the money.

A wife whose husband has authorized her to carry on a business on her own account can bind herself in her capacity as a public trader, and a wife who is married according to the system of separation of property can deal as she likes with the income of her separate estate. But the ruling principle is that a wife, as a wife, has no contractual capacity, and it is part of the public policy of our law that she should be so incapable. This great principle is unquestionably of Teutonic origin and may be traced back historically to the perpetual tutelage of women, called in the old German customs the *mundium*, from which unmarried women and widows became free about the thirteenth century. So long as all women, married and single, were subject to tutelage, the favourite method of justifying the rule was to say that women were by nature too feeble to protect themselves, and that this tutelage was devised *propter fragilitatem sexus*, which is, in fact, the old view given in the laws

of Manu with which we started. But when the unmarried woman and the widow had become completely emancipated from masculine protection this venerable argument became very arduous. Is an unmarried woman or a widow presumably more intelligent and better able to protect herself than a married woman? I should not like to say so. But some lawyers are like the prophet Habakkuk, *capables de tout*, and do not shrink even from this conclusion. Mourlon says, "The woman of full age who does not marry considers herself sufficiently strong, sufficiently experienced, to dispense with a protector, and hence the liberty which she enjoys of managing her property as she thinks fit. On the other hand, she who marries seeks protection in marriage and a guide in the husband whom she allows herself. She shews by that very fact that she does not feel herself either strong enough or experienced enough to take charge alone of the management of her affairs, hence her incapacity which protects her against herself." In other words, all the capable women are to shew their capacity by remaining single, while the mothers of the race must be taken from those who are conscious of incapacity. If the husband's authority rested on a basis no more substantial than this, it would be, indeed, in a parlous state. Such justification as it has is certainly not to be found in the greater fragility of married women than their unmarried sisters.

And though Mourlon, like Blackstone, would have it appear that the restrictions on the married woman are imposed for her own protection, other writers with greater candour do not conceal from themselves that these restrictions are devised much more for the protection of the husband than for that of the wife. De Ferrière says, "God has subjected them [wives] to the marital power for a strong reason, that man and wife being joined together in marriage in a union which can only be dissolved by the death of one of them, it was necessary that the one should be subject to the other for the government and administration of the common affairs." As the old French maxim has it, *Dans sa maison pauvre homme roi est*. What, in fact, can be more natural in the view of the

old writers than that a husband should control his wife's contracts at a period when it was within his rights to imprison her or to beat her in moderation? It is perfectly clear that the incapacity of the wife was not, and is not now, for her protection but for the protection of the interests of the husband. This is the reason why the husband has the sole administration of the community, as will be explained presently, for, as one writer pointedly observes, if the husband and wife had to agree before anything could be done, the debates between them would destroy the charm of domestic life.

It is now time to explain what are the rules of law which govern the property of the husband and wife when the husband is domiciled in Quebec at the time of the marriage. The rights of the wife will vary according as she marries without a marriage contract or with one. We will first consider the case when she marries without any contract and trusts to the law to secure her adequate protection. But, before doing so, let me refer for a moment to an argument often used even by lawyers. It is said that the law is not, perhaps, very satisfactory, but that no great harm results from this because prudent people will make contracts to safeguard their interests. This is a very poor reason for not amending the law if amendment is needed. It may be true that people who know what the law is take care to avoid it, and that among the richer classes it is becoming more and more common to have the property relations of the consorts regulated by a special contract. But the business of the legislator is to provide fair rules for the great mass of the people who, from ignorance of the law or desire to avoid expense, are married without any such contract. It is precisely those who are least likely to protect themselves who ought to be protected by law. Moreover, even prudent people are not always at their best. It is an everyday case to find a shrewd business man dying without a will, not because he is satisfied with the distribution of his estate which the law would make, but because he thought there was plenty of time to discharge the tiresome duty of will-making. So it is with marriage contracts. People on the

eve of marriage are often less sane than usual, and a woman in particular is inclined to say that if she is prepared to trust herself to a man she can trust him also with her money. Touching as such confidence is, it must be admitted that it is sometimes misplaced. At a later stage of the history the woman may not care greatly to retain the man but she may sigh for her vanished fortune.

Let us now see what the law does to secure justice between husband and wife. If there is no marriage contract there is legal community between them. The common fund, called the community, consists of all the moveable property of both when they are married and of all which they may acquire during the marriage. This will include the rents of houses or lands. Into the community fall likewise the immoveables which come to either husband or wife during the marriage in any other way than by succession, or by gift or legacy from an ascendant. A house which the husband buys during the marriage is part of the community, a house left to him by his father is the husband's private property, and so is one to which he succeeds as heir to a mother or other relative, but one left to him as a legacy by his brother or by anyone but an ascendant is not so. The immoveables which belong to husband or wife before marriage, or which come to them by succession during marriage, continue to belong to each separately and are called in the French law *propres*. And if anyone leaves, or gives, property, moveable or immoveable, to the husband or the wife, it is competent for the testator or the donor to declare that this property is not to fall into the community.

The property of the husband and wife falls then into three categories : (1) The community. (2) Private property of the husband. (3) Private property of the wife. When the marriage comes to an end by the death of one of the consorts the community has to be divided between the survivor and the heirs of the other, and if there is a judgement of separation it is divided between the husband and wife. The private property of each is unaffected by the marriage except in two points which will be noticed later, namely,

that the wife's powers of dealing with her private property are suspended during the marriage and that the husband's private property or at least one class of it is subject to dower after his death. But before coming to this let us look at the powers of the husband and wife, respectively, while the community exists.

During the marriage the husband can do as he likes with the property of the community; he is the *seigneur et maître*, he does not need to consult the wife about it at all. He can say to her, "what is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own." The charm of domestic life must not be destroyed by wrangles. If the wife has allowed her fortune to fall into the community her husband can invest it in a gold mine or stake it on a horse-race, without having to ask her opinion as to the security of the investment. As regards the wife's private property the husband can administer it, though he cannot dispose of her immoveables, and probably not of her moveable capital, if she has any which has been excluded from the community, without her concurrence. As regards the husband's private property, it goes without saying that he can do as he likes. It will thus be seen that during the marriage the husband is completely master of the situation. The charm of domestic life is in no way imperilled by any right on the wife's part to have a say in what is going on. It is true that if the husband's affairs become disordered the wife can apply for a judgement of separation of property, but locking the stable door when the horse has gone is a poor satisfaction.

The community has been called a partnership, but if this name can correctly be applied to it, it is a partnership of a quite peculiar kind. Whatever the amount may be which the partners have severally contributed, their shares in the partnership assets are equal, but during the partnership one of the partners has no say in the management of the business. In one of "Aesop's Fables" the lion proposes to the ass that they shall go into partnership. The ass can help the lion to discover the prey, and the lion can kill and eat it. The ass has his labour for his pains. I would not go so far as to say that

the community was always a leonine partnership, but in some cases it may very well turn out to be so.

It has three immense disadvantages. (1) If the wife has any moveable estate she has no security worth speaking about against her husband's dissipating it. Her legal hypothec, which I cannot here explain, is in practice no protection. (2) If the wife dies without a will and there are no children half the community goes to her heirs. Consider what this may mean. A woman marries without any fortune of her own. The husband has ten thousand dollars locked up in his business. The wife dies after a year of marriage and has made no will and left no child. Her nearest heir may be a cousin in New Zealand, whom she has never seen. He can compel the husband to pay him five thousand dollars, or at least half his moveable estate, which probably can only be done by selling his business at a ruinous loss. (3) If the wife has a fortune and the husband has little or none, and he dies intestate and without children, half the wife's fortune goes to the husband's relatives. It is these awkward possibilities which make business men, and prospective wives who have property, unwilling to embark upon matrimony without a marriage contract.

The system of community was not ill-adapted for the condition of society in which it originated, when property was mainly in land and there were few business hazards. The wife's immoveables, if she had any, were safe. If she had little or no moveable property, there was no injustice in giving her half of the accumulations acquired during the marriage. Nothing is more true than the saying that no man is rich unless his wife allows him to be so, and in a non-commercial age the fortunes that are made are as much the fruits of the thrift and industry of the wife as of those of the husband. All this has greatly changed, at any rate in the towns. The most universal kind of property is no longer land, but stocks and shares. Fortunes are not made by thrift but by taking business risks or by gambling on the Stock Exchange, and thrift is an obsolescent, if not an obsolete, virtue.

Accordingly the system of community no longer corresponds to the economic needs, and among townspeople, at least, marriage contracts are getting to be more and more common. For the reasons already given this is an unsatisfactory remedy. The mass of people of the working class are still married without such contracts, and if a poor woman has a few hundred dollars when she marries, or succeeds to them under her father's will, unless he has provided that they shall not fall into the community, she may see them dissipated by a worthless or reckless husband. Such examples are of every day occurrence and constitute a hardship of the most serious nature. There is, however, another side to the picture. Where there is community, and the wife survives the husband, she has two rights which may be of great value. (1) She can claim half the community. (2) She has her dower.

This last right I have not as yet explained. It consists in the usufruct or life-rent of one-half of such of the husband's immoveables as belonged to him at the marriage, or have since fallen to him from his father, or from some other ascendant, and therefore never formed a part of the community. But the widow's right to dower is subject to two conditions. It must appear on the register, and she must not have renounced her right over such immoveables as her husband has in his lifetime alienated or hypothecated. The peculiar virtue of the system of community, and in my eyes almost its only virtue, lies in the fact that the widow's rights to half the community and to dower are rights of which she cannot be deprived by the will of the husband. If, however, the husband be improvident or incompetent, it may easily happen that the community funds have melted away before his death.

Let us now compare the system of community with the arrangements which the parties may substitute for it by a marriage contract. The form which such a contract takes will vary according to the wishes and the circumstances of the parties, but in the generality of cases it will contain a declaration that the wife shall be separate as to property, a renunciation by her of right to dower, and a settlement by the husband of some property upon the wife.

The reason why, as a rule, the wife renounces her dower is that otherwise the husband cannot sell or mortgage the immoveables subject to her right, except with this burden upon them, unless she renounces her dower at the time of the alienation. Her unwillingness to do so might lead to one of those debates which destroy the charm of domestic life. Consequently it is better, if possible, to get this stone of stumbling removed from the matrimonial path. The nature of the settlement which the husband makes upon the wife must depend upon his means and prospects. He may insure his life for her benefit, or he may actually make over to her property, moveable or immoveable. If he does so, the property so made over becomes a part of the wife's separate estate. Of this, as we have already seen, she has the administration. She can draw the rents, cash her dividend warrants, and do as she likes with her income, and, according to the French writers, she can vary her investments or keep her money in an old stocking if she prefers it. For this is administration. But in practice in Quebec the married woman will find it difficult to sell her stocks or to deal with her investments of capital unless she can get her husband's signature. The practice of the banks and of most companies is to insist on this, and wives hitherto have been content to give way. In any event it is certain that without the husband's authorization, she cannot sell or hypothecate her immoveables, or give away the capital of her moveables, or bind herself as a surety, or contract loans of such an amount as cannot reasonably be expected to be repaid out of income. The clause of separation of property in the marriage contract does not enlarge the wife's contractual capacity in the proper sense of that term. It enlarges her power of dealing with her own property, and it is necessary that she should be able to contract for the purposes of her administration. But the moment it is shewn that a contract entered into by a wife cannot be considered as an act of administration the separation makes no difference. It is a contract by a wife unauthorized and is an absolute nullity. *Elle est libre pour administrer pas pour se ruiner.*

Marriage contracts have one great peculiarity, namely, that in them people may make binding dispositions in regard to their property at death. The general rule of law is that people are not allowed to tie their hands beforehand as to what they want done with their estate after their death. All declarations they may make on this matter are subject to the implied condition that they do not change their mind. It is a matter of public policy that when a man comes to die he should be free to make his will as he chooses, unfettered by any previous declarations. Accordingly the most formal undertaking to leave a legacy to a charity or to an individual is of no binding effect. A man may buoy up any number of persons with such expectations and after all cheat them by his last will. But to this rule promises made in marriage contracts form the only exception. The prospective husband or wife may promise to leave to the survivor, or to the children of the marriage, the whole or a part of his or her succession or a fixed sum of money, or such a promise may be made by the father of the husband or wife or even by a stranger. The effect of such an undertaking made in a marriage contract is not to give the person benefited any immediate right, nor to deprive the person, who makes the promise, of his power to sell the property, but he cannot give it away and he cannot leave it to another by his will. If I promise in my son's marriage contract to leave him my house, this will not prevent me from selling it the week after, and if I keep it and get into debt the house can be seized and sold by my creditors. But unless my son is so ill-advised as to try to kill me, or to use me in such a manner as to amount to what the law calls ingratitude, I cannot leave the house away from him by my will. Promises of this kind made in marriage contracts, especially when they are of a share of the donor's estate, are by no means to be despised, though they do not afford complete security. The promisor may repent, but he will seldom go so far as to ruin himself to spite the donee. If he should determine to spend all his property before he died he would have to take the risk of living longer than he expected, and finding

himself in an embarrassing situation. It is with such promises as with death duties; people say they will take care to get rid of their property before they die, but as a rule those who have made a fortune feel for it a romantic affection and exhibit the greatest reluctance to part with it before the time, even for the worst possible reasons, such as cheating the state or their family.

It very often happens, however, that at the time of the marriage the husband has little or no property, and that his relations do not come forward with either promises or substantial gifts. The problem then is how he is to make a settlement on the wife out of nothing. Men are naturally generous, and particularly so at critical moments such as marriage, and many a young man is anxious to settle large sums of prospective and problematical wealth upon his wife. If he should acquire property, and also debts, he would really prefer his wife to get the money than that it should go to his grasping creditors who would be less likely to consider his comfort. Let us first consider the case when the husband is solvent at the time of the marriage. If he promises to give to the wife furniture or other property to be bought as his means allow and delivered to her, and the wife is able to prove that specific property was so bought and delivered during the marriage while he was yet solvent, it appears that the wife has a legal right to it. But in such cases it will frequently be impossible for the wife to prove the specific appropriation to her of the property acquired. A mere declaration by the husband that all the household furniture shall belong to the wife will not be of any effect as against the husband's creditors, or even as against himself during his lifetime. In one case, where there was such a clause in the contract, and the parties were afterwards separated by a judgement, the wife carried off the furniture, but it was held that the husband was entitled to bring it back.

Assuming that specific property promised in the marriage contract to be given to the wife during the marriage and actually delivered to her will be her separate estate, can we go one

step further? If a solvent but impecunious husband settles a fixed sum of money upon his wife before the marriage, giving her a right to demand it at any time, and he afterwards becomes insolvent, is the wife a creditor who can rank with other creditors for this provision? For example, if ten thousand dollars has been so settled, and the husband's estate realizes fifty cents in the dollar will the wife get five thousand? The Court of Appeals so held recently and we must bow our heads, but two judges out of five were of another opinion, and the judgement reversed that of the court below, so that there were really three judges against three. If this is the law it is certainly in favour of marriage. There is no reason why the young man should restrain his generosity. If he, having nothing, settles a hundred thousand dollars upon his wife, the young people can go along gaily not over anxious about the butcher and the baker. The Light, Heat and Power Co., which corresponds, I suppose, to the candlestick maker, will know how to protect itself. If, by not wasting their money in paying their debts, the young people accumulate a little fortune, when the storm breaks the wife's claim will be so much the largest that the other creditors will get practically nothing but the satisfaction of having helped the young *ménage*. If this is the law it certainly calls for amendment, and there should be a statute providing, as the English Bankruptcy Act does, that unless the money or property promised in the marriage contract has been actually transferred to the wife before the husband's insolvency, it shall be liable to be seized by his creditors. In the next place let us suppose that the husband is insolvent at the time of the marriage. Can he, by the simple expedient of getting married and settling his property upon his wife, secure a comfortable provision for himself? All is not lost that a friend gets, and many a man in financial embarrassment would prefer to place his assets in the hands of a trusted companion who would keep a roof over his head rather than see them vanish among his creditors, leaving him penniless, wifeless, and unmarriageable. Greatly as the law favours marriage, it does not go so far as this. On the whole,

my advice to a woman about to be married is that she ought not to rely on provisions made in the marriage contract, unless the husband is solvent at the time and gives her the actual and present possession of the property, or good and valid security for its future payment.

The settlements made before marriage are irrevocable and cannot be varied afterwards. If the parties are married according to community, common they must remain. If they are separate as to property, the community cannot be created after marriage. This principle of the law would be easily evaded if they could make gifts to each other, and therefore donations between them are prohibited and null. It has been the theory of the law since the Roman times that it was dangerous to allow the husband and wife to be free to give away to each other their separate estates. Either the husband, as the stronger or more persuasive, would end by becoming owner of the estate of the wife, or the winning wiles of the wife would charm the husband's property into her pocket or what corresponds to that repository. An English Lord Chancellor said, "a wife is not to be either kicked or kissed out of her separate estate." And our law affords a like protection to the husband against such brutality or cajolery. Moreover, in order to make the prohibition effective, the law does not allow the husband and wife to make any contract of sale with each other, for, under the pretence of a sale, it would be easy to disguise a gift, and it would be too difficult to prove that a fair price had actually been paid and had not been handed back.

There are, however, two cases where one of the consorts may derive a pecuniary advantage from the other which is not regarded as a prohibited gift. The wife who has separate estate may give to her husband an express authority to act for her in its management; or, without any power of attorney or similar authority, she may allow the husband to look after her property and to receive her income. As a matter of practice nothing is more common. Many women desire nothing less than to be troubled with business and are delighted

to leave it in the hands of their husbands so long as their own wants are supplied. This is all very well while love and harmony prevail, but if quarrels arise the wife will naturally claim to take back the authority which she had previously given to her husband and undertake to manage her own affairs. In such a case it would not be fair that she should make the husband account for past income. If her revenues have been paid into a separate account at the bank she can take the balance which stands at her credit, but she cannot say to her husband, "you collected rents for me amounting to a thousand a year for the last seventeen years and you must now hand over these amounts with the interest." The law presumes, and it is a fair and just presumption, that if the wife has allowed the husband to spend the income of her estate she was satisfied with the way in which he spent it. If she was dissatisfied she ought to have taken the administration out of his hands. There is another example of an advantage which is not treated as a prohibited donation. The law is only meant to apply to alienations of property and not to ordinary presents. A husband who gives his wife a birthday present cannot claim it back again as being a gift prohibited by law. At what point a present becomes an alienation must depend to a great extent on the position and wealth of the parties. If a professor gave his wife a rope of pearls or a small cable of diamonds, this would be outside the range of customary presents, though such a gift made by a multi-millionaire might be looked upon as a modest offering. Further, a husband may insure his life for his wife's benefit without this being considered as a prohibited donation.

Before we have done with the disabilities and restrictions created by marriage, it is necessary to notice one which has occasioned much discussion in the courts. By our law a wife cannot become security for a debt due by her husband, and if, for example, she hypothecates a farm which belongs to her in order to secure the repayment of a loan to him, the hypothec is not valid. There is nothing to prevent her selling her farm with her husband's authorization and handing over the price

to him, but she cannot hypothecate it to pay his debt, if he fails to do so. This is not so unreasonable as it sounds. A wife who sells her property outright does so with her eyes open, and can calculate what chance she has of ever seeing her money again if she gives it to her husband. But if she is asked merely to give her name as a security, she is disposed to be hopeful and to rely on not being called upon to give anything more substantial. In practice the rule that a wife cannot borrow money for her husband very much restricts her capacity to borrow for herself. For how is the lender to make sure that the money is to be applied to the wife's benefit? In one case a wife borrowed money from a loan company and gave them a hypothec over her immoveables. She said she wanted the money for repairs and improvements to be made on these immoveables. Having received the money the wife gave it to her husband. When the loan company could not get her to repay the loan and wanted to enforce the hypothec the wife pleaded that she could not be bound because the loan had really been for the benefit of the husband. The Privy Council felt compelled to give effect to this view, whatever we may think of its morality, and the case led to a statutory amendment of the code. As the law now stands the creditor is to be protected if he was in good faith, that is to say, if he honestly believed that he was lending to the wife for herself and not for her husband. But as proof of good faith is difficult, especially long after the transaction, lenders have now become very cautious in making advances to married women.

Although the fundamental principle of our law is that a married woman cannot bind herself by a contract, there is one very important case in which she can bind her husband. This is when she is acting in her *rôle* of manager of the household. When the parties are living together the law presumes that the wife has authority from the husband to act as his agent for the purchase of food, clothing, and other necessaries for the keeping up of the domestic establishment. It is quite immaterial that the tradesman puts down the goods in her

name or sends in the account to her. The presumption is that he supplied them on the husband's credit. Unless there is some evidence to displace this presumption the wife incurs no personal liability and cannot be sued for the debt, even if the husband fails to pay it. But it will be otherwise if the wife has separate estate and it is proved that the tradesman relied on her credit, as, for example, when the husband is insolvent, and the tradesman says that he will only supply the goods if the wife binds herself. The law on this head is often misunderstood. It is not the mere fact of being a wife which entitles a woman to pledge her husband's credit, but, because so long as she is in the position of manager of the house, she is presumed to have his authority to do what is usual and necessary in that position. And there is nothing to prevent the husband from withdrawing the authority. He may do this by a public advertisement or by private notification to particular persons with whom the wife is in the habit of dealing. When the authority is withdrawn by an advertisement in the newspapers and the dealer denies that he is aware of it, the court will have to decide whether he is to be believed. In a small town such a notice would not fail to arouse general comment, in a large city it might easily happen that it did not come to the knowledge of the persons concerned.

It is, of course, very humiliating for a wife to have this authority taken away from her, the power of the keys, *Schlüsselgewalt*, as the Germans call it. And the influence of modern ideas is seen in the rule adopted by some of the most recent codes, such as those of Switzerland and Germany, that a wife can appeal to the court against the arbitrary deprivation of her powers.

It is the duty of the husband to provide a suitable home for the wife and to supply her with all the necessaries of life according to his means and condition. But if the wife has separate estate she may be called upon to make a reasonable contribution. In theory the husband has the right to decide upon what scale the housekeeping is to be conducted, and it is for him to say where the matrimonial home is to be. Even if

he should choose to leave his native country and seek his fortune abroad the wife's legal duty is to go with him. But he must offer the wife a home in which her security and dignity will be protected and it has lately been held in France that when the only home he could offer was in his mother's house and the wife was not on good terms with the mother-in-law, she was not legally bound to live with him. If the husband turns the wife out of the house or treats her with such cruelty that she would be entitled to sue for a separation, she can claim maintenance from him while she is living apart. And people who supply her in such circumstances with the necessities of life will have an action against the husband to reimburse them. But if the wife leaves the husband simply because they cannot get on together, she has no legal claim against him for maintenance. It is not uncommon for the parties in such circumstances to enter into an agreement of voluntary separation under which the husband promises to pay an allowance to the wife. By our law, however, such agreements are not enforceable by any means. The husband can always put an end to such an agreement by offering to take the wife back. The wife on her part can terminate the arrangement by intimating her intention to return. Agreements to live apart are looked upon as contrary to public policy, because the common life is a duty imposed by law upon the consorts. In England this rather artificial view of the matter has now been abandoned, and it is recognized that when there is an agreement of voluntary separation there is no immorality in compelling the parties to fulfil the promises which they have made in the deed of separation. They are presumably the best judges of the question whether they can live together. The mere fact that a husband does not object to his wife's living apart does not imply an obligation on his part to support her during the separation. He is entitled to say to her, "I will support you so long as you live with me but if you choose to leave me you must take care of yourself." In a case decided only the other day by the Court of Appeals the wife had left her husband and gone to live with her father. The

husband had since become insane, and before the wife left him his temper and conduct had been such as to make it very difficult for her to live with him, although there had been no such cruelty as might have entitled her to a judicial separation. He was a man of large means, and after some years the wife's father sued the curator of the insane husband for reimbursement of the sums which he had expended upon the support of the wife. It was held that there was no claim, because, when the wife separated herself from the husband, she had no legal justification for so doing. I think, however, that the court was a good deal influenced in coming to this conclusion by the opinion that when the father supplied the daughter with funds he never thought of claiming reimbursement.

The last topic concerning the rights of property of the husband and wife which can be dealt with here is that of their rights of succession to each other. I make bold to affirm that in this matter our law is utterly behind the age and is in a state which can only be described as scandalous. As the law stands to-day, if a husband dies intestate, any relation of his within the twelfth degree has a better right than his wife to his estate. How many of us know our fifth cousins? Yet if a man dies leaving a fifth cousin, of whom in all probability he has never heard, this blood relation will carry off his whole estate, and the wife, if she has no property of her own, will be left penniless, though her husband may have been a millionaire. The very law-makers who proclaim that marriage is so close and intimate a union that death only can part it, and the wife's personality must be submerged in that of the husband, affirm, when the compulsory dissolution comes, that the husband and wife are not related at all, and that one of them can only succeed to the other in default of relations within the twelfth degree. So far as I know the Province of Quebec is in the proud position of being the only civilized country which retains a rule so utterly preposterous. Its absurdity is of course less evident when the consorts are in community, for in that case the survivor gets in his own right his half share of the community. But even here the

result in some circumstances may be monstrous enough. If the wife brought nothing into the community and she dies without a will, her fifth cousin may call on the husband to hand over during his lifetime half the community, that is in many cases half of his whole possessions. And if after fifty years of happy married life the husband dies without a will, or his will turns out to be invalid on some technical ground, the husband's fifth cousin can carry off half the earnings which the wife, by a lifetime of economy, has helped the husband to accumulate.

Nor, when the parties are married according to the system of separation, is the situation more satisfactory. Suppose, for example, the husband at the time of the marriage possessed very small means and the wife had nothing but her personal belongings. In a country like this, where the prospects of earning a livelihood are good, and people as a rule marry young, this is not the exceptional but the normal case. It is not the custom here for any but rich fathers to provide their daughters with dowries. The young husband in the case before us does not see how he can do more for his wife in the marriage contract than undertake to insure his life for five thousand dollars. The consorts live happily together for half a century and the husband becomes a rich man and leaves a million dollars. If he forgets to make a will the fifth cousin takes \$995,000 and the wife \$5,000. When there are children surviving the case will be better, but there can be no guarantee that this will happen, and in any case it is undesirable that a widow should have to look to her children for support. It is easy to say people ought to make wills, but a rational law ought to divide a man's succession in so fair and just a manner that no great harm can be done if he neglects to make a will. It would take too long to contrast our law with that of many other countries, but we may take as examples the law of England and the laws of Germany and Switzerland. The two last are specially instructive, because they have recently undergone a thorough revision and may therefore be taken to represent the modern point of view.

By the English law, if the husband dies intestate, the wife takes one-half of his personal estate if there are no children, and one-third if there are children. If the estate is less than \$2,500 the widow gets the whole, if there are no children. If the wife dies intestate the husband takes her whole personal estate and a life interest in her real estate, called the courtesy, subject to certain conditions which need not here be stated. Some of the provinces of Canada, for example Nova Scotia, and more than half the states of the American Union have modified the rules of the English common law by establishing a substantial equality as to rights of succession between the husband and the wife.

By the new German code, which Professor Maitland described as "the most carefully considered statement of a nation's law that the world has ever seen," the surviving spouse takes one-fourth of the estate of the pre-deceased if there are surviving children, one-half in competition with parents or their issue, and the whole, if the deceased left neither parents nor grandparents nor the issue of either.

Under the new Swiss code of 1905 the surviving consort has a choice between taking the property of one-fourth, or the usufruct of one-half of the succession of the other, if there are children, and if there are no children, has a larger share, varying according to the nearness of relationship of the other heirs. But, as in Germany, if there are no relations within the circle of parents and grandparents and their issue, the surviving consort takes the whole estate of the predeceased.

So far we have been speaking merely of rights of succession, that is of rights which can be defeated by a will. According to our law every person who is in the unrestricted enjoyment of his rights can dispose of his estate after death in favour of anybody he likes, irrespective of his family relations. This principle, commonly called that of the freedom of willing, was introduced into this country by the Quebec Act of 1774, which for the rest preserved the old French laws. The English law has always clung with great tenacity to the singular superstition that a man has a sacred right to do as he likes

with his property after his death, though this may result in shifting over to the community the burdens which ought to fall upon him. It is the law of England and of Quebec that a man with a wife entirely unable to provide for herself, perhaps a cripple or a lunatic, and with ten children, should be entirely free if he chooses to leave his whole estate to foreign missions. If our perceptions were not dulled by familiarity, such a state of the law would shock us. In the Roman law and in the law of many European countries to-day, a different conception of legal duties prevails. It is an accepted principle that if a man leaves a wife or children he cannot, except for some specified legal cause, deprive them of a share of his succession. This share is not necessarily so great as that to which they would be entitled if he died without a will. In France, for example, if a man dies leaving three or more children he cannot dispose by will of more than one-fourth of his estate. In Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia, to give some of the European examples, and in a considerable number of the states of the American Union, the surviving consort is, on this principle, given by law a right to a share of the estate of the predeceased which cannot be taken away by the exercise of testamentary power. A widow can only be deprived of her legal portion where there has been a separation or divorce, or upon proof of such conduct as the law considers sufficient to justify the deprivation. In some of the states, if the widow has a sufficient income of her own, the husband is excused from his liability to provide for her. In most laws the rights of the husband and the wife in this respect are identical. It appears to me that nothing can be more reasonable. But if our legislators honestly believe that a widow's claim on her husband's succession is not so strong as that of a fifth cousin, it will take some time to convince them that she ought to have a share whether the husband desires it or not.

In this summary of the law of Married Women's Property I have not sought to conceal my opinion that reforms are greatly needed. There is, in my judgement, no branch of our law of which we have less reason to be proud. Laws ought to

be intelligible and equal, but the law of community is unequal and full of obscurities and complications. It would seem a comparatively simple matter to follow the example of the other provinces of Canada and declare that a married woman should be separate as to property, and should have complete contractual capacity. But unless this were coupled with a reform in the law of succession, it is questionable whether it would be an improvement. The greatest blot on the system at present is in the law of succession. It is absolutely certain that the surviving husband or wife ought to be placed among the nearest heirs of the predeceased, and I do not see why we should not go further and follow the lead of many progressive countries in giving the widow or widower some share at any rate which cannot be taken away by will. The Women's Council among its excellent activities might do well to take up this question. They must remember that legislatures are slow and by no means correspondingly sure, and that legal reforms are apt to be delayed to find time for measures out of which political capital may be made. But no one who knows anything of the law of other countries can honestly refuse to admit that our law as to Married Women's Property shews that Quebec is still in some respects, at least, what Lord Durham called it in 1839, "an old and stationary society in a new and progressive world."

F. P. WALTON

THE MARCH OF SOCIALISM

THE recent elections in Germany, which resulted in the return of 110 Socialists to the Reichstag out of a total of 397 members, have called attention to the phenomenal growth of Socialism, not only in Germany, but in almost every part of the civilized world. Although the origin of Socialism may be traced to its roots in the distant past, and although it may be regarded as a by-product of the industrial and political revolutions of the eighteenth century, as a factor in practical politics it is quite recent, and may be said to have begun in the year 1863, when La Salle founded the Universal German Workingmen's Association, out of which has grown the Social Democratic Party of the present day. In the following year the new movement lost its brilliant and erratic leader, but the work went on, and Socialism scored the first of a long series of political victories in the year 1867, when six Socialists were elected to the Diet of the North German Confederation.

The first election under the constitution of the empire was held in 1871, when the Socialists, notwithstanding the enthusiasm created by the victory of Germany in the war with France, cast no less than 102,000 votes and elected two representatives to the Reichstag. The following table shows the electoral successes of Socialism in Germany from 1871 to 1912.

Year	Votes	Percentage of total vote	Representatives
1871....	102,000.....	3.....	2
1874....	340,000.....	6.....	9
1877....	493,000.....	9.....	12
1878....	437,000.....	7.....	9
1881....	312,000.....	6.....	12
1884....	550,000.....	9.....	24
1887....	763,000.....	10.....	11
1890....	1,427,000.....	19.....	35
1893....	1,176,000.....	23.....	44
1896....	2,007,000.....	—.....	56
1903....	3,010,000.....	24.....	77 (later 81)
1907....	3,259,000.....	24.....	43 (later 53)
1912....	4,238,000.....	35.....	110

The importance of the Socialist victory of 1912 may be seen by comparing the results of the recent elections with those of 1907, as in the following estimate of the representation of the various parties in the Reichstag.

	1907	1912
Centrists	103	93
Conservatives and Anti-Semites	103	68
Socialists	53	110
National Liberals	51	46
Radicals	49	50
Poles	25	19
Other parties (Guelphs, Alsatians and Independents)	13	11
Total	397	397

These figures, significant as they are, do not give an adequate idea of the voting strength of the various parties, for the electoral districts have not been changed since 1871, while Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, and other great cities, the strongholds of Socialism, have increased enormously in population without any increase in their representation in the Reichstag. On the other hand, the agricultural districts, where the Conservatives are strong, have more than their proportionate share of representatives. For example, the Province of East Prussia, with about 400,000 voters, sends 17 representatives to the Reichstag, while Berlin, with more than 500,000 voters, sends only six representatives, of whom five are Socialists. The total vote polled in the first ballot was 12,188,000, of which the Conservatives polled 1,515,000, the Centrists 2,012,000, and the Socialists 4,238,000. If, therefore, the parties were represented in exact proportion to their voting strength, the Conservatives would have only 49 representatives and the Centrists only 65, while the Socialists would have 138 representatives and could outvote both Conservatives and Clericals combined.

The Socialists have now the largest party in the Reichstag, and the power of the so-called "Blue-Black-Bloc," or combination of Conservatives and Clericals, which supported the reactionary policy of Chancellor von Bethman-Hollweg, is

gone. The Kaiser himself, who is a bitter opponent of Socialism, has received a severe blow, and the Socialists take a malicious pleasure in the thought that Potsdam, the Kaiser's own constituency, has elected a Socialist, while in the palace district of Berlin the Socialist candidate was barely defeated, and that by a radical. Altogether, the reactionary forces are badly demoralized, and the Socialists constitute a formidable menace to the stability of any combination that may be formed against them. Certainly, the balance of power has shifted towards the left, and it is to be expected that the Reichstag will presently inaugurate some, at least, of the reforms demanded by the Socialists.

The Social Democratic Party is a party of reform as well as a party of revolution. Probably a majority of its members are revolutionary Socialists of the orthodox, or Marxian, type, but even these realize that the social revolution may not come for many years, and therefore work for certain immediate reforms for the benefit of the present generation. In this they receive the support of many people who would be classed as Liberals, Radicals, Progressives, or Insurgents, in English-speaking countries, who vote with the Socialists as a way of protesting against monarchism, militarism, protectionism, the unfair taxation of the poor, and the policy of reaction in general, and as a way of forcing to the front proposals for reform which the Conservative parties would not adopt unless compelled to do so by threat of revolution.

The ruling classes of Germany are much alarmed at the growth of Socialism, for they feel the political power slipping from their grasp and have no faith in the coming democracy of the common people. Compared with the menace of Socialism, the dispute about Morocco and all other international questions sink into insignificance. It is not France, nor even England, that is the most formidable enemy, and the army and navy, ostensibly directed against the enemy without, are intended to be used, in case of need, against the enemy within. But both army and navy are honeycombed with Socialism, and although the soldiers are taught that they must, at the

word of command, attack and kill their friends and nearest relatives, there can be little question that, when the day of reckoning arrives, they will fraternize with the common people, as at the time of the French Revolution.

In no other country has Socialism made such progress as in Germany, but in every country of the civilized world there are some Socialists, and everywhere the movement is growing. The following table shows the number of votes cast by Socialists and the number of representatives elected to the popular house in the leading countries of Europe and in the United States.

	Votes	Representatives
Germany, 1912.....	4,238,000....	110
France, 1910.....	1,106,000....	76
Austria, 1907.....	1,042,000....	87
Russia, 1907.....	—	132
United Kingdom, Dec., 1910..	506,000....	42 (Labour and Socialist)
Belgium, 1910.....	483,000....	35
Holland, 1909.....	82,000....	7
Norway, 1909.....	90,000....	11
Sweden, 1911.....	170,000....	64
Denmark, 1910.....	99,000....	24
Switzerland, 1908.....	100,000....	7
Italy, 1909.....	339,000....	39
Spain, 1910.....	40,000....	1
United States, 1910.....	700,000....	1

This list is by no means complete, for there are Socialists in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, Chile, Greece, and even in Japan and China. In Australia the Labour Party is in power and includes a good many Socialists. Socialism does not seem to thrive in Canada, and yet there is an active group of Socialists in British Columbia, where three members were elected to the provincial legislature in 1907. Altogether, the Socialist voters of the world number about 10,000,000, and if the disfranchised were counted, and all adherents, the number of nominal Socialists might number 20,000,000, or more, including children, many of whom are ardent Socialists. The number of true Socialists, rooted and grounded in the faith, is small, but in every country these men and women form a nucleus around which gather a body of more or less faithful adherents, especially when the day of political success is near.

Socialism is a factor of growing importance in the politics of the United States. About 3000 votes were cast for Socialist candidates in the presidential elections of 1888, chiefly in New York and Milwaukee. In the election of 1892 the Socialists polled 21,000 votes; in 1896, 36,000; in 1900, 137,000; in 1904, 435,000; in 1908, 438,000. In the state and congressional elections of 1910, about 700,000 Socialist votes were cast; 13 Socialist legislators were elected in Wisconsin, and 4 in other states; and Victor L. Berger was elected to Congress as representative of the Fifth Congressional District of Wisconsin, that is, the City of Milwaukee. Mr. Berger has the honour of being the first Socialist to sit in Congress, but will, assuredly, not be the last. Earlier in the year the municipal government of Milwaukee was captured by the Socialists, who not only elected Emil Seidel as mayor, but elected the controller, the city attorney and 21 out of 35 aldermen. However, on April 2nd, 1912, the Socialists were defeated by a combination of the other parties. Certainly, the Germans of Milwaukee have done much to make their city famous.

Before the panic of 1893, practically all the Socialists in the United States were of foreign birth, but since that time Socialism has found many converts among the native born. It is not strange that Socialism should have developed late in the United States, a country of vast resources and a relatively small population, affording opportunity of advancement to every intelligent and able-bodied man. But the country is now pretty well settled; practically all of the good land has been taken up; great cities have arisen; business is carried on on a large scale by corporations or individuals owning considerable capital; farming and all other industries are becoming too scientific for the man of ordinary intelligence; there is a great army of working people, many of whom receive sadly inadequate wages; and there is much poverty and misery. In brief, European conditions are coming to prevail in America, and the philosophy of Socialism, which is the philosophy of failure and disappointment, though not of resignation, has been transplanted from Europe and has taken root in American soil.

Failure and disappointment are not more common than they were in former times, but the mental attitude of men is different. In pioneer days it was a comparatively simple matter for a young man of strength and courage to make a home in the wilderness, and the privations of that life were cheerfully borne; but now the landless man, however young and strong, looks with dismay upon the vast industrial organization of which he forms so small a part, and thinks that the day of opportunity is gone forever. Then every man was his own master; now he is servant to a corporation. Then, if he failed, he had himself to blame; now he curses his employer and the whole capitalistic system. Then he lived and died in obscurity; now he inhabits the tenements of a great city. Then he told his troubles to the trees; now he exchanges grievances with his fellow-workmen and publishes them in a newspaper. Then he believed that the miseries of life were sent by God for his temporal and eternal good; now he regards them as unmitigated evils made by man. Then they were inevitable as fate; now they may be removed, society can be regenerated, and man will yet attain the happiness of which he dreams.

It is not the misery of the world alone that has caused the accumulation of discontent which is the most striking feature of modern life, but the discrepancy which exists between actual conditions and ideals, the gulf that lies between Lazarus and Dives. Across this gulf there is the bridge of opportunity, but, like the bridge of Mirza, it is so badly broken down that few may cross, while many fall into the abyss. Improvements in the condition of the poor, moreover, do nothing to allay their discontent, for wants increase more rapidly than the means of satisfying them, and high wages, a high standard of comfort, independence, ambition, education, all tend to make men realize how far short they come of their advancing ideals.

The present condition of the working class is far from ideal, and in this time of rising prices and rising standards of living it seems to be getting worse rather than better, so that the workers are ready to listen to the suggestions of any one

who claims to understand the disease and to be able to supply a remedy. They have listened to the politician who has promised protection against the pauper labour of Europe, but has given no protection against the pauper immigrant. They have listened to the advocates of cheap money, but have found that the increased production of gold has caused an increase in the cost of living and a decrease in real wages. They have listened to the walking delegate, and have found that strikes and violence throw discredit upon the unions and injure the cause of organized labour. They have heard of municipal ownership in England, of state railways in Germany, of state enterprises without end in Australia and New Zealand, but nowhere has any solution of the labour problem been found, and it has become evident that no mere reform can bring about any permanent improvement in social conditions. And now they are listening to the Socialists, who tell them that their only hope of economic salvation is to be found in working for the social revolution, which will abolish the capitalist class and establish the collective ownership of all the means of production.

To discontented workers and to all who are dissatisfied with present conditions, Socialism makes a strong appeal, and is often presented with such force as to be well-nigh irresistible. Like great religions, it is a comprehensive system of thought, feeling, and action, touching every side of life with compelling power.

Socialism appeals to the reason in that it is a theory of social evolution based upon one of the primary instincts of the human animal, the desire for food and the other necessities of life. Without doubt, the economic interpretation of history is a most illuminating conception, going far towards explaining many of the obscure pages of history, from the migrations of ancient times to the class struggle of the present day. The Socialist theory of value, too, claims to be the only correct diagnosis of the economic diseases of society, and the conclusions appear to follow the premises with irresistible logic. The unequal distribution of wealth is one of the most patent

facts in our economic system. It is equally obvious that the working class does most of the work. It therefore follows that the many are exploited by the few, and that, as soon as the workers come to realize this fact, they will seize the means of production, operate them for their own benefit, and thus enjoy what is theirs by right, the whole produce of labour. The Socialist theory is so simple that a child can understand it, and so profound that all the scholarship of the world is not sufficient to trace it in all its ramifications nor illustrate it in all its bearings.

Socialism appeals to the emotions. This is, in fact, its strongest appeal, for the emotions are the moving forces of society, and the intellect is little more than a regulator. Many of the poor, as they compare their lot with that of their more fortunate neighbours, are consumed with envy, and the Socialists, by their unceasing denunciation of the luxurious life of the rich, fan the flame of envy into an intense anger at the system which permits of such extravagance and the people who practise it, while the hungry and naked lie at their very door. The sorrows of humanity are real, and life is a tragedy, and when the poor are taught that their miseries are caused by capitalism they learn to hate both the system and the beneficiaries of it with a bitter hatred and a desire to destroy, that will be translated into deeds of violence when the day of revolution comes. Socialism appeals also to the milder emotions of love and pity, the one binding Socialists together in the bonds of comradeship, the other drawing recruits from the capitalist class who often do yeoman service in the common cause. Indeed, most of the great Socialists have been members of the capitalist class; and thus, in a sense, the theory of Socialism is a gift from the exploiters to the exploited, a weapon forged by the capitalists for use against themselves.

Socialism appeals to the fighting instincts of men. It is a call to arms; and all who are tired of inglorious peace, all who love to fight, whether with word or deed, are moved to arise, gird on their armour and do battle for the cause of human-

ity. Socialism is a movement, a crusade against the power of wealth for the sake of the poor, and enlists the sympathy of the chivalrous regardless of the merits of the dispute or the chances of success. It makes a strong appeal to the imagination and to the natural optimism of men. While it denounces the evils of capitalism unsparingly and without restraint, it does not regard them as inevitable or bound to last forever. On the contrary, as the power of slaveholders was destroyed, and as the power of feudalism passed away, so the power of capitalists, who are described as the robber barons of industry, will cease to be, and the wage-slaves of to-day will become the freemen of the social commonwealth to-morrow. As it is contended that most, if not all of the evils of the present day are due to capitalism, so all these evils will be done away under the collectivism that is to be. The Socialist has this great hope always in his mind. He looks forward to a time, not distant, when there shall be no more exploitation, no more poverty, neither ignorance, vice, crime, nor disease, when all men shall live together as brothers in prosperity and peace.

So strong is the appeal of Socialism to all laborers and to all who love their fellow-men, that it is no wonder that it spreads rapidly when once its doctrines become known. The wonder is that, considering the natural idealism of mankind, it does not spread more rapidly. But there are strong forces on the other side, which, as Socialism gains in influence, tend towards a greater solidarity in opposition to it.

First, there are the capitalists themselves, a large and influential class, including manufacturers and merchants, large and small farmers, both freeholders and tenants, the so-called professional classes, well-paid employees, and many other people of moderate wealth, who, owning property of one kind or another—a piece of land, a house, an insurance policy, a few shares in a corporation—realize that they have something to lose and nothing to gain by any social revolution. These people, with their following, constitute the ruling class in every country; they are not relatively diminishing in numbers, but rather increasing; and, although divided on

questions of minor importance, they tend to unite in defence of the institution of private property, which, they hold, is the foundation-stone of prosperity for rich and poor alike.

A few of the capitalist class, particularly the so-called intellectual proletariat, go over to Socialism, but most of the thinking people remain attached to capitalism, because, Socialists say, they get their living from the rich and do not dare to break away. Socialists have no epithets too severe for this class of people, parasites of the lowest class, who, because they live on the pickings of the capitalist feast, prostitute their talents in support of the vilest tyranny. Such a thing as intellectual independence the Socialist does not conceive as possible, nor can he imagine that thinking people may be opposed to Socialism because they discover fatal fallacies in the theories of Socialists and regard their plans for social regeneration as wholly impracticable. In so far as Socialism fights with intellectual weapons the opposition of the thinking classes is a formidable obstacle to the spread of its theories ; but in so far as Socialism is the expression of the blind will of the discontented masses, the sharp but puny weapons of the intellectuals do not count for much.

But in their efforts to better themselves the working class is not altogether blind, for there are among them many men of independent thinking and independent ways, who see the fallacies of Socialism and believe that the interests of the working class lie in coöperation with the capitalists for their mutual benefit rather than in working for an impracticable collectivism. Besides, the door of opportunity is not closed, and the capitalist class is constantly taking to itself the more capable and ambitious of the working class. Such people are not at all class-conscious, and do not wish to be, for they hope, by industry and frugality, to secure promotion from the ranks, to receive higher wages, to accumulate property, and so emerge from the working class, or at least attain a position where they will not be altogether dependent on the labour of their hands. They climb the ladder of economic success as far as they can, and their children, starting where they stop, usually

rise higher, sometimes to the very top. Although they may be in the working class, they are not of it, but members of the class in which they hope to be.

Finally, there are divisions in the ranks of Socialism itself, which are likely to interfere seriously with the success of the movement. Of late years a serious cleavage has developed, notably in France, between the more conservative or evolutionary Socialists and their more radical or revolutionary comrades. Socialists of the orthodox German type show a preference for political methods, and expect, by conquering the political power, to establish collectivism in an orderly, parliamentary way. This indirect method is too slow for the more radical Socialists, who see, moreover, that it may never accomplish its purpose, even in Germany; and there has sprung up in France and Italy a new movement, called Syndicalism, carrying on the class struggle by means of "direct action," with the "general strike" as the chief weapon, accompanied by "sabotage," or violence of every kind, for the purpose of frightening the capitalists and forcing them to grant important concessions if not to allow their property to be seized by the unions. In this way it is possible for a minority to terrorize the majority, and the Syndicalists, who form a comparatively small minority of Socialists in France, a minority of a minority, have had an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. Thus "King" Pataud, the chief of the electrical workers of Paris, has several times plunged the city into darkness, reminding one of the plagues of Egypt, by which Moses forced Pharaoh to let the people go. In other countries, too, seamen, dock labourers, railway employees, draymen, and even government servants, have used the strike with telling effect, and lately the coal miners of Great Britain have dealt a fearful blow at all the industries of the country and have forced the government to grant their demands, in part, regardless of the consequences.

This more radical form of Socialism, which is closely akin to Anarchism, tends towards reaction, not only among capitalists, but among Socialists themselves. Compared with the

Syndicalists, ordinary Socialists seem like social reformers of a very mild type, and the Hardies, Macdonalds, Spargos, and Hillquits, who shrink from extreme views and violent methods, no longer command the vanguard of revolution. The movement has got beyond their control, with men like Tom Mann, Ben Tillet, and Bill Haywood, in the lead, who do not pretend to be law-abiding citizens, and believe that all means are justified which will bring about the end desired—the abolition of capitalism. Even so the Mirabeaus, Sieyès, and La Fayettees of the French Revolution gave place to the Dantons, Marats, and Robespierres of the Reign of Terror, which, after a time, was followed by the Cæsarism of Napoleon.

Capitalism may defend itself against Socialism by a policy of reaction or by a policy of compromise. Those who favour reaction shut their eyes to the evils of the industrial system, or think that nothing can be done to remove or ameliorate them. In this they run counter to the trend of public opinion and adopt a most short-sighted policy, which tends to alienate a large part of their own following and to drive the more conservative Socialists into the arms of Syndicalists and Anarchists. The recent elections in Germany sufficiently prove the failure of reaction. The middle ground of compromise is more prudent from the point of view of political tactics, and saner from the point of view of economic theory, for it is an attempt to reconcile the conflicting interests of capitalists and labourers and thus promote industrial peace and social progress. Socialists and reactionists alike insist that no reconciliation is possible and no half-way measures acceptable, but the vast majority of intelligent people hold the contrary opinion, and believe that reform is better than revolution and compromise than civil war.

The great theologian and philosopher of the Middle Ages, Thomas Aquinas, laid down two great principles, which seem to have as much validity to-day as they had in the thirteenth century, when he said that in an ideal state private property should be recognized as a necessary means to the production of wealth, but that the fruits of industry should

be enjoyed in common. Private ownership was necessary, according to Aquinas,—first, because of the interest which the owner takes in the management of his property; second, because it tends towards a better organization of production; and third, because private industry is carried on with less of that wrangling and conflict which results when property is held in common. On the other hand, no man should regard the fruits of industry as wholly his own, but should share with his neighbour in the spirit of true brotherhood and friendship.

While it should be remembered that Thomas Aquinas was writing of an ideal state similar to that imagined by Plato, where the territory was limited in extent, the population restricted, and most of the work was done by slaves; the distinction which he draws is most important, and might be made the basis of a programme of social amelioration, that would have all of the advantages and few of the disadvantages of democratic collectivism.

The weakest part of the Socialist programme is the demand that all the means of production be owned and operated collectively, and neither Bellamy nor any other Socialist has been able to suggest a scheme by which production could be carried on as efficiently as under the régime of private property. On the contrary, the great economist, Schæffle, in his book, "The Impracticability of Social Democracy," has advanced many reasons for his opinion that under Socialism the productive power of society would show a serious falling off, and no Socialist has been able to give satisfactory answers to his objections. On the contrary, they have usually avoided such practical questions, saying that when the time comes society will know how to solve all practical problems as fast as they arise, and thus confess themselves to be blind leaders of the blind, without the characteristic caution of blind people, who usually feel their way and never willingly take a leap in the dark. It may, therefore, be taken for granted, until the contrary is shown, that the complicated system of production, which now operates automatically and with marvelous efficiency through the agency of price, could not be managed by society without the foundation of private property and the

stimulus of private profit. In the order of nature, production comes before distribution, and while it is important that the product of industry be equitably divided, it is far more important that there be something to divide. The ideal of distribution must be based upon an ideal of production, so that all who contribute to the common result may receive a larger share of a larger product.

The strongest part of the Socialist programme is the demand for a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry. In this Socialists of every school unite, and all social reformers, and there are few defenders of capitalism who dare to claim that the present system of distribution is the best that is possible. But as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so the Socialist programme is weak, because the demand for improvement in distribution is coupled with the demand for a socialized production which would reduce the social income and equalize conditions only by reducing all to the level of a common poverty. If in some way a better distribution of incomes could be secured without abolishing private ownership of the means of production, a compromise might be effected which would greatly increase the productive power of society and bring about a reconciliation between the capitalists and the working class.

The factory hand of to-day differs from the pioneer of yesterday in two important respects, which are at bottom one. In the first place, he does not own his tools; in the second place, unless he is a man of exceptional ability, his chances of advancement are less. This is partly due to the appropriation of land and the increase of population, partly to changes in methods of production, requiring large capital, which the labourer cannot command, and a combination of personal qualities which the ordinary man does not possess. Such are the chief conditions of the problem, and the solution, if at all possible, must be worked out along two main lines. First, greater opportunities for advancement and the acquisition of property must be afforded to the working class; second, the physical strength, intelligence, and morale of the working class must be improved.

To accomplish these ends great and fundamental changes must take place in the attitude of both rich and poor towards industrial questions, accompanied by corresponding changes in legal and moral standards, and the Socialists are almost justified in holding that only revolution could bring about changes so revolutionary in their character. But an industrial revolution has been going on during the present generation, and there are indications that point to a transformation of public opinion almost as revolutionary as that which has taken place in methods of production.

The fruits of industry are, more than ever before, a joint product, and when an unusually large share falls into the hands of a single man, the enlightened social conscience declares that it does not, in justice, belong to him, but to society, for whose benefit it should be used. The Christian Church has always taught that the man of wealth is a steward, who should administer the property intrusted to him for the glory of God. The best landlords, in England and elsewhere, have always recognized their duty to administer their estates for the good of their tenants and labourers, and the absentee landlords of Ireland have been justly condemned for not doing so. Economists teach that the rich man who leads a simple life and invests his income in productive enterprises is more useful to society than he who spends all for selfish gratification. Charity workers consider that they have a right to receive contributions from the rich in proportion to their ability. Rich men give largely to universities, hospitals, libraries, medical research, and other causes, not altogether in the spirit of charity or liberality, but in the spirit of justice, wishing to return to the public part or the whole of the wealth which they have accumulated, not by any transcendent merit of their own, but because of a combination of circumstances which is the modern equivalent of what theologians used to call the Grace of God.

Illustrations might be multiplied to show that, according to the best thought of the time, wealth, especially great wealth, should not be absolutely owned, but rather held in trust for the benefit of society. If this opinion comes to be generally

held it will supply the rich with a much needed ideal, inspire the poor with hope, bring about reasonable laws for the control of industry, improve the public health, provide for the infirm and aged, and, in general, secure all the benefits that could possibly come from Socialism without impairing the productive power of industry, which is the material basis of civilized life.

What forms the idea of the trusteeship of wealth may take when people no longer regard it as an impracticable ideal, but seriously begin to practise it, cannot be foretold, but it naturally suggests an extension of the principle of profit-sharing, by which the labourers would have enlarged opportunities of acquiring an interest in business undertakings, the ownership of industries would be more widely diffused, and all the partners would work together heartily for the general good. That this would demand sacrifices on the part of all concerned cannot be denied, but sacrifice is essential to progress and is the source of far more satisfaction than the unthinking gratification of appetite. It would demand of the rich the living of a simple life and the use of their wealth and talents for the good of others. It would demand of the poor that they be content with a moderate increase in wages and reasonable chances of advancement. It would require of all classes the highest efficiency, the most perfect self-control, the strictest temperance, and the most loyal coöperation of which human nature is capable.

Possibly, human nature is quite incapable of realizing any such ideal. The labouring class might be persuaded to try it, as they would have something to gain and nothing to lose, but what could persuade the capitalist class to give their time and money and to take all the risks of business for the chance of a share in the profits that would be little more than wages? The capitalists, perhaps, have nothing to gain but the satisfaction of serving the public, but they have much to lose, for the power of the working class is increasing every day, and there is danger that they may soon demand, not merely a share in the profits of industry, but the confiscation of private property, that they may appropriate and consume,

not only the product of their own industry, but the accumulations of previous generations.

Some years before the French Revolution, the great statesman and economist, Turgot, endeavoured to persuade the aristocracy to renounce some of their privileges, but in vain. They drove him from office, and the carnival of extravagance and misrule, with its accumulation of abuses and its burden of debt, went merrily on. Then came the Revolution; and after the capture of the Bastille and the burning of the chateaux, when the country was seething with discontent and riot, on that memorable day, the 4th of August, 1789, an aristocrat rose in the National Assembly and proposed, for the sake of restoring tranquillity, that thenceforth taxes be paid by all citizens, and that *corvées*, *main-mortes* and other personal servitudes be abolished without compensation. Immediately another noble deputy proposed another reform, and one after another moved to abolish privilege after privilege: seigniorial jurisdiction, the exclusive right to hold offices of state, the sale of offices, exclusive rights of hunting and fishing, of keeping rabbits and doves, and so on, until practically all of the old privileges were abolished, with or without indemnity, and the Assembly adjourned in great enthusiasm, believing that the country was saved and that their lives and property were again secure.

The renunciation came too late, and the aristocrats were unable to stem the tide of revolution that presently swept them all away, but if the reforms which they proposed had been adopted a few years sooner, the catastrophe might have been averted. They could not know; but the capitalists of to-day, who see the revolutionary tendencies of the time, do know, or should know, that they must heed the warnings that they have received, listen to the demand for justice that rises on every hand, and determine to administer their property for the good of others, else their master, the working class, will say, in the words of a most significant parable: "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward!"

JAMES EDWARD LE ROSSIGNOL

FATHER LACOMBE

“NEAR the Lake of the Woods at sunrise one morning in 1882 I saw a priest standing on a flat rock, his crucifix in his right hand and his broad hat in the other, silhouetted against the rising sun, which made a golden halo about him, talking to a group of Indians—men, women, and papooses—who were listening with reverent attention. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and the noble and saintly countenance of the priest brought it to me that this must be Father Lacombe of whom I had heard so much; and it was.

“My acquaintance with him, begun that morning, has been full of charm to me, and my only regret is that in these later years the pleasure of meeting him has come at lengthening intervals. His life, devoted and self-sacrificing, has been like peaceful moonlight—commonplace to some, but to others full of quiet splendour, serenity, mystery, and of much more for which there are no words. We who know him love him because of his goodness and we feel that he is great; but we may not say he is great because of this or of that. His life has been hidden from the world in far-away Indian encampments, and it is there we must look for accounts of his good works and great deeds.

“The noble and elevating example of devotion and self-sacrifice that has been given us by Father Lacombe in his more than sixty years of work among the Indians of Western Canada should not be lost; for he would be stony-hearted indeed who would not be softened and humanized by such an example, which must bring even to the irreligious a feeling of profound respect for the faith which inspired and sustained this good man. It is fortunate, therefore, that Miss Hughes, who is so well fitted in every way and especially by her intimate knowledge of the country in which Father Lacombe has laboured so long and with the conditions surrounding him,

should have undertaken a record of his life, with a reverent love of her subject to guide her pen; and I regard it as a very great honour that she has asked me to write a preface for her book." This, the preface to Katherine Hughes's "Father Lacombe," is signed "W. C. Van Horne."

To give a book an inviting title is one of the most efficacious means of arousing interest. But in many readers the title, "Father Lacombe," would fail to arouse interest, for his name is not generally known to the public. But let one read Sir William Van Horne's preface, and at once the reader's interest is aroused, and his attention is held by the vividness of the description of Father Lacombe's character. The book is divided into two parts; the first part deals with Father Lacombe's life as a missionary among the Crees and Blackfeet, before the thin edge of civilization had come to spoil the home of his beloved Indians; before the alluring wilderness of the great North-West had fled; before immigrant waggons had made their tracks across the wide continent, and the mystic spell still hung over the lone land.

The first glimpse we have of Father Lacombe as a boy, is at his home at St. Sulpice, where the family is holding the feast of the New Year; a typical French-Canadian family, industrious and hard-working, and with no other thought but that the eldest boy, born February 28th, 1827, would continue on the farm and lead the same simple life as his forebears had done. But already his thoughts were reaching out into the great world. He wishes to go to college, to be a priest, or a *voyageur*, like his great-uncle, Joseph Lacombe. This great-uncle was a hero in the boy's eyes; for had he not rescued his niece from the Ojibway chief who had stolen the girl and carried her away to his camp at Sault Ste. Marie, where two sons were born to her before her uncle rescued her and brought her back with her boys to St. Sulpice.

It was one of these boys who was the ancestor of Albert's mother. The *curé* of St. Sulpice knew of the boy's wish for an education, and sent him, at his own expense, in 1840 to l'Assomption College. In 1848, while Albert was following his

theological studies in Montreal, he heard Father George Belcourt, a missionary from Pembina district, preach a series of missionary sermons. These sermons made such an impression upon the young man, that he resolved then and there to answer the call for helpers in the West. "I was struck to the heart. An interior voice called me. '*Quem mitten?*' I said in reply, '*Ecce ego, mitte me.*'"

Early one morning in August, 1849, Father Albert Lacombe went aboard the primitive steamboat which started from Lachine for the West, the same Lachine whence his great-uncle had so often started on his voyages. But how changed, since the days of the North-West Company, when it was gay with the laughter and songs of the *coureurs-de-bois!*

Pembina was the Father's first mission, and it was there that this young priest witnessed a buffalo hunt, eight hundred buffaloes being killed at one time. The missionary found life at Pembina during the winter rather trying. There was but little to do, and he overcame the inactivity by diligently mastering the Indian languages which were to serve him in his intercourse with the Indians of the plains. Three years later Father Lacombe was at Fort Edmonton, where he was hospitably entertained by the commander. June passed quickly and pleasantly at the Fort, as he ministered to those of his faith and spent the time in studying the Cree language. There were as many as one hundred and fifty people housed within a palisaded quadrangle: "I repeat what I have said many times, that if we had not had the aid and the hospitality of the Hudson Bay Company, we could not have for a long time begun, or carried out, the establishment of the young Church of the North-West." Thus Father Lacombe testifies to the liberality and kindness of the company.

Fort Edmonton was then the centre of a large trade with the Crees and Blackfeet; and their Blood and Piegan allies came in large numbers to trade, so that Father Lacombe found his time fully occupied. Fifty miles from the Fort was the mission of Lac Ste. Anne, which was the first permanent mission for the Crees. Thither Father Lacombe went in 1853, to

enter upon his year of seclusion and prayer, before taking the vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience prescribed by the Order of Oblates, which he had for some time wished to join.

War, famine, and pestilence now became the lot of this young missionary, but not once did he shrink from the onerous task set before him. When the dreaded fever and small-pox devastated whole encampments of Blackfeet and Crees, Father Lacombe would take his few simple remedies and go from camp to camp tending the sick and dying, until he was overcome by sheer exhaustion. But there were pleasant days now and again at the mission. There was work in the fields to do and the teaching of agriculture to the Indians. Throughout his career as a missionary Father Lacombe never lost sight of the fact that the civilization of these people could only be accomplished by inducing them to settle and cultivate the land.

Lord Southesk visited the mission in 1859, and thus describes life there: "I remained for the night at the mission-house. Everything is wonderfully neat and flourishing. It is a true oasis in the desert,—the cows fat and fine, the horses the same, the dogs, the very cats the same: a well-arranged and well-kept garden, gay with flowers, some of them the commonest flowers of the woods and plains brought to perfection by care and labour: the house beautifully clean: meals served as in a gentleman's dining-room: excellent preserves of service-berries and wild raspberries,—everything made use of and turned to account." In the heart of this primeval land, in the midst of his multitudinous duties did this man yet find time to till the soil and make for himself a garden that was pleasant to the eye,—such a garden as would have delighted Lescarbot and Hébert.

Father Lacombe's organizing genius had full scope in establishing new missions. The description of the founding of St. Albert's Mission shows his indomitable spirit. For ten days the logging continued, one of the oxen being employed to haul the logs to the site. A saw-pit was made, and logs were sawed under the young priest's instructions. Mean-

while two of the men were employed in clearing and breaking the soil. There was only one plough. Father Lacombe was anxious to cultivate as great an area as possible; so he arranged that one man should plough during part of the day with two oxen, while the other man with another yoke should plough late into the night. This was possible because of the long twilight of the Saskatchewan valley.

Very soon a number of the Ste. Anne Métis and freemen turned up at the new mission, preferring it to the summer hunt for a novelty. The men began to get timber for houses; the women were set to work on a large communal garden where seeds of carrots, onions, beets, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables were sown in abundance. But the ruling spirit of all this activity—now in the saw-pit, now at work on the houses, again in the fields—was Father Lacombe. July came and the fertile grainlands on the hilltop were touched with the colour of the harvest. Father Lacombe and his regiment of workers were enjoying their own potatoes and vegetables. The houses which had risen as if by enchantment would soon be ready for habitation. Autumn came, the harvests were reaped, the vegetables were covered away in root-cellars on the side of the hill. Well might Father Lacombe exclaim: "How full of delights for the Métis as for the Indians, this Golden Age when the hunt was still abundant!" By the spring Father Lacombe had built a bridge over the river, the first bridge west of Red River: "Next morning the whole settlement came out with me—they brought axes, ropes, everything we needed. I put an old Canadian freeman as supervisor and in three days we had a solid bridge. While they worked I fed them all with pemmican and tea." Nor was this all. Father Lacombe "built a grist-mill and tamed the wild ponies to run it." This wonderful little settlement attracted many visitors. It was, in fact, the model farm.

In 1865 Father Lacombe was sent on a mission to begin a crusade on the plains. And for the next six years he is seen at the most unexpected places between Bow River and the Peace, the foot hills and the Saskatchewan Forks: "These

were his immense hunting grounds for recruits, an area inhabited by eight different tribes." In the midst of battles between Crees and Blackfeet, performing surgical operations; through blinding snowstorms, hunger, and sickness did he persevere in his "quest for souls." He returned at the end of his long journeys to Rocky Mountain House in a sad condition of semi-starvation and sickness: "Richard Hardisty treated me like a brother that day," says Father Lacombe. "I felt so sick and tired and hungry when I got to Mountain House that I was ready to lie down in the snow and die. But he took our miserable party in before his big fire and warmed and fed us and clothed me, and I always feel since then that he saved my life." Never long at rest, he was sent by the Diocesan Council to St. Louis to consider the advisability of opening up a new transportation system to the south. This was to ship supplies from France to New Orleans and then up the Missouri to Fort Benton. Father Lacombe's report was against any change being made. The Red River route to the Missouri he considered the best.

In 1870, small-pox carried off over two thousand five hundred Indians. Father Lacombe toiled night and day in tending the sick and burying the dead. That great hearted man, the Rev. George McDougall, of the Methodist Mission at Victoria, was going through the same awful experience. The winter of this year found Father Lacombe settled at Rocky Mountain House. Here it was that he revised and prepared the notes he had made for his Cree dictionary, and he also prepared a number of sermons in the Cree language. Captain Butler, author of "The Great Lone Land," was a guest at the same time as Father Lacombe, at Rocky Mountain House, and mentions in his work the pleasant intercourse he had. The opening of spring found Father Lacombe with the Blackfeet, planning new missions among them. Bow River was to be the next place for a mission. But a summons came from the bishop, that he was to leave his work, go East and begin a series of sermons on behalf of the missions and Indian schools. When the campaign was finished and Father

Lacombe was hourly expecting to be recalled to his beloved Indians, word came that he was to sail for Europe and with other missionaries of his order go from city to city preaching the needs of their missions.

The second part of the book presents an entirely different aspect of Father Lacombe's life in the North-West. The missionary of the wilds returns from his tour through the cities of the Old World to find all things changed. Never again would the black-robed *voyageur* taste the keen delight of wandering over a vast, silent world wrapped in the mystery of ages. The free, wild life of the wilderness had fled with the coming of the railway. Man's genius had filled the land, as if by magic, with towns and settlements, and he who had so loved this free life of the plains, was now to be Bishop Taché's helper in the colonization of the Red River district. The Father's life was now passed in the bustle attendant on the rush of immigration to a newly opened country. His intelligence and his knowledge of the Indians and his unbounded influence with them were realized by the government at Ottawa, and more than once he was summoned to Ottawa to meet and talk over with them the Riel question.

Of the Riel rebellion but little is said. But that little is enough to show that this missionary had not passed the greater part of his life among the Indians without having a great love for them. He it was who took Riel from the Longue Pointe Asylum, where he was kept under supervision, to an institution at Plattsburg. This happened in 1873, before the second rebellion. Well had it been for Riel had he but listened to the wise counsel of Bishop Taché and Father Lacombe, who strove by every means in their power to keep him from stirring up the Métis.

From colonization and the starting of new missions in the different towns, Father Lacombe was called upon to act as chaplain to the construction camps, as the Canadian Pacific Railway approached the west. With his great love for humanity and passionate zeal for saving souls, he worked among these construction camps with fiery zeal. The state of life

he saw at these camps made him work but the harder for the salvation of these men. In the midst of all this vileness, there were gleams of brightness and many were the poor men he reclaimed from sin. But to this gentle-souled man this life after the sweetness of the wilds was terrible: "My God, send me back again to my old Indian missions. I am longing for that," was the heart-breaking cry he wrote in his Journal. At last his release came, and he started once more to visit his old friends the Blackfeet. For his long drive of twelve hundred miles, the contractors had presented him with a fine team of horses, a buckboard-waggon, and a tent. In his tent under the starlit night with the construction camps left far behind, how sweet life was to him! On his long drive he saw on all sides the march of civilization. Regina was springing into being. And Edmonton, how changed since he last saw the Fort! Stockades, bastions, sentinel's gallery—all gone; a village and telegraph poles told of communication with the outside world. The farther he went the greater grew his bewilderment. Bridle paths led to the homes of English and Canadian ranches. The Royal North-West Mounted Police, that splendid semi-military organization, were now as familiar figures as the Indians had been in the old days. "No one," said Father Lacombe, "who has not lived in the West since the old times can realize what is due to that road—the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It was magic, like the mirage on the prairies, changing the face of the whole country. We knew, of course, it was not built without the hope of some day bringing in much money to its builders and directors; that is the way of mankind. But I say to you of the men I met those first days of the road, there was more than money-making in their heads. There was courage, yes, and daring . . . Hah! that did make us all admire, and there was a great faith and pride in this country. They believed it held great possibilities, those men who fought so hard to carry that plan through, and they had the prescience that is the gift only of the great men of every age . . . How we admired that man Van Horne! He was a Napoleon in the planning of his work, in his control of it, and

in the attachment of the men who worked for him . . . Politeness is business, that was his maxim. He gave that road from end to end of the continent one spirit—like the old Company used to have from London to Oregon.”

In 1884 Father Lacombe had the great satisfaction of seeing two of his Indian industrial schools opened, one at Dunbow and the other at Qu'Appelle. Through his friend, the late Sir Alexander Galt, representations were made to the government, with the result that the “government agreed to erect the buildings, pay the principal and make a *per capita* grant toward the maintenance of the pupils.”

In 1885 occurred the second Riel rebellion. When Bishop Grandin knew that Riel had returned to the country from Montana he hurried down to Prince Albert, and for fifteen days he went among the Métis endeavouring to quiet them. He wrote at once to Ottawa to warn them that trouble was impending. Father Lacombe obtained the promise of Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet, that the southern tribes would remain peaceful, and the Blackfeet were loyal to the last.

There is a nice touch in a letter dated, Montreal, December 22nd, 1889.

“Dear Father Lacombe : We are still following you wherever you go with our rails and locomotives, and it is possible that you will hear our whistle at Macleod before the end of the coming year. I send you herewith a little charm against railway conductors, which you may find useful since you cannot get beyond their reach. With best wishes for your good health and long life, believe me, faithfully yours, W. C. Van Horne.” This was a railway pass over the whole system of the Canadian Pacific.

For over twenty years Father Lacombe kept that letter. “You see why I love that man differently from the others,” he said. “He is himself different. He has not only his genius, his brain, but he has a heart; that is more rare. See, he wrote this letter himself; that man—and so busy. But it was always so; he has been beautiful in the little things of life. Ah, Omimi, I love that man—he is the brother of my heart.”

Father Lacombe's next undertaking was the colonization of the Saskatchewan valley with French-Canadians from the province of Quebec. He also persuaded the government to build a bridge for Edmonton over the Saskatchewan. For who could refuse this winsome pleader anything. From the far West the Father was once more sent abroad on mission work. And again, in 1904, he set sail for Rome and the Holy Land. It was at Edmonton that Lord Strathcona and Father Lacombe again renewed their old-time friendship: "The great empire-builder went forward to meet the little man in the black cassock—also an empire-builder in his way." When the time came to say farewell "the old priest lifted his friend's hand to his lips; and was gone."

LYNN HETHERINGTON

MRS. JAMESON IN CANADA

IN 1837 Toronto, until recently known as "muddy little York," had a remarkable visitor in the person of Mrs. Jameson, wife of the attorney-general of Upper Canada, who had already in the Old Country made a reputation for herself as a writer and art critic. On her arrival in Canada she described herself as "a wayfaring, lonely woman."

Anna Brownell Murphay was the daughter of an Irish artist residing in London, who held the appointment of painter in enamel to the court. The Murphays were always poor and struggling, but being clever and charming found entrance to the most intellectual circles in London. Anna, a valiant soul, developed early. At sixteen she was governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester, and later in that of Lord Hatherton. During a trip to the continent the "Diary of an Ennuyee" was written, though it was not published until several years later. Possessing delicacy of critical insight and keenly penetrating intelligence, the young girl's thoughts turned towards art, history, poetry, and decoration. Original and independent, her conversation was fascinating. She sang sweetly, sketched and designed cleverly. Fanny Kemble describes her as "An attractive looking young woman, with a skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanies reddish hair such as hers was. Her face, which was habitually refined and spirituelle in its expression, was capable of a marvellous power of concentrated feeling which is rarely seen in any woman's face and is peculiarly rare in the countenance of a fair, small, delicately-featured woman, all whose characteristics were extremely pretty." In his "Note Book" Nathaniel Hawthorne remarks, "Her hands, by the way, are white and must have been, perhaps are, beautiful. She must have been perfectly pretty in her day, a blue, or grey-eyed, fair-haired beauty."

During the winter of 1820-21 Miss Murphy met a young barrister, Robert Jameson, a favourite of the poet Wordsworth. A man of fine culture, literary taste, and admirable conversational powers, in his youth he had been intimate with Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. When, in 1831, Hartley Coleridge published a volume of poems, three sonnets contained therein addressed to "A Friend," were intended for Robert Jameson, the author saying, "He was the favourite companion of my boyhood, the active friend and sincere counsellor of my youth. 'Though seas between us broad ha' rolled' since we travelled side by side, I trust the sight of this little volume will give rise to recollections that will make him ten years younger." In 1821 Anna Murphy married the man who appears to have been her first and only love.

It might be supposed that kindred tastes would afford a firm foundation for domestic happiness, but such did not prove to be the case. From the very first there was a painful lack of harmony between husband and wife. Speaking of this lack of sympathy, Mrs. Jameson's niece and biographer, Mrs. Macpherson, remarks, "It does not appear to have involved any moral wrong but only something persistently out of time, a fundamental discord. Mr. Jameson at a distance was the most devoted and admiring of husbands, but in the domestic circle, cold, self absorbed, unsympathetic. His wife once wrote to him, 'A union such as ours is, and has ever been, is a real mockery of the laws of God and man.'"

After five years of unhappy married life Mr. Jameson was made puisne judge in the Island of Dominica, but the climate was unhealthy, and his wife did not accompany him. She supported herself and generously aided her family while her literary reputation steadily increased. In 1833, through the influence of his wife's friends, Mr. Jameson secured a good appointment in Canada. When he urged his wife to join him she doubted, hesitated, and considering it her duty, finally yielded. Apparently she cherished no buoyant hopes of happiness, for in writing to a friend she explained, "I am

going to Toronto with far more mistrust and fear than confidence. If I could believe all Jameson says, I might suppose I was going into an Elysium."

When she arrived in New York there was no one to welcome her, and though the journey to Canada was at that time an arduous one, not even a letter awaited her, to guide her on her way. Speaking of her arrival at Toronto, she said, "As I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle deep in mud and ice, and walked about a mile through a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, to me as yet an unknown wilderness, and through dreary, miry ways," and again, "I was sad at heart as a woman could be, and these were the feelings, the impressions with which I entered the house which was to be my home." Mr. Jameson occupied a house at the corner of Brock and Front Streets. The Garrison Common formed the arc of a circle having the garrison in the centre, and that portion of the Common which lay immediately west of the foot of Brock St. formed Mr. Jameson's ornamental grounds.

At that period letters between England and Canada were often seven weeks on the way. At home the new arrival had affectionate relatives, numbers of congenial friends; in this new settlement she found nothing to replace the brilliant, intellectual circles to which she had been accustomed. Alexander Galt, author of "Laurie Todd," when accused of looking down on the inhabitants of Canada, answered easily, "The fact is I never thought about them except to notice some ludicrous peculiarity of individuals." Describing Dover, in Kent, as a dull place he explained, "Everybody who has been at Dover knows that it is one of the vilest haunts on the face of the earth except Little York, in Upper Canada." Mrs. Jameson wrote, "I am like an uprooted tree, dying at the core, yet with a strange, unreasonable power of mocking at my own weakness." Lonely and miserable in her desolation, this stranger was, perhaps, not so lenient in her judgements as a happy woman might have been, but she evidently endeavoured to be fair and generous.

"I know no better way of coming at the truth," she wrote, "than by observing faithfully the impressions made by objects and characters on my own mind—or rather the impress they receive from my own mind—shadowed by the clouds that pass over its horizon, taking each tincture of its varying mood, until they emerge into light to be corrected by observation and comparison."

Toronto then had a population of 10,000, and Mrs. Jameson describes it as "Most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town, on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some government offices of staring red brick, in the most staring, vulgar style imaginable, the grey, sullen, wintry lake and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. . . . I did not expect much, but for this I was not prepared."

Later Mrs. Jameson wrote to her sister, "Jameson is appointed Chancellor at last. He is now at the top of the tree and has no more to expect or aspire to. I think he will make an excellent Chancellor, he is gentlemanlike, cautious, he will stick to precedents, and his excessive reserve is here the greatest of possible virtues. No one loves him, it is true, but every one approves him. . . . The house is pretty and comfortable and the garden will be beautiful, but I take no pleasure in anything. The place itself, the society, are detestable to me, my own domestic position so painful and so without remedy and hope that to remain here would be death to me. It is the most hateful climate ever encountered, yet it agrees with some people very well. I am in a small community of fourth rate, half educated, or uneducated people where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and household cares the women. The winter has been beyond measure dreary and lonely."

The highly-cultured woman failed to grasp the point of view of those whose mental training had been less perfect than her own. Speaking of an educational question discussed in the Canadian Parliament she said, "The strange, crude,

ignorant, vague opinions I heard in conversation, and read in the debates and provincial papers excited my astonishment." "The only road on which it is possible to take a drive is Young Street, which is macadamised for the first twelve miles." Drink is spoken of as "A vice which is rotting at the core of this colony—poisoning the very sources of existence." Of the Niagara peninsula she says, "I can scarce believe that this whole district is not only remarkable for the prevalence of vice, but of dark and desperate crime."

As the result of a somewhat extensive experience this keen observer decided: "The women of the better class are said to exist in a perpetual state of passive discord and endurance. . . . I never met with so many discontented, repining women as in Canada. I never met one woman recently settled here who considered herself happy. Those born here, or brought here early by their parents, seem to be very happy and many of them have adopted a sort of pride in their new country. . . . I have observed that really accomplished women, accustomed to what is called the best society, have more resources and manage better than some who have no pretensions of any kind and whose claims to social distinction could not have been great anywhere, but whom I found lamenting themselves as if they had been so many exiled princesses. No, nothing can be imagined so pitiful, so ridiculous."

Mrs. Jameson describes the country as "that unhappy and mismanaged, but most magnificent region, Upper Canada," and as "a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities," saying, "Upper Canada appears to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English Government with the conditions, wants, feeling and capacities of the people and country. . . .
"I did not expect to find here in this new capital of a new country, with the boundless forest within half a mile of us on every side, concentrated as it were, all the worst evils of our old and most artificial system with none of its advantages

and agreements. Toronto is like a fourth or fifth rate provincial town with the pretensions of a capital city. We have here a colonial oligarchy, a self-constituted aristocracy based upon nothing real, nor even upon anything imaginary. . . . It is curious to see how a new fashion, or a new folly is imported from the Old Country and with what difficulty and delay a new idea finds its way into the head of the people, or a new book into their hands. There reigns here a hateful, factious spirit in political matters, but for the present no public or patriotic feeling, no recognition of general or generous principles. Canada is a colony, not a country. The Tories are the influential party; in their hands is the government patronage. The Whigs look with scorn and jealousy upon the powers and prejudices of the Tories. The Radicals are usually mentioned as 'those rascals,' or 'those scoundrels.' There is among all parties a general tone of complaint and discontent—a mutual distrust. We find here conventionalism in its most oppressive and ridiculous form; never did I hear so little truth, nor find so little mutual benevolence.

"We have two good booksellers' shops; at one of these is a circulating library of two or three hundred volumes of common novels. Archdeacon Strachan and Chief Justice Robinson have very pretty libraries, but in general it is about two years before a new work finds its way here; the American reprints of English reviews and magazines and the Albion newspaper seem to supply liberally our literary wants. . . . There are numbers of newspapers. . . . There is a commercial room in the city of Toronto and this is absolutely the only place of assembly or amusement except the taverns and low drinking places. . . . Venison, game and wild fowl are always to be had; quail, which are caught in immense numbers near Toronto, are most delicate eating. What they call partridge here is a small species of pheasant; snipe and woodcock are abundant. Wild goose is also delicate eating when well cooked. As yet I have seen no vegetables whatever except potatoes."

The spring brought brighter impressions and the visitor frankly acknowledged that Canada possessed a beauty and brightness of her own. She wrote, "It would be pleasant, verily, if after all my ill humoured and impertinent tirades against Toronto, I were doomed to leave it with regret, yet such is likely to be the case. There are some kind-hearted and agreeable people who look upon me with more friendliness than at first and are winning fast upon my feelings. There is considerable beauty about me. The expanse of this lake has become to me as the face of a friend."

Mr. Jameson was severe and self-sufficing, and the uncongenial couple found a mutual existence unendurable. "If I found in Jameson anything I wished," the wife lamented, bitterly, "but as it is, to remain would be only a vain and foolish struggle, a perpetual discord between the outward and inward being." She therefore decided to return to England, her husband agreeing to make her a small allowance.

Mrs. Jameson entertained an intense curiosity concerning the Indian tribes, and before leaving the country she determined to make herself acquainted with Upper Canada. In those days such a journey as she contemplated was no light undertaking. In the original preface to "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," first published in 1838, the writer describes herself as "thrown into scenes and regions hitherto undescribed by any traveller (for the northern shores of Lake Huron are almost new ground) and into relations with the Indian tribes such as few Europeans have ever risked and none have recorded."

The lady's strong personality, ardent and vigorous, was not easily daunted, and she now required the exercise of all her courage. The expedition lasted two months. The traveller was keenly interested in everything—crops, Indians, missionaries, chance emigrants, cottage innkeepers, settlers of every description, her human sympathy generously met all demands. One day's journey in a baker's cart cost her seven dollars. The country roads were so wretched that nine hours were spent in travelling twenty-five miles. The

corduroy roads were formed of a series of saw logs laid side by side; during a wet season portions of it afloat would undulate under a passing load, the horses legs might be entrapped or even broken. A line of stages between Hamilton were known as the "Telegraph Line." As Chief Justice Powell's carriage was a rough sort of omnibus, which would compare unfavourably with our present gaol van, it was no wonder that the stage was a heavy, wooden vehicle about the size and form of an old fashioned Lord Mayor's coach, placed on runners raised about a foot above the ground, the whole painted a bright red. The mail coaches were "large, oblong, wooden boxes formed of a few planks nailed together and placed on wheels, into which you entered by the windows, there being no doors to open or shut, and no springs. Travellers provided their own buffalo skins and cushions. The vehicles often sank into the mud above the axle-trees. On the road to London the driver had often to dismount and partly to fill up some tremendous holes with boughs before we could pass; lift or drag the wagon over trunks of trees, and we sometimes sank into abysses from which it is a wonder we ever emerged."

In the Credit River the traveller saw two hundred salmon speared in a single night. Asking for books and papers at the London hotel, Mrs. Jameson was given an ancient geography and three old newspapers. The court house was described to her as "somewhat Gothic" in style. Still, she notes, "On the whole I have never seen such evident signs of progress and prosperity;" and also, "this land of Upper Canada is, in truth, a very Paradise of hope."

The London district boasted of particularly good society. There Mrs. Jameson found "several people of family, superior education, and large capital; among them the brother of an English earl and the son of an Irish peer." "The Chancellor's lady," as she was called, spent a week with Colonel Talbot, and was keenly interested in all his schemes. She also visited Admiral Vansittart, who had spent more than £20,000 on his establishment, which "was full of a seaman's

contrivances, odd galleries, porticoes, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards, and reminded me of a sort of Timbucto set down in the woods; it looked as if a number of log huts had jostled each other by accident and there stuck fast."

In her journey through Ontario the enterprising tourist visited Niagara Falls, Hamilton, London, the Talbot Country, Chatham, Detroit, and then passed up the Lakes. Having made acquaintance with the missionary from Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. McMurray and his lovely Indian wife, named by the aborigines O-ge-ne-bu-go-quay, or the Wild Rose, she formed a friendship with the celebrated scholar and teacher, Scoolcraft, who was Mr. McMurray's brother-in-law, thus gaining the most reliable information concerning the original inhabitants of the country. During her visit to the island of Makinac she was present during the distribution of supplies made by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, meeting Ottawas from Arbre Croche, on the east of Lake Michigan; Pottawalamies and Winnebagoes, from the west of that lake; Menomonies, and Chippeways, and many other tribes. At Sault Ste. Marie Mrs. Jameson ran the rapids "with a whirl and a splash, the white surge leaping near me, around, over me." Being the first white woman who ever performed this feat she was greatly admired by the Indians who adopted her as Wah-sah-ge-wah-ne-qua, or Woman of the Bright Foam. She was enthusiastic concerning the white fish of Sault Ste. Marie. She writes, "I have eaten tunny at the Lake of Genoa, anchovies fresh from the Bay of Naples, trout of the Saly-Mammergat, and divers other fishy dainties, but the exquisite, refined white fish excel them all."

On her way home to England Mrs. Jameson visited Miss Sedgewick at Stockbridge, Connecticut; Channing in Boston, and Fanny Kemble in Philadelphia.

The Jamesons never lived together again. "I have work and love enough," said the wife resolutely facing the worst. "Then, after a painful struggle I submitted to fate and duty, for in this world our duties must be our fates." Later she wrote, "There is nothing left to think about, or

hope for, or care for as regards myself, however, I must care for my sisters and help to support my father and mother."

After her father's death Mrs. Jameson entirely maintained her mother and two sisters. At home and abroad, late and early, she laboured with pen and pencil. She once wrote to a friend, "I never have a moment's leisure in the week. I am haunted by care from the moment I rise until I go to bed." Mr. Jameson accumulated a comfortable fortune in Canada, but at his death he willed it away from his wife and from his own relatives. A number of Mrs. Jameson's friends, Mrs. Barry Proctor being a prime mover in the affair, collected a sum of money which assured her an annuity of one hundred pounds. Queen Victoria granted her a pension of a like amount.

"She says she can read a picture like a book," remarked Hawthorne. "She is a very sensible old lady and sees a great deal of truth, a good woman, too, taking an elevated view of matters." Mrs. Browning alludes to her as "that great heart, that noble creature." Sunny tempered, warm hearted, as a friend Mrs. Jameson was true and constant as the day. A romantic affection united her to Goethe's charming daughter-in-law, Otilie; a long and close intimacy bound her to Lady Byron. Her sympathies were broad and cosmopolitan. Among her friends and correspondents were Reo, author of "La Poésie Chretienne;" De Trequetie, the French sculptor; Henry Behnes; Burlowe; Belzseh, the German sculptor; Gibson and Harriett Hosmer; Thackeray; the Bryan Proctors; the Trollopes; Tom Taylor; Tuek, the German Shakespearean scholar; Joanna Baillie; Dr. Channing; the Brownings; Sir Charles Bell; Madame de Bouffliers; the Carlyles and Thomas Campbell; Madame Schroeder-Devrient, the celebrated German actress; Harriett Martineau; Charles Vogel, the German painter, and Haywood, the German scholar; Briggs and Eastman; Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Grote, Maria Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Washington Irving, Father Prout, Schlegel, the Rev. Frederick Robertson, Mrs. Henry Siddons, the Hawthornes, Sternberg, Mrs. Gaskell, Thalberg, Felix

Mendelssohn, Von Weber, the Basil Montagues. She was certainly brought into contact with the finest minds of her day. At the Kensington Museum, London, there is a fine bust of Mrs. Jameson, by the sculptor, Gibson.

Without genius, but possessing an immense amount of available talent she trained her powers to the utmost. Among her most popular works are "Characteristics of Women," dealing with Shakespeare's heroines; "Early Italian Painters;" "Diary of an Ennuyee;" "The Madonna in Art;" "Legends of the Madonna;" "Sacred and Legendary Art;" "History of Our Lord and John the Baptist;" "French Sovereigns;" "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.;" "Studies and Stories;" "The Tragedy of Correggio;" "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." The three last were written in Toronto.

Mrs. Jameson died in 1860. Her influence upon her generation was in every respect beneficial. Into her work she generously threw not only her intellect, but her whole heart. To her we owe the first popular enunciation of the principle of men and women combining in the sphere of mercy and education. Intensely loyal to her own sex, she was greatly interested in the question, then in its infancy, of suitable occupation for self-supporting women. Her valuable lecture on "The Communion of Labour," and "Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad," contained the result of patient and thorough researches conducted both in England and on the continent. They produced a deep and practical effect upon the thought of the day.

BLANCHE LUCILE MACDONALD

TO A QUAKERESS

Ours this sequestered nook,
Solitude of grass and book,
Where, of dappled sun and shade,
For us twain a world is made,
Myriad tints of living green
Lending us a leafy screen.
Distant seems the lazy beat
Of slow footsteps on the street;
At our feet two kittens play,
Stealing where the grasses sway
In the sun-warmed winds of June
Through the perfect afternoon:
While the wood-thrush from the hill
Joyous sings, and then is still;
While tall lilies, far and white,
Visible to spirit's sight,
Disembodied come to meet—
Soul to soul in fragrance sweet.

Win me to your Quaker mood:
Peaceful thoughts that softly brood
Over secret, precious things;
Lofty thoughts, with slow, strong wings,
Beating high the heaven's blue.
Make me wise to know with you
Blessed are the feet that pass
Through their own familiar grass;
Ears that hear the summer rain
Gently falling on the pane;
Eyes that see, day after day,
Shadows fall the self-same way.
Lend to me your spirit's peace
Wherein restless voices cease.

Share with me the soul's clear light
Making all your body bright,
As when sunshine's self is seen
In the leaves' translucent green.
Let your quick sense touch my ear
To its fineness, you who hear
Leaf and stem grow silently.
Yours the life of flower and tree,
Bird and butterfly are kin.
Ah, I pray you, let me in,
Fellowship that nowhere ends,
Great society of Friends!

MARGARET SHERWOOD

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS

THE eyes of the publisher's reader are too often holden. Script (in the past) and typewriting in the present may intercept his critical vision, and caution is his watchword. It is part of James Payn's immortality that he refused "John Inglesant." The *Saturday Review* refused Stevenson's essay on "Roads," and both *Cornhill* and *Blackwood's* refused "Some Pictures by Raeburn." Joaquin Miller called upon every publisher in London with the manuscript of "Songs of the Sierras" under his arm, leaving the formidable Murray to the last, whom he told in a desperation that here he had a book about the great American West. Murray eyed the picturesque Californian, took him upstairs and showed him portraits of Byron and his mother, shook a long, lean forefinger in his face and jerked out: "Now young man, let us see what you have got."

But first, the innocent stranger, who was an ardent disciple of Byron, ventured timidly that the poet's mother "looked good-natured." "Aye, now, don't you know, she could shie a poker at your head, don't you know." The manuscript being the business, Murray promptly returned it to its disappointed author: "Aye, now, don't you know poetry won't do? Poetry won't do, don't you know?" That young man, however, had the initiative of the far West in the breast of him and immediately published a bit of the book himself, being amply justified of his first-born. The *St. James Gazette* said the poems were by Browning, and within six weeks Miller was a celebrated figure in literary London, entertained by such diverse "wits" as Rossetti and Archbishop Trench. Scores of examples more familiar than this of the poet of the Sierras come to the mind. No doubt it is much easier getting into print now than it was in the early seventies. Even the great house of Murray has

published worse stuff since the day on which a genuine poet was turned from the door.

With the reviewer there is no such limitations as attaches to manuscript. He has before his eyes the clear, finished letterpress. Yet, as in the case of the publisher, how often he has been blinded,—sometimes by ignorance, or stupidity, or carelessness, sometimes by perversity, sometimes by that condition of mind conveniently termed “swelled head.” A hostile critic may express his hostility, and welcome, provided there is no infusion of spite in the expression of it. The criticized, if he is wise, will then examine his work and mend such faults as he may find, grateful for the lesson. When Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Athenæum* put his finger on the weak parts of “Kidnapped,” Stevenson heartily thanked him: “A critic like you is one who fights the good fight contending with stupidity, and I would fain hope not all in vain; in my own case, surely not in vain.” Now, Watts-Dunton is, as Swinburne declared, the largest-minded and surest-sighted critic of any age; and they know it who followed his unsigned critical writing for over twenty-five years. No critic in our day was ever so splendidly equipped, not Swinburne himself. Then his critical temper is always the temper of the gentleman. He never would take a book for review unless there was much to say in its favour; “smart slating” he abhors as degrading to a scholar besides being, as he says, “the very easiest thing of achievement in the world.” To him, and to all of his high company, criticism is neither a gay nor a dismal science but a kind and genial one. The unsigned review has a special responsibility of honour laid upon it; the reader cannot help being influenced unduly by the editorial “we,” which, after all, stands for the opinion of the writer only. “There is one kind of miscreant,” said Rossetti once in wrath, “who in meanness and infamy cannot well be beaten, the man who anonymously in a journal tells the world that a poem or a picture is bad when he knows it to be good.”

The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews* have been the most distinguished sinners in this respect, followed hard on occasion by *Blackwood's Magazine*, all three at the time adepts in literary Billingsgate. While the *Quarterly* was in its infancy Byron turned and rent Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review* in Billingsgate of poetics more venomous than their own; and he did not spare Gifford, then editor of the *Quarterly*. Nearly sixty years later a greater than Byron turned aside from his supreme gift of song as from profanation there, to destroy his own fearful critics with the weapon of prose invective, torturing his victims as he alone could, whose vocabulary was so rich for scorn or praise, to whom the striking metaphors came in troops. Yet in that terrible essay Swinburne pauses a moment near the end to say that he has "never been able to see what would attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." When all the critics long for the virtue and the praise, for the thing that is honest and pure, and lovely, and of good report, then indeed will the heart of the untried genius be nourished from the moment of his first venture.

We are in almost a worse condition of affairs now, when, save for a few journals holding hard by their traditions, the publisher dictates the review. And this is because publishers now will publish what will sell instead of what ought to sell. Swinburne himself once surpassed all critics that ever were in the noble art of praising, in his classic "A Note on Charlotte Brontë." But even there his wrath bursts out in a flame of abuse at the *Quarterly Review* which, in spite of Time's punishments, had not mended its way down to Tennyson's day.

It was in December, 1848, that the notorious review of "Jane Eyre" appeared in the *Quarterly*, then edited by J. G. Lockhart, the "Scorpion" of *Blackwood's*, to whom the authorship was accredited. About the same time the *Economist* pronounced the novel excellent if written by a man, and odious if written by a woman—as if sex determined the merit of literary workmanship; and the *North British Review* added to its praise of the book a similar sting: "If 'Jane

Eyre' be the production of a woman, she must be a woman unsexed."

The *Quarterly* article dealt with "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," and a book about the education and status of the governess in England, fifteen and a half pages being devoted to "Jane Eyre" and its author, Currer Bell. The anonymous critic, who turned out to be Miss Rigby, afterwards the wife of Sir Charles Eastlake, then, and always, eminent in an ultra bluestocking kind of industry, patronized and bullied and insulted both author and heroine so effectually that it is no wonder the article was laid at the door of Lockhart. And by this Lady Eastlake is remembered to this day. Let us glance at the amazing judgements set forth in the most striking parts of her article,—the whole is a wearisome piece of padding as the way was, and is, with many reviews. The hero and heroine, we are told, are such singularly unattractive "beings, that for the reader they have no vocation in the novel but to be brought together; and they do things which, though not impossible, lie utterly beyond the bounds of probability. . . . Jane Eyre is merely another Pamela, but not a Pamela adapted and refined to modern notions, for though the story is conducted without those derelictions of decorum which we are to believe had their excuse in the manners of Richardson's time, yet it is stamped with a coarseness of language and laxity of tone which certainly have no excuse in ours. . . . We have no remembrance of a book combining such genuine power with such horrid taste. Its popularity is all owing to its sheer rudeness and vulgarity." In a condescension that is half patronage and half contempt she outlines the story, throwing placid ridicule on the "little governess." That powerful love scene between Jane and Rochester by the old chestnut tree where the elements of earth and sky are taken up and wrought so skilfully into the tale, is characterized by Miss Rigby as equally new in art and nature. The inconsistencies of Jane's character lie mainly in the author's imperfections, the confusion there being due not so much to "human nature as to

human art." Yet in the same paragraph our critic finds consistency enough in Jane's character: "as the child, so also the woman—an uninteresting, sententious, pedantic thing."

All that and much more of the same sort disposes of the art of the book which, bad as it is, is nothing to its dangerous ethics and altogether anti-Christian teaching. "There is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and against the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individual is concerned, is a murmuring against God's appointment—there is a proud and perpetual assertion of the rights of man, for which we find no authority either in God's Word or God's Providence. . . . We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown and violated every code, human and divine, abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written 'Jane Eyre.'" There, with one stroke does this censor, devoutly grateful in the fat and comfortable and superior station to which God in His divine wisdom has called her, place Currer Bell in the ranks of that advanced and odious Liberalism then beginning to find its feet on some intellectual basis. She has no doubt that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, are Lancashire weavers. And we, who know so much about that "hot-bed of genius" on the Yorkshire moors, are reminded of those Tory periodicals that gave such pleasure to the Bronte children, especially *Blackwood's Magazine*. "The most able periodical there is," wrote the child Charlotte in that so precise and so minute script of hers, sitting by the kitchen table in Haworth Parsonage while "Tabby is washing up the breakfast things," and Anne is kneeling on a chair watching some cakes, and Emily is in the parlour brushing the carpet. "The editor is Mr. Christopher North, an old man seventy-four years of age; the 1st of April is his birthday; his company are Timothy Tickler, Morgan O'Doherty, Macrabin Mordecai, Mullion, Warnell, and James Hogg, a man of most extraordinary genius, a Scottish shepherd." So wrote this little girl of ten.

The *Quarterly* reviewer would not withhold a moiety of praise where praise is due. And thus, though painfully alive to the moral, religious, and literary deficiencies of the picture, —and such passages of beauty and power as had been quoted could not redeem the book from those transgressions,—it was impossible not to be spellbound with the freedom of touch. “It flows ungovernably on to its object, indifferent by what means it reaches it, and unconscious, too.”

The pitch of infamy is reserved for the problem of authorship, when it is hinted that “Jane Eyre” was written by Thackeray’s mistress. There were gossips who sentimentally assumed such to be the case. This person was Thackeray’s governess, whom he had put in “Vanity Fair” as Becky Sharp, and who, in revenge, made the novelist her model for Rochester. The dedication to Thackeray of the second volume of “Jane Eyre” is certainly a coincidence, but the reviewer is superior to any interest in that repugnant matter. Whoever it be, the author combines with “great mental powers total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste and a heathenish doctrine of religion.” If a woman, she is undoubtedly one who has long since “forfeited the society of her own sex.” Doubtless Curren and Ellis Bell are one author so very like are “Jane Eyre” and “Wuthering Heights,” notably in the “aspect of the Jane and Rochester animals in their native state as Catherine and Heathcliff.” Presently we shall see what Swinburne has to say to all that.

As a matter of fact, when Charlotte Brontë dedicated the second edition of “Jane Eyre” to Thackeray, she did not know that his wife was in such a case as the wife of her hero, Rochester. Nor had the two novelists so much as seen each other. Only a few weeks before this blind and abusive review appeared, Thackeray wrote the following note to the Rev. W. H. Brookfield: “Old Dilke of the *Athenæum* vows that Procter and his wife, between them, wrote ‘Jane Eyre;’ and when I protest ignorance, says, ‘Pooh, you know who wrote it—you are the deepest rogue in England,’

etc." Here, indeed, was a coincidence—"Jane Eyre" dedicated to Thackeray, and "Vanity Fair" to Barry Cornwall.

The *Quarterly Review* appeared in December. Emily Brontë, who was Charlotte's next in soul and the greater genius of the two, died in the same month,—a splendid, passionate stoic, whose invincible swan song stirred the soul of Matthew Arnold like a clarion blast, and inspired Henley's "Invictus," and has won noble appreciations from some of the greatest in English letters. Emily went down to death literally on her feet; on her feet she stood when she felt the fog in her throat. "Hope has proved such a strange traitor; . . . she kept whispering that Emily would not, could not die, and where is she now? Out of my reach, out of my world—torn from me," wrote Charlotte to her faithful friend and publisher, in a poignant indifference to the *Quarterly's* ridicule or to blame or praise of any kind or degree. The bond between these two great-souled sisters, obscure, unknown, and remote from circles to which by gifts and education they belonged, was very close and tender. Branwell's disgraceful life had ended in September, and the gentle Anne, now slipping away before her eyes, died in May. Whether Lady Eastlake ever expressed regret, or felt it, when she came to know what manner of person she had assailed and her conditions of life, when she came to know what value discerning critics set upon "Jane Eyre" and its successors "Shirley" and "Villette," we do not know. By August, 1849, Charlotte Brontë had been told the sex and name of her assailant, for in a letter dated the 16th, she names Miss Rigby's name to Mr. Williams, adding, "are you sure of this?"

When he wrote his panegyric on the two Brontë sisters, in 1877, Swinburne was evidently unaware of Lady Eastlake's connexion with the *Quarterly* article. Had he known he had not spared her. At any rate, Mrs. Gaskell gives no hint in her biography, and a great mass of the Brontë correspondence did not see the light until about the beginning of

this century. I shall omit his characterization of the *Quarterly* and its dealing with this unknown genius, expressing as it does a poet's hate of hate and scorn of scorn, and quote only the appreciation and praise. There is no more splendid example in all English literature of Time's revenges.

The immediate occasion of Swinburne's essay was some patronizing remarks in the *Spectator* on Sir Wemyss Reid's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." With a fine irony he agrees with the *Spectator's* view that the day is coming when these novels will again be regarded as "works of exceptional intellectual power"—a phrase that inspires the following: "He [Swinburne] will even venture to avow his humble conviction that they may with no great show of unreason be expected to outlive the works of some few at least among the female immortals of whom the present happy hour is so more than seasonably prolific; to be read with delight and wonder, and re-read with reverence and admiration, when darkness everlasting has long since fallen upon all human memory of their cheap scientific, their vulgar erotic, and their voluminous domestic schools; when even 'Daniel Deronda' [and Swinburne knew exactly the worth of George Eliot] has gone the way of all waxwork, when even Miss Broughton no longer cometh up as a flower, and even Mrs. Oliphant is at length cut down like the grass. It is under the rash and reckless impulse of this unfashionable belief that I would offer a superfluous word or two of remark on the twin-born geniuses of the less mortal sisters who left with us forever the legacies of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Wuthering Heights.'" Swinburne is now only fairly begun. He proceeds to show that both Charlotte and Emily possessed the highest imaginative gifts, higher than those of George Eliot or George Meredith. The difference was the difference between construction and creation. In his opinion these sisters were the greatest imaginative geniuses of their century,—which indeed may come to be the final judgement. But Swinburne does not merely make the statement and let it go at that. He is at pains to prove it. I have no space to quote the

whole argument. Take a passage in which he puts his finger on the dynamic quality of their writing: "When Catherine Earnshaw says to Nelly Dean, 'I am Heathcliffe!' and when Jane Eyre answers Edward Rochester's question whether she feels in him the absolute sense of fitness and correspondence to herself which he feels to himself in her, with the words . . . 'To the finest fibre of my nature, sir,' we feel to the finest fibres of our own that these are no mere words." Recalling the *Quarterly Review*, he pronounces the figure of Rochester as likely to remain "one of the only two male figures of wholly truthful workmanship and vitally heroic mould ever carved and coloured by a woman's hand. The other it is superfluous to mention; all possible readers will have uttered before I can transcribe it the name of Paul Emanuel."

The very faults of "Jane Eyre" accentuate its genius; for instance: the blunder, a mere matter of ignorance concerning the dress and manners of the well-born guests at Thornfield Hall had ruined an ordinary novel. And so with an incident or two. These were matters of knowledge and negative in character, powerless to effect what Swinburne calls in another part of the essay Charlotte's "plenary inspiration and heroic instinct." "Some part of the power denied to many a writer of more keen and rare intelligence than even here we feel 'to the finest fibre of our nature' at the slight strong touch of her magnetic hand."

One more passage and I am done, though the temptation is strong to quote what is said about Paul Emanuel of "Villette." I want to note Swinburne's tribute, itself a bit of prose of haunting beauty, to a passage descriptive of night in the chapter entitled "Louis Moore" in "Shirley," which ought to be read entire instead of the single sentence quoted by him. ". . . a sweet and sublime rhapsody on a windy moonlight vigil, where the words have in them the very breath and magic and riotous radiance, the utter rapture and passion and splendour of the high sonorous night. No other woman . . . could have written a prose sentence

of such exalted and perfect poetry as this: 'The moon reigns glorious, glad of the gale; as glad as if she gave herself to its fierce caress with love.' Nothing can beat that; no one can match it; it is the first and last absolute and sufficient and triumphant word ever to be said on the subject. It paints wind like David Cox and light like Turner. To find anything like it in verse we must go to the highest springs of all; to Pindar, or to Shelley, or to Hugo." To have won this eulogy from a poet of Swinburne's high rank was to earn immortality on that count alone.

ROBERT ROBERTS

A FRESH VIEW OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

LITERATURE evidently does not flourish with us in Canada, for which condition a convincing list of obvious reasons might be adduced,—our newness as a country, the initial necessity of civilizing ourselves, the dissipation of material energy which this effort engenders, and the lazy opportunity which we as a public enjoy of satisfying all our intellectual needs by recourse to the six-penny and shilling offerings which English publishers place at our disposal. Optimism under the circumstances would be unwise, but equally unwise it would be to depreciate unduly what our writers have, in vexing conditions, accomplished. The general level of our writing is distinctly higher than it was, and though the balance of intellectual trade is shockingly in our disfavour, a few reputations have succeeded in penetrating beyond the limits of our Canadian territory. But it is easy to see that in the way of authorship Canada has hardly yet begun to justify her existence. A foreign critic would tell our literary story in a manual of five pages. Brave brains and busy pens we have amongst us, but we scatter our intellectual energies, and our aggregate of isolated efforts does not yet constitute a coherent body of literature, stamped with our national spirit.

The question naturally arises: has our national character so far shaped itself as to find expression through the medium of skilled interpreters? Here are we, a fussy little people of eight millions, intent upon carving out a destiny for ourselves. We are of Anglo-Saxon or Norman stock, with, presumably, the average brain power of those not unintelligent races. Our historical background affords but a limited vista, but it is picturesque and various within its narrow limits of time, and of the deeds which shaped us we need not surely be

ashamed. Can it be that we have not yet attained to national consciousness, are not yet aware of what we are aiming at, nor of the goal at which we are destined to arrive? If that is true; if our racial character is not yet determined, our novelists and dramatists (when we find them) will work in a shifting and insecure material, and our poets will lack one potent source of inspiration for their song. Goethe, it is true, proposed a cosmopolitan ideal for literature, but the facts of six centuries were against him, for, since 1200, all that is of enduring value has been nationally inspired. As to where we actually stand, I think that in the past our uncertain and unsatisfactory political status has adversely affected our literature, but that every year of our growth contributes to the clarifying of our national consciousness. We are only a nation in the making, but that we will emerge from our years of tutelage and trial with rational ambitions and definite ideals, is the belief of every true Canadian.

Other less obscure causes have been assigned for our meagre intellectual output. It is not that we have been numerically small, for Athens and Judæa were smaller, but that we have been quite extraordinarily busy with our hands, having had no slaves to fell our forests and to build our roads, and equally busy with our wits amassing wealth, having had no accumulated reserves of fortune to permit of easeful and care-free meditation. Money we now possess, but such is our lust for ever-increasing stores, that money has brought with it no leisured class, and literature, we must remember, is not the recreation of a few free hours wrested from days and years of labour. Lack of time, therefore, measurably accounts for lack of literature, but had we the time, I fear that we have so long neglected as to have lost the faculty of thinking about things which, to the man of affairs, seem useless enough, yet which for literature are really the things that matter. Comradeship in the republic of letters is of incalculable value as a spur to productivity. We have enough of simian imitativeness to be influenced by the tone of the community in which we live, and here in

Canada a great literary work would be something in the nature of a miracle. Many absurd opinions are held as to the independence of genius. In a sense, all great talents are isolated and remote, and the flower of genius springs from the seed of difference. But in another, a more practical, and perhaps a higher sense, genius is preëminently social, and is exquisitely responsive to environment. Shakespeare would not have written his plays upon a desert island, and Shakespeare, transported to the fourteenth century, would have been merely the peer of the Wakefield genius who gave us the *Secunda Pastorum* miracle play and passed nameless to his reward. To round off my argument and make my case complete I should have to prove that Shakespeare, vindictively wafted to the Toronto of the twentieth century, would write leaders for the *Globe*, or indite verses perchance for the *University Magazine*. The absurd conclusion, however, does not invalidate my premiss, which rests upon facts that no primer of literature could afford to neglect,—that all art is conditioned by the age which produces it, and that the artist derives immense assistance from the demand for his work, satisfaction from its recognition and reward, and impulse to creative activity from the proximity of fellow-labourers in the same field. The lyric poet finds his sufficient recompense perhaps in the mere joy of singing, though even his idealism will rarely soar above a handsome cheque, and the multiplication of cheques might conceivably stand in some defined ratio to the multiplication of his poems. Grub Street hunger has so intimate an association with literature that although one is anxious to avoid as far as possible the mercenary aspect of literary production, it is impossible to neglect it completely. Mr. Arnold Bennett perhaps oversteps the mark, is too obtrusively frank when he writes: "The causative connexion between money and imaginative energy is one of the most intimate and direct known to social science, but people mention it as little as possible." Including this money factor, if we must, among the recognitions and rewards of which I have spoken, a talent arising in Canada will lack

this practical impulse to write; but I count it his greater loss that, missing the stimulus of intellectual surroundings, he will be forced to create for himself an artificial atmosphere, and sate his immortal hunger for ideas by a lean diet of books in the seclusion of his solitary chamber. For him there will be, for purposes of literature, but little of the fructifying contact of brain with living brain, and his intellectual activity will not be stimulated by his participation in some momentous movement of ideas, which bears him onward with the current of its accumulated energies.

A moment's reflection will bring to our minds, for example, the international reactions of thought which characterized, in Europe, the century which has just closed,—German ideas bearing fruit in English philosophy; English romance, incarnated in Scott and Byron, making its triumphal progress through Europe; and Scandinavia and Russia paying, at last, in rich measure the accumulated debt of their intellectual obligations. Why and how long are we to lag timidly behind?

Again, reflect for a moment upon the concerted activities of thought which, during the past hundred years, have kept the mind of England at tension, stimulating her greatest thinkers to express, with all the force of which they were capable, ideas which they passionately held, and energizing even lesser minds to produce work of no ephemeral merit. There is that movement of romance to which I have already referred, a movement at once positive and negative, and which, on its positive side, recreated poetry and inspired history and philosophy with a new spirit. Over against these masters of romance we find arrayed the Benthamite rationalists, who carried far down into the nineteenth century the critical methods of the eighteenth, and whose most famous expositor, the younger Mill, effected a partial reconciliation between the destructive materialism of the older school and the spiritual ardours of the new faith. Then we have the ritualists, the tractarians, the evangelicals, and the broad-church party, all with their active and eloquent

partisans making good literature out of their several enthusiasms ; Pater and his aesthetic following ; Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites, with their recrudescence of mediævalism and mystic piety,—more mystical than pious ; the Ibsenites, the Irish revivalists, and others not a few, all with their fads and crotchets, all with their execrations and adorations, hating here and loving there, making themselves at times consciously or unconsciously ridiculous, cauterizing, blistering, or salving the wounded body of the times, but contributing, all of them, something to the ferment of intellectual excitement, and giving to the age the badge of thought or symbol of belief by which future generations will recognize it and weigh its worth. I seem to have drifted from Canada, as, in truth, I have. What movement have we originated, or which of the movements I have specified has even found its reflex here ? The Concord school gave us a Yankee version of German transcendentalism, and its members, having some definite philosophy of life, wrote with conviction and sometimes with power. I am afraid that in literature, as in politics, we do not yet know quite what we want, and hence our work has been, in verse and prose, inconstant, sporadic, and for the most part ineffective.

Thus we see that the main reasons why we are not more advanced in letters are that we have been busy setting our house in order, and that we have not as a people, and scarcely even as individuals, been vitally concerned with ideas that make for literature. Another series of impeding causes I advance with more diffidence, but I think that I am in the main justified in my contention. Our severance from the parent stock has constituted a definite breach in literary tradition and continuity. The more one studies literature the more is one impressed by the fact that successive generations of writers, perhaps throughout a century, continue a definite literary tradition in which marked resemblances of form and even of ideas prevail. Then suddenly there is a reaction. Some revolutionary thinker resolutely

assails the accepted system of thought or the conventional mode of expression, and a new school emerges which flourishes upon the ruins of the old until it is in turn displaced. From these actions and reactions three thousand miles of sea have severed us, and our writers are not urged on by the pressure of accumulated forces behind them, nor stimulated by contact with a present electrically charged with new ideas.

The problems affecting Canadian literature are peculiar to all the outlying dependencies of our Empire, and are in part shared by the United States, though our neighbours have the advantage of being a distinct nation, whereas we are neither, as yet, a nation nor quite an empire. We are also in the anomalous position of being a young race born into the old age of the world. All the countries of Europe have passed through the ballad and epic stage of unself-conscious literary production, and we are only vicariously the heirs of all this antecedent activity. They have a mythical as well as an historic past to inspire them, and they possess vast tracts of legends still unexplored which yield, as in Ireland, stores of poetic material as beautiful as they are seemingly inexhaustible. We are what we are as a people by virtue of the struggle for responsible government, but what poet could read a tune into such refractory material? There is, of course, our seventeenth and eighteenth century past of whose romantic glamour we are not insensible; but that is rather the heritage of our French poets, and how worthily they have used their advantage the work of Louis Fréchette attests. Our Anglo-Canadian poets have the teeming present as a potential theme, but they have chiefly gone by preference to our fields and lakes and forests for their inspiration, with a result that is often beautiful but singularly inhuman, and with a result that is in the last analysis not peculiarly Canadian, unless we can distinguish an apple-blossom of Ontario from an apple-blossom of New York State. No one, and this is the gravest charge our literature has to bear, has yet synthesized

for us the meaning of our Canadian life, nor revealed us to ourselves. Mere scattered hints and faint suggestions we find, but no convincing picture.

Mr. Arnold Bennett in a recent article (which it is comforting to note an American editor shelved for nine years), makes the same complaints and the same demands with reference to American literature. He observes that the work of American writers is sectional, and that the vast material momentum of the country is for the most part unrecorded. Apparently we should hear the hum of innumerable machinery in their books, and the secret of their "monstrous concatenation of dollars" should be unriddled and made significant for art. He pictures another Balzac in modern New York in rapt ecstasy demanding: "Quick, for heaven's sake a pen, and let me write this down!" It is questionable how much this stubborn mass of unleavened life is capable of yielding to the demands of art, and it is at least a subject for argument whether in our far-flung American civilizations sectionalism is not imposed upon the conscientious writer who is careful to speak only of what he knows. Does not Mr. Bennett himself carry his Five Towns always with him, though the circuit of his country can be accomplished in a day of twenty-four hours?

Such would seem to be the main facts about our literature, and the conditions which govern or hamper its production. I have spoken in terms, perhaps unduly vague, of our lack of a national spirit. Indeed, it is difficult to express precisely not only what patriotism is, but also what it is capable of effecting in literature. It is a complex passion, and is peculiarly the appanage of races which have long inhabited the same spot of earth. There is the patriotism which a Frenchman may feel for his country at large, tinged with regret, if he is a Catholic and royalist, for its irrecoverable and glorious past, and there is the intenser patriotism which a Breton feels for his native province; there is the patriotism born of faith in the Germanic idea which a Prussian feels for his fatherland; and the patriotism,

no less ardent for being sectional, of the Bavarian who loves his country but execrates his Prussian master; a patriotism even of London and of Paris which is something other and larger than mere civic pride, and which is capable of stirring the springs of song. To the Canadian I will not, indeed, deny his patriotism. Our civic pride is negligible, but the enthusiasm born of our wild places has found its little echoing note in poetry, and the Canadian who finds himself abroad in some centre of the old-world civilization returns not unlovingly in imagination to some island-studded lake of our northern wilderness where for a season he had escaped from the ignobler materialism of life to the glad animal materialism which Europe for ten centuries has not known. What splendid copy Rousseau would have made of this! But Rousseau would have taken into the wilderness a ferment of ideas which had germinated in the intellectual forcing-house of Paris. In Canada we are never constrained to run away from ideas. It is not from ideas, but from routine, that we escape to cultivate a healthy, animal lethargy of mind, and to become so immersed in the mere joy of living that we look upon literature as, what in some measure it is, a disease. Is not this perhaps Canada's mission in the world?—to prove the vanity and folly of piling words upon words, arranging them in curious patterns, weaving them in subtle harmonies only to add to the curious patterns and harmonies which exist. Let others write our books. Mr. Carnegie will arrange for their storage.

PELHAM EDGAR

THE PHILOSOPHER OF PESSIMISM

TO the individual in whom dwells a *mens sana in corpore sano*, there is, perhaps not unnaturally, something repellant in philosophical speculations generally, and more particularly is this the case in any investigations into the nature of pessimism. He is inclined to think that such an inquiry will tend to paralyze the buoyancy of his volitions and to suffuse his intellectual economy with a depressing scepticism, thus unfitting him for what he regards as the enjoyment of life and incapacitating him for that battle which is necessary if he would so fashion external circumstances that they conduce most perfectly to his self-realization. In truth, few epochs have regarded the man suspected of pessimism with greater disfavour than that in which we live, especially on this new continent, where a certain sanguine youthfulness tinges every vocation in life and prevents the native hue of resolution from becoming sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The same observation, however, holds good of the cultured nations of Europe too, in spite of the fact that much contemporary literature contains a pronounced element derived from the less pleasing side of existence. It is probably safe to say that this element rests rather upon the basis of naturalism and realism than on that of pessimism. At any rate, if we turn our eyes from literature to the social, industrial, and political struggles of which our newspapers relate some new development every day, we discover that these struggles proceed from a most optimistic affirmation of the Will to Live. The things of this world—not merely the material things, but also the more ideal treasures of humanity—are considered as of sufficient value to justify the most strenuous endeavour. Yet this naïve impulsive optimism is of the nature of an unreasoned faith, and, like any other unreasoned faith, it falters before any

chance attack or else entrenches itself behind reiterated assertion. It is altogether incapable of guaranteeing immunity from pessimism, as from doubt and despondency of whatever kind. A secure position against such evils can only be attained after we have expelled pessimism from its strongholds and have reached the conviction that it is a rational principle which governs this universe, working for the highest self-realization of every individual in it. We can gain no assistance by closing our eyes to the existence of certain, at least apparently, irrational elements, nor by attempting to argue sin and suffering out of the universe by metaphysical casuistry. The path leading to this consummation may be long and laborious, and few or even none may reach the goal, but the struggle will have been worth the while if we succeed in removing some of the obstacles preventing our discernment of the truth of what the naïve, healthy mind spontaneously affirms to be the real value of life, and if we thereby define and dignify the means which untutored impulse leads us to employ when we thus affirm the worth of existence.

The root of pessimism, if for the moment we abstract from the individual temperament and concern ourselves solely with external circumstances, is of course the existence of evil and suffering in the world and our uncertainty as to the origin and destiny of things, especially of human life. Since these foundations of pessimism date back beyond the time of man's first appearance on earth, we naturally expect, given the proper temperament, to find the expression of pessimistic views at a very early stage in the history of literature. From the poets of all ages we might cull a luxuriant anthology of such expressions, since in poets the emotional element is, by the nature of the case, strongly accentuated, and, as we shall see later, the emotional element is one of the main factors in the creation of a pessimistic view of life and of the world. Thus, the Sanscrit literature abounds in such, and in particular the religion of Buddha is saturated with pessimism. In Hebrew literature, the book of Psalms and

the book of Ecclesiastes repeatedly express the sorrows and the vanity of life. The Greek genius was, generally speaking, of an optimistic turn, but even the most optimistic of Greek writers, Homer, says: "For there is nothing whatever more wretched than men of all things that breathe and move on the earth." Sophocles, too, in an often quoted passage in *Œdipus Coloneus* says: "Not to be born is the best thing; but for those who have seen the light of day, the next best is to return thither whence they came as quickly as possible." In the literature of Persia, Omar Khayyam, the philosopher-poet, dwells with great emphasis on the uncertainty and fleeting nature of life.

"With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this is all the Harvest that I reaped—
I came like Water, and like Wind I go.

"Into this Universe, and Why not knowing,
Nor Whence like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it as Wind along the Waste
I know not Whither willy-nilly blowing."

In our literature, there is no lack of expressions of the same mood. The tragedies of Shakespeare could furnish us with a volume of quotations. Shelley describes the nature of pleasure and pleasant things in the lines:

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the sight,
Brief even as bright."

But the poet of pessimism *par excellence* in English literature is Byron; we need only mention "Cain" to show how thoroughly permeated Byron is with the hopelessness of life.

It is idle to multiply quotations. One can safely say that almost every poet, certainly every really great poet, has

felt and has given expression to these gloomy phases of human experience. But with poets such moods are usually transitory; they do not represent a philosophic view of life, their pessimism may be called impulsive or emotional, and it is not with such that we are here concerned. The only aim in making the above quotations was to show the wide prevalence of a pessimistic colouring in all ages. The creation of this mood into a philosophical system is of recent date and was for the first time accomplished by Schopenhauer. He has been followed by a number of other philosophers, some, like Eduard von Hartmann, of considerable importance, but their influence seems to be waning and was never comparable to his. When, therefore, we speak of "The Philosopher of Pessimism" we understand by general consent Schopenhauer; with him the term assumes for the first time its full force as a superlative. From whatever standpoint he passes judgement on the universe, he finds that it is the worst possible.

There has been much dispute about Schopenhauer's relation to his philosophy. Undoubtedly, we find a great apparent discrepancy between his life and his thought. By some he has been considered a sheer hypocrite; by others, like Kuno Fischer, his attitude towards the world has been compared to that of a spectator in the theatre; according to these he was a disinterested looker-on, convinced of the reality of what he saw but unaffected by it. A third group, probably more correctly, regard him as absolutely sincere and as having felt with greatest keenness the wretchedness he describes. It is not necessary that a man should be a conscious hypocrite if his practice and precept do not harmonize; an outstanding instance of this is Rousseau, another less well-known is the Italian Leopardi. We can even find some explanation for this in the nature of the human mind. If we could penetrate into the arcana of mind, it is possible that we should discover a unity transcending all division; but we never seem able to pass beyond the point at which mind is burdened with an inherent dualism, which dualism

is projected into what is external to us as individuals. Many pairs of contrasted terms have been invented at different epochs to denote the various phases of the manifestation of this dualism; familiar to every one are such oppositions as nature and spirit; natural and supernatural; human and divine; real and ideal; particular and universal; phenomena and reality. In Schopenhauer's philosophy a similar cleavage is found, and Schopenhauer himself, with his never-failing gift of coining pregnant expressions for his thought, has, in the title of his chief work, given the clearest possible definition of it: *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, the World as Will and Intellectual Representation. Thus there stands between human knowledge and final truth what seems an impassable gulf, due to the defect with which mind is burdened. All attempts to attain a metaphysical truth by means of a genial intuition leaping over this dualism appear foredoomed to be classed among the sublime errors of mankind.

This fundamental twofoldness of thought applies strictly, of course, to the theoretic consciousness; yet a similar dualism, having a common origin with the foregoing, may be used to explain, also, many apparent inconsistencies in the characters of men. Every man might indeed apply to himself the words of Goethe's "Faust":

" Two souls alas! reside within my breast,
 And each withdraws from and repels its brother.
 One with tenacious fingers holds in love
 And wild desire the world in its embraces;
 The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
 Into the high ancestral spaces."

It depends on what are the determining motives to action, on what prompts a man to anger or to joy, on what are regarded as life's chief goods. Is man to be actuated by natural appetites and passions or by things spiritual? Is he to set his affections on what is human or on what is divine? Is he to be moved to anger by the particular and ephemeral, or shall he find abiding joy in what is universal and removed from the limitations of time and space? To speak in the

language of Schopenhauer: "Must man always be subject to the blind sway of *Wille* or can that tyrant's throne be usurped, even if only at long intervals and for brief moments, by *Vorstellung*?" The above considerations, obvious as they may be, solve, I believe, in large measure, the perplexing riddle of Schopenhauer's personality. Few men have been more torn and tossed than he by the demon of sense on the one hand, few have described more vividly the mental and physical torments occasioned by those blind impulses, those incessant cravings, those petty annoyances, which constitute so great an element in human life; whilst, on the other hand, few men have been able to appreciate like him the philosophic spirit of disinterested contemplation, and no Stoic has used more beautiful and dignified language than he to portray the consummate joy derived from an unperturbed soul. This contrast between intellect and sense is precisely that contrast between Schopenhauer's philosophy and his individual character. In order to show this more fully, let us first examine his life and career and then his peculiar system of thought.

The biography need not detain us long, since the greater part of Schopenhauer's life was spent in that comparative seclusion with which one is accustomed to associate the life of a philosopher, and the uneventfulness of which is its most distinctive characteristic. This was the life to which he was naturally inclined; he says, "Life is a precarious matter, I have resolved to spend mine in contemplating it." He was born in Danzig, 1788. Both his parents possessed an individuality marking them out from the common run of men. The father was a wealthy merchant of an impetuous temperament, and a passionate advocate of liberty; he refused to be coaxed by the great King of Prussia, and, rather than become a Prussian subject, he migrated, at great material sacrifice, to the free city of Hamburg, where he died in 1805. In the last years of his life traces of mental derangement were perceptible and probably his end was suicide. The mother, after her husband's death, migrated to Weimar, joined the literary circle of which Goethe was the centre and distinguished

herself as a writer of widely-read novels. She too, according to Goethe's remark, seems to have experienced hours of great mental depression. The name they gave to their son was Arthur, because this name is the same in all European languages. The first five years of his life were spent chiefly at his father's country seat near Danzig. In 1793, at the second partition of Poland, Schopenhauer's father migrated, as we have said, to Hamburg. After four years residence there, young Arthur was sent to a business friend of his father, living in Havre, to receive training in the French language, and returned two years later, having, to the great delight of his father, almost forgotten his native tongue. It was a foregone conclusion that he should devote himself to a commercial career, and for the four following years he was educated, almost exclusively in practical matters, in a private institution in Hamburg. But his own inclination towards a learned career showed itself at this date. His father, who considered such a career as synonymous with starvation, in order to divert him from it, gave him the alternative between immediate entry into a *Gymnasium* and a two years' journey through the principal countries of Europe, stipulating that, if he should choose the latter, he must promise on his return to commence his commercial apprenticeship. This prospect of seeing the beauties of Europe was too seductive for a boy of fifteen; he chose the journey. Before Schopenhauer had been long in apprenticeship, his father died, in 1805, and his mother left Hamburg for Weimar. Faithful to his father's wish, Schopenhauer continued for a short time in apprenticeship, but the desire for study soon overpowered this filial duty. In 1807, at the age of nineteen, he commenced to study, devoting himself mainly to the classical languages as the only basis for genuine scholarship. With unusual rapidity he qualified for admission to the university and studied in Göttingen and Berlin, concerning himself mainly with natural science and philosophy. In 1813, he graduated as Ph.D. in Jena, his dissertation being "The fourfold root of the principle of sufficient reason." From

1814-1818, he lived in Dresden, occupied with his principal work, "The World as Will and Intellectual Representation," which was published in 1819. The following year he resolved to follow an academic career and chose the University of Berlin, where he announced a course of lectures on philosophy; this was his first and last experience of lecturing, although he kept his name on the university calendar and regularly announced courses of lectures which he never gave. The following ten years of his life were spent mainly in travel from place to place, with Berlin as his main residence. In 1831, he left Berlin on account of the cholera and settled in Frankfurt am Main, where he lived, with the exception of eleven months spent in Mannheim, until his death in 1860.

After this brief enumeration of the principal incidents in Schopenhauer's biography, we will glance for a moment at the main features in his character. What strikes us first of all is the self-consciousness which reveals itself in his behaviour towards every one who came into connexion with him. From his closest friends he could bear no contradiction; to rival systems of philosophy he never admitted any justification, except in so far as they happened to jump with his own; ancient and venerable opinions he treats with scathing impiety; the ordinary man he terms, "Nature's factory-ware" regarding himself as the choicest of Nature's *élite*. Especially does this consciousness of his own superiority manifest itself in the attitude he assumes towards the professors of philosophy; he imagines them leagued together in a conspiracy to prevent his works gaining publicity. They are conscious, he says, of their imposture, of the utter sham they preach with such vehemence; but they obtain their livelihoods from the promulgation of their falsehoods, and the universal recognition of truth, as it is alone revealed in his writings, would empty their lecture-rooms and leave them destitute of the necessities of existence. "The Grand-Hegelian is quite right, that my writings are not so unknown; namely, among the professors of philosophy, who have them at home and look

on them as on the mandrake in the retort, or like the Magus looks on the imp Asmodeus and says: 'I know, if you once get out, you will fetch me.'" No teacher of life's deepest truths can be trusted if he is dependent on his teaching for a living. Schopenhauer prizes very highly his own independence in this regard, recognizing his kinship rather with English than with German philosophers, since the former were likewise generally well-favoured with material possessions as compared with the latter. A further advantage he possessed over his rivals in philosophy was the opportunity he had enjoyed of studying life at first hand on his numerous travels in his youth, and consequently he never wearies of extolling direct experience over mere book-learning. He also regarded his peculiar system of philosophy as a religion, and spoke of his converts as his apostles.

This self-consciousness assumed with him such intensity as to become pure misanthropy, a misanthropy which spared no one, not even his mother and sister. In the case of his mother his attitude was pardonable and would probably have been taken by most sons (it may be remarked in passing that his reflections on women were in great part suggested by his mother's conduct). But his behaviour towards his sister is inexcusable; all who knew her agree concerning the excellence of her character, and the brother's chief reason for avoiding her as studiously as he did, when misfortune reduced her to very necessitous circumstances, was no other than his apprehension that she might become a burden to him financially.

This last statement reveals another feature in Schopenhauer's character which is as prominent as it is unflattering; his desire for physical comfort and his sensitiveness to physical discomfort. His resolve not to marry was occasioned, as he himself admits, by his aversion to shoulder the responsibility married life entails. The following table is interesting as revealing what considerations determined his choice between Mannheim and Frankfurt as a place of residence. The table was written out by him in English.

Frankfurt.

Healthy climate.
 Fine country.
 Comforts of large cities.
 Changes of large cities.
 Better reading room.
 The Natural Museum.
 Better plays, operas, concerts.
 More Englishmen.
 Better coffee-houses.
 No bad water.
 The Senkenberg Library.
 No inundations.
 Less noticed.
 The gaiety of the place and all about it.
 You are more at large and not so beset by company given by chance, not by choice, and more at liberty to cut and shun whom you dislike.
 An able dentist and less bad physicians.
 Not such intolerable heat in summer.
 The physical Museum.

Mannheim.

Fine weather (intolerable heat).
 Silence and no throng (throng at the play and dinner).
 More consideration.
 Better foreign book-seller.
 The Harmony and its library.
 The Heidelberg Library.
 A truly sociable establishment.
 Better baths in summer.
 Sparest much in books.
 Less danger of thieves.
 In later years a servant to keep.
 Nothing is *perimacheton* (the play).
 A nicer table in later years.
 A very good supper place.

Closely connected with this desire for physical comfort is Schopenhauer's nervousness and especially his fear of death. As a youth he was often tormented by imaginary diseases and quarrels. As a student in Berlin he thought himself consumptive; at the outbreak of the war of liberation, when every one marched into the field inspired by patriotic enthusiasm, he feared that he would be enrolled as a conscript. Fear of measles drove him from Naples, of cholera from Berlin. In Verona, he conceived the fixed idea that he had taken poisoned snuff. If any noise occurred during the night he started from his bed and seized sword and pistols, which latter he always kept loaded. This timidity was joined to a really morbid suspicion, which tormented himself and all about him. His valuables were so well concealed, that, in

spite of the Latin directions contained in his will, some of them could only with difficulty be unearthed after his death. In later years he wrote the items in his account book in English, and in important business memoranda he used Latin and Greek. In order to be safe from thieves he kept his value-papers in vessels marked: *Arcana medica*. He never entrusted himself to a barber's razor. In order to avoid contagious disease he always drank in public places out of a leathern cup, which he carried with him. In financial transactions he was always afraid of being cheated, and estranged more than one friend by reason of his suspecting nature. He approved of the saying of Demosthenes, "Ramparts and walls are a good defence but the best is suspicion."

Schopenhauer's was truly no amiable character, but the blackness of the picture just drawn is relieved by several brighter traits. Especially his truthfulness is remarkable, a rugged truthfulness and honesty of the strongest fibre; then his fidelity to what he was convinced was his vocation in life. Although he remained for over thirty years after the first publication of his chief book without any recognition, he never doubted he would one day be recognized, and he laboured untiringly to elucidate and perfect his system. He regulated his life according to the precept of Champfort: "Il y a une prudence supérieure à celle qu'on qualifie ordinairement de ce nom, elle consiste à suivre hardiment son caractère, en acceptant avec courage les désavantages et les inconvénients qu'il fait produire." If his character, on the one hand, led him to strive after an Epicurean existence as his ideal, his temperament, on the other hand, often precipitated him into the most unpleasant situations; in the one case, as in the other, he boldly accepted the necessary consequences of his natural impulses.

This must suffice as an account of the individual Schopenhauer, and we will now consider him as a thinker. The best key to the understanding of his philosophy is furnished by the title of his principal work: "The World as Will and Intellectual Representation." The twofold trend of his

thought, metaphysical and phenomenalistic, could not be more clearly expressed. If one understands fully what Schopenhauer meant by the two sentences, "the world is my intellectual representation, and the world is will," one has completely understood the essence of his philosophy. The first point he insists upon is that experience consists solely of states of consciousness. This is the most elementary standpoint of all critical philosophy. There is no possibility of getting outside ourselves and identifying ourselves with phenomena. But this harmless assertion soon receives an addition; namely, that we cannot possibly apprehend the nature of things in themselves. The purely critical standpoint from which we started has become, by this apparently slight addition, transcendental scepticism. But Schopenhauer does not stop here, he makes a still further addition. At first, he says, the knowable is states of consciousness; secondly, things in themselves are unknowable; and thirdly, things in themselves are entirely different from anything we can apprehend. Thus the ultimate position reached is that of metaphysical dualism.

Schopenhauer's philosophy is, then, idealistic, though including certain elements not essential to idealism. He finds no proof necessary for this idealism, it is immediately evident; the obviously true statement, "No object without a subject," he regards as sufficient to make this at once clear. This thesis, likewise, is in itself quite unobjectionable, but it receives a suspicious turn when subject and object are made to become co-relative halves of one and the same whole, and becomes a direct expression of materialism when the contrast is expressed in the form of intellect and matter. We will not search out the contradictions which are so plentiful in Schopenhauer's philosophy, we can state that at least in this critical and fundamental section, he is a thorough idealist. This idealism is directly based upon that of Kant; it rests upon the assumption that the knowability of things, the possibility of their entering into consciousness, is due to the fact that the forms, under which they can become objects for a subject, are impressed upon them by consciousness and are not inherent

in things themselves. Kant had created a system of twelve categories and two forms of perceptions: time and space. Schopenhauer simplifies this system. The only category that has any justification is that of causality, and the forms of perception are placed in immediate dependence on it. The function of causality manifests itself in four different ways: as the principal of becoming; the principal of knowing; the principal of being; the principal of acting. The *ratio fiendi* concerns itself with the sphere of external phenomena; all things are bound together in a necessary nexus, freedom within this sphere is an absurdity. It is in the exposition of this principle that Schopenhauer is at his best in the critical part of his philosophy; his illustrations are taken from the well-established facts of natural science and his ideas are expressed with wonderful clearness and insight. The *ratio essendi* regulates the necessity of spatial position. The *ratio cognoscendi* asserts the necessity with which a true judgement follows upon a sufficient reason. The *ratio agendi* affirms the necessity with which action follows upon motive. These four ramifications exhaust, as Schopenhauer maintains, all the possibilities of the applications of the principle of causality, and every phenomenon in the universe is capable of being subsumed under one or other of them.

But this initial stage of Schopenhauer's philosophy which deals with the world as intellectual representation, is limited to phenomena; the fundamental principle regulating it is the principle of causality. Now, as Schopenhauer says, causality is not like a cab that will stop at any point whenever you may desire to call a halt; once applied, it is like the broom in Goethe's poem, "The Magician's Apprentice," you cannot make it stay. We never grasp a first cause, and yet the mind is not satisfied until it has reached some starting point, until it has become conscious that there is a unity transcending that cleavage into subject and object with which all cognition begins. Such a unity cannot be apprehended by the intellect, which presupposes the primal divisions into subject and object before any matter can be brought under its other

forms; it must, therefore, be given as an intuition, it is revealed to the highly-favoured mind as an inspiration. What is this unity which transcends all division? Schopenhauer answers that it is Will. If, therefore, on the one hand, the world is Intellectual Representation, on the other, it is Will, and it is the latter in a far higher and more real sense than the former. Will is the essence of the universe. Kant had discovered that our knowledge is limited to appearance, and if so, then there must be something that appears, and this something which refused to enter the forms of the intellect he called the thing-in-itself; in the same way, Schopenhauer affirms that the world we know is only an objectivation of something, and this something he called Will. Will, therefore, corresponds in a very real sense to the thing-in-itself.

Like most of his predecessors, from Descartes onwards, Schopenhauer takes his stand on self-consciousness to discover the vital principle in his system of philosophy. "As the known in self-consciousness, we find exclusively Will. For not merely volition and resolve in the narrowest sense, but also all striving, wishing, avoiding, hoping, fearing, loving, hating, in short, everything that immediately constitutes our individual weal and woe, pleasure and pain, is clearly nothing but an affection of the Will." This statement alone already goes beyond what modern psychology would concede; but we lose all firm ground under our feet as we follow Schopenhauer in his further speculations. The microcosm, man, gives the key to the understanding of the macrocosm, universe. It is not only in self-consciousness that we discover Will; the principle reveals itself in the whole of nature; all the forces and impulses acting in phenomena are nothing but particular manifestations of the one infinite Will; the force of gravitation, electrical energy, the impulse that prompts plants to assimilate their substance from surrounding air and soil, all these are objectivations of the one infinite Will. We see, thus, that Will has but little in common with volition; yet there is something to justify the designation Will, as we shall presently see. In its usual psychological connotation, Will

always implies conscious direction; but Schopenhauer's Will has to be divested of all modification by cognition; it is a blind impulse, a mere endeavour, a restless, incessant striving; if we can overlook the introduction of the principle of causality involved in the relation of the Earth Spirit in Goethe's "Faust" to the world, the self-characterization of that Spirit applies to Will.

" In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,
 A fluctuant wave,
 A shuttle free,
 Birth and the grave,
 An eternal sea,
 A weaving, flowing,
 Life all glowing.
 Thus at Time's sounding loom 'tis my hand prepares
 The garment of Life, which the Deity wears."

This Will has no object, it is not Will to do anything in particular, it is merely Will to Will, but as Life is simply an objectivation of Will, it may be called the Will to Life. It is by a very arbitrary flight of fancy that Schopenhauer reaches this fundamental conception of his philosophy, but when he descends to more empirical considerations, such as the profusion with which nature provides for the propagation of organisms, the inexplicable tenacity with which these cling to existence once they have come into being, the fierce struggle for supremacy perpetually maintained between them, we see how it casts an interesting and instructive light on many facts of reality.

There are three distinct stages in the objectivations of Will. In the lowest, the inorganic world, it appears as mechanical causality; in the plant kingdom it appears as organic stimulus; in the animal kingdom it appears as conscious motive. In the first of these there is mere Will; in the second there may be a twilight dawn of consciousness besides Will; in the third, Intellect and Will go side by side, Will, however, being the prius, since Intellect is, after all, only a manifestation of Will. Like all who assume a metaphysical

dualism, Schopenhauer found great difficulty in mediating between the reality and the phenomenon; as the connecting link he interposed the Platonic ideas, under which he understood the immutable natural forces and the species; thus producing a kind of superficial resemblance to Plato's gradation with its idea of good at the summit and the whole system of the ideas between this and phenomena. In the case of character he assumed an intelligible character as a preliminary individuation of Will, previous to the empirical and phenomenal character in time and space.

Will, then, is the essential reality of the universe; but Will is a blind, aimless, unconscious striving, a mere Will to Life. Thus we have as what is most real a completely alogical principle; Schopenhauer's philosophy is therefore outspoken irrationalism. And here is the basis of his pessimism. Our whole nature is nothing but Will, and this is a mere blind impulse, which, having no goal, can never reach one; we are therefore condemned, by the fact of our existence, to a life of incessant toil from which repose is, *a priori*, excluded. "The basis of all willing is necessitousness, lack, therefore pain. Willing and striving form his [man's] whole nature, exactly comparable to an unquenchable thirst." "Life reveals itself by no means as a gift to be enjoyed, but as a task to be worked off; accordingly we find, in general as in particular, universal distress, restless toil, constant endeavour, endless strife, forced activity with the utmost exertion of all our physical and intellectual powers. But what is the ultimate aim of all that? To preserve ephemeral, tortured mortals a brief space of time, in the best case with comparative painlessness, on which, however, tedium immediately pounces; then, to propagate this race of ours, together with its aims and pursuits." "Our whole life is perpetual oscillation between pain and tedium." This pain is, in its intensity as well as in its extensity, just as great as is compatible with bare existence; to convince ourselves of the amount of suffering we need but visit the battlefields, hospitals, asylums, which thrive in such abundance in this world of ours. Is there any hope that

suffering decreases with the growth of intellect? No. The increasing complexity of the nervous system only increases our needs, and in far higher measure than expanding intellect can satisfy them. "In the plant there is no sensibility, therefore no pain; a certainly very small degree of suffering occurs in the lowest animals; not until we reach the perfectly developed nerve-system of the vertebrates does suffering become really acute, and here it is all the more acute the more the intellect is developed. Thus the distinctness of knowledge is proportionate to suffering, which therefore reaches its highest degree in man. . . . he in whom dwells genius suffers most." It is, of course, an absurd question to ask whether pleasure could conceivably counterbalance pain; pleasure is not anything positive, it arises as a bare contrast and a continued pleasurable state leads inevitably to tedium; pain is the only positive, and no summation of negatives or nulls can ever reach even the smallest positive quantity. "Even if thousands had lived in happiness and delight, that would not compensate for the anxiety and death-pangs of one single individual; and just as little does my present contentment undo my previous sorrows." "We feel pain, but not painlessness; we feel care, but not carelessness, fear but not security. We feel the wish, just as we feel hunger and thirst; but as soon as the wish is fulfilled it fares just the same as the morsel we have eaten, which, in the instant it is swallowed, ceases to exist for our feeling. Enjoyment and pleasures we miss painfully as soon as they fail us; but pain, even when it ceases after long continuance, is not directly missed. . . . For only pain and deprivation can be felt positively, and therefore announce their own presence; a state of contentment, on the other hand, is only negative. Therefore we do not perceive the three highest goods of life as such, health, youth, and happiness, as long as we possess them, but only when we have lost them; for they are negations. We do not notice those days of our lives which were happy until they have been succeeded by those which are unhappy." If, then, pain is the only reality; if pleasure is as unreal as it is ephemeral;

if pain is both as intensive and extensive as possible; and if all pleasure has as its constant attendant tedium, there is little difficulty in striking the final balance of life's worth. "So then the lesson that life teaches each one of us consists solely in this: that the objects of our wishes continually deceive us, they falter and fall; consequently bring more pain than pleasure, until at last the foundation on which they all stand gives way, since our lives themselves are destroyed, and we thus receive the final confirmation that all our striving and desire was perversity and error.

" Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he hath been in the wrong."

As far, then, as man as mere sensitive being is concerned, it were far better for him that he had never been born. But man is not a mere creature of sense, he has also an intellectual, æsthetic, and moral side to his nature, and we may ask, even if he is condemned to a life of physical pain, Has he any compensation on the other side? Here again we must answer that man has no reason to rejoice. His intellect only reveals to him the shows of things, reality lies in a region beyond all human vision. And how imperfect is any intellect which, in order to get beyond bare particulars, has to resort to conceptions; without these the mind of man could never carry out its functions, but how abstract and unsubstantial is the knowledge attained by their aid! Moreover, Will is always present, and in the guise of prejudices, partisan passions, hope, fear, and a thousand other forms, exercises imperious sway over the mind, preventing the formation of unbiassed judgements. Then again, the vast majority of men are incapable of originality, of forming an independent opinion, and are compelled to attach themselves to some organization which can better safeguard their interests and foster their egoism than they could do it unaided. Such constitute "the factory-ware of nature" and look with distrust on their

superiors. "The death of Socrates and the crucifixion of Christ are the most characteristic deeds of humanity." As far as the æsthetic faculty is concerned, rampant Philistinism and coarse vulgarity characterize it most. Then what are we to say about man's moral nature? His cowardice, as revealed in his cringing before public opinion, is one of his most pardonable moral delinquencies. On closer scrutiny we find that moral turpitude is the basis for a large part of that suffering which makes this life a hell on earth. "The truth is: we are destined to be wretched and we are so, and the chief source from which flow the most serious evils afflicting mankind is man himself: *homo homini lupus*. Who examines this carefully sees the world as a hell which surpasses that of Dante by the fact that each is compelled to be the devil of another.... But without entering into detail, we find generally that injustice, extreme unfairness, harshness, even cruelty, characterize the dealings of men with one another, the reverse occurs only by way of exception. Hereon rests the necessity of the state and legislation and not on any of the usual absurd grounds given.... How man deals with man is shown by the negro slave trade, for example, the aim and end of which is coffee and sugar.... To enter the wool factory at the age of five years and from that time onwards to sit there first ten then twelve and at last fourteen hours per day performing the same mechanical work is surely paying dearly for the pleasure of living. Yet that is the fate of millions."

Man is therefore morally base, intellectually defective, æsthetically a churl, condemned to live a life of pain and suffering. But this is not all. The world in which he lives is nothing more than a phantasmagoria. We have already seen that Schopenhauer accepts the Kantian phenomenalism; but he does not confine himself to a critical attitude; his phenomenalism, like his judgements on the lives and actions of men, assumes a tinge of that emotionalism which permeates all his mental activity. There is no reason whatever why any one holding that we are conscious only of phenomena

should see this universe in that murky illumination that pessimism casts upon it; but, for Schopenhauer, this deficiency in our intellect is a veil tauntingly thrown over that truth which alone is worth the knowing. We are further precluded from attaining to anything abiding, but are confined to the evanescent; change is the only thing constant. "Time is the form by means of which that nothingness of things appears as their transientness; since, in virtue of this form, all our enjoyments and delights perish under our hands. That nothingness is, therefore, alone what is objective in time." "Every individual, every human face and career is only one brief dream of the infinite spirit of nature, of the persistent Will to Life, is only one more elusive picture which it sportively sketches on its infinite scroll, space and time, and which it allows to exist a vanishingly short period of time, then extinguishes in order to make room for something new. Yet, and here is the doubtful side of life, each one of these elusive pictures, of these empty whims, must be purchased by the whole Will to Life, in all its violence, at the cost of many and intense sufferings and in the end of a long-feared and bitter death."

So far no radiant beam has pierced the gloom of this vale of woe; but if we have not grown too despondent to raise our eyes in search for light, we can now at length discover the glimmer of one faint star. We have seen that, in its higher manifestations, Will has to exist side by side with Intellect, and that the latter increases the higher we get in the scale of being. We have also seen that the Will to Life is the source of all our woes. Can we then ever reach a stage at which the intellect can overcome the Will to Life? This, as Schopenhauer affirms, can be accomplished in disinterested contemplation; it is accomplished by Christian ascetics, it is, above all, accomplished by the faithful devotees of Buddhism. We find some beautiful passages in which this philosophic calm is portrayed, passages imbued with the spirit of sublimest idealism. "When incentives to pleasure and enjoyment do not shake him [man], when the threats and

ragings of embittered foes do not move him, when the prayers of erring friends do not cause his resolve to waver, when the idle forms which concerted intrigues place in ambush for him leave him unconcerned, when the scorn of fools and of the mob do not disconcert him nor shake his faith in his own worth; then he seems to stand under the influence of a world of spirits, visible to him alone, before which that present, which stands revealed to all, fades like a phantom." This is the negation of the Will to Life, and is brought about by a complete abandonment of our individual natures in the contemplation of the universal, as revealed in the Platonic ideas. But then what remains after the Will to Life has thus been negated? Together with the Will to Life we remove not only the character, but also "all those phenomena are obliterated, that persistent urging and striving without aim or rest in all stages of its objectivation; obliterated is the manifoldness of graduated forms, obliterated with the Will its whole manifestation, and finally the universal forms of its manifestation, time and space, and also the fundamental form of subject and object. No Will, no intellectual representation, no world. Before us there remains in truth only the void." The last word of Schopenhauer's philosophy is thus nihilism, complete annihilation of all things.

Schopenhauer's pessimism was intended by the philosopher himself to rest on a metaphysical basis, namely, the nature of Will; but as we have amply seen, it is concerned far more with actual experience than with metaphysic: observation of the world in which we live provides almost all its materials. This being so, little more than empirical considerations are necessary to discuss it. We can, roughly speaking, classify pessimism under four heads; transcendental, hedonistic, moral, and evolutionary pessimism, and as we have seen, Schopenhauer asserts them all. Transcendental pessimism dwells on the unreality and evanescence of phenomena, and the unrest that arises from man's inability to apprehend the thing-in-itself; hedonistic pessimism asserts the balance of pain over pleasure; moral pessimism asserts

the natural depravity of the character of most men; evolutionary pessimism asserts the impossibility of improvement by developing to a higher stage. Of these, hedonistic pessimism is by far the most important, the other kinds usually converge on this one.

To make hedonism the standard by which to judge the value of the world, is surely a fundamental error, yet it is an error common to probably all pessimists. Even if we were to admit it as a legitimate standard, we should still have to verify the premises from which pessimism based upon it sets out. We must ask, Is pleasure merely a negation? The vast majority will tell us that they feel pleasure as positively as they feel pain. Is it true that pleasure is nothing but a cessation of pain, and can only follow on a state of pain? To assert this is to commit a manifest absurdity. Does, for instance, the joy at witnessing the beauties of the rising sun, or hearing the skylark's song, presuppose an antecedent state of pain? And there are a thousand pleasures of which the same question may be asked. Again, is pleasure such a short-lived thing? Only a certain kind of pleasures, surely, such as depend upon direct, sensuous stimulation. The pleasures furnished by works of art are so far removed from this condemnation that it is only after long enjoyment that we attain to the highest degree of delight in them. Or again, are health, youth, and happiness only felt as positive values after they have left us? Probably Goethe was expressing a widely-felt sensation when he wrote those lines descriptive of the cheerful vigour of refreshed youth.

“ The morning came; scared by its tread departed
The timid sleep which held me lightly tied;
Waking, I left my quiet lodge and started,
Refreshed in soul, to climb the mountain side.
The newly-opened flower, with dew full-hearted,
Was a delight to me at every stride;
Young morn arose in rapture to my viewing,
And all things were renewed for my renewing.”

Then again, what about the reiterated assertion that the amount of pain so far outweighs that of pleasure? In measurements we require units. Where are the units in this

case? If we had such, and could place on one scale-pan the pleasure units and on the other the pain units, we should soon see which way the indicator moved. Until we have found units of measurement, any assertion that the ultimate amount of pain exceeds that of pleasure has a purely subjective value.

When we examine moral pessimism we are met with the same difficulties as in the examination of hedonistic pessimism, the lack of standards of measurement. It is often difficult to pronounce on a single act, whether it is good or bad; this difficulty is magnified a thousandfold when we have to give our verdict concerning an individual character; but it is downright madness to attempt to balance up the debit and credit of character in the universe. Apart from this process of summation we have no other means than the resort to the vague assertion that man is naturally bad. But man, in the abstract, is necessarily what he is, and an expression of value, like good or bad, cannot be predicated of a necessity.

Evolutionary pessimism has to be criticized in a similar manner. How can we know that the universe is stationary, or is getting worse, if we can never know how much of bad it contains at any one particular moment? If we examine the most objectified form of the general conscience as it expresses itself in the codification of the law, and compare what the past has achieved with the existing status, there is at least a strong presumption that the movement has not been retrograde. There is, however, no practical test of whether or no such advantageous position we may be placed in, as compared with our ancestors, has been purchased at the cost of a disproportionate physical enervation which would render the sum total of pain greater now than in times past.

Finally, transcendental pessimism rests on the fundamental fallacy of the evaluation of a system of necessity. Human intellect is naturally constituted to apprehend precisely the universe it does apprehend, and whether this corresponds to reality or not makes no difference whatever; under the given circumstances, it is absurd to say that my doubt as to the

correspondence or non-correspondence of phenomena with things-in-themselves is either good or bad; it is neither the one nor the other, it is necessary.

Schopenhauer's pessimism has been, up to the present, the one aspect of his philosophy considered and, as we have just seen, it does not stand the test of criticism, and would not, even if presented in a much less exaggerated form. We are, however, in duty bound not to conclude without at least a passing allusion to a few of his less exceptionable views. One of the most useful antidotes against an erring tendency of our own day is, in my opinion, his advocacy of individualism. Nietzsche emphasizes this feature of Schopenhauer's teaching above all others, and it is well known to what excessive lengths Nietzsche followed out the idea in his doctrine of the Superman. One of the most powerful forces at the present time is undoubtedly that which is exerted against the development of individuality. We see this force at work in numerous methods of procedure by the various socialist organizations; in the demands for allegiance to party in political life; in the demand for conformity to stereotyped religious observance; in the ostracism practised against every one not sufficiently commonplace as to subject himself to the tyranny of social conventions; and, most absurd of all, in that preposterous equalization of humanity involved in the settlement of questions by means of sheer numerical superiority, when the truth stares any sane man in the face that, in by far the greater number of questions, any majority obtained in the common, haphazard fashion, is, by the nature of the pursuits and interests of most men, almost inevitably wrong. On this point there should be no wavering, and the sooner it is generally recognized that a cause commending itself to a large body of men has usually some flaw in it, the better; not to do so is wilfully to blind oneself to human limitations. Of course, Schopenhauer, and still more Nietzsche, have greatly exaggerated in their doctrines of the genius and the superman respectively; but, like Goethe and Carlyle, they stand in invigorating protest against effeminate sentimentalism, when they emphasize the enormous contributions of half a dozen

intellectual and moral giants, as compared with millions of the common herd, to the onward march of civilization.

Another very valuable contribution of Schopenhauer's philosophy is his discussion of the problem of irrationalism. Here, too, his own statement of the matter is crude and one-sided; but the train of speculation brought into prominence by him has been more systematically and impartially developed by his successors, and a considerable modification of the form in which the rationality of the universe is conceived has been the outcome. As always, however, it is not so much in the metaphysical aspect of the idea he introduces, as in its practical application, that he appears at his best. We have already estimated the pessimism based hereon; of far greater importance are his observations on the intrusion of this alogical element into man's everyday life; and the present age might well recognize many of its own absurdities as nothing but the operation of alogical Will. The hatred of individualism, spoken of above, proceeds in far greater measure from this source than from malice. Born into an established system of conventions, we unconsciously form prejudices which go on accumulating from the earliest dawn of our intelligence, rendering us unfitted for all unbiased reflection. This acquired character, in conjunction with certain innate impulses, opposes the free operation of the intellect in all men; in the majority they constitute practically the only motives to thought and action. Kant was certainly premature in his eulogy of his age as the age of criticism; scarcely, even in the land which produced the critical philosophy, is even a moderate individualism, depending on a more widely adopted critical attitude, tolerated.

Finally, a word must be said about Schopenhauer's style. In this regard he outshines all German philosophers. Owing to the intensity of his feelings he never took up an attitude of cold criticism towards any question; consequently his language has to express, besides his ideas, this quality imparted to thought by sentiment, and becomes naturally rather poetic than what we commonly understand as philosophical. It possesses a vigour and directness which might be envied

even by demagogical orators. Even in his highest metaphysical flights he never long severs connexion with concrete experience, and this fact gives his language a graphic quality unknown before him in German philosophy. His sentences are sometimes long, but never involved, and their construction bears the stamp of a consummate artist. The purity of language was for him a sacred thing, and he is most violent when speaking of Hegel's barbarisms and the corrupting influence of journalism. The German language he considered superior to all modern languages, of which he knew thoroughly the most important; in fact, this is almost the only thing German that he did approve of.

After what has been said, there will be little difficulty in harmonizing Schopenhauer's character with his philosophy. We shall see the parallelism more clearly if we make a triple division of each. In his character we notice, (1) vigorous intellectual activity, (2) abnormally developed impulses, (3) a gloomy emotional tinge; in his philosophy the threefoldness is given by, (1) the world as Intellectual Representation, (2) the world as Will, (3) pessimism. His intellect was sufficiently vigorous to prevent his acquiescing in any other than the critical standpoint in regard to phenomena: here everything proceeds according to causality, and supernatural intervention is impossible. But his impulses convinced him that a powerful alogical agency interposes itself at every stride we take, giving rise to the Will of his philosophy. His peculiar emotionalism is undoubtedly connected with the madness which had revealed itself in several of his near relations and with which he was tainted. The subtle connexion between physical and mental has not yet been clearly shown; but we are safe in affirming that Schopenhauer's pathological condition was the ultimate source of his pessimism. So that we can say that Schopenhauer's philosophy, like any other philosophy that is destined to be a moving factor in civilization, is the immediate expression of the author's personality, and, in a more remote sense, of human personality generally.

E. W. PATCHETT

OF A CERTAIN UNTIMELINESS

THE civilized world is obsessed by fear or belief that tremendous wars are imminent. Military philosophers account in two ways for this condition. They tell us that war comes of man's spiritual indigestion, after long peace, which never yet led classes and masses to what the soul profoundly craves—plain living, high thinking, arduous and heroic exertion. By lengthy peace commercial ideals become dominant. Through long, unbridled commerce certain despicable human elements—the avaricious, the cunning, the unscrupulous, the ostentatious, the devotees of comfort, pleasure and luxury—flourish, flaunt, allure, soften, corrupt, by establishing their ideals in imitative multitudes. Nations *en masse* wax fat, bilious, confused, in a sort of vertigo, vaguely aware of a pressing need for those boons of deprivation, asceticism, strenuous work, poverty, which mankind generally has never learned to obtain save through bloodletting and experience of the terrible, fierce, and great passions of lamentation, pity, despair, exultation in strife and sacrifice. Those philosophers declare instinctive in humanity a sense that it is well to forsake the glittering tables, dash down the winecup, tear off robes of feasting, wave away the mimes, the lutes and the dancers, laugh to scorn shrieking traders and money-mongers, strip for combat, and once more prove how the spirit, cabined in flesh, can defy the stare of death.

They tell us that war heals, cures, elevates. Russell, who knew the American people before and after their civil strife, testified that its four frightful years had made them "a nation of gentlemen." What have fifty years of unmitigated commerce made them? Can any perceptive being who roams Great Britain, or even the cities of Canada, seriously believe, unless blinded by prejudice and national conceit, that we Britons are vastly more admirable. The Spanish

and the Boer wars were not long nor costly enough, say those philosophers, to impart the war-cure. True, each conflict seemed, for a little time, remedial. But soon the cry for training, unselfish exertion, national efficiency, fell low. Commercial ideals, all their besotted and besotting train, speedily renewed their triumph over the English-speaking world. Our classes flaunt everywhere a bolder softness, as in a very mania for enjoyments, distracting from thought, pity, brotherhood, devotion, and fear. The masses, feeling disinherited, choused, driven to utility by need, ignored, deprived, ever relatively poorer and more enslaved, resentfully curse their law-enforced abstention from the cakes and the ale and the gawds which they are taught by rampant Mammon to count as invaluable boons. Power, distinction, plaudits, even titles invented of old by the military caste to denote valour and service, are degraded to rewards for the more acquisitive. Everywhere is heard the scream of unrest and discontent, the spewing of philosophers made pessimists by watching and thinking on that world which the chartered demigods of finance have produced. To remake it nearer to the heart's desire come innumerable proposals, unitedly indicative of nothing so much as of a general sense that the conditions of human life are little worth preserving. Is not this the deeper meaning of the clamour of woman?—the mother in her soul being heartsick for humanity, her child. If any statesman point straight to pampered idleness as the evil urgently needing deep lancing and cautery, all the agencies of Plutus assail him as disturber and madman, even as the proposers of reform were assailed before the French revolution. Hence the warcure alone seems available to the philosophers here summarized.

In another mood they tell that nationalized commerce and finance naturally, inevitably, promote rival desires for national expansion, that one national aggregation of money-seekers may suppress and dominate others of their like. This is Homer Lea's main given reason why Armageddon cannot be far forward. Looking at all the phenomena,

he forecasts early and prodigious war, with prime attack on the British, and ultimate assault on the entire English-speaking world, that enormous House of Have. "Prepare!" is the shout. "Go to general conscription. Drill, train, arm, fortify, O Saxons, lest ye be overwhelmed and vassalized." Such preparation, involving general sacrifice and discipline, might, if the means were wrenched wholly from the flaunting House of Waste, go far to cleanse and purify those sick conditions which to some seem the profounder cause of the world's impulse towards war—shuddering humanity seeking refinement in the terrible smelter.

Whatever be the cause of mankind's obsession by tendencies to war, that obsession plainly exists. All the pooh-poohers cannot alter or abolish a general conviction that we may, almost any day, see Great Britain's power struck and crushed, her alliances snapped, Germany, Russia, and Japan rushing, probably in concert, to seize derelict portions of the king's realms, and to launch simultaneous invasion against both of Canada's wholly undefended coasts.

Great and cautious statesmen so far agree with the military philosophers as to warn us frequently that assault, the most prodigious ever launched, may be soon upon us. In these circumstances it would seem the part of Canadian wisdom not only to further preparations for defence, but to frown upon every course likely to weaken our defence by internal dissension or by a provoked dislike among powerful friends. If voices, purporting to speak for a majority of Canada, do daily insult and threaten an important minority, do daily foment disunion of the Dominion's parts, and do daily revile neighbours on whose aid we may yet call, surely Canada's defenceless situation is worsened by an abominable loquacity of fools.

Recently Mr. Henri Bourassa discoursed, in *Le Devoir*, on the possible or probable effect of that incessant hostility manifested against the longing of French-Canadians for treatment by the English-speaking majority as full brethren or co-partners in the Canadian confederation. His remarks were

temperately couched. To me they seemed impelled by a sole sense of public duty. He wrote, in the main, merest truisms, which were generally accepted by Canadian politicians and editors as obvious truths thirty years ago, twenty, at any time until very recently. Sir John Macdonald declared, "the French-Canadian is our brother," Edward Blake heartily agreed, the main editors were governed by implications from that definition. A brother is not a person to be limited to the smallest privileges stipulated in parental writing. Yet certain truculents incessantly refer French-Canadians to their treaty rights, alleging these to constitute the unexpandable maximum.

Mr. Bourassa sketched the Manitoba majority's breach of faith, by which the fundamental Act or constitution of that province was violated to destroy the Catholic majority's legitimate control of their separate schools. He instanced the manner in which the Catholics' prescriptive similar control in the North-West Territories had been shaved down in creating Alberta and Saskatchewan. He noted the synchronous abolition of French as an official language in those provinces. He commented on Ontarioan prejudice, agitation, and official action against maintaining French Ontarioan children in the advantage of receiving subject lessons in their mother tongue. He touched on the roaring tumult against Quebec's constitutional right to specify conditions for solemnization of marriage. On the whole, he illustrated truthfully that tendency of an apparent majority in Canada—a tendency often manifested with anger, insult, derision—to constrict French brethren not only the legal utmost, but, as in the Manitoba instance, to control them unconstitutionally in their prized creed and language privileges. He did not plead for more consideration. He did not quote Edward Blake's noble definition "the measure of justice which a majority owes to a minority is full measure heaped up and running over," the measure of brotherly generosity. Mr. Bourassa wrote not in dangerous placation of those who estimate as weakness any humble appeal. He had obviously in view a purpose as broad as the

future of the Dominion, one conservative of our unity, which cannot but be impaired, and may be destroyed, by domineering restriction of his congeners to that least in which the courts will uphold them.

Mr. Bourassa stated, as a matter of his own observation, that an effect of the long Ontarioan and Manitoban insistence on such restriction has been to cause numerous thoughtful French-Canadians to ponder anew what benefits accrue to them from their steadfastness to the Confederation, and to observe that they here enjoy, under continual assault, few if any privileges, by effect of the British North America Act, which would not necessarily accrue quietly to them by practice, were Quebec a state of the American union. Such reflection, among the directing classes of a people numerous in Canada, and geographically situated along one of our main portals, could not but have effects which might become disruptive in certain contingencies.

For this timely and reasonable information, for this warning, such as a prudent majority might well be thankful for, Mr. Bourassa was reviled as an annexationist, particularly by a school which has been for several generations ever making broad its phylacteries of "loyalty" without once ceasing to be esteemed hypocritical in that act, since no man sure of his own fealty to the throne would ever descend to proclaiming it. Instead of howling at one whose whole course in speech and writing shows him a consistent Liberal devotee of the Crown in Canada, would it not have been reasonable to ponder seriously this question: Has he written truth?

For a reply, let any Protestant English-Canadian consult his own heart, first conceiving himself in the French-Canadian's place. Suppose France to be dominant here as Britain is. Suppose here a French Catholic majority, many of whose representatives incessantly assailed us for endeavouring to further our language and guard our creed. Suppose such majority—while acknowledging that Canada was, of olden time, kept by us out of the Republic and in fealty to France—

to declare that we Protestant Englishry must be restricted to the least privileges which our forefathers, trusting to the French for future consideration, had stipulated for their descendants. Suppose we were continually berated by majority taunts, by majority expressions of contempt for our churches and clergy, by the bawling of ignorant boors against our teaching of our language to our children, by every item of spite that mean ingenuity could devise for our exasperation. Suppose, did we protest, we were often adjured in these words, "Shut up! You were conquered! You ought to be grateful to us and France for any privileges whatever." Suppose we perceived ourselves to possess, by a French North America Act, nothing whatever that we could not more certainly secure, and in quietude, were our province a state of the union. Suppose us to be located along the St. Lawrence and the Gulf, therefore necessarily much depended on by a French Ontario and a French West for their defence against sea-coming enemies of France. Suppose we were well aware that, by reason of our possession of great forests, mines, fisheries, water-powers, immense material or pecuniary advantage could not but accrue to us from junction with the republic of insatiable markets. Suppose we had been voted down by a French province in attempting to obtain the boon of free sale for our hay, dairy products, ores, lumber, etc., in that market. Suppose we knew that junction therewith would secure us against the risk, bloodshed, and expense that might come of our being bound to take part with France in all her possible wars.

The English-Canadian who has imagination to entertain these suppositions, and sense to apprehend their significance, may readily perceive that Mr. Henri Bourassa denoted zeal for Canada and the Crown in explaining the actual and the possible future effect of an Ontario majority's incessant gibing at his compatriots.

His matter was the more important by reason that tremendous war is publicly apprehended, not by the military and by febrile alarmists only, but by cautious statesmen

incapable of the wicked folly of evincing unfelt dread. That war portends through Saxon wish to preserve, and through contrary German wish to abolish, Great Britain's supremacy at sea, destruction of which would not only break up her empire but bring essential vassalage to the Old Country islands. Hence Canada, whatever be her interest and duty in respect of contributing directly to the king's Old Country fleet, certainly needs to hasten in ample defence for both our Atlantic and Pacific coast cities and coal mines, which, once seized by a hostile raiding force, would afford bases for strong invasion. How secure French-Canadians' hearty aid in voting expenditure for such defence? Surely not by banging them about head and heart. On them the brunt of defence of our Atlantic shore and Gulf could not but heavily fall. Shall they be driven towards apathetic reception of invaders by our majority's denial of full brotherhood to them, by gibing them with taunts that they are the conquered and Canada not their country but ours, in which they should be grateful for leave to breathe their mother-tongue and worship in their beloved shrines? Shall they be teased by an ingenious bigotry on the part of those very elements in Ontario which most cry "war," and who, did invasion come up the St. Lawrence, would have to depend much for their own defence on the valour and steadfastness of the brother whom Sir John Macdonald and Edward Blake clasped to their great hearts.

If our truculents, despising Jean Baptiste as weak, or imagining him so devoted to British connexion that he will expend and fight for it, feel in a measure safe in reviling him and all he holds most dear, on what meanly reasonable ground do they persist in gibing at friendly neighbours who are neither weak nor sentimentally attached to the Crown or the Dominion? From the politicians, publicists, editors of the United States come few if any censures of Canadians, and many most kindly assurances. Yet a moiety of our people in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, and other cities—not including sane Vancouver and Victoria—are daily regaled with every scrap of pressed ordure that can be collected or transformed

to fling at manners, ways, system, ideas, preferences of the people of the United States. It is needless to quote in proof, since the fact is noted and commented on with disgust by reasonable men, everywhere one may go in Canada.

Consider only what has been published by editors of both Canadian parties on Washington's proposal to free the Panama Canal to vessels of the United States coasting trade. That proposal may or may not be inconsistent with the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. To so Yankee-phobe a weekly as the *Saturday Review*, it seemed a few weeks ago that Washington did not, in that point, propose to discriminate against Great Britain or any other foreign country, since all foreign vessels are, and have long been, and probably ever will be, proscribed from the United States coasting trade. The *Review* then observed, however, that an effect of such discrimination might arrive if the freed coastal craft combined with transoceanic ships to engross trade. Did such combination appear, it might supply grounds for attributing discrimination in violation of the treaty. Meantime, it is doubtful if Washington be not perfectly within United States rights, as set out by so temperate a mind as Mr. Taft. The plain and avowed intention of that government, in undertaking the enormous expense of the canal, was to foster traffic by water between the two United States coasts, and to cheapen general transportation by causing reduction of transcontinental railway rates. In logical prosecution of this design came the plan of freeing United States coastal craft from canal tolls. This seemed unanticipated by the transcontinental railways, extensively owned in Great Britain. Hence their managers ululated, perhaps justly, and all the organs they control or stimulate echoed the howl. But why should Canadians hasten to roar "breach-of-faith," "violation of treaty," "just like the treacherous Yankees," against our neighbours, their Congress and president? It does not appear that they, or anybody else, ever thought, at the treaty time, of depriving Washington of power to pass United States coastal vessels free. It does not clearly appear

to any except the railway interest, that Congress has sought to break any kind of understanding, implied or expressed, in the case, though it may yet be adjudged that Congress does so. If not, Congress may have served the interest of Canadian forwarders, though not that of some of our railways. Remission of tolls on United States coastal craft should tend, a little, to force down certain transcontinental railway charges.

The point here contended for is not that Washington is right in the matter, but that Washington meant no wrong, no dishonesty, no breach of understanding or treaty. If so, why hasten to condemn and revile our neighbours on the matter? Why not fairly present their view here, even while arguing against it. Why not in this, and in all cases, be "to their virtues ever kind, and to their faults a little blind." Why not? Is it because a synod of protected manufacturers in Canada wishes Yankees to be execrated daily, in the hope that stimulated hatred may once again redound to the benefit of tariff-beneficiaries? But is it wise, is it prudent, is it good Britishism, good Imperialism, good Canadianism, for editors in this country, more particularly for those who most tell us that a tremendous anti-British war impends—is it sane, in these conditions, to exhibit to powerful neighbours, of whose good-will we may soon have to avail ourselves by reason of our own crass neglect of coast defence, the spectacle of a Canada seemingly largely composed of people pleased by the vituperative hatred daily printed against Americans by a main portion of our press?

As if worrying our French brethren and insulting our neighbours were insufficient to the temper of our truculents, they roundly harangue the West, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, on their insolence. It consists in those prairie-dwellers having twice voted their conviction that a disposition to intolerable tyranny kept them out of their hearts' desire, the great, long-coveted boon of liberty to sell their grain freely in the neighbouring United States market. Is it supposed that the West may become fonder of taxation, and of

restriction by tariff-beneficiaries in Ontario, if daily vituperated by their organs? If that be not the supposition, is it madness, with a prodigious war so perceptible to the chief vituperators, to exacerbate the profound discontent of our prairie people, set them more and more against favouring the necessary defence for Canadian coasts remote to them, and add prairie sullenness to that which our truculents seem endlessly endeavouring to promote in Quebec?

The urban and rural populations of Canada were pretty well united not long ago. If our truculents be truly prophetic in anticipating great war, surely the rural folk, on whose strength and hardihood must be our main dependence for defence, should not receive any further impression that they are dominated by city interests than was given them by the majority vote of last September. But certain city organs, in view of the imminent redistribution Act, contend that city representation must be largely increased, in a manner to diminish the political powers of rural constituencies. This tends to add another dissension to those more important troubles that the domineers promote.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier furthered no enmities, he strove but too sedulously for conciliation all round. If in that persistent policy he wholly satisfied no element or region, the measure of his success is in the length of his tenure, the equally long general quiet of Canada, the good-will which he attracted from Great Britain, the United States, France, and even Germany towards the end. Conciliation cannot forever soothe those in the Canadian family, who, receiving not all they demand but all that can be conceded to them without injustice to other and perhaps contrary elements, grow angrier to be denied aught while those they detest receive some measure of consideration. The Great Conciliator was aware, even five years ago, that his method could not uninterruptedly triumph. He created no body of emphatic favourers of strong courses, but sought mainly to promote peace and good-will among his diverse fellow-countrymen, in order that they might pursue their industrial labours calmly and profitably.

As long peace, according to the military philosophers, rouses the ever latent craving for war, so lengthy conciliation in domestic politics may stimulate in contrary extremists a craving for return to conditions of turbulence. Spirited boys, held long from uproarious fight by a father gentle and persuasive, have been known to lock the door against him that they might fight out their quarrels. The door is now locked on Laurier, for a time at least. Meantime, we have the customary turmoil of years preceding 1896,—French brother battered by Orange brother; West and East at loggerheads that can never be ended save by submission of the Pharaoh-hearted; friendly neighbours, whose crime was to have granted what Canada had long sought, deliriously reviled every lawful morning; farmers threatened with a degree of disfranchisement; loud alarums by devotees of the opinion that Canadians should hasten to defend the shore of the Old Country while neglecting defence of their own; native Canadian protests against dragging the country into militarism wholly beyond Ottawa's sphere answered by roars in the familiar tone of "Croppies, lie down;" the familiar course of constitutional development in Canada threatened by hazardous experimentation; anxiety for the immediate future distinct in the aspect of business men. What a change from quiet conditions in one year!

Is Laurier vindicated? It would be rash and unjust to premise that Mr. Borden cannot or will not quiet turbulents and truculents. Ah, but the West! He is so deeply committed against accepting the boon without which the West can never be contented, the boon whose political value Saskatchewan and Alberta elections have enabled him to comprehend. Wish him well we must, for that is wishing harmony renewed in the Dominion.

E. W. THOMSON

