

Two Country Walks
IN
Canada

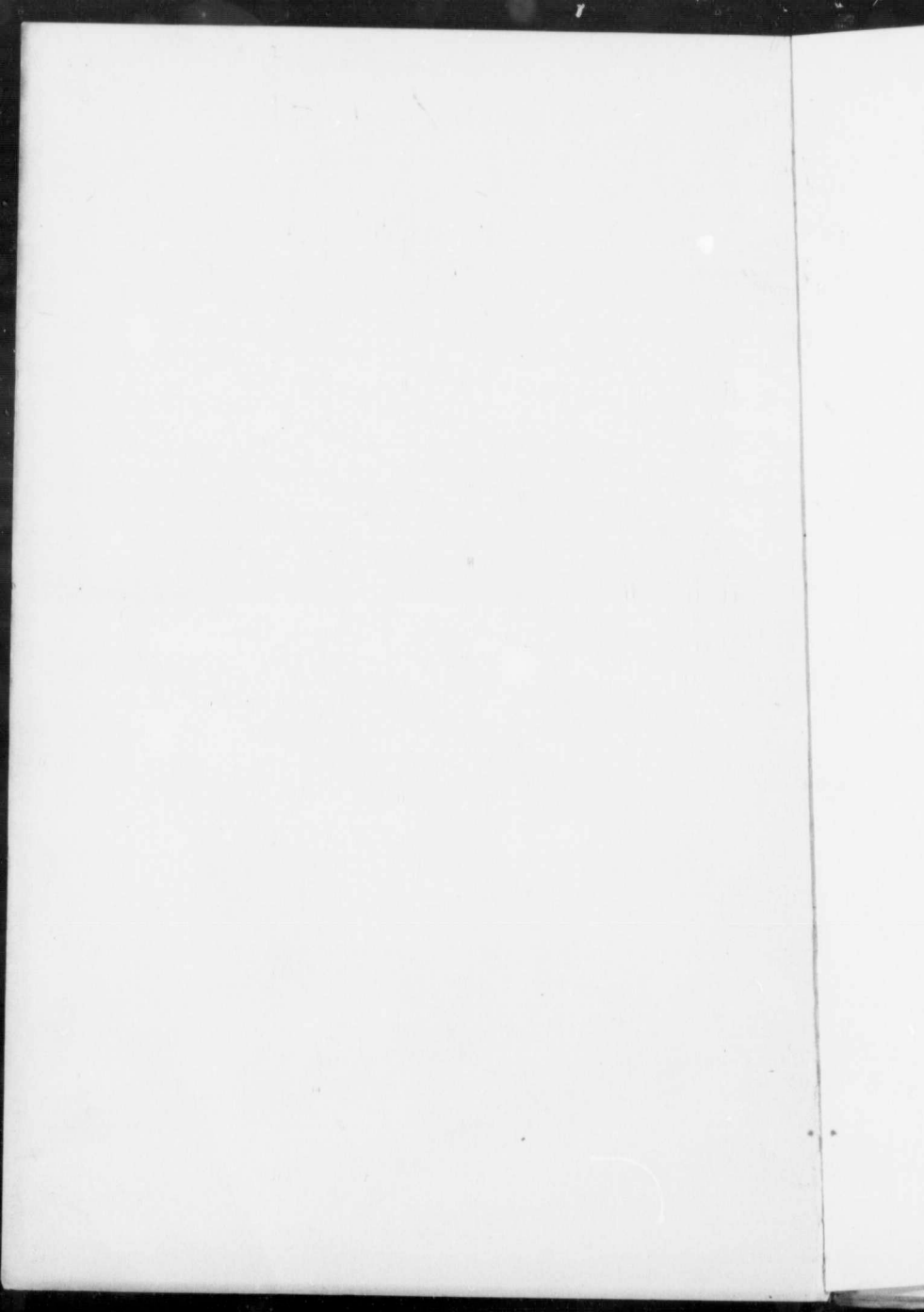
ARNOLD HAULTAIN

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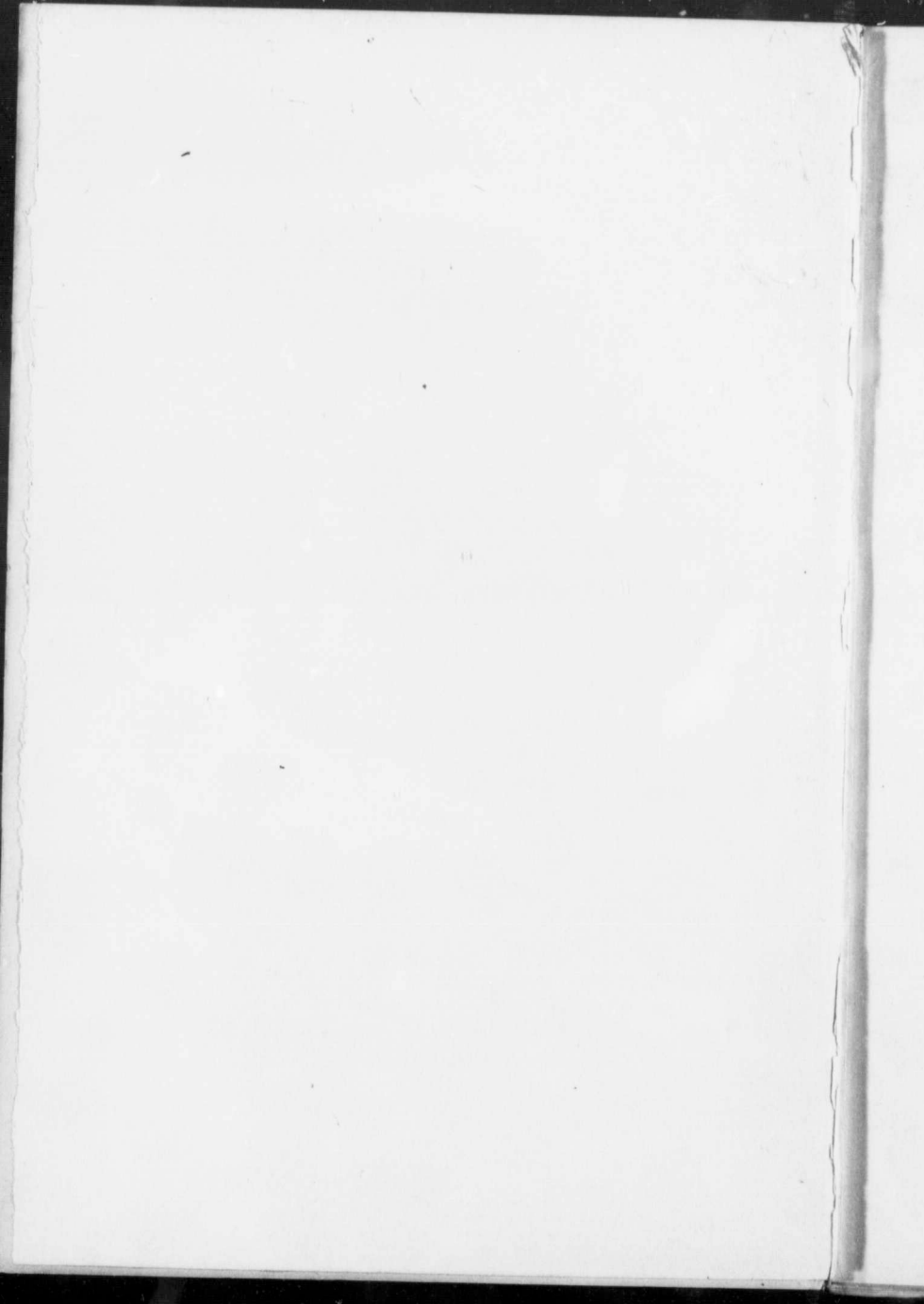
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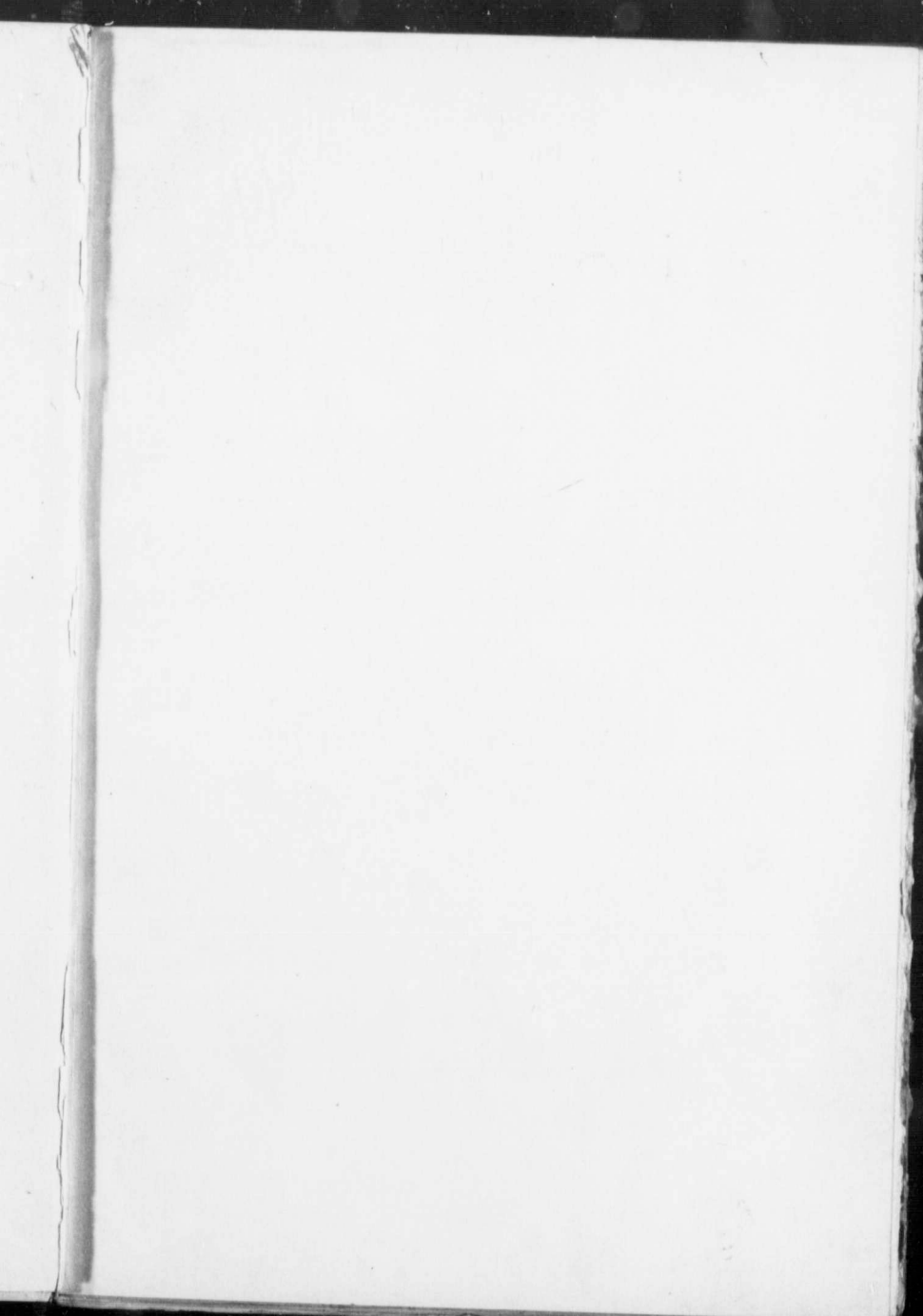
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TWO
COUNTRY WALKS
IN CANADA







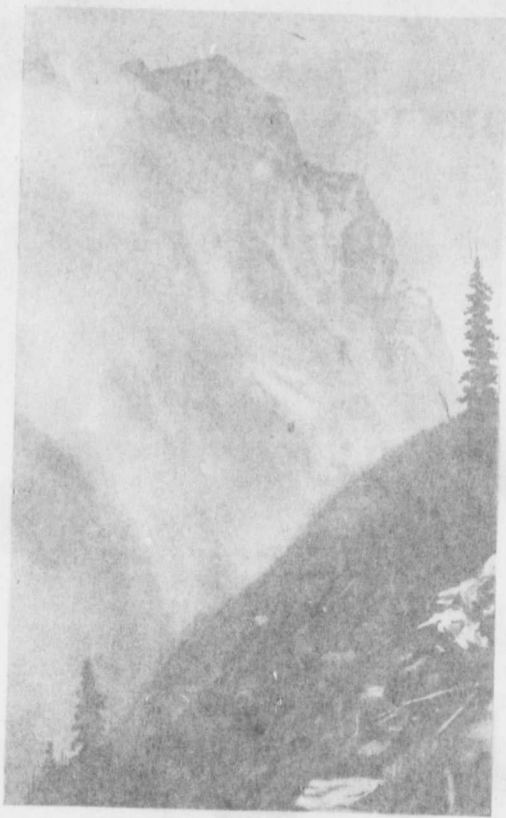
MOUNT MACDONALD, BRITISH COLUMBIA
Photographed by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal

TWO
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IN CANADA

BY
ARNOLD HAULTAIN

Illustrated

TORONTO
GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., LIMITED
1908



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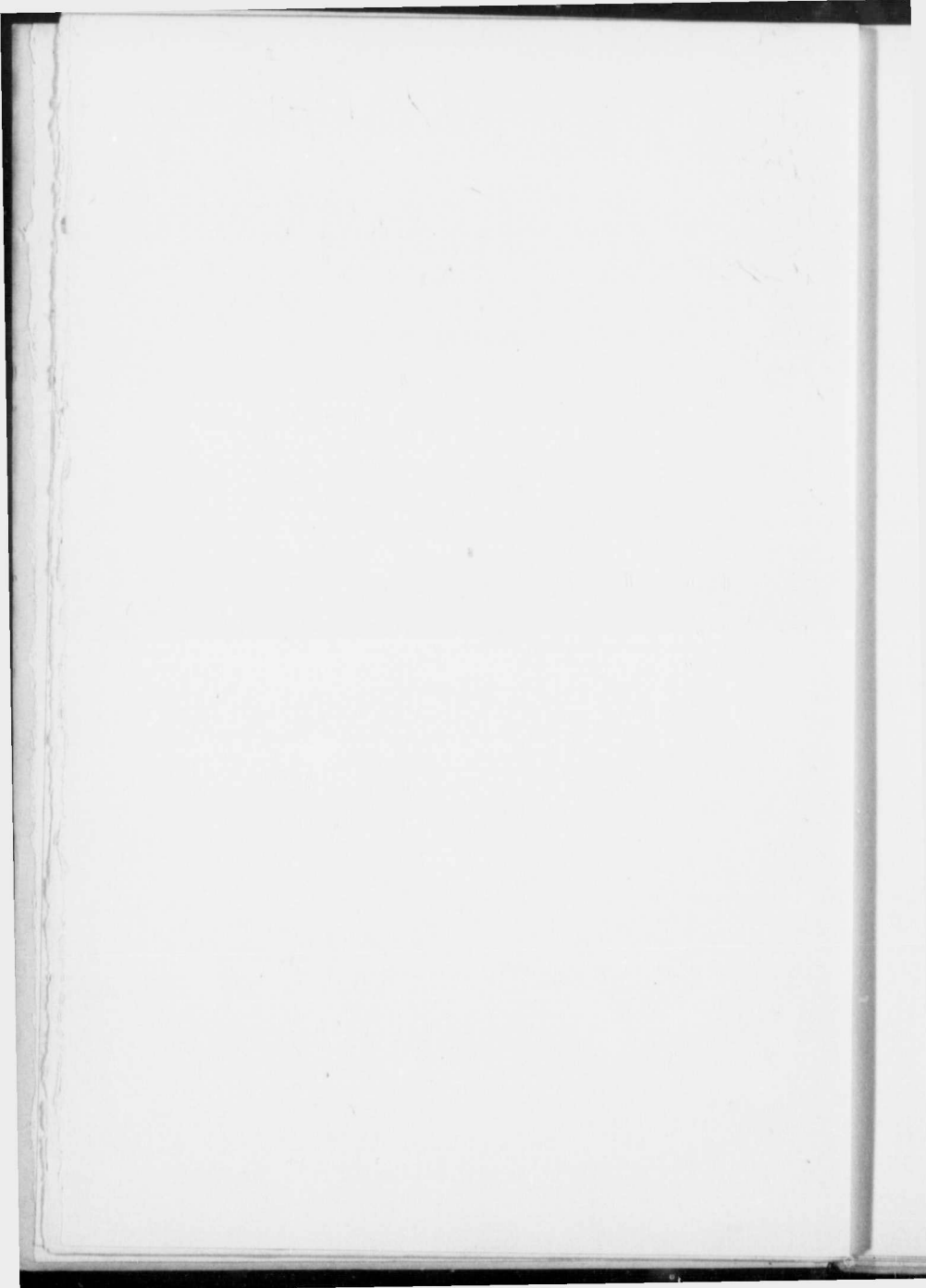
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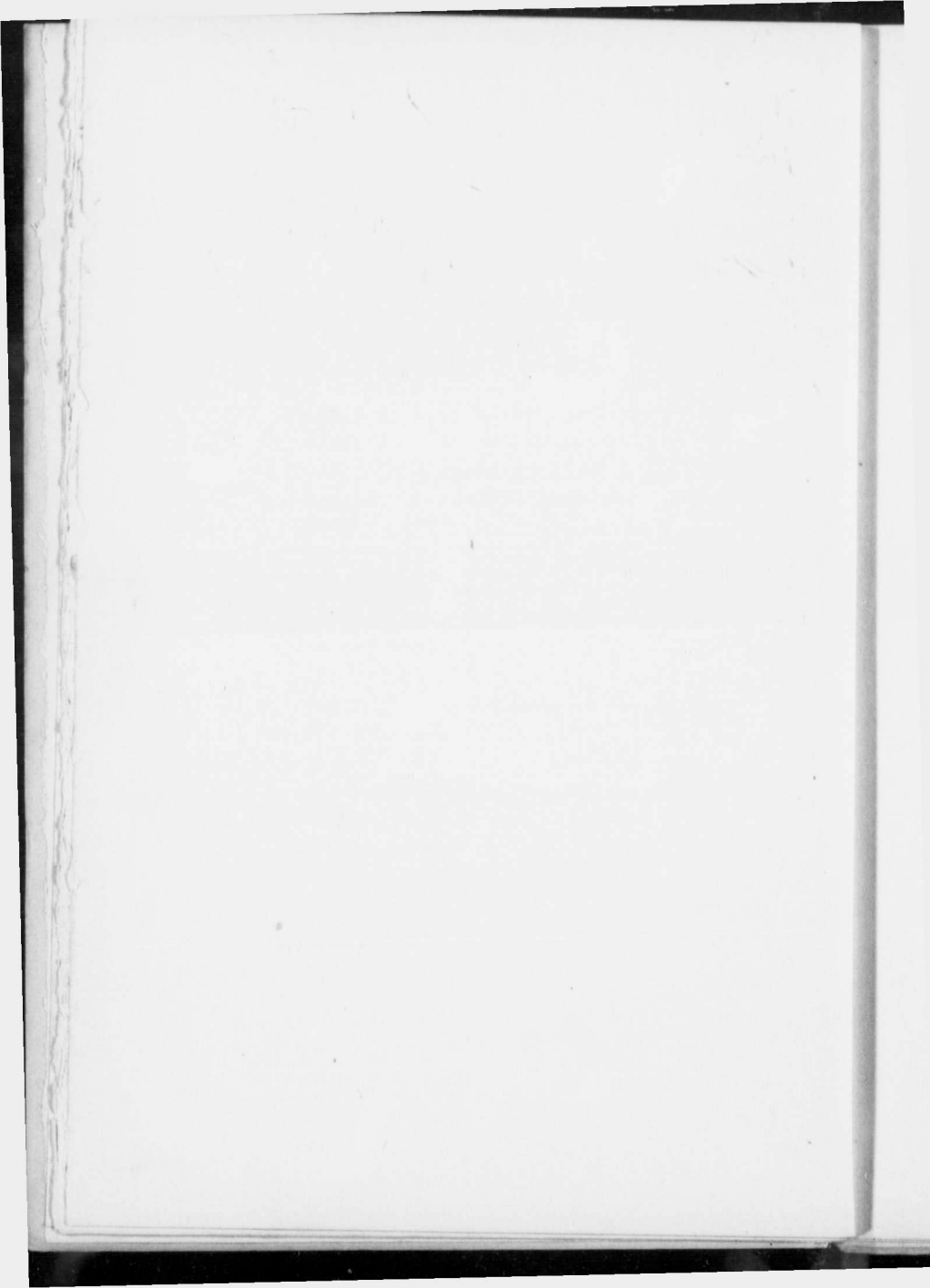


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WINTER



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CANADA has of late been bulking large in the public eye. She it was who first proved confederation feasible; she it was who gave practical shape to the idea of Imperial unity by the institution of a preferential tariff; she linked East with West by her Pacific Railway; and it is she who took the initiative in Imperial penny postage. From the position of a humble colonial dependency she has risen to the rank, if not of a political and fiscal exemplar, at all events of a political and fiscal experimenter. The contrast is notable.

I took, the other day, a long winter's walk in this country of contrasts. For this, of a truth, Canada is. Her climate, her scenery, her sentiments, her people, her politics, all exhibit extremes the most extraordinary.

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A winter of arctic severity is followed by a tropical summer. Within sight of luxuriant pastures glide stupendous glaciers. Flattest prairies spread to the feet of mountain ranges, the rivals of the Alps; prim fields, orchards and vineyards encroach upon primæval forests. Along with the hardy apple and the far-famed No. One Manitoba wheat, this land produces strawberries, peaches, grapes, melons and even figs. Constitutionally content with British connexion, her people are intimately influenced by ideas and manners American. Indeed, her people are as heterogeneous as herself. The Maritime Provinces of the extreme East hardly call themselves Canadian; Quebec is French; Ontario is Canadian to the core, so is Manitoba; in the Northwest Territories are settlers from almost every nationality in Europe; British Columbia, in the extreme West, again, fights shy of the cognomen Canadian. Newfoundland holds aloof altogether. A rude and toilsome social life goes hand in hand with patches of refinement and culture unmistak-

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able. Canadian cheese took the prize at Chicago; Canadian poetry has been crowned by the Academy. Lauding democratic institutions to the skies, radical to the last degree, Canada nevertheless contains within herself castes and cliques in their horror of such principles almost rabid. With a political system the counterpart of the British, her politics are rife with personalities, election protests, corruption trials.

But, to descend from the universal to the particular, I can perhaps most vividly paint a little picture of the conditions of Canadian life and thought by describing with absolutely truthful detail a winter's walk there, together with the ruminations to which it naturally gave rise.

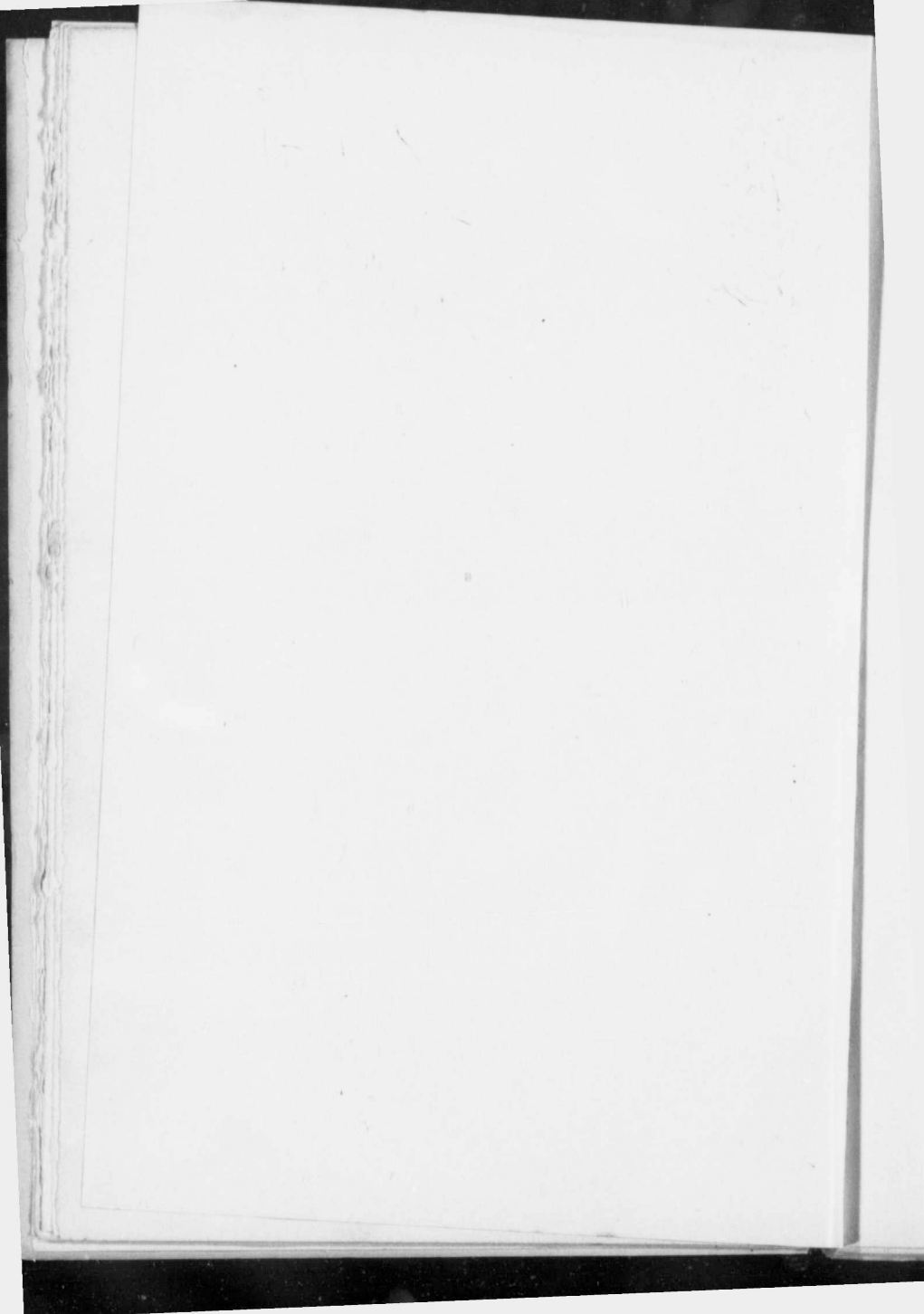
My point of departure was a little Ontarian country town of some ten thousand inhabitants—we will call it Dummer. Dummer was entitled to take rank as a "city," a population of ten thousand forming the technical line of demarcation between a city and a town; but for some intricate

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municipal reason or other—probably one of taxation—it had not been incorporated, incorporation requiring a vote of the Town Council. Dummer stood in a slightly higher latitude than the parallels which run through the belt of country skirting the northern shore of the Great Lakes, along which are dotted most of the centres of population; and, accordingly, it was exposed to a slightly severer wintry climate. At the time of my visit it was enveloped in snow. Snow lay deep over the whole land, thick on every roof, over the edges of which it protruded itself in irregular curves—solid cataracts suspended in air, and vainly endeavouring to complete their descent by long six-foot icicles. Snow-white was every road, save for the two dirty grooves beaten down by the hoofs of horses. Snow covered the country, far as the eye could reach; glistening like glaciers on the hillsides, deep purple and blue in the patches shaded by the pines; only the woods showing black against the dazzling white, the perpendicular walls of



WINTER SCENE IN ONTARIO
Photographed by E. J. Rowley, Toronto



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the wooden farm buildings, the solitary trees and shrubs, and the straggling snake-fences—long, unshapen logs of split timber, their ends placed zigzag the one over the other, to keep the structure erect—relieved the white monotony. And yet this belt of country is almost in the same latitude with the South of France, with the Riviera, whence but a few days before I had received in a letter a violet! To think that Pau and Nice and Cannes and Monaco and Genoa and San Remo and Florence were parallel with me, and yet imbedded in flowers at that moment! Canada can hardly object to Mr. Kipling's pretty and by no means fanciful epithet, "Our Lady of the Snows." The city of Montreal spent, in the winter of the year of my walk, in clearing away the snow from her streets, \$116,915.20—roughly, £23,000. So much for snow; as for cold, they say that forty degrees of frost are not in Dummer uncommon.

But if any one thinks cold and snow here kill life he is mistaken. Octogenarians

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I know well—hale and hearty old gentlemen, with florid cheeks and buoyant step, who, when the mercury does its best to disappear into the bulb, call the weather bracing, feel young again, and blow with healthy joyaunce steaming breath through moustaches dripping icicles like the eaves. No, a back country Canadian town in winter is, in its own phrase, “up and jumping.”

What does it do with itself? I will tell you. The roads are alive with sleighs. Without this same slippery snow, to drag into this distributing centre waggon-load after waggon-load of hay and wood and grain and pork and eggs and butter and cheese, and drag out again to the farms from which this produce comes tea, flour, sugar, clothes, oil, furniture, bricks, would be arduous labour indeed. So both farmers and shopkeepers hail the snow. Without it produce would not be exchanged for wares, money would not circulate—at least not to the extent that it then does. To the town itself, too, the winter seems to

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give a fillip. Winter is Canada's "season." In summer everybody goes away; the old and well-to-do to England, to fashionable resorts in the United States or on the St. Lawrence, or by the shores of the inland lakes; the young and so-to-do go camping; the poor, by vespertinal boat or electric-car excursions, to neighbouring parks, islands, and pleasure-grounds. In August the cities are as deserted as London. Winter is the season of the little Canadian town; and, in no mean imitation of its big sister cities, it revels in at-homes, afternoon teas, balls, dances, dinner parties, promenade concerts, amateur theatricals, and all the wonted frivolities and amenities of the day. It has its sleighing clubs, its tobogganing clubs, its skating clubs, its snow-shoeing clubs,—and, were I a curler, assuredly I should grow enthusiastic over its curling club.¹ For superb curling, I recommend the Scottish or

¹Of which, since my walk, I have been most genially and good-humouredly reminded. (See "Some Curling Parallels," by P. J. MacFadden, in the "Annual of the Ontario Curling Association" for 1901-1902, vol. xxvii, pp. 12-16.)

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the British skip to visit Canada, where, for three, if not four, months out of the twelve, the ice is as keen as are the spirits of the votaries of this evidently glorious game. Dummer boasts, too, an opera house, where are to be seen, usually for one-night stands, on their way to larger cities, some of the best actors in the land. It boasts, also, a literary society under whose auspices come, from this metropolis or the other, university professors, imported Oxford Fellows many of them, who lecture on such subjects as, let us say, Periclean Politics, or the Function of Fiction, or Greek Gynæceiæ. Dummer, despite her seclusion, neglects not the intellectual life. But to come to more practical details. Here are to be found electric tramcars, electric lights,—are or incandescent, which you prefer; water-works, long- and short-distance telephones, one or two hospitals, three or four parks, one containing a race-course, another a bicycle track; a public library, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian As-

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sociations, picturesque English churches, gorgeous Catholic churches, modernized Presbyterian and Methodist churches, lighted and upholstered like theatres, with flaring, blaring organs and horseshoe-shaped seats—in short, all the paraphernalia of modern municipal civilization. Dummer is now whistling "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and "All Coons Look Alike to Me," as New York is—or a few months ago was—whistling those airs. Her hotel menus are in French—or partly in French: "Consommé au Bean" and "New England Dinner á la Maryland" (never mind the accents) were once among my dishes. Yes; Dummer is a metropolis in miniature.

Whence comes the wealth to support this forwardness? you ask. (I must request the compositor to be particularly careful not to transpose the *r* and the *o* in the first syllable of the second substantive of that sentence.) Well, there is the agricultural and dairy produce already mentioned. The

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chances are many to one that the oatmeal porridge and the rasher of bacon you enjoyed to-day at breakfast, and the flour out of which was made the bread for your toast, came from Dummer; so, perhaps, did the cheese which you tasted at dinner: Canadian Stilton and Canadian Imperial are by no means to be despised; and your servants may have long been regaling themselves on Canadian beef and apples and butter—you, in return for all these commodities, sending to Dummer money, for which, I hope, you receive regular interest. Not a little Scotch and English capital drives ploughs and feeds cattle and developes mines in Canada. Would that more did so! There is room for large investments here with ample security. There have been losses, that I know. Scottish and English creditors have been bitten in Dummer ere this. But if British capitalists would send to Dummer trustworthy resident agents, working in partnership with native Canadians who know the needs of the country; or, better

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still, would establish in this colony branch offices, so that there may be close and responsible links between the company which lends and the mortgagors who borrow, I cannot but think it would redound to the advantage of both. Canada wants money; Canada can give security. England can give money; England wants security. The equation seems simple. It only wants honest and competent mathematicians to solve. Alas! honesty and competence seem scarcer than money and security.

But not agricultural and dairy produce alone are the sources of Dummerian wealth. Owing to the artificial stimulus given to manufactures by the so-called National Policy inaugurated by the late Sir John Macdonald in 1878, factories of every kind and description sprang up through the length and breadth of the Dominion. And, added to this protective tariff, little country towns like Dummer have endeavoured to attract to them, by means of what many regard as a pernicious system of bonusing,

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large and powerful companies employing numerous hands. Twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, together with exemption from taxation for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, have been the bait. As a consequence, one finds here huge electrical machinery works, agricultural machinery works, mining machinery works, bridge works, lock works,—to say nothing of “lumber” mills, saw mills, “grist” mills, woollen mills, pork-packing establishments, in addition to all the multifarious industries and factories turning out the thousand and one necessities of daily life—furniture, paper, laths, “shingles,” window-frames, beer, pianos, coffins, cigars, sweetmeats, boots, shoes, clothes, trunks—for machinery has invaded many things the day. Then there is splendid water power, artificially improved by damming a bountiful river. Dummer, too, sits at the intersection of two or more great railways. She is in touch with financial centres. She possesses banks, and loan, insurance, and other com-

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panies not a few. Her Hinterland is fertile and broad. Her credit is good. She numbers among her population men of worth and standing.

But enough and to spare of the economic conditions of country towns. It is to the glorious early morning walk that I took there that my memory chiefly clings.

For some reason, one night, sleep forsook me. After wooing her in vain, I rose at three and lighted an ungainly but highly satisfactory stove. It had a draught like a Bessemer furnace, drawing through an ugly stove-pipe, which ran bolt upright, turned sharp before it reached the ceiling, and disappeared in a hole in the wall—an apparatus quite the most conspicuous article of furniture in the room. On this I warmed a cup of tea, then donned all the warm clothing I could find, and in some forty minutes was afoot. What I ought to have worn was a blanket-coat and knickerbockers, moccasins, snow-shoes, and a woollen toque—this is

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the picturesque costume of the Quebec snow-shoer. But I had to content myself with golfing tweeds, boots, and gaiters—a panoply, by the way, which seems to excite the curiosity of the home-keeping youth of Dummer. It is not a little strange how in this English colony English customs provoke a stare. Among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humoured merriment or comment, it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn,—a modified, or rather citified, form of the proverbial desire to 'eave 'arf a brick. I am not, of course, I must repeat, speaking of the upper and Anglified classes of the larger towns, by whom, indeed, the newly arrived Englishman is often apt to be, by too much petting, spoiled. But certainly among the populace American habits, customs, and manners prevail. Canadian slang is American slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are

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American. The college ground is a "campus," the local drill-hall is "the armories," vans are "expresses"; one never makes haste, one "hurries up"; trains are never punctual, they are "on time"; people "ride in rigs," not drive in carriages. In the open spaces of cities are seen going on in summer games of "ball"—baseball, namely—a game which draws its thousands, while cricket barely draws its scores. Newsboys offer you papers priced a "nickel." Tobacco- and gum-chewing are rife—the latter, I am glad to say, does not require the vile expectorative accompaniment of the former. All this is, perhaps, natural. It is to be inferred that a great country, separated only by a cartographical line, will have more influence upon a little country than will a great country separated from it by three thousand miles of sea. Between the two former, international excursion trips are things of every summer's occurrence; they have trades-unions and associations innumerable in common; younger sons from the smaller

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land flock for employment to the larger; newspapers, books, and magazines from the one cover the book-sellers' counters in the other; the daily telegraphic despatches of both are fed by the self-same Associated Press.

Yet it is only fair to remark that there is a class in Canada yearly freeing itself more and more from American influence. Within the last quinquennium or two there has been quite perceptibly growing more distinct a line of demarcation between two sections of the people—a severance that looks as if it might some day eventuate in the formation of two great castes or classes. Already the sons of the gentry—the bankers, the lawyers, the wholesale merchants, the doctors, the parsons—look to England for their inspiration, follow English fashions, play English games, copy English manners, and attempt an English accent. Twenty years ago such line was not so visible. Twenty years hence it may be the cause of curious and unforeseen social and even

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political changes. Already we have seen an increasing tendency to seek British markets. Already we have seen a preferential tariff in favour of Britain.

However, despite the American influences permeating the bulk of the Canadian populace, those influences only penetrate skin-deep. They may evince themselves in dress, manners, and speech, in habits, customs, and games; but at heart the sentiment of the people is thoroughly British. They glory in British connexion; they shout over the Old Flag; they rejoice when Britain wins. They take sides with the mother-land in all her troubles, and when she is in distress they run, as we know, to her aid. This is a puzzle that travellers have noted before. But, after all, it is not so much of a puzzle. The race is British; but this race has been exposed to alien influences. Transplant a tree to another soil, and, though the foliage may vary, the sap remains the same. Besides, some of the stock has been twice transplanted. Many of the first settlers were Royalists

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expelled from the Southern Republic. "The first settlers in Upper Canada," says Mr. Adam Shortt, Professor of Political Science in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, "were Americans, made up partly of United Empire Royalists, themselves a very mixed element, and partly of miscellaneous immigrants from the neighbouring States,—some of them actuated by restless enterprise, others driven by a stern necessity, not always of happy memory. To most of these people the change brought little or no difference in surroundings or general method of life, though it meant for some a change of occupation. Naturally, therefore, the American immigrants brought with them, almost intact, the system of economic political and social life to which they had grown accustomed in the neighbouring British colonies, or young Republic."¹ Perhaps the writer hardly lays sufficient stress on the fact that the expulsive force that brought the bulk of the United Empire Loyalists

¹ "The Canadian Magazine," May 1898.

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to Canada was loyalty to Great Britain, a loyalty their descendants still stoutly maintain and still loudly assert.

But, indeed, this fact of Canadian loyalty to the mother-land is one that needs now never for one moment to be called in question. If it is ever for one moment called in question, this is due to two reasons—the one past, the other permanent. First, because in bygone days, before the two nations, French and English, which severally inhabited Lower and Upper Canada, were joined together in the political harmony which now unites them, there certainly were occasionally heard discordant notes; second, because the propinquity of Canada's great and growing neighbour to the south is always so patent, so obtrusively patent, a fact. Of the first nothing was heard after the suppression of the rebellion of 1837—a rebellion that was squelched by the first show of armed resistance, a resistance organised by the community itself, and one which never would have burst into

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flame but for those two patriots who, like Samson's foxes, trailed between them under the name of grievances the torch of political discord—Messrs. William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau. Grievances, all admit, there were; but not all admit that political conflagration was their only cure. This, at least, is the impression gained from the perusal of a Canadian historian's account of the matter.¹ The second reason, the propinquity of the United States, still exists, because it is a permanent supposition that that huge and powerful nation would have no objection to enrolling the Provinces of Canada (of area, be it remembered, larger even than her own) among her numerous States. But since the recent unmistakable development of the idea of Imperial unity within the British Empire, and since the outburst of national enthusiasm at the time of Her Majesty's Jubilee, since the sending of the contingents to

¹"The Canadian Rebellion of 1837," by D. B. Read, Q.C. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1896.

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South Africa, and the happy crowning of our Sovereign Lord, this latter factor also has dwindled into insignificance. The United States, if they have never shown themselves actually inimical to Canada, cannot be said ever to have shown themselves exactly exquisitely amicable; and their high tariff wall, their unwillingness to treat for reciprocity of trade, their harsh alien labour laws, their attitude on the Fenian Raid question, on the Maine boundary question, on the Alaska boundary question, on the seal fisheries question, tend rather to repulsion than to attraction. Canada will never be coerced into annexation; and if at any time in the history of her career she might have been coaxed, that day is long past. To-day the Liberals outdo the Conservatives, not only in protestations, but in practical proofs of loyalty; and to-day that small and still more radical party which aspires to recognition under the title of Patrons of Industry, publicly prints (or till quite recently printed) in the forefront

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of its political propaganda "British Connexion." The last faint whisper of anything like alienation was in the general election of 1891, when the issue was Reciprocity or Commercial Union with the United States; and then the Conservatives, by appealing to the Old Flag and proclaiming that Commercial Union must inevitably mean political union, were returned by a majority of one hundred and sixty-one to fifty-two. This, at least, is the contention of the winning side; a contention to which colour is given by the fact that when in 1896 the losing side became the winning side, they out-Imperialised the Imperialists; and when in 1900 an appeal was made to the country both parties vied in the strength of their Imperialistic sentiments.¹

¹ I am sustained, I see, in this view of the decided change of Canadian sentiment towards Imperialism by that shrewd observer, Professor John Davidson, of the University of New Brunswick, whose "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy" I have since been reading. "Few people at home or in the colonies," says Professor Davidson, "recognise the profound change which has come over colonial sentiment regarding the Empire. To-day, in Canada, we are all more demonstratively loyal than the inhabitants of the mother-

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However, to go back. As I have said, to the bulk of the untravelled and typically Canadian populace the Englishman is a foreigner. This dissimilarity of sentiment held with regard to the individual Englishman, and with regard to the nation to which he belongs, is worthy perhaps of analysis; the more so as its source has escaped the observation of the too hasty visitor. The fact is, the type of individual Englishman with which the youth of country towns like Dummer are chiefly familiar is the younger son sent out "to farm." And such younger son, not being as a rule the pick of the family, either for brilliant intellect or vigorous industry, and being always reserved—reserved, that is, as compared with Dummerian freedom and adaptability—is

country. . . . Ten years since, our ideas were very different. But the change has been so profound that, recent though it is, it is difficult to find anyone to admit that there has been any change. We are inclined to think that we always were as enthusiastic Imperialists as we are to-day. Yet, as a matter of fact, there has been a profound change." (*Op. cit.* p. 102.) "We are all Imperialists," said a Liberal ex-Cabinet Minister of Manitoba to me in 1901; "Annexation is abhorrent," said a Liberal Yukon Territory magnate to me in 1902.

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apt to be regarded with a curious commixture of pitiful contempt and jealous envy. With pitiful contempt, because, being a stranger within their gates, unaccustomed to their ways, possessing different modes of thought, speech, and manner, he is apt to think and move cautiously if not slowly—a demeanour attributed by the quick-witted and versatile Canadians either to aristocratic apathy (which they abhor), or to downright stupidity (which they condemn), or to both. His reserve, too, is taken to be mere pig-headed haughtiness. With jealous envy, because it is patent, even to Dummerian intellects, that he has had advantages denied to them. Poor younger son! His father little comprehends the conditions under which he toils. In a dependency like India he works with compatriots—who understand him, and rules over natives—who fear him. In a colony like Canada, those he works with and those he rules over, both are presumably his kith and kin, and they neither fear him nor understand him. Poor



A RANCHE IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Photographed by The Department of the Interior, Canada



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younger son! Often have I met him; a refined, cultured University man often, lured across the Atlantic, after payment of a forty-pound premium, by one or other of the numerous agencies which promise that he shall be taught farming free and get a hundred and sixty acres of land for a song. As a matter of fact, both asseverations are within the bounds of truth; but the free tuition means the work, the food, and the treatment of the commonest of common day-labourers; and what a solitary Oxford graduate, even after he has learned digging and manuring, could do with half a square mile of land, the agencies do not teach. This is not the class of man that Canada wants. What Canada wants is the practical farmer with a family and a bank account: the first will help him to plough his land; the second will keep him till it is ploughed. The robust farmer will get on where the refined stripling will go to the wall,—or the dogs. But to my walk.

When I started, there was no moon, there

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were no stars: my sole light was the skyey reflection of the electric lamps, and only this for many miles enabled me to distinguish the grooves in which I had to walk from the high ridge of snow between them which I had to avoid. When I skirted the lee side of a high hill, or passed the distal edge of a thick wood, I floundered from one to other in the dark. (The curious may wonder how the horse avoids this central ridge when only one is driven and not a pair. The explanation is that in all single-horse sleighs in America the shafts are placed to one side.) The landscape, such of it as could be seen under a leaden-grey sky, was a vast monochrome, an expanse of dull white picked out with blotches and points and lines of black. Not a living thing was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard. And, what particularly struck a lover of country walks, not the faintest suspicion of any kind of a scent was to be detected. Everything seemed to be dumb and dead; and the tiny flakes which fell in myriads—fell so silently, so

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pitilessly—had seemingly for their object the making of all things, if possible, still more dumb and dead.

There is always something poetic about snow in England. There is something playful and jocular in the way in which lusty standard rose-trees, stout shrubs, and sturdy hedges don aged winter's garb, as a laughing maid will half-demurely wear her granddam's cap. In the Western Hemisphere, away from the genial influences of the Gulf Stream, even in the same latitudes, winter is a more serious matter. The snow comes to stay. There is little jocosity about it. It lies several feet thick. If it disappears during a temporary thaw, it comes again very soon. Here the trees do not sport with it. They put up with it. They stand knee-deep in it—leafless, motionless, scentless, soundless. If there is a wind, it sweeps through them with a long thin swish, like the wail of a host of lost spirits seeking shelter. Not a branch falls—the autumn blast brought down all that was frangible. Only

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frozen tears fall, fall from the ice-encrusted twigs.

For miles on either side of me stood these patient trees—thick, black, heavy-boughed cedars, their short trunks buried in snow, squatting, like Mr. Kipling's "Djinn of All Deserts," on their haunches and vainly thinking a Magic to make idling winter hump himself; beech trees, naked but for a few sere and yellow leaves fluttering about their waists; the drooping-branched elm, not half so graceful as when full-leaved; elegant maples with a tracery of twigs far too fine to be compared to lace. These trees formed often the outermost fringe of thick woods. Into these I penetrated. A profound silence pervaded them, a silence so intense, so all-embracing, it seemed to overflow the forest, to go out into space, to enwrap the world in its grasp. Not a thing stirs. To be alive in that shrine of death-like soundlessness seems desecration. It is supreme, infinite, absolute; you, the living, moving on-looker, are finite and relative, a thing of time and space. To

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think is to disturb the serenity of its repose; for, to think is to attempt to limit it, to reduce it to the level of yourself, and no thought is large enough to compass it. Only some shaggy elk, hoofed and horned, diabolically crashing through crust upon crust of superimposed layers of frozen snow; and only daemonical little troops of wolves, pattering fiendishly, are fit to defy or to disturb this deity of Quiet. It is large, expansive in its influence. Summer sights and sounds bind you to a spot, limit your attention to a locality, accentuate the petty, the individual, the trivial. The wintry woods, the white unfurrowed fields, stimulate no sense. The soul of man seems bared to the soul of Nature, and human thought and the universal mind seem contiguous and conterminous. Silence affects the mind as darkness affects the senses: both in their impressiveness quicken the faculties to the utmost; and yet, as no sense can perceive the impalpability of darkness, so no thought can pierce the impenetrability of silence. One

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must visit a wintry wood in a northern clime to experience emotions such as these.

It would be interesting to discover how far climatic conditions have influenced national character in Canada. But that would be a discovery difficult to make. In primitive times this factor in the formation of temperament, involving as it did that also of diet, was, I suppose, paramount; to-day, as facility of travel and spread of international intercourse increase, it fades. Above all, the influx of new blood tends to counteract its influence. To find its true effect here we must go to the North American Indian. What are his physical and climatic surroundings? Long and sombre winters, during which the patient earth awaits a bounding spring; then a spring leaping into torrid summer; a summer followed by a blazing, gorgeous autumn, when again the patient earth lapses into its long and silent sleep. Illimitable wastes of prairie and forest; all but shoreless inland seas; still and quiet pools; roaring or rippling brooks flow-

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ing through dark, lugubrious woods. The solitude and silence of snow-shrouded lands; a sudden bursting into gleeful life; fiery æstival months; a full and lavish fruitage. What are the effects of these upon the aborigines? We find them patient, hardy, enduring to the last degree; taciturn, superstitious, intractable, dogged, treacherous, implacable. The wintry earth is not harder to uploose and disclose to view than is the Red Man's heart. But hidden in that cold-seeming heart is fire. His loves and hates, his recklessness, his fearlessness, his unsettledness, his sudden exacerbations of anger, his scorn of consequence, are not more typical of his clime when the sun mounts high, than are of the winter solstice his motives dark and cold. He is sombre. For centuries he has roamed vast solitudes alone. No stranger visited him. He held no converse with the outer world. The alien, even the member of the neighbouring tribe, was to him a foe. He is sedate. With no settled occupation, nothing by him has to be done against a par-

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ticular hour. He counts his time by moons, wandering in leisurely manner from hunting-ground to hunting-ground. The deer of his forests, the fish of his lakes—these are his only quest. He is savage. Now feeding to his full on flesh or fish, now half starved on a diminishing store of pemmican; like his clime, he alternates from the extreme of lethargy to the extreme of energy. No one has lived closer to Nature than he. The hardihood of winter has entered into his frame; the peace of lake and forest and pool has depicted itself on his face; the enduring vigour of huge and changeless expanses has written itself on his soul. He is as distinctly a product of the land as is its deep-toned hardy pine or its flaming sweet-sapped maple. He is a veritable child of Nature still, undeveloped, undevelopable. He garners no grain, he husbands no resources. His habits, after a century's contact with civilisation, are what they were in pristine times. The White Man comes, sees how perfectly suited to his lakes is his frail canoe,

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and immediately sets about to make him a dainty craft, as far removed from its rude prototype as a trim yacht from a Yarmouth trawler. The Red Man still hollows out a log, or, like Hiawatha, begs the birch tree for its bark. A child of that Nature which gave him birth, and from whose naked breasts he sucked his simple livelihood, he will never grow up. Nowhere perhaps to-day is seen so clearly the influence of climate upon temperament, for nowhere perhaps has climate been less trammelled in its action.

But the climate of Canada has not yet appreciably affected its incursive Anglo-Saxon hosts, save perhaps in one particular. This, namely: One of the first differences one notices when crossing from the eastern to the western moiety of the Atlantic is in the air. The warm, moisture-laden atmosphere of the British Isles gives way to a clarity and rarity truly marvellous on first observance. The very outline of ocean's rim evinces it. In fact, few things are more distinctively characteristic of the two great

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halves of the Anglo-Saxon race which inhabits its opposing shores than that symbolised by the appearance of the Atlantic horizon—on the hither, or British side, softened, mellow, blending into sky and cloud, quiet, subdued, self-restrained; on the thither, or American side, definite, distinct, defiantly overt, so self-revealed that it presents a keen and clearly-cut serrated edge to the wondering skies. This air seems to affect the nerves as it does the sea. It has tremendous tonic properties. It strings-up, makes keen, alert, smart. It is very dry. Life as well as coal burns quickly in it: an English hearth merely smoulders in comparison with one Canadian, which, especially in winter, glows white-hot. Naturally this air affects the system. The Canadian is supereminently quick-witted. He thinks fast, very fast. It is his boast, too, that he can put his hand to anything. And so, indeed, he can. But with his quick-wittedness goes a self-consciousness and a restlessness which he shares in common with his brethren to the south.

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But other formative influences come in here, the which to trace would lead us too far astray. There is, of necessity, also, the crudeness and rawness inseparable from a colony; there is the lack of standards, both of taste and manners,—perhaps also of morals, if we pried into business and politics; there is the youthfulness of a still-growing people. "It cannot be denied," says one of their own writers, "that, whereas other sections of the race have inherited not only capacity, but a cultured social atmosphere, fraught with many civilising influences, we have inherited but little of the latter."¹ Elsewhere, too, he speaks of "our rawness and lack of culture." Canada shares with her southern neighbour also a curious self-assertiveness, the outcome perhaps of an absence of caste. There being, presumably, no recognized social grades, a quiet and restrained demeanour passes among the uneducated for insignificance.

¹Professor Adam Shortt, in "The Canadian Magazine," *cit. supra*.

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But if her climate has not affected her character, her scenery has fired her imagination. Canada has produced some poetry which, in delicacy of feeling, if not in power of thought, forms a remarkable offset to the crudity usually regarded as a necessary concomitant of colonial life and thought, once more emphasising the fact that she is a country of contrasts. Those who have read "Songs of the Great Dominion,"¹ or the Appendix to "Younger American Poets,"² or the more recent "Treasury of Canadian Verse,"³ and to whom the names of Fréchette, Archibald Lampman, Bliss

¹"Songs of the Great Dominion: Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." Selected and edited by William Douw Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal. London: Walter Scott, 1889.

²"Younger American Poets," 1830-1890. Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. Oxon., B.A., LL.B., Melbourne, Australia; with an Appendix of "Younger Canadian Poets," edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts, of St. John, N.B. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh, 1891.

³"A Treasury of Canadian Verse, with Brief Biographical Notes." Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., author of "At Mines Basin, and Other Poems." Toronto: William Briggs. London: J. M. Dent, 1900.

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Carman, are known, need no proof of this. However, from a Canadian wood in winter to climatic influences and the poetic spirit is a far cry. Return we to the former.

As I walked, the wind rose, and its noise in the convolutions of the ear—so still was everything else—became almost annoying in its resounding roar. I had followed devious and untravelled ways in the semi-darkness, and this wind it was that told me when again I reached a high-road—namely, by the whistling of the telegraph wires. I never heard such obstreperous wires. They made an Æolian harp truly hyperborean in timbre and volume. Every note in the scale of audible human sound seemed struck; and were there such a thing as an acoustical spectroscope, it would have shown, not only every tone and semi-tone in the gamut, but ultra-treble and infra-bass notes also. And it was played *fortissimo*. Those wires shrieked, bellowed. Whether at that early hour they were carrying messages, I do

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not know; but all the intensity of human anguish, human happiness, and human woe seemed to be flowing through their scran-nel lengths; and the thin hapless things plained of their freight to the unheeding winds. It was a weird sound, far out there in the desolate wild, with not a soul to hear or sympathise,—for I, what was I in all that huge expanse? They wotted not of me.

Then the great sky by degrees broke up into masses of cloud, and here and there between them shone out the steady stars—imperturbable, piercing, shaken not by the slightest twinkle. One rich and brilliant planet in the West glowed argent in the blue—a blue into which the eye penetrated far, far into infinity. The Canadian sky is ever lofty, pellucid, profound; very different from the close canopy so common in cloudy England.

But it was high time to turn homewards. A faint light overspread the East; things began to take shape; houses, instead of ap-



THE FIRST GOVERNMENT ROAD, NEW ONTARIO
Photographed by E. J. Rowley, Toronto



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pearing as dark blotches against the white, now looked like habitable dwellings; the separate boughs were distinguishable on the trees. As one neared the town signs of life were seen—and smelled: the pungent odour of the “coal-oil,” with which the impatient and unthrifty housewife coaxed her wood fire more rapidly to catch, smote almost smartingly upon the nostril. Sleepy-eyed mechanics, buttoned to the throat, heavily over-shoed, and with hands be-pocketed, strode sullenly workwards. Later on, cutters—so are called the comfortable little one-horsed sleighs just seating a couple—sped hither and thither. Then a milk-cart or two glided past, the cans wrapped in furs, the hairs on the horses’ muzzles showing white with cleaving ice. Later still, and when within the precincts of the town proper, children were met espying sleighs on which to get “rides” to school. It was a different world now. A dazzling sun transformed the dull dead landscape of the night into a blinding spangled sheet of white.

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Involuntarily the eyes half closed against that glare. No wonder the sub-arctic eye lacks the large frank openness of those of softer realms; against even the summer sunshine the protection of approximated eyelids is needed, as the crow's feet of the farmer's features prove. If Canada has earned the title of Our Lady of the Snows, she certainly equally deserves the title of Our Lady of the Sunshine; nowhere is sunshine so bright or so abundant; so bright and abundant that it is not unreasonable to suppose that it has not a little to do with the elimination of that phlegm from the descendants of the emigrant of that land to the folk of which the French attribute that trait. "There are few, if any, places in England," says the Director of the Meteorological Service of Canada, "that have a larger normal annual percentage (of bright sunshine) than thirty-six, and there are many as low as twenty-five; whereas in Canada most stations exceed forty, and some few have as high a percentage as forty-

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six."¹ "Weather permitting" is a phrase but rarely heard in Canada.

But my walk was over. It was one I would not have exchanged for many another taken under more genial skies.

Of the future of this great Dominion it is always as tempting to speculate as it is difficult to prophesy. In its early days it must have been a thorn in the flesh of the home Government. The perpetual and irrepressible squabbles between English and French nothing seemed to allay. Governor after Governor tried policy after policy, but in vain. But this is ancient history. The struggle for political existence has caused that spectre to dig its own grave. Or, if a few vague and shadowy phantoms still flit across the political vision—phantoms such as the Manitoba Schools question, the Bourassa-Monet objurgations on the send-

¹Mr. Robert F. Stupart, in the "Handbook of Canada," published by the Publication Committee of the Local Executive [of the British Association for the Advancement of Science]. Toronto, 1897, p. 78.

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ing of the Contingents to South Africa, Mr. Bourassa's piquant articles,¹ the peppery speeches of Mr. Tarte, and Quebec's quixotic unwillingness to join in a scheme of Imperial Defence, are some slight indications that it still walks—there are who think that a morn of perfect racial and religious harmony, nevertheless, is not far off. A Frenchman is Prime Minister of a people of whom only one-third are French. Nothing much now is to be feared from the duality of races. They have long since agreed to live in amity, recognising the fact that amity is necessary to prosperity.

As to what might happen were war to break out between France and England, that, it must be admitted, is a delicate question. The French-Canadian is French, socially, linguistically, and sentimentally French; there is no gainsaying that. He clings to his language and laws; he insists

¹In Mr. Murray's "Monthly Review," in September and October, 1902.

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that his statutes shall be in French as well as in English; he seldom intermarries; he not often consorts with his British compatriots. But there are those who think that his French sympathies are with the old Trans-Atlantic New France of the land of his nativity, rather than with the new Cis-Atlantic Old France of the land of his origin—with Quebec Province, not with La République Française; that he knows on which side his bread is buttered; and that, were his motherland and his fosterland to be embroiled, he would, at least, by quiescent neutrality, seek rather to increase the amount of his butter than run the risk of losing his bread. But this is a question to which in reality no one can give an answer till it is put to the test. May it never be put to the test! Till it is put to the test there is nothing to fear from duality of race.

As to Canada's fate in the event of a war between England and the United States, that is another matter, but a matter even

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less necessary to discuss than the preceding one. At all events, we may believe that, as the whole Empire has helped England, so the whole Empire would help Canada.

Indeed, there is nothing much now to be feared from anything. What is there to hinder Canada's rapid and healthy growth? The multitude and magnitude of her material resources have been enumerated and calculated to nausea; her extent of territory, aqueous and terrene, has been descanted on to satiety. All she wants now is that trinity of progress—men, money, and time. And yet—and yet, one thing, we seem to be inclined to say to her, thou lackest. This is, a high standard of public morality. Her politicians are not always characterised by singleness of aim or by disinterestedness of purpose. Power for themselves and place for their supporters too often sway their councils. With huge and complex problems of national import clamouring for solution, too often they fritter away their time in party feuds or

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petty frivolities. But it may be that in matters political Canada only sins where none is righteous. Her immigrants are young, and are not recruited from the highest strata. She is herself a youthful country. She has no great and leisured class, trained, not only in habits of government, but also in habits of strict and unswerving honour. Lastly, she has only some five millions of people from whom to choose her leaders. Happily, hers is a benignant, not a malignant disease. As national stability advances the national conscience will improve. Accordingly, given time, men, and money, there is no reason known among men why Canada should not take her allotted place among the Five Free Nations which, as Mr. Kipling sings, make up the British Empire.

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TWO of the clock, one autumn afternoon, found me free. I had hoped to have lost no time in beginning to put enormous stretches of space between me and my desk. Not that this desk has not its pleasures, and many of them; but one craves a change of mental atmosphere, however salubrious that usually respired. The temptation, however, of calmly and in self-righteously indolent manner enjoying the sweets of freedom was too strong; so I lounged a whole afternoon, and not till daybreak on the following morning was I booted, knapsacked, and afoot.

The task of putting space between me and my desk was not one as easy as I had anticipated. It was hours before the dust of the city was shaken off, and the mud of the

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country allowed to take its place; the tedium of the streets at that unfrequented hour of the day made them seem interminable.— Perhaps some may find it difficult to credit the allusion to the seeming interminableness of a Canadian city's streets. The fact is, however, that there are in Canada, despite its sparse population, large and opulent cities—cities in which are to be found palatial private residences, magnificent offices, immense factories, and every convenience of modern invention. Toronto itself, for example, my point of departure, has a population of some 225,000; spreads over an area of 17.17 square miles; possesses assessed property to the value of \$163,829,675.00; has some ninety-five miles of tram lines, on a large portion of which electric cars run night and day; boasts of land valued at \$5,000 per foot frontage, and public buildings which cost \$2,500,000.

However, I as little intend to weary myself as my reader with municipal statistics: had I not been cooped up amidst such things

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for eleven months and a half, and was I not craving and in search of country sights and sounds? And yet, as I say, for miles not one met the eye or ear.—Yes, I am forgetting; there was one which made up for much monotony. On a humble cottage wall facing the south, far out in the suburbs, was a wealth of flowering convolvulus such as I think I had once only in all my days seen before, and that in far-off India. The sight was entrancing. The various-hued blossoms seemed blatantly to trumpet forth their beauty to the sun, to borrow the terms of sound and to apply them to colour. And what colour was there! That deep, soft, velvet purple, powdered with snowy pollen—what a profound, what an acute sense it produced of something altogether beyond the limitations of time and space, of something mysterious, beneficent, divine. Never before did I see so deep a meaning in those words, “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even

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Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." How paltry, how tainted, seemed all human greatness beside those simple petals; how marred, how deformed! And why? Why should Nature alone be able to smile openly before her Maker's eyes, and man be ever hiding himself from the presence of the Lord God? Ah! there is more than one interpretation of the text, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." . . . Those brilliant blossoms aroused many a thought. How earnestly have all poets of Nature striven to find expression for the emotions that natural beauty evokes! And yet none has completely succeeded, and none will succeed till the hidden links are discovered between the beautiful thing, and the mind that perceives it, and the hand that fashions it. How is it that a sunset, a landscape, a green field even, or a growing fern, will sometimes in a moment of time cause to blaze up in a man a thrill, a joy, so intense that under its influence one feels dazed and dumb? A great

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power is, as it were, suddenly let loose; beauty incarnated momentarily reveals its divine presence, and one feels an all but overwhelming impulse to yield one's self to it and be rapt away whithersoever it leads. But—whither it leads we cannot go.

Of all poets who have given utterance to this deep and mystical emotion, Wordsworth perhaps has best succeeded. What can rival the following lines?—which will bear constant quotation:—

“For I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

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If only Wordsworth had written oftener in that strain of higher mood! To me this passage, even with just such narrow meaning as one not worthy to call himself a Wordsworthian can read into it, has been invaluable. In the mass of that hidden, cloudy, inner signification with which (I think it is Mr. Ruskin who insists that) all poetry should be instinct, these lines are marvellous. They more nearly reach the goal of that "struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, that longing after the Infinite, that love of God," which Max Müller describes as the basis of all religions, perhaps than half the creeds.—But to return to my walk.

Curiously enough, I had hardly reached the confines of the town before I fell in with a youth apparently possessed of the same motive as myself—namely, to enjoy to the full the delights of the country after a year's inclusion in a thronged city; and, in order the better to do so, to use as means of locomotion his own two legs and

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a stout stick. I say "apparently," for very short converse with him revealed the fact that he was utterly blind to the charms of Nature. He was nice-mannered and polite to a degree; but as a companion to aid in discovering rural beauty he was simply worse than none at all. His two negative or denominatorial eyes and ears completely cancelled, made useless, and altogether put out of existence my two positive or numeratorial senses. I was prepared to take infinite delight in the most trivial and insignificant of Nature's works, to extol her most commonplace manifestations, to find the longest sermons in the tiniest pebbles; but to do this by the side of the most anti-pathetic of, to all intents and purposes, blind and deaf of fellow-pedestrians—it was out of the question. I nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice when I say that that utterance of his most pregnant with observation of the passing scene was contained in the words, "That's a potato-patch"!—so he called it.

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The early morning sun fought its way between dense grey clouds, and fell in cheering light on the tops of the trees, and in silver showers on the gleaming lake below; the rich green meadows caught the rays, the very air seemed laden with treasures of sunlight; young and graceful maples, in crimson tints, like Mænads at vintage-time, flung flaming torches towards the sky, unmindful of the morn; the sumach and the gorgeous Virginia creeper were ablaze with beauty; yet of all this he saw nothing; a brown potato-patch by the highway rim a brown potato-patch was to him, and it was nothing more.—Yes, by the by, it was something more; it was an appreciable piece of property, a prospective town-lot at so much per foot frontage, one-third cash down and the balance in half-yearly instalments to suit the purchaser, all local improvements paid. . . . At least some such jargon caught my inattentive ear.—Real estate is, I gladly grant, a topic of (often too) absorbing interest; but one does



MARION LAKE, MOUNT ABBOTT GLACIER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Photographed by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal

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not exactly wish to be confronted with intricate monetary calculations, connected with barter and commerce, when engaged in the not very kindred and decidedly delicate task of wooing Nature. Barter and commerce when Wordsworth is ringing in one's ears, incorporated companies and syndicates when bird and bush ask your attention—these things, in the language of the pharmacopœia, are incompatibles.

But this high-sounding, polysyllabic, and classical nomenclature leads me to wonder why trade and commerce should go to Greek and Latin for their terms. Company—syndicate—prospectus—transaction—speculation: why all these? I dislike intensely to see the language of Virgilius Maro and Q. Horatius Flaccus mouthed by every bartering varlet. I cannot bear that the words in which was told the tale of Troy divine should be utilised for the purpose of denominating schemes of commercial enterprise. I would as soon turn Cologne Cathedral into a stock exchange.

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More reverence ought to be shown even the particles of these ancient and noble tongues. But, alas! there is now little reverence shown either for antiquity or for nobility—either of birth or character. The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe in classic phraseology as well as in all else in these break-neck days. The race for success in life is now a scramble. Once the ignoble were handicapped; now all are scratched: he who fouls is not ruled out, and all is helter-skelter. The result is, that not the swiftest wins, nor he who directs his course the straightest, but he who knows how best to jostle, he who most roughly elbows his rivals out of his way. No; in all seriousness, I would that literature and commerce could be kept far apart; that trade might have no traffic with letters. Let the idols of the market-place be worshipped in a lingo of their own—combine, and slump, and mess pork, and what not. If mercature must have a language, I would recommend

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it to adopt Volapük. To Volapük, Literature for herself her heirs and assigns will renounce all right title claim estate and interest.

I had thus two causes of complaint against my companion. So I left him: I took a bye-path; he kept to the highway. Nor was I sorry. It is pleasant now and again for short periods to get away from one's fellow-men. Familiarity breeds contempt, it is said; perhaps it is as true of aggregations of men as of individuals. At all events, one comes back from a temporary seclusion with a sweeter temper, a more kindly and tolerant regard for those about one. Nor was I sorry. The main road contained too many curious starers. To walk for pleasure was a thing wholly outside the limits of their comprehension. "Tisn't 'cause 'tis cheaper?" asked one irrepressible inquirer (always this matter of money!); and he was still more puzzled at the explanation that hotel bills largely exceeded railway fare. I learned by degrees, however, to parry inquis-

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itive interrogations. "Are yer sellin' anythin'?" (barter again!) asked once the cheekiest of a knot of school-boys, munching bread-and-butter at the school-door. "Yes, what you've got enough of—cheek," I answered promptly; and the shrieks of laughter that went up from their bread-and-buttery mouths entertained me for many a mile.

And one seeks entertainment when travelling long alone. The mind becomes overfull; it gathers from every sight and sound and scent, and craves another mind as depositary for the surplus, as sharer of the spoils. In time also it wearies of constant observation, and would give much for a companion. In lieu of a concrete one, I found myself quite unconsciously imitating Macaulay, and substituting an abstract one by quoting Milton; and never did Milton's ponderous yet marvellously poised lines sound to me so grand as when rolled *ore rotundo* to the accompaniment of Ontario's rolling wave. M. Henri Cochin, Matthew Arnold tells us,

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speaks of "the majestic English iambic." It is to Milton, surely, that the English iambic owes the praise of majesty. To me, I confess, the exceeding beauty of much of Milton's verse is a snare—as is also much of Mr. Ruskin's prose: the ear is so captivated by the sound that the mind strays from the sense.

Toronto was my starting-point, and my course lay eastwards on the northern shore of the great Lake Ontario by what is always known as the Kingston Road,—one of the oldest in the country, the precursor of the Grand Trunk Railway, the track of which, indeed, it closely follows. The country through which it runs varies but little in scenery, being a great undulating stretch of fertile land thickly settled with farms and orchards, and as thickly wooded with pine, maple, larch, elm, fir, beech, hickory, and other trees common to Canada. Here and there a small river runs to the lake, and here and there the shore rises into cliffs of eighty

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or a hundred feet. Cows and sheep, and pigs and poultry, meet one all along the road, showing us the occupations of the inhabitants; as do also the fields of barley and wheat and maize and the great orchards gay with the unrivalled Canadian apple, which gleams at us from the boughs with every hue and size. The Kingston Road is a King's highway with a vengeance; hard, well travelled, and dotted, I should say, along its whole length, with comfortable, often elaborate, habitations standing in the midst of fields and trees. At every ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty miles, these habitations cluster into villages or towns; sometimes where road and railway intersect, when there spring up factories and warehouses; sometimes down by the shore, when there rise elevators and wharves. I cannot pretend to say that these are interesting. They consist, for the most part, each of one straggling main street, itself a part of the Kingston Road, and differentiated from it only by the habitations that line its length, and by the

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inevitable wooden pavement, broad in the central portions, but narrowing to a single plank in the outskirts—where, no doubt, it was in reality, if not in name, the “Lovers’ Walk.” They were not quaint, no ancient and few historical traditions clung to them, neither did they appear to me to possess any distinguishing characteristics.

In one of these I spent a part of Sunday. A little country town of a Sunday afternoon, in Canada, is the quietest of existing things. Everything in it seems lifeless. Not a sound is heard from any side. One’s own cough startles one in the very streets. Two cows slowly wend their way homeward; an overripe apple falls heavily in an unkempt front garden,—even these signs of semi-life are a relief. Rows of youths, all dressed in sombre black, and all smoking cigars fearfully if not wonderfully made, lean against the walls of the inn at the corner, or lounge in silent knots about the horse-gnawed “hitching-post.” The jaded afternoon sunlight falls slantingly and weariedly on un-

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tidy plots in which weeds strive for mastery successfully with flowers, on empty verandahs with blistered paint, on the dusty grass encroaching ever on the street. I enter the inn. It is chilly, and in the common room, which serves many purposes, a battered stove lacking two-thirds of its tale radiates a dry and suffocating heat. On deal chairs, mostly tipped up, sit the youths but just now lounging without. They say nothing; only they sit and smoke, and spit—how they spit! Soon church bells begin to clang. None heeds them, nor are they over-inviting: one is cracked, they are not in harmony, and they seem to be ringing a race in which the hindmost is to win. In the space of about an hour, however, the youths begin to move, as if with the feeling that at last will come a small relief from the awful *ennui* which they cannot express. Church is coming out. They go out and draw up before the doors. A heavy yellow light streams across the street, and with it issues an odour, perhaps of sanctity, but

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much disguised by kerosene. Greetings follow between the out-coming damsels and the waiting youths, and curious raucous laughs intended to be tender are heard diminishing in darkened ways. Soon all is again hushed, and but for here and there the slow and lugubrious sounds of hymn-tunes played on old- and middle-aged organs, the little town might be a Buried City of the East.

Yet no doubt it had its tragedies, this seemingly peaceful and sequestered spot. Indeed signs of most pathetic tragedies came under my own eyes, few as were the hours which I spent in it. Hanging about the unpretentious hostelry whereat those uncouth youths gathered, were two specimens of what was once humanity that made the heart ache to look on. One was a case, I think, hopeless: a gaunt and dirty figure, his last drink still dripping from his beard, clothed in the vilest of shirts, and in things that were once trousers, which last hung loose over large and faded carpet-

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slippers,—he moved disgust as well as pity. The other was of a different class. Drink had been his bane also, but there was not in his face that absence of all shame, that despair merging into careless defiance, which stamped his fellow-sufferer's case as beyond the cure of man. They called him "Doc," and there were still evidences of birth and education upon his bloated features. What had driven him thus far? I could not help but conjecture. Was there a woman at the bottom of it? If so, where and what was she now? Somebody else's . . . But this was idle guesswork. There was yet another case, a woman herself this time, still more tragic. Her motto, stamped upon every feature, expressed in every gesture, was, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." A tall, dark, and once handsome spinster, a *femme de trente ans*, she waited upon us at table; but with such an air of utter indifference, with such complete abstraction from things material and ephemeral, that she awed the very persons

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to whose wants she ministered. Her face wore a settled and unaltering expression of something missed, yet never to that day for one moment forgotten. A machine could not have carried plates and moved dishes with more unfailing stolidity. Her thoughts were remotely away in the past, and it seemed as if nothing, nothing upon all this earth, could fetch them back. Cato's statue would have smiled as soon as she. It was pathetic in the extreme. One longed to give her if but one moment's peace of mind. Did she *never* forget? What was it she brooded on? How long would the feminine heart and brain stand that strain? Tragedies! Yes, there were tragedies there, as everywhere else.

Such is Sunday in a country town. But in truth, after the rush and hurry of city life, in the country it seems always Sunday. There is a leisure, a calm, a restfulness, and, away by the fields, a quiet sanctity which pervades its every part and unconsciously influences its every inhabitant. By

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degrees, too, on the traveller through the country this calming influence comes. The still green meadows, the gently swaying boughs, the sunshine pillowed on the clouds—all tend to meditative and restful peace, and one reaps the harvest of a quiet eye. And if one yields to this beneficent mood, there is much, very much to be gained. Alone with Nature, all around the spacious earth, above the immeasurable heavens, alone in a vast expanse, one finds one's self, in Amiel's fine phrase, *tête-à-tête* with the Infinite. At such times the great problem of Life flares upon us like a flash of lightning, so sudden, so intense, so vivid is its irruption on the mental vision. Time and space, like the darkness of night, are annihilated; earthly bounds are burst; and there is revealed a realm of Being beyond the confines of the relative, the limited, the finite. We recognise the unity of infinity, the brotherhood of all things. Terms of proportion and comparison lose their significance; there is no great or little,

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important or trivial, for the minutest object is an essential part of the All, without which this All would cease to be.

Curious thoughts, or "half-embodiments of thought" as Coleridge called them, that lonely walk aroused. What was this All? And what portion of this All was I—I, this tiny biped crawling ant-like between earth and sky? I looked over the flat earth, and remembered that it was not flat but round, and but one of myriads like itself, and among them perhaps as paltry as, upon it, I. I looked up at the sky, filled with the radiance of the sun, and again remembered that, sown through space like seed, were countless other suns, and ours perhaps the least in all that host. And when night came, and the stars shone, I remembered that even then I saw only what came in at the pinprick of the eye, and that to the mighty All that myriad-studded sky was perhaps as trivial as to it was earth or sun. Yet trivial as we were, we were not naught—not quite nothing. That was the wonder of it. So far

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from naught, indeed, that to me, this tiny biped crawling, himself was very important: his little pains, his aches, even these his questionings, were very real. If incommensurable suns swung high overhead, he at least was the centre of his own little world, and not the most astounding facts of science could alter or remove that egocentric view. —And if not nothing, if something in all that vast inane, then what? How came it that, prompted by what entered at that pinprick eye, something within him could fling itself, fling itself faster than light, far beyond the outermost boundary of vision, and put to the immensity of Being questions which, could Being hear, would surely put it to the blush? Those pains, those aches, were they nothing to the All? To the tiny mighty atom they were much.—But the world spun round, and the sun set, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

It is well now and again, I think, to withdraw into the holy-of-holies of one's own self, where dwells the Nameless—in its

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shapeless and vague impenetrability, "as a cloud." The world is too much with us. The myriad trivial details of everyday life hide from us that of which they ought in reality perpetually to remind us. For, after all, what is all action but a struggle to overcome space and time, the limitations of the finite; and what, again, is all thought but a struggle to conceive the infinite?

Yet another thought this spacious prospect gave. The endless green fields and the endless blue lake seemed a symbol of the unrealisability of the ideal. With both I was enamoured, and with the beauty of both I craved in some dim and unknown way to take my fill of delight: both were at my feet, but both stretched away and away until they met the eternal and unapproachable heavens at the horizon. Yes, the fields were green, but not the spot on which I stood; the water was blue, but not in the cup with which I tried to assuage my thirst.—However, there is a limit to ontological and psychological speculations of sombre hue.

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The spaciousness of the prospect was impressive. There is an immensity about the landscape of the New World which the Old World lacks. Whether it is the lucidity of the air, which permits of præternaturally extended vision; or whether it is an absence of those signs of age-long conflict with the forces of Nature, so visible in every acre of trim and well-kempt England, the potentialities of Canada's fertile soil impress both eye and brain. For when I remembered that that fertile soil stretches for hundreds of miles, for many hundreds of miles, north and east and west, I conjured up visions of a time when it, too, would be thickly peopled and wholly productive. To-day, Canada, with area about the same as Europe's, has a population in numbers about the same as London's. Would that we could transport some of England's teeming millions over sea! But, like the transfusion of blood in surgery, the operation is a difficult one.—Emigration to Canada? Suppose we stay our walk and our transcendental specula-

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tions for a space and seek some answer to that more practical question.

Speaking as an Englishman who came to Canada more than twenty years ago, I have no hesitation in saying that not only is there room for millions here, but, for those who honestly seek, there is work and welcome. Canada wants men. Especially do her Northwestern Territories want men—and women, and many are the inducements offered to get them. “Manitoba and the Northwest,” says the Prime Minister of the latter (and I shall not be so stupid as to allow our consanguinity to deter me from quoting him),

“Manitoba and the Northwest are now the only parts of North America where free grants of one hundred and sixty acres of land which can be cultivated without being cleared, can be obtained. . . . Our law provides that every head of a family can obtain a free grant of one hundred and sixty acres of his own selection, and within my own experience there are an enormous number of instances of men who have started with small means on such free farms who are now well off and have purchased

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additional land, and are annually producing large crops and becoming rich men. Should immigrants prefer to go in for dairy farming or stock-raising, they can obtain a homestead in those portions of the Territories where dairying and stock-raising is the chief industry and have the privilege of grazing their cattle at large on the public domain without any charge. . . . For female domestic servants there is a splendid opening in all the populous centres of Western Canada, and good servants are perfectly sure of immediate employment at wages of from £2 to £3 a month. . . . The class of immigrants required in Western Canada are steady, hard-working, thrifty people who desire to become land-owners and intend taking up agriculture or stock-raising as their business. Such immigrants, especially if they have any previous knowledge of farming, are sure to do well if they are industrious, and they need not possess any large amount of means to make a beginning. For farm labourers there is a splendid opening. . . . The Dominion government takes a paternal care of British emigrants from the time that they reach Canadian shores until they find situations or are located on farms of their own. . . . What the newcomer wants to know when he gets to our country he will have no difficulty in learning, for in Western Canada every man tries to help his neighbour, and the agents

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of the government spare no pains to make things easy for anyone wishing to settle on the land and form a home."¹

To one who had seen the prairie or the veldt, few things, I should imagine, would strike a re-visitor to crowded London more than the need for dispersion. To fill the under-populated Colonies from over-populated England—that, one would think, should be a prime political duty. We go into the highways and hedges of Europe and almost compel Doukhobors and Galicians, Mennonites and Italians and Finns, Jews and proselytes, Parthians and Medes and Elamites, to come in; and meanwhile Whitechapel and Ratcliffe Highway, and the Old Kent Road, and the dwellers in Wapping and in the parts about the New Cut are left to work out their own salvation as best they may. We call ourselves an Empire, and we make additions to our dependencies almost yearly. We

¹The Honourable F. W. G. Haultain, in the "Manchester Guardian," September, 1902.

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make, too, strenuous efforts to retain and increase Imperial trade: differential tariffs, penny postage, subsidized steamships, all-British cables—many are the devices attempted; yet we allow our surplus people to stream away in hundreds of thousands to foreign lands. The filling up of Britain's Colonies is a political necessity; why not make it a part of the political machinery? We put the Presidents of the Boards of Trade and Local Government into the Cabinet, surely a President of a Board of Emigration would be as important a Minister. The Colonial Office has in recent years done wonders in knitting together the Colonies and the Mother-land. An Emigration Office, always in close touch and coöperating with the several Colonial Governments, might do more. Raise Emigration to the dignity of a Department of State, and whereas now a Dr. Barnardo sends his one thousand boys and girls to Canada yearly, a Lord Rosebery might send his hundred thousand. I suggest this

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opening for Lord Rosebery's Imperial Liberal Unionism. Could you catch your emigrant young enough, methinks I see a cure for Hooliganism here, and a resource for time-expired Tommy Atkinses, and a remedy for agricultural depression, and a safety-valve for Irish disaffection, and an antidote to many another canker in the State. There is an antiseptic property in the air of prairie and veldt and bush.

But I shall be reminded that the Colonies already possess, each of them, emigration machines of their own. True ; but these are inefficient because they are independent. The donkey-engines which unload a vessel's hold should be fed from the vessel's boiler.

Am I advocating further abreptions from the Imperial treasury? By no means. Were each Colony to put a bounty upon every carefully selected immigrant,—such bounty to be regarded as a loan repayable in yearly instalments with interest, and secured by a first lien upon the land taken up and

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its improvements,—I take it such investment of the Colony's capital would in time yield sixty- or an hundred-fold. Every settler is an asset. It is for statisticians to compute what sum could be profitably invested in tempting such assets to settle.

It is curious to remember that in an agricultural country like Canada the agricultural labourer seems to be the last person that is encouraged by donations from the common purse. The farmer asks for bread; we give him a stone in the shape of a hundred and sixty acres of untilled soil. The manufacturer asks for bread; we give him bread and jam in the shape of a protective tariff. Is it not time the manufacturer did something for the farmer? The West has paid the East well in high prices for protected agricultural implements; suppose now the East paid the West a little in bounties for protected immigration. We have nursed our factories; let us nurse our farms. In time our farms will feed our factories.

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As to who should emigrate to Canada, that is not so easy a question. The country could absorb its millions if they were of the right sort. What is the right sort? Well, we may eliminate the intellectual classes at once as unsuitable. Owing to the peculiarities of the system of education in the New World, the intellectual callings are crowded—crowded to suffocation. Manual labour, on the other hand, provided it is steady and intelligent, is in demand. The rate of wages is proof enough of this. The roughest pick-and-shovel demands—and gets—its six shillings a day. Manual labour is what Canada wants; and, it seems to me (though this is a point upon which even experts differ), manual labour of three kinds: First, quite young men and women for the more settled Provinces,—lads and lasses who shall for a few years be content to earn little, but learn much. Second, grown men, both skilled and unskilled, for navvying, mining, fishing, “lumbering,” ploughing, building, and manufacturing in its thou-

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sand branches. Third, men of a higher class, of the highest even, with some capital, more knowledge of farming or stock-raising, and a still greater zest for a full, free, open-air life, but men who are able and willing to work with their own hands also. The first class should be personally conducted; the second should be paternally looked after; the third should be practically advised. For this it ought not to be impossible to design Colonial donkey-engines with an Imperial boiler.

But, in all conscience, long enough have we loitered in our walk. This only let me say in conclusion. The day is past in which the power and prestige of a nation are to be left to fortuitous circumstance. The flag now follows trade. Popular government now furthers commercial enterprise. Nations war for open doors and spheres of influence. Could anything, I ask, add more to the power and prestige of Imperial Britain, with her all but infinite expanses of unploughed land, than a policy which peo-

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pled these with her own flesh and blood?
The secret of Imperial defence is Imperial dispersion.

Now let us go on.

The objective point of my walk was a prettily situated and well-known little town which I shall call Bebington. I happened to reach it about half an hour after midnight; and though Bebington boasts being lighted by electricity, the dynamos, I found out, were stopped at twelve o'clock, and the town lay buried in darkest silence. Not a light or a sound was there in it. Nineveh or Babylon was far more alive: there would at least have been excavators at work there. Not a dog barked, though for miles after sunset I had set whole townships of them baying. There was nothing for it but to light matches and hold them up before the portals of such buildings as in the dimness of the starlight looked as though they might possibly accommodate a belated traveller, and I was thankful that country towns consisted usually of only one

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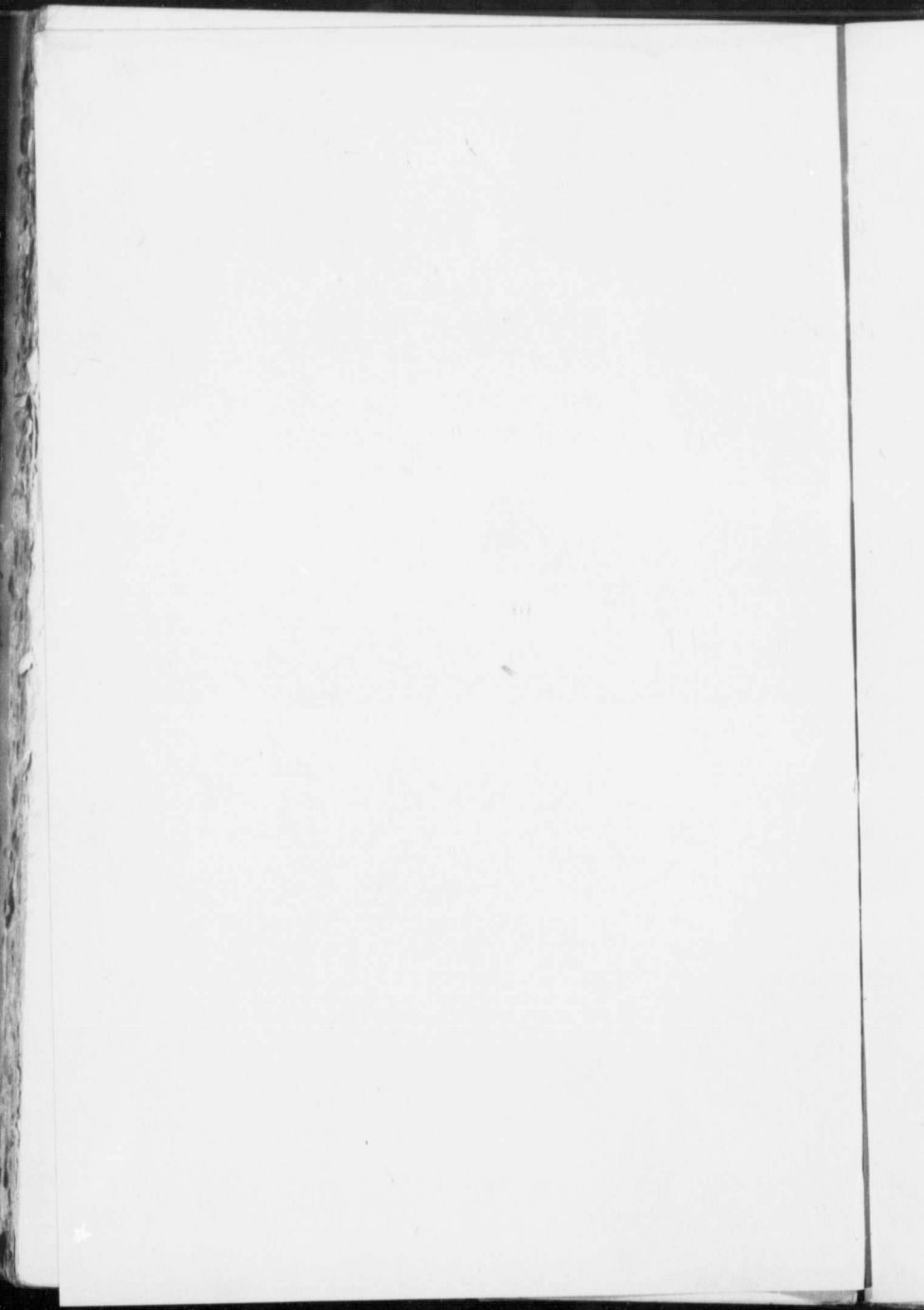
main street. At length I discovered the word "Hotel." Having battered the front door as Vespasian must have battered Jerusalem, and having deliberately leant against the electric bell for some ten consecutive minutes (but its current also had been turned off, I discovered afterwards!), I gained an entrance. Then, in tired haste, I wrote a friend a two-worded note, "*Veni; veni*," leaving him to conjecture whether the second word was merely a sort of jubilative preteritive repetition, or an imperative wish that he should come and look me up. This done, I went, I think simultaneously, to bed and to sleep, for I had covered—albeit with much dawdling—some forty-three miles at a stretch.

The aspect and the commercial history of the many little towns which dot the Kingston Road are much the same,—so that a brief account of Bebington will suffice to give a good idea of the condition of Whitby, Oshawa, Newcastle, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Belleville, Picton, and the many



TOBOGGANING

Photographed by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal



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other centres of trade and agriculture which lie on the important lake shore between Toronto and Kingston, the chief westerly and easterly limits of the northern shores of Lake Ontario.

I found myself in Bebington, in the midst of the most beautiful, rich, and rolling country, surrounded with graceful and elegant dwellings ensconced in tastily trimmed lawns and ravishing gardens, all bespeaking, often wealth, generally affluence, always taste and a deep sense of that purest and most effective of national sentiments, domestic comfort. Still, I must confess that Main Street, through the darkness of which I passed and repassed the night before, appeared, by contrast with the beauty and elegance that enveloped it, woe-begone, dilapidated, and uncared for. The acuteness of this contrast was strongly borne in upon me; it was the marked characteristic of the place. What was the cause of it? This question I put to more than one inhabitant, and what I learnt was this: Fifty years ago

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Bebington was a thriving and important point, almost on the pivot, certainly in the axis, of the populated Dominion, on the great highway of trade, and in touch with the centres of commerce. Situated in the midst of a large grain-growing country which Nature had made lavishly fertile, no wonder that in the years of the Crimean War she prospered. This was the secret of the handsome houses and lawns. But this did not last. The Grand Trunk Railway, being a mile's distance from the town proper, was a hindrance rather than an aid. The coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway, since it, too, passed by on the other side, did not improve matters. The railways erected elevators, and less grain was handled in the town. Meanwhile the land, by perhaps a too constant sowing of wheat and barley, by also the lack of manuring, had become impoverished. The prohibitive duty which the United States placed upon barley (for which the soil was particularly suitable) by the McKinley Act added the last straw.

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Meanwhile, also, the great central cities swelled with men and money, and the greater they grew, the more they attracted both men and money,—like gravitation, acting directly as the mass. Unlike gravitation, these cities acted directly as the distance also; for thirty, forty, nay, sixty and seventy miles do not deter the inhabitants of the country from going bodily to Toronto or Montreal, leaving there their hardly earned dollars, and taking back with them perhaps the very articles which are exposed for sale in the shop-windows of their native towns. Then, too, there has been long and continuous migration from the agricultural districts, first to the manufacturing centres, second to the Northwest Territories, and third, no doubt, to the United States. The protective tariff has conduced to this emigration, as also has the system of public education, which teaches the sons of farmers things quite alien to the plough. The consequence is, that, passing along the line of traffic which skirts the shores of Lake Ontario and forms

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the southern boundary of the province of that name, one passes through a number of moribund little towns and villages, the skeletons of their former selves, and standing warnings against the evils of protection and centralisation. What will resuscitate them, if anything, it is hard to say. Here and there, of course, is a thriving exception, where water-power or some other natural advantage exists; but for the most part the Canadian village is asleep, and will probably remain asleep, till free trade and scientific farming are resorted to in order to wake it. But it will be many years, I fear, ere the Canadian manufacturer agrees to the first, or the Canadian farmer adopts the second.

But this question of a protective tariff *versus* free trade is one more puzzling than people in England are apt to imagine. Ardent disciple of Adam Smith as I am, I cannot find it in my heart to upbraid Canada for resorting to self-defensive measures. It was the United States that set the example of a prohibitive tariff. If that

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powerful and populous rival to the south saw fit to protect its manufactures, to protect its farmers, to protect its labour even, it is difficult to blame Canada for doing likewise. Yet Canada has, time and again—albeit, I am glad to be able to say, in dignified manner—argued, nay sought, for some system of commercial reciprocity. But never with any success. Under such circumstances, what can she do? It is a complicated, a most complicated problem. Free trade for the world is, of course, the ideal policy; but if a powerful neighbour resorts to protection, what is a weakling rival to do? What it has done is to seek more friendly markets. All credit to its courage! Long may those markets remain friendly!

I have spoken of education. The mention of education introduces an important topic, and as these ruminations have been as rambling as my walk, I need not perhaps apologize for touching momentarily upon it here—especially as education in Canada

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profoundly influences its people. Canada plumes herself on the possession of an educational system unrivalled in the world. It certainly is elaborate—elaborate and abundant. Primary education is absolutely free—free and obligatory, and fifty guineas *per annum* will pay all the fees at a great University. That of itself would seem sufficient; but that is by no means all. For a minute weekly pittance you can get the higher education of the High School or the Collegiate Institute, and be there prepared for the University; and every religious denomination has a University of its own. Yet a shrewd thinker here and there has expressed the doubt whether after all this resplendent system has not its seamy side. As I have hinted, it is apt to teach the sons of farmers things somewhat alien to the plough. The head forms of the High School at Bebington (which I visited next day) were then reading Plato's "Laches" and Tennyson's "The Princess: a Medley"! The result is what might be

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expected: the sons of farmers forsake the plough,—forsake it for the professions; not always to the benefit of the professions; not always to the benefit of themselves. Two other charges are sometimes brought against the system: one, that, in the pointed phrase of Mr. Goldwin Smith, "everybody tries to climb over everybody else's head"; the other that, since the State undertakes the whole tuition of the child, from the Kindergarten to the University degree, the parent is too apt to shift on to the State responsibilities a portion of which he should surely justly share.¹ Of these two shortcomings the influences are insidious and far-reaching. Professional competition does not heighten standards; parental irresponsibility does not strengthen character. But doubtless these things will right themselves in time. It is perhaps praiseworthy, not blameworthy, that a new country should set for itself standards temporarily in advance of itself.

¹ See an article on "Shall the State Educate?" by Mr. Goldwin Smith, in "The Monthly Review" for January, 1903.

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These, however, are ruminations of a depressing kind, as bad or worse than my commercial friend's speculations upon real estate. I have sinned, it may be, even more than he. To him now, should he see these pages, I contritely apologize. But indeed, the ever-changing scene, the multitude of objects of sight and sound and smell, the muscular exercise, the novelty both of surroundings and occupations, soon banished depressing ruminations, and engendered the highest spirits. Keen, fresh morning air, too, drawn into fully expanded lungs when going at four miles an hour before breakfast, coupled with a dip in the piercingly cold waters of the sea-like lake, give a fillip to the system which brightens and enlivens one to an extent undreamt of by passenger lying pillowed in a stuffy "Pullman sleeper." One enters that rare but comfortable frame of mind in which pure joy can be received humbly and in all innocence from the most trifling objects: the little waves slow plashing on the shore—

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the smell of growing turnips drenched in morning dew—two horses tugging at a plough—no one can define the charm of these, but a charm they have deep as undeniable.