



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER 1912

	Page
In Nazareth—Alan Sullivan	525
The Cost of Living—Andrew Macphail	526
The Presidential Election—Edward Stanwood	544
French in Ontario—N. A. Belcourt	551
A Christmas Jaunt—W. H. Blake	562
Sub Jove—J. E. Hoare	575
Ste. Agathe des Monts—C. F. Crandall	585
Italian Notes—Alice Jones	586
The Rhodes Scholar—D. C. Harvey	602
Children and Olympians—M. G. Cook	616
Comparative Literature—H. V. Routh	634
Mrs. Boswell's Johnson—Chauncey G. Jarvis	653
Revision of the Lectionary—R. R. Fitzgerald	673
Woman's Influence—John Macnaughton	683

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IN NAZARETH

'Twas night in Nazareth. Like a flower
The head of Jesus lay
On Mary's bosom; hour by hour
She crooned the gloom away.

"Oh, little Son! I hear a call
Though all the earth be still,
Perchance some evil doth befall
To a shepherd on the hill."

"Mother! make soft thy breast again
'Tis but the lonely cry
Of him that thro' the scorn of men
Shall thrice his Lord deny."

"Oh, little Son! the sound of wings
Is throbbing in the air,
With faint and raptured whisperings
And murmuring of prayer."

"Mother of mine! I fain would sleep
Ere yet the day begin;
'Tis but the vigil I shall keep
To save the world from sin."

"Oh, little Son! a cold night breeze
Has risen from the west,
It shivers thro' the olive trees
And strikes into my breast."

"Mother! within thine arms entwined,
Hold close and shelter me,
It is the moaning of a wind
That blows from Calvary."

ALAN SULLIVAN

THE COST OF LIVING

THERE is, in reality, only one serious question which confronts all created beings, namely, What shall we eat, What shall we drink, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? We, in Canada, have, up to the present moment, been following the divine injunction, and have taken no thought for those things which are the chief concern of Gentiles who live in less favoured lands. Our food supply has apparently been automatic, like water from the tap or light from a wire in a city house. We have forgotten the laborious process of fetching water from the spring, or the slow degrees by which a candle is made and set alight.

As there is no sorrow when there is bread in the house, so there are no political problems when the private larders are full. But the first pangs of hunger arouse the primitive passions and the whole environment takes on a new colour. For nearly two hundred years the United States proceeded on its way as if it were imponderable. The two rebellions were extraneous and accidental. Any government, or no government at all, would do, since government only becomes a necessity in a community which is hungry. When the French people were tired of eating grass, the revolution broke out.

Whilst this careless situation existed, no one took any thought for the morrow. Foreign adventurers might plunder the cities, as Tweed plundered New York and the "Gas ring" plundered Philadelphia. One part of the community being protected against the other part might plunder it at will, whilst all were left free to prey upon the riches which had been accumulating upon a continent ever since it emerged from the ooze. But to-day all is changed. The United States is now in the world, and subject to world conditions. They have discovered that a nation, no more than a man, can

live wholly to itself, and we, also, are on the point of making a like discovery in respect of ourselves.

Men are never so sincere as when they are hungry, for hunger creates a singularly clear vision. The people of the United States were taught sedulously and incessantly that they lived in the best possible world, and that all was for the best therein; that their fiscal policy was a necessity because their industries were in a condition of youth; that the cost of this policy was borne by the "foreigner"; that cheap goods were only for cheap men; and, finally, that the justification of that policy lay in the increased ability of manufacturers to pay increased wages to the wage-earners. Under the influence of hunger their eyes were opened; and they discovered that the statement contained in the formal Democratic pronouncement was true, namely, that the American factory worker received less for his product than an Englishman or a Japanese doing similar duty, whilst his food cost him a great deal more.

By a sudden transference of reasoning from one category to another, the worker assumed that this increased cost of living was due to the fiscal system under which he lived. The result of the recent presidential election turned upon that, just because of the discovery that, in the most highly protected industries, the wages are the least. The explanation of the increased cost of living is not so simple as that, but it would be strangely ironical if a fiscal system which was based on false economic ground should be destroyed for reasons which are equally fallacious. In the United States prosperity followed the enactment of the McKinley high tariff in 1890, and the low tariff of 1846. A panic followed the low Wilson tariff of 1893, but worse panics happened in 1873 and in 1907, for reasons quite apart. But, on the other hand, a low tariff prevailed between the years 1850 and 1860, and a high tariff in the years between 1870 and 1880. In the first decade capital increased ninety per cent. and in the second, thirty-two per cent.; the number of persons employed in manufactures increased in the first decade thirty-seven per

cent., and in the second, thirty-three per cent.; wages increased in the first decade sixty per cent., and in the second, twenty-two per cent.; materials used increased in the first decade eighty-six per cent., and in the second, thirty-six per cent.; products of manufacture increased in the first decade eighty-five per cent. and in the second decade twenty-seven per cent.

But all persons are agreed that, whether a protective tariff increases or diminishes the general prosperity, it can be made to bear upon certain industries, affecting some positively and others negatively, and determining the direction of development. The strongest claim which is put forward by its advocates is that it stimulates manufacture, that is, the production of goods in factories, and governs the movement of population. There is a certain ground for this view of the case. In the last fifty years the rural population of the United States has decreased from seventy to thirty-five per cent. of the whole; and for every twenty-five per cent. increase in population the agricultural products increased by only ten per cent. During the last ten years, the rural population of Canada increased by seventeen per cent. and the urban by sixty-two per cent. The export of farm products, apart from wheat, has diminished, and this loss is not accounted for by the increase of home consumption due to an enlarged population.

A protective tariff, then, is one factor in the problem of increased cost of living, but not the only one; and it operates so indirectly that it is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy what its influence really is. In spite of itself it produces a revenue. Ardent champions would check excessive revenues by duties higher still. A much easier way is to spend them. This was the genesis of the pension list, and the river and harbour improvements in the United States. The expenditure of the government of the United States for the year 1859 was sixty-six million dollars. For the year 1910 it amounted to six hundred and sixty million dollars. During these years the expenditure increased three and a half times faster than the population. In 1871 the population of

Canada was 3,686,096, and the expenditure \$19,000,000; in 1911 the population had risen to 7,204,772, and the expenditure to \$123,000,000; that is, in the last forty years the population has not doubled, but the expenditure has increased more than sixfold. In all countries the cost of collecting the taxes must be paid, whether the levy be by the direct or the indirect method, and that charge must be provided for in addition to the amount required for the public services. Ease of collection has its penalty in increased cost. In England the method is direct and inexpensive. In the United States and Canada we have a theory that taxes must be collected in such a way that the people will be insensible to the operation, but the price of this immunity from suffering comes high. It has this advantage, however, that the people do not care much what becomes of their money once it is extracted from them without pain.

Our practice is much like that of the Romans in the government of their provinces. They employed tax gatherers who are familiar to us under the name of publicans, and for a fixed sum handed over to them the taxing power inherent in the government itself. The method was effective, though expensive. Similarly, in the United States the total tax which each family pays annually amounts to one hundred and fifteen dollars, of which sixteen dollars goes to the government, and the balance to the system which collects it. Possibly this is a very good arrangement. It is the one which the people want. The present comment is that it is expensive and is an element in the cost of living.

Any one who concerns himself about the causes which have brought about this scarcity of food and the consequent enhancement of its price, is told at once that the tariff is not responsible since the phenomenon is universal. This merely means that the enquiry should be enlarged, rather than that it should be abandoned altogether, to discover, if we can, if there is not some common, underlying cause which is aggravated in individual communities. And this phenomenon is universal. According to Bradstreet the

average wholesale price in New York rose 61·9 per cent. from July 1st, 1896, to January 1st, 1910, and since that time it has risen from six to ten per cent. more, whilst the increase in retail prices has been even more marked. Sauerbeck's index gives the increase as 20 per cent. in England, and our own Labour Bureau as 33 per cent. in Canada, during the last ten years. In the United States, however, the cost of living is 38 per cent. higher than it is in England, and 20 per cent. higher than in France. There must, then, be local as well as general causes at work.

There is this, however, to be said. So long as communities trade amongst themselves, the cost of a commodity is not confined to the country of its origin. In European countries which import foodstuffs from the United States, the cost of living is governed by the cost of producing those commodities in America. In so far as the foreigner pays the tax, the cost of living is increased all round, each nation being foreign in respect of all others. We must distinguish between industries and industry. Men may be industrious when they had much better be idle, if they labour under natural difficulties so great that the price of their product is prohibitive. In so far as a protective tariff encourages this tendency, it increases the cost which must be borne by the mass of the community. In other words, the industries which require encouragement for their maintenance must be encouraged at the expense of those which are inherently profitable.

Another favourite explanation of the rise in prices is the increased production of gold, and in 1896 a large part of the people of the United States wrought themselves into a frenzy because they believed this fallacy. It is not the production of gold which increases prices but the performance of those who spend their neighbour's savings in the search for the "precious metal," as the newspapers describe it. The whole country is turned into a mining camp, where prices run high, whether gold is being found or the mines have been merely salted. The increased cost of living is

universal, and there is another phenomenon which is universal too, that is, increased public expenditure. We have seen its progress in America. In England it rose from £85,000,000 in 1879 to £152,000,000 in 1909, and a comparison of the budgets of all other countries yields similar results. Profligacy and waste in one country is paid for by all.

The cost of living is a reflex, or reflection, of civilization, and to describe all the causes up to their source would be to write the history of civilization itself. It invariably rises with the rise of luxury, and rises fastest where luxury is most widespread. The index is most sensitive, since humanity has always marched very close to the border of starvation. At no time has there been any considerable surplus of food. When any appreciable portion of the community was withdrawn from production to become consumers and wasters, to become idlers in peace and warriors in war, scarcity always followed; and under special circumstances scarcity passed into a condition of famine.

The underlying cause of the increased cost of living is waste, since all human needs are paid for in terms of food; and it does not matter whether that waste is perpetrated by the housemaid in the pantry, by her mistress at the milliner's, or by her employer at the club. The farmer who indulges himself with an unnecessary "buggy" pays for his indulgence with his own labour. The rich man who amuses himself with a motor car distributes the cost of his amusement over the whole country. Both rich man and farmer are withdrawn from production. Those also who minister to their pleasure are withdrawn from production and are engaged in waste.

Private waste in peace has taken the place of public waste in war. This is the burden which we lie under. Indeed, much of the preparation for war is wholly useful in that it demands hardihood, enforces habits of discipline, inures men to discomfort which turns out to be no discomfort at all. It brings slackness and evasion into the con-

tempt which they deserve, and stiffens civil life with military courage. After the Franco-German war, when the youth of both countries were withdrawn from immediate industry for purposes of physical and mental training, there was a cry of jubilation in the English world that the arts of peace were delivered into our hands. Our present condition of panic over our industrial and military situation proves how silly that cry was. If the seventy million dollars which we spent last year upon the industry of building motor cars had been expended upon the militia and naval service, spent, that is, upon making ourselves physically efficient and not expended in making others efficient for our defence, as a coward would hire a bully to defend him, we should at all points have been the gainer.

I have said that the available surplus of food in the world at any time is not large. Labour also is never in excess of the need, since most men are content if they obtain merely their daily bread, and any defection from the ranks is quickly felt. Within our own time women have been withdrawn almost entirely from the ranks of producers, and we call that civilization the most complete which maintains the females in the most useless labour or in utter idleness. The European immigrants who have come upon our western plains were described as barbarians because their womenkind worked in the fields. The lot of the women themselves has not been ameliorated by the exchange of an out-of-doors occupation for the drudgery of incessant cooking and cleaning within the house. The food supply suffers when its production is left to men alone. They have not yet become accustomed to labour in the fields. The task is uncongenial. They are indolent by nature and grow tired very early in the day. They lack the stamina and physical endurance of women; and they reflect upon their labour instead of performing it.

When the woman is left uncontrolled in the house with no useful outlet for her activities or congenial exercise for her strength, her love for the trivial accessories of life finds

free play and eventually she destroys herself in the complexity which she has created. Being imitative by nature she strives to do for herself what can only be done with the assistance of servants. A man if left to himself would soon reduce his housekeeping to an extremely simple affair. It is a poor farm-house which cannot supply a clean napkin for a chance guest, not for any necessary purpose but as an emblem of respectability. It is these emblems which cost, and the labour bestowed upon them is sheer waste. The appliances of luxury are all of this nature. They are not needed nor enjoyed. The farmer with his napkin differs in no respect from the man with his motor car. Both are really bored when the point of utility is passed.

The restlessness of women, their search for employment, their desire that new, or rather unused, avenues be opened to them, even their demand for the suffrage, all this is merely an earnest of their resolve that they shall once more be adopted into the number of those who are doing the world's work. They are really fighting for their lives, since no created beings can long survive after they have been forbidden to perform their functions.

Within our own time, also, another important part of the community has been withdrawn from productive labour. Children now consume from seven to nine years of their lives in schools. Whether they are acquiring an education or not, they are spending their time, and are a burden rather than an aid. In the United States seventeen million children are sitting on benches, who in former times would have been providing food for themselves. In a properly equipped society a child of four years of age may be self-supporting. This immuring of children within the walls of a school room is quite a new thing. At first the practice was a privilege of the rich; then it became free to all; and, finally, compulsory in countries where the price of food is rising fastest. A complete enquiry would involve a consideration of the effect which is produced upon these young prisoners, but that task would lead far afield into education. It is enough for

the present if we consider schools merely as a place of detention.

In the end, all problems resolve themselves into terms of geography. Food is almost entirely an affair of moisture; and this in turn governs life, so that the caste of India and the democracy of Arabia depend ultimately upon a shower of rain. This influence operates in the finest minutiae, even to the taste and flavour of food. The primitive man descended from his trees and hills into fertile plains yielding substances which transformed themselves into alcohol, so that the desire for intoxication became the basis of all agriculture. The peculiar succulence of the Virginia ham is due to the cotton growing capacity of the warm, moist bottoms along the Atlantic sea-board. This crop demanded negroes. They had an insatiable appetite for pork, and in time the lean creature which yields this delicacy was developed,—lean, because if he were to survive he must run faster than a negro and escape by leaping sideways through a rail fence. This is an illustration of what Professor Leacock enunciates as the law of diminishing values.

So, in Canada, a condition which makes for higher prices is the climate which imposes upon the people a rich and varied dietary, and methods for procuring artificial warmth. The producer himself must be fed and warmed, and he has the less to sell by reason of his own demands. Cattle must be housed during the long winter, and much of the farmer's energy is consumed in providing fodder for his beasts. Buildings which are proof against the cold are expensive, and it is found practically impossible in their erection to employ materials of a permanent nature. The effect of frost upon stone and brick is so disastrous that wooden structures are a necessity. Each generation, then, has to build for itself, and the cost must be met over and over again out of present earnings. In the temperate climate of England a building is erected for all time and the accumulation of one generation is handed on to those which are to follow.

Distances are great and the population is scattered. We have departed in our organization from the old method by which the borders of settlement were slowly pushed forward, and the emigrants brought with them a complete equipment for living. Instead of depending upon themselves, the settlers in the West are drawing their food supplies in large measure from the East; and train loads of produce are going forward from the Maritime Provinces and the Eastern Townships past Montreal, and from Ontario past Toronto, on their westward way. It is easy to inculcate the advantages of mixed farming and find a remedy in that. One might as profitably advise a farmer to open a bank to supply himself with ready money as to engage in mixed farming to supply himself with varied food, for banking is easy and mixed farming is the most intricate business in the world. It cannot be learned. It must be born with one. It must be fostered in the experience of successive generations. In the regeneration of the soil by means of nitrogen-fixing plants we are only beginning to remember what the Greeks learned from the Medes, and we still describe the most valuable of those plants by a name which bears proof of its origin—*Medicago sativa*.

In addition, the peculiar methods of farming employed in the West disorganize the industry throughout the whole country. The newspapers every autumn are aflame with advertisements calling for help, and the minds of the young men are disturbed. The Eastern farmer hesitates in the spring before he plants an additional area because he knows that before the harvest is over his help may be allured by the bait of high, though temporary, wages and practically free transportation, which is hard for a young man to resist.

In the larger sense, our whole industrial fabric is based upon transportation by railway, and in spite of the enormous expenditures which we have made present needs are barely overtaken. It then becomes a question, how long the world will continue to provide means for the extension of our railway system, especially into regions which will have lost the

first flush of youthful vigour. For a railway is at once a burden as well as an asset. Few railways in the world have escaped the hands of the receiver, and none have been paid for by those who use them. They are, in part, an inheritance from the past and, in part, a charge upon the future.

Up to the present these disabilities have been fairly balanced by the riches which are stored in the soil, but in time this resource will be exhausted, and the Canadian farmer must meet the world on less than equal terms. Even at the present moment he is feeling the pressure and must go into the markets of the world to purchase nitrogen, soda, potash, and phosphorus. But in time the stores of these fertilizers which have been accumulating since the world began will come to an end. They have been exploited for only a generation and already show signs of failure. When the virgin soil is exhausted and artificial fertilizers are no longer to be had, the farmer in the West will then be in competition with the Macedonian peasant, handicapped or favoured, as the case may be, by climatic consideration. All our public enterprises are undertaken in a spirit of blithe optimism that the present favourable conditions will endure forever. They will begin to pass away before our present borrowings are repaid. Not only are we living upon the niggard savings of nature, we are using borrowed savings to exhaust them.

It is, in the main, an affair between the city and the country. The city is, for the most part, a consumer. The country is at once the great producer and the great consumer too. It does not matter much what the city dweller thinks of the farmer. What really does matter is what the farmer thinks of the city dweller. The traditional view of the farmer as a bewhiskered individual wielding a hay-rake is a jest. The popular view of the city dweller as a fat man sitting in an easy chair, smoking a big cigar, and reading the newspaper, is a serious matter.

The course which Canadian industrial development will follow depends upon the psychology of the farmer. The man

who farms only for the money there is in it is a fool, because a man who can make money at farming can make a great deal more at something else. To the farmer leisure is more precious than money, and the more prices advance the more leisurely he becomes, because it requires less to satisfy his needs. When he is reproached by bankers and other city dwellers with inattention to their needs, he bears the charge with equanimity. He tells them bluntly, if they do not like the prices he charges for eggs, that they are quite free to keep hens for themselves. There is no monopoly of the land. He is even willing to sell his farm to them, and himself to move into the village or town to live in his own simple way upon the accumulation of a lifetime; and he bears the woes of the city dweller with admirable patience, since they brought those woes upon themselves and are free at any moment to escape from them by returning to the land.

The real problem which the city has to face is, how much longer its position will be tenable as prices continue to rise. Up to a certain point this increased cost can be turned back upon the country, and so distributed. Distribution costs, but assemblage is more costly still. It is the terminal charges which cripple a railway. The price of real estate in cities has undergone a sudden dislocation or, at least, a readjustment, and a man comes back to town after a few months' absence to find that the valuation, and consequently the taxation, of his property has doubled without any justification in actual returns, and no appreciable improvement in the public services. Whether this valuation be real or fictitious it must be met. It may be distributed: it cannot be evaded; and there comes a time when it cannot be distributed beyond the borders of the city, for whilst the citizen must live, the farmer is not compelled to buy. His appetite for lightning rods, mining shares, patent medicines, painted machinery, and shining furniture, is neither imperative nor insatiable, and a farmer has wonderful stamina in the game of waiting.

It will not do for Canadian cities to assume that they are eternal from the knowledge that many cities in Europe have endured for a very long time. The reasons for the existence of a city are various, and they are spiritual as well as material. There are only two kinds of cities which are desirable to live in, those which are done growing, and those which have not yet begun to grow, that is, in all parts at the same time. Government is inseparable from locality, and where government is despised the place also comes in for dislike. It is in the cities that western incapacity for government shows itself at the worst. When men feel that they are citizens of a mean city, when food is dear, when water fails, as it has in Montreal at the moment, or is laden with a filthy and fatal pestilence, as it was in Ottawa during the summer, when "improvements" are not finished before others begin, and the erupted streets present the appearance of a mining camp with the added disabilities of convention, no idea of permanency can enter into the minds of the people. A city is large only when it has a large unity. A Canadian city merely has the appearance of largeness because it is made up of a number of small cities which are more or less contiguous. In other words, all Canadian cities are of the same size and subject to like disabilities. There is a point beyond which men will not endure an environment which has become uncomfortable. They will cast it off like a garment, and the city is not so agreeable a place as it used to be before it became so complicated. The electric glare is not really so pleasant as candles, and it has destroyed the huge and thoughtful night. Whilst the city attracts it never creates a civilization, and soon destroys that which it has attracted to it.

With the invention of the steam engine the dawn of a new era was heralded in which human labour would be reduced and a new earth would arise with leisure and comfort for all, when men would no longer "work," but merely tend the machine in the intervals of caring for their souls. The result has been the factory and its twin-sister, the slum, in

which all human labour is occupied in making labour saving devices and none is left for doing by direct craftsmanship what is done so badly by the machines. The factory has gone far beyond the limits imposed upon it by the law of economy, and no further extension or intensification can be endured by human nature. The safety of the city depends upon a continuation of the factory system a little longer, until all knowledge of the crafts shall have perished from amongst men.

The town is the home of the factory, and the centre of transportation. Its existence depends upon the efficiency of the factory, and it is quite a modern delusion that nothing can be made outside its walls. There have always been some who realized that only the poor can afford to buy factory made goods. The rich man, when he requires a suit of clothes, goes to the tailor. When he needs a cabinet he goes to the cabinet maker. When he needs a piece of iron work he goes to the blacksmith. In the possession of these articles of utility and endurance he becomes still more rich.

There is a limit within which labour-saving machinery may profitably be employed. Beyond that it is wasteful. A machine or a system in the end breaks down by weight of its own complexity. There is a point in mechanical perfection which cannot profitably be passed. A modern hotel which is designed for purposes of eating and sleeping is the last place in the world where one can eat and sleep in comfort. Canadian cities, with all their appliances for street cleaning and scavenging, are more filthy than London, where the crossings are kept clean with a cripple and a broom, or Constantinople before the Turkish, filth-devouring dogs were marooned to their untimely death in the Marmorean sea. A plough in the hands of a farmer is an efficient implement. When it passes the point of simplicity and strength it becomes a mere contraption of "parts" which must be followed by a mechanic with a bag of tools to repair and restore. No sensible person would suggest that the farmer revert immediately to the crooked stick for tilling the soil, or the flail for

threshing his grain, although the last of these proposals could profitably be made the subject of argument.

Those Lancashire cotton spinners who broke up the first beginnings of the jenny in Hargraves' house were profoundly right. By a sure instinct these prescient people had a sagacious knowledge that their children's children would be destroyed; and the event has fallen out as they described. The descendants of these free men are now imured in factories by a process of imprisonment which is only voluntary in name. If it had the appearance of being under compulsion they would surely go mad. They have become helpless in any task but the tending of machines, too helpless to revolt, because if they revolted they would surely starve.

Whilst this glorification of the machine was in progress the rural population was attracted to the town, the home of the factory. The country became depopulated and, in accordance with an inevitable law, numerical diminution was accompanied by individual deterioration. A slackness came into farm life, and the products decreased with still greater acceleration. But the degradation of the factory workers proceeded still faster, and must proceed as prices continue to rise, until it becomes so degraded that it will repel rather than attract the rural population.

But all these difficulties loom large because we regard them too nearly, and we become discouraged because we are impatient and will not give them time to solve themselves. It must have taken the Chinese a long time to forget the art of printing and the use of the mariner's compass; and there must have been much pessimism in Egypt over the decadence in the pyramid building trade. Humanity always proceeds in a straight line until it arrives at an impasse, and it will reach the end of the machine age just as surely as it reached the end of the age of stone and the age of bronze. When prices rise beyond the point of endurance, we will conclude that we can feed the monster no longer. Then we will turn upon it and rend it.

That condition of life in which men were devoid of our splendid inventions is always described as primitive. To return to a reasonable simplicity of living is made identical with a return to primeval savagery. To a woman who lives in a hotel or in a flat, a house is as unthinkable as a cave or a habitation in the trees. But humanity always finds its way back to the normal of living and forgets, in time, the vagaries in which it had indulged. Little can be done by well meaning enthusiasts, and nothing need be done, to hasten this return; but much can be done to prevent it, and of all stumbling blocks, charitable organization for the maintenance and propagation of the unfit in cities is the most considerable. If the energy and capital which are consumed in maintaining the incurably feeble were expended in removing their children from an environment where they will become incurably feeble too, even if the present generation of incurables were allowed to perish, the world would then have a fresh start.

There are signs that the end is near at hand. Industrial unrest is merely an expression of blind dissatisfaction, and industrial legislation an equally blind attempt to allay it, in order that the present state may outlast our own time, and we be spared the final catastrophe. But there will be no catastrophe, since all men do not see the same thing at the same time.

The mind of the world moves with incredible slowness. Like the crust of the earth, it is subject to stress and strain, until suddenly a readjustment is effected. The mind of the world is labouring as never before with the social situation. It finds the position untenable, made worse rather than better by the legislative remedies which are designed for its maintenance. The mind of the world is sick of strife and clamour, afraid of the monster which itself has created. It is like a madman emerging from a delirium. In its longing for the old order it has idealized the simplicity of the past. The cry of nature has never been stilled. We are fond of science, and Justus von Liebig stated the case with scientific

precision seventy years ago: "Both the rise and decline of nations are governed by the same law of nature. The deprivation of the soil of the conditions of fruitfulness brings about their decline, while the maintenance of such conditions leads to their permanence, prosperity, and power. The nation is not fed by peace nor destroyed by war—these conditions exercise only a temporary influence on it. It is the soil on which man builds his home that is instrumental in holding human society together or dispersing it, and in causing nations and empires to disappear or become powerful."

A generation has grown up in Canada which knows not the land and remembers only the middle period of poverty and misery which followed the exhaustion of the virgin soil, forgetting, however, the earlier days when the earth yielded her treasures upon the slightest solicitation, when the farm was a world in itself, inherited from father by son, which supplied within itself all human needs, and diverse occupations yielded a multifarious interest. But this generation does not fully realize that the old order has returned through the regeneration of the soil by mixed farming, by a scientific rotation of crops, by the conservation of moisture, and the use of artificial fertilizers. By these means the intelligent farmer is growing, if not rich, at least independent. He no longer lives under the shadow of a dead pledge. He does not buy on credit, and consequently he is not obliged to sell until the whim seizes him. If he overstays the market for one commodity, he can transform it to another which is more immediately required.

The tide has turned and the pressure is backwards. The word has gone forth that the Eastern States are finished for the wage-earner. Men who went there thirty years ago as artizans find themselves with scant savings and their sons growing up as factory hands. In their extremity they call to mind the pleasant hillsides of Quebec and the fertile valleys of the Maritime Provinces from which they came, where their fathers led the lives of free men and not the

mere existence of slaves. The problem will solve itself in terms of freedom, to which eventually all men come who are born free.

In the return to the land it is the first person who counts. Others follow, and more because they must. A society aggregates itself. If it is self-contained it will endure. It will attach itself to the soil and come again to love the land of its birth. One part of the country is about as good as any other to one who was born there. A tree is more easily transplanted than a man, and once rooted it should not be disturbed. City dwellers are much like driftwood which yet has some capacity for regeneration. When they come to a full comprehension of the futility of the machines and the factory, they will learn to apply their labour to the thing itself and not to the making of machines which yet leave the thing undone.

Ancient wars had their origin in the desire to bring a people into bondage, or in the resolve of a people to be free. Modern wars have their origin in the desire to exploit a people by planting industries amongst them upon the fictitious plea of economic necessity. To-day the war is between those, on the one hand, who consume more than they produce, and those who produce more than they consume. Rising prices are a sign of the rising conflict. There can be but one ending to it.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

THE party which supplied the proposition that Canada might become an adjunct of the United States is to be supplanted at Washington next March by the party which possesses the statesman who boasted that on a platform advocating the annexation of the Dominion to the Republic he could carry every congressional district in the country. Meanwhile, the party which was organized for the sole purpose of promoting the political fortunes of one man, who was in favour of a trade agreement with Canada until he found that the farmers whose votes he wanted were opposed to it,—that party is “no where.”

We have just passed through the most amazing political contest the country ever knew, and one that it would be difficult to match for strangeness in the history of any self-governing people. A party that had averaged more than a million and a half majority over its nearest competitor at each of the last three quadrennial elections has split in twain; the faction containing the larger number—coerced or persuaded into radicalism by its leader—devoted itself almost exclusively to the defeat of the other faction; and the result is the victory, the overwhelming victory, of a party which commanded fewer votes by more than a million than the combined votes of the two factions of the once united opposing party.

That result is, nevertheless, not so anomalous as might appear from the foregoing statement. For if we examine the purposes, as set forth in their respective platforms, of the victorious Democratic party, and of the Progressive party, also victorious in its object of defeating President Taft, we shall see that they are substantially the same. Indeed, in the points wherein they differ, singularly enough, the faction which sloughed off from the Republican party

is more radical in its programme than the Democratic party. Among other things they both urge in identical phrase, "the immediate downward revision of the tariff;" they favour the popular election of United States senators; they demand measures to control and reduce railway charges; and they attack savagely the "trusts," the Aldrich plan for the reform of the currency system, and the system of court injunctions in labour disputes. But the Progressives go further, and adopt as planks of their platform a universal eight-hour law, woman suffrage, the initiative, referendum, and recall, and Mr. Roosevelt's pet addition of the recall of judicial decisions.

Some of their joint and several reforms are in a fair way to be adopted. The Supreme Court has lately promulgated rules for the government of the inferior national courts which go far toward satisfying the labour people in their demand for the abolition of what they call "government by injunction." Undoubtedly, if the Democrats can agree upon a plan, there will soon be legislation further to curb the trusts and to deal a blow at "predatory wealth." Something will also be done to regulate the railways engaged in interstate commerce. Opposition to the Aldrich currency measure is cheap, for the plan is too complicated for the average congressman to understand, and it has no chance whatever of success.

It should be mentioned that the Democrats stand pledged "to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other powers." That pledge is likely to cause the party coming into power much embarrassment. Already there has been a great meeting of Filipinos at Manila, in which the famous chief Aguinaldo took part, to insist upon the fulfilment of the Democratic promise. If action under it should be delayed a fresh revolt may fairly be anticipated, in which case the Democrats would be confronted with the alternative of yielding to open rebellion or of following the Republican

example and using force to suppress an insurrection. The Progressive platform was wholly silent on the question of "imperialism."

Remains the tariff question, and that is doubtless the only one in which Canadians take any serious interest. It is certain that there is to be "an immediate downward revision." Whether it is to be effected at an extraordinary session of Congress to be held in the spring of next year or is to be postponed until the regular session in December, is as yet undecided. The matter is actively discussed by the leaders of the party, and the weight of opinion seems to be in favour of early action. Governor Wilson is holding an open mind on the question, but he may have decided before these pages are in print. Probably most men of any party who are not directly and pecuniarily interested in the maintenance of the present tariff would favour the earliest possible action by Congress, as the tariff agitation is always unsettling to business. The manufacturers of course, would wish that the evil day be put off. It would be good politics for the party in power to act promptly, for if the proposed revision is postponed until the close of next year, there would be a repetition of the mistake committed both by the Republicans in 1890 and by the Democrats in 1894. In both those cases a new tariff was put in operation just before the congressional elections, and that gave an opportunity to the opposition to raise a cry of alarm as to the pernicious consequences of the act.

One of the most amusing episodes in American political history is connected with the McKinley Act of 1890. That was the Act which for the first time put a protective duty on tin plate and made possible the immense development of the tin plate industry in the United States. The increase of duty was one and two tenths of a cent a pound. The duty was not to go into effect for eight months, but the rest of the Act went into effect at once, two or three weeks before the November election. The Democrats conceived the brilliant idea of persuading the farmers and country people that the tin plate duty was to be greatly oppressive. Accord-

ingly they sent around through the rural districts tin pedlers who had by instruction marked up their goods to an absurd figure. It was evident to any one capable of a simple sum in short division that the duty, even if it had already gone into effect, could not reasonably add a whole cent to the cost of any ordinary article in a tin pedler's wagon, and that it would not add a third of a cent to the cost of the cheapest can of the cheapest vegetables; but the trick was successful in making the country people believe that the tariff was going to enhance the cost of living, and when voting day came they defeated the Republicans decidedly.

In 1894, also, the Democrats put their Wilson-Gorman act in force too soon before the election, and were promptly and decisively beaten. The Republicans acted more wisely in 1897, for the people had an experience of more than a full year before they were called upon to pass upon the new tariff, and it was not in the power of the Democrats to persuade the people that it had brought calamity upon the country, or was likely to do so.

What sort of a tariff will the new administration give the country, and how will it affect the trade of Canada? In the first place, we are not to conclude that it will put in practice its "fundamental principle" as stated in its platform, "that the federal government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue;" for the same platform announces the purpose of the party to reach gradually the attainment of that fundamental principle. "We recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country, and we favour the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry."

The best opinion at this time of men of all parties is that bills not greatly unlike those which were passed by the present Congress and were vetoed,—some of them twice vetoed,—by President Taft, will constitute a part of the Democratic programme. There were five of them. They

reduced the rates imposed in the cotton, woollen, metals, and chemical schedules; and there was the "farmers' free list" bill. In the view of Republicans, of course excepting those of the insurgent or "progressive" group, they would be highly injurious to the manufacturing interests and to labour.

Undoubtedly the present tariff is excessively high upon certain commodities, even on protective principles. There may be a question which it would be out of place to discuss here, whether raising a duty that is already sufficient to protect the domestic manufacture has any effect upon the price of the home product. Whether it does or not, the excess is both unnecessary and objectionable, and its effect upon the public sentiment on tariff questions is markedly unfavourable to the protection idea. Consequently it is the part of wisdom in those who maintain the doctrine of protection not to put duties any higher than is necessary to accomplish the end sought. There is no doubt that the rates upon a large proportion of the products of the steel mills might be cut in half, some of them might be abrogated altogether, without injury to any domestic interest. On the manufacture of the coarser cotton goods the tariff is not needed at all to secure the retention of the home market, for such goods are sold at retail as cheaply in Boston and New York as in London and Liverpool. The case is different in the matter of fine weaves, where the labour cost is a larger proportion of the whole. In them the American manufacturer cannot compete on equal terms with his English rival; and there are not many classes of woollen goods that could be made in the United States at a profit were the duty to be reduced materially.

A "downward" revision in the hands of a Democratic Congress will of course be a very different thing from one undertaken by Republicans using the same adjective to describe their work. The Democrats are certain to keep in mind their purpose to approach at every step as near their ultimate goal of a tariff for revenue only as they may without causing a business revulsion or a revolt on the part

of labour. Possibly they are not running so great a risk in adopting that policy as Republicans think. Certain conditions of the present time are more clearly in their favour than they were when the Democrats had their last previous opportunity to deal with the tariff in 1894. Whatever may be assigned as the cause of the change, it is obvious that the United States has been steadily improving its industrial position during the last fifteen years. The fact that it can and does now compete successfully in foreign markets with its manufactured goods in large and increasing variety leaves no doubt that a protective tariff is becoming less and less necessary for the retention of full command of the home market. Some Americans are looking forward jocularly to the time, which they pretend to think may not be very far distant, when the United States may be posing as the champion of universal free trade, and jeering at Great Britain for its relapse into the antiquated notion of protection. Treat it as a joke if you will; but it remains true that a large reduction of the tariff is likely to cause far less distress and loss to manufacturers and their employees than the same reduction would have caused ten, or even five years ago. That means that the Democrats may safely go much further in that direction than they did in the Wilson-Gorman act of 1894, without courting political disaster.

But how will their tariff affect Canada? If we are to judge their present purposes by their tentative measures which encountered the President's veto, there will be no appreciable relaxation, if any relaxation at all, so far as the rates on Canadian products are concerned. Look again at the list already given of those bills. They reduced rates on cotton goods, woollen goods, metals, and chemicals, none of which are produced largely in Canada, none in sufficient quantity to be the basis of an export trade. The farmers' free list bill was designed for the benefit of American farmers, who have shown their opposition to letting down the bars on the northern frontier. The articles it was proposed to admit free under that bill were boots and shoes, cotton bagging, cotton ties, hoops for baling hay, fence wire, cement

and lime, harness and saddlery, sewing machines, salt. Canadians will see no increase of trade in the permission to send any of those articles into the States. Wood, timber, and lumber, it is true, were also to be admitted, but Canadians may think there are two sides to the question whether it is wise to promote the destruction of their forests at a more rapid rate than the present.

The only clause in the farmers' free list bill that might contain a promise of better things, admitted meat and meat products and cereal and cereal products from Canada only. But that clause was inserted in order to carry into effect the reciprocity agreement which had then been approved by Congress and had not been rejected by Canada. Were the bill now to be reintroduced it may be taken for granted that the clauses relating to meat and grains would not be in it. Indeed, it is safe to say that the rates on Canadian products will not be reduced by the action of either party except as the result of a trade agreement, duly ratified by both parties.

It is a great pity. Here we are, two peoples, inhabiting the same continent, neighbours, so near together that if the means of transportation were sufficient something like one half of each nation could cross the line into the territory of the other in the space of a few hours, yet separated by barriers set up on the frontier by both,—barriers that impede and well nigh prevent the intercourse that both peoples desire. We are alike in tastes, in habits, and in modes of life, and we differ only in the matter of government. Of course the barriers are not set up in unfriendliness; they are merely defensive; for the two peoples are not mutually unfriendly. Yet those barriers cannot be taken down. Neither government would remove its own if the other were to level its tariff to the ground. The recent election in the United States neither makes a breach in its own wall, nor reduces the height of it. If the other party had been victorious the negative result would have been the same.

EDWARD STANWOOD

FRENCH IN ONTARIO

THE school question, which has the habit of arising to trouble the English-speaking provinces of Canada—it has no habitat in the province of Quebec—has again broken out; this time in Ontario over Regulation No. 17, recently issued by the Department of Education. A controversy has followed, in which have figured, and quite properly, considerations of a legal or constitutional character, of natural law and justice, of pedagogic rules, of conscientious and sentimental ethics, of sound policy. Unfortunately the discussion has not been free from ignorance, suspicion, and prejudice; and it has been treated at times with little, or no, common sense.

The facts are these: Canada is a bilingual country. Some of us, about one-third of the whole, located, it is true, principally in Quebec, but with considerable groups in all but one of the Canadian provinces, were first taught, and our children will first learn, to speak and to think in the French language. At least ninety per cent. of the French-speaking Canadians also speak, can think in, even can write—and tolerably well—the English language also. All Canadians of French origin, with no exception, desire and intend that all their children shall acquire at least a working knowledge of the language of the majority.

But we are equally determined that they shall also learn, and preserve, the language of our forefathers, because that beautiful language was the only one spoken, besides the Indian dialects, on the greater part of this northern hemisphere for a century and a half, and in it was written the history, unparalleled for single-mindedness, heroic endeavour, and brilliant achievement, of French civilization and Christian evangelization on this continent. It is our language, part of ourselves, and of our very souls. We know

that with it we are better off, better equipped for the duties and pleasures of life; its use hinders, molests, or interferes with no right or privilege of others; we believe that it is our inalienable right to have our money for educational purposes spent as we deem best for our children; and we know that we should, and would, deserve and receive the contempt of our right-thinking and enlightened co-citizens if we abandoned our mother tongue.

These are the facts; this is the condition which confronts Canadians. Opposed to it, cherished by some, condemned by most, is the theory of only one language for all. Now what is this troublesome Regulation No. 17? Shorn of its prolixity, reduced to its real size and significance, it means, and it can and does mean, nothing else than the proscription of the French language as the language of instruction and communication beyond the first form, and the suppression of the study of that language beyond one hour each day in the other forms of all the bilingual schools controlled by the Department of Education for Ontario; such study and the time allowed for it, however, to be always and completely subject to the approval and direction of the supervising inspectors appointed by the Department for the purpose of enforcing this regulation.

In order to remove any possible doubt as to the real meaning, intention, and purpose of the regulation, the educational authorities have appointed for its due and drastic enforcement, with absolute control and unlimited discretion as to the quantity and quality of the French to be taught, supervising inspectors who may know very little, if anything at all, of the French language; and it may be quite fairly added that they are not expected to; in fact, they may care still less for that language. If these supervising inspectors so decide, the study of French may be limited to five minutes daily. The object and purpose of the regulation and the means adopted to ensure its designed and inevitable result, are evident.

The appreciation of this regulation should be approached and dealt with, without ascribing any motive or desire which

is not unmistakably disclosed by the fair reading and clear meaning of the regulation itself. We must also assume that the provincial authorities have acted in good faith, whatever may be thought of their judgement, in dealing with the problem. Nor should those who oppose the regulation from deep conviction, to say nothing of sentimental considerations, be taxed with ulterior motives or with the purpose solely of defying the educational authorities. They have but one object, but one desire; and it is irrevocable and unchangeable, namely, the preservation of one of the best parts of their ancestral heritage.

One may even concede that there may be something to be said for the view, more correctly the theory, or better still, the delusion, held or promoted by some of a single language for the whole Canadian community. And however convinced all enlightened men must be that such an end is not desirable, even were it possible, some respect is due to those who sincerely believe that for the sake of simplicity, uniformity, or convenience, the language of the majority should be the only one taught in our schools. And it is but fair to state that no other good or valid reason has been given as justification for the recent regulation. If it cannot be supported on the ground of uniformity or convenience, it has no sound argument in its favour. The proscription of the French language as a vehicle of instruction in many parts of the province of Ontario cannot be justified from any point of view except, perhaps, from the narrow and impracticable one to which reference has been made.

The constitution, natural law and justice, every rule of sane pedagogy, rights acquired by the minority, British fair play, sound policy, and last, but not least, common sense, all stand out in unison against it. The constitution has decreed the equality of the English and French languages in the treatment of all matters of Canadian-wide concern. If it were otherwise, the views, aims, and aspirations of one-third of the population of Canada would find but an imperfect and inadequate means of expression and a great

many Canadians would be unable to give the full measure of their utility in the discharge of their public duties and could not exercise in all their fulness their rights in the parliamentary, municipal, and many other fields of public activity. The proscription of French as a vehicle of instruction and its suppression as a matter of study in the bilingual schools is not only a violation of common sense but also a clear violation of the spirit—if not the actual letter—of the constitution.

By natural law the child has as much right to his parents' language as to the name, the traditions, the property, the virtues, and the qualities he may inherit from them. The attempt to destroy or to deprive him of any of these is abhorrent to civilization. Primarily the duty to educate the offspring is on the parent, and the inevitable corollary is the right of the parent to decide for his child the quantity and quality of that education. The duty of the state is to provide the organization necessary for the purpose, and, if necessary, to compel the parent to give to his child the minimum of education which every child should receive. Both, in their own respective spheres, have a distinct and separate duty which cannot be encroached upon by either, without violating, on the one hand, the universally recognized principles of natural law, or, on the other, the legitimate field of government. The elementary rules of the right of property require that the fruit of one's labour and activity shall be applied by the owner in such a way as he may decide, provided he does not contravene moral law and does not interfere with the rights of others.

Applying the principles of natural law and justice to the matter in hand, it follows that the school taxes should be used to furnish the kind of education which the parent may think best. The law may command, and it is strictly in accordance with natural law and justice that the parents shall give to their children, the very best possible education. But is it not most unjust and arbitrary for any government, in a bilingual country like Canada, where in all matters of

national interest and concern the French and the English languages are placed on an absolutely equal footing by the constitution, to decree that the school rates of the minority, whether of the English in Quebec or of the French in the other provinces, shall be used for the suppression of that minority's language? Such a violation of natural law and common justice as the attempt to destroy the child's mother tongue has never before this been perpetrated by any legitimate government, in the British Empire at least.

It may not be amiss to refer here to the fact that in Ontario a large portion of the school rates contributed by all separate school supporters is diverted to the use of public schools in the form of taxes paid by semi-public institutions, such as steam or electric railways, transportation, light, heat, power, and similar companies; and by industrial, financial, and commercial corporations, as well as taxes paid on buildings throughout the provinces leased by the government of Canada for administrative or other purposes. And, as if this were not enough, it is now threatened that if the French-speaking Canadians in Ontario persist—and there can be no doubt that they will—in their present attitude that the French language shall, in certain well defined parts of the province, be the vehicle of instruction, the whole of their school tax contributions will be diverted to the use of the public schools, and they shall, furthermore, be deprived of the schools built and paid for and supported out of their own moneys. The majority may possibly—though it is very doubtful—so ordain; but who will say that such would not constitute a flagrant and intolerable denial of justice?

Does not every one know that the child's mind and heart are more readily and more certainly reached through the medium of the maternal tongue? Is it not a fact demonstrated time and again, that the French-Canadian can, and does, learn at the same time and with great facility, not only without any detriment but with marked advantage to his general studies, both the English and French languages? It is also a fact experienced many times by bilingual Canadians that

the French-Canadian child can, and does, learn the use of the English language more easily than he can acquire the knowledge of good French. In many of the schools, colleges, and convents of the province of Quebec and in Ontario, children of both sexes, to whom is given but an hour or so daily of tuition in English, are generally found able to speak and write in English as well as most of the children frequenting schools in both provinces where only English is taught. The French-Canadian's real difficulty with reference to the English language is only one of accent, and that difficulty does not exist for the child; it is such only for the adult.

The universal and constant experience in all countries with two or more languages has demonstrated the very great advantage, in truth the necessity, of using the mother tongue as the language of instruction. It would be only wearisome to cite the numerous authorities in Europe and Canada who have long ago removed any doubt as to the correctness of this view.

Why were the bilingual schools of Ontario organized and maintained in the past by the government of Ontario, if not for the purpose of making the French language the vehicle of instruction? What other meaning, what other object, can they have? And is it not a cruel mockery to continue these schools, under that very name, for the purpose of suppressing French as the language of instruction and communication. Not only have the educational authorities in that province passed sentence of death upon the French language in the schools, they have committed the execution of this sentence to the bilingual teachers who will be required to strangle French speech and French thought. And to make sure that death will ensue, the government has appointed supervising inspectors who know nothing of the French language to supervise the gruesome task. Why not suppress the name as well as the thing itself?

Why the English-speaking people of Canada, with all the facilities at their command, do not learn the French language, as the educated in England, for instance, do, with

much less opportunity and facility, is a question perhaps deserving of the attention of our educationalists and publicists, and the solution of it would relieve the curiosity, at least, of not a few Canadians.

Considerations based on sentimental or conscientious considerations, national idiosyncrasies or temperament, which are always of a controversial character, had better be left untouched, as the purpose of the present article is to appeal only and simply to the reason of those who will do the writer the honour of reading and weighing his words. Is uniformity of language necessary to the establishment, progress, development, prosperity, or unity of any nation? Gibbon tells us that in the Roman Empire "those who united letters with business were frequently conversant with Greek and Latin, and it was almost impossible in any province to find a Roman subject of liberal education, who was at once a stranger to the Greek and to the Latin language." Canada might well follow this example, nearly two thousand years old. If it is not followed it will not be the fault of the French-speaking population of Canada, nearly the whole of which is now truly bilingual. Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, and other prosperous and united nations of Europe, have and teach, side by side, two or more languages.

But what need is there to go outside of the British Empire? Guernsey, Wales, Jersey, the Isle of Man, South Africa, and India, the latter with about one hundred and fifty languages, often as distinct from each other as English from Greek, or French from German,—have officially recognized, and are teaching concurrently, and in every respect treating with complete and perfect equality, two or more languages. And yet no one in these countries considers that the progress or unity of the nation is thereby endangered, hindered, or retarded. Homogeneity of race or language is not any more essential to national unity in Canada than it has been found to be with most of the countries of Europe.

Let us not forget that union is strength, but uniformity is not union. Instead of being a matter for regret, it should

be a source of congratulation, that there is to be found in Canada the diversity of the English and French races and the variety of character and achievement resulting therefrom. Instead of being an obstacle to progress and advance in all the spheres of human energy, this diversity constitutes, on the contrary, its best stimulant, besides adding to the picturesque-ness of national life. From this diversity there naturally results laudable emulation and friendly rivalry. How monotonous would be our national existence, how sterile in many fields, if we all resembled one another in our physical features, mentality, and character, if we all spoke and read but one language, if we all had the same tastes and habits, and if we all went through life in the manner of gregarious creatures. Consider how much poorer the intellectual life of this continent would be by the suppression of the French language, French history and names, French landmarks and traditions, French sentiment and enthusiasm, and last, but not least, French art and French logic.

We all know that the idea of, or the inspiration for, this regulation did not originate or germinate in the Department of Education itself. We know that its promulgation has been demanded and its enforcement is now exacted by certain people in and outside of that province. To others had better be left the appreciation of the motives which underlie this open and aggressive attitude, which it is not proposed to in any way here deal with. Reference, however, may be permitted to the fact that the agitation for the suppression of the French language in Ontario is largely based upon the fear that some day—in the far off dim future—the French-speaking Canadians may be in the majority in the province. The ever increasing migration of French-Canadians from Quebec to Ontario, and the prolific increase of population by natural means, which is so marked among them, with the concurrent and probably equivalent migration of English-speaking Canadians from Ontario to the western provinces, are pointed to as conditions which will bring about a reversal of the present majority. This fear has been voiced more than once.

What are the facts? For every French-speaking Canadian in Ontario there are ten English-speaking Canadians. Are we to be told, and are we to believe, that this overwhelming majority is to be overcome? However puerile this fear, are French-speaking Canadians to be expected to stand by and, without protest, without struggle, allow their mother tongue to be suppressed? And are they to be expected through their taxpayers, their teachers, and their school commissioners, to be made the executioners of this decree of extermination? The answer was not slow in coming; and it may be taken from one who knows the situation, who has been in close contact with the various French-Canadian groups of Ontario, that the matter has been well and seriously weighed by them, and that the determination not to accept the ignominious rôle assigned to them has been, and will continue to be, irrevocable.

But suppose the wholly unexpected, the highly improbable, should ever happen, and the present majority should be reversed. What of it? And why should French-speaking Canadians be denied the benefit of the law of the survival of the fittest, which, if it holds good for, should also hold good against, the English-speaking Canadian? And there need be no apprehension in any quarter as to the conduct of a French-Canadian majority in that or any other province. It would be used, as it has been, and is now being used, in the province of Quebec, that is, as every one knows, in a liberal and generous spirit.

During the congress of the French-Canadians of Ontario held in the month of January, 1910, at a public meeting held in the Russell Theatre in Ottawa, speaking in the name of and for the whole French-Canadian element of Ontario, in the presence of the Prime Minister of Canada and several members of the government of Canada and of Ontario, as well as many representative English-speaking Canadians, I had the honour to utter, with unmistakable approval, the following words:

“Is it because we chant the national anthem of the British Empire in our national language, as well as in the

language of the majority, that we shall become worse subjects of that Empire? Is it because, in both French and English, we speak everywhere, here, in England, in France, and foreign lands, of our unshaken attachment to British institutions, that we should have a narrower conception of our obligations towards Canada and Great Britain and less desire to fulfil them in the most complete manner? Why then should we be refused the pleasure and the advantage of knowing well and of speaking, our children and ourselves, the language to which our mothers initiated us, the language in which we have learned to think, to pray, and in which we can better express the most noble, inspiring sentiments of the heart; affection, love, charity; the language in which we first learned the traditions of our fathers handed down to us, and that glorious epic of our country's early history, as well as the heroic deeds of our ancestors on this American soil?

“A thorough knowledge of the two languages, English and French, has been the most fruitful and substantial bond of union between the two races that constitute the majority of this country. It was the equal knowledge of English and French that made possible, or rather that produced, the good understanding, the concord and the union between the two races; without that two-fold knowledge neither one nor the other of the two elements could have created or maintained that understanding and that union so essential to the prosperity and the future of Canada.

“Despite the apprehensions or the prophecies of certain people, the British government firstly, and our government later on, were not mistaken in sanctioning the official use of the French language and placing it on equal footing with the English. And the proof of this is written in almost every page of our history since the cession; only the wilfully blind—and, happily, they are becoming more and more scarce—will not allow themselves to be convinced of this fact. Far from affecting our duty or hindering our devotion to the

British crown and British institutions, the free use of our mother tongue, with the recognition of our laws and our institutions, has been the pure source whence we drew the will, the courage, and the valour which enabled us more than once to save this country for the Empire. Had the French language not been equal before the law in the past, I would not hesitate to say that to-day it would be an act of simple justice and of profound political wisdom to recognize it as such.”

Can it not now be added with equal truth and moment that, if the right or privilege claimed by the French-Canadians of Ontario, to have their mother tongue used as the vehicle of instruction and communication in their bilingual schools, had not been before and since confederation recognized—and never officially denied in Ontario until recently—in view of the conditions now prevailing in that province and the great increase in French-Canadian population therein, sound public policy demands and would amply justify such recognition and the adoption of practical means to ensure its free and proper exercise?

N. A. BELCOURT

[This article is published for the purpose of presenting an opinion which is held by a large number of Canadians. At the next session of the Legislature it is expected that the government of Ontario will set forth the reasons for enforcing the regulations complained of. These reasons might very well form the subject of a separate article. Ed. U. M.]

A CHRISTMAS JAUNT

IT has become impossible to picture Quebec to one's self without the "Frontenac," and indeed there may be a few slow-going, old-fashioned people who harbour the idea in a corner of their minds that Quebec has too much "Frontenac" in its cosmos, that it was something of a pity to make the old, grey, battlemented town the mere background for an inn. Even such folk as I write of are glad enough to pass at a step from the night and bitter snow-laden air into warmth, and light, and spacious comfort. The jewel, consistency, is not so precious that a man is bound to part with all he has to possess it. A Donegal lad who carried our bags to a room liked "the counthry," but I think that sometimes the cold, hard silhouette of Mont Ste. Anne on the sky line melts to the softer outline of Muckish or Errigal in his vision. He lingers not only for his tip, but for a friendly word with the strangers who know and love his land.

Day broke in a tempest of snow that would have anchored to the hotel any one who was possessed of a spark of prudence, if there may be a spark of so dull a virtue, but lacking this and having some faith in the old saw "short notice soon past," we went forth into the tumult, and once embarked on the Intercolonial train across the river it was too late to retreat. After all the weather *may* clear, the ferry *may* cross to the North Shore, and if the worst befalls the spirit can endeavour to find solace in the inductive truth that "there will be another day to-morrow."

Two seats before us in the crowded car were packed a dozen convent-freed girls on their way home for the Jour de l'An. The leader of the party was an honest-faced, dimpled, laughing little baggage who was never still and never silent. When the good-looking newsboy plied his arts upon the group, as he did most persistently, this fearless

young person in the *rôle* of natural champion of the party took, and gave, the chaff. Ten-cent pieces emerged from grubby little purses; prize packages acquired were opened and their amazing contents distributed; eyes sparkled, tongues wagged, hands gesticulated, eager young faces flushed with excitement and yet, will you credit it, no shriek, no loud word or other girlish demonstration interfered with the comfort of the other occupants of the car. Some one with a turn for epigram describes a lady as "a woman who talks in a low tone and thinks in a high one," and these lively children had learned at least the first part of the definition. One could not help contrasting the result of convent training with the manners taught, or the bad manners uncorrected, in our public and private schools, where the fashion of entering or sustaining a conversation is to out-scream other participants. Surely if our girls knew how they could win to the heart by sheer charm of voice,—a charm that will endure when others fail, they would try to make their own the beauty of our English speech when fitly spoken, with pure intonation, in measure to the occasion. It has been my lot to see half-a-dozen golfers, who only desired to eat their meat in peace, deaved by the clamour of a group of young ladies at the other end of a club dining-room, driven forth to their own sanctuary, at which haven arriving one by one, each sighed an independent and fervent "thank God."

The "People's Railway," as one might expect, accommodates itself to the public. An irritated traveller who had just missed the daily train to Dublin, may have been comforted by the porter's sympathetic remark that "the punctuality of that thrain, sor, is mighty onconvenient to the people of Limerick." It seems to be the effort of the Intercolonial to annoy its patrons as little as possible in this way. Arriving about an hour late after a run of seventy miles, we were encouraged to find that the wind had abated and the snow was falling less heavily. Fortune seemed to favour the imprudent, for the little train that is hand-maiden to the ferry had steam up, nor was there any announcement

that the daily trip from and to the North Shore would be abandoned. The thirty passengers who were awaiting the *Champlain's* pleasure, besieged the operator with questions which were kindly, courteously, and unsatisfactorily answered in two languages. An hour slipped away. Where was the ferry? Could no word be had? Yes, one might telephone to Murray Bay *via* Quebec, but the government would not undertake this expense; it must be a matter of private enterprise. At an outlay, therefore, of ninety cents, the polite and efficient agent at Murray Bay wharf was communicated with. He was told of the plight of the thirty marooned at Rivière Ouelle, that the wind was falling, that the snow had almost ceased and we had an horizon of several miles on our side of the river. He promised to urge the captain to set forth, and hopes were high as the train carried us to the wharf whence we were able to see half way across the St. Lawrence. The river was free of ice, the east wind had died away, the storm was over. No reason there appeared to be why the *Champlain* should linger, and yet she came not. For one hour, for two hours, we walked up and down among the snow drifts, looking at every turn over the wintry river where cold shiny seals were making the best of an unattractive life. No smoke-cloud showed, the North Shore spoke not by telegraph or telephone, bilingual criticism of the government and its economic ways flowed freely. About half-past three a passenger was permitted, at his sole charge, to gather tidings from the other side. The long-deferred blow fell heavily; it was still snowing, and moreover, was now too late; the boat would not start. Of a truth the captain of this high-powered and well-found craft, which in her time crossed the Atlantic, wore that day no cuirass of triple brass.

The obliging train received and bore us back without further payment to the main line, where thirty people more than exhausted the accommodations of the two small lodging-houses. Having on former journeys gathered some experience of these at their best, we threw ourselves into the arms

of a certain Madame Menier, who rose hospitably and handsomely to the occasion.

Next day the Intercolonial arrived with its usual punctual lateness, but the ferry waited for it and the crossing was duly achieved in the teeth of a clearing gale from the north-west. A hundred miles of coast line, from the Saguenay to the Capes, was visible, while range on range of stark, snowy mountains carried the eye back to the wild highlands of the interior.

Even from the South Shore we heard the booming of blasts where the new railway, the railway that is to bring wealth to the countryside, is in construction. May it indeed be so, as the price is heavy enough. Dynamite has rent the familiar outline of Pointe au Pic; the beach where generations of children have played has become a railway yard; all the dear familiar spots along the shore are profaned and desolated; three times within a mile does the line cross the quiet village street; the Murray River,—once in a land of salmon-streams called in preëminence “La Rivière Saumonais,”—is dammed for pulp and power, and a farcical fish way, as useful for its purposes as an attic stair, pretends compliance with the law. And all this for what? The country produces and is able to produce, little or nothing for export but wood and its products. Can these sustain a railway which is said to be costing nearly forty thousand dollars a mile, which must compete in summer with water-carriage and in winter will be operated with difficulty and at great cost? Wild talk there is of building through the mountains, crossing the Saguenay and marching down the Labrador to a winter port, hundreds of miles through a barren land where no man is. One must ask leave to doubt that any promoter competent to form an opinion honestly holds the view that such a road could possibly succeed.

These settlements have prospered by supplying land, houses, services, and food to summer migrants who have gone there seeking tranquillity and will flee before the shriek of the locomotive. Thoughtful villagers are beginning to

see that alluring promises of "*de l'ouvrage pour tout le monde*" have meant little, and will mean less, to them, while the imported regiment of foreign railway navvies has brought with it crimes of violence that were unheard of in this law-abiding place. They realize what they are like to lose, and are coming to doubt that prosperity is a commodity which may be carried at will to any point in freight cars.

The wharf at Pointe au Pic was a cheerless place that we were glad to escape from to the warmth and welcome of Johnny Gagnon's, and how surpassingly good were the soup and partridges, the pastry and feather-light *croquignoles*, the home-made jam, reluctant cream and tea! It was pleasant to stroll up the village street, meeting and greeting old friends, paying visits here and there, and always receiving the courtesies, the hospitality, the kind enquiries and seasonable compliments in well-turned phrase which never fail among these amiable people.

Evening brought a long gossip with our good hostess about the difficulties of life under modern conditions. With eggs and beef, wood and poultry at city prices, and the wages of chits of girls who had to be looked after from morning to night at such a preposterous figure, how could one's *pensionnaires* be accommodated to the satisfaction of both stomachs and pockets? Before the subject of house-keeping was exhausted we were both committed to the attitude of praisers of days gone by, and filled with distrust of the future, its disturbing tendencies and varied perplexities. However, madame's piety and humour enabled her to appreciate the kindness of Providence in not burdening our feeble shoulders with the ordering of the affairs of the universe to the end of time, and soon we slipped on to pleasanter subjects,—her large family and their fortunes, the grandchildren in Montreal, who could not speak their native language "*pas un seul mot je vous assure, Monsieur.*"

Pommereau did not keep us waiting next morning. Before eight o'clock he and Le Coq,—gaunt, dirty grey, rough-coated but willing, drove up in a whirlwind of drifting

snow from which they were fain to shelter by the side of the house while we made ready. With heavy robes and hot bricks wrapped in sacking, the tiny *cariote* was very comfortable, though the north wind blew fiercely, snatching away one's breath with its violence, and driving the fine, hard snow like a sand-blast against the face. The gale that sprang up afresh in the night had done, and was doing, its work. The easterly and westerly roads, wherever exposed, were drifted fence high with hard packed snow, through which only an experienced horse could force a way. A town-trained animal would have gone wild with fear, and exhausted itself with futile plunging and struggling in a few hundred yards, but to steady-going old Coq, whose patient soul is imbued with his master's philosophy that "*nous sommes dans la vie pour rencontrer des obstacles*," this was all in the day's work.

For those unfortunate enough not to know this same philosopher, now floundering to his middle in the drifts behind the sleigh, it may be said that not for nothing do his features resemble those of the traditional Socrates. Sixty-odd years of age, the father of twenty-two children, three of whom are a burden through ill health, the husband of a bed-ridden wife, a landless man who has never known anything but bitter toil since childhood, and, conceive of it my discontented millionaire, no weeping, but a laughing philosopher. A wage of fifty cents a day for the work of a man and horse from long before daybreak to sunset is not affluence to the parent of such a family, and yet this was all his reward through many a long winter. I hope that he will forgive me for betraying a confidence when I set down here his statement to me that at one time he "regulated his affairs" upon a hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was all the cash that he "touched," and beyond it what came in kind was no great matter. Yet he has no quarrel with the scheme of things; if it is foul to-day it will be fair to-morrow, if misfortunes befall "*c'est la vie*." The good God knows best and sends what is fit. After it all will there not be the long, untroubled

sleep "*sur la Montagne.*" Pommereau is no surname or name of baptism. In the dark past some forgotten "Monsieur" gave his horse this *soubriquet* which was transferred by a mysterious process to the owner and has survived to the obscuring of his legal designation.

The climb out of the valley of the Murray was slow, nor was it easy to keep our vehicle at an angle of safety. When it careened, the driver, standing always, flung himself to port or starboard as occasion demanded, the passengers aiding him in his equilibrations to the extent which their bundled-up condition and narrow quarters allowed. It was a stormy passage, where a sleigh with high runners would have been capsized a dozen times, but the craft of the country is built so that after sinking but a little distance it rests on its bottom and can weather almost anything in the way of drifts.

Two hours driving brought us to the heights that overlook the Petit Lac whence one gets the first view of the mountains of the hinterland,—uninhabited I had almost written, forgetful at the moment that the moose and the caribou are wandering and browsing there, and all the lesser creatures of the silent snowy woods are there at home, living lives simpler than ours but just as important to them, loving and hating much as we do.

We draw up before the little cabin of an old and dear friend to find, alas, that another Visitor is expected. Through the very mists of dissolution the dim eyes try in vain to see; slowly, slowly, the tones of familiar voices reach the dull ear, the face set for a journey and other greetings lights up—" *Ils sont venus me voir. Ils sont venus—me—voir.*" God rest the gentle soul of Augustin Belley! Honest as the sunlight, faithful as the stars to the sky, ever considerate for others and to himself unsparing, filled with kindness and charity as the tides of the great river he looked out on for eighty years fill its bed. What he leaves behind him will raise no marble palace, no memorial tomb, but none the less will his

legacy to mankind live when these have crumbled to dust, for verily it is the things not seen that are eternal.

Crossing the broad expanse of the Grand Lac, Coq's rusty tail streamed out to leeward, for the wind was again blowing sharply from the north, and on the other side of the lake the drifts between the fences were higher than ever. The way was unbroken, as the country-folk neither travel nor attempt to make the road passable opposite their farms while snow is falling or drifting. Very soon it was clear that if we were to get forward another horse must be chartered, so overtures were made to a strapping young fellow who had seemingly planned out a day of leisure for himself, but whose good-nature at length prevailed. With his *berlot* in the lead and the weight divided, we made good weather of it, sometimes, however, leaving the highway for a mile or more and taking to the fields. Experience has shown at what places the snow will lodge and the roads become impassable, and there it is the winter custom to establish a line of travel through the long farms characteristic of the country, marking these ways of necessity every fifty feet with little spruce trees set alternately to right and left. Without these *balises* the track, beaten only to the bare width of a cariole, could not be followed, but with their assistance the horses navigate the hills and dales surely and safely as the mariner does a buoyed channel. It is peculiarly pleasant to journey thus over ploughed fields and pastures, across bridgeless and invisible streams, through swales where alder and swamp willow give a little shelter from the insistent wind.

But a few miles accomplished, and being then nowhere in particular, our new charioteer suddenly turned round and shot at us "*J'ai l'idée de viré ici.*" On it being suggested to him that from our point of view this was neither a logical nor a convenient stopping-place, with equal promptness and great cheerfulness he declared his willingness to proceed. Arrived at the house of a substantial farmer where a fresh horse could be had, we parted company with mutual compliments and wishes for good fortune on the road. A fine type

of countryman this,—polite, obliging, competent, and perfectly independent.

Our next driver had in his stable no less than three stout horses, which the week before had hauled I forget just how many hundred pounds of miscellaneous farm produce to Quebec in two days. Entering his well-built dwelling to warm up, we found the fortnightly baking at that anxious stage when the clay oven is ready for the bread and the bread is not quite ready for the oven. Even with this on her mind, and the senses of smell, taste, and touch alert to determine the proper instant of transference, the goodwife was most politely interested in our wayfarings. She pointed with pride to an enormous goose hanging from the rafters in process of being thawed out, and destined to take the chief place on the board at the great festival of the New Year. Without consulting his wife as to the proposed journey, the husband began to make his preparations; this was a man's affair upon which a woman's opinion was neither invited nor expected. No adieu passed between the spouses though the distance to be covered was not a short one, and bad weather might easily delay return until the following day. This was quite in accord with the conventions of these people, who, though affectionate, make but little public display in greeting and parting. The new mare bore the brunt of the drifts, in which at times she almost disappeared, while Coq, gratefully accepting the advantage of second place, may have revolved in his philosophic mind this new application of the adage, "First in a bush, last in a bog." Past Pousse-pioche, Crac-Crac, Main Sale and Cache-toi-bien, along the Miscoutime, through Chicago, La Chiguière and Tremblants; nothing between us and the boldest mountains of Charlevoix on the other side of the Gouffre valley but three leagues of icy air. Then, at the last, down a thousand feet of hills to the most hospitable of homes and the kindest of welcomes. Would your town resources enable you to prepare a repast of caribou steak, ragout of hare, eggs and bacon, jam and tea, or the equivalent of such a meal, on half an hour's notice at three

o'clock in the afternoon, and candidly what would your attitude be to hungry, unexpected guests who tumbled in on you thus? If, indeed, she thought it a nuisance to stable and care for two horses, heat up stoves, prepare the best room and feed four people, Madame's fine courtesy was equal to concealing this. I would prefer to believe, however, that her yet finer courtesy made but a pleasure of these labours and distractions.

Fed and warmed, there was talk at large on many subjects,—with the father concerning the wolves' depredations among the caribou, and the invasions that human commercial wolves threaten against the "public park and pleasure ground," of which he is chief guardian; with Madame, of the children and their schooling; with Antonio, the eldest son, of crops and prices; with Thomas Louis, of onslaughts upon the ubiquitous beaver; and with Victor, aged fourteen, of his first caribou just accounted for very neatly at "*cent et un verges, monsieur.*"

Pommereau and Coq, the indefatigable, turned homeward to make a stage of their thirty-mile drive before nightfall, and a little later, overcoming with difficulty most pressing invitations to linger, we departed for Baie St. Paul under a shower of good wishes for the New Year. Antonio with his spirited horse convoyed us, and the last nine miles were all too short, for the air was still, though sharp with frost, and the naked winter moon hung over the valley flooding it with white light to the silvered summits of the hills.

The inn-keeper at Baie St. Paul had fought in South Africa, but his little daughter was never further afield than Les Eboulements and had no yearning to broaden her knowledge of the world. With the convent and duties at home, her day was very full and very happy. What could one do but commend the wisdom so early and easily acquired? Sure it is that if the chances of life take her to other lands, her heart will not cease to cry out for this the home of her childhood,—the happiest place on the broad earth.

Eight o'clock the next morning saw us climbing away from sea level behind a clever tandem. It was pretty to see the team-work as for two hours we mounted the long hills. The shaft horse never made the mistake of putting in weight until his mate had tightened the traces, and never failed at that precise instant to move forward; on the descents the leader cantered free, keeping neatly out of his companion's way. As with many halts we worked up from one raised-beach plateau to another, there were ever-widening views of the valley we had left, the northern mountains through which the St. Urbain road finds a difficult passage, the heights of Les Eboulements, the St. Lawrence and Isle aux Coudres far beneath us, half-hidden in ragged vapours gilded by the heatless beams of the low sun.

Practically all the way to La Barrière it was an ascent through an increasing depth of snow which tried the horses and made the passing of other vehicles rather a ticklish business. Some one must give way and leave the narrow track; light yields to loaded, a single horse to two, two to three,—the etiquette of the road is well settled, and debate only arises where conditions are equal. With six feet or more of unpacked snow, as often there is at this elevation later in the winter, the horse is unharnessed, the driver steps off and is submerged to his neck, he tramps down some square yards and perhaps adds his robes and blankets to give a foothold, the horse is coaxed into the hole thus prepared for him, the empty *cariole* is pulled out of the way, the other party passes and then the animal must be extricated from his snowy cavern and harnessed. So tedious and fatiguing are these crossings that drivers who travel this road frequently make their journeys at night to avoid them, and will wait at some convenient spot for half an hour or longer when they hear of vehicles on the way. Though we were never compelled to resort to the manœuvre pictured, it was sometimes a delicate affair to get by without upsetting when the road had to be conceded.

The boy who drove us was born at the little hamlet of Mille Vaches far down the North Shore, but had been brought up in the States, where he had learned to speak indifferent but fluent French and English. This ability was standing him in good stead with the travelling public, as his master had only made the usual first steps in the alien tongue, of learning a few of its more striking expletives. On the first opportunity the lad found his way back to Canada, and liking his own country best had no thought of leaving it. He gazed for a long time at a very fairly earned tip and then enquired what the money was for; when the nature of the transaction was made clear to him he showed the emotions of one who encounters a delightful experience for the first time.

La Barrière, the half-way house, set in the midst of some leagues of unbroken forest, is the highest point on the road, and can scarcely be less than two thousand feet above the sea. It resembles Port Said, not, let me hasten to say, in eclectic iniquity, but as a port of call where all who pass this way on business or pleasure bent must meet and foregather, a halting place that you cannot evade on one of the world's routes of travel. Having said so much one must admit that the resemblance of this little cluster of log houses and stables, perched solitary among snows that do not fail it for nine months in the year, to the wickedest town on earth with its sands and torrid heat, ceases utterly.

A fresh tandem took us rapidly onward through the woods where the snow, though deep, was undrifted; the little spruces and balsams by the roadside were solid pyramids of white where neither branch nor twig appeared,—their tops sometimes bent over with a burden of snow which the wind had fashioned into the likeness of strange birds and beasts. We whirled down the long slopes of the Côte Maclean through an avenue of these glittering, fantastic sculptures, toiled up the other side of the deep ravine, and at a turn in the road found ourselves in the cleared uplands above St. Tite des

Caps, whence, at night, one can see the lights of Quebec, still more than thirty miles distant.

Here, once more, the drifts rose to the tops of the fence-posts, but a day of fine weather had made it the duty of the farmers to turn out with their shovels and home-made snow ploughs, while earlier travellers had done us good service in beating down the road. The snow creaked and whined in a cold far below zero, rime gathered thick on the shaggy winter coats of the horses; the eye penetrated to the uttermost limits of the horizon through vapourless crystalline air that spared nothing, concealed nothing, drew no veil of distance and mystery over the remotest hills.

Our *charretier* promised to do the last eighteen miles in less than three hours, and was much better than his word. The rush down steep, winding hills to the St. Lawrence was a mad, exhilarating progress, giving scant time for speculation on the upshot should a cantering horse lose his footing or take a curve too sharply. No motor car in its best flight could so fill the imagination with the idea of swift and rhythmic motion,—of sheer space-annihilating speed. Dull, mechanical devices are uninspiring beside the strenuous, free action of the living creature. If this be deplorable conservatism, then pray range us with those who are hopelessly and happily unprogressive.

W. H. BLAKE

SUB JOVE

ENGLISH people seem, somehow, to have earned for themselves an indisputable supremacy in the gift of conversation about the weather. Of course it is a matter of intense national interest. English complexions, the fact of Manchester, and the umbrella and aquascutum trades—all bear fruitful testimony to its fundamental importance. So, naturally, people employ it systematically as a stepping-stone to chance acquaintanceship. It is also a serious question ever predominant in the sportsman's mind; from this cause alone it attains the dignified status of the conversational roast beef of the Island. In country houses one finds in the dog a tangible alternative for the preliminary stages of tea-table talk, be it within or without of doors. Dogs are always the conversational scapegoats in an unimaginative wilderness of platitudes. But dogs, in a nicely-timed establishment, are generally withheld until it is felt that the first act begins to drag a little, so that their entry may provide a new external stimulus, some concentrative point.

But for fear of subsequent misconstruction, it is necessary that exceptions should be stated. With people of ideas, to whom tea would seem either an interruption or an excuse, with personal people of uncommon denominations, a common conversational denominator is generally to hand. In England there is Germany for territorials and their critics. There is Mr. Bernard Shaw for basinette socialists, for bibbed philosophers, and tuckered dramatists. There are English politics for the seriously or humorously minded, for the purely superficial and the cynically flippant. There is art and self-realization for the reactionary egg, grimly wrestling with the Philistinic shell of a parochial environment. There is also occultism and all the concomitant variations of dim low lights and faces pallid against the April sun. But such

people, such subjects, do not, so far as my authors advise me, affect the country house public. So it relies accidentally—like the Aristotelian child who struck by chance a perfect chord—upon such beautiful and fundamental things as dogs and weather, that is to say until a sufficient degree of intimacy has been established to justify a discourse on pleasures or golf.

But at this point it is necessary to appreciate a curiously interesting piece of elemental psychology, for which I am indebted to a recent publication by M. Tarde, wherein he defines conversation as follows: "Par conversation, j'entends tout dialogue sans utilité directe et immédiate, où l'on parle surtout pour parler, par plaisir, par jeu, par politesse."

A few pages further on, he shows the origin of conversation to have arisen amongst such peoples as the Esquimaux, and his comments form an interesting sidelight upon the harmony of their family life: "Les hommes se réunissent à part pour causer entre eux, les femmes se réunissent de leur côté et trouvent leurs sujets de conversation, après avoir pleuré les parents morts dans les commérages. Les conversations pendant les repas peuvent durer des heures entières, et roulent sur la principale occupation des Esquimaux, c'est-à-dire sur la chasse. Dans leur récit, ils décrivent avec les plus petits détails tous les mouvements du chasseur et de l'animal. En racontant un épisode de la chasse au phoque, ils figurent de leur main gauche les sauts de l'animal, et de leur main droite tous les mouvements du bateau et de l'arme."

How applicable to our country house friends of to-day! The males gather together for the purpose of serious conversation, and one will explain with minute and careful detail his recent failure in the putting of a small white ball into a small round hole, a failure that resulted disastrously in the unmerited victory of Brown, generally recognized as an inferior golfer. Then another, taking up the burden, will, with expository movement of arm and leg, endeavour to explain the reason for his middle stump having been "laid upon the lawn." I have even encountered this genus of conversation in Canada.

So much of the analogy may be true, but I do not sincerely think, speaking from personal experience, that English women folk consider it a social tenet of primary importance to weep over their departed ancestors prior to a general conversation. But then, as touching heaven and ancestral sanctity, we Anglo-Saxons are full of self-assurance; we take a deal for granted, while possibly the unassuming Esquimaux are nearer to the truth.

And so with this ample, national justification, the subject of weather and climate seems to me to deserve no small consideration, chiefly from the point of view, as outlined above, of its psychological and physical effect upon our everyday existences. I know intimately what the skies can do to London, and I have had sufficient experience of their Canadian capabilities, at any rate in so far as concerns the East. But there is one stumbling block upon the path—the resultant sensibility to the ever-ready criticism of Canada by the itinerant Britisher. The amateur immigrant, whether he come as a transient in search of sport or as a permanent in search of work, assumes the rôle of critic—even when devoid of any critical faculty or training. But in matters of climate I feel on safer ground. It is an act of God, it is beyond human control, so all I risk should be a thunderbolt from Jupiter! But for all that seeming safety, certain chances must be taken, such as emphatically stating that no country should have a “climate” without being ashamed of it. This is not mere insular jealousy because we discuss the “weather” in England: it is deeper than that, and better founded. For climate is only weather become self-conscious, sometimes through advertisement, sometimes from abuse. There is a difference in the cause. When climate is weather commercialized, eulogized, advertised, it ceases *ipso facto* to be a subject for legitimate conversation; it can no longer be considered as a basis for “dialogue sans utilité directe ou immédiate,” because, as M. Tarde poignantly observes—“Cetté définition (de conversation) exclut de notre sujet et les interrogatoires judiciaires, et les pour-

parlers diplomatiques ou commerciaux, et même les congrès scientifiques, bien qu'ils abondent en bavardages superflus."

Therefore the Canadian climate, since its advantages are widely advertised both in and out of England, must be ruled out from conversation proper, and this must doubtless seem a sore trial to the correct hostess who has so much to say and so little to talk about. If, however, weather has become climate through concentrated abuse, it is difficult to judge logically of its legality in conversation. An author, who under the pseudonym of "Dum-Dum," is a frequent contributor to *Punch*, inscribed a set of verses entitled "Stanzas written in Dejection," that summarized fully, finally, and furiously the soul and body-sickening agonies experienced in India's sunny clime. India he described as a land of illusory hope for the needy; India he epitomized as a beast of a country—yet social modesty was not outraged in any marked degree. So it would appear that such abuse may be expressed decently; but I feel sure, in the absence of a definite dictum from M. Tarde, that *The Ladies' Home Journal*, if asked to arbitrate, would state that a hostess should carefully consider the reticence and general behaviour of her guests before encouraging conversation upon so dangerous and questionable a topic.

The past winter, I am given to understand, was the hardest experienced in many years. This may or may not be fact—fact seldom matters—but it is truth, at any rate to a quondam landlady of my acquaintance. I admit frankly that to her each successive winter is the severest on record; and this in itself represents a grave psychological fault of the Canadian climate. To such a person as this lady, upon whom God has bestowed manifold domestic virtues, the sum of which, however, is vastly in excess of her critical ability, the heat of summer—admitting exceptions—is so intense, the colours of the fall so wondrous, and the consequent extremes so great that she is physically incapable of recalling to mind the winter previous, save in the gilded, comfortable retrospect in which she doubtless views some

fond romance, some fragrant apple blossom of her youth. Neither can it be admitted that this state of mind is altogether confined to the hospitable profession from which I chance to have drawn an example.

That this Eastern climate is healthy, invigorating, and inspiring, I have frequently heard stated upon both sides of the Atlantic. It boasts no vices such as fog, desultory drizzle, and persistent, despairing downpour. It has no chill damp, no raw penetration, no chance, unsystematic snowfalls. In short the sun shines bright and true, the sky is blue and well-behaved, the snow is pure and white. That may be so, but *chacun à son gout!* To me, alas, it not infrequently seems a Salvation Army climate. The sky is Pharisaically self-righteous, the sun complacently self-conscious, while the endless vista of untrodden snow triumphs in all the ostentatious virtue of a married matron flaunting her less fortunate yet freer sisterhood.

And then, quite apart from this ethical side, there is the physical. What can a citizen do in this winter? He would fain take the air and such mild exercise as would tend to the encouragement of "a healthy action of the skin." He must needs sally forth wound, bundled, and begirded like to an Egyptian mummy! His breathing, hearing, and seeing apparati are exposed to the unwelcome chance of chaps, intermittent tearfulness, and frost bite. Possibly some recent immigrant would wish to feel his kinship with the earth through his ungainly, re-soled English boots. He cannot, for necessity encases them in stuffy, airless rubbers. And when, fatigued with preparation, he gets outside the house, what is there of comfort or of intimacy to greet him? A blue sky, crudely, vulgarly handsome, like a handsome barmaid; a bright, self-satisfied, garish sun, dominant, cold, unsympathetic; and around him all grades and variations of discoloured snow. Furthermore, he must promenade himself the whole time if he would keep alive. No rubbing noses on attractive shop windows; no sitting upon the lovely snow under the bright blue sky where one might read some Oscar

Wilde or revel in Aubrey Beardsley's "Salome." For such are the obvious antidotes to nature's opulent virtue and to the warm humanity that insects up and whirlwinds the mountain slopes, bedecked in picturesque habiliments.

No, one cannot sit down, without courting a headline in the press and a footnote in the cemetery. Of course it might be reasonably objected that one would not sit down in the Park to study Gibbon in December: but then the atmosphere is not so clear, so bright, so tempting in a pseudo-summer radiance. Truly, about the end of February, in such a city as, for instance, Montreal, one feels a touch of sympathy for the distracted hero of "The Disturber of Traffic." You remember his sensations upon the light-house.

"He told me his head began to feel streaky from looking at the tide so long. He said there were long streaks of white running inside it; like wall-paper that had not been properly pasted up, he said. The streaks they would run with the tides twice a day. . . . and he'd lie down upon the planking with his eye to the crack and watch the water streaking through the piles quiet as hogwash."

Early in March one begins to sense, not necessarily see, Pine Avenue, Sherbrooke, St. Catherine, Dorchester and St. James Streets. Across these runs Bleury and all the intersecting fashionable streets west to Guy. That, as a rough example, may be taken to constitute a map of life on an average working day. All these streets, across and across, live in gradations of unlaundried whiteness, and the chief trouble is that as the parallel streets cannot meet one has nothing but right angles to think about. So, thus you have your streaks and counter-streaks intersecting. Some of these have cars running back and forth: all of them have lots of little, dim, hard-hatted, dark-coated, bundled human beings hustling to and fro. That constitutes motion. Then there is the same blue sky and the same bright sun—except during an obliterating snowstorm which plays the rôle of Ping-Sing and re-whitens your streaky angles. So you have one colour of blue dominating; and black figures moving upon white

criss-cross streets. Such, at least, would be my futurist impression, were I a Severini to adapt to winter in Montreal the methods employed in the "*Danse du Pam-Pam au café Monico*." And somehow the resultant mental residue seems to be a foreknowledge of what everything looks like, where everyone goes; and that is very sad. It gives the imagination dyspepsia. You feel it growing feebler every day. Yes, truly it is a sad climate for this city. A too good climate, like too good women, is sorely deficient in imaginative qualities.

And now, to resume an intermittent comparison, let us see how the English climate affects the practical and the imaginative inhabitants of that island.

"The climate of England is remarkably exempt from extremes of heat and cold; but it displays an immense amount of variation within a very narrow range of temperature. The proximity of every part of the country to the sea. . . . is also the cause of the moisture of the climate. It is certainly not unfavourable to either the physical or moral condition of the people. Even its uncertainty has, perhaps, been the subject of too much grumbling."

The above lines were inscribed by the anonymous author of "*Pitman's Commercial Geography*." So the uncertainty may cause grumbling; it hardly calls for the same concentrated abuse as does the Indian climate; it certainly represents the logical contradictory to the tedious uniformity of Eastern Canada; and above all it encourages, rather than stupefies, the imagination. In fact one need be but an occasional reader of *Punch* to appreciate the truth of this last assertion. It is not opportune to quote at length the charming ironies of "*Humours of an English Summer*," which may be found in a collection of Mr. Owen Seaman's verses. In the preliminary stanzas of this piece, the author admonishes his panting heart, counselling it to restrain the ventilation of its love and "wait till the full-fledged woodlands fairly hum with tuny birds and beetles on the wing." This apparently accomplished, the fateful day arrived;

ushering in a temperature of 46°, so that through icy rain his fair companion, with picture hat a-drip, guided their frail and storm-swept skiff toward some suited landing. Once safe ashore. . . .

“We crouched below a straining copper beech,
 Munching from time to time a camphor pill;
 And when I touched on love my flowers of speech
 Drooped in an atmosphere forlornly chill;
 I cannot blame her answer, which was blunt—
 Cold feet will thus affect the nicest girl;
 Besides, the damp had disarranged her ‘front,’
 Putting it out of curl.

“That night, alone before a blazing log,
 And curtained from the cruel leaden skies,
 I thanked my stars, above the steaming grog,
 For that fiasco which had made me wise;
 ‘Give me no mere fair-weather wife,’ I said,
 ‘But something like a rock that’s roughly hewn,
 To face with careless front the coarse, ill-bred
 Jibes of an English June.’”

It is a fateful poem, a very comedy of climate, that could only have been written by an Englishman, and could never have been wrested from this intemperate soil.

But lest I appear prejudiced, I must hover cloud-wise over another sphere. Towards the end of last winter I suffered what is commonly accounted a misfortune. Necessity took me for a single day to New York. Once arrived and breakfasted, conceive of the delightful sensation of burrowing into the subway. I ceased to be a snow-stupefied lord of creation: I became an imaginative mole. That rush through darkness, the foul atmosphere, the noise, the rattle, the apparent absolute carelessness for the human on the part of the Divine; the distance from anything bright, salubrious, stimulating! I do not mean to advocate that as a course of life. I would not accept the post of subway-con-

ductor, even if the State provided me with chewing-gum and pensioned me on the top of the Metropolitan Life Building! One may easily read too much of a decadent. But such a violent reaction seemed like a plunge from months of Ella Wheeler Wilcox into Zola, and so the subway struck the modulating chord that transposed me into the right key for appreciating a well-worn seat on the Battery near the Aquarium; and here I was not alone. The disillusioned matron on my left appeared asleep and temporarily oblivious to her low estate in the matter of costume and general accumulative uncomeliness. The gentleman upon my right was deeply absorbed in a newspaper story entitled "The Witch of Crocodile Creek," and there before me lay the harbour—shrouded in a drifting fog! The busy ferries passing fussily to and fro hooted cheeky warnings to all and sundry. A foreign liner grunted basso as she crept delicately to wharf. The Statue of Liberty, to me the immortal example of American humour, was just visible from time to time as the mist rose and fell. And I, basking in warm sunlight, my overcoat abandoned, my boots unrubbed, my head temporarily hatless, in short, physically de-mummified—my soul unshackled, my imagination playing dot and carry one over the unseen, uncertain distances—I was in touch once more with Heaven and the earth, with humanity and the Devil. It was a vital moment, a fair re-christening in the church of a decently-coloured mind.

For to the Londoner, a city must hold a curiously-coloured essence of uncertainty interwoven with subconscious hope. Going forth upon her marvellously crowded streets, there is such a space for speculation, for possibility, for chance. People here are somewhat wont to laugh at London as a city of fog and rain. As a matter of fact, there are fewer fogs in London than one finds on the St. Lawrence. But apart from fact, one cannot help feeling that these blue-sky critics are people who have neither had the opportunity nor the experience essential to the understanding of fog and rain. This same mental attitude would probably condemn

Henry Ryecroft or Lavengro for lacking plot; they have not learnt the possible pleasures derived from living in D minor.

To walk citywards along the embankment, and gradually unfold the hidden bridges looming ghostlike across the busy Thames. To meet people—such people they are in a fog!—struggling to their daily work, just visible for a passing moment, enough to set you wondering. To see a jam of busses and cabs, to hear the strange sounding cries from unseen figures across the street! Then to get to the city and find the lights so bravely militant—people coughing, people complaining, trains late, mails late, clerks late—what fun it all is, and what a change in the daily round, the common task.

So, be it a fog that vetoes dinner time at home, or be it rain pelting down upon and up from Charing Cross Road, either may drive you to pass a curious half hour in your favourite second-hand book or picture shop, and either may result in a cosy dinner in some secretive Soho haunt where the genial madam would fain waft you heavenwards upon an omelette that defies gravitation. Yes, it needs a foul day to make a transient Paradise of several happy haunts I have in mind. And in London, the city of constant change in rain and fine, fog and sunshine, spring flowers in the parks, dull and dour December days—there one may discover joys, each in some little contrast, a touch of grey when the sun is bright and a kind warm red for the cold. So you can regulate your movements to your atmosphere, and there is always left a spacious wonderland for the imagination; which, after all, is part of the *ars vitæ*.

And that is the trouble with Canada. The fall once ended, we colourlessly await the cold winter. And winter is a tedious business, too virtuous, too unvaried, altogether too hygienic. It is disinfectantly clothed in the unhumanitarian white of the operating theatre. It stimulates the nerves to an unproductive restlessness, deadening the finer constructive faculties. And the summer? Well, latterly there has not been much to choose between the Old and the

New. As for the fall, Canada takes the prize, at the same time gracefully relinquishing any competitive entry in the spring handicap.

“To the American, to the Frenchman, to the quick witted of all nations, the English are distinctly dull,” wrote Mr. Price Collier in his admirable book, “but out of the root of dullness has grown an overshadowing national tree.” The simile is apt. The tree protects them from the weather which a smiling, all-seeing Providence has given them to supply their national deficiencies in the matter of spontaneously brilliant conversation. Truly the balance of the universe is wisely cherished.

J. E. HOARE

STE AGATHE DES MONTS

Unto thine healing hills we lift our eyes,
 The spent and stricken of a weary war,
 For whom, unless thou helpst, yawns a door
 On darkness, where the sun no more shall rise.
 Hide us a little from the peril that cries
 Upon our heels in cities' dust and roar,
 And of thine air and sunshine unction pour
 Into our wounds where Death's white arrow lies.

O kindly hills, like a strong mother's breast,
 Give of thy life to pallid lips that pray!
 O steadfast hills upon whose shoulders high
 The skies are borne, shelter us, sorely prest,
 And keep the world's rough battle far away,
 And give us peace and patience—or we die.

C. F. CRANDALL

ITALIAN NOTES

1912

IN this year of war, the new *Resorgimento* is a phrase much in use by the Italian press. That it is something more than a phrase must be felt by all sojourners in the land not so hide-bound in petty self-culture that they are ready to take all they are capable of absorbing from Italy's historic and artistic past without making any attempt in return to gain a sympathetic insight into her present.

For nearly a year the war has dragged itself out, and now, in spite of the recent occupation of the Eagean Islands, has come to a seeming standstill, disheartening to those who expected a walk-over. But the new stirring of national life has not slackened, as is shown whenever a patriotic anniversary, such as the Festival of the Statuto, on the second of June, gives it a chance of expression. As Richard Bagot pointed out last autumn in the friendly article in the *National Review* that brought forth such an outburst of gratitude from the Italians, sore from hasty English newspaper criticism on the war, one of its, perhaps unexpected, results has been the blow dealt to socialism.

In the midwinter months it was reported that the government¹ was nervous about facing parliament. But when it opened in March, and Gioletti moved the annexation of Tripoli, or rather, of the new province of Lybia, as it has been christened, the protesting speeches of the Radical opposition were of the most perfunctory type, without any fervour of conviction, and the motion was carried with wild enthusiasm by an overwhelming majority. This enthusiasm found an outbreak in the ovation given to the Royal Dukes, who, when they appeared in the Chambers, were greeted with shouts of "Viva Sabanda!" "Viva Casa Savoia!"

Never since Victor Emanuel's death has the House of Savoy stood on so sure a foundation of popular affection and respect as now.

And this affectionate respect centres round the King, that indomitable, wiry little man whose tireless work for the nation his people have learnt to recognize. Adoration is hardly too strong a word to express the general feeling for Queen Elena who, at a time when she herself was needing care, toiled for days amongst the sufferers at Messina, even receiving a dangerous blow in a struggle with a delirious woman in the hospital. The Italians have for ages enthroned the Mother and Child as their type of all that is dearest and holiest, and Queen Elena has become their symbol of maternal devotion. "She cares for the children," they say, and in a country where one never sees an unhappy or ill-used child that is enough. English converts at Rome, always more papal than the Pope, flavour their tea-parties with sneers at the Queen's simple origin, and tell of the red cotton handkerchief, her father, the old mountain chief, produced at her wedding. I have heard a member of the Genoese nobility speak of the stiff chilliness of the present King's and Queen's bearing at official receptions, as compared with King Humbert's genial gossip and Queen Margherita's courtly graciousness. "They are like two wooden images," he said, but the people know better. They recognize the warm hearts hidden under the shy reserve, a reserve which I hear has almost altogether worn off. The Queen's children, too, hold a large place in the popular fancy. My Florence landlady told me that after the attempt on the King's life her ten-year-old girl cried all day at the thought of how the royal children might have been orphaned. With a penny of her own, she bought a postcard, and the first thing her mother knew of the letter she had written to the Queen was when an answer came from the lady-in-waiting, to thank the child for her affection.

It was a stirring day in Rome, the 14th of March, the day on which the wretched youth Dalba shot at King Victor

as he and the Queen were driving to the early Mass in the Pantheon, for his father. For the first morning hours there was no sign, save the half-masted, crape-bound flags on official buildings in memory of King Humbert, that the day was to be different from others. Then, by degrees, groups of carabinieri were seen clustering at street corners, and men stood talking in grave voices. All at once, a shower of pink Messageros, still damp from the press, seemed to descend upon the streets. The cabby on his box, the nurse with her perambulator, the porter at the palace door, each had one. As I went up the Quattro Fontane, I saw a tram stop, so that eager hands might grasp the papers through the open windows. The man who supplied them had left his great pile of papers on the sidewalk, and, following the example of others, I dropped my soldo, and taking a paper, stood to read the tale of the royal couple's narrow escape and Major Laing's serious wound. Following the stream, I presently stood in the gathering crowd before the Quirinal, bright in morning sunshine. The white forms of the Great Twin Brethren, grasping their horses' heads, young in the eternal youth of marble, stood out sharp against the blue distance. The piazza fountain sent up its shimmering shaft of water to fall in sparkling drops. In the nearby garden the bronze form of Carlo Alberto sat his horse, his face turned towards the Quirinal as though he were brooding over the future of his race. As yet there was no dense crowd. That was to come later in the day, when the whole city surged up the hill in loyal protest. A semi-circle of carabinieri guarded the approach to the great doorway, but there seemed to be no difficulty of entrance. Shabbily dressed men and even women were admitted, after a parley with a plain clothes official, almost as readily as the uniformed ambassadors and generals who hurried up in motors, and carriages, and cabs. In the palace courtyard book after book was filled in a few hours with signatures of all sorts and conditions of men.

Before long, with flags and music, up the steep incline came the first deputation, and every moment the throng in the piazza waxed denser. Then all at once, a roar broke on the music, and hats and handkerchiefs waved in a black and white frenzy. High above, on the balcony where Pius IX used to savour the applause of his Romans before their great divorce, stood the King and Queen. The strong March sunshine brought out the blue lights in her black hair and outlined her full figure in its light dress against the warm umber background of the wall. The King was pale, and his smile seemed forced and nervous, as they bowed again and again in response to the cheers from below. Small wonder if he showed traces of the ordeal just past. Driving quickly through the quiet morning streets, he had heard the shot, had felt his wife fling herself before him, and seen Major Laing, officer of the body-guard, spur his horse forward and, taking the shot meant for his master, fall, apparently lifeless, to the ground. After a moment's confusion, the King had quickly given the order to drive on to the church, where he knelt through the service before his murdered father's tomb, and then, rising from his knees, had broken to his mother the news of the attempt on his life. With quiet dignity his task was accomplished, and then, though it was not yet known whether this attack might not be but the first move in an anarchist plot, widespread through the town, as soon as the party had reached the Quirinal he hurried off with one aide-de-camp to the San Spirito Hospital where Major Laing lay unconscious. Truly, Rome did well that day to show her King how she valued him.

The general sense of rejoicing at a national calamity escaped found vent in a clamour before the public offices surrounding the Quirinal, where the flags still hung, crape-bound and half-mast. Not even for King Humbert must there be any sign of sorrow in Rome to-day. The clerks, peering down, were quick to guess the cause of the outcry, and soon the freed flags were part of the wave of colour streaming over the tawny Roman roofs. Then groups

went on their way towards Queen Margherita's dainty palace in the new Ludovise quarter.

Happening that way, I loitered to watch their approach. A lump came to my throat as I saw on the central balcony a solitary black figure, bent with years and sorrows, remembering the queenly woman of twenty years ago, as she used to drive past, smiling, in the big carriage with the royal red liveries. It was not according to the strict Piedmontese etiquette, that she always upheld, for King Humbert to drive with her, so she was always accompanied by the Duchess of Genoa or one of her ladies, while the King drove himself in a mail-phaeton with an officer beside him and with plain dark liveries. But if he knew that she was in the Villa Borghese he always drew up at a certain corner and waited for her to pass, when he bowed a ceremonious greeting. But that was twenty years ago, and King Humbert sleeps in the Pantheon, and to-day, through the bright March afternoon Rome quickens to the growing excitement.

Before noon, all shops were closed, with a printed slip of paper pasted on the shutters, "Closed as a protest against the attempt on the King's life," and within an hour or so the mayor's proclamation calling on the loyalty of the citizens was posted in every street. On the Pincio, in the Corso, the crowds surged, and everywhere came a drift of music and cheers. Overhead a sea of colour rippled in the soft breeze, while in children's hands, on women's breasts, in men's button holes were miniature flags or scraps of tri-coloured ribbon. One could feel the heart of the people throbbing high as a new link was forged that day between the Italian nation and the House of Savoy.

Among other feelings roused by the war, seems to be a new popular interest in the grandeur of imperial Rome, as part of their own national past. The correspondents in Tripoli feed this interest by describing in fullest detail every bit of mosaic pavement, every mutilated statue that the soldiers come across in digging their trenches. That

such finds will be plentiful and perhaps valuable, no one doubts, and the government Department of Fine Arts already has its archæologists at work excavating a Roman cemetery and carefully arranging its spoils of glass and terra cotta. This popular interest is also being carefully nursed by the authorities. One mild Sunday morning in February, as I wandered on the Palatine, I noticed a group of bersaglieri standing at ease, while two young officers in their smart grey clothes lounged nearby. I wondered idly what they could be about and passed on, to come on them later clustered round a professorial looking man who was giving them a lecture on the surrounding history in stone and marble. It was clear that the men were interested, though I must acknowledge that their interest slackened for a bit when two or three girls with light silk scarfs round their elaborately dressed black hair and trim in their Sunday dresses, loitered near, or when a pretty American tourist cast an appreciative glance towards the jaunty feathered hats, but that was perhaps excusable. I wonder if it will ever occur to the English War Office to give Tommy Atkins lectures on history at the Tower, or in Westminster Abbey. But the soldiers were not the only ones being lectured on history. Any Sunday one can see groups of uniformed school boys being taken the round of the Forum and Palatine by their teachers.

While the school boys and young soldiers dreamed of calls their country should one day make on them, I noted a group of caretakers, all old soldiers, sitting huddled in a warm corner listening while one of their number read aloud from the Tribuna the tale of the latest battles and African exploits of "inostri," as they fondly call alike the men from Piedmont and the Abruzzi in the new unity of war. I am sure some Canadians have noticed the same welding of east and west in the troops returning from the Boer war.

Now that Italy has occupied the Egean Islands, her press recalls tales of old Venetian supremacy in those regions,

and of the Italian Grandmaster of the Knights of St. John who defended Rhodes in her last hopeless struggle against the Turks. On the 29th of May, the 459th anniversary of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, one newspaper unearthed the strange old legend of the mosque of St. Sophia. The tale goes that while the Mohammedan leader rode into the great church where the last Roman emperor had just fallen unknown among his soldiers in their last desperate resistance, an old priest, undeterred by the tumult around and by the fast approaching death, went on quietly saying a mass, and, raising his eyes to a sacred picture above the altar, offered up his life to the Virgin. As the foe swarmed towards him, the wall behind the altar opened, and, as priest and altar and picture vanished through it, closed again. Above the din of war sounded clear to all a voice, saying, "This wall will open and priest and altar and Virgin reappear, and the mass be finished when St. Mark gives a Pope to Rome." The writer points out that Pius X, the present Pope, went direct from St. Mark's to the papal throne, but he does not explain why eight years of his reign have passed without the prophecy being fulfilled.

Returning to Rome after fifteen years' interval, I could not but mark how carefully planned has been the imaginative grasp of the new order of things on that erstwhile lone mother of dead empires, now the ever-growing capital of a prosperous country. Standing on the Pincio at sunset, two horsemen seem to dominate Rome. Upon the Janiculum heights, on the spot where he saw his noblest die in their hopeless defence of the city, sits Garibaldi, darkly outlined against the western sky, looking down on the Italian Rome that was his life-dream, with not far away, at St. Onofrio, the massive, white shaft that nightly flashes its tri-colour light over the town, a constant message of remembrance from the Italians of the Argentine on the fiftieth national anniversary. And the second dominating figure is still more significant. Against the great, glaring white background of the monument, rearing itself like a

fresh scar against the surrounding mellow umber and red tints of old Rome, the gilded, equestrian figure of Victor Emanuel takes the last sun rays. It took courage to place him here among the immemorial traditions of the Capitol heights and close by the noble statue of Marcus Aurelius. But, as an Italian answered me when I asked why not give him a new place to himself in the Borghese or on the new *Passegiata Archeologica*, "We all regretted that the old should be intruded on, but he had to be there or nowhere. We could not give him the second place in Rome."

It is an enormous thing, that monument. Above the King, on two pylons, tower huge, gilded, bronze, allegorical groups, and all around and beneath him are masses of statuary and friezes and fountains. But, somehow, the one figure is not dwarfed, but remains the central fact and cause in all this pomp of marble and bronze, worthy of the most grandiose period of the old Roman Empire. It must be the innately heroic element in this man of grotesque features and unwieldy bulk that saves these representations of him from the ridiculous. His morganatic washerwoman, the Contessa Rosina, so sore a trial to his daughter-in-law, the Princess Margherita; his many debts that for years crippled his son's finances; his various uncouthnesses, are all forgotten and he is remembered as "*Il re galantuomo*," the first King of United Italy. This monument, unveiled for the jubilee year, but even yet unfinished, gives fresh cause to the constant outcry from tourists over the sacrifices of the old made imperative by the modern growth of Rome. But it is an open question whether such outcries are altogether justified. It is true that the 80's and 70's saw much civic vandalism, but in later years most changes have been carried out with prudence; and Conrado Ricci, head of the Department of Archæology and Fine Arts, watches over the treasures of the past with a knowledge and care that other countries might envy.

The opening up of the Villa Borghese as a continuation of the Pincio, is, next to the making of the tunnel under

the Quirinal, one of the greatest changes in modern Rome. True it is that the change could not be made without some harm to the Villa's exquisite Renaissance charm of bosky glades and broad avenues. Grand old cypresses and ever-green oaks have been felled for the making of new roads, and from the oval grassy pleasaunce the ghosts of ladies of old time have been driven by bicycle speeders. For all that, seeing the swarms of happy children rolling on the grass while the mothers sit sewing under the trees, and remembering that twenty years ago Rome had no public park, one feels the sacrifice was justified. At the other end of Rome, amid the ruins of the ancient city, changes that seem altogether good are in progress. The constant, if slowly carried on, excavations in the Forum are always opening up fresh discoveries, and broadening the sphere of interest, while the well-arranged shrubs and grass-plots in the central space give a new poetic beauty to the once bare ruins. On a February morning the breath of violets is in the air and the hardy pink roses nod on their sprays, while every dark cranny of the old stones is feathered with maiden hair. From the convent of Santa Francesca Romagna the nuns are gone, and soon it will be opened as a museum for objects found in the nearby ruins. Standing on the Palatine, one notes the Baths of Caracalla, freed from their surrounding slums, standing out in massive bulk, dark against the blue distance, while a fine new road, called the *Passeggiata Archeologica*, is in the making from the Baths to the Arch of Constantine, and past the Palatine out to the church-crowned Aventine heights. Then the unsightly remains of the old gas works in the valley will have vanished, and nothing will be left in the foreground unworthy of the outlook from the Palatine heights to the Campagna and Alban Mountains. When finished it will be a work worthy of Rome's great days.

Last year's Roman exhibition, celebrating the fiftieth national anniversary, was acknowledged to be a financial failure, some say because of the mistake that scattered it

too much about the city and made the various entrance fees too expensive for the populace. Others, again, put the blame on the underhand opposition of Vatican circles. Certainly, an English convert admitted to me that she had not been free to visit any of its branches. "When the exhibition is closed, I can go and see the new rooms at St. Angelo," she said.

But a thing may be a financial failure without being a moral one, and in these various exhibitions, in Turin and Florence, as well as those in Rome, there were many new national points of view opened up, many bonds tightened.

In the Baths of Diocletian, under the great vaults built by Christian slaves, was permanently arranged the Archæological Exhibition of the Roman Empire. Seen in the light of recent events, for it must have been designed at least a year before the outbreak of the war, one realizes how well it was planned to quicken the new spirit of imperialism that is passing over the land. Its divisions of national sections set forth the far-flung glories of the old Roman rule. There are models of monuments and triumphal arches hidden away in the wilds of Dalmatia and Roumania, casts of statues from the museums of London or Berlin of men who ruled the whole civilized world, war-trappings and chariots, and rude siege engines, a model of the Roman city of Tingat, a fresh Pompeii, uncovered of late years in the depths of Algeria, a statue of Hadrian found in the Soudan, pictures of the loveliness of lonely Grecian temples, all a careful lesson in the once world-wide might of Rome.

The ever-growing business prosperity of the northern Italian cities, notably Milan, has visibly influenced the old national habits of frugality. Not so many years ago, the villegiatura was a time of retrenchment on the family estates, or farm. Nowadays, in June, columns in the paper are filled with advertisements of mountain or seaside hotels with garage, band, telephones to the nearest town, as well as with long lists of furnished villas to let. And these hotels are about a third dearer than their like in Switzerland.

Trunks full of finery for frequent changes of dress are taken to such places, and night is turned into day, even for children, in a fashion maddening to northern folk.

Nowhere is this change in habits more evident than on the Italian lakes, fairest of pleasure grounds that ever lay at a great city's gates. Drifting past some northern fronting villa, its grey stone terraces and water-steps, its great magnolia domes and cypress spires speaking of a dignified past, the boatman tells one that the property is now owned by some rich Milanese family, who only come there for the summer months. Sitting in the lakeside hotel garden on a June Sunday, one marks the constant droning of motors along the road, and early in the morning and late at night their horns tell of the city dweller's long day's pleasure. In hotels, Italians are now more lavish in the matter of wine and tips than the foreigners, contrary to the general idea. Dress in Italy is more expensive even than in France, and every great lady wears costly furs and laces, not to speak of her jewellery, while the simplicity of her tailored gowns is of the best cut and material.

The fat, middle-class mother and anæmic looking daughter, taking their objectless afternoon saunter in the most crowded streets, are decked out in a cheap imitation of the latest extreme of fashion, and even the trim girls who run their errands with a silk scarf over their elaborately dressed black heads wear a dainty blouse and well cut skirt. No one spends more on street show and less on home comfort than middle-class families.

It is a debatable question how far Italian women have as yet shared in the last fifty years' national progress. They certainly possess a power of doing nothing which is amazing to their northern, still more to their transatlantic, sisters. Servants are still cheap and good, and they never dream of their mistresses giving them a helping hand in the lighter parts of their work. Sewing is still cheaper, and I have never heard of a girl making her own clothes, as is not infrequent with us. A little crochet or embroidery is considered ample occupation for her, unless she practises music.

But even here, signs of a better order of things are not wanting. The government has taken hold of the girls' as well as the boys' education and their high schools are cheap and excellent. I know an Irish family who are living in Sienna so that their daughter may attend the high school and get the best of education at a moderate price.

Often, in my Florence walks, when on winter afternoons I crossed the Trinita bridge to get a glimpse of the far off white Carrara peaks, I have loitered at four o'clock to watch the great doorway of an old palace disgorge its crowd of girl-students of any age above fourteen. Some were awaited by brothers or servants, some went away in cabs, but the greater number walked off in cheerful, unchaperoned groups, an impossible freedom fifteen years ago. Not only female education, but philanthropic work has been, in many cases, put on a modern secular basis, which is a great step ahead of the old conventual ways. Most people know of Queen Margherita's success in the revival of Burano lace work. Of late years many ladies of the higher nobility have followed her example in giving a helping hand to their own local industries. In the tourist quarters of every big town one now sees dainty little shops where hand-made laces and embroideries of good design and workmanship are sold by ladies' societies, free from the middleman's tax. Notable among these is one in the Via Babuino, in Rome, where the beautiful work of Sicilian peasant women is sold. I was told in the shop the name of the duchess who had organized this industry for the relief of her people's abject poverty, and the large income it brought in, but as I failed to write them down, both facts have slipped my memory.

During this last spring a significant move in aid of feminine work has been made. Under government auspices a meeting was lately held in Rome to shape the Woman's Branch of Italian Agriculture. At the Brussels Exhibition, the president of the Agricultural Society was much impressed by the Pavillion de la Fermière, and at the agricultural congress in Turin in September, 1911, he stated

his belief in the need of such work in Italy. The declared object of the new society is the economical and moral improvement and the general welfare of the country woman, to be attempted by means of practical lessons in gardening, bee and poultry-keeping, silk-worm raising, household accounts and domestic science. Prizes will be given for the best kept cottages, gardens, and poultry-yards. Women will be urged to inscribe their names in the National Insurance companies. The Society's influence will be used against the country woman's craving for town life and for unnecessary emigration, and its protection given against usurers and the usurious small shopkeepers, in short, every effort will be made to attach the contadina to her own village and home. The new association joins itself to existing societies, such as the Female Agricultural School of Niguarda, Milan, and that of Domestic and Rural Science at Florence, as well as with the Italian Women's Council and its permanent work for female emigrants and country industries. Tito Poggi, in a recent sympathetic article on the new society in the Milan *Corriere da Sera*, a paper read from the Ticino to Rome, dwells on the deplorable state, save in a few exceptional spots, of the contadina.

In rural districts, girls, like boys, are kept away from school on the slightest pretext, while they lack the after training acquired by the boys in the years of military service that shape them mentally and physically into manhood. Ignorance and superstition make these women's lives even more sordid than need be. Many do not even know how to grow or cook the vegetables they need so sorely, or to make or mend their children's clothes. They are not lazy, but the work they do is often of a misdirected kind. For instance, in Tuscany, especially around Florence, where once straw-plaiting was so thriving a trade, the women go on in blind atavism at work that only gains them from two to three soldi a day, while gardens and houses, not to speak of children, are altogether neglected.

War is the harvest time of the press, and during the last year there has always been a rush for each edition of the papers, while in the street there is a constant stream of loiterers reading the big head lines at the stalls. The first page of the papers is always filled with news from Tripoli, or the fleet, or with other nations' comments on the war, but I am sure that during the last month or two, most people, after a glance at the war news, have turned to the Paterno trial that dragged on for weeks in the discursive Italian fashion—ten speeches for one in a British court. Everything has combined to make this a *cause celebre*. Day by day, the young Baron Paterno, officer in a crack regiment, only son of a Sicilian nobleman, a fashionable leader in Palermo, Naples, and Roman society, has sat, with head bandaged from a self-inflicted wound, in the prisoner's cage, between two carabinieri, on trial for murder. In a fit of brutal, if not mad, jealousy, he enticed his mistress, the beautiful Contessa Trigona, to an appointment in a common Roman hotel and hacked her to death with a knife bought for the purpose. Until recently, lady-in-waiting to the Queen and wife of one of the King's equeries, the Contessa held a prominent place both at court and in society, and as her husband was Sindaco of Palermo, it fell to her to receive the royalties on their last year's jubilee visit to that town. Related to most of the Sicilian aristocracy, mother of two half-grown girls, popular, beautiful, she seemed to have all that life could give until she fell under the influence of Paterno's dominating virility. Scandal spread, and at last, her position at court lost as the result of a jealous scene Paterno had made at the Quirinal, her family's remonstrances braved, her jewels pawned to supply her lover's needs, a separation from her husband decided on, she made an effort to free herself. But it was too late, and going to the parting interview with her lover, she met her death. Every effort was made to save Paterno from the heaviest penalty by proving him irresponsible, but the experts disagreed and the efforts failing,

he has been sentenced to the living death of the ergastolo, the most severe form of solitary imprisonment known in civilized lands.

When the unhappy woman's love-letters were read in court, there was an attempt to suppress those referring to the royal family, but it was decided that all must be made public. In one of these she promises to send Paterno a photograph the King had taken of her in the park at Montecalieri, in another she rejoices that, having persuaded the Queen to take the Conte Trigona with her to Montenegro, they would, for a time, be free to meet often. Again, she assures him that at some court festivity she had kept her promise to have no conversation with the Count of Turin, the black sheep of the House of Savoy. All this must have been intensely mortifying to the King and Queen, though personally they stand far too high to be in any way harmed by this revealed corruption in their immediate surroundings. After all, Italy is not the only country where the lightning flash of such trials has illumined dark corners.

In the same paper that told of the grim end of the Paterno case, I read an account of one of the not infrequent attempts to break the strict laws as to the sale of pictures, laws that in many cases must be such a hardship. In this case, the authorities of the Brera gallery, at Milan, were already in treaty for four well-known pictures by Tiepolo, the Venetian, when they had cause to suspect some intended invasion of the laws. They were having the Genoan palace that housed these treasures watched day and night, when, to their amazement, the pictures were announced for sale in Paris, by the celebrated art dealer, Seidelmayer. The pictures were unique, and consternation was great. The owners having retreated to Geneva and refusing any explanation, the doors of their palazzo were broken open. When a locked room was found, expectation ran high. Again force was used, and there was an exultant outcry at sight of four, large, nailed-up packing cases on the floor. But,

alas! these cases only held the frames from which the canvasses had been cut. What will be the outcome of this affair is not known, but in another recent case, that of the collection Crespi in Milan, the government has made a compromise. The owners, sacrificing the gem of the collection, a well-known nativity by Correggio, have handed it over to the state on condition of being left free to sell the rest.

For my own part, my sympathies are rather with those impoverished remnants of families who, owning works of art an American millionaire would give a fortune for, are condemned to lurk in the chilly gloom of their dingy palaces without the comforts, sometimes without even the necessaries of life.

I have been guilty of the heresy of thinking as I walked through miles of galleries, what a boon to the scant museums of the New World, would be a few canvasses of the more prolific painters, such as Andrea del Sarto, Fra Angelico, or Perugino—no one would dare to suggest parting with a single Botticelli or Leonardo da Vinci. And there are in Florence rooms full of gorgeous tapestries from the old state works, stored away because there is no more room to hang them, while in Rome there are countless replicas of marble wounded Amazons, vestals and emperors that would never be missed, while the money they brought might take good water and roads to Abbruzzi or Piedmont villages, or even do something to relieve the salt and sugar taxes that weigh so heavily on the poor. Italy's treasures of historic art bring her a large annual tribute from other nations, but sometimes their weight almost seems burdensome to her. "E pur si muove," muttered Galileo in the bitter moment of recantation, and the words may well be used for his country to-day.

ALICE JONES

THE RHODES SCHOLAR

EVERY year more than half a hundred Rhodes scholars go down from Oxford ; every year more than half a hundred others go up to take their place. Every year the universities, provinces, or states concerned are called upon to select, from their best, one who will ably represent them at Britain's oldest seat of learning. The product and exponent of one educational system is sent to a new school whose ideals are the antithesis of his own. The radical advocate of the technical and practical is face to face with the conservative hobbyist—the devotee of liberal education. The function of the Rhodes scholar is to reconcile the two warring systems in his own person. He must be the conservative radical, the practical liberal, the old and the new. Miracles have been expected of him and miracles have been worked, but often they have failed because of unbelief. Every miracle has been a complete triumph over natural forces, for the law of nature has been rigidly enforced. The Rhodes scholar, product of one environment, must straightway adapt himself to new conditions of existence at an age when habits of mind and of body are becoming settled. In England, the classic land of compromise, there is no compromise with custom. The Rhodes scholar, not the Englishman, must adapt himself. This trait of the English character cannot be over-emphasized. It is often overlooked by those who lightly criticize the Rhodes scholar without taking the trouble to study the conditions of his existence.

Not a little dissatisfaction with the attainments of the Rhodes scholar has been expressed in various magazine or newspaper articles, British and American. Some of these articles have been not only unsympathetic but unfriendly. Some have even accused the Rhodes scholar of accepting hospitality without returning it, or of trying to found his

fortunes on hoardings from three hundred a year. Oxford itself is asking why the Rhodes scheme is not as successful as had been expected: the fault could not possibly be hers for expecting too much. The universities, states, and provinces are asking why more of their representatives do not appear in the First Class Honours list. Dissatisfaction finds widespread expression, apparently, because the work of centuries has not been done in a decade, because extraordinary results have not been accomplished by the very ordinary men who have been elected Rhodes scholars.

The Rhodes scholar belongs to that species of unfortunates which has a threefold reputation to sustain, a reputation for scholarship, athletics, and morality. In athletics and in morals his reputation has been unquestioned. More than one senior tutor or dean has commented upon his integrity and his steadying influence on the English undergraduate. As a class, the men are clean, almost Puritanic. Most of them are total abstainers; few of them even smoke. All are fully conscious of their responsibilities.

The certificate of moral character required of candidates is generally taken a little more seriously than is necessary. His college tutor once said to a Rhodes scholar: "I am more interested in manners than in morals." Another college has as its motto, "Manners maketh man." The certificate of the clergyman who asserts that the candidate in question "has always associated himself with those things that are lovely and of good report" will be politely accepted, but the real moral test has to be passed after the scholar's arrival in Oxford. Is he a gentleman? That is the test.

In a word, the English undergraduate stands aloof for some weeks. He—not always guardedly—notices how the stranger uses his fork, how he brushes his hair, how he conducts himself at his tutor's tea. If he does not sin against public school æsthetics he is accepted as a gentleman; if he makes a breach he is said to have "stamped himself." The news is flashed round the college in some mysterious way. The "best people" pronounce him "the wrong sort

of person to know." He is "cut" by all who are toadying for the favour of the "best people." He lives unknown. He hears tales of the two Rhodes scholars who competed for fellowships. The manners of the one were good, of the other indifferent. The one was taken, the other left. He wonders if, after all, the don is not merely an overgrown undergraduate. He feels that with both externals count for more than real worth. But, after some months go by and he has got to know both undergraduate and graduate, after he has joined in their sport and entered into their real thoughts, he finds that details are, after all, only details, and that their real test of a gentleman is what the cowboy calls "white." The American assumes that the foreigner is a gentleman until he proves himself the contrary. The Englishman takes no risks. On the other hand, if one proves oneself a gentleman, he is entertained as only an Englishman can entertain, and no questions asked about his morality. The Rhodes scholar's morality will, therefore, remain unimpaired provided he is a "gentleman."

In athletics, too, the Rhodes scholar has sustained his reputation at Oxford. The number of Rhodes men who represent college against college and Oxford against Cambridge is large, constantly increasing, and out of all proportion to the number of English undergraduates. No figures need be given to weary the reader, as the fact is universally admitted. Serious English papers discuss it, English comic papers poke fun at it, and the waters of the Cam have long been troubled by it. Even the rowing crew has been invaded by a Rhodes scholar, and, the spell once broken, others will follow the Australian's lead. Some Cambridge men even go so far as to say that Oxford now wins so often that it will be suicidal to sport.

A prominent theological tutor and writer at Oxford is authority for the statement that morally and athletically Oxford's direct gain from the Rhodes scholarships has been marked, but that intellectually there has been little effect. He admitted an indirect gain in the potential and prospective

widening of the curriculum. The Rhodes scholar fresh from a comparatively practical school, fresh from a new world with all the eagerness and power of youth in a youthful country, could not be entirely without effect on the intellectual atmosphere of Oxford. He comes with more or less definite notions of what profession he will follow, of the studies he wishes to pursue. As he does not always find the course he wants, he generally asks the reason why. His importunity cannot go unrewarded forever. Though there are conservatives who brand him material, there are also sound men who can see possibilities and ideals in the future as well as in the past. They know that there is nothing permanent but change. The recently attempted abolition of compulsory Greek shows some of the difficulties in the way of change,—the conservative appeal to unenlightened bias, their readiness to whip in all possible voters though they may have taken no interest in the university for years. But, in spite of such discouragements, readjustments are being made. Movements are on foot in Oxford for reform, and not the least of the influences that are spurring on this questioning, urging this self-analysis, is the influence of the Rhodes scholars.

The question remains, why do not more Rhodes scholars make firsts in the Oxford finals? If they are the best all-round students of colonial and American universities, why do they not take higher rank in English honour lists? If most of the men are already Bachelors of Arts, why do they have to work hard for three years and get no higher degree? Is it because the Oxford degree is so much superior? Various reasons have been offered at different times but no one reason is sufficient. There is a cumulative explanation of Rhodes scholar mediocrity.

In the first place, Rhodes scholars are not always the best students of the university, province, or state which they represent. The most likely students do not always become candidates; the most likely candidates are not always selected. To illustrate this statement is to labour the

obvious. In the New World where "the rage to live has made all living strife," the practical everywhere cries out in the streets, and on every page of our curriculum utility is written in capitals. In the New World, with its half-thousand degree-granting institutions, the value of an Oxford degree is not fully recognized. The graduate in science or in medicine may fail to see the value of a liberal education, may think the possibilities for advanced work at Oxford not sufficiently attractive, or the call to work may be so insistent that the more brilliant men are early pressed into service. The engineer goes off to track a continent, the doctor follows advancing civilization, the lawyer sees possibilities in real estate, the student of economics rushes into politics, and the Rhodes scholarships are left to the students of Arts who have not been absorbed by the professions of teaching and preaching, or drawn away in search of the magical Ph.D.

Further, the difficulties of selection have not yet been overcome. No organization has yet been evolved whereby the best man, absolutely, can be chosen even if the best man has applied. Notable cases of religious or political favouritism have done much to disgust some of the finer minds, to discourage some of the better applicants, to create a spirit of apathy in regard to the value of Rhodes scholarships and the success or failure of Rhodes scholars. "The moral of that is," says the Duchess, "that the best colonial and American students do not do better at Oxford because they are not the best."

Their inflated reputation is the second source of disappointment in Rhodes scholars. The candidate waxes in strength and in stature among friends who watch his development with keen interest. He passes from high school to college, from college to university, his reputation growing with the growing years. A big man in a little place, captain of a number of games, president of a number of societies, the white-headed boy of a number of teachers, his name goes up before the local committee of selection weighted down

by beautifying adjectives. His distinctions are forwarded to the Rhodes secretary at Oxford, who passes them on to the colleges accompanied by an application for admission to residence. The college authorities, patriotic men whose strongest superlative is "rather," whose highest compliment is "sound," naturally admit the most adjectival candidate and look forward with awe to his arrival. He comes, but proves quite human. He means well, tries a little, fails much. At the end of his three years he gets "a second" or "a third," and is considered rather a disappointment. Many an Englishman takes a third or a fourth or a mere pass degree and is considered anything but a disappointment. He had not been preceded by a big reputation nor damned by high praise.

But inflated reputation and second-rate ability are not the only difficulties with which the Rhodes scholar has to contend. He is cut loose from all the associations of youth and ferried across a wide sea. After much virtue has gone out of him, his green shade, condemned to wander on alien shores, is expected to flourish as on its native soil and to outdo the aborigines in vigour, energy, and intellect. Placed among men of different temperament, product of a different educational system, he has to succeed in work for which he has not been trained, in "schools" whose standards are entirely different.

By no means the least of his difficulties is the difficulty of climate. On his arrival in October, dampness enters his very soul. He shivers before his fireplace by day. He wriggles in damp sheets by night. In the morning he plunges into a cold bath in search of warmth. His first great longing is a longing for sleep, his next for food. Then he catches cold. Gradually he learns that to live in Oxford he must have more sleep, more food, more exercise than in any other part of the world. On the other hand, in no part of the world can his wants be better supplied. If sleepy, he can have his scout postpone the "half-past seven, sir, please," till half-past ten. If hungry, he can get almost any-

thing that the world provides to eat. If athletic, he can have almost any form of exercise that the world knows of, though he may have to take up an entirely new line of sport. In the latter case the moral is obvious. He is a Rhodes scholar, but he does not always shine. Even a Rhodes scholar can hardly be expected to lead an English Rugby team to glory if he has never played English "Rugger" before. Even a Rhodes scholar can hardly be expected to stroke the 'Varsity Eight, if he has never seen an Eight till his arrival in Oxford. Even apart from climate, he is not on an equal footing with the English undergraduate. The latter, coming from a home of culture, sent to the best public schools, goes to the college of his fathers. His training is step on step to the Oxford Finals. The former, often from a home where it is only within the last generation that the parents have been able to send their children to a university, the victim of crude elementary teaching, goes to a college or university for a smattering in a dozen subjects. The Oxford undergraduate's interest in a subject is often sentimental and traditional, but he is a specialist from the nursery. The Rhodes scholar's interest is always intellectual, but he is seldom a specialist. More often he is a restless smatterer without the love for quiet, thorough study so characteristic of the English hobbyist. Accustomed to reverence the authority of the text-book, he has to acquire the taste for original research and the ability to discriminate between text-books. At first he is bored with what seems to him dry dust—the endless controversy over the shade of Homer, or Plato's watchdog. From self-confidence he passes to despair, from despair to effort and at last he enters "schools" to disappoint Oxford and his own university.

There is another very important reason why the Rhodes scholar does not take a higher place in the class lists. He does not study as much as the English undergraduate. In this something must be said for determinism. Not all the blame is his. As a Rhodes scholar his interests are supposed to be universal. If athletic, he must "do what he

can for his college," as both undergraduate and tutor say. If he debates, he must do all he can for the college debating club. If literary, he must prepare a paper for a literary club. If an historian or scientist, he will be urged to join some special club in his special line. An American must join the American club, a colonial the colonial club. A patriot must be a member of at least two imperial clubs. This done, he will be sought by a hundred socialistic, economic, and suffragette societies. All this may appear optional, but it is an option with one choice. It is the reputation coming again to haunt and to annoy. Add to this the interminable social life; the breakfasts, the luncheons, and the teas, the coffee after hall, the supper before bed, the midnight prowler, and the scout with his never failing "half-past seven, sir, please." The wonder is not how little, but how much, study is done in term.

The Englishman is not subjected to the same temptations nor spurred on by the same incentives. The Rhodes scholar has grown so accustomed to hearing of his responsibilities that he almost takes them seriously. Immediately after his election, he is informed by the local committee that great things are expected of him. On his arrival in Oxford he is summoned to meet the Rhodes secretary, who gives him what the undergraduate calls a "pie-jaw." At every annual dinner he hears of the ideals of Cecil Rhodes, the success or failure of which depends on the Rhodes scholars' ability to absorb and spread the Anglo-Saxon spirit of dominance. He learns with a start that he is supposed to sit about his fireplace evolving schemes of imperial federation, forming friendships of imperial significance, and forging chains that will some day bind the Empire so closely that neither yellow nor brown, Latin nor Teuton, can tear it asunder. One of England's greatest earls has compared him to the boy scout whose duty it is to be to the front whenever a service can be rendered. It is the Rhodes scholar's duty to be on hand when plans are called for an Imperial Parliament or an Imperial Defence Committee. How can

the Rhodes scholar avoid acquiring an exaggerated sense of duty under such circumstances? If he be slow to acquire it, he is helped by the English newspapers.

Everyone knows he has three hundred pounds a year. He is expected to spend it all in Oxford. The undergraduates are not alone in this opinion. Even a junior bursar has been known to complain that Rhodes scholars' battels were smaller than they should have been. The Rhodes scholar, then, must entertain according to his allowance, regardless of starvation in vacation. He must work for his college in all manner of ways, for he has been damned by his reputation. As a result, he has no time to study in term, no money to take him home in vacation. At Oxford he meets the paradox that vacation is the time for study and term the time for "cutting" lectures, for weekly visits to a tutor and nightly visits to a club. In term he cannot study; in vacation he does not want to. The Englishman spends his vacation at home, the Rhodes scholar's home is beyond the seas. His exaggerated sense of duty tells him that as a beneficiary of Cecil Rhodes, as the hope of imperialists, he ought to know something of the Old Country and of the European nations that dominate the politics of the world. He feels that he should have some first hand knowledge of these countries and the language of at least one of them. Armed with the vocabulary of necessity, he spends his vacations in the British Isles or in Germany, Italy, or France. He sees for himself the companionable Saxon, the soldierly Bavarian, that compound of intellect and grossness—the Prussian. He may himself learn to explain Prussia's deification of Bismarck, her scorn of political morality, and Kiderlen Waechter's pleasure in feeding vultures on live cats. If an American, he will find a warm welcome in Germany. If a loyal colonial, he may soon feel that perhaps the German scare is not altogether unjustifiable. In Italy, where he went to live in the past, to burrow in the forum, or descend with Æneas to the lower world, he loses himself in admiration of the present. He is face

to face with the Italians of *Il Risorgimento*. Surprised that they are not "dagoes," astounded at their patriotism and alertness, their industry and self-confidence, he finds that he has to readjust his whole way of thinking. Gradually the art of comparison is acquired. He compares the Arc de Triomphe and the Brandenburg Gate; Nelson's monument and the monument of Victor Emmanuel; the Russian serf and the French peasant; the acoustics of the Parisian opera and the acoustics of the opera at Milan, or the *élite* of Paris in the Champs Elysées with the *élite* of Rome on the Pincio. The Wanderlust gets into his blood, the call of the unknown. His studies, which so far as schools are concerned were intermittent or impossible in term, are equally intermittent or impossible in vacation. But he has gained what Dr. Parkin calls "the comparative idea." He has got a first-hand knowledge of European prosperity and poverty, of its ideals and morality. He has got more—something that the after-dinner speaker at the Rhodes annual dinner often overlooks—he has the feeling that Anglo-Saxon supremacy is perhaps not as assured as he had expected to find it; that Anglo-Saxon supremacy is perhaps not as necessary as he had been led to believe; that after all it may not be true that in working for Anglo-Saxon supremacy one is working for the highest civilization and the world's peace. One may unconsciously compare the *Times* during the Boer war with *Le Moniteur* during the Napoleonic era. If, however, one still believes in Anglo-Saxon supremacy, one is the better for his first-hand knowledge of the chief competitors. He will have a saner patriotism for the knowledge of the virtues and vices of his rivals. The Rhodes scholar with second class honours and some breadth of view may not be inferior to the untravelled first class man who waves the Union Jack and calls all foreigners barbarians.

There are those who argue that Rhodes scholars should not travel, and, like Chesterton, say that the globe-trotter lives in a narrower world than the peasant. But is there no difference between a globe-trotter and a Rhodes scholar?

The man who reads the history of a country in that country, who visits its art galleries and its museums, who tries to get some accurate knowledge of its people—their customs, ideals and aspirations—he is not to be spoken of in the same breath with the Cook's tourist. The Rhodes scholar does not cross the Atlantic for a two-week's holiday in Europe. He does not tour ten countries in half as many weeks, nor does he have to consult his guide-book to remember whether the Coliseum is in Berlin or in Paris.

Others again argue that travel is vanity, that for the many travel is scant gain, while for the chosen few, most apt to profit thereby, it is a luxury, but no necessity. Of this opinion Rhodes scholars will be most sympathetic critics. They, too, have sat before Mona Lisa or a single picture in the Vatican while several "Cook's tours"—personally conducted—*did* the whole gallery. They have overheard the guide's professional criticisms: "Notice how that face though Italian looks Japanese." "Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very famous picture by Raphael. Raphael was a very famous painter." They have heard a Boston lady say of the Sistine Madonna in Dresden, "My, it will live, won't it!" They have seen the English lady shudder past that masterpiece which Ruskin had not praised, to search out some "glorious" picture which he had. They have seen her gaze in adoration and with bowed head; they have backed away. The Rhodes scholar will agree that for all who do not read, and for many who do, travel is "scant gain." He has seen both the traveller who reads intelligently and the one who does not dare pry into the meaning of the printed page. But is travel vain for him?

A glance at the annual reports shows the amazing number of Rhodes men who do educational work after "going down." What of the teacher who has travelled? Which is the better teacher, the untravelled book-worm or the traveller who reads intelligently and verifies by careful observation. Can a book-worm confidently affirm that Rome may for the third time be the world's teacher, if he

has only seen the Italian on a Canadian railroad right of way. No teacher could give only the dry bones of history who, like Trevelyan before writing "The Defence of the Roman Republic," followed the footsteps of Garibaldi and Anita in their heroic retreat from Rome. Classics could never be uninteresting if taught by a student who in youth had stood on one of the Seven Hills, caressed the excavations in the forum, or bathed in the bath of the Cumæan Sybil. No such traveller could live in a narrower world than the peasant. No such travel is vain. The Rhodes scholar may make but an average showing in "schools;" but armed with a sense of reality that comes from personal experience, he can be a greater force for the progress of education and from the point of view of Cecil Rhodes than if he had spent all his vacation in study and had failed to take advantage of the fact that he was within easy reach of several European capitals.

Nor does the range of comparison end here. At a time when the practical materialism of the New World is struggling for supremacy with the classic culture of the Old, the Rhodes scholar, made in the image of the one, is sent to be finished in the other. He begins again as a Freshman. Fresh from a university where attendance on lectures was compulsory, he comes to another where he can go to what lectures he chooses. After four years of college life, undisciplined beyond the college grounds, he enters upon a life of residence within prison walls. Hardly known to his professors at home, he comes into closest touch with his tutors at Oxford. Criticism and comparison force themselves upon him. One prefers the old, one the new, another the happy mean. Each has an intimate knowledge of the actual working of two widely different educational systems. While at Oxford he may not settle for himself which system is best, but as he thinks over his experience at both universities, as he meditates on the sources of his inspiration he can form a truer estimate of their respective merits than his less fortunate classmates who have known only one. If he takes as his standard

the efficient man,—the man most willing to serve his country, most capable of guiding its thought and of leading its people,—he may feel that the traditional graduate of Oxford living in his Palace of Art is less public-spirited, less capable of self-sacrifice, less willing to follow high ideals, than the vulgar product of the materialistic university on which he looks with scorn. Whatever his conclusions, he knows both systems at first hand, and knows too where he received his highest ideals and strongest impulses to altruism. As the years go by, as people have come to see that a man's degree does not always give an accurate indication of his future value to the community, as Rhodes scholar after Rhodes scholar has shown to the world the value of travel and the fruits of comparison, critics will know that the scholastic attainments of the Rhodes scholar are as creditable as his athletic and moral record is now admitted to be.

A Rhodes scholar, then, belongs to that species of unfortunates which has a threefold reputation to sustain—a reputation for scholarship, for athletics, and for morality. All agree that he is successful in athletics, Puritanic in morals, but there is doubt as to the intellectual value of his species. He knows within himself that though a disappointment to Oxford and to his own university, he will not be a disappointment to the future. Many have hesitated about their own candidature. None hesitate about advising their best friends to become candidates. The man who has read the imperial and foreign column of the *Times* for three years, who has discussed the European situation with his friends over his coffee, who has seen the Canadian navy from the point of view of imperial defence, can never again settle down to his sometime provincialism. The question as to who will get the village post-office is rather unimportant compared with the question of National Insurance, the Triple Entente, or Imperial Defence. The American who has seen his rich neighbour on the continent, or his countryman on the European stage, will not find it so hard to believe that the Englishman on the American stage may also be a caricature. The

Canadian who has read the ultra-imperial articles of his countrymen in the *National Review* and talked to the same men at home, may be too young to be cynical, but in after years it may help him to explain why certain of his companions surrendered all local colour or individuality on arrival in Oxford and became ultra-English in dress, in thought, and in speech.

The student who does not get a Rhodes scholarship, if open to him, misses the opportunity of his life. For the Canadian it means a keen interest in Europe, a sane view of England, and a more real, if less Jingoistic, patriotism. For the American, it means a more genuine friendship with the Briton, and a better understanding at a time when common perils and common interests are drawing the two countries closer together. For Oxford, it means athletic prestige without any intellectual quickening within. For the world, it means the preservation of peace and the progress of civilization, in so far as mutual understanding of rival nations can aid Cecil Rhodes in the "conscious pursuit of his great purpose."

D. C. HARVEY

CHILDREN AND OLYMPIANS

IS it possible that we, too, have become Olympians? asks Kenneth Grahame, at the end of a charming book about children, and it is a question that we find ourselves repeating with some perplexity, and a feeling that it is very unlikely indeed. There is nothing to make us believe that we have reached the seat of the gods which never storms disturb, and where the inhabitants divine rejoice forever, except that we have certainly come up a long way out of the valley where the children play, and now, somehow or other, it looks very green and sheltered and sunny down there. We quite forget the black shadows cast by the Olympians, their sky-blotting power, just as we forget the password that will admit us as equals among the valley people—we seemed to know it a moment ago, and it is gone forever. We are apt to sentimentalize over it, of course, and to ignore the fact that many children are extremely unhappy, with an intensity of despair that is never afterwards equalled, because in later life the sense of limitation closes upon us, and the knowledge of the transience even of the things we count permanent; that many children are dull and apathetic, and that many labour under a burden of confusion and real anxiety and misunderstanding, and emerge into grown-up life with a sense of freedom and relief, and unspeakable satisfaction in being able to direct their own affairs, and spread the wings of emancipation. Childhood ought to be, and can be, perfectly happy, but it certainly is not as a rule, as any group of Olympians will agree. One regrets it the more, because complete happiness is never afterwards possible, once the sense of impermanence has taken possession of us. The glory of our grown-up freedom is marred by the knowledge that we have come up from the valley of childhood to enjoy the wider view

and freer air of the hill-tops for a very short time before descending into a narrower valley where voices of children and Olympians alike fall into silence that nothing as yet has broken.

It is when we return to our children's books that our disquiet grows. They are not less dear to us, we appreciate them more, perhaps, but they are full of children. These we recognize in a way, their names and actions are familiar to us, but there is something new about them, something has come between us. Not long ago, as it seems, we knew these heroes, princesses, and victims as people in books. Not grown-ups, of course,—a book wholly about grown-ups would have been extremely dull—but people of an interesting age, who had real adventures, whom we feared, or patronized, or sentimentalized over when they were ill-treated or unhappy. We were like Mrs. Browning's conception of Euripides the Human, with our comfortable "droppings of warm tears" over Muriel Halifax and Friday's Child, and the Soldier of the Legion, and Somebody's Darling, and the little boy in "Misunderstood," who died in the sunset on the drawing-room sofa, of course, under his mother's portrait, and "The Graves of a Household" were kept green with more than their fair share of tears. It is a curious fact that children and criminals can combine real hardheartedness with strong sensibility, as our grandmothers called the sentimentality proper to young women in their day, and children are the frankest of snobs. The Barefoot Boy left us cold, but Little Lord Fauntleroy, in his velvet suits, with his golden curls arranged several times a day by Dearest, had a perennial charm. And how we longed to be adopted, or rather to be restored to our real parents, for no real parents could have been so persistently obtuse to our merits, so cruel and unsympathetic as ours were! So we believed, till, as time wore on, we realized that no adopted parents would have put up with us.

To go back again to our books, is to feel the old sensations and a new love too; old resentments, envies, unbeliefs have faded, our standpoint has changed. They, but not we, are the same. To us now these heroes and heroines of adventure are children—is it possible that we have become Olympians?

A great deal of poetry has been written for and about children, but almost none is concerned with one particular child. We can only recall the timorous wraith of Lucy Gray, and the proud though childlike form of Casabianca, unless we include those little creatures who live for us only in the poems that commemorate their early deaths, of whose voices we try to catch the echo as they play in fields of asphodel. They are shadow-like in a world of shadows, Absalom, the child of Constance, Mimma, Bella, Hugh of Lincoln, the little boy in "Aber Stations," and many more little exquisite ghosts who touch us lightly with flower-cold hands, sending through us a faint thrill of fear, some realization, world-old or prophetic, of the loss of a child.

The children who live in books are innumerable. A touch swings open the magic gate, and the immortal company come thronging through; Alice, Timothy of the copper-toed fairy shoes, the Ill-tempered Family, Madame Liberality, Melchior, Leonard, and Jackanapes, Simple Susan, rosy and modest in her fresh print dress and sun-bonnet, with her lamb frolicking beside her, and naughty Miss Barbara Case sulking behind; Sandford and Merton intelligently asking questions and deferentially listening to each other's replies, Tom and Maggie, Tulliver, Morleena Kenwigs, very conscious of being the niece of the great water-rates collector, "the boy on the famous grey pony," Rosamond shuffling along in her untidy shoes, but clasping the Purple Jar, Betsinda and Angelica, Tom Sawyer and Molly Gibsone, Little Peter with his hand slipped confidently into the palm of John Paqualin the charcoal burner, the Infant Phenomenon all grace and lightness with one little white trouser longer than the other, bearing in her hand

a very small green parasol with a broad fringe and no handle; the little lame fellow who could not dance the whole of the way after the Pied Piper, and who, haunted by the glimpses he had seen when the mountain opened, and bewitched by the music of the enchanted pipe, was destined to carry through life the burden of beauty which he could not express, as well as the burden of his lameness; Le Petit Chose, and Jacques displaying to him in mysterious exaltation and excitement the scribbling book containing his famous religious epic in four lines.

“Religion! Religion!
Mot sublime! Mystère!
Voix touchante et solitaire!
Compassion! Compassion!”

Once they were people of our own age, and now they have grown so little!

“Everything is good as it leaves the hands of the Creator; everything degenerates in the hands of man.” Children left to themselves are so delightful that it seems a pity that we clumsy grown-ups must interfere with them at all, and force our modes of thought, our ideas of conduct and morals upon them, gradually thrusting out all their original good sense which at six is instant and single, and teaching their honest and reasonable speech conventionalities and exaggerations of expression that are really the beginning of the complexity of our own troubled intercourse with the world at large. Children are so certain of the goodness and wonder of life, so wholehearted in their interests, so eager to tell us their experiences, and to demand our sympathy, until we say with our superior smile, “When you’re older you’ll know better,” and chill them with this palpable untruth. Later on when we see them spending valuable years in striving to get rid of the false and stereotyped views of life which we have imposed upon them, we begin to feel regretful. They manage to withstand our influence pretty well till they are six or seven, but with the beginning of school education, which generally means the

"leading-out" of the child from a state of clear-eyed, innocent, vivid interest in an enchanting world, into a place of dim and horrid confusion, where fundamental beliefs are said to be "not true," where realities seem to be exchanged for mysteries, where everything becomes puzzling, no wonder that a sense of heaviness falls upon the child, the blighting, incomprehensible touch of what will later be known as boredom. It is a fearful thought that any one of us may be responsible for that first dimming of the soul. Rousseau thought that all children should run wild, kept perfectly free of the contaminating influence of grown-up people until twelve years of age, but Emile was a purely hypothetical case, and there was a good deal that was fantastic mixed in his theories on education, and a great many fallacies among the truths contained in what Chesterfield considered that harsh and ill-written book. The main thing to remember is, that charm we never so wisely, children are bound to grow up, and we can only try to help them to grow into nice Olympians—and all our efforts may fail lamentably. Lord Chesterfield's ambition for his adored Philip Stanhope, "To unite (in his son) the knowledge of a scholar with manners of a Courtier, to join what is seldom joined, Books and the World," was never realized, in spite of the infinite pains he took with him. It resulted in a cold and dreary prig, inarticulate and pedantic, lacking address and charm in spite of his father's unwearied reiteration of "The Graces, the Graces." Chesterfield could not have too much of reading; Rousseau firmly believed that the child, taught and encouraged to read, was merely being taught the thoughts of others at a time when he should be acquiring thoughts of his own. "The abuse of books is destructive to knowledge. Imagining that we know everything that we have read, we think it unnecessary to learn by other means. Too much reading serves only to produce presumptuous ignorance. Of all ages in which literature has flourished, reading was never so universal as in the present, nor were men in general ever less learned."

The average person does not read at all, he merely drugs himself pleasantly with print, because he has not been taught to find resource in other ways. Deliberately to "create the reading habit," as an American advertisement has it, in a child who is without the natural love of books, is not only undesirable, but a proof of our own laziness, dullness, and immorality. It is less trouble to put a book into his hands than to teach him some rational occupation, the simple decorative arts, perhaps, which would train him in manual dexterity, and create a feeling for form and line and colour invaluable because it is a pleasure and a possession for life. Every child can be taught to observe, and even if he has no particular gift for natural history, should know one bird from another, and the common everyday names of the flowers and trees at our doors. Present day parents, however, suffer from the obsession that children will "catch" education like an infectious disease, if enough exposed to books, just as they expect to catch it themselves from an Italian opera or the sermons of a popular preacher or a modern English play. There are people to whom everything they see and hear is "an education in itself" to be swallowed whole, as it were; people who absorb so many complete educations in women's clubs and so on, that life becomes a mere condition of passive receptivity which changes to the positive agony of over-repletion when the intellectual season is at its height, and no day passes without its lecture on art, literature, politics, patriotism, or home-making. This last subject has a mysterious fascination for peripatetic mothers, and they will listen to any quantity of theory on the subject from apparently homeless men and women, disregarding the fact that in the meantime their children are roaming the streets, picking up a quite comprehensive education on their own account at matinées and miscellaneous tea-shops, and moving picture shows.

Nobody, of course, wants to under-estimate the value of literature to life. Don Quixote's housekeeper cursed the books that had cracked the best head-piece in La Mancha,

but the ingenious gentleman himself, in times of bodily or mental distress, was wont to "have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to bethink himself what passage in his books might afford him some comfort," and most of us have found refuge and relief in times of anxiety in books, and know the real consolation for grief that lies in poetry, perhaps, in the mere familiarity of noble words. And to deprive all children of books would be to deprive our Olympian selves of one of the joys of life, the excuse for buying and re-reading our old loves in new and beautiful editions before sending them to our small friends, and of the most inspiring flattery in the world, the eager enthusiasm of children for a story. Of course, the best foundation for a love of literature is laid in the years before a child learns to read for himself. It does not always follow that a child who adores Chaucer at four will be a literary prodigy at ten; he frequently has a healthy and permanent disregard for all books by that time, and has no recollection of his infantile precocity. And the little girl who recites speeches from Shakespeare in her babyhood usually develops a mad passion for "Curfew must not ring to-night," and the morbid reiteration of the May Queen's dismal egotism when she goes to school. But the child with the inborn love of literature in him will acquire something in his early years that one can scarcely make up later, the feeling that he has "always" possessed certain legends and allusions and names, the indefinable security that he knows good writing from bad, and that unconquerable, though disguised, sense of pity toward those for whom books do not exist, which the direct and simple speech of the bookless calls "side" and superiority with cheerful indifference. There was a family of children who were told stories from their babyhood by an Olympian father, very much in the didactic, profoundly moral style, and with the Juggernaut pomposity of Mr. Barlow, except that the Olympian father possessed a treasure-house of inexhaustible wealth and variety instead of a memory, and his deliberation and assumed grandiloquence merely overlay

his wisdom and humour, and an inimitable gift for story-telling. He never condescended to talk down to his audience, and his slow, involved sentences were delivered with most impressive dignity. "Poetry or prose?" he would ask before beginning a story, and if poetry were demanded he would instantly turn out quantities of rhyme of the most weighty description, extremely suggestive of Mr. Barlow, if in a moment of abnormal hilarity Mr. Barlow could have descended to mere verse, but always with an undercurrent of humour that kept interest and laughter alive. His special line was detail; his curious knowledge of the size and contents of Jack Horner's pie, the exact manner in which to cook an elephant's-foot steak, the precise consistency of the cake supplied to the three schoolboys whose disposal of it was so very different, the minute particulars of adventure, stratagem, and bloodshed, were things to live in the memory. There certainly was a good deal of bread-stuff round the currants, however.

"Let me recount to you an incident in the career of Buonaparte," he would say. "It was in the opening years of the nineteenth century, when the great Napoleon was at the zenith of his power, that he cast his greedy eye upon Spain," and so on. Or it might be the story of Goethe's early life, which began with a fishing expedition in which he was portrayed as "going early in the cold, grey dawn, when as yet Sol had not displayed his kindly face above the horizon, to draw the chilly inhabitants of the waters into his net in order to take them back to the parental hearth, for the purpose of acquainting them with the boiling kettle and the frying lard." "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was always prefaced thus: "The poem which I am about to repeat to you, commemorating in a very touching manner the death, at Corunna, of one of England's most illustrious sons, is by a young Irish poet of singular genius and promise, Charles Wolfe, a lamp too early quenched." The two little boys who paid him early morning visits could not endure the "Burial" and at the words "Not a drum," nothing

could be seen but their vanishing heels on either side of the bed. The family learned to take the temperature of the mental atmosphere, so to speak, by a hasty survey of the books they saw spread round when they sought their father in search of entertainment. If his gods, Scott or Macaulay, were on hand, any indulgence might be confidently demanded, and there were various other works the perusal of which one might with discretion interrupt. But the dreary volumes of Milman's Latin Christianity, the style of which always fired his inflammable temper, warned the boldest that he was utterly unapproachable, immersed in the profoundest gloom, and surrounded by an atmosphere so electric that no one dared venture near for fear of an explosion that made one tremble to contemplate,—no one, that is to say, but the youngest, who was gifted by nature with an irresistible smile and ease of manner, invaluable assets in the career of fraud and imposition which he had embraced from his cradle. For him no times or seasons existed, and when he thrust his affairs upon the blackest attack of Latin Christianity, the Olympian father roared as gently as any sucking dove.

They learned an astonishing number of stories and plays and poems painlessly, thanks to this family custom of story-telling; they also learned to know good, clear English when they heard it; and the use of a large, if violent vocabulary, and even a casual acquaintance with Don Quixote, and Tartarin, and Falstaff, and the Princess Badroulbador, and brave Horatius, was a tremendous gain, to take the strictly modern view, when they came to "learn literature" at school. "You are so clever," they used to be told, when, as a matter of fact, they were no more clever than the chameleon which reflects the nearest tint, or than those insects and animals which assume the protective colouring of the trees and plants among which they live. When their Olympian father undertook to teach them a school lesson "in five minutes, so that they should never forget it," he always fell into volcanic wrath long

before five minutes had expired, and predicted a dismal future for them individually and collectively, consigned to the deepest depths of ignorance and incapacity. Block-head, dullard, ignoramus, were the mildest of the epithets hurled at their heads, accompanied, in the case of the boys, by a Greek or Latin grammar. After this, grown-up life seemed to have a distinct flavour of disappointment about it, and some years later one of them realized that it was due to the fact that in spite of these prophecies, they were all walking along the unremarkable and uninteresting road of the commonplace and the average. The abysses yawned in vain for them, and it seemed that if the heights were inaccessible, a few of them might have achieved the other sort of distinction, and so justified their father's exciting, if lurid, expectations.

The intellectually good child suffers for her virtues in our present school system, and because she is interested and interesting is compelled to spend half her school life in profound boredom, while the jackasses are dragged up the slopes of Parnassus, to quote a famous headmaster. And there is much to be said for the jackass who might be quite brilliant at something on the level of his own natural ability. What is gained, for example, when after some years of supposedly intelligent teaching, a child, without any natural love for books, and with no comprehension of them, either hereditary or acquired, laboriously writes a paper on English literature containing such treasures as the following:

"Milton was a poet of the 17th century principally. He was one who wrote for all times. He is noted for great sublimity, great variety, great neatness, great smoothness and high polish. His style was solemn and religious, also solid. He was very learned and very deep. His works can be read by all people, but they must be very well educated to understand them."

A pathetic touch that, from the jackass.

Macbeth.—"Naturally the guests couldn't see the ghost, and wondered why Macbeth was looking for a seat. Lady Macbeth took hold of her husband, and made him sit down. She told the guests that he was often that way, and would soon recover. . . . In the end she realizes how awful was the deed which they have committed, and she goes slightly mad. Macbeth goes from bad to worse. From this we see that of the two, Lady Macbeth had the finer character."

"Shakespeare has a different style for each character. He wrote from all ages, and many countries."

The prayer of the king in *Hamlet* is quoted thus: "O entangled soul who struggles to be free, and with each effort becomes more entangled. Angles make vigorous efforts to disentangle and help me. Poor stubborn knees and heart of steel, become like the pure soul of a newborn infant, and all may still be well, and I may receive pardon."

"Coleridge's poem is about a sepper-ship whose captain was the Ancient Mariner. While sailing along one day they saw a queer animal coming after them, this beast was no other than the animal of good luck. The animal refused to be driven off, and after some time it became quite a pet. One day the Ancient Mariner shot it. The pilate and the pilate's son went crazy."

Fatuous, ineffectual yesterdays indeed! One occasionally comes across a touch of unconscious poetry in children, as delightful as it is rare, as in the essay of the little girl who said "A cemetery is God's dustpan," and the statement that "Eve was so called because she was born in the cool of the day."

Poetry, which is not a luxury, not an affectation, but a necessity of life, should be said to a child, said over and over, long before he is taught that these vagrant, lovely things that he listens to with shining eyes, and chants himself, half-uncomprehending, are caught in cold print, and held within the covers of a book. It is well to guard against self-consciousness, however, or you may make both yourself and the child ridiculous. For example, take the Olympian

governess, or in this day of disguises, mother possibly, who was the other day walking through the grounds of McGill University with three children. She was English, education and refinement radiated from her, and to her little charges, sprigs from an academic nursery no doubt, she was reciting poetry in a clear, mellow, expressive, but resonant voice. It was neither John Gilpin, nor the Walrus and the Carpenter,—“Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon,”—she was assuring them.

“What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou’rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.”

The small boy “wondrous frolic” was kicking up his heels on the grass with yelps of delight, disregarding her entirely—what boots poetry to a pacing mustang on the boundless prairie—but the two little girls trotted attentively one at each side of the goddess, already, though their combined ages might have been seven and a half, with the dawning anxiety in their eyes, and the tense expression of those doomed to have “the windows of their minds thrown open on all sides,” which an intellectual mother used to express as her aim for her own children. She succeeded so well that the draughty discomfort of their mental condition when they grew up was indescribable.

The reading child is rare, but when we find him, we should have a sense of responsibility imposed upon us, and with the knowledge of how to read, we should try to convey the gift of discrimination, and exclude all knowledge of the trivial and the common. And when they do read, skipping is an art which almost all children practise, and which need not be discouraged, for after all, to pass by what is not for you, and to seize upon and make instant use of what is, is a very useful accomplishment. It is not the reader, but the victim of the print-habit who decries the practice of skipping as the mark of a trivial mind, and who believes that some immense mental or moral benefit will be conferred on him if he plods dully through the volume

which makes no appeal to his mind or imagination, and which he has opened by mistake. Faith is a very touching quality even when it is not distinguishable from superstition, or the primitive and still persistent belief in magic that lurks surprisingly in every heart, could we but penetrate the prose of ordinary intercourse. A real reader can "tear the heart out of a book" while the conscientious self-improver is looking for a bookmark in order to know, next time, where he left off.

To go through the bookshops, particularly at Christmas time, is to long for a censor of children's books, some one with the voice of authority to protest effectually against the quantity of rubbish, ugliness, and cheap humour that is destined to find its way into nurseries and schoolrooms. There should be an annual bonfire of new books for children, and the most offensive authors should be pitchforked in with their own pernicious works as added fuel to the flame. There is no necessity to give a child new stories; childhood is the time for the oldest stories in the world, and there are so many delightful editions of books that are worth while, that there is no excuse for not giving the child the best, and with the illustrations of Caldecott, and Kate Greenaway, Hugh Thomson, Ford, Birch, Maxfield Parrish, Dulac, Arthur Rackham, and the admirable work of many others, there is an opportunity to satisfy the love of colour innate in children and savages, and to develop any latent artistic susceptibility, as well as to train the imagination.

Ugliness should never be put before children, certainly not the crude and unimaginative ugliness of the American "comic" book. No child really thinks Buster Brown, for example, either pretty or amusing. He is not of the child's world, nor of the fairy world. The child instinctively shrinks from the grotesque, but he is an imitative animal, and as a being new to earth and sky, is not only anxious to learn, but also not to hurt the feelings of the giant on whose knee he sits, so he gives up his whole soul to the study of the thing that is so amusing to the Olympian,

and can be readily taught to see beauty where no beauty exists, in the distortions that pass for funny pictures, and humour in the sophisticated legends beneath. There is a certain type of ugliness, of course, that has dignity. The primitive simplicity of line and colour in the pictures of Shock-headed Peter, the ill-fated Harriet, Johnny Head-in-Air, and the rest, completely satisfies the child, and the ugliness of the Countess Gruffanuff, and of the Prince of Crim Tartary, and of the Duchess, is of an entirely different order, and rouses a quick appreciation of humour, but at the same time inspires respect. No one could be familiar with much less patronizing to these distinguished members of the aristocracy, and it is exactly the absence of respect, and the vulgar familiarity of the so-called humour of much modern illustration that makes it so debasing and vitiating not only to the children's taste, but to their manners and morals as well. This is a serious count, as the manners of Canadian children scarcely exist, and the morals of the young, brought up in view of a plutocracy which they are taught to revere, to exalt, and to strive to attain unto ultimately, are not likely to be robust. That the child should be keen where money is concerned, at a surprisingly early age, is perhaps not startling when one considers that parental encouragement and approval are always expressed in terms of money; it is the bribe and the reward. The Canadian mind is essentially commercial, and one begins to think that the true Canadian note is struck in the school child's essay on Enoch Arden. "So Enoch went home to his bed, and slept forever. Philip of course paid all expenses, and Enoch was buried in the old village cemetery in a very costly way." Could one better express the height of Philip's moral beauty? Money should mean nothing at all to a child, and we might with profit to ourselves adopt the Japanese view of it as a purely commercial necessity, never to be spoken of in ordinary intercourse, and only to be handled wrapped up in paper, and with our faces turned apologetically away.

Of all the great Olympians in children's books, Mr. Barlow stands preëminent. His supremacy admits of no question. He is thoroughly liked, and in real life would be sincerely loved by children. His relentless driving home of every moral, his nice adjustment of punishment and reward, are accepted with unquestioning, inflexible approval. Moreover, he had the first essential to a real contact with that little people of infinite reserve, he took them with complete seriousness. He was always ready to enter thoroughly into their work and play, and to direct and share their labour, as well as to instruct them, and his inexhaustible fund of information was constantly at their disposal. How this remarkable clergyman found time to attend to any parochial duties at all is an insoluble mystery when one recalls that he dug in the garden with his pupils, that he helped them to build a house, that he taught them a pleasing and ingenious way of curing cats of killing birds, that he explained by practical illustration the principle of the lever, and the working of a magic lantern, that he supplied them with accurate, if miscellaneous information, as to the ways of Greenlanders, Kamchatkans, whales, and wolves, and how to cure gout; that he described avalanches, and encouraged discussion upon the respective merits of town and country. Mr. Barlow's weakness, of course, lay in his unbridled passion for reading aloud. No doubt he did it well; we know he did on the unimpeachable authority of little Harry, who told the Poor Cottager that "On Sundays Mr. Barlow read the Bible in Church, so well and so affectingly, that everybody listened, and you could hear a pin drop upon the pavement." Mr. Barlow should assuredly have married Miss Simmons, friend and benefactress of the Unfortunate Highlander, had not he discovered that she too "was famous for reading aloud." If she had concealed this talent on the night he spent at Mr. Merton's, and had tactfully persuaded Mr. Barlow to entertain the company by reading aloud in his incomparable manner the story of Sophron and Tigranes, she would have

struck him as an uncommonly sensible, modest, young woman. But alas! her mad vanity was her undoing, and she lost her chance of being asked to share his labours,—as she might well have done—all but reading aloud in church. It is regrettable, for she certainly had all the qualities which might have persuaded him away from celibacy.

Second only to Mr. Barlow for resource and sagacity, comes the redoubtable father of the Swiss Family Robinson, also a clergyman. The gifts of these men, their amazing physical and mental vigour, make the modern clergy seem hopelessly inefficient. And the mother of the family deserves a high place for the ineffable calm with which she faced every situation, and prepared appetizing meals, in the midst of extraordinary perils, out of the most disconcerting materials, dealing with an *ægouti*, a bustard, or a cocoa-nut crab as though she had taken prizes in desert-island cookery all her life. When the ship in which they were was in imminent danger of total destruction, "Let us take food," said this woman of admirable poise, "nourishment for the body gives strength to the spirit." A profound sentiment which strikes upon the ear with an almost Teutonic beauty.

It would be very interesting to establish a library for children from babyhood up to twelve years old, not a library which should aim at educating a child along any particular lines, for that is of little use—patriotism, for example, as consistently taught in the United States, ceases to be a natural, heroic virtue, and becomes so localized that it degenerates into a public nuisance, expressing itself in noisy advertisement, whereas it should blow over the mind an informing spirit, free as the viewless wind,—but books full of that power of suggestion in which lies the great art of teaching after all.

The books of Juliana Horatia Ewing, which contain the most perfectly human children in all fiction, do not appeal to the child so much as to the grown-up person for this very reason, though read aloud, they are favourably received as a rule. But children feel vaguely that the

"people" are too like themselves. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ewing's complete works should be in every child's library, for unconsciously she creates a high standard. It is true certainly, that in "The Story of a Short Life," and probably in "Jackanapes," she sometimes machine-makes a situation, and treats it with a touch of morbid sentiment, but nowhere else does this occur, and there is no writer for children who has ever approached Mrs. Ewing for insight and humour, and a precision and delicacy of touch that never allows the sympathetic comprehension of a child's point of view to verge ever so slightly upon the sentimental. She has no imitators, because her genius and her charm were peculiarly her own. Her Olympians, it is true, her godmothers, and uncles, and friends-of-the-family, share her own qualities of generosity, and sympathy, and humour, to a much greater degree than is common with the Olympians we knew ourselves, but they remain human beings all the same, though it is not the good fortune of every child to know them.

One can readily get the first fifty books for a child's library, which after all, are nearly enough, even for the voracious child :

1. Mother Goose. 2. Struwwelpeter. 3. Lear's Nonsense Book. 4. Child's Garden of Verse. 5. Rhyme and Reason. 6. Blake's Songs. 7. Alice. 8. Poems of Ann and Jane Taylor. 9. Bab Ballads. 10. Lays of Ancient Rome. 11. Æsop's Fables. 12. Lafontaine's Fables. 13. Tanglewood Tales. 14. Children's Treasury. 15. Pilgrim's Progress. 16. Parables from Nature. 17. Arabian Nights. 18. Ingoldsby Legends. 19. The Christmas Carol. 20. The Rose and the Ring. 21. Waterbabies. 22. Mrs. Ewing's books. 23. Parents' Assistant. 24. Moral Tales. 25. Sandford and Merton. 26. Grimm's Fairy Tales. 27. Andersen's Fairy Tales. 28. George MacDonald's Fairy Books. 29. Andrew Lang's Fairy Books. 30. Some of Mrs. Molesworth's books. 31. Some of Laura E. Richard's. 32. Swiss Family Robinson. 33. Gulliver's Travels. 34. Don Quixote.

35. Robinson Crusoe. 36. Lamb's Tales. 37. Tolstoi's Short Stories. 38. Lord Redesdale's Tales of Old Japan. 39. Baron Munchausen. 40. Just-so Stories. 41. Jungle Book. 42. Treasure Island. 43. Midshipman Easy. 44. Tom Sawyer. 45. Ivanhoe. 46. Tale of Two Cities. 47. Tales of a Grandfather. 48. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 49. Greek Heroes. 50. Undine and Sintram.

This may prove inadequate for some children, and some of the books may be wholly disregarded by others, but the child who knows and loves most of these books at twelve years of age may safely be said to have a sound enough judgement, and a sincere enough appreciation of literature to withstand any subsequent epidemic, however severe, of L. T. Meade and Horatio Alger, Jr., and will in later life prove immune from Phillipps Oppenheim, R. W. Chambers, and the six best sellers.

Let us, who have found the way for ourselves by devious paths, show the child the straight road to the land of enduring and faithful friendship, where each may make and keep his own place, and find among its pleasant and unchanging conditions, sanctuary from the harassments of a changing world. It is a strange world, in which we lose our personality and yet possess our place; where some friends are dearer to us than those friends fashioned as we ourselves and daily with us; the only world where time, absence, or change of fortune make no difference, and where our dream-children never grow so big that they run beyond the reach of our clasping arms, and turn into men and women who look at us with strange and challenging eyes.

M. G. COOK

THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

A DIALOGUE

“I HOPE that I have not kept you waiting. I promised to call earlier, but—as usual—was delayed by the street cars. What is the subject of the lecture to which you said that you would take me?”

“It is on ‘The pig in lore and legend’ but we need not start yet. These functions never begin punctually and, of course, I expected you to be late. I have passed the time by looking into Renan’s *Souvenirs d’Enfance et de Jeunesse*. I notice that here, in his old age, he regrets having devoted his life to literature and expresses a belief that science is the key to the problems of the nineteenth century.”

“I agree with him entirely. Literature, for the so-called man of general culture, is now hardly more than an intellectual curiosity, and for the specialist it generally means a florilegium of bibliographical and biographical details. You cannot deny that for some time past students of literature have been content to play a miserably insignificant part in the progress of civilization. While pathologists, historians, psychologists, philosophers, and dramatists are helping to create a new age, the average exponent of literature is only too delighted if he can discover how many aunts Shakespeare had, how Latin might have been pronounced, or whether the Greek drama originated in the worship of one’s ancestors. As you yourself dabble in literature, you will not agree with me.”

“Well, I certainly do think that your view is based on insufficient observation.”

“How can one come to any other conclusion? I conceive literature to be the expression of those subtler thoughts and

emotions which cannot be communicated by argument or plain narrative, but which need form and style to convey their full meaning. If the ordinary journalist wrote about ladies' head-dresses or pet birds, the efforts of his fountain pen would be adequately assessed at the value of the ink expended. Yet Addison and Catullus have produced true literature on these themes. Now as such thoughts and emotions can reach us only through the medium of another man's brain, and as many of them have dropped among us, like meteorites, from distant ages, whose customs and language are so different from our own, they need a body of scholars to explain and appreciate them. Such is the function of the modern critic. It is a useful and attractive occupation, but at the feast of literature, such exponents are like the men who lay the table, hand round the dishes, and advise you on the choice of wines."

"Your description may well apply to certain present-day tendencies, but it is scarcely true of the real field of literary study. The great Sainte-Beuve maintained that the true critic was gifted with literary sympathy which enabled him to reconstruct a picture of his author's mind, and thus became more a creator than a commentator. But apart from that, the study of literature opens up a whole world of thought and speculation, which, apparently, are never dreamt of in your philosophy."

"If you think that 'The pig in lore and legend' can wait, I should like to hear what you have got to say."

"I mean what is generally called comparative literature—"

"I half expected that. But you are behind the times. Some years ago, people used to think that some such science might well be constructed, and tentative efforts were made in that direction. Now men realize that such a study is a luxury, because every trained specialist must also be a student of comparative literature. The more he narrows his inquiry, the more deeply it penetrates and the wider it spreads. Suppose someone chose to devote his life to the most circumscribed and, I must add, to the most superficial of our great

classics. I mean Addison. He would have to begin by making a minute study of the Silver Age in Latin literature, especially of Horace, Juvenal, Seneca, Lucan, Silvius Italicus and even of later writers like Prudentius. Then he would have to make himself familiar with the French Augustan age, and above all with the difficult author La Bruyère. He would further have to know as a specialist the history of literary criticism, especially the influence which Aristotle exercised all through the Italian and French renaissance, down to Bossu. Nor is this all. He must be acquainted with the development of the allegory. He must have traced it through Plato and Ovid; followed its digressions in the post-classical interpretations of Vergil; kept an eye on it through the Middle Ages, and must have seen what idea men had of it in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He must be initiated into the mysteries of classical scholarship, especially into the art of writing Latin verses, with all their subtle combination of ingenuity and imitation. He must have followed the development of journalism after the Revolution. He must understand the intricate politics of the time; the coffee houses, the wits, the current ideas on travel, letter-writing and education. He should have a knowledge of the history of the novel, the essay, and the dialogue. And lastly, in addition to a sense of literary form only to be acquired by wide and discursive reading, he must be intimately familiar with a host of voluminous writers, including Steele, Swift, Gay, Pope, and Samuel Johnson. And all this research is needed to interpret a modest rather narrow-minded little man, who aimed at saying the simplest things in the simplest way and whose best work was intended to be merely 'an entertainment' to his readers and, at the most, the one day's 'talk of the Town.' Just think how many literatures and languages must be studied to elucidate the more complex authors like Chaucer or Shakespeare. Why, no scholar could explain a simple notebook like Ben Jonson's *Timber* unless he were an accomplished student of comparative literature. In fact, no period, no author is isolated, but strikes root into a

far time. Thus the more a student focuses his energy on the thorough understanding of a single writer, the more varied must his reading become."

"All that you said is quite true, but has no bearing on my theory of comparative literature."

"Why not? By comparative literature I suppose that you mean the study of influences. Such scholars as Loliée, Texte, Reinhartstöttner, Moellendorf, Süß, Stemplinger, Zielinski, Bosanquet, Posnet, H. O. Taylor, and the contributors to the *Types of English Literature* series, leave us with the impression that imitation is one of the conditions of inspiration. They trace the migrations of thought, showing how ideas and forms of expression arise in one country and spread to another and then another, till Euripides is rediscovered in Racine, Juvenal in Johnson, Terence in Erasmus, Du Bartas in Milton, Gongora in Lyly, Aristotle in Lessing, Ibsen in Bernard Shaw, the Apollo Belvedere in Goethe, and Goethe in Carlyle and Matthew Arnold. In my opinion, the present tendency of literary criticism is to overrate the importance of 'influences.' But even where such resemblances are not superficial, the man who attempts to coördinate them is losing his time. As I have said, a host of learned and experienced scholars have given up their lives each to the interpretation of some special author or period, and they are the proper people to investigate the sources of their chosen study. Their labours may not help to solve the riddle of life, but they are thorough and give their readers an insight into the depth and complexity of all true learning. Comparative literature merely authorizes one man to attempt the work of an army of specialists."

"'Sancta Simplicitas!' Why, comparative literature only begins where your description of it ends. My ideal student does not aim at doing the specialists' work for them. He is himself a specialist, who puts their work to a new use. He does not confine his investigations to the tracing of parallels and resemblances, which, as you say, can be done far better by the departmental worker. His field is the philosophy of

literature, and he uses the mass of data collected by other scholars wherewith to construct the laws of literary production. So you see that he must think of many other things besides the discovery of plagiarisms which, from the speculative point of view, are often more curious than instructive. At the same time, much can be gathered from the study of 'influences.' You have thrown doubt on this possibility, so I had better begin by showing what the philosopher of literature can learn when he sees how one age or auther has inspired another. He looks over the ascertained facts within his reach and finds that one scholar has shown what influence the Alexandrine school, for instance, had upon the Augustan poets, Thucydides on Livy, or Seneca on Corneille, or Boccaccio on Chaucer, or Vergil on renaissance criticism in Italy, or the fabliaux on Rabelais, or the Dutch Latin plays on Lyly, or Horace on Pope, or Addison on Bodmer and Breitinger, or Dante on the Pre-Raphaelite school or"

"Yes, I quite understand all that; in fact, it is what I have been trying to say. But how does your theory of comparative literature improve on such work?"

"In this way. After collecting all such instances, and perhaps adding a few more of his own discovering, he proceeds to inquire how this interaction came about. By a process of careful comparison and deduction he finds out under what conditions an age is 'influential,' such as the ages of Pericles and Louis XIV, and then again under what conditions an age is receptive, such as the reigns of Augustus and Elizabeth. He also asks what kind of causes brings about a universal movement such as the mediæval epic and the romantic movement, and then a purely local or national florescence, such as the German *Aufklärung*, or the Pre-Raphaelite school, or the Oxford movement. While pursuing this line of research, he must reckon with all that moulds the thought of men and modifies their way of expression: not only political and social changes—wars, alliances, the rise and fall of classes and religions—or the great contagious outbursts of enthusiasm which from time to time have passed over Europe, but also more common-

place and accidental developments, such as the improvement of houses, the cultivation of gardens and the invention of railways, not to mention matters of direct literary interest such as the establishment of printing presses, the sale of books, the art of the theatre, censorship, patronage, travelling scholars, and all the hundred ambiguous and tortuous ways by which two writers, separated by space and time, may yet hold communion of thought and expression without the one understanding a word of the other's language. And lastly, these political and sociological considerations must not blind him to the more academic questions of style and form. There is a subtle magic in the arts of expression, and our student must note how and when one writer copies another out of sheer love for the literary type, yes, and often centres his imitation on some whimsical peculiarity, till the true characteristics of his model are lost sight of."

"And you think that the workers in comparative literature whom I have mentioned completely miss these opportunities?"

"Almost completely. For one reason, most of them have confined their researches to one period or writer. That is the way to collect minute and often valuable facts, but not the way to see what part these facts played in the creation of thought and expression. Take, for instance, Comparetti's *Virgilio nel Medio Evo*. It is an amazing compilation, telling us how the *Æneid* was first studied as a storehouse of Latin grammar, then anathematized as a wile of the devil, then interpreted as a mystic allegory of life, and lastly wondered at as the work of a magician. And yet it is only a mine, a quarry out of which you must dig facts for your own use. Suppose that study had been accompanied by a parallel inquiry into the history of Aristotle, Cicero, and Plutarch, showing what ideas and superstitions gathered round these names and changed with the progress of thought. And suppose that the volume had been concluded with a chapter on the eighteenth century translations of the *Æneid* and with some account of the poet's complete, if not excessive, rehabilit-

ation in the nineteenth century. We should then have studied the Vergilian legend in relation to other tendencies of the time, and we should have seen how and why his cult illustrates one of the most curious phases in the progress of human thought. So Comparetti's book is, to my mind, an example of how a work may suffer through an imperfect application of the comparative method. Now take an example of a theme which suffers through omitting that method altogether. Herr Franz produced in 1906 a laborious inquiry entitled *Das literarische Porträt in Frankreich in Zeitalter Richelieus und Mazarins*. You can judge of its thoroughness when I tell you that he first read through that complete library of quartos generally alluded to as *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*. Yet, once again, we have nothing but a dictionary of facts, without the advantages of alphabetical classification. If only he had compared French 'préciosité' with the little we know of the Augustan circle at Rome and with the more complete idea which we have of the contemporary character-writers in England, he might at least have shown how this most curious literary type marks a certain stage in the advance of culture. No, it seems to me that the average writer in comparative literature is bent on amassing facts but does not look below the surface for the truths which underlie them. It is only here and there, in such books as R. C. Christie's "*Étienne Dolet*," and Villari's "*Savonarola*," that one gathers hints of what comparative literature may become. I know of two writers who have put this method to its fullest use, Taine and H. S. Chamberlain. But in neither *Philosophie d'Art* nor *Die Grundlagen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts* is the purpose literary."

"So you think that it is the specialists' business to discover 'influences' and the task of the exponent of comparative literature to form his theory on the results of their research? In other words, the specialist is the surveyor who marks out certain districts as fertile and the literary philosopher comes on afterwards and cultivates the area."

“Partly. But as I have already said, the study of ‘influences’ is not the chief function of comparative literature. As the very name indicates, our student’s business is to compare. He will find it far more instructive to examine differences. Has it not struck you as most significant that Greece should create a certain type of epic, that a Roman should take that epic as the model for a similar poem, and that then an Englishman should draw inspiration from both, and that all three (assuming for convenience sake that Homer existed) should yet produce something essentially different from each other? I do not, of course, refer to the obvious political, social and linguistic features which inevitably colour the work of three men composing in different ages and countries. I mean the deeper, less audible voice of the epic spirit, whose tones and modulations can be detected only when the three poems are in front of you, side by side. Again, how was it that antiquity created a certain type of drama, that England and France (not to mention Italy and Spain) accepted this model in the sixteenth century and yet produced a literature so fundamentally different each from the others? And again, how was it that both countries produced their best drama in the seventeenth and not in any other century, while Germany, drawing on the same sources of inspiration, produced yet another type of drama and that too in the eighteenth century? Then, as a contrast, turn to the Roman satira. You find it profoundly modified, first by Lucilius, then by Horace, and then by Juvenal. Yet in northern Europe, unlike the drama and the epic, it retains its old classical spirit intact and, again unlike the epic and the drama, it is completely effaced in the nineteenth century by the novel and the short story. These three instances should be enough to show you what instructive problems arise as soon as one begins to compare the history of literatures, but let me give you a few more examples. Take the renaissance. Why did this movement, in Italy, find vent in an assertion of individuality, while in France, the imitator of Italy, it subjected itself to law. And while on this period, let us consider the essay. Some people

claim that even this type originated in ancient Italy and they quote such names as Horace, Varro, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius. But it is one of the advantages of the comparative method that we learn to distinguish the true spirit of a genre from what is a mere adumbration of form, and the student soon convinces himself that the essay was the peculiar product of the renaissance. This fact alone is important. It shows us where to look for one of the keys which unlock the sixteenth century mind. But there is more to be learnt. When we begin to study the essay, we discover that the type suddenly sprang into a glorious existence in the hands of Montaigne and we note that the French nation first produced the combination of intellectual curiosity, suave scepticism, wide reading, and conversational charm, which is the soul of the true essay. When we push our investigations further, we are surprised to find that France never repeated this feat but that England suddenly became the land of the essay, and, from the days of Bacon to Charles Lamb, has again and again produced the greatest masterpieces in this genre."

"What is the cause of this transmigration?"

"It would take too long to give a full explanation, but you might notice that the French essay decayed partly through the rise of the salon and of court literature. At places like the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the Louvre, and Versailles, the men naturally gifted as essayists came too completely under the influence of conversation. Literature followed the artificial brilliance of talk, and so humanists wrote maxims, epigrams, and '*pensées*' instead of discourses. But while literature in France became aristocratic, England was already inspired by the sober, discursive, democratic spirit, with its eagerness for ideas and self-improvement and its curiosity in life. There were clubs and coteries and, later, coffee-houses where argument stimulated thought, but salons never existed to any extent and conversational preciousness was confined to a very limited circle. However, I merely quoted the essay as an instance of how the failure of a genre in one country may help us to understand its success in another.

There are many other examples equally good. Why did lyric poetry spring into a short and imperfect existence in Greece, an even less perfect existence at Rome, and then, after fitful and timorous efforts in mediæval Latin and one short if glorious outburst at the renascence, find full and free scope only in the nineteenth century? Why was it the eighteenth century in which sentimentality first pervaded the novel and the drama? Or again, take the idea of the devil and the idea of the gentleman, which run like threads through post-classical civilization. I do not propose that an exhaustive sociological or antiquarian study should be made of either of these conceptions. Such an inquiry would occupy a lifetime to itself. But think of the mass of pure literature, which centres round both ideas. Compare the pictures of the devil in the early Fathers, the Fabliaux, the Exempla, Dante, Luther, Marlowe, Milton, and Goethe; and again, the ideal of a gentleman, first in the Roman moralists, then in the mediæval books of courtesy, then in the theories put forward by such men as Erasmus, Ascham, Montaigne, and Lyly, then the culmination of the renascence conception in Faret's *Honnête Homme* and Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, and lastly its degeneration, on the one hand in the cult of Lord Chesterfield, and on the other hand, in such books as *Le Neveu de Rameau*. Then the student might conclude by finding out how and why a new gentlemanly ideal arose in the nineteenth century. I am well aware that such comparisons may become whimsical and sciolistic, but, if employed with a scholar's knowledge and meticulous conscientiousness, they reveal the secrets of past ages. Nothing lies nearer the heart of man than his conceptions of the devil and of a gentleman. The one is an allegory of sin and assumes a different character in every age and rank of society, according to the actions which various types of men have learnt not to do, so that Satan is sometimes an invisible magician who inspires evil thoughts (as with Saint Augustine or John of Norwich) sometimes a supernatural buffoon who can be mocked and cheated (as in the fabliaux) or again, in Milton,

a combination of Hector, Œdipus, Archbishop Laud and Arimon. Just as the devil is a symbol of man's struggle with himself, so the ideal gentleman symbolizes man's attitude to his fellows. . . ."

"Excuse me for interrupting you again, but I already understand your point fairly well, and I fear that you are going on to quote yet more examples. Now it seems to me that you conceive comparative literature to be almost entirely the study of periods and tendencies. You overlook the personal element altogether. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and so does literary inspiration. I believe that the greatest movements can often be traced to an obscure idiosyncrasy lurking in the brain of some genius. According to your system, the history of literature is merely a record. It can never become a philosophy unless you learn to wield Ithuriel's spear."

"There you touch the fundamental weakness of all literary research. Books are only one of the many products of the human mind and give but a very attenuated insight into its labyrinthine depths. What you have said does not specially apply to comparative literature. Besides, our science is not intended to give a whole and complete impression of literature. It is meant to supplement the labours of the specialist. Nor does it neglect the personal element as much as you suppose. To begin with, the most original genius never escapes the influence of his spiritual environment. Sir Thomas Browne would not have believed in witches, if he had lived in the nineteenth century; Luther would not have attacked Rome if he had entered a thirteenth century monastery; Vergil would not have composed the *Æneid* if he had lived a contemporary of Cicero. On the other hand, both Villon and Nashe would have been far greater if the one had lived at the time of Victor Hugo and the other in the age of Addison; so would Heine if he had been born fifty years earlier. But surely it is universally admitted that the first, though not the only, step towards understanding an author is to understand his age, and I have tried to show you that

this preliminary knowledge can be most fully acquired by a process of comparison. Even when we come to the more intensive study of an author's character and individuality, we shall never get our nearest to the truth unless we compare him with others. In order to understand Konrad, the composer of *Rolandslied*, we must compare his work with *Chanson de Roland*; to appreciate Heinrich von Veldeke, we must read his *Eneit* side by side with *Roman d'Eneas*. If we want to disentangle the one note of sentiment and sincerity in Tibullus and Propertius, we must bear in mind the work of the other erotic poets, not only Sappho and the Greek anthology but Abelard (though he wrote letters not verse), Shakespeare, Goethe, Heine, Baudelaire, Moore, and Byron. I doubt whether a student can feel the true significance of Wordsworth's nature-poetry unless he reads the other masters of this school: I mean poets as widely different as Lucretius, Lamartine, and Shelley. However, I have said enough to demonstrate to you the possibilities of a comprehensive study of literature and if we stop now we have still time to hear the last half of 'The pig in lore and legend.' The lecture, if well done, should, in itself, be an interesting example of the comparative method."

"Wait a minute. I am still half unconvinced. I admit that useful work may be done along these lines, but only, it seems, in a fragmentary way. You claim that this comparative method leads to the philosophy of literature. But where is your connected view of the growth and development of books? You must give the student a grasp of the principles of literary evolution if comparative literature is to be classed with other recognized studies. Now, I cannot see how you would do more than pick up here and there a number of rather suggestive inferences, which might supply material for occasional monographs."

"If you think that, you have quite misunderstood my elaborate exposition. In order to collect our data we shall have to investigate a number of apparently more or less disconnected phenomena, and any one of these studies might,

as you say, form the subject of a monograph. But such inquiries will lose nearly all their value unless they follow one another in a continuous history of comparative literature, each one adding its quota towards the principles which we are trying to formulate."

"Then you would suggest a chronological survey of the literature of the world, beginning, I suppose, with the *Vedas*, and ending with *The Patrician* and *L'Age Dangereux*."

"Nothing quite so comprehensive as that. Remember, my method is not designed primarily to give the student an array of facts—though facts are the basis of all true knowledge—but rather the truths behind those facts. So I should handle my material with this end in view."

"Well, what would be your scheme of study?"

"It is difficult to give you more than the merest adumbration of a sketch. When making an experiment, you have to feel your way, and in a comparative history, there are many questions of method and arrangement which could be settled only by one already engaged in the task. I do not think that I should begin with Greek literature. We are trying to get at the influences—social, ethnical, domestic, political, climatic—which cause literary thought to change its form and volume despite all efforts at imitation, and we are trying to discover this by seeing what types and what ideas throve in different ages and nations. Now, the sources of Greek literature are too obscure and too uncertain for this purpose. We do not know the conditions under which their best work was produced—how, for instance, the Homeric poems came into existence, or what was the aesthetic intention of an Athenian tragedy. Besides, one feels in reading their masterpieces that though the Greeks could say what they wanted with the utmost lucidity, there is always something at the back of their minds which we can never hope to comprehend. Who can pretend to understand the *Bacchae* or the *Prometheus Vinculus* or some of the Homeric scenes where Ares and Athene joined in the battles round Troy? But if we cannot know enough

about Greek thought to build theories on its process of production, we shall learn much by studying what other people have thought about it. A historian of comparative literature would refer again and again to the poetry and prose of Hellas, but only for comparison—to throw into relief certain types of later literature and to illustrate certain phases of thought. To my mind, Rome is the proper starting point for our inquiry. Of course, we shall not give a complete history of its literary output. The student can find that in J. W. Duff. For our purpose, ancient Rome is the proper place in which to study four types of literature. The first is oratory. We should begin by considering the conditions which made rhetoric so integral a part of Roman civilization; then we should study Cicero's speeches and by comparison with Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isaeus, and Demosthenes, we shall find out what is the native character and greatness of these orations. Then we should investigate the Roman's own idea of the principles of oratory, comparing Aristotle's *Rhetoric* with Cicero's and Quintilian's treatises and Seneca's *Suasoriae*, and we should end by showing how the declamatory spirit pervaded all forms of Latin literature. Thus we shall have discovered how a literary type—oratory—arises, of what excellence it is capable, in what atmosphere it thrives, how far its influence can spread. But the picture is not yet complete. We have considered eloquence in one civilization only and must test the truth of our deductions. So we turn to other literatures, we study the oratory of, say, Bossuet and Massillon, Burke and Sheridan. Again, we investigate the social milieu, the literary ideals of the age, the training and genius of the orators and the style of their speeches. By this method we detect what factors in Roman eloquence were merely accidents of the forum and the senate house and what factors reappear in altered form to influence the pulpit under Louis XIV and the House of Commons under George III. The two next types to be considered are satire and erotic poetry, about which I have already spoken. We shall need once more to

draw on many literatures to complete our idea of both these genres, but nowhere do the necessary influences meet so completely in their production and nowhere do their essential characteristics stand out so clearly as in the Greco-oriental civilization of the Principate. Then we come to narrative poetry and show what interesting forces underlay the creation of the self-conscious epic. Need I say that the *Æneid* is the perfect type of this genre? As I have shown, we cannot make Homer the pivot of such an inquiry, but we must read him to bring out the essential difference of the Vergilian spirit, and we must not forget Lucan and Statius and the Roman parodies of epic poetry. Then we must go on to consider Milton, Voltaire, Goethe, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson, amongst others, in order to understand the various environments in which epic inspiration cannot live. This section would be closed with an examination of the Vergilian scholiasts—Servius, Prudentius, Macrobius,—who exposed the fantastic ideas of their own time while they thought that they were expounding Vergil's.

“The next section would be concerned with the Middle Ages, and you will now begin to see the advantages of chronological treatment. All through this period the chief countries of Europe were divided between two civilizations. While the native languages were growing into literature, the vaster and more profound culture of the time was still under the domain of Latin. As the first section will have taught us something of the classical spirit, we shall be able to see more clearly how this ecclesiastic and scholastic literature differed in idiom and in ideas from the writings in the old Roman language. Gradually the atmosphere of the Middle Ages will be revealed to us as we watch their divergence from classicism, first in the Lives of the Saints, then in the legends of Vergil and Aristotle, then in the interpretations of Cicero's philosophy, then, to leave the ancient for modern languages, in the romances akin to the antique, such as *Roman de Thebes*, *Roman de Troie*, *Roman de Jules César*, and in Chrétien de Troye's imitations of Ovid, and while we com-

pare these French poems with their classical sources, we shall also compare them with their imitations in Germany and England. We shall now be in a position to consider the native epics of the Middle Ages: *Chanson de Roland*, the Arthurian Cycle, *Nibelungenlied*. The documents, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, are too obscure and complex in their origin to be studied for their own sakes, but they will be used, in the first place, to complete our picture of mediæval civilization, and secondly, as nearly all were adapted and paraphrased in different countries, they will also help to show us how France, Germany, and England were developing national individuality. In these inquiries, there will frequently have been occasion to notice the tendency to allegory, especially while sketching the development of the post-classical interpretation of the *Æneid*, and now will be the most convenient time to introduce the study of the fable and the story. The fable originated, for our purposes, in the hands of Æsop, Phædrus, and Avianus and though the genre was at first despised, its scope and method in classical times must carefully be studied and its ultimate development from Bunyan, La Fontaine, and Perrault to the Pre-Raphaelites and French symbolists, traced in detail, if we are to understand all that the Middle Ages can teach us about it. In this way, we shall be able to form a new and more complete idea of such difficult allegories as *Roman de la Rose* and—what is more important—we shall be prepared to study the last literary feature of this period, the art of story-telling. The tendencies and ideas which called this genre into existence meet more clearly and completely at this epoch than at any other time. What kind of people composed mediæval narratives? Who listened to them or read them? What state of society and manner of life made them possible? What is the difference between the German 'Gemuth,' the 'esprit gaulois' and English 'humour?' We shall answer such questions by showing how the '*chanson courtoise*' came into existence, why it decayed in the twelfth century and was replaced by the *fabliau*. We shall consider

connected stories as different as *Parsival* and *Renard* and a multitude of tales varying from the songs of troubadours to *Exempla* (a field of literature never yet fully investigated). As usual our method will be one of comparison. We shall form an idea of the narrative gift in classical times by reading Euripides and Ovid; we shall move forward through Boccaccio, the French and Italian novelettes and the renaissance *facetiae* and jest-books to discover exactly how the conception of story-telling changed with the changing age. We shall end by comparing the old fashioned tale with the modern short story, which begins to appear in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

“Our third period would of course be the renaissance. We should preface this section with a discussion on the culture of Periclean Athens to show clearly how the great humanists of the age—Dolet, Erasmus, More, Poggio and others—were irreclaimably children of the sixteenth century, though they thought that they were Grecians. As we shall have had the advantage of studying both Roman and mediæval civilization, we shall be in a position to understand the complex conflict of ideas out of which the renaissance sprung. We shall understand why some forms of mediæval thought—such as ‘vision’ literature and goliardic poetry—died out, while other types, such as lampoons on women, the idea of the Seven Deadly Sins and ‘group-satire’ lived on. Such books as *Eckius Dedolatus*, *Encomium Moriae*, *De incertitudine et Varietate Scientiarum* now become supremely significant, though they are generally neglected by literary students, and the importance of the witch controversy will be realized. I am well aware that this gruesome and fanatic series of books is not generally regarded as literature, but the superstition had sunk so deeply into the minds of Europe’s best thinkers and poets that the subject cannot be overlooked and by means of the comparative method we shall come to see how the works of Sprenger, Agrippa, Scott, Bodin, Stearne, Filmer, Glanvill, Casaubon, Wagstaffe, and Webster really record the history of one of the profoundest spiritual

changes which have passed over Europe. The renaissance, too, is the age in which to study tragedy, comedy, the essay and the idea of a gentleman, always, of course, looking back to antiquity and forward to modern times and making the renaissance the centre round which we group our researches.

“Just as the study of antiquity and the Middle Ages prepared our minds for the renaissance, so the study of all these three ages prepares us for the romantic movement. Most of the eighteenth century literature will already have been dealt with but before passing on to the works of a Scott, a Heine, a Shelley, a Victor Hugo, or a Leopardi, we must pause to examine the neo-classicism inaugurated by Lessing and Winckelmann. A better theme for comparative literature could hardly be imagined. With our knowledge of the original Greek genius, of the Italian classical revival in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of the French so-called Augustan age in the seventeenth, we shall be enabled to trace clearly the causes of this German movement and to single out its new and significant tendencies. So we should eventually reach the nineteenth century. It would take far too long to explain all the literary problems which, in this setting, present themselves for solution. Amongst other things, a new field of speculation would be opened up as soon as we began to trace the influence on thought of practical inventions and scientific discoveries. The growth of the love of nature would now be discussed, and of course we should endeavour to find out the essential difference between the words ‘classical’ and ‘romantic.’ One of our most important inquiries would centre round the character and development of the novel.”

“You have omitted several subjects essential to comparative literature, for instance, the history of criticism and didactic poetry, and the development of aphoristic literature, sentimentalism, and the epistulary art. But I think I understand your idea. You hold that besides studying literature we should find out the general laws of its production and that to accomplish this we must find out how each

school, movement, or type came into existence and along what lines it developed. This is difficult for want of sufficient data, but the causes which are often hidden or only partially operative at the other epochs, can be nearly always clearly traced at some particular age. So you pass down the course of history, discovering the genesis and character of some kind of literature at each stage, and stopping to digress into the past and the future in search of corroborative evidence, before you resume your progress. When you have constructed this body of theoretical knowledge you hope to be able to apply it to the literary problems of our own time and shed the light of the past on the obscurities of the present. It is an ambitious project, worthy of Phaethon. To my mind you could never traverse so vast an ocean without becoming inaccurate and superficial. I can well imagine you weighing anchor to the tune of scholarly research and eventually putting into a port rather resembling Mr. R. G. Moulton's *World Literature* which, though admirable and suggestive, is a book for amateurs and not for students."

"If by superficiality you mean the neglect of some things which are of importance to the specialist, you are right. We shall not need to investigate what book Hamlet was reading when he called Polonius a fishmonger, nor discuss the meaning of 'sub-imagine' in book VII of the *Aeneid*, interesting and curious as such researches may be. On the other hand, we cannot be too academic and meticulous about some other questions. To assume that Ben Jonson's *Timber* is an original work, that La Bruyère was influenced only by the classics, or that the *Tatler* is less historically significant than the *Spectator* would mean sheer disqualification for the study of comparative literature. However, I admit that such a study as I have sketched would be a life work. But it is surprising how much one man may accomplish if he makes a proper use of his authorities and does not play bridge."

H. V. ROUTH

MRS. BOSWELL'S JOHNSON

IN the brief sketch, to be found in an American edition (1895) of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of the life of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is stated : "In 1769 . . . he [Boswell] married Miss Montgomerie. Not much is known of this lady, except that she was a relation of the Earl of Eglinton, as Boswell took care to inform the people of Scotland in his Letter to them in 1785. Johnson's opinion of her qualities was very low ; but she probably concurred with old Lord Auchinleck in thinking the great lexicographer 'a brute.'" In the recent English edition (1910) of the *Britannica*, there is the further statement that "neither Boswell's father nor his wife shared his enthusiasm for the lexicographer. . . . Housewives less prim than Mrs. Boswell might have objected to Johnson's habit of turning lighted candles upside down, when in the parlour, to make them burn better. She called the great man 'a bear.' . . ."

Is the foregoing statement of Dr. Johnson's opinion of Mrs. Boswell just? And the other statements quoted, concerning her attitude towards him: are they correct? Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" contains no mention of the lady. But both Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D."—which in the earlier *Britannica* article is described as "a biography which has no equal in our own or in any other literature"—and his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" contain many allusions to the subject, and more especially letters from Dr. Johnson to Boswell and also to Mrs. Boswell ; and these alone, it is submitted, are amply sufficient to justify severe criticism of the *Britannica* articles, in so far as they deal with the matter in hand.

We will take up in chronological order, from both "Journal" and "Life," together, the portions that serve to throw light on the subject. And it may be that in grouping

and considering them we shall find the task to be one not only of peculiar interest, but also of a certain charm as bringing out in relief a fascinating feature of Dr. Johnson's disposition.

To begin with, Boswell came to London in the autumn of 1769 and informed Dr. Johnson—whom he had come to know intimately—that he was to be married in a few months. Johnson concludes a letter to him, dated Sept. 9th, 1769, in language which shows the lively and affectionate interest which he took in Boswell and his approaching matrimonial venture: "I am glad that you are going to be married; and as I wish you well in things of less importance, wish you well with proportionate ardour in this crisis of your life. What I can contribute to your happiness, I should be very unwilling to withhold; for I have always loved and valued you, and shall love you and value you still more as you become more regular and useful: effects which a happy marriage will hardly fail to produce. I do not find that I am likely to come back very soon from this place. I shall, perhaps, stay a fortnight longer; and a fortnight is a long time for a lover to be absent from his Mistress. Would a fortnight ever have an end?" This letter was from Brighthelmstone, and is subscribed in his customary way:—"I am, dear Sir, Your most affectionate humble Servant, Sam Johnson."

About two months later Boswell wrote him at Streatham, asking to be met in London on the eve of his return to Scotland, and Johnson's answer written from Streatham, includes this paragraph: "Whether you can come or not, I shall not have occasion to write you again before your marriage, and therefore tell you now that with great sincerity I wish you happiness." But Boswell did go to Streatham, and was given the following philosophic bit of advice: "Now that you are going to marry, do not expect more from life than life will afford. You may often find yourself out of humour, and you may often think your wife not studious enough to please you; and yet you may have reason to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married." And the Doctor accompanied him to London, and saw him into the post-chaise for Scotland.

A friend of Dr. Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, had this to say of the accusation that Johnson was prejudiced against the natives of Scotland (of whom Mrs. Boswell was one)—that he had even antipathy towards them: "Surely, so illiberal a prejudice never entered his mind: and it is well known many natives of that respectable Country possessed a large share of his esteem: nor were any of them excluded from his good offices as far as opportunity permitted. True it is, he considered the Scotch, nationally, as a crafty, designing people, eagerly attentive to their own interests and too apt to overlook the claims and pretensions of other people;" and he quoted Johnson, "While they confine their benevolence in a manner, exclusively, to those of their own Country, they expect to share in the good offices of other people."

Boswell, after his return to Scotland, did not write Johnson until April 18th, 1771,—nearly a year and a half of silence. He then gave him some account of his "comfortable life as a married man, and a lawyer in practice at the Scotch bar; invited him to Scotland and promised to attend him to the Highlands and Hebrides." Johnson withheld his answer until June 20th, 1771. In his letter of that date he expresses his pleasure at Boswell's account of himself, and the sincere hope, "that between public business, improving studies, and domestic pleasures, neither melancholy nor caprice will find any place for entrance," and he adds, "My dear Sir, mind your studies, mind your business, make your lady happy, and be a good Christian."

In a letter to Boswell of March 15th, 1772, in answer to one from Boswell telling him of an intended journey to London—to oppose an Appeal from the Court of Session to the House of Lords in a case Boswell had argued successfully in Edinburgh, but in the further stage of which he desired the assistance of Johnson—the latter, after promising his aid, goes on to say, "My kindness for you has neither the merit of singular virtue, nor the reproach of singular prejudice. Whether to love you be right or wrong I have many on my side: Mrs. Thrale loves you, Mrs. Williams loves you;" and

he concludes, "How comes it that you tell me nothing of your lady? I hope to see her some time, and till then shall be glad to hear of her."

Boswell carried out his intention of going to London on this occasion, and says, "On the 21st of March I was happy to find myself again in my friend's study, and was glad to see my old acquaintance." And in the following year, he made another business trip to the metropolis. He met Johnson, frequently, on both occasions, especially at the place Boswell calls "our old rendezvous, the Mitre Tavern," dined with him—sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of common friends; they attended church together, walked and talked, discussed an infinite variety of topics, and evinced the deepest and most particular interest in each others affairs; and yet withal we find no mention by either of Mrs. Boswell.

In the early summer of 1773, Boswell (then 33) with the able assistance of his friends Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Wm. Robertson, Dr. Beattie, and others, prevailed upon Johnson to visit Scotland—and more especially the Hebrides—in August of that year. Dr. Johnson was nearly 64 years of age. Boswell describes him as "large, robust, I may say approaching the gigantic, and grown unwieldy. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured. A little dull of hearing. His sight . . . somewhat weak. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted-hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick."

In his letter of July 5th, 1773, he writes Boswell: "I hope your dear lady and her baby are both well. I shall see them too when I come; and I have that opinion of your choice, as to suspect that when I have seen Mrs. Boswell, I shall be less willing to go away." His letter of August 3rd, following, announcing his departure from London on the 6th of that

month for Scotland, says: "Which day I shall be at Edinburgh I cannot exactly tell. I suppose I must drive to an inn, and send a porter to find you."

He arrived in Edinburgh on Saturday evening the 14th, and accompanied by a Mr. Scott, with whom he had travelled by post-chaise from London, went first to Boyd's inn, at the head of the Canongate, and thence, having been called for by Boswell, walked up the High Street to the latter's residence, which was in James's Court. Boswell says, "My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late. He showed much complacency upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance. We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted, that to shew all respect to the Sage, she would give up her own bed-chamber to him, and take a worse. Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica, then a child of about four months old. She had the appearance of listening to him—would be held close to him; which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid."

Dr. Johnson remained with and was entertained by the Boswells throughout the four days of his stay at this time in Edinburgh, and Mrs. Boswell was most attentive, solicitous, and kindly in her hospitality towards their distinguished but eccentric guest. She was hostess during his visit to many of the most talented and interesting Edinburgh people of the day. They were invited, in honour of Dr. Johnson, to meet him; and there was not a meal at the hospitable Boswell home, during the four days, that was not graced by the presence of one or more—generally several more—of these clever and respected members of the best society of the northern capital. The names may be of interest. They are given in the order of their coming: Dr. William Robertson, the Duchess

of Douglas, Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lord Chief Baron, Sir William Forbes, Principal Robertson, Mr. Cullen, advocate, his father Dr. Cullen, Dr. Adam Fergusson, Dr. Blacklock, Sir Alexander Dick, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, Mr. Maclaurin, advocate, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Boswell (James's uncle), Mr. Murray, advocate and afterwards a judge (Lord Henderland), Dr. Alexander Webster.

Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and his man Ritter, went from Edinburgh, on the 18th on their long journey by way of Aberdeen and Inverness to the Hebrides. The Doctor left a pair of pistols and ammunition in a drawer, in charge of Mrs. Boswell, and in the same drawer a partial diary of his life. She did not appear to relish being their custodian, and did not tamper with either weapons or journal.

The party returned to Edinburgh by way of Auchinleck (pronounced Affleck), the estate of Boswell's father, Lord Auchinleck, Judge of Session. There they spent a week. His Lordship and Dr. Johnson got on fairly well considering that one was a staunch Whig and Presbyterian and the other an extreme Tory and Anglican, and both opinionative. Before Dr. Johnson's visit the judge had been given to referring to him as "a Jacobite fellow." They had one violent altercation—first over politics and then about religion, but parted, at the end of the week, courteously enough. Boswell's comment is interesting. "Thus they parted. They are now in another, and higher, state of existence; and as they were both worthy Christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for Whiggism." Lord Auchinleck afterwards spoke of Dr. Johnson to a brother judge as "Ursa Major."

Boswell and Johnson returned to Edinburgh Tuesday night, the 9th of November, after an absence of nearly three months. Dr. Johnson again enjoyed the hospitality of the house in James's Court, and the attentions of many notable people of the city. Mrs. Boswell entertained diligently and well. The first visitor was an old friend of Dr. Johnson, the

bookseller Drummond, who breakfasted at the Boswells Wednesday morning. Then came Lord Elibank and later Mr. Nairne. At dinner, were Lady Dowager Colwill and Lady Anne Erskine, Hon. Archibald Erskine—afterwards Earl of Kelly, Lord Elibank, Rev. Dr. Blair, Mr. Tytler and others. Dr. Erskine, Rev. Robert Walker, and Rev. Dr. Webster came to supper. Principal Robertson called next morning at breakfast time, Sir William Forbes later, and so on. Boswell says that on the mornings when Dr. Johnson breakfasted at his house, "he had, from ten o'clock till one or two, a constant levee of various persons," and that Mrs. Boswell "was so good as to devote the greater part of the morning to the endless task of pouring out tea."

Although he went out and was entertained elsewhere a good deal during this second visit to his friend's house, Dr. Johnson spent the most of his time there, nearly two weeks; and was accompanied by Boswell as far as Blackshields, some fourteen miles from Edinburgh, on his return by coach to London.

The morning of the 27th he wrote Boswell: "I came home last night, without any incommidity, danger, or weariness, and am ready to begin a new journey. I know Mrs. Boswell wished me well to go: her wishes have not been disappointed. Make my compliments to all those to whom my compliments may be welcome." Boswell's comment upon the reference to Mrs. Boswell is that "in this he shewed very acute penetration. My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention, while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure." The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downward, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady. Besides, she had not that high admiration of him which was felt by most of those who knew him; and what was very natural to a female mind, she thought he had too much influence over her husband. She once in a little warmth made, with more point than justice,

this remark upon that subject : "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear."

But Dr. Johnson's subsequent allusions to Mrs. Boswell in his letters to her husband reflect only credit on his kind heart and good sense :

1774, Jan. 29.—"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her that I do not love her the less for wishing me away. I gave her trouble enough, and shall be glad in recompence, to give her any pleasure."

Feb. 7.—"Tell Mrs. Boswell that my good intentions towards her still continue. I should be glad to do anything that would either benefit or please her."

March 5.—"I hope Mrs. Boswell and little Miss are well. When shall I see them again? She is a sweet lady, only she was so glad to see me go, that I have almost a mind to come again, that she may again have the same pleasure."

At this time Boswell wrote asking his advice as to whether—in view of certain objections, pecuniary and otherwise—he ought to visit London that spring. In his answer Dr. Johnson says, "I am sure you will find no pleasure here which can deserve either that you should anticipate any part of your future fortune, or that you should condemn yourself and your lady to penurious frugality for the rest of the year. I need not tell you what regard you owe to Mrs. Boswell's entreaties; or how much you ought to study the happiness of her who studies yours with so much diligence, and of whose kindness you enjoy such good effects. Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions. She permitted you to ramble last year, you must permit her now to keep you at home. Compliments to Madam and Miss."

June 12.—"Make my compliments to your lady and both the young ones."

July 4.—"My compliments to all the three ladies."

Oct. 1.—"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell."

Oct. 27.—"My compliments to Mrs. Boswell."

Nov. 26.—"Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell and the younglings."

1775, Jan 1.—“Make my compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell, and to Miss Veronica.”

Jan. 14.—“My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to Veronica.”

On January 19th Boswell writes thanking Johnson for his “Journey to the Hebrides,” and adds “though ill of a cold, you kept me up the greatest part of last night: for I did not stop till I had read every word of your book. I looked back to our first talking of a visit to the Hebrides, which was many years ago, when sitting by ourselves in the Mitre Tavern in London, I think about *witching time o’night*.”

Jan. 28.—“Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell.”

Feb. 7.—“My compliments to Madam and Veronica.”

Feb. 25.—“Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I suppose she is now beginning to forgive me.”

Boswell, Andrew Crosbie, a Scotch advocate whom Dr. Johnson had seen at Edinburgh and the Hon. Col. Edward Stafford—afterwards General Stafford—had breakfast with him at his house, and Boswell remarks that “his tea and rolls and butter and whole breakfast apparatus were all in such decorum, and his behaviour was so courteous, that Col. Stafford was quite surprised, and wondered at his having heard so much said of Johnson’s slovenliness and roughness.”

After Boswell’s return from London to Edinburgh:

May 27.—“I make no doubt but you are now safely lodged in your own habitation, and have told all your adventures to Mrs. Boswell and Miss Veronica. Pray teach Veronica to love me. Bid her not mind Mamma. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me. You see what perverse things ladies are, and how little fit to be trusted with feudal estates. When she mends and loves me, there may be more hope of her daughters.”

Aug. 27.—“Of Mrs. Boswell though she knows in her heart that she does not love me, I am always glad to hear any good, and hope that she and the little dear ladies will have neither sickness nor any other affliction. But she knows that she does not care what becomes of me, and for that she may be sure that I think her very much to blame.”

Sept. 14.—“Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, if she is in good humour with me.”

Nov. 16.—“I am glad that the young Laird is born, and an end, as I hope, put to the only difference you can ever have with Mrs. Boswell. I know that she does not love me; but I intend to persist in wishing her well till I get the better of her.”

Dec. 23. “You and your lady will now have no more wrangling about feudal inheritance. How does the young Laird of Auchinleck? My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who does not love me; and of all the rest, I need only send them to those that do; and I am afraid it will give you little trouble to distribute them.”

1776, Jan. 10. “I wish you, my dearest friend, and your haughty lady (for I know she does not love me,) and the young ladies, and the young Laird, all happiness. Tell the young gentleman, in spite of his mamma, to think and speak well of, Sir, your affectionate humble servant.”

On the 15th, Dr. Johnson wrote again in response to his friend's request for advice regarding a difference with his father Lord Auchinleck, in respect of a proposed arrangement of the succession to the family estate, and concluded: “Make my compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell; and tell her that I hope to be wanting in nothing that I can contribute to bring you all out of your troubles.” Feb. 3rd, he wrote Boswell further on the subject of the inheritance—giving an elaborate opinion, and ended his letter with, “Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me.”

A postscript to another letter on the same subject, Feb. 9th, reads, “I hope I shall get some ground now with Mrs. Boswell; make my compliments to her, and to the little people.”

Feb. 15. “Pray let me know if Mrs. Boswell is friends with me, and pay my respects to Veronica, and Euphemia, and Alexander.”

Now, and as it would seem for the first time, Mrs. Boswell writes Dr. Johnson—the letter being on the subject of the

family settlement ; and Johnson refers to it in his letter to Boswell of Feb. 24th. "You must tell Mrs. Boswell that I suspected her to have written without your knowledge, and therefore did not return any answer, lest a clandestine correspondence should have been perniciously discovered. I will write her soon."

Mar. 12. "——and mention very particularly to Mrs. Boswell my hope that she is reconciled to, Sir, Your faithful servant."

Boswell visited London again March 15th. When he went the following morning to call on his old friend he found that he had moved from No. 7 Johnson's Court, to No. 8 Bolt-Court. They were much together, as usual, and not in London only, but elsewhere in England, travelling in company and visiting friends.

May 15th, after Boswell's return to Scotland, Johnson wrote Mrs. Boswell in answer to her letter : "Madam, You must not think me uncivil in omitting to answer the letter with which you favoured me some time ago. I imagined it to have been written without Mr. Boswell's knowledge, and therefore supposed the answer to require, what I could not find, a private conveyance. The difference with Lord Auchinleck is now over; and since young Alexander has appeared, I hope no more difficulties will arise among you ; for I sincerely wish you all happy. Do not teach the young ones to dislike me, as you dislike me yourself; but let me at least have Veronica's kindness, because she is my acquaintance. You will now have Mr. Boswell home; it is well that you have him ; he has led a wild life. I have taken him to Lichfield, and he has followed Mr. Thrale to Bath. Pray take care of him and tame him. The only thing in which I have the honour to agree with you is, in loving him: and while we are so much of a mind in a matter of so much importance, our other quarrels will, I hope, produce no great bitterness. I am, Madam, Your most humble servant."

July 16. In a letter to Boswell: "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell."

After Boswell's second son, David, was born, Johnson wrote a letter of congratulation, Dec. 21st, and in it: "If Mrs. Boswell would but be friends with me, we might now shut the temple of Janus."

1777. Jan. 18. "I do not suppose the lady is yet reconciled to me, yet let her know that I love her very well, and value her very much."

Feb. 24. Boswell wrote Johnson, "My wife is much honoured by what you say of her. She begs you may accept of her best compliments. She is to send you some marmalade of oranges of her own making." In answer, March, 14th, Johnson writes, "I have been much pleased with your late letter, and am glad that my old enemy, Mrs. Boswell, begins to feel some remorse. My respects to Madam, to Veronica, to Alexander, to Euphemia, to David."

Boswell to Johnson, April 24th: "My wife has made marmalade of oranges for you. I left her and my daughters and Alexander all well yesterday. [David had died.] I have taught Veronica to speak of you thus:—Dr. Johnson, not Johnston."

May 3. "Tell Mrs. Boswell that I shall taste her marmalade cautiously at first—*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. Beware, says the Italian proverb, of a reconciled enemy. But when I find it does me no harm, I shall then receive it and be thankful for it, as a pledge of firm, and, I hope, of unalterable kindness. She is, after all, a dear, dear lady."

June 28. "I return Mrs. Boswell my affectionate thanks for her token of reconciliation. I give you joy of your Country-house and your pretty garden; and hope some time to see you in your felicity."

July 22nd, Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Boswell: "Madam, Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of the sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats, and upon this consideration I return you, dear Madam, my sincerest thanks. By

having your kindness I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as, dear Madam, Your most obliged and most humble Servant."

On August 4th, having received a letter from Boswell informing him that Mrs. Boswell had been seriously ill, he wrote: "Mrs. Boswell's illness makes a more serious distress . . . The loss of such a lady would, indeed, be very afflictive, and I hope she is in no danger. Take care to keep her mind as easy as is possible . . . I cannot but hope that you have taken your Country-house at a very seasonable time, and that it may conduce to restore or establish Mrs. Boswell's health, as well as provide room and exercise for the young ones. That you and your lady may both be happy, and long enjoy your happiness, is the sincere and earnest wish of, dear Sir, your most, etc." (She recovered.)

Aug. 30. "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her I hope we shall be at variance no more."

Sept. 1. "In the meantime it may not be amiss to contrive some other adventure, but what it can be I know not; leave it, as Sidney says, 'To virtue, fortune, time, and woman's breast;' for I believe Mrs. Boswell must have some part in the consultation."

Boswell wrote Dr. Johnson September 9th, proposing to meet him at Ashbourne. They did meet there, and spent about two weeks together.

Long after Boswell had returned to Edinburgh, Nov. 25th, Johnson wrote: "I hope you found at your return my dear enemy and all her little people quite well, and had no reason to repent of your journey. I think on it with great gratitude."

Dec. 27. "This is the time of the year in which all express their good wishes to their friends, and I send mine to you and your family. May your lives be long, happy, and good."

1778. Jan. 24. Mrs. Boswell having again been very ill, and Boswell having informed Dr. Johnson of it, he wrote: "Your alarm at your lady's illness was reasonable . . . London is a good air for ladies; and if you bring her hither, I will do for her what she did for me—I will retire from my apartments for her accommodation. Behave kindly to her and keep her cheerful."

Boswell answered on Feb. 26th, "My wife, who is, I thank God, a good deal better, is much obliged to you for your very polite and courteous offer of your apartment: but if she goes to London, it will be best for her to have lodgings in the more airy vicinity of Hyde-Park. I, however, doubt much if I shall be able to prevail with her to accompany me to the metropolis; for she is so different from you and me, that she dislikes travelling; and she is so anxious about her children, that she thinks she would be unhappy if at a distance from them. She therefore wishes rather to go to some country place in Scotland, where she can have them with her."

On the 18th of March, Boswell, being again in London, on professional business, called, as usual, upon his old friend, and for the next two months enjoyed his society in a variety of ways and places.

July 3rd, Dr. Johnson wrote: "You are now happy enough. Mrs. Boswell is recovered; and I congratulate you upon the probability of her long life."

1779. March 13. Johnson, now in his 71st year, sent a set ("elegantly bound and gilt") of the "Lives and Poets" to dear Mrs. Boswell, in acknowledgment of her marmalade. Persuade her to accept them, and accept them kindly. If I thought she would receive them scornfully, I would send them to Miss Boswell, who, I hope, has yet none of her Mamma's ill-will to me."

Boswell re-visited London in March and stayed on into May. And again, in October, he was there for two weeks and more.

Dr. Johnson's letter of Nov. 13th concludes with the formal: "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, etc."

1780, April 8. "Please to make my compliments to your lady and to the young ladies. I should like to see them, pretty loves."

Aug. 21. "I suppose your little ladies are grown tall; and your son has become a learned young man. I love them all, and I love your naughty lady, whom I never shall persuade to love me. When the Lives are done I shall send them to complete her collection."

Oct. 17. "I was pleased to be told that I accused Mrs. Boswell unjustly, in supposing that she bears me ill-will. I love you so much, that I would be glad to love all that love you, and that you love; and I have love very ready for Mrs. Boswell, if she thinks it worthy of acceptance."

1781. Feb. Boswell wrote that he hoped soon to meet him again in London:—Johnson to Boswell, March 14th: "Come to me, my dear Bozzy, and let us be as happy as we can. We will go again to the Mitre, and talk old times over." Boswell did meet him, accidentally, in Fleet Street, walking. They dined together in many places, besides the Mitre; but rarely, if ever, is it to be found of record in Boswell's extremely comprehensive account of their numerous conversations that Dr. Johnson ever makes mention of Mrs. Boswell. Boswell remained in London until June 2nd, when, accompanied part of the way by Dr. Johnson and a common friend, he returned to Scotland.

Dr. Johnson's letter of Jan. 5th, 1782, contains this paragraph: "I hope that dear Mrs. Boswell will surmount her complaints; in losing her you will lose your anchor, and be tost without stability, by the waves of life. I wish both her and you very many years, and very happy." And his letter of March 28th, this: "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell,

who is I hope reconciled to me ; and to the young people whom I never have offended."

June 3. "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell and to the young charmers."

August, 24. "What happiness it is that Mrs. Boswell has escaped."

Sept. 7. "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell; I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily."

In another letter, written shortly after Lord Auchinleck's death, there is this: "One expense, however, I would not have you to spare; let nothing be omitted that can preserve Mrs. Boswell, though it should be necessary to transplant her for a time into a softer climate. She is the prop and stay of your life. How much must your children suffer by losing her."

Boswell says at this time: "My wife was now so much convinced of his sincere friendship for me, and regard for her, that without any suggestion on my part, she wrote him a very polite and grateful letter." And Johnson's letter to her in acknowledgment shows the keenest appreciation of it: "I have not often received so much pleasure as from your invitation to Auchinleck. The journey thither and back is, indeed, too great for the latter part of the year; but if my health were fully recovered, I would suffer no little heat and cold, nor a wet rough road, to keep me from you. I am, indeed, not without hope of seeing Auchinleck again; but to make it a pleasant place I must see its lady well, and brisk, and airy. For my sake, therefore, among other greater reasons, take care, dear Madam, of your health, spare no expense, and want no attendance that can procure ease, or preserve it. Be very careful to keep your mind quiet; and do not think it too much to give an account of your recovery to, Madam, Yours, etc." She replies Dec. 20th from Edinburgh:—"I was made happy by your kind letter, which gave us the agreeable hopes of seeing you in Scotland again. I am much flattered by the concern you are pleased to take in my recovery. I am better, and hope to have it in my power to convince you by my

attention, of how much consequence I esteem your health to the world and to myself. I remain, Sir, with grateful respect, Your obliged and obedient servant. Margaret Boswell."

Dec. 31. In a letter to Boswell: "I am glad to find that Mrs. Boswell grows well; and hope that to keep her well no care nor caution will be omitted. May you long live happily together."

1783. March 21, Boswell came to London, and found Dr. Johnson ill. He was, indeed, a very sick man; but they were together very much of the time—some six weeks—that Boswell spent in London on this occasion, and Boswell's companionship seemed more than ever grateful. He said to him: "Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost anybody." And he mentioned Mrs. Boswell during the course of a conversation which took place at Dr. Johnson's home, on the 29th of May, 1783. He said, "Were I in distress, there is no man to whom I would sooner come than to you. I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs. Boswell. She and I are good friends now; are we not?"

He was soon after stricken with paralysis, and temporarily deprived of the power of speech. Writing Boswell on July 3rd, giving him an account of his illness, he closed his letter with: "I hope you found at your return everything gay and prosperous, and your lady, in particular, quite recovered and confirmed. Pay her my respects."

Dec. 24. A postscript: "A happy and pious Christmas; and many years to you, your lady, and children."

1784. In this, his last year, Feb. 11th, he writes Boswell of a new society ("The Essex-Head Club") which in December of the previous year he had assisted to found; also of the state of his health, which was then precarious and was giving him great concern. He says, "Let me have your prayers." And then, "My compliments to your lady and the young ones."

March 2. He ends another letter, "I hope dear Mrs. Boswell is now quite well, and that no evil, either real or imaginary, now disturbs you."

March 18. "I am too pleased with the attention which you and your dear lady show to my welfare, not to be diligent in letting you know the progress which I make toward health . . . When it will be fit for me to travel as far as Auchinleck, I am not able to guess ; but such a letter as Mrs. Boswell's might draw any man, not wholly motionless, a great way. Pray tell the dear lady how much her civility and kindness have touched and gratified me."

March 30. "Make dear Mrs. Boswell, and all the young Boswells, the sincere compliments of, Sir, Your affectionate, etc."

Boswell visited him again in May, and found his health much better. He desired Boswell to go with him on a jaunt to Oxford, and Boswell did. Later on they dined out together a great deal, and Boswell did not return to Edinburgh until the 1st of July. On the eve of his departure Dr. Johnson and he dined together for the last time. It was with Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After the dinner, Boswell accompanied Dr. Johnson to Bolt-Court, but declined to go in; and they parted at the entrance. His "Fare you well" were the last words Boswell ever heard him speak.

He became, however, so much better as to seriously contemplate spending the following winter on the continent. But he was forced, during the fall, to abandon the idea; and after a comparatively brief final illness he passed away on the 13th of December at the age of seventy-five.

He had written Boswell several times after the latter's return to Edinburgh. He mentions Mrs. Boswell as usual, and in his last letter, which was dated at Lichfield, Nov. 5th, 1784, refers to her with solicitude, asking Boswell to write, saying, "I shall be glad to know that you are not sick, and that nothing ill has befallen dear Mrs. Boswell, or any of your family."

In view of the foregoing it would seem that, so far from its being the case that "Johnson's opinion of her (Mrs. Boswell's) qualities was very low," he esteemed her very highly,

indeed, and even entertained for her a warm and enduring affection.

As for the way in which she regarded him, it is abundantly manifest that, whatever her real feelings may have been at first towards Dr. Johnson, she came, eventually, to appreciate most sincerely and gratefully his intense and unwavering friendship for her husband and herself, and also to recognize his sterling good sense, as well as his great literary ability and distinction. And Dr. Johnson's attitude towards Mrs. Boswell was only in keeping with his courtesy and kindness in respect of all the women who are mentioned at all prominently in the "Life" and "Journal,": his generous treatment of poor, blind, peevish Mrs. Williams, the friend of his dead wife; his long friendship and subsequent concern for the volatile Mrs. Thrale; his fond love for his wife, "Tetty," whom, when Widow Porter and 48 years of age, he married at the age of 21, and the memory of whom he revered to the end of his life; his affection for her daughter Lucy Porter with whom he corresponded and occasionally visited at Lichfield.

A characteristic incident exhibiting Dr. Johnson's concern for the lowly and his unselfish sympathy may well be mentioned in this connexion. It has to do with Catharine Chambers, his mother's maid-servant. He says, of date October 18th, 1767, "Yesterday . . . I took my leave forever of my dear old friend . . . who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted with us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her . . .

"I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes,

and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted, I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more."

Boswell says that, on March 16th, 1776, when visiting with Dr. Johnson his step-daughter, at Lichfield, she "and some other ladies of the place talked a great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with veneration but affection. It pleased me to find that he was so much *beloved* in his native city."

His mother, Mrs. Sarah Johnson, to whose support during her widowhood he contributed out of his scanty means, he always tenderly loved. It was to meet her funeral expenses and debts that he wrote "Rasselas" in the spring of 1759, a few months after her death.

But—to come back to our subject proper—in order to form an adequate estimate of his regard for Mrs. Boswell it is surely unnecessary to do more than read the references to her contained in his letters, to which attention is here drawn. While some are intensely earnest, others playful, and yet several merely courteous or even conventional—through all there runs an undercurrent of wistfulness and almost pathetic yearning for appreciation and something like filial affection from the wife of his very dear and devoted friend James Boswell; and it is gratifying to be able to believe that she did, at length, come in turn to place a proper value upon his character, and to sincerely reciprocate his friendly feelings towards her.

CHAUNCEY G. JARVIS

THE REVISION OF THE LECTIONARY

THE Church of England in Canada is at present engaged in a revision of its Book of Common Prayer. At the last meeting of its general synod in June, the whole Canadian Church being there represented, a committee appointed at the synod of 1908 reported upon the work done by it in the matter of such revision, and recommended that a joint committee of both houses of the general synod be appointed to prepare and compile such enrichments and to make such revisions and adaptations of the Prayer Book as are necessary to meet the requirements of the Church.

This committee was appointed. It consists of all the members of the upper house which is composed of twenty-four bishops, of thirty clergymen, and eighteen lay delegates. To various sub-committees of this general committee were allotted distinct portions of the work. This committee represents, possibly, the mind of the whole Episcopal Church, and among its members are those whom churchmen at least recognize as their most thoughtful men and ablest biblical scholars.

This revision, where it deals with the services and rubrics of the Church, will not necessarily be of interest to those outside of its communion. Where, however, it touches the question of what portions of the Old and New Testament should be read at morning and evening prayer, it becomes one of general interest. Thoughtful men of all Christian faiths are concerned in the use made of a common Bible; and the intellectual and religious standard of all Christian assemblies is fixed by the selections which are made for reading in public worship. What portions the Church of England in Canada considers fitted "for teaching, for reproof, for conviction, and for instruction which is in righteousness" will not only be of permanent value to its own members, but will,

I cannot but feel, assist all thoughtful Christians in their use of a book of such vast religious and historical value.

Since the first Prayer Book of Edward VI, issued in 1549, several revisions of this lectionary have been made, the last in 1867-69; and doubtless the distinguished committee which settled its present form—including in it Bishops Wilberforce and Ellicot, and Dean Stanley—had in mind the quaint but sensible words of the order found in this ancient Prayer Book which says: "The olde Testament is appoynted for the first lessons at Matins and Even song, and shal bee redde through every yere once, except certain books and chapters whiche bee least edifying, and might best be spared, and therefore are left unred." Certainly no better rule for their guidance could then well be found.

In the report of the committee of the synod before referred to will, however, be noticed these words: "The difference between the conditions and the religious outlook of this age, and those of three hundred years ago;" words which, purposely written, point to a fact patent to every thoughtful, religious man, cognizant at all of the biblical criticism of the past forty-three years.

What was three hundred years ago treated as the very word of God, verbally inspired, is to-day regarded as chapters of literary history, taking their place in the general history of religious literature,—“a collection of historical documents which give positive evidence only of the special religious evolution of which they are the product.” Possibly the belief of Christian Biblical scholars is summed up best in the words of one of the greatest of Oriental philologists and Assyriologists: “I believe that in the Old Testament we have to deal with a process of development effected, or permitted, by God like any other earthly product, but for the rest of a purely human and historical character.”

Without engaging in controversy, it may, I think, be concluded that the abandonment of verbal inspiration, alike by theologian and scholar, and the admission that such stories as those of Balaam's ass, of the sun standing still,

or of Nebuchadnezzar's madness, may be contested as historically unfounded; and the discovery of the Babylonian-Assyrian literature now taking its place by the side of the only hitherto known contemporary writing, namely, the old Hebrew, necessitates a conception of "revelation," as applied to the Old Testament, quite different from that which prevailed three hundred years ago. It can no longer be considered as containing the absolute, complete truth which is God.

We are, therefore, now happily in the position of being justified in our long felt, but unuttered, revulsion from the Jewish conception of a God "Yahweh" who destroys all peoples with the sword of his insatiable anger for the sake of one favourite child, a tribal Deity burning with jealousy and personal hatred for all other nations who are by him consigned to eternal shame and ruin. To Abraham Yahweh says: "I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse." And the star and idol worship, which is ordained to be that of all other peoples under the whole heaven, "lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun and the moon and the stars even the host of heaven, and worship and honour them, which Yahweh thy God has divided unto all peoples under the whole heaven; but you Yahweh has taken and brought forth out of Egypt to be unto him a people of inheritance," is accompanied with a swift and merciless order for the destruction of these pre-ordained idolaters.

Let us examine here only the earliest of these decrees of Yahweh given to Israel in relation to the seven nations then inhabiting lower Canaan, part of the promised land given to the children of the inheritance. In Deuteronomy we find these words, "and Yahweh thy God shall deliver them up before thee, and thou shalt smite them, then thou shalt utterly destroy [devote] them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy unto them;" and in the same chapter, "thou shalt consume all the peoples which Yahweh thy God shall deliver unto thee; thine eye shall not pity them." [*Deut.* vii. 2.]

How well Joshua afterwards carried into effect these commands of Yahweh, as given to Moses, is told us, where the taking of Jericho is described thus: "and they utterly destroyed [devoted] all that was in the City both man and woman, both young and old, and ox and sheep and ass with the edge of the sword," and where again is recorded the devoting of all these seven nations: "and they smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them; there was none left that breathed" . . . "and all the spoils of these cities and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any that breathed. As Yahweh commanded Moses his servant, so did Joshua; he left nothing undone of all that Yahweh commanded Moses."

Truly the conquest of Canaan by Israel was "accompanied by the shedding of streams of innocent blood," and the ruthless massacre of women, little children, and infants; and "great and goodly cities, and houses full of good things, and wells, vineyards and olive trees," and a land wherein "there was none left that breathed" passed for a short time into the hands of the conquerors, Yahweh smelling the sweet savour of such "devotion," nothing being left undone of all that he had commanded Moses. [*Josh. xi. 11, et seq.*]

We now regard these writings as chapters of history, breathing the consuming hatred and fierce exaltation of that age, and filled with the conception of a distinct personal relation between Israel and the "Lord of the heavenly hosts" to whom Moses gave the name "Yahweh," he who exists; a relationship which all Semitic nations claimed as existing between them and their several supreme deities. We find this everywhere in Chaldean, Babylonian, and Assyrian cuneiform inscription, and in the Moabite Hebrew alphabet, from the time of Sargon of Agade, 3800 B.C., perhaps the remotest authentic date yet arrived at in history, to the days of the writers of the Pentateuch.

To the general reader who may not have access to the many books giving accounts of recent research in Bible lands, some one or two instances of this may be welcome. The inscription on one of the four cylinders recently discovered in the foundation of a temple in ancient Asshur describing such a relationship, that of Tiglath-Pileser (1120 B.C.) with "Asshur," the all powerful God of Assyria, as it is deciphered reads in part thus: "In those days Asshur the Lord sent me who knows no victor in war, whose rule is righteous over the four corners of the world, and I went forth, their great cities I took, their possessions I carried off, their towns I burned with fire; some who did not submit to Asshur, my Lord, I brought captive and bound to my city of Asshur."

On the Mesha stone discovered in the ancient capital of Moab, the oldest Hebrew literary monument in existence, and the most ancient specimen of alphabet writing, we read in part: "...I am Mesha the son of my father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father, and erected this sanctuary to Chemosh in Karkha.... because he assisted me against all my foes, and bid me feast my eyes on all my haters.... Omri the King of Israel oppressed Moab many days for Chemosh was wroth with his land.... and Chemosh restored it in my days. And the King of Israel had built Oltariot for himself. And I fought against the city and took it, and slew all.... to rejoice the eyes of Chemosh and Moab.... And Chemosh spoke to me: Go, take Nebo from Israel; and I went at night and I fought against it from the rising of the morning dawn until midday and I took it and slew all 7000 women and maidens I consecrated to Chemosh." This inscription relates to a time 850 B.C., and to an event made familiar to us all in II Kings.

When we read the Israelitish account of this same warfare fought by them under the command of Yahweh, "ye shall smite every fenced city and every choice city; and shall fell every good tree.... and mar every good piece of land with stones;" with his promise that, "he will also deliver

the Moabites into their hands," we wonder not so much at the striking similarity of the literature of Moab and Israel—for they were of the same blood—but why one account should be read as the inspired word of God and the other simply as secular history.

These two illustrations must suffice to show that the same close relationship supposedly existed between the Assyrians and Asshur and the Moabites and Chemosh, as Israel delighted in claiming existed between them and Yahweh. All considered themselves to be the children of the inheritance, justified in obeying the command, to "destroy and cut off nations not a few" to the rejoicing of the heart of Asshur, Chemosh, or Yahweh.

We, however, rejoice to-day openly in our belief that any "revelation" which depicts the Almighty God other than the loving and righteous Father over all men on earth, is not a real revelation of the living God; justified in such a belief by reason of the knowledge which has come to us within the last three hundred years, "of a truth now perceiving that God is no respecter of persons." Consequently if the framers of the lectionary in its several revisions were justified on moral grounds in stringently insisting upon selections from the Old Testament scriptures, we are now impelled, if we desire to use this book as a book of religion, for morality and for edification, so to make selections that our "heart fellowship with God" suffer no harm by a recitation in the house of prayer of the conquest, captivity, and massacre by Abraham's descendants of the adult and the suckling, not of Israel, who unfortunately served "the other Gods," which Terah the father of Abraham worshipped "beyond the river" when he left Ur of the Chaldees.

Nor is it desirable that Hebrew rhetoric breathing the spirit of a Bedouin war song, be so recited. In *Isa.* lxiii. 1-6 we have a prophetic utterance of passionate hatred on the part of Yahweh which is hard to reconcile with the God we reverence.

"Who is this coming from Edom? In bright red garments from Bosra?

"Splendid in his raiment, vaunting himself in the fulness of his strength?

"It is I (Yahweh) that speak in righteousness, that am mighty to save!

"Why is there red on thy raiment, and thy garments like his that treadeth the wine-press?

"The wine-press have I trodden alone, and of all the peoples there was no man with me.

"And I trod them in mine anger, and trampled them in my fury.

"And their life-stream besprinkled my garments, and all my raiment have I defiled

"And I trod down the peoples in mine anger, and made them drunk with my fury.

"And spilled their life-stream on the earth."

Nor is it much more desirable that "we read in the ears of all the people" for their edification, the murder of Sisera by Jael, or of Jehu's slaughter of the kings of Judah and of Israel, and of the seventy sons of Ahab supposedly at the command of Yahweh, or of the "passing magnificence" of King Solomon and of his numerous harem—unusually extensive even for an Oriental sovereign—in which there were princesses of the Egyptians, Sidonians, Hittites, Moabites, Amorites, and Edomites, nations whose blood had "sprinkled the garments" of Yahweh; or of that wholesale form of sacrifice which Israel offered to Yahweh as a thank offering for boons petitioned for, as indicated in such passages as "if thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand then I will devote their cities," a complete instance of which is found in I *Sam.* xv, where the children of Amalek "both men and women, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass" were so devoted; the prophet himself hewing Agag their king "in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal" to complete the sacrifice.

How is it possible to build humanity up in Christian faith and character by the reading of such portions of the Old Testament, all of which, or similar ones, are to be found in the present table of lessons, wherein the Deity we adore as the bounteous giver of life, is represented as delighting in wanton slaughter, detailed with a vaunting complacency that makes one shudder?

If a great, modern, Christian critic of Biblical literature writes truthfully when he says: "The letter of the Bible then is no longer the infallible rule of religious thought, the oracle of absolute and eternal truth. Yet, none the less does the Bible continue to discharge a double and essential function in the life of churches, families, and individuals. It is no longer a code, but it remains a testimony; it is no longer a law, but it is a means of grace. It does not prescribe the scientific formulas of faith, but it does remain the historic fountain of Christian knowledge,"—it behooves us to use its text that it be a means of grace, an assistant to enlightened thought, a safeguard of Christian liberty, and, indeed, a revelation of God to the souls of men.

Dr. Barnes, Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, in 1910, writes that it would be well if half of the present lessons from the Old Testament were dropped from the lectionary, and that "the story of Israelitish and Jewish Kings, their wars, their passing magnificence, their court scandals, and their palace tragedies do not respond well to the ideal of edification." But though we all doubtless appreciate the moral and edifying necessity for such revision, there is possibly a further duty thrown on those who know, or should know as teachers of men, something of Assyriological research, of no longer sanctioning the reading in public worship of legend and epic of an older date than Abraham, as the word of God given especially to the Jew.

The discovery of the Great Chaldean Epic, or poem of twelve books, the oldest known in the world, written in the land whence Abraham came, and before he left his ancestral home, has revealed to us that the story of the creation, of

the fall of man, of the flood, and of the tower of languages, were known as primary legends, or nature myths, to races of men living in 3800 B.C., and belong to a time when mankind was not yet divided. And the excavation at Susa in 1902 of the original great law book, or code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon [Amraphel, *Gen.*, xiv] 2100 B.C., the contemporary of Abraham, entitled, "The laws of righteousness which Hammurabi, the Mighty and just king, has established for the advantage and benefit of the weak and oppressed, the widows and orphans," has shown us that the majority of the ten commandments were as sacred to the Babylonians as they were to the Hebrews generations later, including the observance of a day called "Sabattu," explained to mean "the completion of work, a day of rest for the soul;" and that there existed in Babylon, 2250 B.C., a highly developed civil law in all its departments, Hammurabi's code being but the evidence of a knowledge and culture which an eminent authority is of opinion existed in its completed form in 5000 B.C.

As a lay reader I have read these lessons year in and year out for over twenty years in the "House of God," oftentimes with sad misgivings that that which I read had not been "for instruction which is in righteousness." I wonder if there are any thoughtful clergymen who have not had similar misgivings when being "led from Jericho to Jael, and from Jael to Agag." I can hardly conceive it otherwise.

We cannot much longer read in the ears of the people lessons which shock their intelligence and religious sense. We may remain to read, they will not be there to listen. Nor can we much longer read, I think, as the oracles of God, ancient myth and legend simply because we find them written in Jewish records.

Are we not at the end of the theological, and at the beginning of the religious historical treatment of the Bible, and therefore free in this revision to run the road to the goal of truth without those obstacles which scientific knowledge has removed from our path, and with that light in the

dark places which the archæologist and cuneiform scholar have opened to us, "recognizing the human imperfections of the Book but holding to its divine truth as taught us in its most sublime sense by Jesus"?

Until recently, this book, from about 550 B.C. onwards, was our only source of the history of these Bible lands, their peoples, their civilization. Now, since the opening of the pyramids and the excavations in the early home of the human race, we have access to writings of a time previous to, contemporary with, and after, that of Abraham, a vast religious, scientific, and historical library preserved to us out of the great book of the past. Will it not be well dispassionately to use the knowledge thus given us in the cause of truth, though it may alter our conception of revelation as contained in the Old Testament scriptures?

R. R. FITZGERALD

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

WOMEN have been making themselves very conspicuous in England lately. They have completely upset a great deal of what used to pass for hoary wisdom. We can no longer think with Pericles, that good report for a woman means a minimum of any kind of report about her, whether for good or evil, nor with Dr. Johnson, that when she speaks in public she is "like a pig standing on its hind legs; it is not that she does it well but you are surprised she can do it at all." We are as proud of our famous women as we are of our famous men, and some of the very best speakers in the world to-day are women. They have, indeed, produced quite an original and characteristic species of eloquence in which, for my own part, I find a thrill quite new to my experiences in that kind. But they have been making rather heavy demands on the powers of us old-fashioned people to adjust ourselves to the last births of time. They take one's breath away. Whether is one to laugh or cry, or both, at this strange spectacle of an Amazonian cavalry—Don Quixotes in petticoats throwing hatchets at such wind-mills as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George? What would the great women of the past, the great champions of their sex, too, as they were, Sappho, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, Mary Kingsley, have said of these obstreperous "little sisters?" Surely they would have begged of them for sweet Mary's sake decently to bury those hatchets. As to Mary's son, the greatest champion of women's rights that ever lived, there can be little doubt as to what he would have said. But nowadays very few seem to consider that. We shall have to go back to him all the same. He has much to tell us still which, in the long run, we cannot choose but hear, modern as we are.

Not that I think women should not have votes; I should be delighted to see them have votes, and still more delighted to see them using them. Now that democracy has gone so far, it seems to me entirely absurd that they do not have them. I heartily agree with the most furiously "militantes" in regarding Mr. Asquith as a ridiculously antiquated fossil in these things, whose place is on the top-shelf of a palæontological museum, side by side with the Dodo. The wittiest, and perhaps the wisest, thing ever said on this question came, as one might have expected, from an Irishman. "Yes, madam," replied this Irish member to an ardent suffragette, "in my opinion every woman should have either a vote or a voter." Personally, I go further, I think every woman should have both. My view is the precise contrary of that famous one of the Eton boys who after careful debate upon the problem deliciously summed up their combined wisdom in the monumental decree: "Resolved, that we heartily approve the methods of the suffragettes but despise their cause." For my part I heartily approve their cause but I find it hard to digest their methods. These remind me too much of the ancient Maenads choking the throat of Music, or of the modern orgies of presidential elections. They hang together in one string with Nietzsche's "Superman," and "Blonde Beast" (the worse for being his feminine gender), the "Bull Moose," our continental vernacular for the same thing, and in short, with all that is detestable, noisy, vulgar, and forcibly feeble in the prevailing idolatries of our day. Surely women are here in this world to protest gently and steadily against these foaming and sputtering stupidities. Their strength is more obviously, though not more really than all mankind's, in the almightiness of the quiet forces, not in the torrent, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, nor in the wind that rent the mountains, but in the still small voice—even if it nags a little. Let them—and all of us for that matter—turn for a cue to their true exemplar, the importunate widow. She—wise woman!—did not throw a hatchet at the lazy and reluctant judge. She knew a trick worth two of that. She simply wore

him out by that steady trickle of mild-voiced reiteration, the true chopper of her sex, the really formidable, nay, irresistible weapon, "Non vi sed sæpe cadendo," "not by brute force but by an untiring drip,"—what the Romans and their sons, the lawyers, call "stillicide." Anything but stillicide is suicide for them. "Resist not evil," says the Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles, adding very wisely, if with some cooling of the primal heroism: "for indeed thou canst not."

To sum up then, provisionally, on this head: it seems to me that our public and political life, both in Canada and elsewhere, needs above all things a stronger infusion of reason to leaven it. I believe that giving the votes to women, in spite of such people as the late Mrs. Carrie Nation, who have become practically negligible quantities now, would tend decidedly, on the whole, to increase this much desiderated quantum of right reason, in many various ways. But I also think that the present tactics of the suffragettes,—especially at this fateful hour when small particular passions should be hushed under the shadow of the war-cloud of Armageddon!—are very rapidly and very frightfully diminishing that self-same capital of theirs, in the specific quality of reason which alone constitutes the claim of women to make their voice heard in the councils of the nation. Let them beware, I say, of hanging on to the heels of John Bull and pricking him to a fever with their puny needles when he is really in earnest buckling his corslet and pulling on his sea-boots. He is capable of a most devastating kick under these circumstances, for all his habitual and somewhat fatuous good-nature. And all the vast majority of the women of his household who are not in the least "little sisters" may indeed cry at seeing him so rough; but they will cry silently, will sympathize in their hearts with John, and have a sneaking admiration for the effective virility of his wrath.

But besides all that, and much more than all that, the vote is a mere trifle compared with other things that are already, and have always been, in woman's power. The real line of her influence is not in that direction at all. Even her

peculiar and mighty influence in the state lies elsewhere. The Spartan women had no votes. No, but they had voters. They had soldiers for sons, and husbands, and lovers. They knew the everlasting truth that "none but the brave deserve the fair." They had the right sort of contempt for the ancient equivalent, if there was one, of that kind of non-conformist conscience—not the Cromwell type of non-conformist conscience!—which feels queasy about shouldering a musket in defence of England or in the cause of the Lord of Hosts at home or abroad. And these women were so trained that their soldier sons and husbands were more afraid of them than of anything else in the world. They were, as all women should be and could well be, not only "bright as the sun, fair as the moon" but also "terrible as an army with banners." They had their minds and bodies hardened by all the athletic exercises in which their brothers were drilled; the girls took their full share, and were often the better men of the two in these. So they were respected and feared. "Ah! my beauty!"—says an Athenian to a Spartan lady in a play which Aristophanes devoted, over two thousand three hundred years ago, to a really and permanently valid aspect of this old question of women's rights—"how clear your complexion is; your strength runs riot in your blood. You could throttle an ox!" "Yes, by Castor and Pollux," says she, "I daresay I could, for I do stunts upon the parallel bars, and take high-jumps." That was the sort of woman that could tell her boy as he was setting out for the wars to come home with his shield, or on it. That was the sort of woman who had an irrepressible influence in the state and was quite satisfied with it though she had no vote. She might have had that too if she had thought it worth while.

To come to our own day, Jane Addams has no vote. But she is by universal consent the first citizen of Chicago. She is one of those American women who are the very salt of that huge, fermenting vat of a society over there; that witches' cauldron, as it looks, in some of its inexhaustible aspects, good, bad, and indifferent. Like her, many of these noble women

are not married. In a sense they have neither vote nor voter. But they are the phagocytes, as it were, in the life-blood of the American people. They kill the germs of death which would soon lay that elephant prostrate. Their quiet and obscure but unresting intensity of remedial energy keeps things from rotting to an extent that few people can even dimly divine. Compared with them the great "Bull-meese" themselves might well, so far as real, solid work for the nation goes, be called "Bull-mice." And if that curious combination of Hannibal Chollop, and Isaiah, the incarnation in all its shirt-sleeved strength and all its unreflecting weakness of this the most rustic of all the continents, who is at least indubitably male, of quite splendid, though at times unnecessarily spectacular, virility, with his earth-shaking voice, and his bullet-proof ribs, and his genuine deep-seated impulse of the truly strong to protect the weak and down-trodden, if this strangely-mingled creature, like nothing so much as the portents of Assyrian art, had been conveyed by the American people in solemn procession, "all his silken flanks in garlands dressed," to a stall in the White-House and set up there for worship like Apis—and on the whole I incline to regard it as a victory for good taste that he has not—why, then, if that had proved to be the result, he would have owed it more, perhaps, to Jane Addams, the one person most unlike himself in the country, the woman who has neither a vote nor a voter, than to any other single force. She was the best asset of the Progressive Republicans.

I should like then to say to all women: "Ladies, do not make the silly mistake of dropping the substance in catching at the shadow." I am quite sure the dog whose bone fell into the water to join, and to obliterate, its own reflection there, was not a lady-dog. He was a big blockhead of a male mastiff, and I think his name was Theodore. Get votes if you can. You are sure to get them in the long run. But do not lose or weaken or smirch in the process things that are ten thousand times more powerful and influential than any vote; things which mean self-respect for you in the meantime and millions of votes, others' if not your own, in the present and future.

Be true to your characteristic tactics, the flank attack not the bull-headed, blind, frontal collision. You have not the horns for that. You have something worth more than the hardest heads and horns. Horns and hard heads are cheap. You can set legions of them a working by pulling, as you know very well how, the inner finer strings of the big animals who have them. You can make the shaggiest bears dance and trip it, very fantastically indeed, sometimes, on the light fantastic toe. They all want the honey stored in your tree-tops. Remember Beauty and the Beast. A great deal can be done by kindness. The sunshine is the strong force gentle as it is. It melts icebergs which no hammers could break.

Shakespeare in "Macbeth" has some wonderful lines, perhaps the most wonderful that even he ever wrote, on pity.

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind . . ."

What does he mean by such a seeming jumble of grotesquely mixed metaphors? What sort of a "new-born babe"—the uttermost image of pathetic helplessness—is this that strides the blast and lets loose the whirlwind? Is he not a somewhat ridiculous infant phenomenon? Is Shakespeare not talking something perilously near nonsense? That is what the smug little Frenchy critics would say who can't keep pace with the swift logic of this glowing imagination. But they would be quite wrong. It is not nonsense. It is the fittest and sanest, as well as the most splendid, rendering into human language outside the New Testament of what I would point to as the true line of woman's influence; the irresistible might of the weak things of this world, the spiritual and unseen, bearing down the solidest and most palpable visibilities; "the things that are not," according to the profound paradox of St. Paul, "confounding the things that are," the gentle "power which can even subdue all things

unto itself." What he wants to say is just what I would fain borrow his perfect words, as delicate as they are strong, to express. This seemingly feeblest of all imaginable beings, this picture of soft and tender impotence, is in reality a cosmic force, a world-power, against which nothing in the universe can stand, which rides upon the storm and has in its tiny hand the key to the granaries of the thunder. The hand that rocks the cradle shakes the world. Here lies the strength and influence of women. Whatever may be the other rights that women gain, and however desirable it may be that they should gain them, they are purchased at a ruinous price by the slightest diminutions and attritions in this region. It will not profit them to gain the whole world and lose their own true life.

Now let us go a little more into particulars and ask: In what, precisely, does this true life of women consist? Well, of course, her life, like everybody's, lies in her duties. Not what is done for her but what she does for others, is what matters in the last resort. Her special power and her peculiar happiness depend upon the right discharge of her distinctive functions. She is so framed by nature as to have certain responsibilities laid upon her other than the characteristic responsibilities of the sex that forms her complement. There are certain great, permanent interests of the race whereof by her very make-up and peculiar endowments she is the appointed guardian in a sense that men are not. Not, indeed, that there is anything at all for which women are alone responsible. In this spiritual sphere which includes all, there is ultimately no distinction between man and woman. The one sex is just as much involved as the other, and the ideal will only be approached through the coöperation of both. But I think it is, nevertheless, quite clear, and no one will care to deny that there are in point of fact, certain elements of our common life which lean their weight more on women's shoulders than on men's, vital points at which the best women always have accepted and always will accept the burden, not of an exclusive, but certainly of a quite special,

responsibility, which, in short, in the natural division of labour between the sexes depend more upon them than upon their masculine co-workers. What, then, are those distinctive interests which it is their differential function, the law of their nature, and the consummation of their being, to uphold and conserve?

In the first place, I should say purity. Surely that is the central concern of women, the one great, spiritual interest above all others which they have been specially commissioned to guard. Some unhealthy persons, like Mr. Wells and partly even Mr. Bernard Shaw, have lately been talking very pestilential nonsense under this head. They will not succeed in getting any moderately sensible people to believe against the universal experience of civilized mankind, for the last six millenia at least, that we have not here a cardinal and crucial point in the better life of our race and one that has been, in quite a particular degree, entrusted to the charge of women. In the good days of human history women are pure and keep men right, or comparatively right, in this important matter; in the bad days, like the end of the Roman Republic, the fashion for them is to be otherwise. And then their very charm turns into a deadly snare, a plague-spot from which all manner of social disintegration radiates. They become the focus of a wasting fire, like Helen of Troy, "a hell of ships, a hell of men, a hell of cities." When they go to the bad here, they go wrong everywhere; and with them everything else goes wrong. The burden of a good deal in modern literature is the intolerableness of women's being made mere playthings. There is no need for them to allow that. They can always—the simplest of them—command respect. Like Athene they may all wear an ægis, a breastplate round their hearts with a gorgon's head on it that can petrify the satyr, the ape, and tiger in men; and liberate the angel, the nobler thoughts and higher feelings; tame him to reason and reverence. Beauty can guide the Beast with the lightest touch upon the snaffle. Read Milton's "Comus," Ladies all, if you would know, and be made quite sure, what an almighty power

you have in your stainless modesty. There you have the finest and the strongest blend of all nobleness, the Greek spirit strained through the austere sieve of Hebraic puritanism. Make your own the lovely prayer, like a perfect little globe of pure honey, in which all the sweet and tonic juices of that matchless poem are concentrated:

“ Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thine amber-dripping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.”

How much we need that power to save! How medicinal to the feverish foulness of our social body on this continent would be the touch of those cool water-lilies of Sabrina, temperate Greek beauty and old English earnestness conjoined. The cure lies there, not in the hot jet of turbid stuff from the hose of rabid reformers who insist on having nothing or all. That has been playing upon us for a long time, and the corruption still wastes, not unchecked only but increased.

In the second place, and this goes very closely with the first point, one great function of women, one of the well marked endowments proper to them and a main secret of the priceless social influence they can, and do, exert is this: that they, above all earthly creatures, can value and uphold the finer aspects of the world, the more delicate goods of life. The pure in heart see God, are sensitive to the lightest tones of the beautiful and the good. Women know what flowers, and such things that cannot be eaten, mean. They would rather have a dinner of herbs with roses on the table, than a stalled ox from Chicago served up in a pudding basin on a dirty tablecloth. They are the great comfort and compensation in this Americanized society, for the gentler people like clergymen, and like us poor professors, who have not the claws, and paws, and jaws required nowadays, for the most part, it would seem,

in the money-scramble, and who but for them would be wall-flowers indeed. The best of them—those whose smiles cannot be bought and are worth something—do not estimate the manhood of a man by the millions he has made. Millions may be made by manhood, of course. They know that. But they also know that the process sometimes needs little more brains or courage than picking handkerchiefs out of perambulators on a road in a Canadian state of repair where there is no policeman, or a policeman fast asleep to the doings of these heroes, not of the road—Dick Turpin was a knight in shining armour compared with this kind of industrious chevalier—not of the road, I say, but of the street and gutter. The women do not, in their hearts, believe in that wondrous gospel, commanding the perfectly naïve and simple faith of so many in our city that it deserves to be called the real orthodoxy of Montreal, the gospel once publicly enunciated in an immortal formula and in a calm, prophetic rapture as a sober certainty of waking bliss by a mayor of Montreal: “If we are not here to make money, what are we here for?” He paused for a reply. An echo from the Redpath property on the mountain answered: What? But the women partly understand the heresy which is unable to get up much enthusiasm about this chief end of man, the making of money. They do not find it impossible to conceive that in a world where there are so many interesting and urgent things to do, a certain type of the really male animal should actually find no time for it. They are naturally on the side of the angels and against the crocodiles. If they have gone over to these leviathans for the diamonds which the terrible neesings of their nostrils blow out of the mud, they are no true women. They are traitors to their central and peculiar trust. What would have become of all the things worth having on this continent, with its menagerie of a pantheon, its deified dogs, and apes, and bulls, and Billikins, but for the women who, like Mary, have chosen the better part? The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would have overtaken it long ago. They have been Hesperides indeed, Daughters of the Western Star, and have watered a

garden in the wilderness, with trees and fruits upon them of the true gold. They are the real friends and Caryatides of our churches, hospitals, and universities. They keep up the good old English tradition of plain living and high thinking, the Periclean *Φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας* which means, "we don't need millions to have everything handsome about us." And how much millions may be actually in the way for purposes of real beauty, which always implies sanity, reserve, frugality, one can see from the records of last summer's doings in Newport. But when millions are really required it is their rod that strikes them out of the rock, and makes them flow for us. Do you think we should ever have got without them, that million and a half by the gift of which Montreal distinguished itself above all cities that are or ever have been, I think, in enlightened munificence. There is on Sherbrooke Street a certain huge caravanserai where we shall soon have among other refreshments, if we can pay for them, the refreshment of beholding the motor car of the American millionaire; in his head an enormous cigar still retaining its opulently coloured label. This hostelry is entirely in its place on Sherbrooke Street, and will no doubt minister there to important social needs. But some may remember how it came within an ace of standing on the McGill Campus, where it would not have been in place; where it would have insolently flaunted itself in the face of the Muses, and dwarfed their modest temples into insignificance. To whom do we owe our happy escape? To the prayers of women and to Sir William Macdonald who has retained something of the fineness and something of the fire which he got from his Highland grandmothers.

It is the women, God bless them, who still do for this blind Cyclops of a crass, material civilization of which we are all members, what Wordsworth says his sister Dorothy did for him:

" They give us eyes, they give us ears,
And tender hopes and delicate fears;
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

More power to their elbow and the music it makes! Like Amphion's it may yet build a radiant city here in Montreal, a heavenly city adorned as a bride for her husband.

It is the business of women, as has been said, to represent cleanliness and the fine response to the sweeter aspects of life, which goes with that and cannot be had without it. There is at least one other indispensable factor of the truly human life, viewed from woman's standpoint, which is also bound up inseparably with these things, and should perhaps be accounted the foundation stone, as it certainly is the cope-stone, of all. I mean pity, love, protective motherliness. The good woman is full of that. Nay, for that matter, I think no woman can ever wholly divest herself of it. Like the irrepressible inborn energies of a kitten over a spool, woman's heart of motherliness, even when she is a little girl, will overflow upon the stimulus of a mere india-rubber doll or a teddy-bear. This motherliness in her gives her the most dare-devil courage in the world. Man's bravery is poltroonery beside it. A hen will stand up to a lion and peck his blazing eyes out for her chicks. What work there is both here and elsewhere for this crowning and fundamental quality! How much it has already done! Who saved the children, at least so far as anything has been done to save them, from the fiends that sell cocain in the streets? A woman. Who work for the reclaiming of poor young girls, the victims of that damnable Minotaur who prowls and skulks in the underground labyrinths of this city? Women. Who broke the world's record in the case of the Emergency Hospital a few years ago? Women, and prominent among them one who is now, alas! no more, who had brains, and heart, and energy to furnish forth a dozen of our miraculous young wizards of finance. Who take charge of the Maternity Hospital? Women. Who look after the foundlings and orphans? Women again, and above all the woman who not merely to my mind's eye, but, though she is a proud great-grandmother to my bodily eye as well, is the crowning glory of this city, the brightest and bravest of her sex, an inspired prophetess, "praesens numen," the visible and

audible presence of the godhead, as much as Huldah ever was or Deborah. There is simply no end to what a woman like that can do "to warn, to comfort, and command." There is in her and in others a queenly motherhood, the supreme benediction of this city, which, apart from the immeasurable force it wields at home, can spread its wings, if only it awake and come to itself, to gather under their shelter, to protect and heal all that is broken, bruised, and wounded in the young life of Montreal. Ladies, let it live and work in you; no mortal standards can measure the influence on our national character you can exert if it does; no time, down to the last records of Canadian history, can exhaust it. It will vibrate, like the light from a fixed star, through all the future ages of our story; or rather it will prove a living seed of eternal, self-propagating light. Love is your power, not hatchets, and not logic-chopping, divine love and pity. I wish I could sing Burns's song; but as I cannot—it is in more senses than one too high for me—I will adapt it and say:

" Your love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Your love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune."

So fair and strong it is that it will work "till all the seas go dry, and the rocks melt in the sun." "Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan." 'Tis the everlasting motherhood that lifts us to the heights.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON