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The School Question.

MR. HAULTAIN the Premier of the Northwest Territories, has given out for publication an argument based on what he conceives to be constitutional grounds, to prove that the Dominion Parliament has no right to impose any terms at all with respect to education. He admits, however, that section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, applies to the new Provinces immediately upon their admission to the confederation.

In order to understand what this means the section is reproduced in full as follows:—

Education.

93. In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make Laws in relation to Education, subject and according to the following provisions:—

1. Nothing in any such Law shall prejudicially affect any Right or Privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which any Class of Persons have by Law in the Province at the Union.
2. All the Powers, Privileges, and Duties at the Union by Law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate Schools and School Trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic Subjects, shall be and the same are hereby extended to the Dissident Schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic Subjects in Quebec;
3. Where in any Province a system of Separate or Dissident Schools exists by

Law at the Union or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General-in-Council from any Act or Decision of any Provincial Authority affecting any Right or Privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic Minority of the Queen's Subjects in relation to Education:

4. In case any such Provincial Law as from Time to Time seems to the Governor-General-in-Council requisite for the due Execution of the Provisions of this Section is not made, or in case any Decision of the Governor-General-in-Council or any Appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper Provincial Authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial Laws for the due Execution of the Provisions of this Section, and of any Decision of the Governor-General-in-Council under this Section.

It will be seen that Premier Haultain, who has the authority to speak for the people of the Northwest Territories, does not hesitate for a moment to frankly acknowledge that the constitution of this country requires the continuance of separate schools in the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. These separate schools are there and have been in operation since 1888, under the power conferred by Mr. Mackenzie's Act of 1875.

The issue, therefore, is plainly not that of separate schools versus public schools, but as to the terms under which both separate and public schools are to be continued. The Ontario opposition press are putting panic headlines on the front page in a determined effort to arouse popular feeling over what they say is the attempt of the Dominion Government to shackle the new Provinces by imposing separate schools. It is clear that the attitude which Mr. Haultain takes is not antagonistic to the separate schools as they are now established in the Territories, but he claims perfect liberty of action on the part of the new Provinces with respect to the whole question of education subject only to section 93 of the Constitutional Act of 1867 to which he alludes as the Canadian charter. He also claims that the expression "at the union" as applied to the new Provinces would mean the year 1870, the period in which the Northwest Territories were acquired by Canada. That is, Mr. Haultain contends that the territory of the new provinces should be treated the same as if the provinces were created 35 years before they actually had been created.

As stated before in these columns there were established between 1888 and 1905, a period of 17 years, about 16 separate schools in the Northwest Territories. For lack of vitality five of these went out of business, and there are now only nine separate schools in halfbreed districts and two Protestant separate schools.

The leader of the Opposition strongly attacked the Government in the House of Commons on Wednesday and Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied in a short speech in such a manner as to elicit a storm of cheering from his supporters when he sat down.

The whole row turns, of course, on the one question of education. Mr. Haultain claims that due consideration was not given to the school clause, section 16. It was brought up for discussion between the sub-committee of the privy council and

Messrs. Haultain and Bulyea representing the government of the Territories, on Friday, February 17. Mr. Haultain took the ground that section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, quoted above, applied automatically to the new Provinces. This confirms what is stated above, that so far as education is concerned the cry of complete autonomy in education raised in Ontario does not reflect the view put forward by the Premier of the Northwest Territories. By looking back at section 93 it will be seen that the authority conferred with respect to education is limited. Holding the view that is expressed Mr. Haultain contended that it was not necessary to have any education clause in the Bill. The Government, believing that the existing conditions should be continued, held that it was necessary to put in the bill a clause saying that section 93 of the B. N. A. Act did apply, and sub-sections designed to make it clear that existing conditions would be continued. In drafting the sub-section it is possible that they went further than the government intended them to go, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated to the House on Wednesday that if it is possible to amend the clause the government would consider it.

He pointed out that Mr. Haultain differed from the government with regard to the ownership of the public lands, as to whether they should be one or two provinces, and on the question of irrigation, jurisdiction over which is retained by the Dominion because the land is being retained by the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier pointed out that of all the petitions received by the House concerning the bill only one objection was taken to it, and that was to the education clause. He thought this good proof that the bill had been carefully considered and well digested.

In Wednesday's discussion there was no motion presented to the House by the Opposition, and when the matter had been discussed for some hours the motion to go into supply was carried without a division.

King Edward's Visit to the "Drake."

THE cruiser Drake, which is the flagship of H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, will be visited by His Majesty King Edward within the next few days, prior to the flying visit of the cruiser squadron to America. There is no keener sailor in the service than Prince Louis, who was, up to the recent redistribution of Great Britain's naval forces, Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty. Nor has it been forgotten how, during the manoeuvres of the Mediterranean Fleet some years ago, he was the hero of a brilliant operation at Suda Bay, when he completely outwitted the attacking force. The Prince, who is in his fifty-second year, has been a British subject since he entered the Navy as a cadet in 1868; twenty-one years ago he married at Darmstadt his cousin and King Edward's niece, Princess Victoria of Hesse, and at the same place he saw his eldest daughter married some eighteen months ago, to Prince Andrew of Greece. Of the four sons born to Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince Louis, the eldest, and Prince Francis (whose wife is a sister of Queen Elena of Italy) alone survive: Prince Alexander after a stormy career as Prince of Bulgaria, was kidnapped in 1886 and died twelve years ago; whilst Prince Henry's death after his campaign on the Gold Coast was deeply regretted by the nation that had come to know his worth.

The Drake, which was built at Pembroke, belongs to the first class of armoured cruisers, and has a complement of 900. Her armament comprises two 9-inch guns in barbettes, sixteen 6-in. guns, and fourteen 12-pr. quick-firing guns, besides smaller arms and two torpedo tubes. Her

length is 500 feet, and she measures 71 feet beam. She can attain a speed of 23 knots, her coal capacity is 2,500 tons, and her displacement is 14,100 tons.

The journey of the cruiser squadron to America is the first evidence of Sir John Fisher's plan for the better organization of the Navy. Not only are the vessels of the fleet on active service to be properly ready for any emergency, but also the ships composing the reserve squadrons, and the regular seagoing cruisers of the reserve fleets will do much to secure the proper equipment of our defences. Following upon the removal from the active list of a large number of old vessels, many officers and men have been released for the staffing of the seagoing fleets, which will thus be able to carry out operations with their own crews, and not with specially detailed men as before.

The King, during his visit to Portsmouth, will stay the night at Admiralty House. Many Royal visitors have been entertained at Admiralty House, notably during Sir John Fisher's tenure of the Portsmouth command. King Edward will dine with Prince Louis of Battenberg, and His Majesty's visit is a signal example of the keen interest he takes in all that pertains to the senior service, and to the efficiency of the Navy. The King has all along believed in some such steps as those made clear in Lord Selborne's Memorandum as to the distribution of the Fleet, and the Royal visit of inspection to the Drake sets the seal of general approval upon a well thought-out scheme of national defence.—Black and White.

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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THE King Edward VII. now being commissioned at Devonport, is not only the biggest, but also the most powerful battleship in the world being the only vessel afloat which carries both 9-2 and 12-in. guns. Control stations have taken the place of the usual fighting tops. From these control stations can be fired all the ships heavy ordnance, which includes four 2-in., four 9-2 and ten 6-in. guns. The range of these guns is such that the King Edward VII should be able to sink any other ship afloat before coming within the enemy's range. Docking accommodation for this huge ship of 16,850 tons is only to be had at Portsmouth; she is 425 feet long, and can attain a speed of eighteen and a half knots an hour. Seven sister ships are in course of construction, and the eight battleships of the King Edward VII. class will cost the nation \$60,000,000. The Admiral's bridge is one of the many new features peculiar to this class. The Admiral has an uninterrupted promenade from port to starboard, and the signalling bridge is a few feet below; so that he can control the movements of the fleet under his command whilst the flag captain is fighting his ship from the control station above.

THE Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, which has been added to the duties and dignities of the Prince of Wales, is an ancient office which has not of late years been such a gilded glory as once it was. In the "good old days" it carried with it immense power and responsibility, but during Lord Curzon's occupation its most material blessing was considered the privilege of having Walmer Castle as a summer home. The Viceroy of India found to his cost, that even that was a doubtful privilege. In fact the sanitary condition

of the Castle has fallen under suspicion so that the acceptance of the Wardenship by the Prince of Wales is very properly accompanied by the relinquishment of the Castle as a residence. On May Day Walmer will be thrown open to the public as a place made worthy of a visit by its historic associations.

TWO brave men have stood before the King at Buckingham Palace to receive from his hands the Royal Albert Medal. Both had earned it by adding intelligence and promptitude to pluck and daring. The sphere of Chief Stoker Alfred Stickley's valour was a torpedo boat destroyer; of Mr. Albert V. Harwick's, a railway station. Stickley fought an escape of steam, risking his life to save his craft and his comrades. Harwick, whilst waiting for a train at Finsbury Park during the dense fog of last December, saw a lady fall from the platform before an incoming train. Instantly he jumped after her, and, quick as lightning, placed her and himself at full length alongside the rails. The train passed them both without injuring either. One scarcely knows which to admire most—the rapidly working intelligence or the bravery. It is such combination of high qualities which has made the Empire.

THE Legislature of New Brunswick was opened Thursday, March 8, by his Honor Lieutenant Governor Snowball. The Speech from the throne was a long one, and dealt with the development of the water power at Grand Falls, and of coal and other mining areas.

PREMIER MURRAY, the head of the Liberal Government of Nova Scotia, presented the budget to the Legislature on the 9th inst. The total revenue of the Province for the year was \$1,194,000, and the expenditure was kept down so that at the end of the year there was a surplus of \$33,000. The friends of the government are claiming credit for economical administration and believe that the finances are in splendid condition.

THE revelations—the counter-revelations—concerning the MacDonnell Wyndham policy have surprised no one familiar with the recent course of Irish affairs. The general lines of that curious development have long been an open secret. There were to be three main ways of advance—first to land, secondly on education, thirdly on devolution. The first was successful, the second failed, at the third Mr Wyndham lost heart and energy, and in plain language ran away from his assistant. It is possible to maintain that the Chief Secretary did not gravely commit himself. The correspondence was not all kept, for it was of so intimate a character that neither party sitting in different rooms in Dublin Castle thought it necessary always to keep copies. But enough exists to show how close and continuous was the relationship. These matters cannot be probed till all the correspondence—not merely the appointing letters, which the country now has before it—is published, and that again can only see the light if Sir Antony is dismissed. But Lord Lansdowne will certainly not consent to rough treatment of the man who for years be recommended for the solution of the Irish Land question. And if he is retained the anti-Government warfare among the Orangemen may reach a point endangering the Union itself. The situation for them, therefore, is one of great peril, and it is not over. There are high reasons why Sir Antony should not be dismissed. Lord Lansdowne would not stand it, and there are still higher influences which were at work when Sir Antony surrendered the Governorship of Bombay in favour of the Under-Secretaryship of Ireland. So a way is found of reducing him to the level of what Mr. Wyndham called a clerk on a

stool. That, of course, is intolerable to a man with so distinguished a past as Sir Antony.

PRINCIPAL McDUGAL when seen by the Journal with respect to the paragraph in these columns last week on the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, said that the accusations were too vague to be definitely answered. Such terms as "vindictiveness," "brow-beat," and "insult" were altogether too strong to have any reference to any member of the Collegiate staff. Of course complaints, reasonable or unreasonable, would always be made, but he did not think that present conditions justified the language of the article. In regard to the calling of the teachers together and intimating to them the manner in which they should treat the pupils he had done that last fall, laying particular emphasis on the importance of the manner in which pupils should be treated. The regulations of the department of education contained a section on this topic for the guidance of teachers and by treating this he had taken up the question suggested particularly.

Mr McDougal deprecated the spirit of the article and its strong language but could not give a very clear answer to such indefinite accusations.

A complete answer to the statement that the reference to at least two of the teachers were vague, is furnished by the fact that the morning after the republication of the paragraph a whole class in the Institute said that if the Principal came into the room and asked if the article published was correct they would all stand up and answer yes.

The Confessions of Oscar Wilde.

AN extraordinary book has just been issued from the press. Its title is "De Profundis," and it was written by Oscar Wilde. It was composed, says Robert Ross the author of the preface, during the last months of the writer's imprisonment, and was the only work he wrote while in pri-

is contained, in brief, in the following paragraphs:

"I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterward. Few men hold



Oscar Wilde

son and the last pro- work he ever wrote. The famous "Ballad of Reading Gaol," says Mr. Ross, was not composed or even planned until Oscar Wilde had regained his liberty. With regard to the author wrote: "I do not defend my conduct, I explain it." The explanation

such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic fig-

ure, but his relations were to the passions of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope.

"The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a flaneur, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire, at the end, was a malady, or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul and I did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility."

In the evolution of his nature during the two years' imprisonment he marks such stages as "wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb."

He asserts that he passed through every possible mood of suffering, and finally reached "an ultimate discovery" which he accepts as "the starting point for a fresh development." He says:

"I see quite clearly what I ought to do; in fact must do. And when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value except what one gets out of oneself. My nature

is seeking a fresh mode of self-realization. That is all I am concerned with. And the first thing I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

"Morality does not help me. I am a born antinomian. I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws. But while I see there is nothing wrong in what one does, I see there is something wrong in what one becomes. It is well to have learned that. . . .

"I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me; for that phrase would savor of too great bitterness toward myself. I would sooner say or hear it said of me that I was so typical a child of my age that, in my perversity and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good."

Contemplating the time when he should be released from prison he writes:

"The fact of my having been the common prisoner of a common jail I must frankly accept, and, curious as it may seem, one of the things I shall have to teach myself is not to be ashamed of it. I must accept it as a punishment, and if one is ashamed of having been punished, one might just as well never have been punished at all. Of course there are many things of which I was convicted which I had not done, but then there were many things of which I was convicted that I had done, and a still greater number of things in my life for which I was never indicted at all. And as the gods are strange and punish us for what is good and humane in us as much as for what is evil and perverse, I must accept the fact that one is punished for the good as well as for the evil that one does. I have no doubt that it is quite right that one should be. It helps one, or should help one, to realize both, and not to be too conceited about either. And if I am not ashamed of my punishment, as I hope not to be, I shall be able to think, and walk, and live, with freedom. . . .

"In the very fact that people will recognize me wherever I go, and know all about my life, as far as its follies go, I can discern something good for me. It will force on me the necessity of aggrandizing myself as an artist, and as soon as I possibly can. If I can produce only one beautiful work of art, I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots.

"And if life be, as it surely is, a problem to me, I am no less a problem to life. People must adopt some attitude towards me, and so pass judgment both on themselves and on me. I need not say I am not talking of particular individuals. The only people I would care to be with now are artists and people who have suffered; those who know what beauty is, and those who know what sorrow is; nobody else interests me. Nor am I making any demand on life. In all that I have said I am simply concerned with my own mental attitude toward life as a whole; and I feel that not to be ashamed of having been punished is one of the first points I must attain to, for the sake of my own perfection, and because I am so imperfect."

The philosophy of life, which the writer avers, experience had finally revealed to him, is that sorrow is the supreme emotion of which man is capable, and that it is "at once the type and test of all great art. He says:

"What the artist is looking for is the mode of existence in which the soul and body are one and indivisible; in which the outward is expressive of the inward; in which form reveals. Of such modes of existence there are not a few. Youth and the arts preoccupied with youth may serve as a model for us at one moment: at another we may like to think that it is subtlety and sensitiveness of impression, its suggestion of a spirit dwelling in external things and making its raiment of earth and air, of mist and city alike, and in its morbid sympathy of its moods, and tones, and colors, modern landscape art is realizing for us pictorially what was realized in such plastic perfection by the Greeks. Music, in which all subject is absorbed in ex-

pression and cannot be separated from it, is a complex example, and a flower or a child, a simple example, of what I mean; but sorrow is the ultimate type both in life and art.

"Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament, coarse, hard, and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow. Pain, unlike pleasure, wears no mask. Truth in art is not any correspondence between the essential idea and the accidental existence; it is not the resemblance of shape to shadow, or of the form mirrored in the crystal to the form itself; it is no echo coming from the hollow hill, any more than it is a silver well of water in the valley that shows the moon to the moon and Narcissus to Narcissus. Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit. For this reason there is no truth comparable to sorrow. There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be the illusion of the eye or the appetite, made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain."

The impulse of artistic creation was strongly reasserting itself during the days when his prison life was nearing an end. "If I ever write again," he said, "in the sense of producing artistic work, there are just two subjects on which and through which I desire to express myself: one is 'Christ as the precursor of the romantic movement in life': the other is 'The artistic life considered in its relation to conduct.'" He goes on to express the following hope:

"Perhaps there may come into my art no less than into my life a still deeper note, one of greater unity of passion and directness of impulse. Not width but intensity is the true aim of modern art. We are no longer in art concerned with the type. It is with the exception that we have to do I cannot put my sufferings into any form they took, I need hardly say. Art only begins where imitation ends but something must come into my work, of fuller memory.

of words, perhaps, of richer cadences, of more curious effects, of simpler architectural order, of some esthetic quality at any rate.

"When Marsyas was 'torn from the scabbard of his limbs'—*della vagina della membre sue*, to use one of Dante's most terrible Tacitean phrases—he had no more song, the Greek said. Apollo had been victor. The lyre had vanquished the reed. But perhaps the Greeks were mistaken. I hear in much modern art the cry of Marsyas. It is bitter in *Baudelaire*, sweet and plaintive in *Lamartine*, mystic in *Verlaine*. It is the deferred resolutions of Chopin's music. It is in the discontent that haunts *Buræ-Jones's* women. Even *Mathew Arnold* whose song of *Callicles* tells of 'the triumph of the sweet persuas-

ive lyre,' and the 'famous final victory,' in such a clear tone of lyrical beauty, has not a little of it; in the troubled undertone of doubt and distress that haunts his verses, neither *Goethe* or *Wordsworth* could help him, though he followed each in turn, and when he seeks to mourn for 'Thyrsis,' or to sing of the 'Scholar Gypsy,' it is the reed that he has to take for the rendering of his strain. But whether or not the Phrygian Faun was silent, I can not be. Expression is as necessary to me as leaf and blossoms are to the black branches of the trees that show themselves above the prison walls and are so restless in the wind. Between my art and the world there is now a wide gulf, but between art and myself there is none."

Radisson and the Great Northwest.

"A. C. LAUT" is Miss Agness Laut, author of "Heralds of Empire," "Story of the Trapper" and other virile narratives of dauntless adventure and exploit. In her dedication of the present volume to President Sulte of the Royal Society of Canada, Miss Laut plainly avows her purpose of "upsetting the apple cart of public opinion." To the inevitable question, Why do we find no mention here of *Marquette* and *Joliet* and *La Salle*? her reply is prompt and to the point: "Because they were not pathfinders." Not *Marquette*, *Joliet* or *La Salle* discovered the great Northwest, but two poor adventurers who sacrificed all earthly possessions to the rapture of that discovery" and provoked from the governments of France and England a hostility so bitter that their very names have been hounded to infamy."

These are *Sieur Pierre Esprit Radisson*

and *Sieur Medard Chouart Grosseillers*, fur-traders of *Three Rivers, Quebec*. These two went exploring "on their own hook"; they defied *New France* and *Old France*, and, lastly, *England*, and they asked no favors of the Church. "The historians of France and England either slurred over the discoveries of the obnoxious pair or blackened their memories without compunction." "Space is lacking for half the lies written about them." But in 1885 came a discovery that practically wiped out the work of the pseudo-historians. There was found in the *British Museum*, the *Bodleian Library*, and *Hudson's Bay House, London*, unquestionably authentic record of *Radisson's* voyages, written by himself. *Parkman's* history was already prepared, but he made what reparation he could by appending a footnote to subsequent editions of two of his books, conceding that the travels of *Radisson* and *Grosseillers* took them

to the "Forked River" before 1660." Full corroboration of all that Radisson relates is to be found in chronicles written in his own time and in state papers. "One must either accept the explorer's story as conclusive", says Miss Laut, "or, in rejecting his journal, must also reject as fiction 'Jesuit Relations,' the 'Marine Archives,' 'Dollier de Casson,' 'Marie de l'Incarnation,' and the 'Abbe Belmont,' which record the events as Radisson records them." Radisson's memory has been the subject of controversy ever since his death. This controversy—first between the government of France and England, subsequently between French and English historians—has eclipsed the real achievements of the man.

But when we come to the quivering, humming yarn that Miss Laut is spinning for us, we are caught in a disheveled revel of tales such as may well "hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner. Any eager Canadian schoolboy may be willing to forego his sweetheart, his football or his fights for the pure joy of lying on his back under a tree and abandoning himself for the intoxication of Miss Laut's earlier chapters, charged as they are with fights, and captures and death songs, slaying of sleeping guards and wild dashes for freedom, pursuit and recaptures, "running the gauntlet," and tortures exquisite and artistic, not to mention such spirited interlude as the massacre of French and Hurons and Eskimo and of Dollard's immortal little band.

And so we come to Radisson's third voyage, crowned by the discovery of the great Northwest. While Radisson was among the Iroquois, the little world of New

France had not been asleep. Before Radisson was born, Jean Nicolet of Three Rivers, had passed westward through the Straits of Mackinaw, and had coasted down Lake Michigan as far as Green Bay (probably in 1634). Some years later the great Jesuit martyr Jolques, had preached to the Indian of Sault Ste. Marie; but beyond that was an unknown world "that beckoned the young adventurers as with the hand of a siren." Of the great beyond, known today as the Great Northwest, only this had been learned—that from it came the priceless stores of beaver pelts, brought down the Ottawa to Three Rivers by the Algonquins; and in it roved the wild races, whose territory extended northwest and north to unknown nameless seas.

Before the opening of spring, in 1659, Radisson and Groselliers had made their way across what is now Wisconsin to a mighty river, "rushing and profound"; and on its shores they found "a great nation, the people of the fire," the Sioux. They were standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond. "They saw before them not the Sea of China, not kingdoms for conquest, not a short road to Asia. They saw what every Westerner sees today—a land waiting for its people, wealth waiting for the workers, an empire waiting for its builders."

There were other voyages after that, but the great work was done when Radisson and Groselliers stood together on the bank of the Upper Mississippi—ten years before Marquette and Joliet, twenty years before La Salle, a hundred years before La Verendrye.



Mr. Wyndham's Resignation.

TWO years ago Mr. Wyndham held an admired place in English politics. His Land Act had been carried through Parliament amid the applause and good will of all parties. He was believed to be inaugurating a new and gracious regime of conciliation and friendship. He made eloquent and attractive speeches. Everything about him and around him helped to create a pleasing impression of him as a peacemaker—his charm of manner, his Fitzgerald blood, his genuine, almost ingenuous, enthusiasm for his mission, and the rise of a national effort to recover for Ireland her literary identity on which a literary Unionist might indulge in innocent sympathy. Nobody, perhaps, attributed to him great gifts of mind or too robust or inflexible a will. But his opponents allowed no considerations of party to muffle their praises of his achievements or their hopes for his future success. His attitude to Ireland seemed to them to suggest that he meant to revive all that was generous in the traditions of Conservatism, and if he had left office two years ago he would have seemed a Canning without Canning's power, or perhaps a Fitzwilliam without Fitzwilliam's misfortune. He has now left office with a very different reputation. That agreeable illusion is destroyed. It will be remembered of him that after inviting a distinguished official to act "as his colleague" after making full use of his gifts and ardour to promote those objects on whose successful prosecution his own reputation depended, after living with him on intimate terms for more than two years and borrowing from his great resources of mind and experience, Mr. Wyndham allowed the Cabinet to put a public stigma on that official for an action that was the result of "a melancholy misunderstanding." "he was too great a

man to sit on a stool. He was my colleague. Nothing less would have tempted him from India. We worked together with sincere and cordial enthusiasm. Our relations were intimate. We discussed everything. It is true that for some months we were talking at cross purposes but for that my colossal ignorance of India is alone to blame. I gave him a free hand, and he used it, by a melancholy misunderstanding, in a way I did not approve. The Cabinet put on record that his action was indefensible. What else could be done?" This is Mr. Wyndham's argument, and the answer is simple enough to anyone who will read the letters describing the terms of the appointment. If the Cabinet insists on that public censure, Mr. Wyndham ought to resign.

The position of the Government is really no less ignominious than that of Mr. Wyndham. The correspondence read in the House shows that Sir Antony MacDonnell's appointment meant a new departure of Irish policy. Some of the Cabinet knew about it, others, including Mr. Chamberlain, did not. The Government realized that Unionism was a bankrupt policy. Sir Antony MacDonnell was called on to prepare a new policy—land purchase. University settlement, devolution or co-ordination, or whatever term can cover the vague ideas of administrative reconstruction that were stirring in the minds of the Government, ideas to which Mr. Wyndham gave a kind of expression when introducing his Land Bill. As long as the Government developed this policy they met no opposition from Liberals. Land purchase was carried. What was it that prevented the settlement of the University question? Not the distracted Opposition, to whose weakness and difficulties these gentlemen were always offering their sympathy. The

University question was not settled because neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Wyndham dared brave their own party. It is this whole policy of sympathetic development that has been renounced, and as Sir West Ridgeway pointed out in the Times, the Government were driven from their policy by the clamour of the Orangemen. Mr. Balfour, in an attempt to beat up his party to an old cry said it was evident that the Nationalists were going to drive the Liberal party forward to Home Rule. The moment of surrender to a tiny faction was not the happiest time to throw this taunt. We should have thought it was less ignominious to be driven forward by a nation struggling for its just rights than to be driven backwards by a faction struggling for its vindictive "privileges." "It is no loss of honour," said Swift, "to submit to the lion, but who, with the figure of a man can think with patience of being devoured by a rat?"

But of course these transactions have a much deeper significance. The treatment of Sir Antony MacDonnell is an important thing. The panic-stricken surrender of the Government's policy to the fury of the Orangemen is an important thing. But much the most important thing is this signal proof of the impossibility and impracticability of Unionism. We now have it on record that the Unionist Government, men who were talking ten years ago of raising Ulster in revolt against Home Rule, deliberately appointed a Home Ruler as Under-Secretary with a free hand as part of a large policy of reform on lines which are certainly at variance with all that Ulster understood by Unionism. The Chief-Secretary was enthusiastic for the policy. The Under-Secretary who was in constant touch with the Chief Secretary,

thought that financial and legislative devolution were not incompatible with the Chief Secretary's theory of Unionism. The Viceroy approved those ideas. This development of Unionism is not less significant than the rise of an Irish Reform Party as a proof that Unionism is crumbling away. The Tory Government have not abandoned their new ideas because they dislike Home Rule, but because they are afraid of the Orangemen. They have thrown Sir Antony MacDonnell to this enlightened set or enthusiasts as they would have thrown Thomas Drummond. But the transactions of the last two years show once again how difficult it is for any man to come close to Irish administration without revolting against the existing system. The inside of Dublin Castle has turned many an official into a Home Ruler of some kind or another. Its lessons are too direct and too poignant to be forgotten. To every man of uncorrupted sympathies it is infinitely more attractive to govern a nation by its better mind than to govern it by faction and clandestine management. It is an unenviable nature to which the prospect of an escape from all the hideous system of government by conspiracy against a people is not something very nearly irresistible. It is easy to understand the eager hope with which Mr. Wyndham caught at the project of a sympathetic development of Irish policy as the alternative to another dismal chapter of coercion. Our disappointment that he was not a strong enough man to defend his policy or his colleagues when they were attacked by Ulster Orangemen does not affect the great truth, to which his deranged career is a reluctant testimony, that no progress in Irish affairs is possible without an elective body in Dublin.