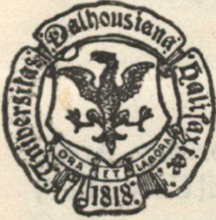

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

ANDREW MACPHAIL

MONTREAL

VOLUME XII., 1913

The University Magazine is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

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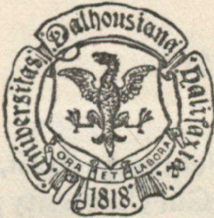

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THE NAVY AND POLITICS

THE present moment seems opportune for considering the new Canadian naval proposal, not so much in relation to other proposals, which may be worse or better, as in relation to the general political environment. It is the end of the recess and the parliamentary cataract has not again begun to roar. On these quiet pages a place may be found for calm contemplation of a subject about which many good men are perplexed. On previous occasions matters of like importance were so considered. When either Conservatives or Liberals failed in their appeals to the people the circumstances and causes were set forth in the most modern, academic fashion.

Canada's naval policy has been of continuous concern to this MAGAZINE, and the spirit in which it has always been approached is well indicated by one writer in the words: "The man who votes for this or that solution of the navy question merely because he is a Liberal, or because he is a Conservative, or because he is neither, is false to his citizenship." Any one who is desirous of informing himself in a large way upon the whole question would be well repaid for his labour if he were to read again the series of articles upon British Diplomacy and Canada, upon Imperialism, and the more specific and consequent ones by Mr. C. F. Hamilton upon the naval issue itself.

Leaving out of account the views of the few ignorant persons who profess the belief that we owe nothing to England, and of the few apathetic ones who are content to dwell under the shadow of the wings of the dove of peace with an occasional glance of fear at the United States, the consensus now is that the time has come for Canada at a single stroke to perform its duty, to signify its gratitude, and to eize its privilege. The one difficulty which divides

is how this feat can best be done; not how little will suffice but how much can be ventured without the creation of mischief,—and mischief does sometimes arise out of a good intention. Indeed, the burden of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's amendment is that Mr. Borden's proposal for an immediate contribution "is not an assumption by Canada of her fair share in the maintenance of the naval strength of the Empire." With all persons animated by the same spirit it should not be hard to find a way. And yet there are difficulties which do not lie upon the surface. It is these which it is now proposed to drag into the light, so that we may see if they are as serious as they seem to be. They arise out of our system of government, and as our institutions are the best which have yet been devised, we must not become impatient of the trials which are incidental to them.

The first business of a politician who leads the minority is to gain control of the government. But once a leader is in control it will not do to enquire too curiously how he achieved it. The defeated must learn to forget, and the victors strive for acquiescence. The victorious leader should be tender of the susceptibilities of his friends and careful of the prejudices of his opponents, as Mr. Borden has been, as some of his followers have not. In so far as parties are divided by principles it may be that no compromise is possible, and that a measure must be driven through by sheer weight of numbers and power; but the wisest politician is he who uses the machinery at his command with the least display of force. In the end it is not one's opponents but one's friends who must be counted.

There are times, of course, when a leader must deal ruthlessly even with those friends who helped him to power, as Macdonald did with the Nationalists of Quebec, after the Riel rebellion, as Mr. Borden recently did with a similar section when it was convenient to him that the alliance by which he gained power should be at an end. A leader may be compelled to turn upon a recalcitrant following and

adjure them, with an awful imprecation, to "go—and vote with the Grits," or Tories, as the case might be. This course has its perils, but perils must be faced. The Nationalists have long memories. In the former case, they remembered for eleven years, and when the party which flouted them was in distress in 1896, they were there to see. This new faction, which at one time numbered twenty-seven members, remains on the flank of the Conservatives, and though weakened by defection, it will bear to be watched.

In questions which are party questions, party methods may quite properly be applied by the minority; and it is not for the majority to decide what is a party question and what is not. In the mouth of a ruffian "Fair play" and "Kick him in the face" quickly alternate, according as his own friend is up or down in the fight. And this navy business has become a party question, whether we like it or not. There was a time when it was not so, but that time is passed.

If there were in Canada a party which was really Conservative and a party which was really Liberal, divided the one from the other by opposing principles, it would be easy for a simple person to make his choice between the two and between the respective policies founded upon those principles. Then we should have politics; but there can be no politics in a community in which both parties are dominated by a financial policy alone. The Conservative party in England has reduced itself to a condition of chaos by substituting an issue for a principle. The Conservative party in Canada is dominated not by Conservatives alone but by an aggregation of Septembrists, partly Liberal, who came together with the cry that in defence of their crafts they were defending their country; and the Liberal party is shot through by the same element.

It is now not easy for a man to know if he can be a Conservative without being a Septembrist, and it must be very difficult for a Liberal to know what he is. Mr. Maurice Hutton, in Toronto, has hit upon a device for remaining Conservative. He reads the *Globe*. If one would

continue secure in the faith he should refrain from reading those papers, the one in Toronto, the other in Montreal, which, for the time being at least, cry aloud their allegiance to the Septembrist section of the Conservative party, lest he would be in danger of aiding and abetting the Liberals by way of apologizing for the insolence and irritation which they are called upon to endure.

This business of the navy can never be settled without good-will. If it is settled wrong, it will not remain settled. There was a time when good-will prevailed. On March 29th, 1909, Mr. Borden said: "In so far as my Right Honourable friend, the Prime Minister, to-day outlined the lines of naval defence of this country, I am entirely at one with them. I am entirely of opinion, in the first place, that the proper line upon which we should proceed is the line of having a Canadian naval force of our own; I entirely believe in that." And on the same day Mr. Foster said: "The first Canadian owned vessel built and equipped in Britain and sent out to defend our coast would become the nucleus and the training ground of Canadian stokers, Canadian sailors, and Canadian officers, and by and by perhaps, of a Canadian admiral on a Canadian coast. How much time would be taken in completing that circle none of us could say, but if we begin the tracing of it and follow it fairly and faithfully, the time must come when we get a complete circle and have an imperial adjunct to the British navy for the defence of Canada and the defence of the Empire in which Canada has some of her body, her bones, her blood, her mental power, and her national pride."

Accordingly the Naval Bill was passed without dissent. A beginning was made. But something happened. A cloud appeared on the horizon over Drummond-Athabaska. The government was defeated in a bye-election. Quebec was the weak spot, and the whole force of the opposition was directed against it. Derision was heaped on the "Canadian Navy." Henceforth it became the "tin-pot navy with a string to it," and when the *Niobe* met with disaster the navy

was doomed and the government was defeated. During the present session Mr. Pelletier, according to the report in the *Gazette*, "raised great fun by saying, 'I would rather have no ships at all than old tubs that go ashore on Yarmouth rocks.' (Loud laughter)". With the naval service an object of ridicule and scorn from a whole parliamentary party, it is little wonder that more than one-third of the crews deserted. Moderate as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy was, in deference to the susceptibilities of Quebec, it was repudiated by his own compatriots, and in this repudiation and defeat the Conservatives joined.

We have now in Canada two adversaries, and no policy can succeed until they agree. Laurier's plan was defeated by ridicule and accident. Borden's plans are subject to the same method and the same chance. There is nothing so good that might not be better in the eyes of those who are resolute to find fault, and the perception of absurdity does not rest with the Conservatives alone. Goodwin shoals are as dangerous as Yarmouth rocks. English officers are not infallible. The elements are no respecters of parties. If ridicule and scorn of English built and English managed Canadian ships is a weapon by which elections can be won, the Liberals may be trusted to employ it. They are not too scrupulous to refrain from following in the path which has been blazed for them. The Conservatives will then be in the way of learning the difference there is between the man who owns the ox that is being gored and the man who owns the ox that is doing the goring.

Great questions are never settled by argument. They are solved by sympathy in a moment of passionate enthusiasm. The Boer war, like a flash of flame, disclosed to the world Canada's relation to the Empire as no words of mouth or volumes of *Hansard* could. It required a war with France to consolidate various principalities of central Europe into the German Empire; but that was a real emergency, not a state of affairs out of which an emergency might arise. The writers for many English newspapers did their

best to make an emergency appear real to us, in which all dissent would be forgotten. They saw a balloon over Norwich by night, which they declared was the vanguard of the German invasion; but, unfortunately, it transpired that the craft had been sent aloft merely for advertising purposes. They saw a fiery monster speeding through the land, which plunged into the ground when they cried out; but it was discovered that the horrid spectre was only a railway train entering a tunnel.

Things were at their worst during the Morocco affair. Since that time they have steadily improved, until the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was able to arise in the Reichstag to discuss the Balkan situation and say, that "during the whole crisis our relations with Great Britain have been especially marked by mutual trust which has brought about a most gratifying intimacy in our relations, and I can express a certain expectation that they will continue to do this." The utterance of every responsible English statesman during the past year, the formal statement of the German ambassador to England, and the correct demeanour of Germany in the Balkan situation, all went to reinforce this opinion.

A crisis which does not occur is not a crisis. A crystal must crystallize before it is a crystal, and an emergency out of which nothing emerges ceases to do duty as an incentive to immediate action. The Canadian imagination is too stiff to be stimulated by the prospect that an emergency may develop in twenty-four hours. That, it will reflect, is always true; but in every relation of life the probability of an occurrence must be estimated with reference to the facts. Thus, no bank in the world could do business if it were guided entirely by the emergency that all its depositors and all its note holders might appear at the same moment and demand gold in satisfaction of their claims. We must find some surer base.

And the problem will not be settled by calling names. In an argument upon a religious or a national question you

may characterize your opponent as a heretic or a traitor; but, unless you have the power and determination to burn him or hang him, according to the custom usual in each case, you do not bring the argument to an end. Your opponent may even admit the impeachment for the sake of the argument. His admission merely clears the ground, and makes a continuation of the argument still more urgent, especially if it is not improbable that he may in turn acquire the power to enforce his own conclusion, whether it be false or true. Comparatively trivial questions, of course, can be disposed of in this easy way. A dispute between a cabman and his fare over the amount of money which should pass, between two pedlars about a remunerative stand, or between two beggars about the ownership of a chance penny, can be settled by vituperation which may be either one sided or mutual. A much more important question, namely, whether we should pay for our purchases in the United States in gold or in kind, was settled, for the time being at least, by the easy device of affixing to those who favoured the exchange of products, the stigma of disloyalty.

In political affairs, however, the method of vituperation is not without certain disadvantages. As soon as men discover that hard names break no bones, the virtue has gone out of it. They may even decline to be put to the question by the political inquisition: *Art thou disloyal? If he said, Nay: Then said they unto him, say now, God Save the King; and since he could not frame to pronounce it they said he was disloyal.* This is what they said to Mr. Frank Oliver, and Frank Oliver said to them what he always says when he is deeply moved. However, he vitiated his protest against using the National Anthem as a shibboleth by pronouncing it when his own leader had spoken; and yet his recalcitrancy did something to bring into prominence the view of all men of sensitive spirit, that this parade of holy sentiments for party purposes is like using sacramental dishes for the feeding of swine. The question now is one to which all are agreed; namely, how shall we best perform

our duty? The legislators will not solve it by shouting their own loyalty or traducing their opponents. The common opinion of the country is that they ought to be quiet and do nothing rashly.

There can be no free discussion so long as speakers are afraid or can inspire fear. That is the trouble with the Liberals. They are still wincing under the brand that was affixed to them at the time when it was proposed to enlarge the trade of Canada with the United States. They allowed themselves to be terrorized, and if they cannot recover their spirits they had better retire from the field. They must make up their minds either to disregard the stigma, or convert it into an emblem of meaning, as Sir John Macdonald did when he was charged that a protective policy would endanger the British connexion. He declared that if any policy which was in the interests of Canada endangered the British connexion, then so much worse for that connexion. The air was cleared at one stroke of humour.

After Mr. Borden finished his speech introducing the Naval Bill, which bristled with reference to loyality, his chief opponent also thought it necessary to assure him that the Liberals shared his devotion and loyalty to the British Empire. Both protested unnecessarily. Fifteen months ago we assured England of our loyalty by declining to enlarge our trade with the United States. Now we have made it double sure. We have declared to the world that we cannot do anything else but be loyal, since we are incompetent to man and keep in commission two small cruisers, and are only strong in borrowing money which we cannot trust ourselves to spend.

What the Liberals will do is for themselves to decide. They are tactically at a disadvantage. If they venture to discuss the Conservative policy, they are told that there is no policy to discuss. If they recommend their own, they are referred to its failure. If they put forward a new one, the answer is that thay are not in a position to put it into effect or to carry it out. If they remind their oppo-

nents of their pledge to consult the country, they are told that there is plenty of time, and that anyhow this proposal of a contribution is not a policy but a spontaneous offering arising from a heart overflowing with gratitude, which none should oppose unless they are prepared to endure the suspicion, as one minister put it, of being *in posse* or *in esse* disloyal.

The feasibility of making these prompt replies goes to show how politically clever the proposal is; but the country is tired of cleverness and compromise. One who tries to please everybody ends up by pleasing nobody. There had been enough talk. Ardent spirits hoped that now we would get something done. The government was in power for fourteen months, and the leader had enquired eagerly of the imperial mind. It was understood that he had a policy locked up in his breast, which was so precious that none of his colleagues would venture even to call it by name until the hour had come. Stripped of all accessories it amounts to this:

1. That from the moneys of the consolidated fund there may be paid and applied a sum not exceeding thirty-five million dollars for the purpose of increasing immediately the effective naval forces of the Empire.

2. The said sum shall be employed and applied under the direction of the Governor-in-Council in the construction and equipment of battle-ships or of armoured cruisers of the most modern and most powerful type.

3. The said vessels, after they have been constructed and equipped, shall be placed by the Governor-in-Council at the disposal of His Majesty for the common defence of the Empire.

4. The said sum shall be paid, employed, and applied, and the vessels shall be constructed and placed at the disposal of His Majesty, subject to such terms and conditions and arrangements as may be entered into between the Governor-in-Council and the government of His Majesty.

Anything outside of the terms of the Bill is mere talk, and of talk we have had enough, though we are likely to get more. An Imperialist who complains of the meagreness of this fare is referred to the paper which Mr. Borden read at the time the Bill was presented. This supplementary information is merely the expression of desire and intention. A different desire and intention may be expressed at some future time by the same, or by a different, premier. Then it will appear that these ships are merely a loan on call, and it is not customary for a borrower to reckon a call loan as an asset, exclusively. An Imperialist who declares with winks and nods, or smitings of the table, "that the ships will not be recalled," knows nothing of Canadian politics. The *Niobe* was recalled to the Yarmouth rocks for election purposes, and achieved a very definite, though unexpected, result. If it will help a party to gain power or keep power by recalling these ships, recalled they will be on one pretext or another.

It is hard for an Imperialist to be patient in the belief that there is yet a policy locked up in Mr. Borden's mind, and that he must wait its deliverance as he waited from September 21st, 1911, till December 5th, 1912, and was given merely an isolated act which may turn out to be an obstruction rather than an aid in the development of a permanent plan. It is hard for him not to give assent to the doctrine which is laid down in the counter proposal made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on December 12th: "that any measure of Canadian aid to imperial naval defence which does not embody a permanent policy of participation by ships owned, manned, and maintained by Canada, and contemplating construction as soon as possible in Canada, is not an adequate or satisfactory expression of the aspirations of the Canadian people in regard to naval defence, and is not an assumption by Canada of her fair share in the maintenance of the naval strength of the Empire."

Much was expected of the moral effect of our proposal, and a great hush was upon the country as we listened for a

voice from Berlin; but the silence was unbroken until the organ of the military party in Germany said, "This development brings us face to face with the question whether we can any longer be satisfied with the slow progress established in the naval estimates."

The defenders of the Bill are running two sets of arguments side by side. These may be summarized as follows: that it will be an assistance to England, that it will be of no assistance; that it will cost us less than the previous policy, that it will cost us more; that it will not involve us in affairs of foreign policy, that it will give us a voice in foreign policy; that the ships are to be stationed in the North Sea, and again that they are to form the nucleus of a coast defence on the Pacific and Atlantic seaboard. Each one of these merits a word of comment.

At the first blush it would appear that this contribution would lessen the burden of defence which rests upon the English tax-payer; but Mr. Churchill, in reply to Lord Charles Beresford on December 9th, disposed of that illusion by saying that "Canada's contribution would be additional to the existing British programme," and he added that such was the wish of the Canadian government. Of course it must be taken into account that, if the English people had thought it necessary to increase the fleet by three ships, the burden would have fallen upon them. On the other hand, this "gift" imposes on the English tax-payer the burden of its maintenance. As Mr. G. B. Shaw, with his usual common-sense, said, the ships are to be put out to be nursed until they are ordered home. One can well imagine an Englishman putting the case in this form: " I will make to you a gift of my house on precisely the same conditions; namely, that you equip it with servants; that you keep it in repair; that you shelter me and my family not only in this house but in all others which you may chance to possess; and, finally, that you give it back to me whenever I choose to recall the gift."

From Mr. Pelletier's speech the material for comparing the cost of the two systems may be drawn, and his conclusion will be found at page 1135 of *Hansard*, that the present proposal is "costing the people of Canada a much smaller amount." The cost of the Laurier programme was to begin with $3,680,000 a year. The expenditure now proposed is under a million dollars and a half, with no provision for increase, or about fourteen cents per Canadian a year. Of course breaking eggs does not make an omelet, and spending money does not ensure defence, but we are not now speaking of relative efficiency: we are speaking of cost.

The fact is we in Canada do not take this navy business seriously enough. We are unwilling to get at the root of the matter. For the time being it is merely an interesting subject of conversation, a "good advertisement" for Canada, —this navy, and this voice in foreign policy which it is supposed to connote. The people of England take their foreign policy very seriously, and are careful to set us right when we indulge in loose talk about it. In the paper which Mr. Borden read as a supplement to his Bill, he had written [*Hansard* p. 698], "When Great Britain no longer assumes sole responsibility for defence upon the high seas, she can no longer undertake to assume sole responsibility for and sole control of foreign policy which is closely, vitally, and constantly associated with that defence in which the Dominions participate. It has been declared in the past, and even during recent years, that responsibility for foreign policy could not be shared by Great Britain with the Dominions. In my humble opinion, the adherence to such a position could have but one, and that a most disastrous, result. During my recent visit to the British Islands, I ventured, on many public occasions, to propound the principle that the great Dominions, sharing in the defence of the Empire upon the high seas, must necessarily be entitled to share also in the responsibility for, and in the control of, foreign policy. No declaration that I made was greeted more heartily and enthusiastically than this. It is satis-

factory to know that to-day not only His Majesty's ministers but also the leaders of the opposite political party in Great Britain have explicitly accepted this principle."

Persons to whom the task will be entrusted of writing the constitutional history of England will be greatly assisted if Mr. Borden should indicate a little more specifically where reference may be found to substantiate this novel manifesto, especially as there is a reference quite to the contrary in the Report of the last Imperial Conference standing in the name of Mr. Asquith. This unfortunate remark of Mr. Asquith's, made when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was helping him to block the impetuous proposal of Sir J. Ward, should no longer be taken too seriously. It has already been tortured by the Nationalists into too definite a meaning. In the House of Commons, July 22nd, 1912, when Mr. Asquith was dealing with Mr. Borden, and not with Sir J. Ward, he said: "Side by side with this growing participation in the active burden of Empire on the part of our Dominions, there rests with us, undoubtedly, the duty of making such response as we can to their obviously reasonable appeal, that they should be entitled to be heard in the determination of policy and in the direction of its affairs."

A few days after Mr. Borden's utterance Mr. Asquith admitted, in reply to a question, that the government had put forward the proposal to invite representatives to attend the meetings of the committee on imperial defence, and that the proposal was accepted as desirable in principle by all the premiers. But the *Times*, on December 8th, was careful to explain that such addition to the committee of defence would not in any way interfere with the present Cabinet government in England of foreign affairs, that this committee existed solely to coördinate navy and military proposals with the requirements of the policy, as defined by the Cabinet, that it could commit the country, or the empire, to nothing, that it had neither responsibility nor power, that it was a purely consultative body, and its character would not be altered by the appointment of a Canadian minister.

If any doubt remained Mr. Harcourt cleared it away by his despatch which was published on January 5th. In an interview with the Montreal *Witness*, published on January 9th, Sir Frederick Borden informs us that he "was called to that committee as far back as 1903, and has attended it on various occasions ever since." It has not transpired, however, what value was attached to his advice. Yet, being brought up within sound of the Bay of Fundy, which is an arm of the sea, he must have more understanding of sea causes than an inlander whose training was received on the banks of the Ottawa, by the Lakes,—great as they are,—or on the prairies of the middle of the continent.

This committee can appoint to its membership any person it may desire, but any Canadian so appointed could not affect in the least the conclusions of the Cabinet, excepting by way of argument, which any one is now free to attempt, whether he is a Canadian minister within the committee or merely a journalist outside. All of this is quite satisfactory, and it is as well that we should understand what this "representation" means. It will relieve us of the fear that our voice might be taken too seriously when we said something foolish. And yet a Canadian on such a committee would possess a power which might be dangerous, as the mere threat to withdraw half a squadron of ships would be intolerable to other members of the committee who had no such power of enforcing their conclusions. On the other hand, the committee might free itself from an intolerable position by suggesting that the ships be withdrawn as they could not accept the Canadian view of the case. Of course, no Conservative would be guilty of such contumacy; but who can guarantee that some day a Liberal will not gain entrance within the charmed circle? As Professor Macnaughton remarks, John Bull is an ugly customer and capable of a devastating kick when he is buckling his corselet and pulling on his sea-boots.

But all this discussion is beside the mark. The subject matter of it is not contained within the Bill. It arises merely

out of supplementary or explanatory remarks which Mr. Borden was generous enough to make; and yet it is in the light of those explanations that the phrase "subject to such terms and conditions and arrangements" must be construed. The exact limitations and significance of those accessory remarks was considered important in England as well as here. Mr. Arthur Lee, formerly civil lord of the Admiralty, asked the question at Westminster; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier pressed Mr. Borden closely [*Hansard*, p. 980] to discover what "the papers" were, which Mr. Asquith in his reply assured Mr. Lee "would be laid before Parliament after the Dominion Government Bill received the Royal assent." The utmost Mr. Borden would yield was that he was "authorized to make the statement he did make;" but he did not disclose the source of his authority or any more clearly the form or terms of the subsidiary agreement.

On the following day, however, [*Hansard*, p. 1050] Mr. Borden, knowing that the mind of the country is in a sensitive state; that many persons for one reason or another are opposed to the Bill; that many are striving to reach a conclusion on merits alone; and that in the absence of full information they might refuse to commit themselves or might arrive at a wrong decision, disclosed his authority for a portion of his statement at least. It lay in a letter from Mr. Churchill whose opinion at the moment is important. The burden of that letter [*Hansard*, p. 1051] is that tenders for a certain class of ships might be requested from approved Canadian firms, and that the tenders might be accepted if the price were reasonable, "having regard to all the circumstances, including the fact that Canada will be prepared to share any extra cost." England buys even warships in the cheapest market, and a bill presented to us for "extra cost" might precipitate a most inopportune discussion of our fiscal policy in the attempt to discover the reasons for the discrepancy. It has not yet occurred to Mr. Churchill to suggest reimbursing English shipbuilders for the losses they might endure if it should turn out that

their work could be done more cheaply in Canada or elsewhere.

Mr. Borden has been quite frank; he has furnished us with convincing information that, as he has expressed no policy publicly, he has no *arrière pensée* in his mind. At an important juncture in public affairs two of England's elder statesmen were endeavouring to arrive at a conclusion in a public house over a pot of ale. They confessed their helplessness but they were willing to leave the decision to their betters. "Jarge," said the one, "it may be that Lord Salisbury has more information than we uns." But the people of Canada are scarcely so complacent, and we are all—leaders and followers—in a like vacuity of mind.

The Bill has the merit of appearing like a "business proposition," and to business men payment in money is the easy and obvious way. The question is troublesome, and this is a convenient method of setting it at one side for the time being. We are relieved of the bother of building ships, and sailing them, and fighting them; but this is a delicate mission which we are asking the Admiralty to undertake, to care for our ships against the day they may be enquired for. If they are thrust into a position of danger some eager Liberal will surely be on the look-out; and he will then feel entitled to ask questions in Parliament, and qualified to take sides in some such quarrel as has recently broken out between Mr. Churchill and Vice-admiral Sir Francis C. Bridgeman. The bother will be to the people of England, and they are in the habit of looking a ship in the teeth even if it be a "gift." The enthusiasm which Mr. Borden evoked last summer cannot endure forever, and the North Sea is a chilling spot. If these ships go in opposition to the wills of a large part of the people of Canada they will drag heavily on the British fleet, and the good which we would do will then have turned to evil.

A leader of a party must do what he can, and not always what he would. Sir Wilfrid Laurier probably went as far as he dared go, having regard to the susceptibilities of his

followers in Quebec; he went much too far for his own political safety, as the issue proved; but it would be ascribing to him an excess of political cynicism had he foreseen that the Conservatives who accepted his policy without dissent would have allied themselves with the opponents of any naval policy whatever to accomplish his defeat. Similarly, Mr. Borden may be convinced that he cannot venture upon a naval policy without a dangerous risk of disaster. He is cognizant of the means by which he achieved power, of the pledges he gave, and the hostilities he created; and that knowledge is the dominant note in Canadian politics to-day. This is the Nemesis which dogs the steps of a successful politician. With this, those of us who have nothing to do with the technique of politics are not concerned. We merely stand and watch. A bystander sees most of the game; it is only a bystander who can direct a game or win a battle.

Fifteen months ago one bystander outlined on these pages a naval policy which did not, openly at least, receive the attention it deserved, probably because that was a time of extreme activity in naval policy building and it was overlooked. It may be summarized under the following heads:

1. When Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war.

2. The supreme command and control of all the naval forces of the empire lies with the Admiralty. The Admiralty may adopt such measures as it sees fit, to delegate to the Canadian department of naval service the making of appointments, the purchase of supplies, and the building of ships, and any other matters.

3. All ships when built are stationed where they are needed, with no territorial limit.

4. The annual expenditure made by Canada will be voted by the Canadian Parliament.

5. The purely coastal defence of Canada will be included in the vote.

6. As soon as, and as far as, it is possible, ships will be built in Canada.

7. At any time, now or later, for greater immediate efficiency of sea power, an emergency vote of money may be made to the Admiralty for any purpose which they think necessary.[1]

The architect of this programme was Professor Leacock; and if he had premissed that "the control of all the naval forces of the empire lies with the King," not with the Admiralty, he would have been stating the exact historical truth. An acceptance of this principle necessarily estops further discussion. This programme would then meet every objection. It would affirm where the ultimate control lies in peace and in war; and it would permit of that control being exercised according to the immemorial usage by which the King calls upon his subjects to come to his support against the enemy. Every constitutional question would then settle itself automatically. It would contain the valuable features of the Liberal plan which, as Professor Leacock pointed out at the time, "lay in its proposal to enlist Canadian sailors and to build Canadian ships, rather than be content with the policy of mercenary defence that would substitute dollars for daring......... The only real way to do one's fighting is to do it one's self. The picture of British bravery sub-let at an annual rental to represent in figures the high courage of the Canadian people is too humiliating. What sort of monuments should be set up in our public places after a British war?—a sculptured column, perhaps, with the legend, 'To the memory of a million dollars lost in a great conflict at sea'." Of that programme the incidental has been adopted and the reality left untouched.

Such a policy would be refused only by those who would accept no policy whatever. If there are any such, it is as well that they should here and now stand up to be counted. The first item alone requires a further word of amplification; and that brings us to the heart of the whole matter. Sir

1 University Magazine, Dec., 1911.

Wilfrid Laurier in his speech in reply to Mr. Borden, January 12th, 1912, [*Hansard*, p. 1064] said twice in one sentence, "When England is at war we are at war." "The thought of being neutral," he continued, "would be like the command of King Canute to the sea to recede from his feet." Sir Wilfrid forgets that King Canute was quite free to give the command and to be engulfed by the rising waves, as free as a man is to cut his own throat, or a matricide to slay his mother in the hour of her need, as free as a man is to turn traitor, or a nation to commit the last infamy of public betrayal. There is no power on earth which can compel a free man or even a slave to go to war against his will,—or a nation either. Not so very long ago the people of England were called to war to resist invasion; they went to war on behalf of the invaders; and the descendants of those invaders still occupy the English throne. The Thirteen Colonies were at war when England was at war, but the United States is not. There is a difference between an eternal truth and the decision of a people. Between Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "may" and Mr. Borden's "shall" there is no distinction. An Order-in-Council can be passed in Ottawa as quickly as in Downing Street, and each is ultimately subject to revision by each House of Parliament equally. Human ingenuity can contrive no device or plan by which Canadian aid can be placed beyond the control of the Canadian people. No Parliament can bind a succeeding one. No generation can bind the generation which is to follow. The essence of freedom lies in the freedom to do wrong as well as to do right; and this freedom is the main bulwark of rectitude, that is, so long as men are men and not devils.

For after all, What is "England"? Is it our King or is it his House of Commons? It has happened more than once that these two "Englands" were at war with each other. It has happened also that it was upon his subjects overseas that the King placed most dependence. If our King and some super-Lloyd-George call us to war

on opposite sides at the same moment, we shall take upon ourselves the burden of a decision. If Ulster should rebel, as many responsible statesmen assure us, in a certain contingency, Ulster has a right to do; or if Ulster should prefer allegiance to the German Kaiser rather than submit to the laws of England, as other important persons threaten, how in that day shall we choose whom we shall serve? To have accepted a platitude in the year 1913 will not help us. To say even that we *will* be at war when England *will* be at war, is also the expression of a desire and intention. It will not bind. Therefore, both Professor Leacock and Sir Wilfrid Laurier take too short a view of the future.

The employment of the terms "King" and "Admiralty" is not a mere juggling with words. The king is the King. The Admiralty is a creation of the House of Commons. And these are no times for surrendering everything to a House of Commons at Westminster, which has already destroyed the constitution, and only the other day at the hands of one of its members done physical violence to the first Lord of the Admiralty, who himself was largely responsible for the disorder. Such conduct is the utter negation of Conservatism. Allegiance to the King is the supreme tie which binds the Empire,—the Dominions to the Mother Country, the Dominions within themselves and to one another, Canada to Australia, and Nova Scotia to Saskatchewan. Laws will not bind, not even the laws which are made at Westminster, since legislators may depart, as those who presently inhabit there have departed, from the fundamental principle underlying British institutions, which is the rule of equal law for all. Those are curious and ominous words which are employed by Sir F. Pollock in "Law of Torts" (8th ed.), p. v. Dealing with certain recent legislation in England, he says: "Legal science has evidently nothing to do with this violent empirical operation on the body politic, and we can only look to jurisdiction beyond seas for the further judicial consideration of the problems which our courts were endeavouring to work out on principles

of legal justice." And yet it is to the authors of such legislation we are willing to go as the source of inspiration for our imperial policy. It is not sufficient justification of any given plan that Mr. Churchill recommends it,—not, at least, in the eyes of a Conservative. It is only fair to add that the Admiralty does not appear to have been consulted by Mr. Borden upon a naval policy, but only upon the "form any immediate aid that Canada might give would be most effective." Accordingly, the Admiralty limited its advice to the single issue upon which advice was sought, as is carefully explained in the tenth clause of the memorandum.

To sum up: any policy, naval or otherwise, which does not allow to the people of Canada the same freedom under their own institutions, which is allowed to the people of England under theirs, is a policy which strikes at the root of the institutions which are common to both. If any responsible person in England or in Canada, either king or minister, thinks otherwise, his voice has not yet been heard. The thing is a truism: no one is attempting to filch away our autonomy. The fear excites no heat. The autonomy cock won't fight again. It is brought into the pit by the Liberals to bring aid and comfort to the Nationalists, to regain a position out of which they were manœuvred by the Conservatives by this very means. To the Nationalists we may very well offer the counsel which the cook offered to the eels, that they stew for a while in their own grease. That freedom we have, and will have, whether we adopt this policy, or that, or none at all. But we enjoy that freedom only because the forces of the Empire are supreme; and we shall continue to enjoy it only so long as those forces remain supreme. If ever our autonomy is filched away it will be by the enemy who comes with arms in his hand. It remains for us to decide whether we shall do something for our security, or continue as beggars upon the bounty of another, like one of those Philippine boys whom I have seen abandon the smoking of his cigar to take a pull at his mother's breast.

The method by which this duty can best be performed is no longer a secret; it is set forth on these pages and the criticism herein directed against the present proposal and against the previous Naval Bill is inspired by the feeling that the good is the enemy of the best. The country is waiting for the "best" plan; and that government which puts it forward will be supported by the people. It is not yet too late for both parties to retrace their steps to the year 1909, and then set out together upon a fresh trail.

If to both parties this course should appear as a counsel of academic perfection, and the present proposal be pressed to a conclusion, it then becomes the duty of each Canadian to apply his mind to the problem and, if he can persuade himself that the benefits which accompany or flow from this new Naval Bill are greater than its meagreness would suggest, to sanction and support it. And I suppose that no one will be in danger of having his Conservatism impugned if he should protest that not everything which emanates from the Conservative mind at Ottawa is immaculate, without spot or blemish, stainless, and without taint of evil or sin. If this mental task is too high for the voter, the best he can do is to be guided by the advice of those who are wiser than he. If he has been a Liberal, he will follow the guidance to which he has been accustomed, trusting a party which was the first to initiate a policy whose intention, at least, was good. If he has been a Conservative, he also will probably follow his party, trusting that two ministers at least, if their past utterances when they formed a part of the Nationalist alliance offer any security, will be scrupulously conservative and will not go too far in the direction of Imperialism.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

A SUPPLEMENT

The Editor, who does all the hard work connected with this MAGAZINE, has kindly given me an opportunity of

reading the foregoing article in proof. He has also allowed me to supplement it from the stand-point of one who sees nothing better before the country at the moment than frankly to support the government at Ottawa in the line they are taking with regard to naval affairs, and to confer at the same time as to a more permanent policy. If Dr. Macphail is so optimistic as to believe that it is possible for us now to go back to 1909, and to substitute for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Navy Act and Mr. Borden's "emergency" proposals the prescription by Professor Leacock formulated on pages 17 and 18, a feeling of academic pride ought to prompt me to concur. But after all, it is the measures devised at Ottawa, not at McGill, that the country is being asked to pass judgement on, and I should not wish to form a separate party on this issue, even if I could.

Some of us are not so much concerned with the bearings of the naval question on the fate of political parties in Canada as we are with its relation to the imperial problem. While Sir Wilfrid Laurier held the stage, we tried to give him credit for doing his best, in spite of what are known to have been grave difficulties. We felt thankful—as did also the people in the Old Country,—that at long last Canada was really planning to do something. If it was not what the British Admiralty recommended, so much the worse for the Admiralty! The London experts were all for the "maintenance of a single navy with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command"; failing that, they recommended a fleet-unit capable of taking its proper place in the organization of an imperial navy, distributed strategically over the whole area of British interests. But the late government knew better. Did they not solemnly warn us that occasions might arise when Canada might not "desire" to take part in a "war in defence of the Empire"? And did not Sir Wilfrid himself sagely declare (Nov. 29th, 1910) that "under present circumstances it is not advisable for Canada to mix in the armaments of the Empire"? So the Admiralty was politely told that they would have to

limit their advice to the points on which their advice was wanted. If the obligations of imperial partnership were found to involve any danger to Canadian autonomy and ministerial responsibility, these obligations would have to go to the wall. All that the Laurier administration could do by way of helping to meet the European situation, was to take leisurely steps to build a Canadian navy, mainly as a measure of coastal defence. When that navy came into being, it might or might not be available for imperial coöperation, according as, in any given circumstances, the government of Canada should determine.

For all this Mr. Borden substitutes a proposal to provide a certain sum of money for the construction of battle-ships which "*shall* be placed at the disposal of His Majesty." That is the declared intention with which the ships are to be built. There is no waiting on events here, and no indirectness. Mr. Borden's Bill is short and to the point. True, it does not embody any permanent policy, though the fourth clause provides that everything is to be "subject to the terms, conditions, and arrangements which may be agreed upon between the Governor-in-Council and His Majesty's government." The settlement of these "terms, conditions and arrangements" should undoubtedly lead up to a permanent policy, and in the course of procedure many of the considerations that were present to the minds of those who framed the Laurier Act will surely find a place. But if any potentially hostile power had the opportunity of choosing between Laurier's proposals and Borden's, it would be very short-sighted indeed if it did not prefer the former, and that is one good reason why we should, on this issue, support the government now at Ottawa.

Mr. Borden has set the whole question in a fresh light. He has created a new atmosphere in regard to it. He went with his colleagues to London gladly, not reluctantly: he heard all that the Admiralty and other experts had to say, instead of limiting them in advance to the points on which he wished for their advice: and he has shown himself ready and eager

to translate that advice into action. He does not dispute the proposition that "a national navy must be our ultimate goal": he only says that the construction of Canadian naval yards, and the building of Canadian ships, and the manning of these ships by Canadians, must be a matter of time, and that time is an important element in the present contract.

Why then should Mr. Borden's policy excite distrust and opposition? Why is it described as "meagre," and as being possibly "in opposition to the will of a large part of the people of Canada?" Critics on the other side of politics say that it "does not go far enough," to which it may be replied that the road is open, if they will take it. I pass by the question as to whether an "emergency" actually exists or not; those who know European conditions are aware that, if it is not already with us, it can speedily be created. Even Mr. Lloyd-George has refused to follow the fashion of belittling the peril in the North Sea. It is well known now that the issue of the South African War, in which Canadians bore themselves so bravely, might have been different had Germany been able to intervene; and what was there to keep her back, except the strength of the British Navy? I rejoice with all my heart that, at the moment of writing, the most potent of all world-interests,—the desire for peace,—seems to be preventing any divergence of policy between Britain and Germany in regard to the Balkan trouble: just as I am glad when representative statesmen both in London and in Berlin can be quoted as assuring their respective Parliaments that international relations are courteous and correct. But Germany has not yet got everything she wants in the world. And when I hear complacent Canadians encouraging themselves with the reflection that "anyhow, the Germans can't get up the St. Lawrence," my thoughts go back to the great banquet held in Montreal last spring to celebrate the visit of the Champlain delegation, when an ex-Minister of France, Monsieur Barthou, frankly declared to an audience mainly French-Canadian that if

France had been saved from aggression at the time of the Morocco crisis, she owed it "mainly to the steadfast loyalty of her English allies." The manner in which his hearers received this weighty utterance, which by the way passed almost unnoticed in the press, convinced me that sentiment still counts for something. It is not only on the St. Lawrence that Quebec is vulnerable!

The next objection is that Mr. Borden's proposed contribution puts Canada in the position of a country that "pays tribute" to Britain. If so, it will be the first instance in history of "tribute" spontaneously offered. Not a dollar of the whole $35,000,000 need be spent unless it is freely voted by the Parliament of Canada. Nor can it be said that the offer is unconditional. Our ships are to be subject to recall on reasonable notice, if we should decide later on to form a navy of our own. Unlike Dr. Macphail, I have no fault to find with this proviso. In advocating an initial contribution for a stated period before certain Canadian Clubs (February, 1910), and after explaining the second of the Admiralty's alternative proposals, I used these words, which may bear to be quoted here: "Nor need such a temporary contribution be described as unconditional. We might retain control by simply stipulating that at the close of the stated period value would be receivable, up to a certain proportion of the gift, in the form of ships assignable to a Canadian fleet-unit of the Imperial Navy. In the interval we could as a people be studying the whole question of naval defence and getting ready to build. Everybody knows that it will take us several years even to set up a ship-yard, and no one can say how long it may be before Canadian-built ships are ready for effective service."

The argument that the Borden policy does not go far enough, even as an instalment, inasmuch as it imposes on the British tax-payer the burden of maintaining our battleships, may easily be met. If that is all that is wrong with it, let the opposition come forward with an amendment

to the effect that the cost of maintenance shall be provided by Canada for a period of, say, five years. This might help to remove some difficulties, and the ships would take their places in the imperial navy as the self-sustained love-gift of a united people and Parliament.

Another argument has come to me from what I may call the logic-chopping department,—situated this time in the far west. It is this. If these three battleships are really needed, Mr. Asquith's government should be impeached by an indignant country for neglecting the essentials of national security; if they are not needed, they should not be provided by Canada. To some dilemmas there can be no retort. But may we not say here that what the government at Ottawa is trying to do is to *enlarge our margin of safety*. The reply will not be accepted, of course, by any who may even now fail to grasp the fact that, in our case, national welfare is dependent on imperial security.

Then, as to "taxation without representation" and membership in the imperial committee of defence. If Mr. Borden felt bound to insist, while he was in London last summer, on some degree of control and responsibility, it was surely not in the spirit of one who claims to call the tune for the piper he is paying. After all, a country which has been defended free of charge for a century and a half might be well content to do her part for a few years now without demanding a share in the government. But it was necessary that the attitude which Mr. Asquith had taken, no doubt under stress of circumstances, at the Imperial Conference, should be corrected forthwith. And behind the emergency contribution there is the permanent policy, for which a share in the control will be indispensable. So it is as well to prepare at the outset for what will doubtless take us one stage further along the road towards a Pan-Britannic policy as regards defence and foreign relations. Coöperation is the required formula here, not autonomy.

We cannot have it both ways. Even those who feel convinced that "imperial federation" is not the true solution

must admit that, if we are to remain inside the Empire, we cannot expect to be quite as "autonomous" and independent as we might be outside. Partnership involves obligations as well as privileges. But it is no longer open to political opponents of Mr. Borden's policy to cry out that England denies us any rights as partners. Dr. Macphail does well to call attention to the speech in which Mr. Asquith admitted in the House of Commons last July, that the claim of the Dominions for a voice in the determination of policy is an "obviously reasonable appeal." No sensible person will blame the British Premier for not at once setting forth how this appeal is to be met. "I do not say," he continued, "in what shape or by what machinery that great purpose is to be attained. Arrangements of that kind cannot be made in a day. They must be by result of mature deliberation, and they will probably have to be developed from time to time."

Since July, the first step has been by offer of more continuous representation on the Committee of Imperial Defence. The Liberel opposition at Ottawa makes much of the fact that this committee is, and must continue to be, a purely advisory body. But Mr. Harcourt's memorandum [Dec. 10th, 1912] expressly states, in addition, that any Dominion minister in London "would at all times have free and full access to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and the Colonial Secretary for information on all questions of imperial policy."

Is this not enough to begin with? Why should we be called on to remodel the whole constitution of the Empire—such as it is—before giving practical proof to the world, as Mr. Borden wishes to do, that we realize our interests and our obligations? And will it not make for peace that all the great self-governing colonies should help to meet the immense outlay now required for the construction and maintenance of a supreme war-fleet? If we stand together for defensive purposes, we shall obviously be so powerful that even a combination of great nations would hesitate to attack us.

Any foreign power which may still be anxious to compete for naval supremacy will do well to pause now that it realizes that the contest must be not merely with the resources of Great Britain but with those of the Empire as well. Perhaps it may turn out in the future that the acceptance of Mr. Borden's offer was the beginning of a chapter of disarmament rather than of increased expenditure on naval equipment. The burden is becoming harder to bear as the years roll on, and the Teuton will rejoice as much as the Briton when it is possible to lighten it.

As to the proverb invoked towards the close of the Editor's article, about the "good being the enemy of the best," I should prefer to revert to the other and more usual form, and to ask whether Dr. Macphail's "better" would not be the enemy of Mr. Borden's "good?"

W. PETERSON

THE CAPTAIN

1797

Here all the day she swings from tide to tide,
Here all night long she tugs a rusted chain,
A mastless hulk that was a ship of pride,
Yet unashamed: her memories remain.

It was Nelson in the *Captain*, Cape St. Vincent far alee,
With the *Vanguard* leading s'uth'ard in the haze,—
Little Jervis and the Spaniards and the fight that was to be,
Twenty-seven Spanish battleships, great bullies of the sea,
And the *Captain* there to find her day of days.

Right into them the *Vanguard* leads, but with a sudden tack
The Spaniards double swiftly on their trail;
Now Jervis overshoots his mark, like some too eager pack,
He will not overtake them, haste he e'er so greatly back,
But Nelson and the *Captain* will not fail.

Like a tigress on her quarry leaps the *Captain* from her place,
To lie across the fleeing squadron's way:
Heavy odds and heavy onslaught, gun to gun and face to face,
Win the ship a name of glory, win the men a death of grace,
For a little hold the Spanish fleet in play.

Ended now the *Captain's* battle, stricken sore she falls aside
Holding still her foemen, beaten to the knee:
As the *Vanguard* drifted past her "Well done, *Captain*,"
Jervis cried,
Rang the cheers of men that conquered, ran the blood of men
that died,
And the ship had won her immortality.

Lo! here her progeny of steel and steam,
A funnelled monster at her mooring swings:
Still, in our hearts, we see her pennant stream,
And "Well done, Captain," like a trumpet rings.

JOHN MCCRAE

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY

TO the unsophisticated good citizen it seems evident that the conduct of nations in their relations with other nations may be immoral just as an individual citizen's relations with his fellows may be. To play the part of a bully by demanding what is wanted and getting it because the demand is backed up by superior force, to pick a quarrel with a weaker neighbour simply to despoil him of his property or to serve some other purely selfish end, to steal property simply because it is wanted and the other person cannot successfully resist, seems as reprehensible in a nation as in a citizen. He would stand aghast at a man who gave elaborate philosophical reasons for considering merely his own personal interests and adopting every possible means of attaining them regardless of the interests and rights of others. Such a person he would very likely esteem too wicked to be reasoned with on questions of morality. It seems evident to him that a nation should deal justly even with the weakest nation, and that all should work together for the advancement of civilization. In fine, he thinks that nations are under the obligations of morality as well as citizens.

These simple and direct moral judgements will receive a rude shock when he becomes familiar with the principles held by the exponents of "Realpolitik" and widely accepted by exponents of national policy. To such a person it must seem very strange indeed that Machiavelli should have had such a revival among the exponents of national policy during the past century. This Italian philosopher who guided the strong and unscrupulous statesmen of his time, was for centuries looked upon as a veritable *advocatus diaboli*. In the past century, however, he has come to be regarded as one of the great apostles of nationalism, and with many is given a place as a political philosopher second only to Aristotle. His main

doctrine, that "in great historical developments, as at the birth of nations, ordinary rules of morality cannot be held binding upon a statesman, whose sole duty is to secure the existence of a state in which morality and civilization can thrive," has again become a guiding principle of national policy and international politics. The rise and development of "Realpolitik" would seem to him a strange chapter in modern history. Clausewitz, a Prussian soldier, who, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, devoted the rest of his life to the analysis of their teachings and left it as a legacy to his countrymen, seems to have been the father of this school of thought. He proclaimed that "war is always and in all circumstances nothing but a chapter of national policy: its ends are those of the statesman; the only difference between that chapter and the one that precedes it being that when the page of war begins the instrument used is force; when force has done its work, the thread continued in the next chapter is the same that runs through the blood-stained passages called war." War, he taught, was to be looked upon purely as a piece of national policy dictated by the interests of the nation quite regardless of how it might affect other nations. Von der Goltz, his disciple, is equally emphatic. "One must never," he says, "lose sight of the fact that war is the consequence and continuation of policy." How thoroughly this school divorces national conduct from morality may be seen in the candid language of Edward Dicey spoken at the time of the Boer War. "In every part of the world," he says, "where British interests are at stake, I am in favour of advancing and upholding those interests, even at the cost of annexation and the risk of war. The only qualification I admit is that the country we desire to annex or take under our protection should be calculated to confer a tangible advantage upon the British Empire." Questions of justice and right are ruled out of court. The rule is, take what you want if you can.

One is led to ask what is the philosophy underlying "Realpolitik"? It naturally consists in an attempted reconciliation of national selfishness with the commonly accepted

standards of morality by levelling down the latter. Much of conduct which we are accustomed to think of as moral, it brands as immoral, and the rest is declared to be no more than enlightened selfishness in the utilitarian sense of that expression. Such a defence of "Realpolitik" we have in "The Ethics of Imperialism," by Albert R. Carman. In this volume the author views ethical problems from the standpoint of individualism and asks, does reasonable conduct aim at the welfare of self or of others ? But so long as morality is looked upon as a quality of conduct among mere individuals, as so many isolated units, there never can be a reconciliation between egoism and altruism. It is only by a consideration of the organic relation of individual with individual in a community of life,—a consideration which does not receive sufficient attention from the author,—that such a reconciliation can be effected. Accordingly, he attempts what has so often been attempted by all the hedonists and utilitarians, to prove that such altruistic conduct as we consider moral is really only enlightened egoism. He asserts the principle that in all moral conduct the aim is the perpetuation of life and the increase of its happiness. Without here dwelling upon the objections to such a theory, objections which have often been urged against Spencer's theory of morality, let us come to Mr. Carman's statement of this philosophy of morals as applied to national life. "Practically," he says, "there is one cause for all wars, whether of the jungle, of the battlefield, or of the stock exchange," the endeavour of life to enrich itself coming into conflict with other lives possessed of similar desires. "The one question which an imperializing people must ask itself is,—will this make for my survival ? The moment you require it to consider the rights or the interests of the opposing nation, you take the position that another nation can have a superior claim upon your consideration to your own right to survive. Consequently, to ask that the imperializing people shall permit any right of the opposing people to limit the action which their own right to survive seems to require, is to ask that they put the right of the opposing nation to survive

above their own right to survive." As to rational conduct of a nation, "the test," he says, "is the egoistic question, what will best make for our power; and that is the proper test—the right test—the moral test." In answering the question, "How can both sides be right in a war?" he says, "They are right in most wars. That is, they are each fighting for survival. Both are morally right in doing this, unless the going to war at all was, for either of them, a blow at its own chances to survive." That there may be no doubt about the radicalism of his moral philosophy he asks the question, "whether all imperialistic movements are to be regarded as right," and he answers it very frankly. "It is merely a question as to whether the movements or the war will strengthen the chances of this imperializing people to survive. But the sentimentalist will cry, have the people against whom it is made no rights in the matter? Not a right that is binding upon the imperializing people. On their own side, they have the right to defeat the movement, and so themselves survive if they can. But the imperializing people have no business with that; their single duty is to survive." We can imagine the unsophisticated citizen rubbing his eyes after this exposition of the morality of the jungle, and asking, "Is it really so?"

Is it possible, then, that justice is a law binding upon citizens but from which nations are absolved, that the nation may conduct itself in such a way that if a citizen were to do the same we would put him in jail? Is it really possible that the moral standards insisted upon by the good citizen are merely elaborations of the conduct of the jungle, determined only by self-interest?

In defending the position of the plain man with respect to national morality, it will be necessary to show that moral conduct is not so heartlessly selfish as the philosophy of "Realpolitik" would have us believe, that communities are under moral law as truly as individuals, and that there is a real community of life among the nations.

Without going into a detailed criticism of the egoistic theory of morals, which reduces all good conduct to the desire

of life to survive and experience happiness—for whole libraries have been written on the subject—we may bring forward some considerations which seem fatal to this theory. When it is asserted that all life, from the jungle to the nation, is of a piece and guided by the same egoistic principles, the answer is twofold. In the first place, there is, between the conduct of the tiger hunting his prey and the citizen seeking to satisfy the demands of his own nature, a difference not of degree but of kind. The one is the conduct of sentient life, the other of intelligent; the one is dominated by appetites, the other by ideal ends. And, in the second place, as a matter of natural history, such purely selfish ends do not include the whole conduct even of the most primitive types of life. The most primordial forms of life have two functions, nutrition and reproduction, one of which is selfish and the other unselfish. The primitive life germ surrounding its food may be spoken of as purely selfish in its conduct, it subserves only its own survival. The same germ segregating certain of its cells in the act of reproduction is purely unselfish in its conduct, since it is giving of its life that there may be other lives. This principle of conduct is characteristic of all life. The flowering of the trees does not minister to their own life. It is nature's most beautiful contribution to the life of the species. Yet it adds nothing to the life of the individual tree. The same thing is to be traced through all parent life, the tigress suckling her cubs and defending them, and the eagle teaching her young to fly, until we come to that crown of unselfish conduct—mother love in the human species. To remember that this conduct, which adds nothing to the life of the individual but does add to the larger life of the species, is wrought into all life, will help us to see that life is not so incurably selfish as the realists would paint it.

Further, the double standard—survival and happiness—which is used by the author, is really a confession of the theory's weakness, though it serves the purpose of making it plausible. Survival and happiness should have been reduced to a common principle, or at least the organic relation of the

two should have been shown. As it is, "survival" is made to do duty for one set of moral facts, and what it cannot compass is left to the other, "happiness." Thus, "survival" cannot explain such conduct as involves the loss or serious impairment of life, and which still has the universal approval of enlightened conscience, such as an engineer giving his life that his passengers may escape, a patriot dying that his country may be free, a martyr facing the stake and faggot rather than turn traitor to his faith. In all these cases the law of survival, which Mr. Carman holds so sacred, is set aside, and yet the conduct is approved by every enlightened conscience. But what is the dominating principle in such conduct? The only answer which such a theory of morality can give is "happiness," the happiness of realizing a desire. They wished to be true and loyal to their fellows or their country or their faith, and because such was their desire they would be unhappy until they realized it and happy in doing it. Now, quite apart from the strange calculation of happiness which this philosophy demands of the man who is giving up his life and cutting off years of possible happiness for the sake of a happiness which lasts but for an hour and is mingled with the tortures and agonies of a cruel death, it must be evident that it is not happiness at all which such conduct aims at. The condition of this happiness which comes from the realization of a desire expressing the full choice and determination of a man, is that he first set his heart upon some ideal end, some purpose which he freely conceives and chooses for himself. Of course, when he does this, the realization of it brings happiness, but it is only because he has freely chosen an end—in these cases other than happiness—that he finds the thought of it pleasant and happiness in its realization. But this is to say that if "survival" does not cover such cases neither does "happiness."

Again, such an expression as "their single duty is to survive" sounds very strange. At any rate, it is not always true of individuals. Some, the public conscience thinks, have no right to survive, and so are despatched. Many a man, such

as in the cases suggested above, believes that it is not his duty to survive, and we applaud his conduct as the acme of virtue. If survival be a duty, for the majority it is a duty which does not require a particularly active conscience to enforce. It is usually sufficiently looked after by primary instincts which we share with lower orders of life. The peculiar mark of all the later phases of conduct which we esteem as duties is the quality of "oughtness" which attaches to them when conceived. Whence comes this sense of oughtness which attaches to so many phases of conduct? It is not a more highly evolved and elaborated sense of prudence, for between "I like" and "I ought" there is a difference, not merely of degree but of kind. The question of how a sense of prudence—the desire to survive and be happy—has evolved into the awe-inspiring mandates of conscience, has not yet been satisfactorily explained by any of the advocates of the naturalistic theory of morality.

As has been hinted, the fatal weakness of this, and every similar theory of morals, lies in its tacit individualism. It assumes that conduct must aim either at the good of self or the good of others, and that, therefore, morality must be either egoistic or altruistic. He has no difficulty in proving that the universal application of altruism would soon turn the world into a veritable wilderness, and therefore he pins his faith to egoism and finds a support for the "Realpolitik" of imperialism. But must we choose between egoism and altruism? May we not transcend the point where we see conduct to be either egoistic or altruistic? This we may do by viewing a community of life as an organism in which individuals are members one of another.

Indeed, we know nothing of purely individual life. The mere individual is a purely logical abstraction, and as such has never existed and never can exist in this world. He stands vitally and organically bound up with the life of his fellows. Without them he never could have come into life. Only through them has he been able to become conscious of his own individuality. His life work, his education, his purposes, his ideals, are vitally related to the community of life of which he

is a member. The traditions, the ideals, the methods, the work of the community, have a life in which he shares and upon which he depends. Organic social life, in which individuals are members and organs, is in some form or other the unit of moral life. The mere individual, as such, is an impossibility.

When, therefore, we view human life in this light, we have transcended the limits of egoism and altruism. In place of the good of the individual opposed to the good of another individual, we have the immediate good of the individual opposed to the good of the community life of which he is a member. Because the individual has the power of abstraction, and consequently of thinking of himself as isolated from his community, he may set his own immediate and personal interests over against the interests of the larger life of his community. This is how the conflict of prudence and duty arises,—it is a conflict of the individual's immediate personal interests with those of the larger social life to which he belongs. The demand of this larger life comes to him with the authoritative declaration of a duty binding upon him because it is the demand of life that is truly his. This is the source of all moral law,—the demands of the larger life in which alone the individual can live and realize his nature.

Thus, duty is not to be guided by either enlightened egoism or altruism, but by the good of the community life in which both *ego* and *alter* are members and organs. It is a reality, because the larger social life in which the individual lives and in which alone he can realize himself is a reality, and it is binding upon him for it is truly his life, as truly as the life of an organism is the life of an organ.

Even if it be granted that duty is not a mirage, the position of the unsophisticated citizen can be maintained with respect to the conduct of nations only if we can show that duty is not confined to the conduct of individual persons but is applicable to the conduct of communities as well. That duty has to do with the conduct of communities, in some respects at any rate, is evident from the judgements we pass on communities and corporations within the state whose conduct is

detrimental to its life. A community of thieves may be perfectly moral in their conduct, the one with the other, though their common life is devoted to preying upon the public. We condemn the spirit and conduct of the community, however, no matter how much honour they may have among themselves. Similarly, we brand certain corporations as immoral. We speak of them as stealing from the state. The immorality of their conduct is not constituted by its violation of commonly accepted moral maxims, but is to be traced ultimately to the fact that it is detrimental to the health of the state. The state is the larger life in which such communities and corporations live, and by which they are made possible. They are disloyal to the larger life upon which their existence depends, and such disloyalty, no matter how much they may personally gain by it, constitutes their immorality.

In case two communities within the state find their interests clashing, and fall to fighting it out in such a way as to impair the health of the state, the state speedily brings to bear upon them what force it can to suppress the conflict. But the state will not interfere in every such conflict arising out of a clash of interests. Two commercial corporations, each interested in the control of a common market, may commence a commercial war, and wage it so relentlessly that it only ceases when one of them is rendered *hors de combat.* But unless it interferes with the well-being of the state no attempt is made to suppress it. So long as it is fair competition, it means that both parties are waging a war on economic conditions in order that the cost of production may be reduced, in which the public are advantaged even if one corporation is put out of business in the process. But suppose that two corporations working together in the production of a staple of consumption, such as the Miners' Union and the mine owners, in the production of coal, find their interests clashing to such an extent that a strike or lock-out results, which is prolonged for months, and the price of the coal is forced up and factories have to close down and the whole trade of the country, in some measure, suffers. In such a case the state may find it difficult

to act because it recognizes the freedom of labour and the individual ownership of property, but it will do whatever it can to make peace. Public opinion, apart from class sympathies, condemns such a method of settling differences which so seriously dislocate the trade of the country. If one province within the nation found itself differing with its neighbour over a boundary question, and though each found it to its advantage to have as much of the territory in question as possible, the nation to which both belonged would not permit them to fall to fighting it out. It would demand that such differences be submitted to the federal courts, and would back up the demand by superior force.

By what right does the state make these demands of communities within itself? Not, surely, by the right of might, for might never yet did make a right in which the weaker party acquiesced. Rather it is by the right of the organic relation of the whole to its parts, or of the organism to its members. These communities within the state are dependent upon it for their existence ; their possibilities of successful development rest upon the state's integrity. This organic relation of the state and its smaller communities, which is the state's authority in enforcing its demands upon them, is, at the same time, the foundation of all duties binding upon communities in relation to one another and to the state. The moral law for all such communities on its negative side is, thou shalt not trespass against the life of thy state and on its positive side, thou shalt love thy state.

Thus, while certain forms of community conduct are branded as bad and suppressed by the superior force of the state, it would, however, be an unwarranted assumption to say that they were wrong because they were punished or suppressed by the force of the state. It is not the punishment that makes the wrong, but the wrong that makes the punishment, in reasonably conducted life. Conduct can never be made moral by the demands of a superior force. Between the feeling of outward compulsion and inner "oughtness" there is a difference so radical that generations of experience consolidated by hered-

ity cannot bridge the gulf. The cringing spirit of slaves, whipped for generations, is not of the same kind as the august reverence of a good man for the mandatory declarations of moral reason. The utmost that law enforced by physical rewards and punishments can do, is to interpret the life of a man to himself, or of a community to itself.

Of course there is a great deal of so-called moral conduct on the part of communities within the state which is not moral in any true sense. Corporations abstain from plundering the public often only because of the wholesome fear they have for the strong arm of the law. They do not do wrong because they cannot do it successfully. When they are more perfectly moralized they act out of regard for the moral law quite irrespective of the force with which the state supports it. In the meantime, the strong arm of the law may serve as a schoolmaster with them. But right is right, regardless of might, among individuals and communities within the nation. Moral law is real, whether backed up by physical force or not. When morality ceases where force ends, it is to be branded as a most rudimentary type. The morality which demands the strong arm of the law to enforce it, is, indeed, not morality at all, though it may have the promise of morality in it.

So far we have endeavoured to show that morality is a feature of social life constituted by the organic relation of the individual with a larger life. Where we have such a relationship of intelligent life with life, we have the reality of moral law. We have also tried to show that this is true of individual communities of life in relation to the larger life of the nation. Now, we have to ask, is the nation—and here we are thinking of civilized nations—so constituted that moral law is binding upon it? Is its life dependent upon any larger life to which it is organically related and in which relation alone it can realize its fulness of life? If this be true, moral law is as binding upon the conduct of the nation as it is upon the conduct of the individual man living in the most perfectly organized society. That law will be the law of the health of the larger life.

That there is some sort of community of life among civilized nations is evident from such considerations as may arise when we consider their economic and intellectual life. The present economic life of these nations is made possible by international trade; and there can be no doubt that the fullest realization of the economic capacities of the nation is dependent upon such trade. The economic relations of these nations are such that the impairment of the health of one will be felt by all. The Boer war and the Russo-Japanese war entailed economic losses which have been felt in some measure by all the nations whose economic life is touched by these countries. It is not a question of whether or not nations ought to trade with one another. As a matter of fact, they do, and find it mutually advantageous to do so. Trade has so bound them together that serious injury to the economic life of one is felt in the economic life of another.

The same is true, and perhaps in a greater degree, of the world of thought. With our multiplied and rapidly multiplying avenues of international communication, the thought of one nation rapidly becomes the thought of another. Science, philosophy, and art have long since broken all national barriers, and make their contributions to the enrichment of life in all civilized nations. How much the thought life of one nation is dependent upon the thought of others may, in some measure, be realized if we endeavour to sum up the contributions which other nations have made to it. Every nation learns from every other. This solidarity of thought is confessed in our often-used expression "Western civilization." Again, it is not a question of what ought to be but of fact. There is a solidarity of thought among civilized nations, as there is an economic solidarity by which each profits and by which alone the life of a nation can fulfil its capacities. Such features of international life are sufficient evidence to prove that there is a real community of life among civilized nations. Their present fulness of life would be impossible apart from such relations, and upon them depends the realization of a yet fuller life. The path of progress for the nation lies along the line of

participation in this community of nations. Here, then, is the ground of all morality, an individual—in this case a nation—which is made what it is by a larger life and upon which it depends for fuller realization.

It will be urged that the larger life in which the nation participates stands related to it in quite a different way from that of the nation to individuals or communities within itself. The nation is organized and may be fitly described as an organism: the other is without governmental organization and has no body of articulated laws which are intended to conserve its life and which it backs up by superior force. It is customary to speak of a nation as a social ultimate, just for the reason that international life has no such governmental organization. But this disability does not absolve the nation from moral obligation to the international community. Be this life ever so poorly organized for purposes of government and self-protection, it is still the larger life of the nation upon whose welfare it is dependent and in which alone it can come to fulness of life. To say that international life is unorganized because it has not arrived at governmental organization, is to say that it is not organized at all because it is not perfectly organized. But no state is perfectly organized. Every merchant ship and liner plying the oceans, every international road and railway and telegraph and postal route, every method for exchanging commodities or ideas, every university and printing press, every embassy and consulate is an articulation of the organic nature of international life.

The want of governmental organization simply precludes the enforcement of the laws expressive of international health by physical force, and the education which comes through the articulation and enforcement of these laws. But the health of this international community is as precious as if it had such governmental organization as would place the power of the sword in its hand and suppress every form of conduct among states inimical to its well-being; and the welfare of the individual nation is just as much dependent upon it. Even if the laws expressive of this international community's health

are not articulated in a code of international laws backed up by international force, they are real, just as the laws of physical health were real long before they were announced by students of hygiene. Force does not make them, it only causes them to be respected and, in a measure, obeyed. They are not made by international tribunals, but simply expressed. They inhere in the very nature of the community life and are the laws of its well-being. If it is the duty of the individual citizen to abstain from such conduct as is detrimental to the life of the nation, so it is the duty of the nation to abstain from all such conduct as proves injurious to the larger international life with which the nation is organically related. The question of force does not enter into the question of duty. If a man is to act according to moral law he will not work wickedness in the nation even if he can evade the law; so if a nation is to act morally it will not work wickedness in the community of nations even if there be no such codified international law as to forbid it, and no such organized, international force as to prevent it.

Another feature of national life which distinguishes it from the international community, seems to be that to one there are definite bounds whereas to the other there are not. We know where a nation begins and ends, and the number of souls in it, but we cannot draw any precise bounds to the international community. This might seem sufficient reason for calling in question the reality of the international community. But does not the same thing obtain in national community life? The precise limits of national community life is really a geographical and statistical illusion. Within these precise limits and among the precise number of persons constituting the nation, there is a common government. But a common government does not necessarily mean anything more than the most superficial community of life. Its strong arm may tie people together in an external way, but it never can make Russians of Poles or Germans of Alsatians. In reality, within the nation there are all degrees of community of life, from those whose every interest is identified with the life of the nation

down to those who do not care a button whether this nation or that rules over them. Some living in one nation have more interest in the life of another. At any rate, there seems to be as much community of life between a South American Republic and the community of nations, as between a Dorset yokel and the British Empire. If the welfare of the Empire constitutes a duty binding upon him, by the same token the welfare of the international community makes a demand on Hayti or Peru. Indeed, you cannot set precise bounds to any community of life; all such must be more or less arbitrary. The family includes parents and children, but what of children's children and servants? Carried out on the same line the community might be enlarged indefinitely.

The precision of limits in the case of the nation is made possible by its governmental organization. But the organization necessary to the maintenance of law and order by suppressing the enemies of its life is not the most important feature in a community life, though it is a decided advantage to it. There must be a community of life before there can be such an organization. It is a measure undertaken by a community which already exists for safeguarding its life.

The ground of moral obligation in the dealings of one nation with another is not mere self-interest—its own survival and happiness—nor is it an interest in the welfare of another nation above its own, but an interest in the international community life through which the nation has become what it is and which is necessary to the realization of its capacities. As the conduct of citizen with citizen ought to be such that it does not impoverish or impair the well-being of the nation, so the conduct of one nation with another ought to be such as does not impoverish or impair the well-being of the international community in which it lives.

Robert W. Dickie

CUI BONO

At times I envy the untutored boor
  Who drags his living from the niggard sod,
Follows his father's calling, dull and poor,
  Trusts in his father's faith, his father's God.

All unperplexed by Logic's bitter sum,
  Nor bound by Reason's fetters past release,
He takes his life and labour as they come,
  And lives, and loves, and prays—and dies—in peace.

No futile stumblings after Source or Cause
  Are his, no gropings in great caverns dim
For hidden Answers: Israel's faith and laws,
  Good for his father, are still good for him.

In me there burns a fitful, puny spark
  Of something that by grace is called a Mind,
Leading me, awed and stumbling, through the dark
  To seek an answer that I cannot find.

The feeble flicker of cold Reason's light
  But serves to show how limitless the gloom;
It conjures up huge shadows in the night
  And leads me on to nothing—but a Tomb.

The thoughtless boor across the void can bring
  A tale of something fairly, squarely done—
I spend my days in sometimes pondering
  "What is the Answer?" sometimes, "Is there one?"

W. F. Steedman

JACQUES CARTIER'S ISLAND

AMONG the hundreds of thousands who pass Isle-aux-Coudres every year, not even the hundreds know it is the most historic of all Canadian islands. It is the home of folklore, story, and romance. Its population forms one of the purest and most primitive of French-Canadian communities. It has always bred a splendid race of seamen. It was the last stronghold of the fighting smugglers, who survived there in affluence and power down to the final decade of the nineteenth century. It was the scene of one of the most marvellous and best authenticated apparitions ever reported by believers in either modern miracles, second sight, or psychical research. And it played a notable part in Pitt's great Empire Year of 1759. At that time it was the rendezvous, first for the vanguard and then for the rear-guard, of the mightiest British fleet which had ever yet crossed the seas. The famous Captain Cook was the first British officer to take soundings along its shore. Guy Carleton commanded its first garrison. Saunders and Wolfe passed through its channel with a hundred and forty-one sail, night and day, for a whole week. And it was also the place which would have been held by the British army through the winter, in case of failure against Quebec.

But this is only the merest glance at the shorter part of its history, during the British *régime* of a century and a half. It was a much more important place still, during the whole of the French *régime* of two centuries and a quarter. It was a universal landmark, port of call, pilot and signal station. Its anchorage was so preëminently the best along the whole course of the old ship channel up the St. Lawrence, that it became known to every seaman simply as "*Le Mouillage*," just as if there was no other. The cliffs behind this anchorage afforded the best view of the

greatest natural catastrophe of all our historic ages, when the whole seaward front of the mountain opposite, across the narrow channel, fell headlong into the water at the climax of the stupendous earthquakes of 1663. The name of Les Eboulements commemorates this to the present day. Champlain was a frequent visitor at Isle-aux-Coudres, when passing to and fro, in his unceasing efforts to have the foundations of Canada well and truly laid at Quebec. And Jacques Cartier gave it its present name during the same celebrated voyage of discovery in which he first brought the name of St. Lawrence into Canadian geography.

He was a fine seaman, and his descriptions will bear comparison with those of any other explorer of his age. He mentions that this little island was under the north shore, with a small bay and level strand, and that the Indians had many fisheries for the little white whale, or "white porpoise," as it is mistakenly called. He goes on to notice the strength of the currents round the island, their ebb and flood reminding him of the tides at Bordeaux. He finds the soil rich and well wooded, especially with hazel trees, on which he decides upon a name—Hazel Island, Isle-aux-Coudres. Here is the original entry he made in the log of his ship, *La Grande Hermine*, for the 6th of September, 1535, exactly as he wrote it:—".........une ysle qui est bort à la terre du Nort, qui faict une petite baye et couche de terre...........se faist es environs de la dicte ysle grand pescherie de Adhothuys. Il y a aussi grant courant es environs de ladicte ysle comme devant Bordeaux de flo et ebbe.........une moulte bonne terre et grasse, plaine de beaulx et grandz arbres............y a plusieurs couldres franches........... Et parce la nommasmes l'ysle es Couldres."

I think a place that has played its part in all these great events, and that appears to have been of immemorial antiquity among the Indians before the white man ever came, must have some interest for Canadians who value the history of their own country. But I hasten to add that

there is nothing to attract the merely sightseeing tourist, who needn't bother about a visit that won't confer any guidebook glory on the visitor. Besides, there is no train on the mainland and no steamer to the island, which can be reached only by schooner or canoe, and which, when reached, is found to boast no cabs, no bus, no boarding-house, no bar, nor even corner groceries.

There is one splendid view of magnificent Laurentian scenery. But this can be enjoyed, in a modified form, without leaving the Saguenay steamer. The true appeal is to the romance of history, with all its stirring grandeur and intimate personal charm. And there are few places anywhere, especially in the New World, where both the charm and grandeur are so delightfully quickened by the everyday surroundings as they are in Isle-aux-Coudres, which is itself a living link with the past.

Nothing transports us to a bygone world like an old map. Take the *Map of Canada and the North Part of Louisiana with the Adjacent Countrys*, which *Thos. Jefferys, Geographer to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*, compiled in the middle of the eighteenth century, just before the Conquest. *The North Part of Louisiana* came up to Lake Superior, and *Virginia* came up to Lake Michigan. *Hudson's Bay* was the only place which was practically the same then as it is now, owing to the fact that it was an old-established British seaboard, along which the same sort of trade in primitive products has been carried on ever since, down to Lord Grey's voyage there in 1910. *Labrador* had the alternative title of *New Britain*, and the opposite shore of the bay was called *New South Wales!* At the point where the Chinook wind begins to make the eastern snows feel the warm air off the Japanese Current there is the accurate remark that *this land according to Mr. Jeremiah is more temperate than Hudson's Bay*. Beyond *Red River, the course of which is uncertain*, we come upon *The Warriors' Track from the River of the West*, and, beyond that again,

this indication: *Hereabouts are supposed to be the Mountains of Bright Stones mentioned in the map of the Indian Ochagach.*

How far away it all seems now, both in time and space! Yet there is a wonderful link between the past and present in Des Barres, who was an officer in the Royal Americans and one of Wolfe's engineers, who was making maps of Canada before *Thos. Jefferys'* map was published, who, in his long span of a hundred and three years, actually knew, on the one hand, members of his own Huguenot family that were living in France before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and who, on the other hand, actually lived more than fifteen years into the boyhood of Senator Wark, who recently attended the unveiling of his own centenarian portrait. Thus Des Barres, who mapped Isle-aux-Coudres both as a French and as a British possession in the eighteenth century, is also a personal link between the seventeenth and twentieth, that is, incredible as it may seem, between Champlain's century and ours. What makes him an even more wonderful link is that he knew people who were living many years nearer the time of Champlain than the Edict of Nantes was. For in his extreme youth he saw some who remembered England under Cromwell, while in his extreme old age he saw a man who was to know Canada under Lord Grey.

Now, the *habitant* families of Isle-aux-Coudres are very much like Des Barres, in being human links of the eighteenth century between the twentieth and seventeenth. Individuals die and the surplus population goes elsewhere. But the families remain unchanged. They are a prolific stock, on a little island only six miles by three; so there has never been any room for new stock to take root beside them. They still have grandsires whose own familiar grandsires knew the eighteenth century at first hand. And these grandsires of the eighteenth century, the period at which the island was divided into concessions, personally knew other grandsires who could remember the original *concession-*

aires of the seventeenth century, when the great immigration arrived from France.

It may be news to a good many people that the *habitants* take as much pride in the Abbé Tanguay's *Généalogie des Familles Canadiennes* as good British families do in Burke or Debrett. Of course, the Abbé's immense compilation deals with a very different social order; and it is mostly made up of extracts from parish registers. But still the *habitant* is proud, and rightly so, of an unblemished pedigree for at least two centuries or more. And his total absence of any pretention to being descended from anyone but other honest *habitants* goes far towards making him what he undoubtedly is, one of Nature's truest gentlemen.

For a long time Isle-aux-Coudres was the only place on the Lower St. Lawrence where I had never landed. So I was doubly pleased when I found that I was at last able to accept the third annual invitation I had received from the good *curé*, whom the islanders rightly describe as "a man with a heart of gold."

I left the Saguenay steamer at Baie St. Paul, where Jean Coudé, the wharfinger, who says his name's pronounced that way because it's spelt John Collins, told me the canoe was waiting to cross me over at once. The crew were stowing away the last of the cargo, and the two men carrying the paddles down to the beach were singing a song of the *voyageurs*. So here I was, less than sixty miles below Quebec, about twenty above fashionable Murray Bay, (quite close, you see, to at least one Canadian Peebles!) and within easy hail of a boatload of tourists, yet breathing quite a different atmosphere already.

Baie St. Paul and its surroundings are celebrated for their *Gouffre,* which, like *Le Mouillage*, is so preëminent among all natural features of its own kind that it has always been known simply as *Le Gouffre*. It is a vast mountain gorge, opening on the St. Lawrence and pointing at Isle-aux-Coudres, four miles away, across furious tidal currents which run as fast as nine miles an hour with the ebb stream. In fine

weather the view up the gorge is most alluring, as your eye follows the winding passes, which rise and rise into the distance, till they are lost to sight among the sentinel blue peaks more than three thousand feet above you. But in foul weather there is no worse cave of the winds along the whole St. Lawrence; and the terrific nor'westers rush out of it like a host of roaring lions.

Luckily, the *Gouffre* had more of the lamb than the lion about it that August afternoon. Nothing looked easier than the three miles of water between us and Cap Branche, which is the north-west corner of Isle-aux-Coudres. The whole island is really a tiny tableland, six miles long and three wide, pointing down the river, and tilted over towards the south, so that while its north shore is all sheer cliff, rising straight up to almost four hundred feet in one place, its south shore is uniformly low and, in some shelving spots, looks as if it dipped under water when the tide is high. Our canoe was a big, roomy, workmanlike craft, twenty feet long, four in the beam and two in depth amidships. It was more of a boat in the matter of propulsion, as oars and sails were both used. The rowlocks were raised a good six inches above the gunwale, so that a man could stand up and thrust like a gondolier, if he chose; which seemed very strange in this most un-Venetian neighbourhood.

We were eight men, two dogs, and one baby porpoise, which had been caught in a North Shore fishery that morning. But this was only the live ballast. We had quite as much dead weight, in the shape of sacks and boxes; and the islanders were hard put to it to make room for me in the stern. A good Monseigneur had introduced me by letter as some kind of a *savant*. And I'm afraid I fell to zero in their estimation when I appeared on the scene without any of the fancy credentials of a bald head, white beard, and pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. However, when they found I knew the river *comme nous autres*, that I remembered *chose* So-and-So, who led the revenue officers such a sea-dance all about it, that I had sailed as fourth member of

a porpoise-hunting crew which included Homère, François and *le gros Edouard*, and that I had once, though innocently, sailed in company with a certain notorious vessel whose tall topmast, bent forward like a fishing-rod about three feet from the truck, was the cause of her undoing—"*Ba'tême!*"—of course, they never really believed "*ce grand blagueur, Eloi*," when he said "*le savant*" was the man coming down there with Jean Coudé—"*bi'n non!*" And when the breeze sprang up they handed me the sheet of the spritsail, and a good broad-bladed steering paddle too.

Nevertheless, I was carried ashore with all the dignity befitting an honoured guest of *M. le curé*, whose buckboard was waiting on the beach. I'm afraid my education has been sadly neglected in the matter of learning how to *débarquer* gracefully from a blown man's back in order to *embarquer* into a buckboard that is being wildly hoppered by a plunging horse that won't stand still. But, for a flying start, we did pretty well; and the time in which we covered the two miles convinced the *curé's* outdoor factotum that the new mare was a first-rate bargain, after all.

The *curé* welcomed me with both hands to the *presbytère*, which, even for a *presbytère*, was noticeably clean and tidy. The chief ornament was a life-sized portrait of Louis Quinze, *enfant*, painted by a former *curé* in the days when the young Louis Quinze was beginning with almost as much religious observance as Louis Quatorze had ended with. We took a walk round the glebe, which was the same sixty acres that had been set apart for the purpose under the old *régime*. The large, new, double-spired church of St. Louis was built by another *curé*, good Father Pelletier, who paid two-thirds of the cost with the savings of a lifetime, twenty thousand dollars. The remaining third was raised by the parishioners, less than a thousand souls. I looked round for the poor-box, to the great amusement of the *curé*, who said I'd have to come again—perhaps after they had had a visit from the potato blight. There were neither rich nor poor on the island, and the only beggars they ever

saw there were those who came over occasionally from Baie St. Paul. There was no doctor, only *femmes sages* and a bone-setter. The only serious disease was old age; and even that was not considered dangerous much before ninety. There was no lawyer; though you might suppose that lawyers were quite indispensable as ministers of pleasant vice in any community of French-Canadians, who go to law as gladly as Italians to the opera. One did start practice here some years ago. But he was soon found dead near Baie St. Paul.

The *curé* is still the chief man of the island; the *Séminaire de Québec* has owned the seigniory since 1687; the ecclesiastical power has probably enjoyed a longer unbroken reign here than in any other part of America; and, granting the right or expediency of churchly rule at all, it cannot be said to have been abused in its little principality of Isle-aux-Coudres. The first cross in Canada was set up here in 1535, a year before the one commemorated at the Tercentenary of Quebec. And mass was said here, at intervals, by ships' chaplains, from that time on for the next two hundred and thirteen years, when Father Garrault was appointed the first regular *curé*. He was the one failure. He wanted his people to cross him over to Baie St. Paul, on the pretext of visiting a sick man there. But the people objected that Baie St. Paul had a priest of its own and that Father Garrault wanted to desert them. He was so angry at this that he managed to get the island interdicted from the sacraments for a year. But the people were right and he was wrong, for he never set foot among them again.

Father Coquart was a very different man, and shepherded his flock most carefully all through the critical times of the Conquest. The great war opened auspiciously for France; and there was plenty of good news from the front in 1756, when he married four couples within two days. What songs, what minuets and cotillions there were! The whole island was afoot for three times round the clock together!

Ten years after this, Père La Brosse, the great apostle of the maritime St. Lawrence, was the *curé* in charge. And

sixteen years later again, on the wild night of the 11th and 12th of April, 1782, the bell of Isle-aux-Coudres began tolling of its own accord; and Father Compain got up, dressed and went down to the beach at *Le Mouillage*. Here he waited patiently till a canoe from Tadousac, nearly seventy miles away, came in with the corpse of Père La Brosse. The crew said Père La Brosse had been apparently in perfect health at nine o'clock the night before, and was enjoying a game of cards with them, when he rose from the table suddenly, saying that they were to come for his body at midnight and take it to Isle-aux-Coudres, where they would find Father Compain waiting. Their journey took eleven hours, and was made in perfect safety, despite the storm, exactly as he had promised them. The knell no human hand was sounding was heard that midnight wherever Père La Brosse had served, from Isle-aux-Coudres to the Baie des Chaleurs. There are still some old folks alive to-day who had the tale from those whom the three solemn strokes roused from their sleep in wondering awe at Green Island and Trois Pistoles. And, be the explanation what it may, that is the evidence as it has been given, again and again, by every witness concerned, without a word of contradiction, for the last hundred and twenty-nine years.

The annals of the simple little parish abound with graphic illustrations of the all-pervading influence of the Church. But this does not mean that there have been no differences of opinion between the *curé* and his parishioners, now and then, as in the case of Father Garrault. One day an astonishing flight of "white partridges" came over from the hills; and everybody that had a gun turned out to shoot them. The great *chasseur* was much incensed by the size of the *curé's* bag, and stoutly maintained that no just God would ever send white partridges for anyone but a genuine *chasseur* to shoot. But as the *curé's* real offence was wiping the genuine *chasseur's* eye, the ways of Providence with partridges must still remain inscrutable on Isle-aux-Coudres. Then, there was poor, repentant, young André Pedneau,

who stood superciliously at the door of the church, during high mass, and refused to come in at the *curé's* bidding. Suddenly he turned and went home, where his sister, who was alone in the house, saw him walk down to the beach, but without his paddles. Neither he nor his canoe were ever heard of again.

But, generally speaking, pastor and people have got on exceedingly well together, and the Church has always been so intimately associated with every feature of the people's life that they look upon it as part of themselves, and themselves as part of it. A man who was trying to get his bearings, to show me the site of an obliterated landmark, and who wanted to get Jacques Cartier's cross in line with another object, didn't ask me if I saw the cross, but if the cross saw me. I remember a Green Islander using just the same expression when I was at the tiller heading for the cross on Cape Trinity, up the Saguenay. This old landmark on Isle-aux-Coudres was close to a plot of particularly fertile ground which the *habitant* owners have never cultivated because some unknown dead lie buried there in unknown graves and Champlain's naval chaplain said mass there three centuries ago. On the cliff above I came upon a house with the inscription *Stella Maris* over the door, evidently in reference to *la bonne Ste. Anne*, to whom all sea-faring Normans, Bretons, and French-Canadians pray to guard them against the perils of the deep. There is a grim reminder of these perils over the entrance to the cemetery, in the motto, *Pensez-y-bien*, which is flanked by two painted skull-and-cross-bones. But every schooner captain here wants to be the last man in sight to take in sail. So reminders like this may have their use occasionally.

The Jacques Cartier cross, perhaps on the same spot as the original, makes a different and much more exalting appeal to those who go down to the sea in ships from Isle-aux-Coudres. It stands far out on the neck of the western reef, where the perpetual tides sweep in so close that there is never a moment, day or night, when the choral ebb and

flow are not chanting litanies before it. *Thy ways are in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.*

The *Angelus* was ringing as I turned towards the *presbytère* again. The peal was particularly fine, clear, and yet full-toned, and could be heard for miles and miles in that calm evening.

> Laudo Deum verum,
> Plebem voco, congrego clerum,
> Defunctos ploro,
> Pestem fugo, festa decoro.

Aloft in their twin steeples the bells exhorted and implored with all the fervour of their Godward voices; and stretched out loving arms of sound, as if they longed to throw them round the whole of their faithful little island.

Laudo Deum verum. The *curé*, *vicaire* and I sat late that night on the steps of the *presbytère*, talking of liturgies and church establishment, of France and the *Concordat* and the Associations Bill, of Manning and Newman, Pusey and the Oxford Movement, and even of Döllinger and the Old-Catholics, and the *rapprochement* between the Greek and Anglican communions. They laughed exuberantly when I told them the well-worn story, which they had never heard, that all the fondest hopes of the reunion of Christendom by means of this famous *rapprochement* were nipped in the bud when some immaculate Oxford dons found out, to their unspeakable horror, that the Greek priests were using oil instead of soap!

I was fain to confess that my liturgical knowledge was very recently acquired by reading Dom Cabrol's *Origines Liturgiques*, and that, as an author, I took the deepest literary interest in *The Modern Reader's Bible*. And then we all skated lightly over a little thin ice and made a new start. The *curé*, who is now on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was one of the best-informed parish priests one could wish to meet in a day's march anywhere; and the *vicaire* knew his province like a book, though hardly *Weltpolitik*.

Defunctos ploro. How many times the predecessors of the present bells have had to toll for missing sailor sons in peace and war! But modern craft are handier, and there are very few drownings. The old men and women, full of years and little island honours, are those for whom the knell is mostly sounded nowadays.

Pestem fugo. There has never been any great epidemic here. But there were awful earthquakes, that shook this tiny tableland to its very foundations in 1770 and 1791, besides the cataclysmal one of 1663. And once there was such a devastating plague of caterpillars that a special deputation went up to Quebec to get leave to have public intercessions on the island. The people prayed, and the caterpillars died. But putrefying masses of dead caterpillars choked the streams and threatened a pestilence, till further prayers were followed by a tremendous storm, which flushed the water courses and carried all the bodies out to sea.

Festa decoro. Whenever the harvest of sea or land was good, or missing islanders returned, or the sick got well, or lovers married, or children were born, or the king's arms triumphed gloriously, there were sure to be double and triple *carillons* from the belfry. It was a warm and sunny morning as I watched a christening party arrive. They were early, and sat in the shadow of the church, three generations grouped round the first-born of a fourth, who, meanwhile, was being suckled at his mother's breast, to his own and everyone else's great content. But when the bells rang out their rejoicing afterwards, and I stood musing on all the different ways in which they had fulfilled the injunction of *festa decoro,* I suddenly remembered the significant fact that here, in this French-speaking community of hereditary seamen, they had rung out their loudest for Nelson's triumph at the Nile, in obedience to the command of the French-Canadian, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, who had ordained a general thanksgiving for the just rule and protecting arms of the Imperial British Crown.

For many centuries the staple industry of Isle-aux-Coudres was fishing, particularly "porpoise fishing," as the sea-korralling of the little white whale is called. The Séminaire de Québec was a generous *seigneur* and held its rights of hunting, fishing, and sea pasturage with a light hand over its *censitaires*. Originally there were four fisheries, each with its own crew under a captain appointed by the Séminaire and two lieutenants elected by the men. A strict look-out was kept all through the open season, as a good "porpoise" might mean as much as forty dollars when oil and hides were in great demand. On one ever-to-be-remembered occasion three hundred and twenty "porpoises" were caught in a single tide! Sometimes "killers" would range round a school of "porpoises" and drive them in; and sometimes the "porpoises" would run in after herring. Nothing is more fickle than the herring, as Labrador knows to its cost and the North Sea to its advantage. And once, in 1802, the herrings swarmed round Isle-aux-Coudres in such incredible abundance that the islanders actually dipped them out in buckets! The regular fishing, however, was always for the "porpoise," which is as timid as a hare, and swims round and round inside the terrifying stakes of the fishery, that quiver with every movement of the current, till the water becomes too low for escape. Then the boats go out and the men harpoon head-on—because a flip from the tail of a twenty-footer is no joke—and there may be a dozen boats, each fast to a "porpoise" in shallow water and all flying madly to and fro. What splashing, shouting and sheering clear; what pulling, paddling, lancing, heaving short and landing. But the "porpoise" has been fished out. After the last great catch of a hundred and twenty in 1852 the fishery steadily declined to nothing. And now the staple is not the "porpoise" but potatoes.

Jacques Cartier wouldn't call it Hazel Island now. The nut trees, the equally excellent plum trees, and nearly all the other *beaulx et grandz arbres* he saw there, are cut down to make room for potatoes. Oil built the old church;

potatoes built the new. Potatoes pay the *curé's* stipend. Potatoes are as much a stock-subject of conversation here as the weather in the rest of the world. And I must say that the Isle-aux-Coudres potato is everything a good potato ought to be. This is so generally recognized that frantic buyers yell themselves hoarse on the wharves at Quebec whenever they see one of these potato schooners coming in to moor. The sand that is always being washed up and enriched by seawrack is the best thing possible for growing potatoes, especially when a bit of herring is planted in with them. Down at Green Island they say that Isle-aux-Coudres owes its potatoes to the Green Islanders who catch the herrings. And over on the North Shore they say the Green Islanders have to come there to catch them. I haven't heard yet what the herrings say.

The seamen of Isle-aux-Coudres have always been famous along the St. Lawrence; and to-day this little island, with its eleven hundred people, is one of the last homes of the sailing-ship age. Not a ton of steam is owned there, and no steamer calls. Canoes are the only ferry to the mainland, schooners the only means of communication with the world outside. This is also one of the very few places where everything about a sailing vessel, from its germ in the forest to its final break-up in a yard, is still done by the same set of men. On the south shore, the only wooded part left, there are two families, who own the land, grow the timber, cut it, draw it, and stack it in the shipyard; then design the vessel, build her, rig her, launch her, load her, and sail and trade her with potatoes. I saw a seventy-ton schooner on the stocks, and found out later that she had gone through every feature of this family history. There was a little crowd of islanders admiring her; and I discovered, to my surprise, that none of them knew the old trick of appreciating the end-on lines by stooping forward and looking back at them through one's legs. But they were all charmed with the result. So was I.

One day I made a regular historical tour and saw where Jacques Cartier had washed his clothes in the tiny brooklet still known as *le Ruisseau de la Lessive*, which runs into the celebrated *Mouillage*. The beach road across which this brooklet runs, in a trickle only inches wide, is the one where some British officers were ambushed in 1759, when riding the Canadian ponies whose descendants are still to be found, almost thoroughbred, at Isle-aux-Coudres. On my way back along the top of the cliff I could see, through my glasses, *Les Canons* of Baie St. Paul, which are the grassy remains of the stone breastworks behind which the *habitants* stood to fight the American Rangers who scalped poor Charles Demeule, an islander. Then past and present came along the road together, in the shape of a team of oxen, horn-yoked as if they were in prehistoric Egypt, but actually drawing a very modern mowing machine from "Lowell, Mass.," and "U.S.A." And then the present held the field entirely when my guide pointed out the house of "the Conservative." Have all the other "*bleus*" disappeared with "*les blancheons*" and "*les blancs*" I asked? And the mild joke took among that "porpoise-hunting" race, who call the porpoises by those names to distinguish the young of the first year, the half-grown of the second, and the full-grown of the third. The islanders appear to be hereditary Liberals, and they complain that their votes are looked upon as such a "dead sure thing" that Liberal governments won't bother their heads about them.

From party politics—no matter what the party is—to smuggling, is an easy and natural transition, and by no means a step down from the sublime to the ridiculous. Indeed, I think it is a decided step up from the politicianal middleman, on either side, to the old-fashioned smuggler, who often risked his life by shipwreck and sometimes in a fight, unlike the snivelling fox of a middleman, who is disgustingly safe from bodily danger, and who, when he is caught, is shielded by his confederates in power till the next scandal happens to fill the public eye, when he mysteriously gets off scot free.

Some twenty years ago the last of the real St. Lawrence smugglers flourished at Isle-aux-Coudres, where the business was so well established and bred in the bone that even *curés* couldn't stamp it out. This smuggler was well and favourably known to the trade, all the way from St. Pierre and Miquelon to Quebec and Montreal. He enjoyed the best connexions, with due regard for decent "deviosities," among people of still higher circles—branch bank managers, members of Parliament and such-like. But the leakage of revenue was more than could be endured any longer; and the fiat went forth that he, as the leading business man concerned, must be arrested. His answer, and he meant what he said, was that he would blow to smithereens any Custom House officials that dared to touch him. This defiance compelled the authorities to send down a hundred soldiers and a gun to breach his stronghold. He then yielded gracefully; and gave so much evidence in the course of his trial that he soon got a government job to give no more.

I took another walk over to *Le Mouillage* the day before I left the island. A very tall and handsome old patriarch of eighty was mowing the lush sea-meadow grass. He must have been splendidly athletic forty years ago. His poise and swing were even now almost as perfect as the swathe he cut. Stopping to rest he turned his face to catch the breeze. He stood knee-deep in rippling green, his soft, broad-brimmed straw hat in one hand while the other held the scythe, with the blade flashing in the sun. His red shirt was half open at the neck. His thick white beard and hair framed a tanned, straightforward face, with quiet eyes, wrinkled round the corners by many a long lookout at sea. He was the only human figure there, against two miles of gleaming tideway and the great brooding mountains. He might have been the last of the sons of toil, nearing the close of labour's immemorial day, with the sweat of his brow changed to the sign of benediction.

He asked me to come in and see him that evening; and when I vaulted the fence into his beachfield I found I had

previously made friends with three little grandsons of his, who immediately led me round to the other side of his cottage, where they had been collecting skip-stones, in case I should pass that way again and stop to play with them and their dogs as I had done before. It was dusk—*à la brunante*, as the French-Canadians say— when I walked in; and the grandmother was rocking her last-born grandchild's cradle, while she crooned a soothing lullaby whose long-drawn cadences have brought sleep to a score of generations in Old France and New. After a good talk about the old, old times, the grandsire knocked the last ashes out of his pipe; and we all sat still awhile in reminiscent silence.

> Now the quietude of Earth
> Nestles deep my heart within.
> Friendships new and strange have birth
> Since I left the city's din.
>
> . . . .
>
> And the Ancient Mystery
> Holds its hands out, day by day,
> Takes a chair and croons with me
> In my cabin built of clay.
>
> When the dusky shadow flits
> By the chimney nook I see
> Where the old Enchanter sits,
> Smiles and waves and beckons me.

Next morning the ferrymen were anxious to start early. There had been a strong blow against the night ebb, and a big sea was still running, while the *Gouffre* was growling as if it was going to let loose its nor'westers against the morning flood. The big mail canoe—admirably built of half-inch cedar—was as good as its crew, which was saying a great deal. Both the men were remarkably fine specimens of their race and calling. Each stood a clear six feet and had branching shoulders whose vigorous thrust drove the canoe ahead quite easily through the rolling seas. They stood up to their work and thrust like gondoliers at long oars on high rowlocks.

In mid-stream the waves were free and the trough so deep that the men's blue jerseys almost blent with the shade of it as we slid down. But, mounting the crest, their bodies, strained forward at the end of the thrust, stood out quite black against the pale grey northern sky. Suddenly the sun burst through from the south and shone full into the *Gouffre*, which we were leaving a little to port as we made in for the wharf at Baie St. Paul. It flashed upon a splendid vista: the long lines of "ridged, roaring sapphire" in front, the white breakers alongshore, the curving strand, the bright green valley rising towards the distant blue passes, and the sentinel peaks beyond.

Then I looked back at Isle-aux-Coudres. And, once more, it was a thing apart, walled in by its stern north cliffs and moated by the broad St. Lawrence.

WILLIAM WOOD

BODY AND SOUL

And this brave body,—men have scorned it long,
Flinging a thousand words in its dispraise,
The soul's dark enemy, the preacher says,
A thing of vileness. But I sing my song
To glorify the body; faithful, strong,
It stands a sentinel thro' all the days
A man may live, and in unnumbered ways
Keeps watch and ward to guard the soul from wrong.

When does the soul fall from her high estate,
And fail to pierce temptation's soft disguise,
And take for truth the sweet low-spoken lies?
'Tis when outworn by burdens all too great,
Abused by toil, too wearied to be wise,
The body slumbers at the palace gate.

MARY E. FLETCHER

ST. AUGUSTIN

LET it be said at once that by St. Augustin is meant not a man but a place. English-speaking Canada is chary in its recognition of the saints in place-names. Of even the twelve apostles only a few have been honoured; we have St. Thomas and St. John; but one rarely hears of a St. Matthew, a St. Mark, or a St. Luke. Less authentic saints are remembered; St. George we have and St. Catherine,—while ruthless critics are saying that the one is wholly imaginary and few know whom they mean by the other. The province of Quebec is more generous to the great army of the good in all ages. Saint Moïse carries with it a sense of reverence lost in the almost profane English, "Holy Moses." There is no explaining, however, the caprices of popular hagiology. If Moses, David, and Jeremiah are remembered, half-forgotten is Isaiah, perhaps the most penetrating spirit in Jewish annals; St. Flavie, St. Joachim, Ste. Petronille, Ste. Irénéé, persons of whose story the average person knows nothing, are honoured; while the name of St. Paul, assuredly the most original and aggressive of all the holy company, is not a favourite. St. Augustine is held in high honour, befitting the memory of a great, strong man. The experts are, I believe, a little doubtful as to the site of St. Augustine's own city of Hippo, but, here, in this New World, of whose being Augustine had no dream, Protestant and Catholic alike build towns and churches in his honour and love to dwell under the shadow of his name. Our St. Augustin is a very quiet place, lying not more than a dozen miles from the city of Quebec, on the chief highway to Montreal. To any one who knows the province of Quebec there is nothing very striking or unusual about St. Augustin. Probably one could find a hundred other villages not unlike it.

It may be asked why one should visit this quiet St. Augustin; and thereby hangs a tale. For those who spend the glad summer days on the St. Lawrence below Quebec, the hour of turning westward falls heavily. The prospect of useful tasks to be faced, has, no doubt, its inspiration, but it is a far cry from the blue and silent depths of the mountainside at Malbaie to the turmoil of the city streets in Toronto. To spend a day or two in and about Quebec helps to soften the contrast. One year the task is to seek out some things in Quebec itself. Nowhere else in the world is there to be found, for instance, an institution like Laval University. Here was first a theological college; then came a boys' school; and at last, sixty years ago, a university. There is but one head for the three institutions, and it is the school which, in part, at least, supports the university. The university has a very slender purse, considering the vastness of its work, and this makes necessary among the professors an unworldliness which not many can understand. They each receive from $100 to $120 a year. I once asked a former rector—a simple-hearted man of great beauty of character—if from $4,000 to $5,000 as the total amount of the salaries of forty professors did not represent a rather narrow income. "Yes," he said, "when we wish to travel or to buy books; but," he added meditatively, "if we are sick they care for us and if we die they bury us—and what more could you want?" What more, indeed! But a worldly generation will not easily understand the point of view. Nor will it understand how a great library can be built up on an income of but $300 a year, or how a picture-gallery, the best public collection in Canada, can be formed and supported with practically no money at all. Yet this is what Laval is doing. Her library of rare books is made up chiefly of the gifts of her devoted sons. The picture gallery has an interesting and romantic history of gifts, of discoveries, of renovations, and here to-day are fair examples of many great masters—not, indeed, of the very rarest among the great—but of Rubens, Velasquez and Van Dyke, of Carlo Dolce and Guido Reni, of Salvator Rosa and Teniers; and of many other

notable painters. Some, thought to be originals, may be only copies, but this is a problem for the expert.

To spend a day at Quebec in exploring Laval was a pleasant task. Not less pleasant was it to explore St. Augustin, for St. Augustin, be it noted, has a place in history. It was on the 17th of September, 1759, that the British flag was raised over Quebec, and, on this September day in 1912, one looks up to see it still there. The flag has changed since 1759, for now the cross of Ireland has been blended with the crosses of England and Scotland to mark the union of which the symbol is the Union Jack. There is a strange magic in flags; one's heart thrills to see this tiny thing fluttering at the top of its long staff. A day came, not long after the flag was first raised here, when it seemed as if it might be hauled down. It was at a fearful cost that the British held Quebec, during their first winter in Canada. Hundreds perished of scurvy and were laid away in the snow, until the spring sunshine should soften the frozen surface of mother earth. The survivors were half-starved. Quebec was the one spot which the English held in a hostile country. The French commander in Canada was the Marquis de Lévis, of a family so ancient that he claimed kinship with the Virgin Mary. He spent the winter at Montreal, organizing an army to strike the starving garrison of Quebec before an English fleet could come to its aid in the spring. At last he was ready with two fighting men to one that Murray, the commander at Quebec, could put into the field. He had a small cavalry force. This and some of his infantry made their way, apparently by land, towards Quebec. Lévis himself waited at Montreal until the ice broke up in the St. Lawrence. On the 20th of April the river was fairly clear and then, though both shores were still lined with heavy masses of ice, he embarked his army in small boats. During the hours of daylight, the swift stream swept them down towards Quebec; at night they dragged their boats over the ice-floes to the shore and slept on land. On the evening of April 25th they were near Quebec. In order that the English might not know of their approach they waited until it was dark and then landed at St. Augustin.

At that time, however, St. Augustin was not what it is now. In New France the great river was the chief highway, and the churches were usually built near its banks. While the present church of St. Augustin is far from the river, the first one lay on the river strand. Perhaps it was chiefly the passing visitor, the *voyageur*, the mariner, even the dark-skinned native, who paused here to say a prayer or make an offering or a vow. A mile or so away, high up on the hill, where the land was better, and where houses began to multiply, some pious hands reared, in 1698, a Calvaire, perhaps that they might come here for at least some of their devotions and thus save the descent and the ascent of the steep hill. Other pious hands have kept this Calvaire in repair to this day, and still, roofed over, but otherwise open to the weather, the figure of Christ looks down from the cross on the supplicants at his feet. Who knows what village dramas have been retold here, what appeals from longing hearts have been poured forth to the pitying Christ, during more than two hundred years!

From a point near this Calvaire, at daybreak on the 26th of April, 1760, one might have looked down on an unprecedented and stirring scene. Along the strand, some two hundred feet below the Calvaire, great blocks of ice stretched up and down the river as far as the eye could reach. Beyond this white line of ice was the dark line of open, deep-flowing water. Late the night before many boats had swept down this dark stretch of water. They were filled with soldiers, some of them in faded uniforms of old France, some without uniforms. Among them, too, were savages in war-paint and feathers. They climbed out laboriously on the icy barrier that lay between them and the shore, dragging their boats with them. Here and there a boat upset, and its occupants fell into ice-cold water and appeared no more. The figures clambered over the white hummocks of snow and ice, reached shore near the church at St. Augustin, and there, probably in the church itself, lay down to get what rest they could before morning. Troops which had come by land were at hand. Before daybreak the army, numbering perhaps five thousand

men, had formed in some kind of order and soon it set out on its long march.

Its first task was to toil up the steep hill. In places the snow lay deep, and already the roads were heavy from the spring thaw. As the day wore on the sky darkened, a fierce storm of wind arose, and rain began to fall in torrents. The army had brought three cannon; horses pulled, men pushed, and somehow these were dragged up the hill over the terrible roads. The advance guard pressed on over ground still rising,—on, ever on, for the way was long. The storm grew worse; as night fell it was raging with wild fury. Once over the hill the army had a long march over fairly good ground. Then it had to cross a low-lying plain through which flowed the little river of Cap Rouge, swollen by spring floods. Some of the men waded knee deep, even waist deep, in water; and all were wet to the skin. Though the French soldier is a good marcher, perhaps in all his history he never faced a more difficult march than this from St. Augustin. The army slept in the farmers' houses near Lorette, and it was far on into the night before the last of the wet, tired men found a lodgment.

We know well what it was all about. They had come to attack, to retake, Quebec. Their problem was difficult. If one could look down from a high-mounting aeroplane on Quebec, one could understand quite readily their problem. Here is a high ridge of land some seven miles long and two or three miles wide. At the eastern end of the ridge is Quebec. From Quebec high cliffs stretch westward to Cap Rouge; on both the east and the south sides of the ridge the steep cliffs are washed by the water of the St. Lawrence. They are hardly less steep from the plain on the north. At the west end of the ridge, Cap Rouge, the escarpment is as abrupt and high as it is at Quebec. Nature has made the great plateau a vast natural fortress. Only a fairly large army can hold it, for the rim of the plateau is some twenty miles long. At places on the north the slope to the lower level is gradual. With the English on guard, the Marquis de Lévis knew that he could not make a frontal attack between Cap Rouge and Quebec; and

he landed at St. Augustin in order to march his troops round to reach the ridge of Quebec from the rear, where the road climbs up to Sainte Foy.

Many of the men who toiled on until late into the night over this terrible road past St. Augustin were marching to death. General Murray had outposts at Cap Rouge and at Sainte Foy, and early in the morning of the 27th of April the head of the army of Lévis was in touch with Murray's sentries at Sainte Foy. Already the British leader had seen that he could not guard the whole of the great plateau. Therefore he now called into Quebec his force at Cap Rouge, and soon did the same with that at Sainte Foy. In the early afternoon of the 27th, as the French, advancing from Lorette, climbed the hill to the plateau, they heard a roar and then saw the church at Sainte Foy on fire; Murray had blown up his arsenal in the church, abandoned the defence of the hill, and was now drawing back his force into Quebec.* The next day he marched out from Quebec with three thousand men, one-third of them invalids, met the force of Lévis on the open plain, and suffered woeful defeat. About one thousand men perished on each side; many of the tired men who marched by St. Augustin had found their last rest. And they died in vain, for France never recovered Quebec.

To-day one goes to St. Augustin from Quebec by train. This year my treat at Quebec was to be a tramp over the ground of the French march in 1760. The sky was lowering when I set out, but soon there was radiant sunshine. The train passes through the valley which bounds the ridge of Quebec on the north and comes out past Cap Rouge to the edge of the St. Lawrence. The landscape, newly washed by the heavy rain, looks fresh and vivid. Over beyond Lorette and Charlesbourg the forest-clad mountainside, only the other day a deep green, is now yellow and scarlet. Heads of the mountain ash in the near landscape are a deep purple. One's heart beats a little faster at the prospect of a long day's

*It is interesting to know that in the calmer days, which came long after, he made a gift of £25 to aid in restoring the church thus ruined.

tramp in this scene of beauty. The train stops at Cap Rouge and then passes on along the strand to St. Augustin. The old St. Augustin is no more, and a raw, new station, three or more miles farther from Quebec, is called by the old name. High up, over the hill, two miles from the station, is the village of to-day. The road leading from the station is liquid mud. A boy driving a rough cart with the mail is about to ascend the hill and one stoops to the weakness of being drawn up to the village to make there a start on the excellent highway. Half an hour later one is standing before the door of the large church, the successor of the old one on the river bank some four miles away.

The great building towers over all else in the village. Almost under its shadow is the priest's house, and immediately adjoining are two large schools, the one a boarding and day school for girls, the other a boarding and day school for boys, each with perhaps half a hundred boarders and a hundred and fifty pupils. Most striking of all is the churchyard. Protestantism is learning, more and more, to put its cemeteries away in quiet places, far from the movement and turmoil of daily life. Here, however, death stares one in the face at every turn. Facing the highway is a group of three crosses of gigantic proportions; on them are nailed life-sized, and one might almost add life-like, figures of Christ and the two thieves; the mother is here at the foot of the cross of her divine son. The art that carved these faces was skilful enough to depict a real emotion in each of them. One wonders what effect is produced on the minds of sensitive boys and girls by seeing, day after day, before their eyes, this dread tragedy of the cross. One effect, at least, there must be,—that life seems a stern and solemn thing. Over the two church doors are texts fitted to drive home this lesson: "Veillez et priez car vous ne savez quand le Seigneur viendra;" "Que sert à l'homme de gagner l'univers s'il perd son âme." Death, speaking from the church-yard, adds the solemn note,—"O mort, que ton souvenir est amer,"—which some sad heart has caused to be written on a tomb. The autumn wind is rustling through the

trees, and the yellow leaves fall on the path as one walks amid the dead. The only sound is the ring of the village blacksmith's hammer on his anvil. But for this, the silent village might seem asleep in the glowing sunshine.

The man who knows all about the inner life of the village is the *curé*. A flood of sunshine is pouring through the large south windows of the *salle* in the *presbytère* as I am ushered into the presence of an emaciated man in a *soutaine*, sitting in the sunlight as if wishing to absorb as much of its warmth as possible. His pale thin face is bearded; he is obviously a partial invalid and has been so, he tells me, for twenty years. Yet he knows all that is going on. The parish is large. He has 1200 communicants. There are seven schools within the parish. In all of them the Roman Catholic faith is taught as a part—the chief part—of the regular course of instruction. There are no English, no Protestants. Ah, yes, he admits, in Ontario it is different. There you have many nationalities and so a variety of creeds, but here all are French and all are Catholic. It is a long, long way to Ontario and one hears little of what takes place there. The *curé's* visitor ventures to ask some questions. What is the state of society, of morals, in this great parish with perhaps five thousand people, young and old? The *curé* is grave. His people, he says, are subject to all the frailties of weak human nature. Still things are not so bad. There is, for instance, almost no drunkenness. Occasionally some of the young fellows, a very few of them, indeed, break loose and are noisy, but this is not often. No liquor is sold in this or any adjacent parish until you reach Quebec; you could not buy a glass of beer within many miles of this spot, no matter how raging might be your thirst. Oh, yes, of course, there are other vices than drunkenness. But the people are careful and the church is watchful. Dancing is forbidden by the bishop. There is a curving downward of the corners of the *curé's* mouth when he says: "The church would refuse the sacraments to any one who danced." The birth of an illegitimate child is almost unknown in the parish. So, also, is family strife that leads to open rupture between man

and wife. After all, says the *curé*, with a grave smile, the confessor's work here is easy; there are no gross offences and the reason is that few outsiders come to the parish. The people are always busy with their farm work. They are not rich but are well to do. They wish to get the latest improvements in farm implements. On this they spend money; but they do not spend it on show; they live on simple fare; there is not an automobile in the parish,—and there is not a beggar. His people, the *curé* says again, are just like other people and have all the frailties of human nature. But here in this quiet St. Augustin they have few temptations. If what they call "progress" were to reach this spot, if new people were to come, factories, movement, it would be different. But perhaps it is the will of the good God that this should not be.

One leaves this gentle man convinced of his thorough goodness. The village street is deserted as one passes into the open country towards Quebec. The road is excellent, but upon it for many hours one saw hardly a living soul. Two laughing girls, indeed, with pretty, intelligent faces, drove a cart across the road from one green field to another and turned their heads to watch the stranger pass on towards the city. A single ox drawing a light cart painted a vivid blue came creaking down the road,—and for long hours in the bright sunshine this was all. On a Sunday it would be different, for that is a festal day, when visits are made and there is brisk traffic on the highway.

The road is not so good after one has trudged far and has reached the low marshy ground across which the army of Lévis plodded so wearily a hundred and fifty-two years ago. The heavy rain has left the mud deep. Soon the road mounts again to Lorette and its great church with two towering spires. Like the army of Lévis, one pauses here for rest, and the sun is already in the west when one turns southward to cross the valley and climb the long hill to Sainte Foy. Here, five miles from Quebec, the *curé* tells the same tale of simple village people and of the absence of vice. The change, however, is coming. "Progress" is reaching out to buy land at Sainte

Foy for speculators in Quebec. Soon these green fields will have become building lots; for Canada is expanding, and, not least this oldest Canada at Quebec. Then the idyll of simple village life, with its laborious days and its quiet, unassuming virtues, will be no more for Sainte Foy, and perhaps for its neighbour, St. Augustin, too.

The conquered has become the conqueror; this was clear as one made the long march from St. Augustin to Quebec. After all, the real life of a people is in their traditions, their religion, their work. In no one of these has Britain really touched the peaceful, contented dwellers on these broad farms which spread for so many hundred miles in the province of Quebec. If one saw the flutter of the *fleur-de-lis* instead of the Union Jack high up on the citadel of Quebec, these people might still be exactly what they now are; the influence of Britain has altered the course of their development hardly one whit. They are not conscious that they have resisted outside influences; they have only, as a matter of course, remained true to their old selves. One asks again, what are their virtues? They are sober and industrious; their family life is pure; they are prudent and frugal in their habits, and by their savings have helped to make Quebec the capitalist province of Canada. These people have other virtues too, for which outsiders hardly give them credit. They have a sturdy independence of spirit. The Protestant world insists on thinking of them as priest-ridden and submissive. No doubt they accept the authority of the church as binding upon their consciences. But they do this in much the same way that a Protestant accepts that of the Bible. Often they are critical of the human medium through which the spiritual authority touches them. The Church asserts the right of discipline, the right to impose pains and penalties upon wrong-doers. I asked a *curé* how this worked out in practice, how he dealt with offenders.

"What more can I do," he said, "than reason with them and try to lead them to the better path?"

"But," I said, "the mediæval church imposed strict penances to be openly performed."

"That would be now impossible;" he replied, "the most I can do is to keep an unrepentant person from coming to the Communion, and even this refusal would be a matter kept strictly private between the offender and myself." My thought was, and is, how slight the difference between this system of discipline and that which could be administered by a Protestant minister.

As one approaches Quebec there is movement on the roads. Automobiles, carriages, delivery waggons swing past. Down in the valley of the St. Charles, across which lie the glorious mountains, one hears the railway whistle and the rattle of trains. Here is a changed world from St. Augustin. St. Augustin, it may be, lacks courage, daring, the vision of a future greater than the past, the heroism of the sacrifice of to-day for the victory of to-morrow. It may be, indeed, that St. Augustin does well to cling to what it has and to distrust change. But here is another spirit—a spirit that makes little of what is and is thinking of what will be; unlovely cuttings for new streets are being made through what were fine gardens and green fields; lofty buildings are beginning to rear their ugly heads; a dismal factory crowns the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and many other brave men died. "We shall have two hundred thousand people here within ten years," some one says to me exultingly. This is "progress," and this is what St. Augustin dreads.

A stupendous hotel, which seems to throw out some new wing each year, stands where stood the Castle of St. Louis and where Frontenac bade defiance to the English assailant of Quebec more than two hundred years ago. The defiance was to prove ultimately vain, for on this spot, at least, all is English in speech and custom. Not a word of the English tongue has one heard at St. Augustin; not a word of any other tongue does one hear now. The long, happy day in the sunshine is over. France lies out there in the country. Here are the Briton and the American, the spirit of commerce, of enter-

prise, of change. The types touch each other, and yet are as far apart as if the wide ocean separated them.

It is vain to picture what may be to-morrow. Probably the ideals of each type are fixed. One thing is certain. St. Augustin does not hate this being from outside its world, who has planted his feet so firmly on this rock at Quebec; perhaps, indeed, St. Augustin has a vague admiration for the great steamers which it sees passing up and down the river; for the mighty skeleton of steel which now carries across the valley to Cap Rouge the line of railway stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific; for the stupendous beginnings there of the great bridge where nearly a hundred men went down to death a few years ago. These works are evidences of astonishing energy. St. Augustin talks about it, wonders at it, sordid souls even dream of profit from it. But all this does not touch the inner soul of St. Augustin. It longs for no change; it will cling to the old traditions, the old faith, the old mode of life. Its one demand is to be left free to go its own way. If the people in the great hotel, with their vast plans, their visions of "progress," will but leave St. Augustin alone, St. Augustin in turn will wish them god-speed on their way. There is no need to quarrel; and Canada will be the richer for the variety of types. To the eye of discerning wisdom, it may be that St. Augustin has chosen the better part.

George M. Wrong

CHURCHILL AND NELSON

NOW that the government has indicated definitely its intention to proceed with the opening up of a trade-route via Hudson Bay and Strait, and , after having obtained full information as to the respective advantages of the two proposed shipping points, has decided finally upon Port Nelson, it may be of interest briefly to review some of the facts which must have entered into that decision.

Of these facts it may be remarked that those which bear most directly upon the question at issue, namely, the choice of the better harbour, are by no means of recent discovery. In 1884–86, Lieut. A. R. Gordon, who was commissioned by the government to make a thorough investigation of the navigability of Hudson Strait and Bay, carried out a fairly accurate hydrographic survey of both Churchill and Nelson. His official report, moreover, contains an admirable summary of the comparative advantages of the two points.

Comparison, it must at once be admitted, resolves itself almost immediately into contrast. Both Churchill and Nelson are situated on the western shore of Hudson Bay, and both are at the mouths of rivers. There the similarity comes to a sudden stop. Whether it be coast-line or character of ocean bed, whether it be the depth of water or the velocity and set of currents, indeed, no matter what the criterion of comparison, the dissimilarity is instant and complete.

Heavily handicapped as is the region of Hudson Bay and Strait by the prevalence of thick weather, fog, rain and snow storms being only too common, it often becomes a matter of extreme difficulty to the navigator to "make" a harbour, unless it be marked by prominent and distinctive topographical features. This difficulty is accentuated by

the precipitous character of the coast line, which renders soundings of no value as an aid to navigation, and by the extreme feebleness of the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic field, which detracts enormously from the usefulness of the compass, and makes navigation by dead reckoning precarious to an extent unknown in middle latitudes. Add to this the uncertainty arising from the presence of tidal currents which are often both rapid and extremely variable in direction, and it is readily seen that, to be desirable, a harbour should be easy of recognition.

To this requirement Port Churchill satisfactorily conforms. Flanked by a bold and easily remembered coastline, it is readily recognized and approached. The harbour entrance, about twelve hundred feet in width, is of ample depth, and free from reefs or shoals. It opens obliquely, moreover, into the harbour proper, thus preventing the heaving in of heavy swells from the open water.

The harbour itself, a widening out of the Churchill River, is admirably adapted for the reception and shelter of ships. Landlocked in every direction, it affords adequate protection in any weather. For the accommodation of a merchant fleet it already offers a natural basin three-quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide, with a depth, at low water, of no where less than twenty feet, a basin which could by the blasting away of a narrow tongue of rock be lengthened to over a mile. Along its eastern border it extends even now to within less than two hundred yards of the shore, thus rendering the construction of piers cheap and expeditious. The bottom is of rock covered by a layer of mud, and furnishes excellent holding ground. Port Churchill must be regarded as exceptionally well fitted to serve, with a minimum of labour and expense, as the entrepôt for the projected grain route of the north.

Fortunate in lying at the threshold of the only canoe route to York Factory, Port Nelson has long enjoyed a prominent position in the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. For centuries that company's brigs and barquan-

tines have plied between it and England, carrying out the cargo of skins, ivory, and oil, and then returning, laden with stores and provisions for the coming winter. This prestige, however, it maintained while labouring under a serious handicap. Port Nelson is a port in name only. To the mariner in search of shelter, no more treacherous roadstead could well be found.

Port Nelson lies at the confluence of two rivers, the Nelson and the Hayes, which unite to form a bell-shaped estuary. For many centuries these turbid rivers have unloaded their burden of silt, until at the present time a shoal varying in depth from a few inches to about sixteen feet stretches out for over ten miles from the land. Cutting this great shoal, in the lead of the Nelson River, a narrow channel some fourteen miles in length with a depth at low water of eighteen feet, constitutes the sole means of ingress from Hudson Bay. This channel, of a mean width of less than five cables, is so difficult of negotiation, owing to the rapidity and cross-set of the tidal currents which tend constantly to set a vessel on the south bank, as to make it well-nigh impossible for a vessel to venture in from the outer anchorage, which is over six miles from the nearest land. Indeed, at the present time it is next to impossible even to pick up the entrance to the channel. This is due to the fact that in the neighbourhood of Port Nelson the coast is extremely low, and in consequence the navigator can hope for no cross bearings to assist him in finding his position when the sun is obscured.

If, then, as will be almost inevitable, the mariner anchors off the entrance to the channel, that is, in about five fathoms of water, he will yet be compelled to exercise the utmost vigilance. He will be completely exposed to gales from every quarter, and, if the wind is on shore, will require to keep up a full head of steam, for it may at any moment be necessary to slip, and stand out to sea. Lieut. Gordon states that during a north-easter, the seas, owing to the shoaling water, attained an enormous height, and that in

his opinion there were no anchors in existence which, under these conditions, could prevent a ship's dragging and being driven on the bank.

Suppose, on the other hand, that, the weather being fine and his position well determined, the ship's master decides to enter the channel. He will send ahead his launch, and by continuous soundings will advance slowly along it, hugging the northern edge. After proceeding thus for about eight miles he will have reached a point known as as the "Deep Hole," where the soundings will show from twelve to fourteen fathoms, and beyond which the channel narrows to a few hundred yards. He has now reached the inner anchorage of Port Nelson. But no land-locked basin gladdens his eyes. There is nothing in sight but water—yellow, turbid water—with a faint, hazy streak on the horizon, to mark the wooded shore-line. Four miles of this shallow water lie between him and the nearest land. Eight miles distant is the site of the terminus for the Hudson's Bay Railway. At low water he can see, with his binoculars, great stretches of exposed mud and gravel bordering the shore-line, with here and there a boulder standing out in sharp relief.

He has gained the innermost anchorage of Port Nelson, and yet his position is but little better than it was outside. Still open to northerly, north-easterly and easterly gales, he will find that the holding ground is poor, and that during the first fresh breeze his anchors will drag and his vessel run aground.

A few examples of the difficulties to be encountered in the neighbourhood of Nelson Roads may illustrate the above statements. During the summer of 1912 three vessels had occasion to visit Port Nelson. The first to arrive, the C.G.S. *Minto*, whose commander was in possession of the latest and best charts and which was fully equipped with sounding apparatus, went aground twice. The next, the *Beothic*, was stranded high and dry while endeavouring to enter the channel, and sustained serious damage to her

bottom. Lastly, the *Arctic* dragged and went aground during a north-easter, while lying at anchor in the "Deep Hole," eight miles from the outer anchorage. All three vessels, it may be added, had called at Port Churchill and had there met with no accident whatever.

It remains to discuss the changes required to render Port Nelson navigable with reasonable safety. These include, in the first place, the stationing of a light-ship off the outer anchorage, and the buoying of the channel itself. Here the problem of field ice presents itself. Each spring large quantities of heavy ice are discharged from the Nelson River,—ice which would carry off buoys and light-ship with the utmost ease. Even in August and September there is the probability of incursions of heavy "old" ice from Hudson Bay. During the summer of 1912, for example, thirty-six thousand square miles of this ice were observed, extending from Churchill over the whole bottom of Hudson Bay. The degree to which field ice is sensitive to wind is almost incredible, and if such ice were within fifty miles of Port Nelson, a fresh north-easterly breeze, lasting for several days, would make the incursion of this ice almost inevitable. As to the channel itself, extensive dredging would be required, both to deepen it and to widen the last few miles. This operation would be a more or less continuous one, owing to the deposition of silt and the consequent filling up or shifting of the channel.

Lastly, two long breakwaters would be built out from the north shore, strong enough to resist the impact of the field ice from the Nelson River. The area thus enclosed, now a mud-flat, would be dredged out to the required depth, and a basin thus formed. This, then, would be the new Port Nelson. That a harbour can be made at the mouth of the Nelson River it would be foolhardy to deny. The question, however, which obtrudes itself so forcibly on one who has seen both places, is—What consideration has prompted the government to prefer the making of a harbour to the utilizing of one already made by nature? The writer

has sought an answer to this question in the possible superiority of the road-bed to Nelson, but engineers who have been over the ground have stated that no such superiority exists. In conclusion, it is suggested that, in view of the enormous outlay required in order that Port Nelson may be made a practicable shipping-point, and in view also of the certainty that after all has been done it will, both in regard to safety and to cost of maintenance, be hopelessly inferior to Port Churchill, some explanation of the decision arrived at by the government would be welcome.

W. B. WIEGAND

THE PAYZANT KILLING

IN this present Year of Grace, nineteen hundred and thirteen, there may be seen any day in the streets of Halifax a man of threescore and ten whom you would remember without difficulty the next time you met him. In spite of his seventy years and his close-clipped thick white hair and moustache, it would be a misuse of words to call him old. Over six feet tall, erect, spare, athletic, with an open-air complexion, he might easily be taken for a retired general officer, hale and vigorous. By profession he is a lawyer still engaged in practice, and his name is to be found in lists of directors of banks and joint-stock companies. His ample means permit of his spending long summers in his camp beside a delightful salmon river, as well as the pleasures of foreign travel. His favourite reading is theology. Altogether, John J. Payzant is the sort of man you would turn to look at anywhere, on his own account. If you knew how he links us with the heroic age of Canada, you would not be content with one look.

His grandfather, Lewis Payzant, was a prisoner in Quebec in 1759, and witnessed from the ramparts the world-renowned battle on the Plains of Abraham. Three generations span the intervening century and a half. The Payzants are a long lived race.

The story begins in Normandy in the ancient city of Caën at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Payzant, as you might imagine, is a French name, and the earliest traceable bearer of it, belonging to the obnoxious faction of the Huguenots, was forced with hundreds of thousands of other good Frenchmen to abjure his faith, or leave the country. He took refuge in the neighbouring island of Jersey. In the year 1754, his son Lewis who owned three ships sold two and betook himself in the third with his family and all his worldly goods to the new "boom town" of Halifax, just

rising on the shore of Chebucto Harbor. He brought with him letters of introduction from Pownall to Governor Lawrence, the man who expelled the Acadians. Lawrence, in turn, passed him on to Colonel Sutherland, who was in charge of the German settlement of Lunenburg, further down the coast, near the beautiful Mahone Bay, which is currently believed to have an island in it for every day of the year.

One of these islands, now called Covey's, the newcomer selected for his home and set to work with energy to make it habitable. Two years went swiftly by. The first rude shelter, for the wood-cutters, a wigwam of brush had given place to a solid log cabin. Bales and boxes of goods for trading with the Indians had been obtained and stored within it. A fair sized clearing had been made and sown with fall wheat. Workmen were building a large two-storey framed house. It was the eighth of May, 1756. The year before, Braddock had been routed with great slaughter on the banks of the Monongahela and the Acadians had been deported from Nova Scotia. The first of the Halifax privateers had sailed out past Thrum Cape in quest of lawful prizes. The Seven Years War had begun and was to drag into its fatal net this prosperous beginning of a pioneer's home on the border of the western wilderness.

It was the eighth of May, 1756. The wheat was springing green all over the clearing among the raw stumps. Night had fallen. The men at work on the new house had all gone home. The Payzant family were getting ready for bed when they heard a strange noise not far away. What could it mean? The father thought he knew what it betokened. There had been serious disaffection in the new German settlement of Lunenburg on the banks of the Lahave, just round the next headland from Mahone. Unprepared for the rigors of life in the wilderness, these peasants from the Palatinate thought themselves wronged and had risen against the government in some sort of half-hearted, futile rebellion. Payzant as a friend of the Government had been warned to be on his guard, and been given license to fire upon any disturbers of the peace.

Little dreaming that he had to do with an Indian war party, he came out of his house with his musket and fired in the air. The flash from the muzzle in the darkness revealed his position to the enemy; a shattering volley rang out on the night, and stretched him a dying man at his own threshold. His wife rushed out to catch him before he fell. He could only gasp out a few half-choked words in French, "My heart is growing cold—The Indians," before the spirit passed, and the rush of the whooping savages drove her back into the house. Somehow she managed to secure the door, which was stout enough to resist all efforts to break it in.

A few seconds and irreparable calamity had befallen the home; the father was dead and the hapless widow and her children were huddled together in an inner room, quaking with fear, unable to realize their loss and not knowing how long before the murderers would burst in upon them with tomahawk and scalping-knife. While they waited, the Indians baffled at the main entrance managed to get into a room of the house occupied by a serving woman and her child. Her they did to death in horrible unknown fashion, tore off her scalp and dashed out the baby's brains. Marie Payzant and her children must hear the terrifying uproar of the struggle under the same roof, the yells of the Indians, the agonized shrieks of the poor creature with dreadful death before her eyes, her vain appeals for help: "Mr. Payzant! Mrs. Payzant!"

When those cries ceased, the Indians continued their efforts to break in to the last poor refuge; but apparently the stout morticed logs of the cabin still defied them. Then they made preparations to burn it down. Then the poor despairing woman gave the word to her eldest son Philip a boy of twelve to unbar the door. He did so and the Indians rushed in.

Strange to say they did not murder the woman and the children. Now their object seemed plunder and they set to work to sack the hapless mansion. One horrid detail of this time has been transmitted. The Indians mimicked the death shrieks of the poor creature they had just butchered. One would think that scalps would be as profitable as prisoners

and much easier to transport; and, further, that the savage blood-thirst would not so soon be quenched. Philip Payzant showed spirit, he sprang on a table, shook his fist at the Indians and defied them: and yet they did not harm him. It seems strange, but who can understand the workings of the savage mind?

The scene of pillage that ensued was never forgotten by the boy of seven years. When he was ninety-five, his body bent and his mental faculties lulled into passivity by his great age, his whole being was roused to intense excitement at the recollection of the terrible scene: "O, I see them! I hear them! Hewing down the boxes! Hewing down the boxes!" The trader's store offered rich spoil to the savages which they hurried into the canoes along with their prisoners, the new-made widow and the four fatherless children.

One more victim remained to be sacrificed. The war party had caught a young man at Rous's Island and forced him to guide them to this spot. They had promised to spare his life and let him go unharmed; but lest he should give the alarm to the settlers and soldiers under Colonel Sutherland three miles away. They had killed his father earlier in the day. Now they killed and scalped him. Sutherland's rangers found the corpse next morning by the waterside with the hands bound. After this last murder, the Indians fired the houses and pushed off in the darkness. The last sight the poor captives had of their home was as a mass of leaping flames. What their feelings must have been anyone with a heart can readily call up. Of Marie Payzant, widowed in an instant, carried off to an unknown fate, with the mother's time of trial impending, it is recorded that "tears would not come to her relief."

Mahone Bay is about four hundred miles from the city of Quebec, as you measure with a ruler and dividers across the map. The weary road the captives travelled to reach it is well nigh twice as long.

During the night of the 8th-9th of May, the war-party with their prisoners paddled across the bay to where the pretty

summer town Chester now stands. From this point to the head-waters of the St. Croix is a twelve mile stretch through the woods. The little stream known as the Gold River may have shortened the portage to the Ponhook lakes. Still how they managed to transport their canoes, their plunder and their captives so quickly through the woods remains something of a mystery. Evidently they were returning by the way they had come and needed no guide. On the following night, twenty-four hours after the descent upon the Payzant household, the two canoes were floating past Fort Edward where the St. Croix empties into the Avon, fifty miles away. This was a British post on the high hill above Windsor, keeping watch over the desolated Acadian parishes from which Murray had swept the inhabitants the year before. As they glided by, the captives could see the silhouette of the sentry against the sky-line as he paced the ramparts. Friends and safety were near; but they dared not give the alarm. A tomahawk flourished over their heads warned them silently what their fate would be on the least outcry. The canoes drew in close to the bank and so passed unchallenged in the darkness. When morning broke they were well on their way to Cape Chignecto, where they made their first halt.

No record has been kept of the time occupied in that toilsome journey. If the Indians succeeded in covering the fifty miles between the island of massacre and Fort Edward in twenty-four hours, they would make at the same rate the whole journey to Quebec in about three weeks. But this first stage was no doubt a forced march through an enemy's country. When they came into French territory they would proceed more slowly. They must have made a long halt at St. Anns; and they had the whole good season of summer before them.

Their route is well worth considering; for they were striking into an ancient and well-used system of inland waterways which connects the St. Lawrence and the interior of the continent with the sea. From Chignecto, they would go up the Petitcodiac tidal river, past the site of Moncton,

portage from its head-waters to the head-waters of the Kennebecasis and travelling with the stream would soon reach the beautiful river St. John. This magnificent stream is four hundred miles long. From the head of the St. John, there was a regular portage to the Chaudière, which falls into the St. Lawrence from the south bank, almost opposite, you may say, to Quebec.

One pathetic incident of that journey has been handed down. Among the plunder, Marie Payzant recognized the very shoes she had worn as a happy bride, in far off Jersey. She may have danced in them at her wedding. She had brought them all the way across the Atlantic and treasured them with a woman's love of keepsakes all these years. By some strange chance, they had escaped the burning house; and now the widow saw them again—with what feelings may be imagined. She begged her captors for them. The Indians considered them not worth taking away and flung them overboard "with a loud insulting laugh."

At the French post of St. Ann's, a new trial awaited her. The prisoners and the scalps had been brought in for the sake of the bounty. Up to this time, Marie Payzant though husbandless, had her children with her; now she was separated from them and sent on by herself to Quebec. Sometime after reaching the city, her child, a second daughter, Lizette, was born; but for months she had no word of the others. At last news came that two were in the hands of the French but that two were still retained by the Indians, for adoption into the tribe, in the place of some who had been killed by the English. One was her daughter Marie. It was only when Bishop Pontbriand of Quebec, in response to her entreaties, directed the priest at St. Ann's to refuse the Indians absolution, that they surrendered the children.

It must have been to the children's recollections of their stay at St. Ann's that these details are due. When asked what they were fed on, old Lewis Payzant exclaimed, "Fed us upon! Why, sometimes upon bread and sometimes upon nothing." One night his piece of bread was so bad as to be uneatable and he threw it away. No

more was given him; that night he must go hungry. But the Indian's son of his own age was given a larger piece than he could eat. As he fell asleep, the bread escaped from his hand and young Payzant ate it. In the morning the boy missed his breakfast and complained to his father, who was just setting out to fish. The latter was furious, and threatened his captive with some dire punishment. But he never carried out his threats. That day he got drunk, fell out of his canoe and was drowned. Lewis Payzant remembered also being carried through the woods by this Indian alternately with his own son: "He would take me by the shoulders and swing me round upon his back," while the other youngster trotted behind, I suppose. From all that can be gathered it seems that the savages treated the white children no worse and no better than their own.

Altogether, the separation of Marie Payzant from her children lasted seven months. At the end of that time they were brought in with other luckless British prisoners to Quebec. When she heard of their arrival, she was eager to go to meet them. But this was not allowed. There were other captive mothers there as well as she, also awaiting the coming of their children. She was forced to wait at the door of her lodgings under military guard, while the group of children was brought up from which to select her own. That was no hard task, though doubtless they were a ragged unkempt brood. The tears that would not come to her relief when suffering from the first stunning blow now flowed free, as she strained her darlings to her heart.

So there the family remained all through the war until the fall of Quebec. Being French, they were treated well and not kept in close confinement. And that explains how young Lewis had the run of the town and was able to see one of the decisive battles of the world on the momentous thirteenth of September, 1759.

By August, 1761, Marie Payzant was back in Halifax with her five children, receiving official permission to dispose of the tragic island in Mahone Bay, and receiving land grants in Falmouth, where her descendants dwell to this day.

As soon as the news of the killing was brought in to Lunenburg, Sutherland sent a command of thirty men to make sure, and, if possible, punish the raiders. They found only smoking ruins of houses and corpses scalpless. The audacity of the Indians enraged Governor Lawrence, at no time the mildest of men. Six days after the massacre, he issued a proclamation protesting indignantly against the way the Micmacs had broken their treaty of four years previous, "expressly against the law of arms", as Fluellen would say. He therefore authorized and commanded all King George's liege subjects to "annoy, distress, take and destroy the Indians inhabiting the different parts of this Province," and, in order to make war profitable, he offered the substantial sum of thirty pounds sterling "for every male Indian prisoner above the age of sixteen brought in alive," twenty-five for his scalp and the same amount "for every Indian woman or child brought in alive." In all probability, the Indians did not belong to Nova Scotia at all, but to the country about the upper St. John.

Apparently not many pounds were earned in this way. Years afterwards, Lewis Payzant recognized in his store in Halifax a member of the very war-party which had descended on his home in blood and fire. "You are one of the Indians who killed my father," he said. "Well," was the reply, " I am; but it was war then."

As near as can be sifted out from the written records and oral tradition, this is the truth about the Payzant killing. Good old Silas Rand, the Apostle of the Micmacs took down the tale from the lips of Lewis Payzant himself at the age of ninety-five; and on his account this narrative is mainly based. Time has raised a goodly growth of myth around the original facts. It is commonly believed that Mrs. Payzant was well treated during her captivity at Quebec because she was the sister of Montcalm; and in Lunenburg is still to be shown a stone marked with a bloody hand, the sign-manual of one of the murderers.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE LITTLE CHURCH

A CHURCH there is whose members' love
Transcends all other known to man;
More deep than bond of blood could move,
Or cry of rights since strife began;
Set fast upon the world's heart's need,
And stronger than the strongest creed.

Its inmost spirit steals away,
And in calm, cloistral shadow hides;
Its lovers shun the common day,
Their temples build where peace abides;
And o'er dim streets of dreamy ways
Their fragile spires and turrets raise.

Its habitation is too shy
To bear the burden of a name,
But those who hear the human cry
Behold it as in words of flame;
The Little Church of those who fall,
And, seven times stumbling, rise withal.

Its gates are catholic and wide
To all who seek its bread and wine,
With equal yoke there, side by side,
Kneel faith and doubt before its shrine;
Yet none such strait exactment lays
As this on those who serve its ways.

Without its walls no Godhead waits
To portion out the fruit of sin,
Reproach more poignant vindicates
The judgement of the law within;
The gnawing pang which none can dull,
No sleep allay, no time annul.

It is so like a vague desire,
    A baffling dream of hopes and fears,
One may have breathed its heavenly fire,
    Yet feed on sorrow all the years,
At times such horrid shapes infest
The holy gloom which shrouds its rest.

Its lovers have no marching-songs,
    Or stately chant of fruitless prayers;
Their cups are overfilled with wrongs,
    And feast for fast is never theirs:
Cast out in front of all men's eyes,
With unquenched hope they still arise.

Red drops of blood mark all the way,
    Where sharp stones cut the journeying feet,
But yet no pilgrims turn or stay,
    But falter on in weary heat,
With gladness for a hand's space won
Before the sun's full course is run.

It is the church of all souls, yet
    To each who kneels there none seem known,
For at its shrine where they are met
    They eat and drink as if alone;
Though now and then without a sound
The ghostly elements pass round.

Life's constant antinomy chills
    The passion of their endless quest;
No word of benediction stills
    Their mortal yearning and unrest;
A rolling Juggernaut, the brain
Moves on till all men's hearts are slain.

Within, the time-worn spirit sinks;
  Remorse and sin divide their days;
While Reason like a glacial sphinx
  With icy stare each longing slays.
Yet onward with blind steps they reel:
They felt, they felt,—and still they feel.

Crying with all the ages' need,
  To Galilee for peace they turn;
But Godhead there by man decreed
  Confronts them, and they still must yearn:
Nor Force nor Will can cheat the toll
That Truth exacts from every soul.

Untroubled none His face may see,
  Marred by all lusts that are and were;
And all the sins that are to be
  Engrave their fascination there:
Swept by that agony of love,
They would, but cannot, to Him move.

Thus over them is hung no Cross,
  Or Christ with crown of twisted thorn,
But there is crying of great loss,
  And hungering after bliss forlorn.
What sightless wrath hath led us on
To spit on God's own dearest Son?

Why have we laid on Him the life
  Of those who name Him, knowing not?
Why have we charged Him with man's strife?
  Why have we added to His lot?
Lo, we have stumbled, cursing Christ,
Who was for these things sacrificed.

With molten hate of hollow creeds
 We have rebelled against—what things?
With blind, stark rage, for blinder needs,
 We have cursed gods and cast down kings:
Filled full of scorn of all men's lands,
What better guerdon hold our hands?

We have pulled down, and builded none;
 Cursed deep, and have not ever blessed;
And what thing is there we have done?
 And what have we achieved of rest?
We have shut out both Wrong and Right,
And murdered Anarchy and Light!

We have reached over truth, and lied;
 Blasphemed like drunken men; set free
Revolt, a black, malignant tide,
 To mingle with a crimson sea:
With heresy more mad than faith,
We have betrayed Love's soul to death!

Love's hands we pierced with nails, Love's feet;
 Crowned Love with thorns, and pierced Love's side;
Let passion burn us up with heat,
 To wake and find Love crucified—
O Love arise lest our despair
Ring madly laughing through the air!

For quick redemption of the race
 We rose and brake the rod and creed,
We blindly smote Thee on the face,
 The Saviour of all souls which bleed:
And what word dare we raise to Thee
But Thy first cry from Calvary?

O deathless face, twice strong with death,
  Death conquers us no more than Thee!
Hear now what our repentance saith,
  Assuage our soul's sharp agony!
Let now Thy Spirit in us brood,
Now stay our heart's red tide of blood!

To half a word we have been true,
  For that vain half Thy vengeance spare;
Our hearts are filled with bitter rue,
  Spurn not our broken, contrite prayer.
Yea! though we pierced Thy sacred side,
There let our griefs and wild words hide!

There heal our hurts' continual fire,
  From fruitless strife our spirits fold,
Let only Love be our desire
  Until our tale of days is told:
Thy peace be ours, O blood-crowned King!
Thy sacred strife without our sting!

ALFRED GORDON

PALERMO

AT Naples upon an evening in early June, we went on board the *Marco Polo,* one of the yacht-like steamers which run daily between Naples and Palermo. On the pier, vegetables were frying in oil and macaroni simmering in bright copper pots over charcoal braziers; vendors of lemonade and other drinks were calling their wares with various inflections, long and loud, a feat in which the Neapolitan excels, and the fruit stalls heaped with deep crimson cherries, golden oranges, and apricots set in beds of green leaves, gladdened the eye with their artistic arrangement. Men, women, and children were consuming the edibles, among them sailors from foreign ports and groups of *bersaglieri*, the small, wiry, and extremely active artillerymen of Italy, whose uniform is topped by a stiff black cap placed over the right ear with, on that side, an enormous bunch of cock's plumes which wave and flutter in the breeze and lends them, particularly when a regiment is on the march, a picturesque air. A gay wedding party waved farewells to a bride and groom on board the boat with the gesture peculiar to Italians —drawing the fingers inward towards the heart, as if to say "come back to me."

Presently the boat swung from the pier, and the noise and clamour were left behind us as we glided south over the calm sea. The sunset was a glory of gold and rose, and the sea gradually changed from a sparkling, limpid blue to the deeper blue of lapis-lazuli. The crescent of the beautiful Bay of Naples lay behind us with Vesuvius, purple and majestic, brooding over it. Later, as we passed Capri, the moon appeared over the edge of its rugged outline in a misty violet haze, and in the soft dusk of the summer night we steamed swiftly across that part of the Mediterranean known as the Tyrrhenian Sea.

In the morning, when we came on deck, we saw to the east the Lipari Islands, where of old in his deep cavern, Æolus chained the winds, loosing them at his pleasure. It was a brilliant day with a transparent atmosphere. As we neared Palermo, on our right towered the huge, wave-like rock of Monte Pellegrino (the Hiercte of the Carthaginians) which guards the harbour. Palermo, Gibraltar, and Quebec are said to be the three great rock-bound harbours of the world.

The north and east sides of the promontory of Monte Pellegrino overlook the Mediterranean, while from the base of its southern crags the shore curves in a crescent twelve miles in length to Monte Zaffarano in the south-east. The stretch of land within this curve ascends from the sea in gentle slopes, rich in orange and lemon groves, almond, olive, and pomegranate trees; and beyond, vine-clad hills rise in terraces to the base of mountains that enclose it as in a vast amphitheatre. This plain, lying between the mountains and the sea, is *Il Conca d'Oro,* and in this Golden Shell "Palermo the Superb shines like a pearl in an emerald chalice." The roofs, domes, and towers of the ancient city stand up against a background of vegetation, and beyond, against the blue sky, rise the mountains.

Shortly before nine o'clock we were ashore, and the simple customs regulations having been complied with, we drove to our hotel behind a jaunty little horse with two tall, pheasant's feathers flying from his head. The brightness and beauty of Palermo as we drove through the streets infected us with a joyous spirit, which did not diminish when we found that our rooms with their cool, blue-tiled floors overlooked an enchanting courtyard, and to our balcony floated up the scent of magnolia and jessamine.

The Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the Via Maqueda are the two principal streets of Palermo. La Piazza Vigliena is always spoken of by Palermitans as *I Quattro Canti*—the Place of the Four Corners. Here the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and Via Maqueda intersect, and looking down the Corso,

half a mile away, one sees the old Spanish water-gate, the Porta Felice, which spans the street. Through its arch there is a glimpse of the Mediterranean. The sunlight turns the creamy stone of the old gate to yellow, and the bit of blue sea looks a sapphire in a setting of gold. Turning and looking up Il Corso one sees the Porta Nuova, also the frame of a picture, not of the sea, but of the amethystine mountains which rise beyond *Il Conca d'Oro*.

I Quattro Canti is the heart of Palermo. Near it are the university and the principal public buildings and shops of the town. Along the Via Maqueda fashionable Palermo is to be seen shopping. Il Corso is more commercial and full of pedlars crying their wares. In La Via one buys luxuries —jewellery, confectionery, violets; in Il Corso one bargains for fruit and household articles. The Piazza is in form an octagon, and the four façades at the angles of the streets are decorated in the baroque style with columns and statues.

As one strolls about Palermo, at the ends of streets are seen vistas of blue sea or lofty mountains, and through the gateways of old Sicilian palaces one has glimpses of beautiful courtyards within. The fruit stalls, under arches or in old doorways, make charming bits of colour.

A distinctive feature of the streets of Palermo, and indeed of all Sicily, is the two-wheeled painted cart of the peasants drawn by a diminutive donkey. Mounted high above two wheels, the axle-tree beautifully carved, the four sides of the cart are painted in vivid colours with biblical and historical scenes. The donkeys have handsome brass mounted trappings and harness, with many gay little tinkling bells. The whole effect of donkey and cart is that of some bright curio, but that they serve a useful purpose is evidenced by the fact that when the carts are not full of produce of some description they are full of people. I have counted as many as nine fully-grown people in a cart, and one marvelled at the strength of the patient little animal with his wise and gentle face. Donkeys, of course, play an important part in economic conditions in Southern Italy, especially in Sicily,

and the slender sure-footed little creatures may be seen pacing with even tread along the roads in every direction in town and country.

Across the door or window of many shops and houses is seen a strip of crape or black velvet affixed with a government stamp. The card attached states that it is in memory of a deceased relative, and it is left there for a year as a mark of respect to departed friends, but in a land where nearly everything is taxed, even the mourning badge has to pay its toll.

The streets in the poorer quarters of Palermo are full of a teeming population whose lives are passed chiefly out of doors. Their poverty is pathetic, and one could not imagine anything more unhomelike than the tall, ancient buildings —the majority of them built centuries ago—in which these people live, or rather sleep, for all their domestic occupations seem to be carried on outside their houses in the narrow streets. Their food is of the simplest—macaroni, polenta, salads, oil, a little wine; fish they sometimes have, meat scarcely ever, and their cooking is done over a handful of coals in a charcoal brazier in the doorway. So far as municipal street cleaning in Palermo is concerned, there is little left to be desired, but with such a congested mode of living, combined with such extreme poverty, naturally the people themselves are not clean, though washing seems to be going on perpetually, and overhead between the houses across the streets lines of drying garments flutter in the breeze. Some of the streets are so narrow that on looking up the tall houses seem almost to meet, but much traffic constantly flows through the narrowest of them.

One could devote pages of description to the street scenes, and the people, even at their very poorest, always seem picturesque. At street corners, and in small dark courtyards, oil lamps twinkle before shrines of the Madonna and the saints. There are public readers of books, who are surrounded by people listening to the literature of the day. There are also public writers, who for a few soldi indite epistles for those who cannot write.

Some of the faces one sees are wonderfully beautiful, for Sicily is full of types — Greek, Saracen, Norman —and, as a rule, the people have great dignity of carriage. Gathered round the fountains are always to be seen groups of women, bearing away on their heads, full of water, the massive jar of the same design and material as those used in ancient Greece. Their statuesque poise is exquisite, and they form a fit subject for artist or sculptor.

We were in Palermo on a fête-day. It was the festa of a saint and the church bells rang incessantly. But it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the billows of sound that smote upon one's ears, for bell-ringing in Sicily does not mean a measured ding-dong. The bells themselves are stationary and are struck with hammers by muscular bell-men. Sharply they clang, staccato, fortissimo, faster and faster—and only their musical pitch saves one from crying aloud for deliverance.

The patron saint of Palermo is Santa Rosalia, whose grotto in Monte Pellegrino, where her bones were supposed to have been found in 1624, is visited each year by thousands of devout pilgrims. Hence the name, Monte Pellegrino. The remains of the saint now repose in a magnificent sarcophagus of solid silver in the cathedral in Palermo. She was the niece of the Norman King William II (the Good), and fled, through motives of piety, in the bloom of her youth to the grotto from the luxury of the royal court.

The road to Monte Pellegrino leads out of the town through the Porta San Giorgio and crosses a plain to the foot of the mountain. On the plain, as we passed, some companies of Italian cavalry were going through their evolutions, and we wondered what Hamilcar Barca with his encampment on Monte Pellegrino, 247-45 B.C., would have thought of modern military methods, could he have gazed down on them to-day. A zig-zag bridle path leads up the mountain to the shrine, and the ascent is made on donkeys. In about an hour one comes to a broad flight of steps cut in the rock before the grotto. From here it is an interesting

climb on foot to the top of Monte Pellegrino, and the view from the summit is very wonderful. Well does Palermo deserve her name of *La Felice.* Her beauty as she lies between the sea and *Il Conca d'Oro* would be difficult to surpass by any other prospect in the world.

We entered the gates of the Royal Palace one afternoon and, crossing the courtyard, ascended an outer staircase to the first floor. We stood before the only entrance to the Royal Chapel—a small door placed in the wall at an angle farthest from the altar. The chapel was built before 1132 by King Roger II, and the whole, with its mosaic decorations, its porphyry panels of arch and walls and apse, is a perfect gem of mediæval art. The afternoon light as we entered it was suffused in one golden glow, the effect glorious beyond words to describe. The mosaics picture important biblical scenes, and King Roger made his chapel a bible story for his people. Above the high altar in magnificent mosaics sits Christ enthroned. His right hand is raised in blessing, in his left an open book, on the page of which, in Greek text, are the words "I am the Light of the World." His presence fills the church; all other effects are subordinated to it. The face is calm and strong, a noble ideal, expressive not of the Man of Sorrows, but of power and strength received from the Father. Five marble steps lead to the choir, over which rises the dome, solidly encrusted with mosaics. Columns of porphyry support the lovely Saracenic arches of the wooden roof, beautifully carved. No windows are visible, but rays of light penetrate through narrow shafts in the ancient walls. The whole effect is so splendid that the values of details are almost overlooked, but among the treasures of the chapel are the famous Easter Candlestick, fourteen feet high, carved exquisitely from a solid block of marble, and a wonderful marble pulpit. A magnificent, ancient silver lamp hangs above the steps of the choir.

A modern writer has said that in the Upper Church at Assisi and in San Marco at Venice one is made to feel profoundly what the early Italian painters always laboured to

express—the symbolizing of religious truth rather than the bringing of it down to the level of everyday experience; that when one comes to Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo, religious subjects are dealt with in such a way that we no longer regard them as supernatural; and that the Sistine Chapel seems like a magnificent picture gallery, with its mighty Sybils, its tortured Prophets—a profound and wonderful vision of life. But one realizes even more fully in the Royal chapel at Palermo than in either the Upper Church or in San Marco that "man is dwarfed beside the symbols of God, the expression of a faith, the importance of just that, in order that he might have a House Beautiful."

In the Royal Palace is also to be seen the dining-room of King Roger with walls of green and gold mosaics. This room, the chapel and one massive tower, which for many years has been used as the observatory, are all that remain of the original Norman palace. During the Spanish occupation much of it was rebuilt. It is still the royal residence of the King and Queen of Italy, and the state apartments are very beautiful and luxurious, especially the dining-room, which is a spacious hall magnificently decorated on walls and ceiling, in part by Velasquez, and used in the days of Spanish rule as the council chamber.

The Cathedral of Monreale, on the heights four miles beyond Palermo, dates from 1174; also the adjoining Benedictine Monastery. The road, along which one goes to-day in a modern electric tramway, was built in 1550, and passes through beautiful villas, orange and lemon groves, and then abruptly mounts the rocky heights to the town of Monreale. The exterior of the cathedral is plain, it was never finished, and conveys no idea of the wonderful interior, for here, too, the walls are covered with glorious mosaics. In looking at them one can only marvel at the infinite patience of the mediæval artists who could produce such rare and priceless work for our eyes to gaze upon nearly eight hundred years afterwards. To-day, with their brilliant colouring, it is difficult to realize that they were completed so long ago as

1182. "The Normans of northern Europe made use of tapestries to hide bare walls; their kinsmen of the south used mosaics." The Bayeux tapestries have faded and the threads are brittle, but the mosaics of King Roger and King William are still as brilliant as when the precious stones of agate, of lapis-lazuli and jasper were first fitted together. The eighteen columns in the nave of Monreale Cathedral are monoliths taken from Greek and Roman buildings. The capitals are ornamented with busts of Ceres and Proserpine, exquisitely carved, and are supposed to have been executed in the second century.

Of the adjoining monastery, nothing remains of the original building save the cloisters, which are superb examples of twelfth century architecture. The cloisters of Monreale suggest no gloomy or sad retreat. The court, one hundred and sixty-nine feet square, is surrounded by an arcade of delicately carved coupled columns, no two alike, which give a wonderful effect of lightness, beauty and grace.

It is but a step from the cloisters to the lovely garden of the monastery, which is planted with shrubs and flowering vines. From the low garden wall we looked across *Il Conca d'Oro*—a vista of lemon and orange groves, the trees hung thickly with their golden burdens, cherry trees crimson with fruit, pomegranate trees covered with vivid scarlet blossoms, the glow of poppies in the grass, hedges of scarlet geranium six feet high. To the east, the outline of the peerless Bay of Palermo with the blue sea beyond. To the west, the Golden Shell ending in its range of mountains, bathed in a purple mist. Truly an earthly paradise! No pen or artist's brush could picture the beauty, glow and colour of Sicily that June day from the heights of Monreale.

The interests and beauties of Palermo are many. The cathedral, Arabic-Norman in architecture, was built in 1160 by Archbishop Walter, an Englishman who was sent as tutor by Henry II of England to William II of Sicily, and by the latter raised to the archbishopric. It is on the

site of an ancient basilica which existed before the Saracenic conquest. The wide Piazza del Duomo in front of the cathedral is enclosed by a handsome stone balustrade, and on this low wall are statues of saints and cardinals. In the square itself tall palm trees wave, softening and beautifying the massive pile of the cathedral. In its interior are the tombs of the kings. In sarcophagi of porphyry are buried Roger II, first Norman King of Sicily; the Empress Constance, his daughter; the Emperor Henry VI (Roger's son-in-law), and the Emperor Frederick II. Roger and Frederick, as history teaches us, were two of the most remarkable rulers the world has known.

Of the churches, the most interesting is the small church of San Cataldo, La Martorana, rich with mosaics, and the church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti. The latter is empty, almost a ruin, but most picturesque, and its cloisters—Norman arches with slender columns wreathed with roses and wisteria—make a vision of loveliness. The old custodian gave us flowers from his garden, jessamine and yellow carnations.

Not far from San Giovanni is an old cemetery, *Il Campo di Santo Spirito*, and inside the walls are the remains of a Cistercian monastery. It was while the bells of its church were ringing on the evening of Easter Tuesday, A.D. 1282, that the massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers began, which resulted in the termination of French rule in Sicily.

The museum, in the former monastery of the Filippini, is rich in treasures from pre-historic tombs, the celebrated Metopes of Selinus, ancient bronzes, Greek vases, etc.

The public gardens of Palermo are very beautiful. Indeed, the Villa Giulia is one of the most exquisite gardens in all Italy. La Favorita, the Villa Tasca, are but two of many others which vie with each other in loveliness.

Through the Porta Felice, the picturesque Spanish water-gate, along the curve of the beautiful bay, runs La Marina. This is the fashionable parade of Palermo, and here the band plays and the Palermitans drive and walk in the late afternoons and evenings.

The charm of Palermo increased with each all-too-quickly-passing day. Merely to wander about its most exquisite public gardens, to stroll along the Marina in the summer evenings gazing over the blue sea, or upon the mountains, soaring exquisitely, listening to music played as only Italians (or Germans) can play, filled one with a sense of enchantment. Looking back one remembers a glow of colour everywhere, the air vibrating with sunshine tempered by cool sea-breezes, the brilliant blue of sea and sky and the misty blue of distant mountains; San Giovanni with its flower-wreathed cloisters; Monreale on its heights, and the golden glory of the Capella Palatina.

ELEANOR CREIGHTON

EDUCATION AND NATIONALITY

IT is one of the objections urged, not without show of reason, at least, against the federation of the United Kingdom, of which Home Rule for Ireland is, professedly, the first stage, that, while the confederation of a number of hitherto autonomous states, or provinces, may, and does result in a very real measure of national unity, and goes a long way towards the creation of a nation, it does not, and cannot wholly remove all possible and contingent (perhaps inevitable) causes of conflict of jurisdictions and interests, if not of ultimate resolution into its original and constituent elements. It is urged, with even greater force, that the federation of a state long under the governance of a single Parliament, is a reversal of a process intended to issue in national unity, in all that is most essentially connoted by the term " nation "; is, in effect, a process of disintegration, rather than of unification, the dissolution of the unity already existing.

These contentions, and many others of a simliar nature, may, however, be left to those who shall ultimately decide whether " the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland " is to remain united in the present sense of the term, or whether, having passed, safely or otherwise, through the Medea's caldron of parliamentary re-organization and reconstruction (in committee of the whole), is to begin a new life in the guise of three—or, it may be, four—" States of the Federated British Empire." Let the high gods of British Democracy—and the Imperial Federationists—see to it.

One count in the indictment, the possible conflict of jurisdictions and of interests, on matters vitally affecting one, more, or all the powers nearly or remotely concerned has, nevertheless, an immediate bearing on the subject

under consideration. The retention, by the several provinces, at the time of Confederation, of exclusive control over primary and secondary education points, notwithstanding its alleged motive—the protection, namely, of minorities in general, and of the Protestant minority in Quebec in particular—to a recognition of a possible conflict, if not actually of authority, at least of ideals, religious or otherwise, between them and the Dominion Parliament. The result, at all events, is sufficiently obvious, and, it should seem, sufficiently disquieting to those who desire, by all lawful means, to build up, in a true, real, and abiding sense, a Canadian nation, within an Empire, whether federated or merely united.

That result may, for our present purposes, be defined as a Confederation of nine autonomous if not, strictly speaking, sovereign provinces, lacking, whatever bonds of unity, political, traditional, commercial, or even sentimental, they may possess, the three supreme *vincula unitatis*, race, religion, and a common standard, if not a common system, of primary and secondary education. A fourth *vinculum*, the possession of a common history, in any true or national sense, is no less obviously lacking of " the things that belong to our peace." Instead, we have nine communities, I had almost said, nine nations, each with its own history, its own ideals, its own interests, worse still, if possible, its own system of education (?), with no real, but with only a superficial and political unity or community of ideals and interests, and without that common mentality which goes to make a nation just as surely as blood, and blood only, goes to make a race.

Does the picture seem over-drawn, or too darkly shaded, to the fervent believer in Canada's essential nationhood, and in her glorious and inevitable destiny? A glance at the map of North America should surely suffice to temper any overweening optimism in respect of these matters, even while inspiring a fresh determination to convert that optimism into a sober sense of an accomplished reality. What,

then, does the map actually shew? A string of provinces, widely scattered centres of an inadequate population, along a boundary of over three thousand miles, over against a nation of some ninety millions.

But it shews more than this. It makes evident, if we will but see them, the forces of possible weakness, of possible disintegration. It shews the joints in our armour; the gathering places, so to speak, of those influences, social, commercial, and industrial—it may be, not remotely political—which tend to draw the extreme east, and, most of all, the prairie provinces, southward, apart, therefore, rather than more closely together. It makes evident the need of a unity closer than any to which we have hitherto attained; of a unifying force stronger than political interests, trade relations, than tradition or sentiment; of a real national life, of a true community, a true oneness of ideals; of a realized participation in a common history, a common past, in a common and yet more glorious future. It shews, in a word, that our need of a national standard, a national ideal of education, based upon a really national history, has become inevitably and insistently imperative.

Not only, then, are we, in no sense of the term, a nation, but we lack, at present, the most vital elements of nationhood, those, namely, that are here indicated. Unity of race being, apparently (for all practical purposes) as unattainable as unity of religion (an even stronger and more enduring bond), we have left, if we choose to reach out to it, that unity of ideals of which we have spoken. And the means by which alone that unity can be attained is a common standard, a common ideal, of primary and secondary education, most of all, a real and common national history, rightly taught, and rightly understood and interpreted.

If, in the above statement, I have stopped short of saying: "and a common, national system of education," it was with the object, not of avoiding, but of laying stress on that which, more than all else, constitutes the very essence of the point at issue. A very lawful, but possibly exag-

gerated anxiety on behalf of a Protestant minority well fitted to protect rights on which the Catholic majority had never infringed, served, at the time of Confederation, to cloak a very real but unacknowledged jealousy of rights hitherto possessed by the provinces. But that it is possible to have a State (in our case, a federal) system of education which safeguards the rights of religious and racial minorities, the example of Prussia furnishes evidence sufficient to satisfy the most zealous defender of local autonomy in education, of "civil and religious liberty." That provincial autonomy in the domain of education is not always or necessarily synonymous with a full recognition of the rights of minorities hardly needs to be insisted on here. What is sauce for the English Protestant goose in Quebec is not, by any means, sauce for the French (or even the Irish) Catholic gander in—other parts of the Dominion. A federal minister, a federal council of education might, conceivably, prove a more efficient protector of minorities, from Halifax to Vancouver, than the little gods of local and provincial authorities, however well-meaning and otherwise worthy they may be.

As it is, in place of one national history, or of one national system and standard of primary and secondary education, we have provincial, racial, and sectional histories, just as we have provincial, racial, and sectional systems of education, devised, in the majority of cases, to suit the preconceptions, rather to supply the real needs of that most autocratic and unassailable of tyrants, the local taxpayer. That our people's interests, political and social (even commercial), should likewise be provincial (one had almost said, parochial), racial, and sectional, rather than, as they should be, national and general, is so inevitable a consequence of our present conditions (chiefly of our educational chaos), as to seem hardly worth stating, save for its immediate gravity and its future possibilities. Race is set against race, creed against creed, section against section, province against province. "The clerical schools of

Quebec," it is constantly asserted, "are bringing up a generation imbued with anti-British sentiments." The charge, in so far as there is any semblance of foundation for it, in so far, that is, as it does not spring from wilful and malicious misrepresentation, is but one more fruit of that lack of a national history, in any true sense, which is here so often and so strongly insisted upon, of a truly national system of education. If the "clerical" of Quebec, misreading the history of the past, gives an interpretation to it that may, in any sense, be fairly characterized as "anti-British" rather than, and more justly, "anti-Ontario-orangeist," is he not, in all common charity, entitled to plead "invincible ignorance;" that he but teaches the "history" he himself was taught—because the province of Quebec has (like the other provinces, no more, and no less) its own system, its own standard of education? Is he, essentially, more culpable than the Ontario "priest-hater," or the British Columbian, who refers to him, contemptuously (and with an ignorance certainly not invincible), as "the Chinaman of the East?" A country that tolerates nine "histories" (at least) and nine systems of education, must be prepared to accept each and every one as of equal authority, and to endure what consequences any single one (or all) of them may entail—until it provides something better and more consistent with its own interests, to say nothing of its dignity.

Is the fault, are the disintegrating tendencies here enlarged upon, inherent in a federal system of national government, and is the British Unionist right in claiming that to federate the United Kingdom is to resolve it into its constituent (and mutually-antagonistic) elements, and the Empire along with it? That a diversity, if not an incompatibility of ideals and interests between the various sections and provinces of the Canadian Confederation does exist at present, no man familiar with actual conditions would attempt to deny. We have nine autonomous communities (it needs to be reiterated) but no nation,

certainly no sense of " nationhood " that deserves the name. We are of many races, and from many lands, but the rarest of all individuals among us (so far as ordinary observation goes) is the Canadian, *pur et simple*. Speaking with all reverence, it is devoutly to be hoped that he will " increase and multiply, and replenish the earth." If he will but accomplish this, the most urgent of all " national " duties, we shall quarrel with neither his speech nor his creed, be our individual predilections what they may, for we shall have found the true and only " Canadian Imperialist."

But if, up to the present, the essential elements of true and enduring nationality be so evidently lacking in Canada; if racial and religious unity be, to all intents and purposes, utterly unattainable, what, it may be asked, could a federal standard, a federal system, of primary and secondary education, be expected to do for us?

Briefly, and in the fewest possible words, it should be able to furnish us with a national ideal by setting within the reach of every one of us a national, as contrasted with a sectional and provincial history: with the history of Canada as a whole, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the landing of Jacques Cartier to the completion of the Hudson's Bay railway. A federal minister, a federal council of education, a Dominion Historical Commission, would have power to collect all the materials available, whether manuscript or printed; to edit, to publish, and to distribute, *gratis*, to every school, college, library and public institution, from Halifax to Vancouver, a " documented " history of Canada; the only " history " that has any shadow of right to the name, or claim to be considered national and nation-building.

Documents, of the kind referred to, do not lie, or, at least, do not lie harmfully, certainly not consciously; and, set side by side with others, make the truth accessible to all who desire to find it. Such a history, therefore, would tell the whole truth, regardless of sectional, racial, or even religious prejudices and preconceptions. Speaking plainly, it would appear to be the sole creator of a national ideal,

of a national character and mentality, of a nation, in any true sense, that we can hope to discover. It is only less efficient than religion, because it is subservient to and dependent on one, at least, of the most essential elements of true religion—unity.

But such a national standard of education, deliberately created by the State, does not, it may be urged, exist in Great Britain, where every university, at least, is, in this matter, very literally a law unto itself. The assertion might, at the risk of apparent discourtesy, be met with the briefest of all possible queries: Is it? That there is no formal, clearly-defined and approximately uniform "standard" of secondary education common to Great Britain (or to any one of the three Kingdoms) and acknowledged, much less created, as such by the State, may be freely admitted. But that there is, in fact, a certain customary, general ideal, an *ethos*, common, in a greater or lesser degree, to all British public schools and universities, a very distinct "type" created by them, is no less certain. Their influence upon the educational and mental life of the nation has been as real, as indelible, as that of the English Bible has been upon the spiritual; as that of the Vulgate has been, and still is, upon "Latin" Christianity. It is these schools and universities, indeed, the latest-founded not less than the oldest, which, moulded by an age-long tradition, and governed by an unwritten but all-pervading law, have made, and will continue to make, Great Britain the nation that it has been and still is. And this all the more surely, because, based upon a religious, in many cases, upon a mediæval and even a monastic, ideal and tradition, the religion of the Vulgate, of the English Bible and Book of Common Prayer, has played a large, if not its full and due, share in their history, their labours, and their effect and influence on the national life.

A Dominion Council of Education, a national, as opposed to a sectional, standard of education; a really national history of Canada, while creating national ideals

would, however, by no means necessarily create uniformity. Oxford differs from Cambridge, Durham from London, Glasgow from St. Andrew's, and Dublin from each and every one of them, in respect of that most elusive element which, for want of a better term, we call "atmosphere," or "environment." But the "types" created, while each possessing its own idiosyncracies, constitute one general "character," just as the different "congregations," following the Holy Rule, constitute the "Order of Saint Benedict."

The Republic of Letters, in other words, though fallen it may be from its ancient high estate, and rent, alas! by schisms and heresies, exists to-day, not in Great Britain only, but throughout that Old World which still sets scholarship above mere acquirement of knowledge, and infinitely above wealth, success, or even fame. And the *vinculum unitatis* of that Republic is still, as from the beginning, a common ideal, one had almost said (perhaps truly, *mutatis mutandis*) a common mentality; just as the charter of its citizenship is a fearless recognition, an unalterable, passionate love of truth—however imperfectly grasped or understood.

In such a Republic we can only claim fellowship on one condition—that of loyalty to truth; a loyalty manifested in the possession of a national ideal, of a national standard of education, of a national history. To this, and to this only, we perforce return. "Happy the nation," it has been said "which has no history." The saying, in its original sense, is true enough, but can only be true of a nation already united, and endowed with a conscious national life, a unity cemented, perhaps necessarily, in the blood of internal, no less than of external, strife. But can a nation be said to exist which has no national history, no national traditions, no national ideals shared by each and every one of its citizens? Can a Confederation of nine autonomous communities (for to this, also, we no less inevitably return), each with its own local history, "the rustic cackle of its burg," and with its own essential (and very narrow) ideals, be called, by any stretch of patriotic vanity, by any misuse

of terms, or in any true sense, a nation? For to this point, as has been said, the point whence we set out, we return, whether we will or no.

It is the very principle, indeed, of Confederation that is at stake; the determination as to which shall prove the stronger, the forces of disintegration or those of unity. And if we believe, as we must, not less in some form of Imperial Federation than in the reality and endurance of our own (the key-stone, it may be, of the greater), we must make that " own " real and enduring, by the only means available, unity and love of truth. Unity, that is, of ideals; truth, as told in the documents on which our history is based,—let it offend whom it may; let it wreck what idols soever men have worshipped hitherto, be they national, racial, aye, or even cloaked in the grave garments of a religion which they dishonour and bring into disrepute.

The materials for such a history, it may be added, in conclusion, already exist: some small, I had almost said some insignificant, portion of them has been collected, a still more *infinitesimal* portion published by the indefatigable labours of the late, and of the present, Dominion Archivist. Enough has, at least, been done to shew how much remains undone; enough gathered to indicate the priceless treasures unheeded, scattered, and in momentary danger of utter and irreparable loss; enough, most of all, to make plain the lines along which the task might be carried to a successful, if partial, conclusion. For the completion would, indeed, be never complete; yet, even so, we should have begun to build, upon foundations already well and truly laid, the temple of a national history, of a national ideal, of a nation worthy of its past and of its future, of its descent, whencesoever derived.

It is not, however, for an unknown individual, whose modesty would have preferred to veil itself in a becoming anonymity, to suggest, in more particular, or indeed, in any details, how such a work might best and most efficiently be carried out. The materials, as already stated,

are at hand; the man who for years, with the loyal assistance of a staff (self-trained, for the most part, yet not the less fittingly, on that score), has collected, edited, and published such portions of those materials as have been rendered accessible to all those who desire to study them, is no less at hand. It is for the Canadian people, whose ambition it is to become a nation in fact, and not in name only, to say whether it shall be done, or left undone; and if done, to provide the means—with a truly national generosity. On its doing, or its being left undone, depends, more than any man may foresee, or seeing, dare to say, the continuance or the disintegration of our Canadian Confederation; our place as a nation in the British Empire (the Imperial Federation of Sovereign Nations), or as nine more "sovereign states" (a very different matter) in a Republic which must also choose, at no distant date, between national unity and dissolution; between the real welfare of the nation at large, and the selfish, often imaginary, interests of its hitherto heterogeneous, and possibly antagonistic, elements.

FRANCIS W. GREY

DRAMATIC IRONY

TRAGIC, Sophoclean, dramatic irony,—these are expressions used very often by critics of the last century, especially by those who have discussed the drama of the ancients. The Germans, of course, have been busy with the terms; a long line of English critics—Thirlwall, Campbell, Haigh, Bradley—have discussed them by the way; in America, Professor Moulton has done more than any other writer to explain and use them accurately. The present essay, then, lays claim to no new idea. It will try merely to emphasize a somewhat neglected fact; namely, that dramatic irony, if there is such a thing, must be defined with reference to action; that it does not consist in words which "palter in a double sense," or in notions of an unconquerable fate playing with its world; but that it arises from that clash of lines of purpose, that conflict of will, which (*pace* Mr. William Archer) lies at the root of drama.

Unfortunately, "irony" is at present a much overworked word. The school-boy learns it from his rhetoric-book along with metonymy, synecdoche, hyperbole, and many another strange creature. A stray philosopher will talk about "Socratic irony." From all pessimists, like Thomas Hardy and German Ph. D.s., we hear of the "irony of fate." It was Goethe, I think, who first called the poetic point of view "die ironische Anschauung," meaning, apparently, an artist's detached view of his world. What the German romanticists mean by "romantic" or any other kind of irony, Heaven knows. In the jargon of modern dramatic criticism, "ironic" seems to mean symbolic or allegorical. Most of us use the word in the sense of light sarcasm. In fact, one can imagine Nym coming to life again with the remark, "And this is the irony of it." The word is protean; we must try to avoid the common error of confusing its shapes.

True, there is no rhyme or reason in quarrelling with any of these uses of "irony." Most of them have an honourable history. All of them have in some sort the mysterious sanction of "usage." To define at large, in such a case, is manifestly impossible. A great American scholar and teacher is fond of telling his pupils that they cannot make a hard and fast definition of a word that is never used exactly—or rather, that such definitions exist, but no one, save the author, expects a person to believe in them. Thus, romance,—who can "define" it? There is a false clarity in criticism which is just as dangerous as the convenient vagueness which covers so much loose-thinking. However, it is a very specific sort of irony which we are now to consider; namely, that irony which is justly called "dramatic." With other uses of the word there is no quarrel, save in so far as they trespass on the preserves of the drama. Having made these reservations, we may, I think, fairly attempt to define our term.

The Greeks did not apply the word *εἰρωνεία* to drama at all, famous as their "tragic irony" is. To Aristotle the term seems to have meant something like "understatement," "saying less than one thinks or means." This appears evident from the fact that he frequently contrasts it with *ἀλαζονεία* — "boastfulness," "hyperbole" in a bad sense. In the "Nicomachean Ethics" he is very specific:[1] *ἀλαζονεία*, he says, is *προσποίησις ἐπὶ τὸ μεῖζον*; irony *προσποίησις ἐπὶ τὸ ἔλαττον.* Socratic irony,[2] *αὕτη 'κείνη ἡ εἰωθυῖα εἰρωνεία Σωράτους*, is a specific instance of this general idea; for feigned ignorance is a continued understatement of one's powers and knowledge.

From dissimulation of the Socratic sort, it is an easy transference to the general notion of saying one thing and meaning another, for the purpose of deception or mockery. Here is that irony which we know as the figure of speech in the rhetoric-books. But it is almost as easy a transference to the contrast between the real and the apparent meaning

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1 *Ethics, N.* II, vii. 12.

2 *Republic*, 337a.

of actions; to the notion of appearance contradicted by reality, of expectation contradicted by result. Thus, the "irony of fate." Again, such contrasts always imply a creator or spectator whose eye holds the contradictory elements together. Hence, perhaps, irony came to be applied to the attitude of impartial detachment in which a poet, say, views the incongruous elements of raw material to be fused by him into a harmonious whole. How or when these shifts in meaning took place, I do not know; but they all seem to have come about naturally enough. At any rate, they came about. With the two last notions—that of "irony of fate" and that of detachment—is related closely the irony which belongs specifically to the drama.

About the so-called "romantic irony" of the Schlegels and their followers, as I have confessed before, I have no clear ideas. But clear ideas, that agree, are difficult to get in dealing with this subject.[1] It need not trouble us, however, except in so far as it confuses irony and allegory.

Now in applying the term to drama, we have to note that four meanings have been put upon it by dramatic critics. Two of these I shall mention merely to cast aside. First, we are told, the spirit of any dramatist's work depends upon the poet's view of life; for, as the drama at large is a mirror of life, so the plays of any particular author will represent his individual conclusions about life. "His view of his work,"[2] says Thirlwall, "will be that with which he imagines the invisible power who orders the destiny of man might regard the world, and its doings." And this outlook upon life, in the critic's opinion, is dramatic irony. The Germans have been especially fond of this interpretation; their treatises upon the subject, J. H. Schlegel's for instance,[3] bristle with such words as Lebensanschauung, Weltan-

1 von Schlegel, A. W.: *Athenaeum, eine Zeitschrift, 1798-1800*, especially the last essay, *Ueber die Unverstädnlichkeit*.
Babbitt: *The New Laokoon*, p. 82.
Brandes: *The Romantic School in Germany*, p. 40.
Wernaer, R. M.: *Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany*, pp. 192-3, 206, *et passim*.

2 *On the Irony of Sophocles*.

3 *Die tragische Ironie bei Sophocles*.

schauung, Shicksalsidee. Without passing judgement upon its value for other purposes, one notes that it is not concerned primarily with the play but with the playwright. J. H. Schlegel and Thirlwall have used the dramas of Sophocles as means of finding out the ideas of the poet and of the Greek race; they were not concerned with drama *per se*. But our purpose is not with irony as it concerns the dramatist himself; that is perhaps another affair. It is necessary for us here, as in all discussion of art as such, to study the product apart from its creator.

German romanticism is to blame for the second confusion in our way. As nearly as critics are agreed upon this "notorious romantic irony,"[1] as Brandes calls it, it means the spiritual vision of artists, who look upon their work as symbolical of greater things that baffle finite powers of expression. That is, all art is allegory; for, as the great Schlegel himself said: "The highest beauty, because inexpressible, can be set forth only allegorically." So, Mr. William Archer interpreting "The Wild Duck" as an allegory of certain phases of Ibsen's life, remarks that "Gregers Werle is unquestionably a piece of ironic self-portraiture."[2] He means that Werle stands for one tendency in Ibsen, while Relling stands for another. In this way, as I have already pointed out, irony in drama is confused with allegory. The same abuse of the term is occasionally to be observed in the slang of "dramatic columns." Nothing is gained by it except an air of wisdom; and that may be a desirable thing in newspaper criticism. Luckily, usage, capricious deity, has not yet lent approval to this confusion.

The third application of irony to drama is familiar and to the purpose. Let me quote from a famous English critic: "Not even in *Richard III*," he says, in a lecture on *Macbeth*, "which in this, as in other respects, has resemblances to *Macbeth*, is there so much of irony. I do not refer to irony in the ordinary sense; to speeches, for example,

1 *Romantic School in Germany*, p. 40.

2 Ibsen: Copyright edition, vol. VIII., pp. xxi. f.; Scribner, 1907.

where the speaker is intentionally ironical, like that of Lennox in Act III. Sc. vi. I refer to irony on the part of the author himself, to ironical juxtaposition of persons and events, and especially to the 'Sophoclean irony' by which a speaker is made to use words bearing to the audience, in addition to his own meaning, a further and ominous sense, hidden from himself, and usually, from the other persons on the stage."[1] Thus Professor Bradley. "The further and ominous sense" which he notes in the ironic language of tragedy is explained by Mr. A. E. Haigh. Such speech, the latter tells us, is "mostly employed when some catastrophe is about to happen, which is known and foreseen by the spectators, but concealed either from all, or from some of the actors in the drama."[2] I shall illustrate this definition of dramatic irony—which was framed, of course, only for tragedy—by some famous examples from Sophocles. A study of these examples will lead, I think, to a restatement of the definition as the fourth use of the term would have it.

I translate, first, a passage from the "Electra." The Paedagogus, Orestes' henchman, has just finished the splendid lying narrative of the prince's death; Clytemnestra and Electra have been listening. The Queen is completely deceived by the tale. Fate seems to be on her side. She makes no attempt to conceal her infatuate joy at the death of her hated son. Electra is stunned with grief. Clytemnestra speaks:

> But now, for I am freed this day from fear
> Of him and this girl here—a greater curse
> Sharing my house and ever drinking up
> My very heart's blood—now, I say, for all
> Her menaces, my days shall pass in peace.

Electra:

> Alas, poor me: for now 'tis time to weep
> Thy lot, Orestes; though it is thus with thee,
> Thy mother mocks thee. Ah, can this be well?

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1 Bradley: *Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 338.
2 *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks.*

Clytemnestra:

No, not for thee; but well that he is so.

Electra:

Hear, Wrath of Heaven, him who lately died!

Clytemnestra:

Heard are the righteous and their prayers fulfilled!

Electra:

Mock on! your present fortune chances well.

Clytemnestra:

Doubtless the dead and thou can silence scorn.

Electra:

'Tis we are silenced! we cannot silence you.

Clytemnestra (turning to the Paedagogus):

Your coming, sir, would merit great reward
If you have stopped her tongue's unending din.

Paedagogus:

Perchance I may depart, if all is well.

Clytemnestra:

Not so! unworthy or of me or him,
The friend who sent you, such a welcome here:
But come within; leave her without to howl
Both for herself and for her people's woe.

Even in a rough translation, one can hardly escape the dreadful ambiguities in almost every sentence: "I am freed from fear;" "I shall live in peace;" the colourless ὧδ' ἔχων by which Electra refers to the supposed death of her brother, and its equally colourless echo from Clytemnestra —κεῖνος δ' ὡς ἔχει καλῶς ἔχει ; the grim "Heaven has heard and has acted well;" "Orestes and thou will silence me;" and lastly, the welcome worthy of the death-messenger and of the "friend" who sent him.

But it is something other than double-meaning in words that gives this episode its tremendous effectiveness; something, indeed, of which these verbal incongruities are merely the audible sign, and to which they owe all their power. It is this: two opposing courses of action have converged under the spectator's eyes. Clytemnestra's will, purpose, line of act—whatever you like to call it— has come into deadly

conflict with the will of her revengeful son, represented by his servant. But that such a conflict exists any longer, let alone that it means her life—of all this the Queen is evidently ignorant. Indeed, she exults in such a sense of freedom from danger as she has not felt since the murder of Agamemnon. Her slayer is at hand, and she in her ignorance is welcoming his spy. Herein lies the really dramatic incongruity which the Greek audience felt, whether consciously or not. And the ironic values, of this particular scene, are heightened by the fact that the spectator's knowledge is shared by a character on the stage, the Paedagogus exultantly silent.

Look once more at the *double entendre* that runs through the language, and it will be very plain that every ambiguity reveals to an audience or reader some new aspect of this clash of wills, one of which is ignorant. "I shall pass my days in peace,"—but it is the peace of death at Orestes' hands. "He is well as he is,"—because Clytemnestra's state is ill. "Nemesis has heard whom it is right to hear," —yes, and the god's decree has been passed upon the Queen herself. "Doubtless Orestes and thou will silence me," they will, and in a way she knows not of. The irony of the scene, then, is rooted, not in the double meaning of the Queen's words, but in her ignorance of the conflict of actions in which she is a principal; a conflict which is known to the spectator.

I am aware that this analysis may sound very obvious to most readers of Greek tragedy. But to show that it is not obvious to every one, let me quote the remarks of a very well-known scholar. "Another feature in the art of Sophocles," he says, "is that of using the same words to mean many different things. He always deals with language as something complete and organic, like life; the little word has many meanings. It means different things in the mouth of each one who uses it, and to the apprehension of each one who hears it. It is no mere token passed from hand to hand, but a live element, almost itself a person.

This is what lies at the foundation of the celebrated Sophoclean irony. The word spoken is more than the expression of the speaker's meaning. He made it, but once made, it is a living thing, carrying on it, it may be, the issues of life and death."[1] Again, commenting on the scene in "Electra" which we have just discussed, he says: "One feels as though in an electric storm, played about by a hundred lightnings. And it is all done without what is called action, by the yet more potent and yet more living energy of the word."

This is one of Professor Mackail's fine bursts of romantic enthusiasm. But, like Bishop Blougram, he believes, say, half he speaks:

> Some arbitrary accidental thought
> That crossed his mind, amusing because new,
> He chose to represent as fixture there.

He cannot mean, for instance, that his beloved word is really unattended, in this scene at least, by action. Action, for the nonce, evidently means to him something like mere physical gesture. But there is no doubt that he has forgotten, in his pursuit of a fine idea, that Sophocles is primarily a dramatist; that to be a dramatist one must first realize characters and actions and then make words grow out of them. Just such forgetfulness, I believe, has prevented critics from seizing, or at least emphasizing, one vital element in dramatic irony, namely, the perception of clashing lines of purpose, that is, of wills in act.

That "the foundation of the celebrated Sophoclean irony" lies in the "many meanings of the little word," as the Professor assures us, can be proved or disproved only by studying the phenomena. Obviously it does not lie at the root of the irony in the scene quoted from. Let us take one or two other examples which suit Professor Mackail's purpose as well as mine.

You will remember the irony in Creon's brutal order to his son Haemon, Antigone's betrothed: "Let the girl go

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1 Mackail: *Lectures on Greek Poetry*.

down to Hades and marry some one there." He does not know, what the audience knows, that Haemon has already resolved on allowing Antigone to do exactly this; and that his mocking command is to be carried out to the letter in a way that will bring himself to ruin. Here again, underlying the double-meaning of the words, is this ignorance of conflict of purpose.

A famous scene in the "Ajax" furnishes a splendid irony. The hero has determined upon death, his household are equally bent upon saving him from himself. But he has stilled their suspicions; and then, holding out his sword, Hector's gift, he speaks the strange, much-debated words:

> I'll hide this brand of mine, weapon accurst,
> Delve deep into a soil where none shall see;
> May Night and Hades hold it fast below.

Some critics, eager apparently to save Ajax's reputation for truth-telling, contend that he did not mean by these words to deceive his household. But this contention is a quibble of casuistry. The hero is resolved to kill himself, and he knows that his retainers would forcibly prevent him from doing so if they should suspect his intention. He must deceive them to attain his purpose. And the main point is, after all, that he does deceive them. Here on the stage the spectator sees purposes diametrically opposed to each other; and to this opposition is precisely fitted the grim ambiguity in Ajax's speech. "Yes," think the chorus, "he will put away that sword which has brought him ill-luck,"—ignorant that Ajax means to hide it in his own body, ignorant indeed that any conflict of purpose exists.

One more Sophoclean example chosen frankly at random from "Oedipus Rex." The King is confessing to Jocasta the trouble that "lies heavy on his heart": "It shall not be kept from thee":

> τῷ γὰρ ἂν καὶ μείζονι
> λέξαιμ' ἂν ἢ σοί;

—"for to whom can I speak who is more to me than thou?" The power of that word "more to me," even Professor

Mackail can hardly overstate. Sophocles does love to charge such colourless words with all sorts of shades of meaning; they do seem almost to live on his page, chameleon-like. But the really living power in that word is that it condenses into itself the struggle between Oedipus and his fate. He means, of course, that no one is more to him than his wife; the audience would translate the word by "mother"; for they see that Oedipus' tongue, as if wiser than his intellect, has spoken of the conflict with destiny.

For variety's sake, let me suggest two examples outside of Sophocles, leaving the conflict of actions in them to be inferred from the ironic ambiguity; the conflict, indeed, is obvious. Richard Crookback encounters Clarence, his unfortunate brother and victim, on his way to the Tower. He "sympathizes deeply":

> Brother, farewell! I will unto the King;
> And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
> Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
> I will perform it to enfranchise you,
> Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
> *Touches me deeper than you can imagine.*
>
> Clar.— I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
>
> Glou.— *Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;*
> *I will deliver you*, or else lie for you.
> Meantime have patience.

Aeschylus supplies the second instance. There is perhaps nothing in Sophocles so terrible, certainly nothing so daring, as the mocking, Oriental splendour of Agamemnon's reception home:

> εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος,
> ἐς δῶμ' ἄελπτον ὡς ἂν ἡγῆται δίκη.
> τὰ δ'ἄλλα φροντὶς οὐχ ὕπνῳ νικωμένη
> θήσει. [2]

The way is "spread with purple," and Clytemnestra's

1 *Rich. III.*, I. i. 106-116.

2 *Agam.* 910 ff.

> Immediately be purple-strewn the pathway,
> So that to home unhoped may lead him—Justice!
> So for the rest, care shall—by no sleep conquered—
> Dispose things.

mind, heated almost to the point of revealing her plot, sees in this royal path on which the victim's feet have already stepped, a road to bloody death:

> ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;
> τρέφουσα πολλῆς πορφὺρας ἰσάργυρον
> κηκῖδα παγκαίνιστον, εἰμάτων βαφάς.[1]

One thinks of Macbeth's dreadful metaphors:

> —I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
>
> —Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand?

I have given so many examples of ironic double-meaning to suggest, what is the fact, that every such irony arises from incongruity not of words but of lines of action, purpose, will;—I use these hackneyed terms because there seem to be no others fitted to the idea.

But there are scenes by the score in Sophocles that produce this same ironic effect without using ambiguous speech. One remembers how often he makes the chorus break out in transports of joy just before the catastrophe.[2] This is more than "contrast," it is irony. I wonder how much lyrics like these "calmed" the Greek audience as Matthew Arnold would have us believe. Let us take one convincing example, a very familiar passage from "Oedipus Rex," a passage almost baldly prosaic, but of intense dramatic power. The King's hope of salvation lies in confronting the old Herdsman of the house of Laius with the Messenger from Corinth. In a way the King knows not of, these men are masters of his fate; the former saved him from death when he was an infant; the latter chances to be the

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1 *Agam.* 958 ff.

> There is the sea—and what man shall exhaust it?—
> Feeding much purple's worth-its-weight-in-silver
> Dye, ever fresh and fresh, our garment's tincture.
> —Browning's translation.

2 *Oedipus Rex*, 1086 ff.; *Trachiniae*, 633 ff.
Antigone, 1115 ff.; *Ajax*, 693 ff.

very shepherd who took him to Corinth. The Theban shares with the audience complete knowledge of the whole terrible tale; he cannot bear even to look at the king, and his aged eyes perhaps fail to recognize his old comrade from Corinth. For Oedipus' sake, he is determined to say only what he must. Oedipus speaks:

Thou wast once of Laius' house?

Herdsman:

I was; a slave, not purchased,—his from birth.

Oedipus:

What task thy duty? What thy way of life?

Herdsman:

Most of my life, I followed after flocks.

Oedipus:

What region hadst thou for a chief abode?

Herdsman (vague as possible):

Cithaeron sometimes, or on neighbouring ground.

Oedipus (pointing to the Corinthian):

Rememb'rest thou of meeting this man there?

Herdsman (his guard beaten down for a moment):

What doing? Which is he of whom you speak?

Oedipus (impatiently):

Him at thy side! Hast dealt with him at all?

Herdsman (weakening):

No,—but I grant my memory slow to speak.

Then the messenger breaks in; he too is eager to help the King, and fairly overflows with information:

It's no wonder, O King. But I will clear his recollection. For I am sure he remembers when I was his comrade in the Cithaeron country, he with two flocks, I with one, for three whole half years, from spring to fall. For the winter I would drive my flock to my own folds, and he to those of Laius. Do I speak of what happened or no?

The old shepherd, not quick at device, is compelled to make the admission:

You speak the truth, though 'tis a long time past.

Messenger:

Come, tell me now, do you recall a child
You gave me then to rear as for my own?

Herdsman (almost at breaking point):

Oh, what is this! Why do you tell that tale!

Messenger:

'Twas He, good man, the King, who was that babe.

This is more than the old man can bear, and he lifts his staff to strike:

Oh, to destruction with you! Hold your peace!

And now, too late, the Messenger, stunned by the sudden outburst, sees that his "help" has been ruinous, and says no more thereafter; indeed, he has said the most and worst he could.

I believe that there is no greater dramatic irony than this in literature. The spectator sees three purposes in those three men: in Oedipus to know the truth, in the herdsman to conceal it, in the Corinthian to reveal it. The first suspects the truth; the second knows it entirely; the third is entirely ignorant. And behind them all is the power of fate, mocking their wishes in every case. If this is not dramatic irony, there is no such thing; and there is not a single play upon words in the whole passage.

A passage from Shakespeare illustrates this same point with peculiar force. Othello, already mad with suspicion of his wife, turns upon Iago:

If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

It is the dramatic irony of these lines that there is no possibility of taking two meanings out of them. Othello continues in utter pitiful ignorance of Iago's purposes, and yet, as if his own tongue were mocking him, we hear him utter the literal truth in the shape of an hypothesis.

To sum up; I have tried throughout to keep constantly in sight three essential factors in dramatic irony. We may now set them forth; it is essential: (1) that there be a con-

flict of "wills in act"; (2) that one at least of these "wills" be ignorant of the conflict; (3) that there be a spectator who is fully aware of it. Irony of the drama may then be defined as the sense of incongruity that a spectator feels on seeing a character in ignorant collision with the play's working.

I hope, if I have made my examples clear, that the "play's working" will be interpreted in a large sense. It means that a character may collide (1) with the will of a fellow-character in the plot or (2) with the plot as a whole, so to speak, the purpose of the play, the will of the dramatist, if one like to call it so. But there must be a conflict between two clearly developed lines of action, a conflict which shall be evident to a spectator.

Logically, it is true, this distinction is valueless; for the "will" or "purpose" of any character in the fable is a part of the whole purpose of the play; the whole and therefore the parts are creations of the dramatist's purpose. And so it is that I have tried to cover the whole opposition to individual dramatic action by the phrase "the play's working." But for the sake of clearness of understanding, it is worth while to see just how far our individual is in conflict with the whole action —πρᾶξις τέλεια— and how far with one of the other separate forces which compose that action. The great scene just quoted from "Oedipus Rex" illustrates the point beautifully. There is a keen interest in watching how the Corinthian, sure that he is helping both the King and his old comrade, is unwittingly at variance with them both. It is more impressive to see how both the shepherds are ignorant of being powerful agents in the hand of the very fate they are determined to avoid; that their efforts to deliver the King from evil are the very means by which he is betrayed; that he who was talkative should have been silent—and would have been if he had known; that the other, who refused to talk save under torture, should have been frank both long ago and now— and would have been if he had known. The King and the shepherds, then, are opponents of one another, and also of "dramatic fate." The same

two-fold view of a unity helps us to feel the full force of that terrible climax in irony which begins with Jocasta's arraignment of oracles.[1] Her object is to comfort her husband. "Do not trust these Delphic utterances," she says. "Apollo prophesied falsely about the death of Laius; why not in your case?" And she goes on with her "comfortable" tale of the god's error. But a commonplace descriptive word—ἐν τριπλαῖς ἁμαξιτοῖς—causes the beginning of that persistent search which ends in exposing himself. Φωκὶς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλήζεται —once more, colourless words shot with all manner of tragic shade. Step by step the "comforting" proceeds, till in a lightning flash of recognition, the hapless Oedipus sees he has been cursing himself;[2] even Job had no such comforter. Here is a situation fearful and pitiful enough. But the Greek would be acutely conscious that the scene held an even greater pity and terror. Jocasta has contemned oracles. But her very instance of their falseness is the strongest possible illustration of their truth; the oracle she quotes as false in her own experience has its truth confronting her; and as a final irony, she proceeds to demonstrate this truth out of her own mouth. We feel the same coincidence of the struggle against the part and against the whole where Aegisthus puts out his hand to lift the veil from the murdered Clytemnestra — αὕτη πέλας σοῦ.[3] Not only Orestes and Electra are mocking him, but even Nemesis. It is the same coincidence that makes the triumphal progress of Aeschylus' Agamemnon over the "purple path"[4] almost intolerable even to read of. This merging of the individual in the organism, this revelation of the whole scheme in the component parts—such, tradition has told us, is the chiefest glory of Attic tragic art. And the most impressive way of apprehending this great merit is by the sense of dramatic irony.

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1 *Oedipus Rex*, 707 ff.
2 *Oedipus Rex*, 744-5.
3 *Electra*, 1474.
4 *Agam. loc. cit.*

It is well, again for the sake of clearness, to realize by what means a spectator is made aware of the conflict going on before him, when such a conflict is present to the mind at all. We may distinguish three means by which he becomes seized of the ironic situation, though in reality these three usually work together.

First, there may be a sense of immediate conflict between two or three personages actually on the stage before one's eyes. We have such a thing happening in the scenes from "Electra" and "Oedipus Rex" which have just been analyzed, in the famous home-coming of Agamemnon in Aeschylus' play, and in the tent-scene from "Ajax" where the hero is represented as mad.[1] In cases like these, one of the characters before us is usually conscious of the ironic situation. And Sophocles, with the subtlety that a great dramatist must have, loves to group together three persons with differing attitudes towards the action. Thus in the scene in the "Ajax," just referred to, there is an unusually fine moment when the bitter mockery of Athena leads the blind madman on to curse Odysseus who is cowering near him. I have already noted the three-fold relation to the catastrophe in "Oedipus the King." One recalls, too, in that scene from "Electra," the joy of Clytemnestra, the grief of her daughter, the splendid hypocrisy of the Paedagogus, who, unknown to both women, controls the situation. In some instances, however, we have no consciousness of conflict in either or any of the contestants, as where Jocasta "comforts" the King.

In the second place, the spectator may see that the action in progress before him conflicts with the force of a purpose set moving in a previous scene. This, one may call the irony of reminiscence. Creon's oily hypocritical sympathy for the old King in "Oedipus Coloneus" is almost comic in its futility after the revelation of his real feeling and motive which Ismene has made.[2] The reproaches

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1 *Ajax*, 91 ff.

2 *Cf. O. C.*, 728-760 with 396 ff. It may be worth while noting here that irony is not used frequently in this play. This fact may give some support to those who think that Sophocles' purpose in *O. C.* was not primarily dramatic.

which Hyllus heaps upon Deianeira sound ugly to us who have heard her declare her innocent intent.[1] Moved by "soft words," Philoctetes generously offers his bow to Neoptolemus; and we have just heard this youth making a compact with Odysseus, the cripple's mortal enemy, to get that weapon at any cost.[2] Of course, these scenes depend for a part of their ironic effect upon the sense of immediate conflict. Likewise, a review of the examples under the first heading may reveal in them the presence of reminiscence.

But the ironic method most characteristic of Greek tragedy is that of anticipation. By this I mean that the manifest purpose of a character on the stage is at variance with what the audience know to be the outcome of the play. It is this sort of situation which the author usually employs when he puts ominously ambiguous words into an actor's mouth. This is the conflict at the root of most of the irony which has been called "tragic" or "Sophoclean." One hardly need mention the curses of Oedipus which are to fall upon himself.[3] Indeed, practically the entire body of the language in the first part of that play reveals poignantly the presence of tragic conflict between the King and his fate. I have already quoted Creon's contemptuous advice to his son about Antigone.[4] Finally, Deianeira fails to see the possibility of double sense in the dying Centaur's words when he tells her how his magic will work upon Hercules:

ὥστε μήτιν' εἰσιδὼν
στέρξει γυναῖκα κεῖνος ἀντὶ σοῦ πλέον.

and so he will behold with love
No woman save yourself for evermore.

But the audience know that the words are true in a way of which she is ignorant.

It is obvious how previous knowledge of the myth on the part of the Greek audience gave Attic dramatists such

1 Cf. *Trach.* 734 ff with 490 ff, 575-7, 582 ff.
2 Cf. *Phil.* 654-75 with 100-134.
3 *O. R.* 76-77, e.g.
4 *Antig. op. cit.*

ready power over anticipative irony. This power is more difficult for modern dramatists to wield, and they often use it, perhaps only for the satisfaction of themselves and of close students of their works. But numerous examples of it are to be found in Shakespeare; and Mr. Archer's theory of "foreshadowing" in his late book "Play-Making," if carried to a logical conclusion, would assign to it a large function even in modern drama.

It may perhaps be just to the modern drama to note that its wider control over time and place has given the dramatist scope to develop a sort of irony that rarely occurs in Greek plays; namely, that of self-deception in character. This is Shakespeare's peculiar power, witness the characters of Brutus, Lear, and Antony.

Dramatic irony, then, carries with it, in the spectator's mind, or at least it did so to a Greek's, the sense of past, present, and future action. Herein a spectator allies himself with the omniscient dramatist; and if one like to imagine it so, with that ironic deity of epicurean myth who, "immerst in darkness," watches the world-drama,

> Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
> He doth himself contrive, enact, behold.

There are many aspects of the subject which it is impossible to treat of here. But this paper may fitly close with a few suggestions as to the bearing of the study of irony upon the study of drama.

1. The term "Sophoclean" irony had tended to foster in our minds an idea that Sophocles is the fountainhead of ironic methods and performance. This is entirely untrue. From the standpoint of origins—so far as we know them—we might better say "Aeschylean" in our phrase. Yes, and on other grounds than those of origin; for sheer ironic power there is nothing in Sophocles that can surpass the "Agamemnon" in its total effect. Of course, one sees plainly enough why the epithet "Sophoclean" came to be used. "Oedipus Rex" must have been written for the express purpose of representing an ironic conflict with fate.

In this play the effect cannot be escaped even by the least subtle reader. But Euripides, too, has splendid power of a similar kind, as one may learn from the "Bacchae."

2. We have seen that dramatic irony depends on a sense of differences in will, and of the relation of these wills to the whole plot. Further, it demands that these differences be vividly conceived, and well fused into a dramatic unity of action. Irony, therefore, enables us to measure a dramatist's ability to individualize his characters and to attain sound structure in his plot. If one wishes to put this notion to the test, let him compare the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles with its imitations by Corneille and Dryden. He will find that tragic irony fails of its full power in Dryden and Lee, because their play lacks the superb Sophoclean unity; and that it has either vanished entirely in the French adaptation or has passed into a weaker—almost comic—form. He will find, too, that a failure to realize fine differences in attitude and motive has almost robbed of irony Dryden's version of the conflict of Oedipus with the shepherds. He may compare two works by the same author: the "Bacchae" and the "Trojan Women" of Euripides, for example, and even the two Oedipus plays by Sophocles. The "Trojan Women" and "Oedipus Coloneus" (it may be sacrilegious to name them together) have extraordinary beauty; but this beauty, some believe, is of a sort not specifically dramatic. I regard it as significant that these plays are not rich in irony.

3. Is it not true, at least in Greek and Shakespearean tragedy, that dramatic irony almost always accompanies those scenes that are supreme tragically,—those scenes, that is, that excite together the emotions of pity and fear? If this be true, irony lies not far distant from the essence of tragedy itself.

G. G. SEDGEWICK

THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF BRITAIN

RECENT discussions throughout Canada have given more than passing interest to the question of our marriage laws. But, indeed, it needs no special case to make marriage and its regulation subjects of constant concern. The state, as modern civilization understands it, is founded on the family, and therefore on marriage. It is on marriage that such a vast deal of our rules of property and succession, of status and legitimacy, is built. To trace the history of marriage laws is to mark something more than the development of religious forms. It shows the student the changes and varieties in a nation's moral standard, the growth of its public policy, and the freeing of the private conscience.

The great bulk of the British Empire adopts the English marriage laws. There are endless adaptations, but in the main this statement holds good. Whether the colonies are altogether wise in so doing is more debatable. England is not Britain; and in the United Kingdom there exist more laws than the average Englishman knows. Imperial law-givers, when framing new legislation, might find it profitable to glance not only at England but at Scotland and Ireland as well.

The English wedding is fundamentally a religious service. The English marriage laws of historic times were framed *by* the Church; so, despite the ups and downs of the religious sects, it still comes that English marriage law has at this very day not shaken itself altogether free from the idea that it has been framed in the interests of the state church. A survival of these mediæval privileges is shown in the English instance of marriage by special licence. This is the successor of the indulgence or dispensation of the Pope. Henry VIII boldly handed over the title to this indulgence to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now, after

the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, it remains one of the oddities of British progress that throughout the whole of Great Britain this single personage alone is put above the law, and may at his sole whim give or withhold this favour.

The first question naturally is, How do Englishmen regard marriage? The law student's answer is, "As a voluntary social union for the whole of their joint lives of one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others." Of course, this answer, like every definition in law, is digged about with pitfalls. But, letting the exceptions stand meantime, we get nearer the truth by going on to ask, "Who are these, the one man and the one woman, who may undertake this social union?" The broad answer is, "Anyone." "Anyone?" Well, anyone who is old enough to know what he is doing, and sane enough, and willing to do it. Besides this, the State has its public morals to consider; so it takes it upon itself to enquire: Are you already married and not divorced? Are you physically fit for the marriage state? Are you closely related to the lady? Is your dead wife closely related to the lady? The State waives the second enquiry if the partner doesn't complain, but not the other questions. The applicant may say, "My wife has been misbehaving while I have lived a blameless life." He may say, "It is true the lady is my dead wife's niece, but neither of us believes in the law of Leviticus." No such pleas avail him. The law is adamant. It simply says, "The union is impossible." And to all such old principles the Englishman clings, if not with intelligent tenacity, at least with tenacity. It took a long time to convince the Englishman that he should take the dire step of allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. It is scarcely five years (1907) since the Act was passed, although long ere that almost every self-governing colony had permitted such unions, and the Channel Islands led the larger kingdom by a decade.

A queer confusion occurs in the case of infants marrying. In legal phrase an "infant" is a boy or girl under twenty-one. He or she may not marry unless the parent or other guardian gives his approval. This rule is not insisted on when the infant is a widower (or widow); when he is an illegitimate; when he has no person alive entitled to object; or when the court considers that the objection is an unfair one. But in the ordinary case the law provides a hedge of obstacles to be got through by an infant lover. A man of twenty whose father is dead may think himself justified in pleasing himself as to marrying. But no. If the father has left a guardian, the boy must placate both his mother and this guardian. If it happens that the mother also is dead, the boy's task may be to satisfy both the guardians named by his father and those his mother has appointed. And if there be none of these the suitor may still have to smooth over the Court of Chancery and its officials. If he tries to marry secretly, so as to avoid a snub by his unromantic elders he is not finished with his troubles. Should his method be after publication of banns, the whole world will soon know, and a word from the parental authorities to the clergyman stops the ceremony. Should he seek a special licence, or a bishop's licence, or a registrar's licence or certificate, he finds himself faced with an oath that he has obtained consent, and this oath is fortified by the pains of perjury. Moreover, the parent, if he comes to hear of the boy's whereabouts, may search the registers and veto the marriage.

Suppose that the English infant evades these obstacles, either by some lucky chance or falsehood, or by astutely crossing the Scottish border. What happens? He is a married man. He cannot undo the deed. The lady cannot. The court cannot. The guardian may rave. The Lord Chancellor may fume. Both the parties may be heartily contrite and heartily eager to undo the rash business. If the youth or the maiden was a ward under the care of the court the marriage is a contempt of court; and for that

disrespect the parties may be severely punished; and, whether he or she was a ward of court or not, the attorney-general may appeal to Chancery to arrange that the scheming person should handle none of the property which came to him or her through such a marriage. But nothing more can be done. The marriage stands till death.

In this illustration the boy has been pictured as aged twenty. In reality he may have been far younger. He may have been only fourteen, and the girl only twelve. Marriage at these ages is quite legal. Indeed, we can push the proposition further. It is not easy to imagine a wedding where the parties are only seven; and such a wedding would not be good; but neither would it be bad. Either party could repent on reaching the age of twelve or fourteen; but if they did not repent, the marriage would stand, and no fresh ceremony would be necessary to make that boy and that girl indissolubly man and wife.

This objection as to want of age is an instance of the strict rule that there must be consent to a marriage. The couple must be legally old enough to know what consent means, and they must exchange that consent. If the man and the woman do not freely consent to matrimony, it matters not that an army of relatives should approve, that a queue of prelates should bless the service, and that every other requirement of the laws should be doubly met. Can a blind man marry, who cannot see his bride? and can a deaf and dumb woman marry, who cannot follow the service? Yes, certainly, if the blind man can *recognize* his bride; or if the deaf mute can *signify* her consent.

We have seen that there cannot be a marriage when one of the parties is already the spouse of some one else, or when the parties are within the forbidden degrees of relationship. We have also seen that the marriage can be put an end to if one of the parties was a young child; or if the offended party proves impotency at the time of the wedding.

It is interesting to glance at the remaining class of persons who are incapable of contracting a marriage in England, that is, those who are not free agents. A person who has been proved before the court to be a lunatic cannot afterwards marry, even during a lucid interval, until the court has removed the stigma. After the class of proven lunatics comes a large class of people of whom we can say without cynicism that we are not very sure. A stupid fellow can quite well marry. But between the merely dull and the lunatic comes the class of imbecile, unsound, or feeble minded. What of them? The question is one of fact. If he was really so "soft" at the time as not to grasp what he was doing, or as to be forced into the bargain against his judgement, then the marriage is valueless. But if the weakling had a lucid interval, and gave a genuine consent in that interval, the marriage is a binding one.

Then there is a class of sane people who have either been tricked or coerced into matrimony. What error or fraud will suffice to overturn a marriage? Only an error as to the person; no other error will have effect; nothing, for example, touching looks or position, fortune or character. A young English girl of seventeen, over whom her mother had great influence, was driven to church one fine day, and married to a man of thirty who had never spoken to her of love or marriage, and who immediately after left for South Africa. The girl maintained that she had been deceived; that she thought the ceremony a mere betrothal; and that even into that she was forced by her mother. She was relieved of the marriage.

As to coercion, it makes any ceremony void if it be really proved, and if it were enough to overturn the mind of the individual to whom it was applied. He or she must be doing the deed under the pressure of dread. The dread is that some evil, which could not lawfully happen, will result to him or to those he loves if he refuses. Parallel cases occur in English law. In one of these cases the man, some days before the marriage, produced a pistol and

threatened to shoot the girl if she showed reluctance at the registry office. In another case it was while on the way to the registry office that the man so threatened the unwilling bride. Both ladies very properly got rid of their sinister bridegrooms.

A third lady, however, was less fortunate. Here her lover produced a pistol, flourished it dramatically, and announced, "If you don't marry me I'll blow my brains out here, and you will be responsible." This was apparently mere bluff; and in any event the lady had never been in any personal danger, and it was held that she had gone through the ceremony much too composedly to have been really terrified. The court said she had made a choice; they were sorry for her; but they were bound to guard the marriage tie so jealously that nothing would satisfy them short of full proof that the girl was not her own master.

These remarks dispose of the question, Who may marry? We now reach the problem of the preliminaries necessary to English marriages. To guard against bigamy and marriages between relatives, the law demands that one must publish one's intention to the world. That is most effectively managed by the old custom of calling banns in church. This is done in the parish church of the dwelling places of each party at morning service on three separate, but not necessarily successive, Sundays. The parties must then be married in one of these two churches, and nowhere else.

Other methods of giving the public notice now exist. You may get an ordinary's (the antique name for "bishop's") licence. This involves a residence of fifteen days by one of the parties in the parish where the ceremony is to be performed, and such ceremony must be in the parish church. A special licence is an expensive luxury, costing something like two hundred dollars, but it has these advantages: the parties need not trouble about prior residence, they need observe no particular hour, and they can marry in any place they choose. Modern conditions have called for the non-ecclesiastical licence. The types we have been discussing

have referred to the state church only. It was long before England admitted that a Nonconformist might properly wish to marry. Now every district has its registry officer, and he grants to persons wishing to marry either a legal certificate or a licence. The differences between these two forms are that a certificate may be used for a wedding in the established church while a licence may not; that a certificate involves a residence of both parties of seven days and a delay of twenty-one days during which the notice is posted up, while a licence involves residence of only one party (which must be of fifteen days) and only one clear day's delay, and that without posting up the notice. The licence costs a great deal more than the certificate.

These are the modes of publication if the parties are Episcopalians. Roman Catholics, other Dissenters, Jews and Quakers have a choice only between the registrar's certificate and his licence. Banns, special licence, or ordinary's licence are not for them. There is some little hardship here, for the proclamation of banns has its advantages. The consent of parents, for instance, is presumed without other proof after banns have been called. Nor will any allegation that the parties had no proper residential qualification be listened to. Further, errors and perhaps falsehoods in the banns, and even the total omission of the banns, will be overlooked so long as the parties were, or one of them was, innocent of fraud. The registrar's certificate is less indulgent, but it confers the bulk of the privileges of church announcement.

English weddings are either according to the rites of the state church, or not according to the rites of the state church. The first class are celebrated in a parish church or chapel. That is the broad rule to recollect. The church may be that where banns were proclaimed or that specified in the bishop's licence. It may even be in the vestry. At any rate it must be an Anglican parish church, and the celebrant must be an Anglican clergyman. The rule as to the sacred building is relaxed to those favoured couples

who secure special licences. The rule requiring the clergyman is never relaxed. The question has sometimes been debated, If the parson turns out to have been a sham clergyman is the marriage a sham too? Yes, certainly, if both parties knew of the fraud. But if both did not know of the fraud? The answer has never been judicially given.

An established church minister need get no fee; and yet he cannot send empty away any couple who come before him with banns or with a bishop's or a special licence. He need not, however, regard their entreaties if they presume to offer him a registrar's certificate.

The second class of weddings are those celebrated in either a non-established church or in the registry office. These last are a purely civil institution and may be dismissed in few words. Marriage in the registry office must be accompanied by no hint of a religious service. A prosaic superintendent-registrar performs the necessary duties. He is attended by a registrar of marriages and two witnesses. He must be ready to wed on any week-day, but whether he will oblige anxious couples by Sunday ceremonies is left to his own good-nature. An essential part of the process is that the parties shall use a stated legal form of words, taking each other for wife and husband.

Non-conformist weddings are usually celebrated in the church or meeting-house of the contracting couple. Some years ago no such marriage was legal unless the presence of a registrar of marriages had been secured. Nowadays that relic of denominational discrimination has been all but removed. A wedding before a Roman priest is as valid without any registrar's presence as is a marriage before an Anglican vicar. But certain formalities must first be observed. The place of worship must be a separate building certified to the registrar-general as a "registered building" in which marriages are permitted; and the minister, or other officiating individual, must likewise be registered as an "authorized person." The same formal phrases which are requisite in the civil marriages must be employed. Welshmen may use their native tongue for such phrases.

An error widely held is that non-Anglicans cannot be validly married in a church unless the registrar is present. This mistaken belief gets colour from the fact that cautious couples often compel his attendance. Besides which, many congregations refuse or neglect to fulfil the exempting requirements. In this event the way out commonly taken is to get married civilly in the registry office and then go to their own church and add an independent religious service. The law is not concerned with any more than the first ceremony, and the second celebration is not registered as a marriage.

Jews and Quakers are sects specially indulged by statute. Two Jews have the option of being married according either to the Law of Moses or that of England. A Jew and a non-Jew must, however, follow the English forms. In the Mosaic style the secretary of the groom's synagogue is the responsible official, and he must give the necessary registration certificate after the ceremony. But he need not be present at it, nor need a rabbi, and it is not vital that it take place in a synagogue. A Quaker wedding is celebrated according to the rites of the Society. The parties need not both be Quakers; nor, indeed, need either of them, provided the Society has some rule permitting the marriage. The ceremony need not be in a place where the parties have any qualification of residence. A registering officer of the Friends officiates.

English weddings, whether in church or in registry office, must be between eight a.m. and three p.m., and it is only a generation ago that no marriage could be made after twelve noon. After the ceremony, whatever rites may have been observed it is essential that public record be made of it. This, which involves various particulars and signatures, is attended to either by the clergyman or the registrar, and in due course the entry of the union reaches the registrar-general and his statistical staff.

The English law of marriage does not end here; but such matters as remain,—marriages at sea, marriages abroad

in British embassies, marriages of royal personages, the proclamation of banns for tars of the Royal Navy, etc.—are clearly laid down in modern Acts of Parliament and require no special exposition.

So we see that to make an English marriage valid we must have: 1, sufficient residence in the country to meet the statutory requirements; 2, a man and a woman who are not closely related, who know what they are about to do, and who do it voluntarily; 3, intimation to the public by means of banns or of licence; 4, a ceremony either in an established church, some other licensed place of worship, or in a registry office; 5, the recording of the "marriage lines" in the public registers to satisfy other parties.

Now, let us contrast with the English theory the matrimonial regulations of other parts of Britain. Those of the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man are interesting, but hardly distinctive; for although these little communities are self-governing and self-legislating, they have not departed to any great degree from the practice of their neighbour. The Channel Isles require the use of the French language for certain marriage proceedings; they share the Scottish and Manx rule that subsequent marriage legitimizes offspring; and they differ somewhat from England and from one another as to notices and the consent of parents. The Isle of Man, also, has few peculiarities. They may be summarized in this sentence: that the Manx have an extra hour for the ceremony, namely, till four o'clock; that the registrar can marry applicants on week-days only; and that special licences are granted by the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

Ireland need not detain us long. It has no established church; no body is entitled to call itself "The Church of Ireland." Ireland's matrimonial regulations have little difference behind them in principle; it is chiefly the formalities of residence, notice, and licence that will give the English lawyer trouble. Civil marriage is provided for, and the Quakers and Jews are not forgotten. The religious sects

have each their own forms of intimation, and parties to "mixed marriages" cannot be too careful that the necessary formalities are observed. Apart from this warning it would be tedious to give details, and we content ourselves with pointing out that a power of granting special licences is given to practically all leading religious authorities in the island.

The important contrast with England, and with the whole British Empire, has been reserved to the last,—Scotland. To the non-technical reader only the salient distinctions will be of interest, and only these will be noticed. To begin with the theory, the Scottish rule of marriage is built upon one factor and one alone,—consent. There must be "deliberate and unconditional consent." Broadly speaking, nothing else matters. It is true that the same impediments to marriage prevail as in England. Indeed, an extra impediment exists, in theory at any rate; for a divorced person cannot marry the proven partner of his guilt. Moreover, one of the parties must have been resident in Scotland for at least fifteen days. Again, civil status and such benefits cannot flow from the marriage until official registration of it has been made. But, after all, in Scotland consent is so signal a requisite that it dwarfs every other element.

For example, a wedding in Scotland demands no banns, no service, no ceremony, no church, no clergyman, no ring, no witnesses, no form of words, no observance of hours, no consent of parents. It is true that all these are generally supplied, and it is also true that the institution which non-Scots call a "Scotch Marriage" is found but seldom in Scotland. The vast majority of marriages in Scotland are those with a religious service by a clergyman. But the insistence of Scottish law for "consent and nothing but consent" allows the Northern couple to dispense with many formalities. Hence the simplicity and impartiality of the Scottish principle.

This consent, it should be noted, has nothing whatever to do with the consent of parents to an infant's marriage. After a boy is fourteen, and a girl twelve, Scottish law leaves them free to settle their own fate as to matrimony; and if the children decide to get married at these ages no combination of parents can stop them. Indeed, the child could invoke the aid of the law to put an end to any attempt at interference by the parent.

The ordinary mode of marriage in Scotland, the religious one, is called "Regular Marriage." It is the counterpart of the English church marriage; but there are two broad contrasts: first, every church is on precisely the same footing. The marriage is just as valid and formal and reputable when conducted in the smallest of dissenting meeting-places as when solemnized in a cathedral of the state church. Nor are there any extra preliminaries or requirements for the former celebration than for the latter. The "registered building" and the "authorized person" and the stereotyped phrasing of the English law are unknown to the equality-loving Northener. Indeed, Scotland may boast that she was two generations in front of her sister kingdom in allowing clergy of other bodies than the state church to celebrate marriages.

The second contrast is that though a regular marriage in Scotland requires an ordained minister and some religious service, a church or a chapel is an entirely needless ingredient. Marriages beyond the Tweed commonly take place in the bride's house, not infrequently in a hotel. And the elaborateness or brevity of the service is not dictated by the law. It is governed by the tastes of the parties and their clergyman.

"Irregular" marriages are the uncommon type. Clandestine unions, by some writers regarded as a division of the irregular class, are those celebrated by a layman pretending to be a clergyman, or by a real clergyman who has not seen the certificate of banns or of notice. These marriages are nominally punishable as "unorderly," but in

all cases they are absolute and binding. The remainder of the irregular class of marriages are those into which the church does not enter. In Scotland there is no marriage before the registrar as in England: nor is there marriage by special licence: nor is provision made for sects such as Jews and Quakers. The explanation of these omissions is simple. All that Scotland requires to constitute marriage is consent, and all that she requires to record marriage is proof of consent. So, two persons, otherwise eligible, are actually husband and wife the instant they seriously exchange that consent.

The consent, it should be noted, must be to present marriage. It must not be a promise of future marriage. This consent may be proved by two witnesses, or it may be proved without any witnesses by the writing of the parties or by their oaths. Before the marriage can give the legal benefits of status it must go on the register. Now, the registrar is not privileged to register any chance union which may come to his ears. The state does not propose to make irregular marriages any easier, and so the registrar must not record them without judicial authority. This authority may be obtained in three ways: (1) by a judgement in the Supreme Court; (2) by a conviction before a magistrate for having contracted an irregular marriage; (3) by an extract from the books of a sheriff to prove that the parties appeared before him and declared their marriage.

The matter of residence in this type of marriage is important. One of the parties must have his usual residence in Scotland, or he must have been dwelling there for twenty-one days. For the other party no residence whatever is needed. This provision was Lord Chancellor Brougham's device to check the Gretna Green marriages, which, before 1858, broke the hearts of many English parents.

Scotland has also the same rule as England for the proof of a marriage by long reputation. If a couple dwell together, passing themselves off as husband and wife, and are generally believed to be married people, that very fact makes them married people. This reputation has no

statutory minimum; but in practice a limit of ten years is put on the co-habitation. Below that limit declarator of marriage would not be granted on this plea. The last type of irregular marriage is one of the most noteworthy in any code of law. It seldom comes to light, and it is a delicate matter to explain non-technically. Suffice it to say that if a man gives a woman a promise of marriage, and if in reliance on this promise the parties afterwards cohabit as husband and wife—however briefly—the woman can call upon the courts to declare her the wife of that man. This is a highly anomalous arrangement. It is, therefore, guarded by strict rules, and its extension is discouraged. But it may easily be seen how effective a protection it is to the weaker party, and how much it may do to prevent the betrayal of a trusting woman. Before leaving the subject, it may be mentioned that the rules of divorce and of legitimation differ materially in the two countries; but these are offshoots from the present subject.

To sum up, then, the feature to be emphasized in the Scottish system is its simplicity: the concentration on one essential, the singlemindedness with which the state's officer insists, "I need to know one thing and that alone; that you did on a certain date take each other for man and wife." The irregular marriage, as we have seen, is possible at any place, at any time, in any manner, and under almost any circumstances. Some more formality surrounds the regular marriage, but even there the ceremony may take place at any time, at midnight as validly as at mid-day. And, although certain other races may be staggered by the apparent irreverence of the ecclesiastically-minded Scot, no church is necessary for the religious wedding. Such a marriage is equally valid if conducted in any place within the realm, however unusual and however unsuitable. It may be on a house top or in a cellar, in a motor omnibus or in a balloon. It is a tribute to the cautious character of the Scot that so simple a system is so seldom abused.

G. C. Thomson

THE MUSIC OF THE NOVELISTS

THE father of the modern novel, allowing this title to Samuel Richardson, was contemporary in his prime with the beginnings of that extraordinary period of religious and artistic decadence which spread over central Europe during the eighteenth century, and was known among German musicians as the "Zopf." With this term, meaning "pig-tail," or stilted period, one may compare the French "style perruque." That the first Oxford undergraduate who essayed to play the piano in public was hissed off the platform, not for playing badly, but for playing at all, is sufficient sample of its effects on music in our own country.

The novelist, not less than the playwright, does but "hold up a mirror to nature." It follows, therefore, that the weaver of romance had gone far on his way before he looked to music for his inspiration or even made it a conspicuous thread in his web. Not till the mid-nineteenth century did a novel appear with a musician as its central figure; namely, Elizabeth Shepherd's "Charles Auchester." This pioneer work was said by some to represent the early life of Mendelssohn, and by others, of Sterndale Bennett. It is perhaps the most, as well as the earliest, musical novel ever written, and deserves the new lease of life recently given it in the Everyman's Library. Literary critics may be irritated by the book's ultra-sentimentality; but musicians, at least, will forgive much to the writer who, on the question whether music is capable of expressing evil, can champion their cause in words not less eloquent than bold:

"Music is the one pure beautiful thing in a world of sin and vileness. A painter's art may degenerate into sensual bondage, a sculptor's idealize the body and forget the soul that gives it a beauty beyond mere physical perfection. A poet may lead others into an ignorant worship of something his passionate praise and glowing verse have immortalized, even in

its unworthiness; but music—music alone commits none of these errors. From God it comes direct, to God its highest raptures alone return. Its birthplace is heaven, its life immortal. . . . it raises the soul above its earthly bondage."

Nor was the example thus set speedily followed. Twenty years elapsed before "Alcestis," a study of musical life in Dresden in the mid-eighteenth century, made its appearance. The book was the work—at first anonymous—of Mrs. Frank Cornish; it is free from technical errors, and expert opinion tends to regard it as even an abler musical novel than its predecessor.

From this time onward St. Cecilia has had little occasion to reproach the writers of fiction with either neglect or delay. Singers, indeed, have probably figured on more title-pages of romance than artists in any other craft. Witness "The Minor Chord: the story of a Prima Donna," by J. Mitchell Chapple, the heroine of which is a young American singer whose record of adventures was widely read on both sides of the Atlantic; "Doreen: the Story of a Singer," by Edna Lyall, the title of which implies a stronger musical interest than the book possesses; this, however, is atoned for to present day readers by a suggestion that the music of Mendelssohn has some bearing on Home Rule! George Meredith's "Sandra Belloni"—Emilia being more distinguished vocally than as a harpist; "A Roman Singer" by Marion Crawford; "A Welsh Singer" by Allen Raine. On the other hand, Jessie Fothergill's "The First Violin;" Kate Elizabeth Clark's "The Dominant Seventh," the scene of which is chiefly in New York; "The Countess Daphne" by Rita, in which the authoress is spokeswoman for an Amati and a Strad violin; Tolstoi's somewhat mistitled "Kreutzer Sonata;" Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son;" du Maurier's "Trilby;" Lucas Cleeve's "Crown to Cross"—which as a musico-historical novel, chronicling the friendship of King Ludwig II and Wagner, breaks new ground; "Sheaves" by E. F. Benson; and among very recent issues, "The Other Side," and "The Glimpse" by H. A. Vachell and Arnold

Bennett, respectively; and "The Dream Sonata" by Miss M. Silvester may be mentioned as musical novels with an instrumental or general musical interest. Moreover, three of these, "The First Violin," "A Welsh Singer," and "Trilby," have taken high place among novels of phenomenal popularity. The recent death of Strindberg, too, reminds one that he was an accomplished musician, and assigned an important place in one of his novels to a country organist.

It is, of course, much easier to estimate the bulk of this literature than its musical quality. Some novelists treat music with sympathy, knowledge, and discrimination: that greatest of story-tellers, Sir Walter Scott, may be alluded to in this connexion on account of one or two musical subjects in the invaluable historical notes suffixed to his novels; and among recent and living writers mention should be made of R. L. Stevenson, E. F. Benson, Lucas Cleeve, and H. A. Vachell. Other litterateurs recognize discretion as the better part of valour, and avoid a pitfall they cannot cross. But it must be confessed that there is a large remainder who do neither the one nor the other. Among these there is a striking uniformity, not only between author and author, but error and error of the same writer. Why cannot those who pen romances treat of music without the most grotesque exaggeration? It is not impossible to answer the question. The imaginative temperament cannot be responsible, since, curiously enough, the exaggeration of the poets is less inane than that of many novelists! The reason surely is to be found in the emotional intensity of music, the almost insuperable difficulty of translating its effects into words; the necessity to the story-teller of narrative matter—less applicable to the poet—and lack of technical equipment.

Perhaps the commonest form which this exaggeration takes is in attributing impossible attainments to the hero. In "The First Violin," Herr Courvoisier, whose only qualification was having amused himself with a violin when

a regimental officer, becomes a *concertmeister* and holds his own at the head of an orchestra; and the heroine, after a short study of the pianoforte, though modestly describing herself as "a great bungler" who "rather hindered than helped," yet plays Beethoven's Fourth Symphony at sight from the full score! Oscar Stephensson, in "The Prodigal Son" learnt enough in an admittedly wasted year or two at the Royal Academy of Music to reach the very summit of the musical Parnassus by its most difficult facets—as conductor and composer.

Such attainments may be possible: but closer acquaintance with musical history would show that they are unparalleled in the realm of fact: every great composer has "gone through the mill," and though prodigies are not uncommon they have one and all been trained from the cradle. In "Trilby" Svengali and his pupil Gecko engage in "a wonderful double improvisation"—*very* wonderful would not have been at all too strong a term. While such a feat, though extremely rare, is not in itself impossible, there is a type of composition—the contrapuntal—in which it is quite impracticable. And, unfortunately, Mr. du Maurier, condescending to details, can content himself with nothing short of this type in its most extreme forms: "they fugued, and canoned, and counterpointed!" After this their performing "*in* sordino" was doubtless mere child's play, though an ordinary instrumentalist can only play "*con* sordino," and two players "consordini." Svengali, too, could "transform the cheapest, trivialest tune. . . . . .into the rarest beauty *without altering a note*." Mr. du Maurier italicizes "rarest beauty;" the succeeding words are much more deserving of this attention!

There is a certain consistency in these exaggerations: the heroes and heroines of fiction are not more remarkable than the instruments on which they play! This is particularly the case with regard to the Queen of Instruments. Novelists have discovered a capacity for chordal effects in the violin which the greatest players never dreamt of.

Harmony is possible on stringed instruments played with a bow, but only to a very limited extent. When a merely practical musician reads that the dominant seventh, in the book of that title, was introduced "woven together by pathetic chords rolled out in one shining web of melody," all on one violin, he cannot but wonder how the thing was done. And is not "web" more applicable to harmony than melody? In passing, it may be remarked that the authoress speaks of the frequent employment of the chord in question, followed by the tonic, as characteristic of her hero. If so, the frequency must have indeed been great, for the progression constitutes a "full close" and is as common as "Amen" after a prayer! Somewhat similarly, Mr. Vachell in "The Other Side" writes of "modulations and dissonances" without further particularization, as giving a work its peculiar character, whereas it would have been more peculiar without them: it would be difficult to find a page of the simplest music in which they do not abound. The Jew fiddler in "A Roman Singer" performs even more astonishing feats than Miss Clark's virtuosic violinist. On an instrument of four strings the lowest of which is near neighbour to middle C (the centre of the pianoforte) he produces "great broad chords, splendid in depth, and royal harmony, grand, enormous, and massive as the united choirs of heaven." It is interesting to learn from this that the celestial choir consists entirely of trebles, for even contraltos have a lower register than the violin. But this is not all. Though some chords can be produced on the violin it is only by playing them more or less as *arpeggi*: sustaining them is impossible. Yet, subsequently the Israelitish wonder worker played the chord of A minor—of course, selected as one of the more awkward—and while "*sustaining* the same . . . imitated the sound of a laughing voice . . . high up above"—presumably on the E string. It is true that we read of "the sustaining notes of the minor falling away and losing themselves;" the only wonder is that they stayed so long. Mendelssohn was a Jew, but

he never expected the most accomplished of even his compatriot fiddlers to sustain chords and imitate laughter at the same time!

Ouida—a constant sinner—alluding to a broken violin gives us the interesting information that "the keys were smashed beyond all chance of restoration!" And in "Mr. Barnes of New York" the tension on somebody's nerves is like that on "the C string of a highly tuned violin." As there is no such string it is difficult to know exactly what this tension was.

Turning to the wood-wind, it is interesting to learn in "Trilby" that Svengali's flexible flageolet was "his own invention," for the world is without any other record of a wind instrument the tube of which is elastic. The experiment was, however, more than justified, and one can only wonder that it has not been followed, for this "penny-whistle"—the term is Mr. du Maurier's own—had effects so remarkable that the author's description of them borders on irreverence.

It is consoling to recognize that if a choral work with orchestral accompaniment were to be produced, the performers in which were all drawn from works of fiction, no want of balance would arise. For despite the abnormal capacities of the instrumentalists, those of the vocal section would be, if anything, more astonishing still. Thus the heroine of "Sandra Belloni" "could pitch any notes." Mr. Meredith, of course, would not have mentioned the normal capacity of producing vocal sounds, so he must mean that her voice equalled the whole gamut of known notes. Nevertheless, she has a formidable rival in Trilby. Three octaves is an extraordinary compass for a voice. But the remark that Trilby's touched four is evidently an understatement: she could sing Chopin's famous pianoforte Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29, the compass of which is four octaves and a third. Moreover, she ended it "pianissimo on E in alt.," a most remarkable note for a piece in A flat to end on, and one which shows Chopin's own version to

be hopelessly wrong, for it ends on C. But instruments are no fit gauge with which to measure Trilby. Did she not sing with such "immense intervals between the notes as were never dreamed of in any mortal melody"? Nor was compass the only thaumaturgic element in her warbling: not only could she keep pace with Chopin on the pianoforte, but "everything that Paganini could do with his violin, she could do with her voice—only better." So, no doubt, singing three or four notes at a time was quite easy to her. One is reminded of a heroine of Ouida's who sang "glorious harmonie" all by herself. Nevertheless, two notes at a time are a sheer impossibility to any other singer the world has ever heard of. Perhaps one ought not to forget that the author of "Trilby" was one of the most brilliant members on the staff of *Punch.*

But though exaggeration is responsible for more musical peccadilloes in fiction than any other one tendency, it is not, of course, the cause of all. Many are due purely to lack of technical knowledge. To quote "The Last of the Barons": " Many voices of men and women joined in deeper bass with the shrill tenor of the choral urchins." Was Lord Lytton anxious to find how many mistakes he could compress into eighteen words? Women do not sing bass, or "urchins" tenor; the tenor is not a shrill voice, and the term "choral" is not usually applied to a number of voices singing the same part—"tenor" in this case, "unison song" is a more accurate term.

Lord Beaconsfield represents Mrs. Neuchatel, in "Endymion," as having "buried herself in some sublime cantata of her favourite master, Beethoven." The great composer only wrote one, "Der glorreiche Augenblick," of which, of course, only a paraphrase could be given on the pianoforte: "sonata" would have met the case better. George Eliot and Mr. Black have both perpetrated a less pardonable error: in "The Mill on the Floss" we read of "the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths;" and in "The Three Feathers" of "a perfect accord of descending fifths," and

a friend tells me of a novel on the cover of which is printed a passage of ascending fifths in notes of gold! A more gratuitous affront to harmonic truth it would be difficult to conceive: for of all intervals, fifths taken consecutively are the most excruciating.

Mr. Black speaks of Beethoven's "Farewell," one result of which has been the worrying of music-sellers to procure a piece which has no existence. And in "Daniel Deronda" Grandcourt and Gwendolen broke off their conversation and then resumed it as "after a long organ stop." It seems uncharitable to suppose that so great a writer as George Eliot imagined an organ stop to be a pause in the performance, yet it is difficult to find an alternative interpretation.

Mr. George Meredith and Miss Marie Corelli are alike in being personalities towards whom one cannot stand in an oblique attitude: they either attract or repel with equal directness and intensity. Musicians may be found among their most ardent admirers, but surely despite, not on account of, their allusions to the art. For in both cases these are not infrequently fantastic to the verge of flippancy. To quote Mr. Meredith, the drum is an instrument that "discomfiture cruelly harries; it gives vast internal satisfaction owing to its corpulency," and Emilia "was clear but always ornamenting;" clarity is not the antithesis, but a vital condition of musical ornament. At a meeting of the London Musical Association a number of these passages were described by a distinguished member, Dr. T. L. Southgate, as "clotted nonsense," *nemine contradicente*. I should add that I am much indebted in this article to a paper by Dr. Southgate, read on that occasion.

Turning from author to authoress, Prince Lucio Rimanez is made to declare that "an amiable nightingale showed him the most elaborate methods of applying rhythmic tune to the upward and downward rush of the wind, thus teaching him perfect counterpoint," "while chords I learnt from Neptune." It is exasperating of Miss Corelli not to say

where this nightingale can be heard: no authorities on bird music record two notes being sung at a time, and without it counterpoint would be impossible. Moreover, would not the fishy king be more likely to contribute scales than chords ?

Mr. Hardy, in "The Hand of Ethelberta," ignoring the widely varying social status of musicians, makes a university graduate and cathedral organist attend evening parties to play for dancing. Unless the distinguished author is an expert pugilist I hope he does not personally offer engagements of this description to the chief musician of the diocese.

Readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may recall a pianist who played the instrument "with an airy and bird-like touch." If the reference is to a wood-pecker, such playing is only too common, especially when the nail-scissors have been allowed to rust. Probably, however, what the authoress really meant was a bird-like tone.

Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth" produces a quotation in musical type, the melody of which is in one key and the signature in another; while the time-signature is $\frac{6}{8}$ and the rhythm $\frac{3}{4}$.

In "Kilmeny" the hero wonders whether Miss Lesley "would only express a faint surprise at hearing Mozart's Sonata in A sharp." If musically well-informed her surprise would be far from faint, for there is no such key: if there were it would have ten sharps.

Mr. Marion Crawford attributes the opera "La Favorita" to Verdi: it was composed by Donizetti. Svengali, in "Trilby," plays Schubert's "Rosemonde": doubtless his "Rosamunde" is intended, as the absurd description given fits this work less badly than any other. In the same book a waiter at the Palais Royal could sing "F *moll* below the line." If he could make any difference between F *moll* and F *dur*, without singing other notes of the scale, he was much more remarkable than probably Mr. du Maurier was aware of.

Mr. Hall Caine is an author who may trust to passing through the temple of St. Cecilia with only a momentary detention at the penitent bench. But in "The Prodigal Son" he describes the orchestration of an opera as "sure" —a very curious adjective; and he eulogizes the form of the work as showing mastery of the "mystery of music." Opera has no "form," and of all music's elements "form" is one of the least mysterious.

It is to be wished that more novelists followed the example of one of our leading authors, and before publication submitted musical references to a friendly expert. But he would be a surly Son of Jubal who thought chiefly on the occasional inaccuracies of literary men rather than on the incalculable services which they frequently render to his art. Witness such a passage as the following from "The Prodigal Son": "His operas, founded on the Sagas of his own country, had made Iceland familiar to people everywhere; his works had been represented in every capital; his tunes had been played in every street; and it was almost as if he had breathed over Europe and set the air to song." . . . "The musician is the international artist. Other artists—the poets for example —require translators, but the musician needs no go-between. He uses the one universal language, and when he speaks the whole world may hear. What a gift! What a thing it must be to be among the great composers! Perhaps it has its penalties though, what does the poet say ? 'They learn in suffering what they teach in song.' I wonder if every great song, every great symphony, every great opera is born of suffering—the actual real life suffering, and perhaps in some cases the sin and sorrow of the man who created it."

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

TEACHING OF HISTORY IN THE UNITED STATES

IN the opening paragraph of the first chapter upon the American Revolution in a recent "American History," prepared for use in high schools of the United States, there is the following significant sentence: "This great event has too often been represented as the unanimous uprising of a downtrodden people to repel the deliberate, unprovoked attack of a tyrant upon their liberties; but when thousands of people in the colonies could agree with a noted lawyer of Massachusetts, that the Revolution was a 'causeless, wanton, wicked rebellion,' and thousands of people in England could applaud Pitts' denunciation of the war against America as 'barbarous, unjust, and diabolical,' it is evident that, at the time at least, there were two opinions as to colonial rights and British oppression."

The school history from which this sentence is quoted, is the work of Professor David Saville Muzzey of Barnard College, Columbia University. The statement serves, in the first place, as the frank acknowledgement of a fact against which Canadians have often had to protest; namely, the spirit and tone in which English and American history were so long taught in the schools of the United States, in so far, particularly, as the events and persons connected with the war of separation were concerned. The bitterness of that period and of the War of 1812, was kept alive, and impressed upon the minds and hearts of American school children, by means of historical teaching whose main object seems to have been to contrast the great virtues of George Washington with the bloodthirsty tyranny of George III.

But Professor Muzzey's statement serves, in the second place, to signalize the important fact that a vast change has come about in recent years, not only in tone and spirit, but

in method and substance, in the writing and teaching of American and English history in the United States. Not only did the two volumes each of Fiske and of Fisher on the American Revolution prove that American historians could deal with that event in the spirit of broad historical truth and accuracy, but the same qualities are now manifested to a remarkable degree in the historical text books of the schools of the United States. This fact, too, may deserve frank acknowledgement on our part, while a study of the main causes which have led up to the change may prove encouraging as well as instructive to all who hope for the steady increase of intelligent, mutual understanding and good-will throughout the English-speaking family in the world.

The present writer has had occasion lately to read and study carefully five leading text-books in use in public and high schools of the United States—four on American history and one on English history—and has been impressed, not only with the generally high note of scholarship manifested, and with the ample measure of instruction in American and English history deemed necessary for primary and secondary school work, but also with the honesty and fairness with which American history, and the spirit of broad loyalty and sympathy with which English history, are written for the present generation of pupils in the schools of the United States. This is assuming, of course, and possibly without justification, that specimens of the old antagonistic histories do not survive, here and there, in the schools. Communities are sometimes backward by inadvertence. It was by inadvertence, doubtless, and perhaps to some extent by the lack of other and more suitable books, that, half a century ago, some Canadian schools were using anti-British text-books. It is now worth noting, by way of contrast, that one English history, at any rate, in use in schools of the United States, would not be inappropriate for the schools of the British Empire.

It is somewhat difficult to convey, by means of quotation, the impression that the newer school histories are marked by the spirit of fairness. The four American his-

tories, however, might be tested by their reference to the Stamp Act.

The school history by John Fiske (1894) deals with the Stamp Act from the same point of view as in that writer's "The American Revolution." The question at issue, according to Fiske, was not merely that of taxation without representation in the thirteen colonies; it was bound up with the fact that there was taxation without representation at that time in the mother country. The redistribution of seats, demanded long before by John Locke, was still far off and far from the wishes of George the Third.

"So when Pitt declared that it was wrong for the people of great cities, like Leeds and Birmingham, who paid their full share of taxes, not to be represented in parliament, the king felt this to be a very dangerous argument. He felt bound to oppose it by every means in his power." (Fiske, "School History of the United States", p. 194.)

That the taxes proposed by the Stamp Act were not unreasonable either in their amount or their purpose, is not brought out as clearly in Fiske's school history as in his larger work on the Revolution, but this point is amply acknowledged in the three other school histories of the United States.

Thomas's school history (1894) says: "It is important to remember that the object of this taxation was not to help pay the expenses of the government at home, nor was it to help pay the interest of the debt, but all the expected revenue was to be spent in, or for, the colonies themselves" (p. 87).

J. B. McMaster, in his school history (1897) says: "Having thus provided for the government of the newly acquired territory, it next became necessary to provide for its defence, for nobody doubted that both France and Spain would some day attempt to gain their lost possessions. Arrangements were therefore made to bring over an army of 10,000 regular troops, scatter them over the country from Canada to Florida, and maintain them partly at the expense of the colonies and partly at the expense of the crown" (p. 110). In a foot-note, McMaster refers his

readers to Lecky, first among others, for an "excellent account of the causes and consequences" of the Stamp Act.

Muzzey's school history (1911), already quoted from at the beginning of this article, says: "Every cent of the money which the ministry proposed to raise in America was to be spent in America, and the colonies were to be asked to contribute only about a third of the sum necessary" (p. 113).

These quotations should serve to show that in presenting the arguments with regard to the Revolution to the pupils of the schools, there is an intention of fairness; and there is certainly an absence of all that spirit of animosity which marked the earlier school histories.

More pronounced still is the broad spirit of the school history of England (1904) by Professor Cheyney of the University of Pennsylvania. The story is not only told admirably and thoroughly in a work of nearly 700 pages, but it seems inspired by that conception of the common heritage of the race which was expressed by Mrs. J. R. Green in the preface to an edition of her husband's "History of the English People," published shortly after his death:— "Read by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, it has not passed through their hands without communicating something of that passion for patriotism by which it is itself inspired, as it creates and illuminates for the English democracy the vision of the continuous life of a mighty people, and as it quickens faith in that noble ideal of freedom which we have brought as our contribution to the sum of human effort. Among English-speaking people beyond the seas, where it has a yet greater number of readers than here, it has helped to strengthen the sense of kinship and the reverence for our common past. I have known an American who, reading the history for the first time in middle life, was so stirred by the memories it brought him that he found means to leave his business in one of the Western States and travel to England, that he might visit Ebbsfleet." The present writer was also informed recently by an observing American, a graduate of Harvard, that Green's history was largely

responsible for the demand for works of the character of Cheyney's, conceived in the same spirit.

A striking feature, also, of the four school histories of the United States, referred to in the foregoing, is the fact that national self-criticism has so largely replaced the earlier national self-glorification. This is developed to the highest degree in Muzzey's history, and its purpose is well indicated in a preface written by Professor Robinson of Columbia University. He says: "The present volume represents the newer tendencies in historical writing. Its aim is, not to tell over once more the old story in the old way, but to give the emphasis to those factors in our national development which appeal to us as most vital from the standpoint of to-day. However various may be the advantages of historical study, one of them, and perhaps the most unmistakable, is to explain prevailing conditions and institutions by showing how they have come about. This is our best way of understanding the present and of placing ourselves in a position to participate intelligently in the solution of the great problems of social and political betterment which it is the duty of us all to face."

For a high school text-book, Muzzey's treats the political problems of the day with refreshing candour and frankness. The following example is only one of the many which might be quoted: "Guiteau's pistol shot roused the whole country to the disgraceful state of the public service. Political offices were the prize of intriguing politicians and wirepullers. Crowds of anxious placemen thronged the capital for weeks after the inauguration, pestering the President for appointments to post-offices, custom houses, and federal courts. Republicans and Democrats brought against each other the charge of 'insatiable lust for office'—and both were right. One politician, when taken to task for not working in his office, cynically replied, 'Work! why, I worked to get here!' 'Voluntary contributions' or assessments, equal to two per cent of their salary, were levied on office holders for campaign expenses, and the funds so raised were used shamelessly to buy votes" (p. 524).

What, then, are the main causes which have led to the newer school of historical teaching in the United States? In so far as the changed attitude with regard to the revolutionary period is concerned, the most marked influence came from the English side of the water. The two judicial volumes on that period in Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," and Sir George Otto Trevelyan's five generous volumes on the American Revolution, have undoubtedly had the effect of rendering impossible for the future a purely partisan and one-sided treatment of that great event.

Next, there is the influence of the marvellous development of the universities of the United States which has taken place in the last quarter of a century. This development is well treated by Mr. Bryce in the latest edition of his "American Commonwealth," and it is one that has been familiar for some time to students of educational progress in the world. The modern spirit of historical research, and method of exposition, which is manifested in Great Britain and on the continent, has been one of the marked features, also, of the work of the American universities. Even from the brand-new state universities of the West, there are now coming works of scholarship based upon original research. An immense impetus, indeed, has been given to historical study everywhere by modern science, as represented chiefly in archæology, the critical method, and the recognition of the principle of development in human history, and the American school has shared in the movement.

Lastly, the great social and political problems of the United States, arising not only from causes in the past history of the country itself, but also from the large accessions to the population in recent years from Europe, have greatly tended to quicken interest in history in general. Much of the practical sociological work of the universities has been based upon the historical method, and this has had its influence upon the teaching of history.

J. C. Sutherland

WINTER

I. December

GENTLY, playfully, December breaks upon us, waking the child within us at the first fall of snow. The clear, gray distances of later November have become a strain to our vision. The sense of reality, too spiritual for our grasping, is a burden to our souls. We walk the hills one day exhausted with infinity, and wonder if earth has no sweet influence to dim the pain of skies. Then, as if in answer to our mood, the air grows suddenly thick and soft, a cold touch trembles on our eyelashes, and resistless our eyes are closed.

Very quiet and still we stand under the gentle pressure, feeling the chill caress followed by others which turn to liquid drops upon our cheeks. A pure, fresh moistness permeates our bodies, it gives a freeing lightness to the brain. Unconsciously, and without question, all far desire and infinite yearning die within us, the tingle of play pricks through our veins and sends the blood frost-quickened to the skin. No longer are our souls weighed with foreboding, a careless liberty steals from us all responsibility and leaves us pleased and waiting for the things that are to come.

By sheer will we open our eyes to learn what power has wrought the change, and when through a slight film we find our sight we see a universe transformed by snow. Everywhere white spirits are spreading on earth her mantle of sleep, and out of her dreams conjuring a world unreally fair. All familiar detail and distance are lost in the shifting whirl, and snow is falling heavily on ground, and bush, and tree. Feathery crystals are floating round our heads, and as with wonder eyes we gaze and stretch our hands to catch their flakes, we feel no sense of strangeness in the

universal change. And why? The freedom of childhood has been given us; we are fitted to play untrammelled in a world all white and witched.

Down from the hills, and into the veiled woods we go to see where drifts are forming and great trees lift up their heads through nebulous snow. On one and all the star flakes fall, but no two of the trees receive their gifts alike. The elms, with graceful acquiescence, allow the fleecy covering to rest on their bending boughs; the maples, fingers upturned as if in happy acceptance, let it fall on their lowest limbs. The oaks are too proudly indifferent to care what the skies may give or keep, and, alone of all the forest, refuse to yield their withered leaves in deference to a spell. No shame have they to mask, while the whipped birches hide their scars in snowy folds, and bowing with eager, graceful kisses to take the mantle, dream of a time when they could stand erect in stainless purity. Deep in the thicket these last are grouped, and when we pass the oaks into their midst, a dense and intangible wall closes round us, we are prisoners in the forest of sleep.

Heavy on bough above and bough beneath lies the white fleece, and only the sweet trill of chickadee breaks the soft silence, singing the beauty of snow. Clearly and gladly his notes ring out, and so pure and light are they that all the beauty of the falling flakes is in their music, borne through the dreamy maze. The wood is still and hushed in the quiet of early snow, and excepting this song all sounds come to us muffled, so that we hear them as in sleep. The peace is too profound to be broken at our will. Even our footsteps fall noiseless, printed with childlike glee. But if of noise we have no dread, of touch we are afraid, and we walk timidly beneath the branches lest a knock disturb the snow, and we be banished from the spirit realm. It is a foolish fear. Fairy powers have led us hither; our actions are in their control. All the vistas woo us by their beauty, phantom shapes are everywhere, form and colour lost in pale obscurity. We pass beneath snow-fragile arches which

let fall thin gauze to half veil arbours hid by feathery boughs, and ever as we wander on we walk more wonder-led and fearless, going farther from the haunts of men.

Day by day and night by night the world sinks deeper underneath the spell. Even when the snow-fall ceases and the sun bursts forth, the charm remains unbroken. For a few short hours its rays may strive to melt the enchanted frost, but as they shine, white spirits touch the beams and they fall harmless to the ground. Sometimes the sun is covered with a filmy veil, so that the light streams through it soft and radiant like pearl, and then the trees lift up their delicate, bared twigs against a sky both luminous and pale. But not on days when heavens are highest can any azure hue attract one touch of colour from the earth. Fissured trunks which late November saw all rich in greens and browns are now but masses of contrasting dark, the very evergreens have lost their name. Though the whiteness gleams with lustre the sun can draw no play of blues from out the snow, and tired at last of an unresponsive world he blazes forth in a glow of celestial hues and sinks to his own domains.

Wonderfully clear and transparent are the colours of winter sunsets with naught of terrestial warmth. They flame like candles behind the dark trees and cast long streaks of fairy pink upon the glistening ground. But once the candles have burned out, no influence lingers from the light, and under a shining moon and stars that are silver, the earth returns to silence and shadows on the snow.

Weeks pass and still the enchantment stays, and ever our minds are further drawn from human hope and care. Only the wonder light remains in our eyes, undimmed and pure. The very incentive to play is leaving us, senses become numb, taste and smell have gone from us, and the heart responds no more to a forgotten world. The spell lies heavy and close, and each night, as we stand in the frigid stillness, the spirits bind us stronger in their power.

The month wanes, and the fourth week has stolen on us when, one night as the trees rise dark against the sky, our feet are led to where the forest ends and overlooks the town. It is midnight, but the lights are burning brightly and there is no deep hush of sleep upon the roofs. A faint surprise is wakened at the sight, yet not with curious interest in the unwonted doings of men. The city and lights have no reality, and though the late moon shines on them, white and radiant, they are as phantoms, and we see them from afar. Remote and passive we gaze below, leaning our heads against a tree, our spirits quiescent in the thrall of the cold spell. A frozen silence holds all space, when suddenly and without warning, there breaks through it over the town and up to the woods, the first of numberless church bells ringing across the night. High and low, clear and sweet, their swaying sounds thrill the air, and when their glad notes reach our ears there burns within our hearts a new, warm life which melts by throbbing ecstasy our chill indifference. With parted lips and joy-closed eyes, we lean, half kneeling, to catch each echo of the chime. There is no need to ask the meaning of the peal. Our every nerve is trembling with its consciousness, a quickened memory is fitting to its music words that tell of love and joy. Too full our hearts of jubilee to stay thus listening long. With gladsome spring we leap unto our feet, but lo! we turn and look and feel a sense of change. Trees, snow, the city, moon, are as before, but where are the white spirits, the enchantment that bound all things? They have fled, vanished before an influence stronger than they, and left us lonely in a purely natural wood. Still have we no regret. A great love is drawing us back to human brotherhood, and from a neighbouring church, no longer distant, rises the sound of men's voices, singing in triumph "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

No longer in the white silence of the wood, but mid the jingle of bells and noise of men must we spend our Christmas day. Before the first, faint streaks of dawn have lit

the east our feet will tread on city streets, we shall have left behind the forest and its spell. But not as when we entered. We are still as little children. We have passed through the kingdom of snow.

II. January

In white the year is ended, in white a year unfolds, nor is the manner of the raiment changed. The one snow mantle swathes them both, December's fading days, the first faint hours of January, and though the robe is weaved by many winds, the woof remains the same. Yet there is great unlikeness in the months, and he who walks in northern woods when fairy with the Christmas wreaths, and then returns to them at New Year's opening, knows a change has taken place.

The frail, soft hush has gone, the snow still rests on tangled bush and ground, but not as in the former month. Its flakes are turned to crystal, it squeaks beneath man's foot. Hollow space divides the trees, where last the forest lover walked mid dreamy mists, he feels the sense of hard, clean emptiness. No gentle spell is laid upon his soul, the lure of spirit powers has passed away. Where have they gone he wonders, those unseen hands that made his path in fairy realms when first the snow stars fell. He dreamed that after he had left the woods he could return and find the spirits there, that they would guide his feet anew. But at the outlays of the forest he finds he dreamed in vain. A hostile influence waits him now; be his desire mere sport or love of woods, he is declared unwelcome, he treads forbidden ground.

Cold breathes the frost, icy cold the air, the very winds are frozen still. A dry, clear light pervades the trees, glittering, brilliant, pure; and though its clarity divides each twig from stem with nervous nicety, the brightness almost blinds the eyes of him who waits to pass within. Such radiance is glacial, rare, remote from earthly moisture and more than

steely silence. Sensitive to brittleness, more than vasts of undulating snow, it makes the world it falls on stranged from man, the feet of the intruder pause.

Within, without, the bush is dazzling pure. The snow lies drifted, stainless, deep, and while the heavens above are glassy blue, no half-felt sense of azure pink obscures on earth the white made more severe by darkling trunks of trees. The various barks are colourless: from hickory boughs ink-etched against the sky to pale gray boles of beeches, the shades grade in tones of black and white. The curling maple twigs are blanched at all the ends, the birch's stem to pallid gleaming chalk, and though each tree has grace of form beside the frost-bit snow its bark is sapped of life.

No motion tells of growth. The trees loom high, the branches bared to death, outstanding each from each, indifferent, isolate; the firs, the frozen streams, the few gray rocks uncovered yet, are bound in lifeless sleep. The snow alone looks animate, and it takes not its sparkle from itself but spins upon its crystals light, sent from the sun. Creation's work has ceased, and there is no frail mist to veil the eyes with lure of dreams from consciousness of death.

How can man face a world so white, so strange, how dare to pass where life itself seems dead? He enters and the woods around him close; at every step he feels the alien sense, yet nowhere can he find a sign of force. Great sweeps of trackless snow, cold skies, thin wisps of frozen clouds— the rowan berry's red is lonely in the unbroken wastes of white. The sun is silver and remote, it draws from distant lakes a gleam like moonstone fire, at close of day it burns a ring of crimson glow. But not at sunset's deepest red does one faint touch of warmth unbind the frost-ringed air. By night, by day his snow-shoes trail the woods, and still man cannot sight the enmity which lurks behind the cold. What primal will is he encountered with, so cold and passive, still as marble, knowing no anger, freezing beauty into form! Storms shake it, and its silence but

grows stiffer. Thaws threaten, melting turns the snow to ice. At times when air is rarest and the light most blinding cold, he thinks that any moment may reveal the mystery, that in some far hid clump of bush, or on a plain all blank with snow he must come unaware upon this formless thing. At other hours he feels that when discovered it will prove no spirit new to woods, but the same illusive presence that always dwells in forests and is hid in greener months by colour and by growth; that when he finds it he will know the secret of the wild. Yet never is disclosure made, and as the seeker wanders on he learns that by man only is the inhuman's influence felt, the dusky siskin and the moose live under it by law; the woodsman's body too must grow instinctive if he will to keep alive.

A change is wrought. The tracker of the woods no longer tries to sink the fierce unknown, his one desire becomes to save his skin from frost. Soul begins to draw apart from body. As the flesh returns to instinct of the beast, the spirit grows more free from sensuous toils. The aching cold robs the invader's power of thought, he feels a losing consciousness of self. At last, from reason freed, he stands one night where silent stars look down through trees on some lone fox's trail, all jagged with crystal ice. Deep wonder makes things nameless, in the vacant stillness soul is emptied of its dream. Darkness lit by far off stars, faint blue fire from out the northern sky, not one murmurous breath is sensed to fill the vast. Then from out the emptiness a sense of unveiled presence comes. A vision passes him who waits; the terror of its nakedness strikes dread into his soul. He dreams he has seen Death as Beauty formed. But when the wonder has withdrawn, he knows he gazed on life, not death, life incarnate, unborn, passing through the unwaked silence, waiting to be incarnate in the apparent death around.

Man has seen it in a forest bared of growth. The secret of the wild is his, the mystery revealed. In holy awe he takes his silent way, and when the night has gone

and dawn drawn nigh, he learns his tongue is burned by ice, to save his lips from speech. Alien he still must walk without a guide, but never has the nameless fear more power. He knows why conscious thought hate brought from out the wild, why through December's woods he tramped in sweet forgetfulness where in the year's first month he is estranged. The peace was listless peace of death, the strangeness enmity of life. Death veiled the trees, illusion's tenderness, and man was not afraid of dreams. But now he faces nakedness, reality of life that must be born.

The cold is too intense to give him happiness. Only, as he wanders till the month has end, he sees the meaning of the forest days. Frost, snow, and ice are felt as guardians of the elemental force, the hard, pure ground is promise for the year. A season's growth has closed in white, in white a life may spring. A shroud can turn to swaddling clothes, and lo! on yonder sunny slope a shadow turns dark blue.

III. February

"See how the white spirit presses us,
Presses us, presses us, heavy and long.
Presses us down to the frost-bitten earth.
Alas, you are heavy, you spirits so white;
Alas, you are cold, you are cold, you are cold.
Oh, cease shining spirits that fall from the skies,
Oh, cease so to crush us and keep us in dread;
Oh, when will you vanish and Seigwun appear?"

It is the song of Okagis, sung by the Indian story teller, when the frogs are frozen under February snows. The woodsman in the northern bush repeats it from his heart. The glacial light, the stern-held quiet of January still binds the earth, and on his eyes has grown a weariness of glare that has no heat. Past many trails he has been walking, haunted by the stillness: the vision of the night has gone, the dark is long, and save for afternoon's blue shadows and the slower sunset hours, there is no sign that life shall yet find form.

He feels that all creation, had it voice, might echo the legend's strain, the water dwellers and the fish, the very trees held long in close imprisonment. The frequenter of forest knows how fossilized in ice, or burrowed under ground are moveless forms of life, and as the song beats dully through his head he seems to share with earth a tired rebuke of cold.

By some untrodden lake, a shanty stands, the woodsman enters and he feels the lure of shelter made by logs. He builds a fire of cedar bark and old dried tamarack, and when the corners glow with dusky warmth he turns his back upon a world unceasing white. How icy far the rivers looked, how stark the trees! The very winds were sword-edged, and moved so swift and silent across the air that they had robbed the boughs of twigs 'ere he could hear their cry. Now, as he bends his body to the warmth, he thinks how in the savage days the Indians appeased their god, how all those born in summer went out upon the plains and flared their torches to the air. He wonders if he too could take his fire and throw it to the wind, and if he did winter would relent and send a softer spell.

Instead, the snow storm comes, a whirling mass. It covers the awful glitter, it crusts the naked trees, and over the lakes and in the bush swirl drifts of ponderous depth. Everywhere is rush of blinding white. The path by which the tracker came is covered from his sight. The trees grow shadow gray, and pass him cloaked in snow, and as he stands within the shack he sees the forest move in circles, hard driven by the storm. He throws more wood upon the fire. This is no veil of fairies' spinning, it is a force which seems to have arisen from out the icy stillness and, gathering form, sweeps across the world to caverns where, deep hidden, it can weave a shape for life. Cold it grows, unmeasured cold, and into rocks and trees by every crevice press the bitter vents of snow. No cry of any animal or bird, the great oaks creak and higher branches of the pines,— they only tell the burden of the blast.

Then flaw clouds sweep away, the winds abate and flares a world deep rolled in snow. The wanderer is tempted from his logs. The earth is white and silent as before the storm and with the sun as glistening clear, but as he looks he feels it is not death he gazes on, rather deep, unwakening sleep. Something—what he knows not—has gone underneath the snow, which, while it stirs not, waits quiescent, silvering close of days. This argent light soft flung from out the west to fall through slope of trees, gives strangest hope, and as it paths its ways through cedar groves he feels impatience and his numbness falls away. May not the same wild force which framed itself in storm now rest beneath the earth, and could it not with morn unfold within a tree ?

But many mornings come, and when the cruiser leaves his shanty and goes upon his way, not bird's far call nor flash of colour rise as answer to his thought. He must perforce live through more days of winter, and with unwilling heart he learns an interest in the marks that trace his path. The snow is deep, the drifts wind-smoothed and high, and while he snowshoes through the woods he finds the countless tracks of footprints crossing on the white. There is the jagged winter line of ruffled grouse or prairie hen, and further still the deer track leading to the north. The large, grey squirrel, wastrel hungry, now he has no gathered fare, bounds up the empty butternut, and having scolded in the tracker's face, jumps underneath the drifts. Everywhere on days which soften in the sun, the snow-shoer sees traces of the wooded life, and as the night again brings cold he muses when the snow will cease and it again be free.

Snow hidden in clouds above, and piled on plains below, the stars shine on its wonder and the sun rays light the glory, but the swiftness of its beauty runs no longer in the blood. The secret of the vast, which was revealed, is taken away from him, the great woods hold no terror for his soul. Over the hills, and in the bush, he notes the richest timber growths, but where the trees are young he idly watches catkins flutter, or twirls upon his hand the carrot's winter seed.

Sometimes light of beauty brings him sudden joy, as when he suddenly is lost among the cedar trees, and turns to see a hawthorn hollow smothered soft in snow. Its fairy tangle closes out the harsher forest moods, its branches bend all dainty to the ground. He stoops and, looking where the drifts are light, he finds how grasses swayed by winds have printed magic rings. Bur marigolds lift up their whorls, now reft of burs and fair with starry flakes, and further in the thicket there are four close marks which tell the limping hare. The whole vast world is fast asleep, so sound that not the midday sun can wake the slowest breath. But on the basking snow the wanderer sees the faint, queer blues and pinks working inward, and the straying of their footsteps is the prelude to the spring.

He journeys far by many untracked lakes and frozen streams. The days glide on. One sunset hour, when other storms have passed and left earth's sleep more soft, he finds his feet bent back upon the shanty's trail. He reaches it, but has no quick desire to enter, his eyes are lifted to a north-west hill. The snow has now grown deathly pale, its radiance blanched, and as he watches it the birches against the slope become less ghostly and their twigs show fleshly glow. Next floats a blue above the ground, a blue almost invisible which any wind or motion might turn pink. He looks toward the west, the sky is green with hints of yellow, then the colours go. Only the sun pours down, not gold nor silver but pure light, which slides down through the stems and runs beneath his feet. Such light, it streaming, lifting, stays the swaying hues, and as they flutter draws them in its spell. He knows they will creep forth again, renewed and strong, nor frost nor snow arrest their destiny.

He stands beneath the hill and waits. Something is wooing the earth. Some power is calling from out the heavens. Beneath the night of stars she may sleep dead, but in the morn it is whispered in his ear—the song of frogs will tell the spring's return.

IV. MARCH

Born of the open spaces and of wild, free skies, March winds blow down to earth, and when they pass they leave a world far-trailed with blue. Blue on distant mountains, hazy blue, lying on the white, blue are the snow fields where it deepens in the cracks, and blue, a purple blue in every tiny shadow that sweeps across the plain. Naught on the surface of the earth has changed. Stream and pool still lie in icy bond, but through the air the wind moves swift in circles and light breaks up a thousand hues against the waiting trunks of trees.

The uplift of the air is in our hearts, the wind, the clearness and the first warm rays of sun. We climb and search the woods, till as we mount, the brightness bothers; we are tricked to unsafe paths. The surface is deceptive; where last month's storms have skimmed the snow a glaze of ice has formed, but only for a minute does it hold, it yields, and soon our feet are sunk in drifts.

The progress of the days is in the skies. They, so cold and thin a month ago, are now a deep abounding blue and draw our eyes down vistas, or swell the azure back of clouds as soft as smoke. We walk still clad in winter's garb, but see, how tender have the sunsets grown, how near they draw with every lengthening day! They flick the blue with soft, frail pinks, which light upon the apple trees and tease our thoughts with hint of spirit footsteps sliding down the boughs. All the colour that we hope and fail to find in shrub and ground, is held above us, lanced from the sun. Are its shafts being drawn earthward to quicken unseen births? Skies of spring on winter landscapes, how they thrill and quiver in each pulse! Our blood can hardly stand the tense excitement; when the darkness comes, our bodies chill and hope.

There is no spring tide in these nights of March. The fleeting sun pinks have withdrawn their aerial promise, the vault is heavy with the thrall of power. Strong winds

the gale; it hurls great blizzards through the woods, and rising upwards sways the pines and makes their branches gnarl. The snow whirls cease, the winds blow empty, large, and move more wildly in the bush. Now freed, the moon rides swift mid black blue clouds, and down among the cedar boughs the ice grip breaks its bonds. This roar is call of water; it sounds of far off seas.

Yet water tarries, and the daylight, spreading, shows a bush thick topped with snow. The sun upon its breast is yellow bright, it melts the upper crystals, still they freeze again and lie as crust. At noon on lakes, or pools which face the south, there shines a gleam of melting ice, but only till the west indraws its light. The dusk congeals, and where the black lines began to show is frozen winter deep.

Day follows day of blast and sunshine, storms that sweeping over plains of melting snow, smell raw from distant waters, hours which gild the cherry birch. Gray mists lie low on the horizon faint flushed with mauve and pink. They presage snow or else the wind will tear their veil and leave the blueness free. Past many woods the ground is honeycombed, the oaks' last leaves are torn by gusts of sleet.

No longer are our feelings blind with cold. We hate the storms that hold us back to winter, impatiently we watch the wet, black trees. The nights are full of restlessness. As weeks pass by the stars shine down on forests big with portent, bent as for a heavy birth. All woods are still, but round each curve of bays there lurks a whistling cry of waiting, sleep is over, life is madly in the soul. The trail leads north; above the blaze we see the unfamiliar owl mid gloom of branches; in his toot bodes shrill the unquiet hour. How can we stay the fierce exultance ? Following, following what we know not, over lakes and woods where great firs still sough wintrily, wild impulse leads us on, and though we cannot track its haunt the air is in our veins as liberty, the thrill of dark, freed space.

And with the morn, the mist, and over all the bush a sense of buds! A twig, soft in our hands, gives dazzle to the brain, the sap is surely stirring round the roots. When will our eyes no longer follow outline, when will our fingers touch a flower?

Over the sheltered flats the snow fleas dance, but on the western hills patches of dark, black earth are widening round large trunks. The autumn mass of leaves is coming to the surface, the ice upon the marsh is wearing very thin. Dare we deny the spring? Where sleeps the frozen brook, the willow's puff is purest yellow, down the hollows dog-wood stems are red. Far in the pitch-pine woods the cones are clicking, against them soars the blue bird's wing.

EILEEN B. THOMPSON

THE VAGRANT

WHAT mattered it, that fortune passed him by
With curious, knowing look!—as if to say:
"Here is a vagabond of dreams by day;
A roysterer of the night with visions high;
A babbler of the gods when wine is nigh;
A spendthrift who would fling my gold away,
And flout my wisdom of the world in play,
And stake me for the pity of a sigh."

He never knew, when fortune looked no more
And left him—as not worth another thought—
To trudge the roads and haunt the woods and clears,
Sun-warmed and star-led through the vagrant years:
From spring to fall, love yielded all he sought;
And lo! when winter came he was not poor.

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL