



# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

VOLUME VIII, 1909.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
OF CANADA

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University, Montreal; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College:

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

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

The purpose of the University Magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

The Editorial management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors.

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## CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIII.

### FEBRUARY

	PAGE
Literature and Education in America—Stephen Leacock.....	3
New Lamps for Old—Andrew Macphail.....	18
A Word to Parliament—Warwick Fielding Chipman.....	36
Lord Durham and His Work—F. P. Walton.....	52
The Two Islands: A Contrast—C. F. Deacon.....	77
The Man who Feared—E. W. Welch.....	87
Addison as a Literary Critic—Edmund Kemper Broadus.....	89
A new Version of Faust—E. W. Patchett.....	109
The Fields of Canada—E. B. Greenshields.....	126
The Reading of Canadian Students—W. Kent Power.....	127
Tecumseh—Lynn Hetherington.....	135
Old Age Pensions—M. D. Grant.....	148
Alpinismus—W. S. Jackson.....	159
The Place of Christ in Christianity—T. B. Kilpatrick.....	165

### APRIL

	PAGE
The Canadian Navy—C. Frederick Hamilton.....	175
British Diplomacy and Canada—Andrew Macphail.....	188
The Labrador Boundary—James White.....	215
Some Smaller American Colleges—John Valent.....	225
On Some Definitions of Poetry—J. A. Dale.....	250
Milton—Frederick George Scott.....	268
What of the West—W. D. McBride.....	274
Canadian Life and Character—J. Castell Hopkins.....	291
A Confession of Faith and a Protest—Pelham Edgar.....	305
Fame—Marjorie L. C. Piekthall.....	316
The Marriage Broker—Chester Cornish.....	317
To Lesbia—Chief Justice Sir Glenholme Falconbridge; Mr. Justice Riddell; W. P.; Principal Hutton.....	323
The Privilege of Self-Defence—W. R. Givens.....	326
East and West—E. B. Thompson.....	333
The Church and the Social Crisis—William Munroe.....	341
At a Concert of Music—Eva Macfarlane.....	348

## CONTENTS

### OCTOBER

	PAGE
Canada and the Monroe Doctrine—Stephen Leacock . . . . .	351
Shall Canada Have a Navy—C. Frederick Hamilton . . . . .	375
The Nine Prophets—Andrew Macphail . . . . .	398
Running Waters—A. Clare Giffen . . . . .	407
All Men are either Platonists or Aristotelians—Maurice Hutton . . . . .	408
La Douleur qui Veille—E. B. Greenshields . . . . .	421
Nova Scotia at Confederation and Now—J. W. Longley . . . . .	422
Maritime Union—George G. Melvin . . . . .	436
Sir Thomas Temple, Bart.—G. O. Bent . . . . .	443
In Love with Easeful Death—Mary E. Fletcher . . . . .	455
Abt Vogler: Musician—Joseph Gould . . . . .	456
Virgil's Messianic Eclogue—G. Oswald Smith . . . . .	467
The Beauty of Cicero's Speech—J. A. Dewe . . . . .	476
Art and Artifice—Thomas L. Jarrot . . . . .	483
The Scientific Criterion of Truth and its Relation to Dogma—E. W. MacBride . . . . .	492
The Forge—Mary L. Bradley . . . . .	508

### DECEMBER

	PAGE
Fads in Modern Education—John Macnaughton . . . . .	509
The Jewish School Question—Bram de Sola . . . . .	533
The Village and the Nation—J. G. Wales . . . . .	561
Crucifixion—Frederick George Scott . . . . .	572
The Aftermath of Puritanism—E. M. Hardinge . . . . .	573
The Philosophy of our Political Parties—Maurice Hutton . . . . .	583
Canadian Coast Defence—C. Frederick Hamilton . . . . .	587
An United Empire—H. G. C. Don . . . . .	603
In Dryburgh Abbey—A. L. Fraser . . . . .	606
Early Transportation in Canada—George V. Cousins . . . . .	607
John Brown—Edward William Thompson . . . . .	629
Eugene Le Roy—Henri Lebeau . . . . .	634
The Bible and the Critic—C. A. Brodie Brockwell . . . . .	649



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## LITERATURE AND EDUCATION IN AMERICA

THERE are various ways of beginning a magazine article. One of them is to start at some point far off from the main subject and gradually to lead up to it, much as the wary hunter stalks his game before attacking it. Another method is to commence with a little story or jest or allusion, similar to the opening anecdote of a platform speaker. But perhaps the simplest, though the least usual, method is to begin with a plain statement of what the article is about. This essay, then, is an enquiry into the causes of what may be called, relatively speaking at any rate, the literary sterility of America and its relation to American education.

No doubt also it is well for one who is a Canadian and is writing in a Canadian publication, to remind his readers at the outset that Canada is in America, and to make it clear that all that is advanced in the present discussion is intended to refer as much to the Dominion as to the Republic. It is proper also to disclaim the intention of making any specific comparison between the Spanish literature of this continent and that of the old world, although I believe, as far as my very limited knowledge of the subject enables me to judge, that the same general inferiority is manifested there also.

I once broached this question of the relative inferiority of the literary output of America to that of the old world to a gentleman from Kentucky in a railway train. He answered, "I am afraid, sir, you are imperfectly acquainted with the work of our Kentucky poets." In the same way a friend of mine from Maryland has assured me that immediately before the war that State had witnessed the most remarkable literary development recorded since the time of Plato. I am also credibly informed that the theological essayists of Prince

Edward Island challenge comparison with those of any age. It is no doubt not the fault of the Islanders that this challenge has not yet been accepted. But I am speaking here not of that literature which, though excellent in its way, is known only to the immediate locality which it adorns, but rather of those works of such eminent merit and such wide repute as to be properly classed among the literature of the world. To what a very small share of this, during the last hundred years of our history, can we in America lay claim.

This phenomenon becomes all the more remarkable when we reflect upon the unparalleled advance that has been made in this country in the growth of population, in material resources, and in the purely mechanical side of progress. Counted after the fashion of the census taker, which is our favourite American method of computation, we now number over ninety million souls. It is sixty years since our rising population equalled and passed that of the British Isles: a count of heads, dead and alive, during the century would show us more numerous than the British people by two to one: we erect buildings forty stories high: we lay a mile of railroad track in twenty-four hours: the corn that we grow and the hogs that we raise are the despair of aristocratic Europe; and yet when it comes to the production of real literature, the benighted people of the British Islands can turn out more of it in a twelvemonth than our ninety million souls can manufacture in three decades.

For proof of this, if proof is needed, one has but to consider fairly and dispassionately the record of the century. How few are the names of first rank that we can offer to the world. In poetry Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, with two or three others exhaust the list: of historians of the front rank we have Bancroft, Motley, Prescott and in a liberal sense, Francis Parkman: of novelists, tale writers and essayists we can point with pride to Irving, Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, James and some few others as names that are known to the world: of theologians we have Colonel Ingersoll, Mrs. Eddy, and Caroline

Nation. But brilliant as many of the writers are, can one for a moment compare them with the imposing list of the great names that adorn the annals of British literature in the nineteenth century? Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne are household names to every educated American. Novelists and tale writers such as Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Meredith, Kipling, and Stevenson cannot be matched in our country. How seldom are essayists and historians of the class of Carlyle, Macaulay, Gibbon, Green, Huxley, Arnold, Morley, and Bryce produced among our ninety million of free and enlightened citizens. These and a hundred other illustrious names spring to one's mind to illustrate the splendour of British literature in the nineteenth century. But surely it is unfair to ourselves to needlessly elaborate so plain a point. The candid reader will be fain to admit that the bulk of the valuable literature of the English speaking peoples written within the last hundred years has been produced within the British Isles.

Nor can we plead in extenuation that inspiration has been lacking to us. Indeed the very contrary is the case. What can be conceived more stimulating to the poetic imagination than the advance of American civilization into the broad plains of the Mississippi and the Saskatchewan, the passage of the unknown mountains and the descent of the treasure seekers upon the Eldorado of the coast? What finer background for literature than the silent untravelled forests and the broad rivers moving to unknown seas? In older countries the landscape is known and circumscribed. Parish Church, and village, and highway succeed one another in endless alternation. There is nothing to discover, no untraversed country to penetrate. There is no mystery beyond. Thus if the old world is rich in history, rich in associations that render the simple compass of a village green a sacred spot as the battle ground of long ago, so too is the new world rich in the charm and mystery of the unknown, and in the lofty stimulus that comes from the unbroken silence of the

primeval forest. It was within the darkness of ancient woods that the spirits were first conceived in the imagination of mankind and that literature had its birth. A Milton or a Bunyan, that could dream dreams and see visions within the prosaic streets of an English country town—would such a man have found no inspiration could he have stood at night where the wind roars among the pine forests of the Peace, or where the cold lights of the Aurora illumine the endless desolation of the north? But alas, the Miltons and the Bunyans are not among us. The aspect of primeval nature does not call to our minds the vision of Unseen Powers riding upon the midnight blast. To us the midnight blast represents an enormous quantity of horse-power going to waste; the primeval forest is a first class site for a saw mill, and the leaping cataract tempts us to erect a red-brick hydro-electric establishment on its banks and make it leap to some purpose.

The fact of the matter is that despite our appalling numerical growth and mechanical progress, despite the admirable physical appliances offered by our fountain pens, our pulpwood paper, and our linotype press, the progress of literature and the general diffusion of literary appreciation on this continent is not commensurate with the other aspects of our social growth. Our ordinary citizen in America is not a literary person. He has but little instinct towards letters, a very restricted estimation of literature as an art, and neither envy nor admiration for those who cultivate it. A book for him means a thing by which the strain on the head is relieved after the serious business of the day and belongs in the same general category as a burlesque show or a concertina solo: general information means a general knowledge of the results of the last election, and philosophical speculation is represented by speculation upon the future of the Democratic party. Education is synonymous with ability to understand the stock-exchange page of the morning paper, and culture means a silk hat and the habit of sleeping in pyjamas.

Not the least striking feature in the literary sterility of America is the fact that we are, at any rate as measured by any mechanical standard, a very highly educated people. If education can beget literature, it is here in America that the art of letters should most chiefly flourish. In no country in the world is more time, more thought, and more money spent upon education than in America. School books pour from our presses in tons. Manuals are prepared by the million, for use either with or without a teacher, manuals for the deaf, manuals for the dumb, manuals for the deficient, for the half-deficient, for the three-quarters deficient, manuals of hygiene for the feeble and manuals of temperance for the drunk. Instruction can be had orally, vocally, verbally, by correspondence or by mental treatment. Twelve million of our children are at school. The most skillful examiners apply to them every examination that human cruelty can invent or human fortitude can endure. In higher education alone fifteen hundred professors lecture unceasingly to a hundred thousand students. Surely so vast and complicated a machine might be expected to turn out scholars, poets, and men of letters such as the world has never seen before. Yet it is surprising that the same unliterary, anti-literary tendency that is seen throughout our whole social environment, manifests itself also in the peculiar and distorted form given in our higher education and in the singular barrenness of its results.

There can be no greater contrast than that offered by the system of education in Great Britain, broad and almost planless in its outline, yet admirable in its results and the carefully planned and organized higher education of America. The one, in some indefinable way fosters, promotes, and develops the true instinct of literature. It puts a premium upon genius. It singles out originality and mental power and accentuates natural inequality, caring less for the commonplace achievements of the many than for the transcendent merit of the few. The other system absurdly attempts to reduce the whole range of higher attainment to the measured

and organized grinding of a mill: it undertakes to classify ability and to measure intellectual progress with a yard measure, and to turn out in its graduates a "standardized" article similar to steel rails or structural beams, with interchangeable parts in their brains and all of them purchasable in the market at the standard price. The root of the matter and its essential bearing upon the question of literary development in general is that the two systems of education take their start from two entirely opposite points of view.

The older view of education, which is rapidly passing away in America, but which is still dominant in the great Universities of England, aimed at a wide and humane culture of the intellect. It regarded the various departments of learning as forming essentially a unity, some pursuit of each being necessary to the intelligent comprehension of the whole, and a reasonable grasp of the whole being necessary to the appreciation of each. It is true that the system followed in endeavouring to realize this ideal took as its basis the literature of Greece and Rome. But this was made rather the starting point for a general knowledge of the literature, the history and the philosophy of all ages than regarded as offering in itself the final goal of education.

Now our American system pursues a different path. It breaks up the field of knowledge into many departments, subdivides these into special branches and sections, and calls upon the scholar to devote himself to a microscopic activity in some part of a section of a branch of a department of the general field of learning. This specialized system of education that we pursue does not of course begin at once. Any system of training must naturally first devote itself to the acquiring of a rudimentary knowledge of such elementary things as reading, spelling, and the humbler aspects of mathematics. But the further the American student proceeds the more this tendency to specialization asserts itself. When he enters upon what are called post-graduate studies, he is expected to become altogether a specialist, devoting his whole mind to the study of the left foot of the garden

frog, or to the use of the ablative in Tacitus, or to the history of the first half hour of the Reformation. As he continues on his upward way, the air about him gets rarer and rarer, his path becomes more and more solitary until he reaches, and encamps upon, his own little pinnacle of refined knowledge staring at his feet and ignorant of the world about him, the past behind him, and the future before him. At the end of his labours he publishes a useless little pamphlet called his thesis which is new in the sense that nobody ever wrote it before, and erudite in the sense that nobody will ever read it. Meantime the American student's ignorance of all things except his own part of his own subject has grown colossal. The unused parts of his intellect have ossified. His interest in general literature, his power of original thought, indeed his wish to think at all, is far less than it was in the second year of his undergraduate course. More than all that, his interestingness to other people has completely departed. Even with his fellow scholars so-called he can find no common ground of intellectual intercourse. If three men sit down together and one is a philologist, the second a numismatist, and the third a subsection of a conchologist, what can they find to talk about?

I have had occasion in various capacities to see something of the working of this system of the higher learning. Some years ago I resided for a month or two with a group of men who were specialists of the type described, most of them in pursuit of their degree of Doctor of Philosophy, some of them,—easily distinguished by their air of complete vacuity—already in possession of it. The first night I dined with them, I addressed to the man opposite me some harmless question about a recent book that I thought of general interest. "I don't know anything about that," he answered, "I'm in sociology." There was nothing to do but to beg his pardon and to apologize for not having noticed it.

Another of these same men was studying classics on the same plan. He was engaged in composing a doctor's thesis on the genitive of value in Plautus. For eighteen months past he

had read nothing but Plautus. The manner of his reading was as follows: first he read Plautus all through and picked out all the verbs of estimating followed by the genitive, then he read it again and picked out the verbs of reckoning, then the verbs of wishing, praying, cursing, and so on. Of all these he made lists and grouped them into little things called Tables of Relative Frequency, which, when completed, were about as interesting, about as useful, and about as easy to compile as the list of wholesale prices of sugar at New Orleans. Yet this man's thesis was admittedly the best in his year, and it was considered by his instructors that had he not died immediately after graduation, he would have lived to publish some of the most daring speculations on the genitive of value in Plautus that the world has ever seen.

I do not here mean to imply that all our scholars of this type die, or even that they ought to die, immediately after graduation. Many of them remain alive for years, though their utility has of course largely departed after their thesis is complete. Still they do and can remain alive. If kept in a dry atmosphere and not exposed to the light, they may remain in an almost perfect state of preservation for years after finishing their doctor's thesis. I remember once seeing a specimen of this kind enter into a country post-office store, get his letters, and make a few purchases closely scrutinized by the rural occupants. When he had gone out the postmaster turned to a friend with the triumphant air of a man who has information in reserve and said, "Now wouldn't you think, to look at him, that man was a d—d fool?" "Certainly would," said the friend, slowly nodding his head. "Well he isn't," said the postmaster emphatically; "he's a Doctor of Philosophy." But the distinction was too subtle for most of the auditors.

In passing these strictures upon our American system of higher education, I do not wish to be misunderstood. One must of course admit a certain amount of specialization in study. It is quite reasonable that a young man with a particular aptitude or inclination towards modern languages,

or classical literature, or political economy, should devote himself particularly to that field. But what I protest against is the idea that each of these studies is apt with us to be regarded as wholly exclusive of the others, and that the moment a man becomes a student of German literature he should lose all interest in general history and philosophy, and be content to remain as ignorant of political economy or jurisprudence as a plumber. The price of liberty, John Stuart Mill has said, is eternal vigilance, and I think one may say that the price of real intellectual progress is eternal alertness, an increasing and growing interest in all great branches of human knowledge. Art is notoriously long and life is infamously short. We cannot know everything. But we can at least pursue the ideal of knowing the greatest things in all branches of knowledge, something at least of the great masters of literature, something of the best of the world's philosophy, and something of its political conduct and structure. It is but little that the student can ever know, but we can at least see that the little is wisely distributed.

And here perhaps it is necessary to make a further qualification to this antagonism of the principle of specialization. I quite admit its force and purpose as applied to such things as natural science and medicine. These are branches capable of isolation from the humanities in general, and in them progress is not dependent on the width of general culture. Here it is necessary that a certain portion of the learned world should isolate themselves from mankind, immure themselves in laboratories, testing, dissecting, weighing, probing, boiling, mixing, and cooking to their heart's content. It is necessary for the world's work that they should do so. In any case this is real research work done by real specialists *after* their education and not *as* their education. Of this work the so-called researches of the graduate student, who spends three years in writing a thesis on John Milton's god-mother, is a mere parody.

Nor is it to be thought that this post-graduate work upon the preparation of a thesis, this so-called original scholarship

is difficult. It is pretentious, plausible, esoteric, cryptographic, occult, if you will, but difficult it is not. It is of course laborious. It takes time. But the amount of intellect called for in the majority of these elaborate compilations is about the same, or rather less, than that involved in posting the day book in a village grocery. The larger part of it is on a level with the ordinary routine clerical duties performed by a young lady stenographer for ten dollars a week. One must also quite readily admit that just as there is false and real research, so too is there such a thing as a false and make-believe general education. Education, I allow, can be made so broad that it gets thin, so extensive that it must be shallow. The educated mind of this type becomes so wide that it appears quite flat. Such is the education of the drawing room conversationalist. Thus a man may acquire no little reputation as a classical scholar by constant and casual reference to Plato or Diodorus Siculus without in reality having studied anything more arduous than the Home Study Circle of his weekly paper. Yet even such a man, pitiable though he is, may perhaps be viewed with a more indulgent eye than the ossified specialist.

It is of course not to be denied that there is even in the field of the humanities a certain amount of investigation to be done—of research work, if one will,—of a highly specialized character. But this is work that can best be done not by way of an educational training,—for its effect is usually the reverse of educational, but as a special labour performed for its own sake as the life work of a trained scholar, not as the examination requirement of a prospective candidate. The pretentious claim made by so many of our Universities that the thesis presented for the doctor's degree must represent a distinct contribution to human knowledge will not stand examination. Distinct contributions to human knowledge are not so easily nor mechanically achieved. Nor should it be thought either that, even where an elaborate and painstaking piece of research has been carried on by a trained scholar, such an achieve-

ment should carry with it any recognition of a very high order. It is useful and meritorious no doubt, but the esteem in which it is held in the academic world in America indicates an entirely distorted point of view. Our American process of research has led to an absurd admiration of the mere collection of facts, extremely useful things in their way but in point of literary eminence standing in the same class as the Twelfth Census of the United States or the Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom. So it has come to pass that the bulk of our college-made books are little more than collections of material out of which in the hands of a properly gifted person a book might be made. In our book-making in America,—our serious book-making, I mean,—the whole art of presentation, the thing that ought to be the very essence of literature, is sadly neglected. "A fact," said Mr. Bryce the other day in addressing the assembled historians of America, "is an excellent thing and you must have facts to write about; but you should realize that even a fact before it is ready for presentation must be cut and polished like a diamond." "You need not be afraid to be flippant," said the same eminent authority, "but you ought to have a horror of being dull." Unfortunately our American college-bred authors cannot be flippant if they try: it is at best but the lumbering playfulness of the elephant, humping his heavy posteriors in the air and wiggling his little tail in the vain attempt to be a lamb.

The head and front of the indictment thus presented against American scholarship is seen in its results. It is not making scholars in the highest sense of the term. It is not encouraging a true culture. It is not aiding in the creation of a real literature. The whole bias of it is contrary to the development of the highest intellectual power: it sets a man of genius to a drudging task suitable to the capacities of third class clerk, substitutes the machine-made pedant for the man of letters, puts a premium on painstaking dullness and breaks down genius, inspiration, and originality in the grinding routine of the college tread-mill. Here and there,

as is only natural, conspicuous exceptions appear in the academic world of America. A New England professor has invested the dry subject of government with a charm that is only equalled by the masterly comprehensiveness of his treatment: a Massachusetts philosopher holds the ear of the educated world, and an American professor has proved that even so abstruse a subject as the history of political philosophy can be presented in a form at once powerful and fascinating. But even the existence of these brilliant exceptions to the general rule cannot invalidate the proposition that the effect of our American method upon the cycle of higher studies is depressing in the extreme. History is dwindling into fact lore and is becoming the science of the almanac; economics is being buried alive in statistics and is degenerating into the science of the census; literature is stifled by philology, and is little better than the science of the lexicographer.

Nor is it only in the higher ranges of education and book-making that the same abiding absence of general literary spirit is manifest in American life. For below, or at least parallel with the Universities we have the equally notable case of our American newspapers and journals. In nearly all of these the art of writing is relegated entirely to the background. Our American newspapers and journals are not written "upwards" (so to speak) as if seeking to attain the ideal of an elevated literary excellence, but "downward," so as to catch the ear and capture the money of the crowd. Here obtrudes himself the everlasting American man with the dinner pail, admirable as a political and industrial institution but despicable as the touch-stone of a national literature. Our newspapers must be written down to his level. Our poetry must be put in a form that he can understand. Our sonnets must be tuned to suit his ear. Our editorials must speak his own tongue. Otherwise he will not spend his magical one cent and our newspaper cannot circulate. Hence it is that our current journalistic literature is strictly a one-cent literature. This is the situation that has

evolved that weird being called the American Reporter, tireless in his activity, omnipresent, omniverous, and omnignorant. He is out looking for facts, but of the art of presenting them with either accuracy or attraction he is completely innocent. He has just enough knowledge of shorthand to be able to completely mistify himself; and in deciphering his notes of events, speeches, and occurrences, to fall back upon his general education would be like falling back upon a cucumber frame.

I cannot do better to illustrate the amount of literary power possessed by the American reporter than to take an actual illustration or at any rate one that is as good as actual. I will take a selection from President Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address and will present it first as Lincoln is known to have written it, and secondly as the Washington reporters of the day are certain to have reported it. Here is the original:—"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'the judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Here is the reproduction of the above at the hands of the American reporter, piecing out his meagre knowledge of stenography by the use of his still more meagre literary ability: "Mr. Lincoln then spoke at some length upon the general subject of prayer. He said that prayer was fond and foolish, but that war would scourge it out. War was a nightly scourge. It would pile up two hundred and fifty million dollars of unpaid bonds. He recommended the lash as the most appropriate penalty, and concluded by expressing his opinion that the judgements of the Lord were altogether ridiculous."

The ultimate psychology of this decided absence of literary power in our general intellectual development would be difficult to appreciate. It may be that the methods

adopted in our education are a consequence rather than a cause, and it may well be also that, even if our educative system is a contributory factor, other causes of great potency are operative at the same time. One of these no doubt is found in the distinct bias of our whole American life towards commercialism. The vastly greater number of us in America have always been under the shameful necessity of earning our own living. This has coloured all our thinking with the yellow tinge of the dollar. Social and intellectual values necessarily undergo a peculiar readjustment among a people to whom individually the "main chance" is necessarily everything. Thus it is that with us everything tends to find itself "upon a business basis." Organization and business methods are obtruded everywhere. Public enthusiasm is replaced by the manufactured hysteria of the convention. The old time college president, such as the one of Harvard who lifted up his voice in prayer in the twilight of a summer evening over the "rebels" that were to move on Bunker Hill that night, is replaced by the Modern Business President, alert and brutal in his methods, and himself living only on sufferance after the age of forty years. A good clergyman with us must be a hustler. The only missionary we care for is an advertiser, and even the undertaker must send us a Christmas calendar if he desires to retain our custom. Everything with us is "run" on business lines from a primary election to a prayer meeting. Thus business, and the business code, and business principles become everything. Smartness is the quality most desired, pecuniary success the goal to be achieved. Hence all less tangible and proveable forms of human merit, and less tangible aspirations of the human mind are rudely shouldered aside by business ability and commercial success. There follows the apotheosis of the business man. He is elevated to the post of national hero. His most stupid utterances are taken down by the American Reporter, through the prism of whose intellect they are refracted with a double brilliance and inscribed at large in the pages of the one-cent press. The man who organizes a soap-and-glyce com-

pany is called a nation builder; a person who can borrow enough money to launch a Distiller's Association is named an empire maker, and a man who remains in business until he is seventy-five without getting into the penitentiary is designated a Grand Old Man.

But it may well be that there is a reason for our literary inferiority lying deeper still than the commercial environment and the existence of an erroneous educational ideal, which are but things of the surface. It is possible that after all literature and progress-happiness-and-equality are antithetical terms. Certain it is that the world's greatest literature has arisen in the darkest hours of its history. More than one of the masterpieces of the past were written in a dungeon. It is perhaps conceivable that literature has arisen in the past mainly on the basis of the inequalities, the sufferings and the misery of the common lot that has led humanity to seek in the concepts of the imagination the happiness that seemed denied by the stern environment of reality. Thus perhaps American civilization with its public school and the dead level of its elementary instruction, with its simple code of republicanism and its ignorance of the glamour and mystery of monarchy, with its bread and work for all and its universal hope of the betterment of personal fortune, contains in itself an atmosphere in which the flower of literature cannot live. It is at least conceivable that this flower blossoms most beautifully in the dark places of the world, among that complex of tyranny and heroism, of inexplicable cruelty and sublime suffering that is called history. Perhaps this literary sterility of America is but the mark of the new era that is to come not to America alone, but to the whole of our western civilization; the era in which humanity, fed to satiety and housed and warmed to the point of somnolence, with its wars abolished and its cares removed, may find that it has lost from among it that supreme gift of literary inspiration which was the comforter of its darker ages.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

**T**HERE are persons in Canada, if one can believe what one reads, who are dissatisfied with their political status. They profess that their spirits are cribbed, cabined, and confined by their environment. They yearn for the day when they shall speak with the enemy in the gate without the voice of England's guns interrupting the controversy. It irks their souls that England should bear the burden of their defence; and rather than endure that indignity, they protest that their coasts shall go undefended, or that their inviolability shall be guaranteed in other fashion. They have not, however, made it clear to us what that beneficent power is, which shall guard our coasts, whether the President of the United States or the Mikado of Japan.

Men speak about "cutting the painter," who have no knowledge of the results which are involved in that measure of seamanship, who possibly have never been off the land, and certainly have never witnessed the catastrophe which overtakes a dory, to continue to employ their own figurative language, cast adrift and caught on a lee shore in the bight of an island. Or, to make use of another of their phrases derived from an operation of domestic medicine, they would "cut the cord," as if a slash of the knife were sufficient to ensure a thriving infancy, a healthy adolescence, a hardy manhood, and a serene old age. The only security they have to offer us is that occasionally a boat does continue to swim upon a summer sea and that a certain proportion of infants do survive. But ships do not always lie becalmed and many infants go down to an untimely grave.

We in Canada have lain so long ensconced up against the North Pole, defended upon the South by the good-will of the United States, defended upon the West by the neu-

trality of Japan, and upon the East by the fear which England has inspired in the hearts of all world-marauders, that our spirits have grown mighty. We rail and carp at the United States with impunity. We complain that they have stolen our territory. They prove before an impartial tribunal that the accusation is unjust, and then we protest that we are betrayed. We sack the houses of our allies and banish our fellow subjects from our coasts. Nothing happens, and we conclude that nothing could happen under any possible circumstances. That was the fallacy into which Russia fell until she was rudely corrected that January morning in Port Arthur nearly five years ago.

No one has informed us exactly what will happen after we are bidden to go in peace, how we shall govern ourselves, whether by president or by king; and, in the latter event, whether our king shall be a log or a stork. It will not do to leave so important a matter to chance; and before deciding to forsake the old physicians for the new "political scientists", we should enquire further. Political surmise is always silly, but happily in the present case we have more than surmise to go upon. We have immediately at hand for our guidance the experience of a community which adopted the suggestion which is commended to us. The thirteen colonies which afterwards constituted the United States "cut the painter." It is a matter of observation what course they have run, whither they are heading, and what perils they have endured.

In the first place nothing happened to England; and the main grievance which the people of the United States had against England was that she continued to exercise the privilege of existing without their consent or assistance. Their conduct for the first forty years was unfilial. It was not even that which is proper to the friend who has quarrelled with another. It is always difficult to forgive a person whom one has wronged. The remedy is to create imaginary offences, and this condition of mind prevailed down to our own times. To-day all intelligent persons in the United States, especially their historians, assume an apologetic

attitude towards those events in which their fathers vain-gloried. The performances upon each successive fourth of July become more perfunctory, and it would not be surprising if some day that monument upon Bunker Hill were to disappear quietly by way of delicate admission that it had been erected under a misapprehension.

These bloodless revolutions amongst us are no wiser than those old Fathers, and we may not expect any better guidance from them than the revolted colonists received. Cut off from the stream of European civilization and from the institutions which the genius of our race has created, and left to our own devices, we should certainly commit acts of equal folly. We might not destroy public property, since senseless destruction is no longer considered sufficient warrant of patriotism; but our public life would begin at the beginning. One who desires to know what that is would do well to read the dispatches of the Minister of France in Washington from the year 1777 onwards. For the first five years of the life of the new Republic he affirmed that, "there was no general Government, neither congress, not president, nor head of any one administrative department."

It is not so easy as one might think it would be to devise a new constitution by which a community can be governed. In the pretty phrase of Walter Bagehot, you cannot adopt a constitution any more than you can adopt a father. The Abbé Sièyes made that discovery in the agitation preceding the French Revolution. He had constitutions enough in his pigeon-holes, but none of them appeared to fit; and finally he was obliged to be content with the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, by which the First Consul was placed at the head of the government. Again, when the French people were asked if they would be governed by Louis Napoleon or by an assembly, they replied that they preferred a method which they could comprehend by reason of their feeling and not of their understanding. A constitution must grow out of the life of the people, as the British Constitution has grown,

if it would be sacrosanct in their hearts. A paper document no matter how cunningly devised is a feeble substitute.

It may well be that, if our political soothsayers were put to the question, they could offer us something more than prophecy and surmise. They might in the outset inform us where they propose that the final authority shall lie. That is not so simple a question as it appears. There are Jacobites in England to this day, and they retain a perfectly logical position. They profess allegiance to some descendant of James I. They pass over William III. who was elected by Parliament; Queen Anne whose father and brother were living at the time of her accession to the throne; Princess Sophia, because there were before her James II, his son, the descendants of a daughter of Charles I, and elder children of her own mother. But in human affairs the logical has small place; in time the Act of Settlement came to be regarded as an act of Providence, and the King who rules in virtue of an Act of Parliament is now commonly regarded as ruling by the "Grace of God." Any lawyer who tells us that Edward VII. is King in virtue alone of Anne, c. 7. will not be believed. It required the space of nearly a hundred years to convince the people of England that there was any reality in the action of their own Parliament. A king who can be made can be unmade as easily; and during the reigns of George I. and George II. the sentiment of loyalty did not exist. The Tories did not like the king and the Whigs did not like his office. George III. fared little better until the events of the French Revolution inspired in the minds of the people an absurd horror of democracy and a consequent apprehension of the sanctity of a King, which was quite as absurd and yet entirely useful. The people now had by common consent a repository of the sovereignty.

The people of the United States have not yet decided wherein the real sovereignty lies. Calhoun believed that it lay in the individual states. Madison also was of the opinion that the union was an operation of the states and not of the whole people. The Civil War was an argument to the con-

trary; but nothing is ever decided by force. For forty years we in Canada have been discussing our own document, but we have had a tribunal to which we might appeal. Right or wrong the questions which arose have been settled, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council with all its limitations is probably a saner tribunal than a camp of armed men.

It is useless for us to pretend that our political wisdom would be any more profound than that of our neighbours, or that the Provinces would be more patient than the States if an appeal lay to force and not to law. One of the Canadian Provinces at least has endured with patience for thirty years economic disabilities which the Confederation imposed upon it, only because the people have a blind faith that by some legal process a way will be found. If force were the only remedy they would long ago have had resort to it.

We have seen that the Constitution of the United States has always broken down when unusual strain was placed upon it. The argument about its meaning, which had been carried on for nearly a century, ceased to be academic upon April 12th 1861, when South Carolina asserted its sovereignty, and a decision was not reached until April 9th 1865. The events of the Civil War lay between these dates. Again in 1876, a time which is within the memory of men now living, the Constitution broke down once more, when it failed to provide for the election of a President. Four states sent in two different sets of votes, and there was no power to decide which should be counted. The device of an Electoral Commission was contrived, and the question was decided according to the political affiliations of the members who composed the Commission.

The fact of the matter is that the United States continue to exist because their Constitution is unworkable; or, what amounts to the same thing, because it works so slowly. A Cabinet has been evolved which is responsible to no one but the President; and he is not responsible to it. The Cabinet may offer advice, but he is not bound to act upon it, even if

it be given unanimously. He can involve the nation in war. Upon him depends the kind of justice which shall be dispensed in the Federal Courts. The judicial history of the country has often been affected by the judges whom he selects. The appointment of Marshall by President Adams, Taney by Jackson, and Chase by Lincoln will serve as illustrations of this far-reaching power. The administration of all public business is in his hands, and he has the direction of international affairs. He may recommend and can veto legislation, and in addition he is leader of his party. The people of the United States have got precisely the thing which they did not want.

The declaration of Independence was adopted July 4th 1776, against King George III., and not against a king in the abstract. Indeed officers of the army suggested that Washington be made king, and there was a rumour that the Convention of 1787 had decided to offer a crown to an English prince. Instead of a log they have got a stork, a ruler with more power for evil as well as for good than is possessed by any potentate in Europe not even excepting Abd-ul-Hamid, since the events of July. They demanded a legislature which should be quickly and directly amenable to public control. A sudden revulsion of feeling may completely alter the House of Representatives, but the feeling must endure for several years before it can affect the Senate; and finally any measure which is passed must receive the approval of the judiciary which is appointed for life. The framers of the Constitution did not trust the people. The cause of the unrest to-day is that the people do not trust their rulers, and yet they are powerless to change, save by some stroke of violence.

Here are two illustrations of the futility of political experiment made in advance of events, which may be commended to our own theorists. The framers of the Constitution devised an Electoral College for choosing the President, to be "composed of the most enlightened and respectable citizens"; and it was presumed that "their votes would be directed to those men only who have become the most dis-

tinguished by their abilities and virtue." These men were expected to exercise an independent judgement, but now for an elector to do so would be considered an act of the basest treachery. The system broke down as early as 1804, when Burr for President and Jefferson for Vice-President received an equal number of votes, showing that party alignment was complete even at that time. The election of Senators is not done by the Legislatures nor by men who have places therein, but by a "boss" who will give due consideration to the "Senator's" past political career and his contributions to the party funds, or by a small interested class to whose interests he undertakes to remain faithful.

Secretary Bonaparte, with an appearance of gravity at least, advised the legalization of the "boss," an individual authorized on behalf of one of the parties to choose all candidates of that party for elective offices within a designated territory, to do the work intelligently, deliberately, and carefully, which is now done thoughtlessly, hurriedly, and negligently. This is nothing more than doing openly what is now done in secret; and the mere proposal of this substitute for self-government, however "un-American" it may appear, does not in reality mean a surrender of the democratic idea, but is a recognition of the fact that democracy has never existed in the United States.

The trend of politics in the United States is away from democracy, because the people fail to see that they have never governed themselves, and they have sense enough to see that the kind of democracy which they have had for a hundred years is running riotously. They now propose to take municipal government out of the hands of the few citizens who do control it and give it over to "Commissioners," men who in the Greek cities were called tyrants. This is known as the "Galveston plan," and it is the only expedient which good citizens can discern, as a relief from a situation which has grown intolerable. This practice began in 1874 in Washington, and was revived in 1878. At present two commissioners and an army officer constitute the government, and the system

worked so much better than the usual form of local control that it was tried in Galveston in 1901. Four years later it was adopted in Houston, and in 1907 by El Paso, Denison, Dallas, Greenville, and Fort Worth. During the same year the principle was accepted by the legislatures of Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, and South Dakota; and last year Mississippi gave power to all towns and cities within the state to adopt the commission form of government. The real remedy is not less government by the people but more government by the people, such as is enjoyed only under British Institutions.

There are, of course, cynical persons who profess the belief that the precise function of a legislature is to do nothing, or rather to consume the time with talk until the necessity for doing something has passed away. They liken it to an oracle. By the time it is ready to give an answer the relevancy of the answer does not matter. This was the view which prevailed in Turkey when the Constitution of 1876 was created; and it was the intention of those who framed the Constitution of the United States a century earlier. The people did not get the thing which they desired, and it is only now that they are beginning to suspect that they have been striving to make the shadow do the work of the reality.

Political institutions when adopted by an arbitrary rule, as in the United States, have something to do with the life and conduct of the people who live under them. The social life is involved in them. In England the contrary practice prevails; the institutions have arisen out of the life of the nation and expand with it. It becomes us then to consider what the effect has been of government by preconceived notions, conceived, be it remembered, more than a century ago, when the sum of political wisdom was less than it is now. A constitution is like a creed. In both there is the assumption that the makers of them are infallible. To hold by them after belief in their falsity is established results in spiritual hypocrisy and political cynicism.

The first business of a civilized community is to make life and property secure. Here are two peoples, the same by nature and living side by side. We in Canada have adhered to the traditional method of creating our judiciary, and we have kept the springs of justice undefiled. The righteousness of our courts is in accordance with the best experience of the race from which we are both sprung, and life is safer in a Yukon dance hall than in Madison Square Garden. The people of the United States, on the other hand, with utter defiance of that experience which civilized nations in the process of time accumulate, have allowed to malefactors the direct privilege of naming the judges who shall adjudicate upon their offences with the result that—it is Mr. Taft whom I am quoting—"the administration of the criminal law in all the States in the Union is a disgrace to our civilization." The chief of police in New York, who should know something about the matter, declared that "if all the lawyers and judges were killed off we would then have some justice."

This reign of lawlessness is not, however, a matter of opinion; it is a spectacle for the world to witness,—a wealthy murderer seeking release under cover of the civil law, race riots in Lincoln's home, a whole state terrorized by organized bands of marauders, its governor urging all honest citizens to arm themselves in self-defence, its leading newspaper declaring that "civilization has become a myth, law a joke, and the rights of man a delusion." And here is the sentiment of a former United States Senator: "I led the mob which lynched Nelse Patton, and I'm proud of it. I directed every movement of the mob, and I did everything I could to see that he was lynched." The attempted assassination of the prosecuting attorney in San Francisco, the murder of Senator Carmack in Alabama, the murder of Mr. Gonzales by Lieutenant-Governor Tillman in South Carolina show how wide-spread is the influence of this spirit of lawlessness. It is worthy of note that the offence for which Gonzales and Carmack lost their lives was the liberty which they took of expressing their opinion in the newspapers of which they were editors.

Even in Maine, a district which has been settled for nearly 300 years, a meeting of citizens was held, presided over by the Mayor, to show their "sympathy" with a criminal who had been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The most sober newspaper in America was moved to remark that "a set of burglars passing resolutions in the interest of a pal could not be more indifferent to law and justice than these eminent citizens of a New England city." The private vengeance of the cave-man with his stone hatchet is rife in the largest city; the vendetta has grown in Kentucky to an organized defiance of all government.

In one respect at least our problem would be less involved. We have not impending over us the fearful Nemesis of the negro. Slavery and cruelty are twin sisters. The quality of cruelty is twice accursed; it curses him who inflicts it and him who is the victim of it. Under the influence of this spirit the treatment of the criminal is more abhorrent in one state at least than it is in Morocco or Kwang-tung. From the windows of a Pullman car one may see white men chained by the legs and working in the public streets. There were slaves in New Jersey in 1860; but no slavery was ever so cruel as the slavery which exists in Georgia to-day.

The administration of the civil law is no better. The rich litigant has his poorer opponent at his mercy. Both Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court and Mr. Taft have spoken as plainly about the law's delay as Mr. Taft has spoken about the break-down of criminal procedure. "A step backwards towards barbarism," are the words which Judge Brewer employs to describe the movement, instituted by an interested class, towards a restriction of the power of the Court of Equity. "Everywhere," said Mr. Justice Wright as late as December, 1908, "all over, within the court and out, utter, rampant, insolent defiance is heralded and proclaimed; unrefined insult, coarse affront, vulgar indignity, measure the litigant's conception of the tribunal wherein his cause still pends." For cases in which the civil rights of foreigners

are concerned there is as great a necessity for Consular Courts in New York as there is in Shanghai.

Here is the experience of a juror in his own words: "On Monday morning I presented myself in company with a panel of about sixty other jurors, at the Court's building, ready to be rejected or sworn, as the case may be. It developed, however, that counsel wanted an adjournment, and we were excused until Wednesday afternoon. On reassembling, another delay occurred. We were instructed to come a third time Friday morning. Shortly after we reached the court room to-day, the announcement was made that the case could not very well proceed until a previous calendar was cleared; therefore we were excused till next Tuesday morning." In the City of New York there are twenty million dollars of taxation in arrears, and it requires at the least two years litigation to compel a delinquent to pay. One of the most precious possessions of a civilised community is the experience of those who have wrought out that civilisation and embodied it in the "Common Law." The people of the United States wantonly cast that experience aside; and their judges, assigning meanings to words and construing texts, are reduced to the level of a Chinese mandarin or a Hebrew rabbi in the Maccabean age.

This fiction of the power and glory of the people is fundamental in their art and literature as well as in their politics; and from men who are qualified to offer advice and give criticism they receive only adulation and flattery. One example will serve. Mr. Howells in an interview in the *New York Times* permits himself to say: "No nation in the world appreciates more keenly the artist's sincere appeal to the beauty and truth of life than do the Americans;" and he appears to have said this absurd thing with relish. A community which lays the ax to its communal roots may continue to exist and even to increase in bulk. But it cannot possess any real vitality until the wound is healed or until it send down new roots into civilization again. The people

of such a community may protest that art, and manners, and all that makes for amenity of life is but the flower which grows upon a dung-hill. Yet the processes which go on at the roots of a plant are as mysterious and clean as those which yield the perfume of the flower. The earlier settlers in New England brought with them the tincture of Milton. Later it was enriched by the quality of Addison and Johnson, and the Hellenising influence of Rousseau. The grimest of the Puritan divines employed the language of Europe just as the mountaineers of Kentucky to this day express themselves in the phrases of Shakespeare's time. But the tincture faded out in Longfellow, and Lowell, and their companions; and since that time the people have been left to themselves, as we also should be if we followed their example.

The citizens of the United States have no social organization, because they have an incorrect theory of society. A man may be an excellent politician or president and yet have none of that agreeableness which makes for amenity in private life. Lincoln was not celebrated for his social graces; Cromwell had his merits but they were not especially those which endeared him to civilized men; Napoleon was too outspoken to be amusing; and Walpole was in private life coarse and barbarous. The world is governed by conventions which it creates. The idea and relation of God and the King is embedded in human society. Without it all falls into disorder, and its absence is revealed even in the conduct of the house physicians in [the hospital, of students in the university, and of waiters in the club.

The United States began with an act of lawlessness and their conduct ever since has been marked by that spirit. Now this spirit of lawlessness has seized upon the women. It would be too large a matter to demonstrate how it has broken up the family life and disorganized the social relation, how it has instigated rebellion against the marriage tie and defeated the intent of all created beings that they should be fruitful and multiply. One example of this disorderliness

will be sufficiently explanatory: "Some days ago it was announced that to-day would be 'tag-day' for the benefit of the hospital. Almost every young girl in town volunteered her services. An assistant corporation counsel of New York let it be known that he would give 100 dollars to the girl who succeeded in pinning a 'tag' on him. There were fully one hundred girls ready to 'tag' him this morning, when he came out of his house. Instantly there was a rush for him and he was soon 'tags' from head to foot, but not before he had nearly had his clothes torn off by the excited young women. Justice Keogh was hearing a case in the Supreme Court Chambers when an army of the young women rushed into the court; and business had to be suspended while every lawyer and even the judge himself was 'tagged.' Then they visited County Judge Platt."

And how shall we choose our Log or our Stork? In precisely the same way as he is chosen in the United States. This is the fashion in which it is done: "The picture within the walls of the vast amphitheatre as the presidential candidate was named was truly grand in its magnitude. In front, to the right and left, below and above, the billowing sea of humanity, restless after hours of waiting, and stirred from one emotion to another, was in a fever of expectancy for the culminating vote. Instantly the Ohio delegates were on their feet, other Taft states following, while the convention hosts, in gallery and on floor, broke into a mad demonstration. "Taft, Taft, W.—H.—T." came in a roar from the Ohio delegates. Megaphones seemed to spring from concealed places and swell the Taft tumult into thunder. A huge blue silk banner, bearing the familiar features of the Secretary, was swung before the delegates, awakening a fresh whirlwind of enthusiasm. All semblances of order had been abandoned and the delegates' arena was a maelstrom of gesticulating men; the guidons of the states were snatched up by the Taft enthusiasts or borne under by the storm of disorder. The band was inaudible, a mere whisper above the deafening volume of sound. For ten, fifteen, twenty

minutes, this uproar continued. It was a repetition of the scene of yesterday, when the name of Roosevelt threw the convention into frenzy, repeated in intensity and almost in duration; but there is a limit to the physical resources of throats and lungs. Relays had not been established, and at last the tired voices died down to a hoarse shout, and at last subsided. Amid this pandemonium and with the galleries in full control, Chairman Lodge decided upon heroic action again to make the Convention master of itself. It was late in the afternoon before the Convention, now literally sweltering from the extreme heat, and weary after nearly seven hours of continuous session, reached the end of the flood of eloquence and the decks were at last clear for the decisive act—the balloting. But no, just as the last swell of oratory, the seconding speech for La Follette, had died away, like a cyclone from a clear sky, burst a La Follette demonstration which swept the Convention from its very bearings. The secretary was powerless to make his call of the states above the deafening clamor. Seizing a magaphone he shouted the roll of states, Alabama, Arkansas, but his voice was swallowed up in the mad uproar.”

The intent of this assemblage of illustrations is to show that a people in much the same situation as ourselves, though more numerous, wiser, and richer, has not after a century and a half of experiment evolved a political condition which is satisfactory to a sane man. There is no evidence that we should do any better. A nation must grow from the roots, and in this process of growth a thousand years are as one day. A nation crawls on its belly, slow as a glacier. The optimists who demand only ten years for the fulfilment of political prophecy and the pessimists who require as many as twenty years are both wrong. The whole matter is summed up in the philosophy of Mr. Dooley; “I have seen great changes in three years, but very few in fifty.”

With a president installed for four years, an executive chosen arbitrarily, a senate, elected, no one knows how though all suspect how, and safely ensconced for a term of

years, with a popular assemblage reduced to the level of a debating society which is powerless to do anything but talk, the people are helpless until their moment of despotism comes around again. That is why there is no public opinion in the United States and no political discussion in their newspapers, —for the same reason that there was none in Turkey previous to the month of July. Argument does no good unless the conclusion can be enforced. In England and Turkey a government can be turned out at any moment. In the United States the people are powerless, and have lost interest in public affairs. It is a government of chance. The accession of Johnson, Arthur, and Roosevelt to the presidency will serve as examples.

There is less government of the people by the people in the United States than in any community of white men with whose history I am acquainted. In their going out and coming in, in their rising up and lying down, in all the operations [of their daily life there is nothing which affects them so intimately as their tariff; and yet the representative from Nebraska, Mr. Hitchcock, from his place on the floor of the House, declared March 4th 1908, that in the tariff the paper trust wrote the paper schedule, the lumber trust wrote the lumber schedule, the steel trust wrote the steel schedule, and the other trusts wrote the schedules affecting their interests. Upon this matter it is well to be a little more specific. The Dingley tariff was considered in a special session of Congress which was called to meet on March 18th 1897. It was passed by the House after only three days of general debate under the five-minute rule. Only one-fifth of the bill was actually read in the House, and there was practically no opportunity for amendment by the members. At the end of the fourth day General Wheeler, of Alabama, declared: "Only fifteen pages of this bill have been considered. There are 148 pages of the bill which have not been read." Mr. Dingley retorted that consideration could not be had in six months at the rate the House was proceeding. On the last day

of the debate the Committee of the Whole finally arose to report and passed the bill after having read as far as paragraph 109 relating to lenses. This paragraph appears on page fifteen of the present tariff law, sixty-one pages of which were never read in the House of Representatives. Among the schedules not considered in any form were those of iron and steel; wood and manufactures of; agricultural products and provisions; spirits; cotton; sugar; vegetable fibres used in manufacture; wool; silks; pulp and paper; sundries; the free list; and the reciprocity paragraph. There was a roll-call on only one amendment, the others being adopted in gross. The bill was passed on schedule time, March 31st 1897.

The world will scarce contain the books which have been written by themselves about the corruption of their municipal life, and it is not the present intention to add to the burden. Yet one cannot refrain from the reflection that the people which endures so complacently this public wickedness contains as large a proportion of good men as any other nation, amiable, amusing, sweet-tempered, religious, kindly men whom one is fond and proud to be friendly with. It is their institutions which are at fault because they are alien to the race and prevent the people from managing their own affairs.

We, in Canada, pretend that we are living under British Institutions. In reality we are not. We are living under the government of an interested class who find a party in power and keep it there until it becomes too corrupt to be kept any longer; when it seizes upon the other party and proceeds to corrupt it. But there is this in our favour. We have the weapon in our hands. We can turn, and overturn, and keep the mass moving so that corruption shall not breed. A survey of our own public life does not convince us that we should do any better than our neighbours, if we were left to ourselves and to the institutions which we might devise. As it is, our public life is purifying itself automatically; the people have all power and they are beginning to be sensible of the fact. Political salvation is free to us and we have only to seize it. In the elections which are just concluded men

have broken away as never before from the weight of the dead hand of party control, and have invoked the free spirit which has brought us thus far.

The people of the United States constitute the larger portion of the English-speaking race, and it is to the interest of the whole that it should be well with them. The increasing difficulty of their problems has made them more sensible of the difficulties in which other nations are involved, more reasonable in argument, more sympathetic in conduct, more tolerant of criticism, and more grateful for suggestions and advice. In short their failure, which has for a long time been manifest to the world, is now manifest to themselves, and it is their best citizens who declare it most openly, who deplore it most sincerely, and cry aloud for amendment. This humility of spirit has effectually estopped the world's derision of their "experiment in freedom," and its place is taken by commiseration and fellow-feeling.

As a nation progresses from the manners and morals of a mining camp its difficulties become increasingly great. Indeed the troubles of the United States are only beginning, and the solution will not be any the easier by reason of their lack of an unconscious patriotism, the absence of any concrete object which inspires the sentiment of loyalty, and of any considerable class which elicits respect. They have also to contend with the utter divorce of government from piety, the brutality of wealth, and the success of business cunning, from which we are, for the present at least, comparatively free. They have suffered, and we should suffer too, from the fact that these countries are a fertile field for the development of the worst features of the various races which come to exploit it. Diseases are held in check somehow in communities which are accustomed to them; but when they find a new soil they burst forth in fresh fury. That innocent malady of children, the measles, will decimate a race upon which it is suddenly engrafted. Similarly the enterprise of the Scotch, the facility of the Hebrew, the doggedness of the German, the obstinacy of the English, the alertness of the Italian, which

in their native environment are moderated and confined by mutual pressure, when transported to these virgin fields, lose the character of virtues and become a menace to the life of the community as a whole.

Instead of seeking out new devices of government, we should rather employ those which we have. These Institutions have carried us along the stream of history for twenty centuries and have grown stronger and more suitable for our needs with each emergency which has arisen. They are part of our life and grow with it. They are ourselves, and we who live by them are the Empire.

In British Institutions there is no finality. Growth and change are their portion. They are growing and changing to-day as never before. Our only hope is in the genius of the race, in that political skill which has enabled it to deal with new problems as they arise. This freedom of mind is in itself a policy, a way of viewing and dealing with public affairs, a mind for progress and improvement, with a mind to conserve a situation so long as it is workable. Reformers who wish to reform or change for the sake alone of reform and change are merely innovators. It is a distinct policy in public affairs to leave alone those things which do not require to be changed, to change for the better when occasion offers, to hold fast to that which is good until something better can be perceived. The intent of this waiting is to secure the largest possible autonomy for the various parts of the British union, to serve and perpetuate this union, not as a fetich but as an association for securing all the autonomous parts in freedom, defence, pride, and affection.

The fallacy which lies at the beginning of all constitution making is that government is nothing more than an affair of business; and that dignity, loyalty, homage, and affection have no part. Accordingly the law of business is applied, whose ethic is the love of money and its method the method of the jungle. Public service then becomes a slavish or a mercenary service, and love of country has no place.

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

## A WORD TO PARLIAMENT

ON the twentieth of January Parliament opened. We cannot flatter ourselves that the occasion was momentous. We have no reason to believe that it had any special significance to those who are now within the walls of the House. But at least it offers an opportunity to us who are outside. Some months, indeed, have gone by since at last, when the candidates had harangued us to their hearts' content, the merciful guillotine of the ballot brought us silence. A more futile series of political addresses never affronted this country; but, as it was then our turn to listen, we listened. Now, at length, it is our turn to talk; and it shall go hard if we cannot better the instruction.

Whatever we shall say will be said to the House as a whole. Recent history and the last elections took away any possible doubt on that score. What has long been suspected has now become certain: that there is no more any difference between the two so-called parties in the House. They are alike in the scandals in which members of them participate. They are alike in the maxims by which they are content to be guided. They are alike in their substitution of maxims for principles, of tactics for wisdom, of opportunism for politics. They are alike in their utter contempt of arguments that are founded not upon expediency but upon right. They are alike, therefore, through and through, in their political barrenness; and in their need of a complete new-birth, if they are not to become an absolute danger to the country.

Of scandals, however, we refuse to speak. We refuse to be drawn aside to the discussion of effects from the discussion of those principles the ignorance of which is the cause of these effects. We would say to our representatives at Ottawa that, if they would look after politics, scandals would look after themselves. All that we shall admit upon

this subject is that the Conservative concentration upon scandal at the last election was not more disheartening than the Liberal concentration upon statistics,—upon our millions of bushels, our millions of miles, our millions of extravagance, our animal success, and all that interminable boasting upon nature and history, the inevitable and the irretrievable, with which our votes were sought.

For the scandals of Liberals in no way differ from the scandals of Conservatives; and even were both sides equally pure, still would our politicians have done nothing of their business. To be honourable is no great achievement. To refrain from theft and debauchery is hardly to have guided a commonwealth. Even a fool can keep his hands out of the public pocket, and control himself to decency and sobriety. We ask for more from statesmen. A good man is little better than a bad man so long as both are tainted with that greatest scandal of all, the utter contempt of political principles and creeds which so flagrantly marks our public life.

The scandals of Liberals are the same as the scandals of Conservatives for the reason that the political practice of Liberals is the same as the political practice of Conservatives. For twelve years the Government, whatever were the intentions of its members and supporters before it came into power, has been practising the precepts of its adversaries. If a Conservative Government had been returned at the last elections, any difference that might have ensued in this country's management would have been of degree alone. Indeed the history of a change of government among us is much like that of the Phoenix. The Phoenix sits and sings, and feathers its nest. After a thousand years there suddenly comes, for some unaccountable reason, a fire, and the Phoenix is burned. Yet straightway behold the same bird arising once more from the ashes, to sit and sing and feather its nest as of old!

We do not need to refer to the cause of Free Trade. Everybody knows what a point was made of it before the

year 1896. Every farmer, every merchant, every purchaser knows that the Protectionists have had the present administration as safely as they had the last. As a result of twelve years of its power, any one who advances the topic of taxation for revenue only, as a living issue, is looked upon as a political lunatic, whose views are not worth discussing. In the same manner, with regard to subsidies, anti-dumping regulations, surtaxes, alien labour laws, and the rest of the usual samples of state interferences in matters of economics, the Government has probably gone as far, directly or by acquiescence as ever the Opposition would propose. Immigration is coming under the same rule; and wherever there is a possibility of competition with native labour, the maxim of "first come first served" under the various pleas of vested rights, louder citizenship, or some odd notions of the significance of skin colour, is being taken to heart. Without detailing the whole repertoire of politics, it may fairly be said that the only subject upon which the Government has been outspokenly Liberal was that of our Imperial relations, and of the proper range to be accorded to colonial conferences. In every other department it has posed as a miniature Providence, a God out of the machine, a paternal and conservative regulator, whose acts on our behalf, far beyond the needs of civil liberty, and instigated on the whole, let it be remembered, by the most clamorous and selfish among us, must be infinitely wiser than anything that we can do for ourselves as free and independent men.

And this collapse of Liberalism into the general murk and chaos of the House tells of another likeness, yet more profound, between the various elements therein. By no man among them all on either side has it been recognised that politics and political economy are moral questions, and the highest sort of moral questions. From listening to the debates in the House one would suppose that as soon as men act together as a nation they are to be guided by the code of the jungle. Professedly at least our private lives

are subject to the obligations of Christianity. But that public sum of us which we call the State is permitted every shade and gradation of purpose from the sternest bent of retaliation to the most flagrant dictates of selfishness or of caprice. When in Parliament anything is to be done or to be left undone, the last argument that our members dare to glance at, if ever they do glance at it, is the one solid, sensible argument of right and wrong. Far more influential, if we may judge by their use, are those practical and never-failing reasons which in their last analysis are so admirably summed up in the teachings of Macchiavelli, that what is worst for our neighbours must be best for ourselves.

Doubtless much of this abstention from a loftier style of debate is due to a healthy dread of priggishness; as well as to the debater's perception that he does not monopolise the whole knowledge of ethics. But the fitness of this latter attitude is somewhat marred by the violent dogmatism of our parliamentarians upon all other topics than the moral one. A more likely cause is their general dread of affording amusement to their neighbours. A distinguished critic of this continent once remarked that it was cursed by an extreme good-nature. It may be permitted to doubt whether also the sense of humour has not in some respects been over-developed, and allowed too great a license in paths not rightly its own. The plain man will tolerate anything rather than assert himself in public; and will face all inconveniences but those of possible ridicule. Excellent as is this diffidence in moderation, the excess of it is doing every day most palpable harm. It has kept us patient in our cities under every sort of uncleanness and abuse; and for the present sorry condition of our national politics it is perhaps to be blamed as much as any other of the weaknesses of men.

But whatever the causes may be, the results are plain enough. In the custody of Parliament our patriotism is becoming more pronounced every day, not as a love of that small circle that we consider to be our common weal, but

as an enmity towards everybody outside its magic range. Led by our high priests we have no dealings with the Samaritans, save upon strict terms well understood. They may not worship in our temple of liberty. To be foreign is the unforgivable sin. Our national politics are all of them intended to forestall, to forbid, to outwit, to outtax, to repulse, to persecute everyone whose birth-place was not in our peculiar portion of the rind of this earth. For the furtherance of these purposes no wastefulness, no interference with our personal freedom to contract, to buy, to enrich ourselves, no violation of moral propriety or of international good-feeling, are boggled at by our representatives so long as we pay the bills, and pay them for concocting the bills.

Is there no Hampden in all our House of Commons? Has the achievement of our boasted democracy been to exchange one spend-thrift, impeachable tyrant for three hundred paid and licensed prodigals of our freedom? For let us make no doubt about it, it is our freedom that is directly concerned. When senseless expenditures and unjustifiable tariffs are saddled upon us, when international friction is created, when the principle of universal neighbourliness is in any way infringed, it is the personal freedom of everyone of us that is hurt. Was it for this that we elected the House? Or was it in order that private citizens, living decent lives, might have guarantors of their liberty to go about their daily round in peace, minding their own business, building up their own homes, mingling fearlessly with their neighbours to create and to bless each other with that abundance of spiritual and material things the universal exchange of which it is the amazing policy of our Parliament to prevent? In fine, do Governments exist to create taxes and armies; or do they exist to maintain peace, freedom and right?

For freedom is always consistent. The stout assertion of personal independence, its hatred of needless government interference, is the same force as that which prohibits

extravagance, which restricts armaments, which respects the humanity of foreigners no less than that of compatriots. Freedom is always moral, and the morality of freedom is always and alone expedient. To keep government at a minimum is not only right; it is profitable to the private purse. It is not only profitable to the private purse; it is advisable for the public honour. It is not only a prevention of scandals; it is a promotion of peace. It not only lessens the risk of war it reduces the necessity for military insurance. It not only promotes universal intercourse and harmony; it is the sole means to individual stability, happiness, righteousness, and power. Such is the perfect circumfluence of liberty, refreshing itself in every motion, and hindering itself in none.

Let us examine these points more at large. Let us consider firstly our international relations, leaving aside for the moment the economic effect of our policies upon our own conditions. As the intercourse of the world extends, the merest self-interest is beginning to tell us that not nations, any more than persons, can live unto themselves. They must live in the great world as part of it. How can they do so, if they surround themselves with arbitrary rings of separation in matters not related to internal peace? The State cannot go beyond its bare duty to maintain freedom and intercourse within its own border without damaging freedom and intercourse between its jurisdiction and every other. Our various schemes for protecting either capital or labour within a given area are acknowledged to involve hostility to all outside that area. When any class legislation of the kind is now-a-days attempted, the plea is always put forward in its favour that it will strengthen a particular group at the expense of another group; will give to the labourers of one community a better opportunity to out-do those of another; will, by arming them with a stouter weapon, enable the producers of one country to overcome their rivals in another. The truth of the plea we do not for a moment admit; but we are here

concerned simply to say that all this is the language and intention of war, and the very negation of freedom. It is the same spirit that has degraded the narrower activities of trade with the ideals of the battlefield rather than with those of service. It is the same spirit that everywhere to-day is putting its faith in superior power and not in superior good-will. It is the spirit that restricts the range of human brotherhood to what fools can perceive of common interest; the spirit that, encouraged by the arbitrary limits of a state, the blind geography of government, is ready to hate any man for the accident of his having been born in another province, on the opposite side of a channel, on the farther shore of an ocean. Our right to act in this spirit justifies a similar right on the part of everybody else. But the trouble with this sort of rights is that, however widespread they may be, in practice they can be exercised by only half the world, and that at the expense of the other half. Sooner or later they must appeal to war,—trade war, social war, tariff war, and abide by the results. Lucky indeed are we if we stop at these, and do not proceed to those wars of flesh and blood between nations and races which are the periodic collapses of civilization.

The Canadian people has had its attention turned to some aspects of this theme not longer ago than during the last twelve months. Certain subjects of our ally in Asia, seeing the little room in their own country and the vast room in ours, which no divine fiat had devoted exclusively to Anglo-Saxon use, followed the instinct of our ancestors, and went into the province of British Columbia to earn their food and drink. Had their food been bread, all might have been well: since it was rice, riots ensued. Had their drink been copious whiskey, they would never have been accused of lowering our standards of living. All sorts of mysterious crimes were attributed to them by every white-skinned reprobate on the coast. Their real crime was that their labour was desired by sensible employers, and was obnoxious to other men's laziness. It was said that they

worked at a lower wage. As a matter of fact upon the whole their wages were as high as those of white men, and in some cases even higher than theirs. They were set upon in the streets, and stoned by the drunken exemplars of a superior breed. An agitation was got up and brought before the Executive on the score that they competed too successfully with the labour of men whose race had a longer standing in the country. If the native Indians of British Columbia are possessed of any sardonic sense, they must have appreciated this argument.

The Dominion Government took up the matter and, as everyone knows, considered whether it would be necessary to denounce our part in Britain's treaty of free intercourse with Japan. This, after the despatch of a tactful emissary, and some official discussion at Tokio, was found to be needless, as the happy statesmanship of Japan took upon itself for national reasons to restrict its subjects, and thus to relieve us of the problem. But the standpoint of our representatives upon the matter, as shewn in the parliamentary speeches that followed the negotiations, is not the less significant in that it did not declare itself by some positive act. It deserves the closest study on the part of all who would see the drift of our legislature's opinion upon the international aspect of economic questions. The whole debate will be found in the columns of Hansard for the last ten days of January, of which the speeches of Mr. Lemieux for the Government and of Mr. Foster for the Opposition are typical. Rarely has the House listened to more masterly addresses; but rarely, it must be said, have far-reaching considerations fallen to a lamer conclusion. The former, who could not help looking at the situation in the light of the past actions of western races, and of our boasted Christianity; the latter, who was equally constrained to emphasize its bearing of expediency in the face of one of the greatest military powers of the world, and of all the immense possibilities of the expression of Asiatic resentment in the future: nevertheless arrived both at the same

result, that the final influence in determining the policies of this country will be given not to equity or to prudence, but to the selfish demands of ignorant and wanton cliques.

Listen for example to this from the speech of Mr. Foster:

“ Right across our waters are our neighbours, and the fluent passage between the two is a bond that unites rather than a chasm which separates them. And so there is looming up in the awakening races on the other side of the Pacific, our next-door neighbour, our front-door neighbour—there is looming up in these awakening millions a promise of a contest on competitive economic lines first and foremost, which some time or other may be very apt to emerge and expand into a clash on other than economic grounds—or grounds of nationality and the balance of power. . . .

“ By and by I believe that the contest and the clash, if it does not get beyond economic questions, will largely by the flux and change, equalize the conditions of the east and the west, and therefore do away with the great cause of the trouble. The Japanese are not going to be satisfied long with a few small coins per day for their labour; they are not going to be satisfied very long with a low scale of living, the ideals and ideas will expand, and a few decades of this pervading, enterprising civilization and adaptation of their wonderful resources, will change the base of their competition with other countries, and will put them more on an equality. But that is a good while in the future may be—not so long as some of us may think, but yet a good while; and during the time that equalization is being made there will be strenuous times. There is more than that in it, and therein lies another grave question not only for Canadians but for the American people as well and may be also the British people. Australia and New Zealand lie exposed; the shores of Canada lie exposed. When the four hundred million of people wake to life, their own country will not contain them; their populizing, emigrating hordes will spread out somewhere, and whither will they spread? Will they crawl over those immense table lands which divide them from Europe, and attempt the conquest of European countries, or will they glide easily across the waters on which float navies which will compete with the greatest navies of the world thirty or forty years from now, and colonize on the easily-accessible shores of America, of Australia, of New Zealand?”

How did Mr. Foster propose to prevent the contest which he foresaw, with its probable victory on the side of the biggest battalions? By making friends with our enemies in the way? By compromising with the inevitable upon

the best terms? Not at all. He proposed that six millions of people, because of the ignorance and folly of a few thousand, should endeavour to stuff down the throat of the sixty-millioned monster of his tale the very treaty whose insulting and impossible terms would bring its wrath upon us.

Or take this from the speech of Mr. Lemieux:

“ Being a proud and sensitive people, the Japanese cannot admit that such racial prejudices will last for ever. Japan, they say, owes her recognition by the nations of the world to her successful wars and the proof of military and naval power which she has displayed. But, above all, they claim that her new form of government, her educational progress, should be an object lesson to dispassionate and fair-minded observers; that her standards of civilization are on a par with those of western nations. Japan can not, will not and must not be expected to give away the rights which belong to her subjects as units of a nation claiming and deserving to receive at the hands of western countries the consideration that marks their intercourse with one another. . . . .

“ They use another argument which seems to me to be very eloquent indeed. They say that in 1853, when Commodore Perry came to Japan, he invited Japan to open her gates to foreigners, and that she would gain admittance to the comity of civilized nations only on condition that she would have free intercourse with all their people. They say, ‘ We had many revolutions; we had bloodshed in the streets of Tokio, Kioto, Kobe, and Nagasaki. Many refused to admit foreigners, but the central authority, listening to the advice of the western nations, opened the gates of Japan. To-day the very people who gave us that timely advice fifty years ago, are refusing to open their own gates to our people.’ They say, further: ‘ Japan is a favoured country; we have the broadest form of toleration; our constitution allows any minister of a Christian Church to come to Japan and enlist the Japanese people in its ranks. We listen to ministers of the Gospel. We know from what we hear that Christianity is a religion of love and charity. Is it love, is it charity, which is being taught in America against the Japanese? They say all these things, Mr. Speaker, and when one listens to such arguments, one is silent.”

But these arguments have in no way prevented our government from representing not only to Japan, but to our own fellow-subjects in India, that the strongest force in this country is just that uncharitable, unlovely, and unchristian spirit.

It is not enough that this ignoble spirit should be ready to declare itself. Soon it will be asking us to arm against the resentment caused by its expression; and then to turn those arms to the furtherance of its greater activities. All the states of Europe are now paying for the forces and arsenals which have been created by the indulgence of this lust on the part of each community to coddle itself at the expense of its neighbours. Protection of one sort necessitates protection of another. We put a wall around our trade and our labour, and must guard that wall by an army. To pay for that army we must further meddle with our trade; and arrive at the costly truth that to seek a victory over our neighbours is actually to injure ourselves.

Quite fittingly Canada has lately been receiving advice upon militarism by a soldier who would turn all his fellow subjects into army corps. But there are more ways than one of attaining the security that Lord Roberts desires. The maxim, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, is surely played out. More mischievous nonsense was never invented. In private life we do not attain good-fellowship by flourishing pistols; nor in the greater world has ever the armament of any nation disposed its neighbours to peace. Rather it has instigated them to greater efforts in the same direction, and is always used as an argument for further expenditure on their part. This may be called peace, but it scarcely quiets the nerves.

A better counsel must be sought; and it is not hard for our statesman to find it. If you wish for peace, be peaceful. Apply the same doctrines in national affairs as in private. Make as little difference as possible between the members of this state and those of any other. Refuse to see any limits to neighbourhood short of the poles. Never dare to speak, as it takes our imperial poet of humility to speak, of "lesser breeds without the law." Only by obeying these principles shall we be entitled to like treatment from other nations, and to ease from the burdens and anxieties of militarism. And we may be sure that the

money, time and labour that we shall thus save from utterly unproductive work, and the immensely greater extension of intercourse and mutual needs among men that we shall thus further, will go very far to prevent those conditions in our midst which are the sole and yet the inadmissible excuse for unneighbourly policies.

And just as, by obeying these true principles, we diminish the State's need for revenue at the same time as we curtail its activity; so when we turn to the citizen we find his welfare and his freedom from undue control to be identical. It is from this point of view that, whereas the politics of the past presented liberty before us as a right, the politics of the future must consider it as a duty. The overlooking of this truth by some unfortunate and narrow exponents of political economy in a former generation, has discredited its teachings in the estimation of generous but hasty minds. To a healthy revulsion from the seeming heartlessness of the theories of political liberalism as some men have portrayed them, is due most of the contemptuous references to-day to what is called "the doctrine of laissez faire." It might almost be supposed, however, from the way in which some critics express themselves, that the real meaning of the injunction was that nothing should by anybody be done, as though, when the state retired, all men slept. And it is this travesty of the doctrine of freedom that has to be contradicted at the outset, if the defence of it is at all to be refreshed.

For a more positive and active gospel it would be impossible to conceive than Liberalism in its true meaning. Instead of resigning all the activities of men to the cold and bloodless routine of the state, it is the aim of Liberalism to the utmost practicable extent to encourage the growth of persons and characters fit to work out their universal salvation in freedom. Nothing can be more certain than that if every man on this earth lived a decent, clear-headed life, loved his neighbour as himself, and did the best by those about him, the social problems of the world would be re-

solved as far as human beings can resolve them. Nothing can be more certain than that such things are impossible so long as we put our whole trust and strength in that cloudy abstraction, the State. Liberty and the fruits of liberty can be begot by liberty alone. And here is the great contrast between the ideal of freedom and that of socialism: that while the latter in striving for equality can only kill liberty, the former, by restricting our common contribution of power to the guarantee of liberty, leaves men free to achieve an equal condition by that time at which alone it will be of value, namely, when character and free-will can of their own harmony maintain the balance.

To reach that consummation the human mind must become every day more conscious, more personal, more individual. In the morning of the race, man was an abstract element upon which particular men were but the most casual, inexpressive, and transitory waves. Of common force, and common movement, urged on by mysterious powers, far beyond the understanding of single men, there was an immensity: but of true union and true life, almost nothing. Civilization is the history of the bringing of those powers into a more human and real possession: and Liberalism is the consciousness of this destiny and the desire to do what human wills can do to hasten its fulfilment. Everything that increases the completeness of the individual is a gain in this direction; and the greater that increase, the greater becomes the real unity between men. As the single character becomes larger, it inevitably develops more points of contact with its neighbours, needs more from them, gives more to them, and comes to see that, if there is to be any assurance of harmony, the gettings of each man will be determined by the measure of his gifts. Instead of a chafing community, righteous by commandment, we can look forward to a time when each, by doing as he would be done by, and acting as all men simultaneously might act, helps to make up a world in which the state will have dwindled into nothing, having no further use. If such things are to

to be, it is necessary that in these days we do our part in curbing the enervating interference of a government from without, and in strengthening to the highest degree that our generation will allow, the characters and capacities of individual men.

But perhaps we shall be told that while we are thus exaltedly preparing for the millenium we are shamefully neglecting the miseries of our own days with which, it is declared, no power but the State can cope. The accusation has overcome the principles of many lovers of freedom in the past, and will do so for yet others in the future, many and many times. It must be a stern heart indeed that would not often long to yield its loyalty to the faith, and to do anything that might even for a moment give respite to the terrible struggles for existence going on about us on every hand. But a peace of this sort is the very vainest of delusions. Being given by the State, and not being the outcome of character and development, it can have no stability of itself, but must be everlastingly supported from without. Again and again the framework will have to be built up and superimposed; and all the while, as far as the essential improvement of humanity is concerned, we shall have done nothing, or worse than nothing; for we shall have taken away even the little strength that we had already achieved. The dread of a relapse will haunt us perpetually; and those who will find any real happiness in such a precarious comfort, will not be worth the sacrifice. Life is not the only object that we are here to win. It is not by these means that we can make better men. The private duty of him who has to him who has not, of him whose powers have been appreciated, is to appreciate the work of his neighbours in fairness, and to do the best that he can to further and evoke their capacities,—to call forth this is the only sure means to progress. It is infinitely harder than to hand the whole matter over to officialdom; and it will take far longer in setting to work. By such a policy the incompetent, the lazy, the hard-hearted, the brutal, the vile, will yet have their stay

in the earth for many ages to come. But until we learn the lesson that the worst of us are as bad as we are, and as miserable, because the best of us are so little better, any apparent amelioration that we may achieve by state action will be the most specious fraud, not for a moment to be laboured for by any intelligent men.

Therefore we say, that whether you look at the question nationally or internationally, the business of the State should be confined to the universal matters of freedom from violence and injustice, freedom of intercourse, freedom of life. The debates and controversies of publicists should be solely as to the degree of freedom which each age can reasonably digest. Parliament should ever have to show cause for every interference with freedom that goes beyond the barest necessity. In particular at this very hour our politicians are on the defensive to justify our land-wide taxation of the many for the enrichment of the few, and the continual and uncalled-for annoyances inseparable therefrom. Life is hard enough to live, in all conscience, without these incessant embarrassments and tyrannies. We elected the members of this House of Commons to be our servants and champions, not our masters and pillagers. We pay them near a million a year to look to this business of freedom. Let them look to it. Let them keep down the taxes and the tariffs. Let them keep down the accounts.

They would find, if they did these duties, that scandals would diminish to a surprising degree. Scandals are the refuse of too great a banquet of government. England knew that to her cost before the days of reform and of Free Trade. She will know it again, if she goes back to Protection. Put too much into the pocket of government and you may expect some holes in the lining. Restrict the rôle of the State and you take away the main cause and opportunity of scandal. The temptation will have gone. The men whose private characters are of the calibre that leads them to temptation will stay at home. We shall instead be able, in the words of the greatest of the enemies of scandal, "To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life

into the service and conduct of the commonwealth"; and again, "So to be patriots, as not to forget that we are gentlemen".

We therefore call upon Parliament to look to the account of liberty. We ask the members to do so quickly and fully; for they are greatly in arrears. Let them consider it in our international affairs. Let them consider it in relation to our trade. Let them turn the searchlight of freedom upon subsidies and tariffs, wharves, and bridges. Let them not be too exalted to attend to the growing prices of butter and eggs, of shoes and stockings. Let them do some thinking and discover some principles. If in addition they ponder upon their relations to us, we shall not object. If they ask whether they really represent us, we shall welcome the question. We have been wondering for some time, when again and again one thousand of us vote, and yet perhaps six hundred only of us obtain a member as a result,—whether this be really representative government. If our members could possibly spare the time from their endeavours to rebut the daily and mutual charges of misconduct, to look into the subject of proportional representation as well as into the other questions of which we have ventured to speak, Canada might not take it amiss. If Parliament and the politicians could for a moment trouble about politics, we are sure that the sky would not fall down.

But if they will not; if we are doomed to renewed sessions of the motley masquerade that we have had to weariness in the past, of recklessness, caprice, stupidity, ignorance, indecency, and scandal, of contempt for principle, contempt for morality, contempt for public opinion: then it is high time for the Canadian people to make up its mind in earnest as to what it will do, and to see whether there are not some efficacious means of protesting once and finally against such a commentary on the text that a people after all gets precisely the government and the political representation that it rightly and richly deserves.

WARWICK FIELDING CHIPMAN

## LORD DURHAM AND HIS WORK

SEVENTY YEARS AGO on the first of November, Lord Durham sailed from Quebec for Plymouth on H.M.S. "Inconstant", a name highly suggestive, as he must have thought, of the Government which appointed him. Three thousand citizens escorted his carriage to the wharf; the Quebec merchants volunteered steamers to tow the frigate into the channel, and crowds of sympathisers on those steamers sang "Auld Lang Syne" when the lines were cast off six miles down the river. Lord Brougham who had been the instrument in causing Durham's resignation had been burnt in effigy a short time before, and Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, had narrowly escaped the same distinction. Popular sentiment in Canada was strongly in sympathy with Durham when he went home after his short mission, a deeply humiliated man, to die at forty-eight years of age.

In our time a famous statesman is hardly in the grave before two well padded volumes of "Life and Letters" are brandished in the face of a suffering world. It is seldom indeed that a man who, like Durham, played in his time one of the leading parts on the political stage has to wait seventy years for his biographer. It will be impossible to resuscitate many of our politicians after so long an interval; but Lord Durham's name can still awaken interest. In the handsome and interesting work of Mr. Stuart Reid most of the materials are collected for enabling us to form an estimate of Durham as a man and as a statesman.

Mr. Reid's own judgement of him cannot in my opinion be accepted in its entirety. That Durham was hardly treated at the crisis of his career is not to be denied. That Brougham, his former friend and colleague, showed a malevolent pleasure in dealing a deadly blow at Durham's reputation is sadly

true. But Mr. Reid is carried too far by the generous impulse to defend his hero. The reader who had no other sources of information would be inclined to regard Durham as the most important and progressive statesman of his day, whose far-sighted plans were frustrated by the timid temporising of Grey and whose career was finally ruined by the petty spite of Brougham.

The fact was that Lord Grey understood practical politics and Lord Durham did not, and that in the end Durham's impulsive rashness made him an easy prey for his enemies. There is altogether too much panegyric and too little criticism in Mr. Reid's account. This is the more regrettable because Durham could afford to be painted as he was. Obvious as were his faults he was a noble and interesting figure. His political services entitle him to a permanent place in our history. He had no small share in carrying through two measures of the first magnitude: the "Reform Bill" which turned England from an oligarchy into a democracy; and the concession to Canada of responsible government, which was the first and greatest step towards placing the British Empire on its present basis.

The Lambtons of Lambton have been for centuries the leading family of the county of Durham. From the reign of James II. to the present day there has hardly been a Parliament in which a Lambton has not sat in the House of Commons as member either for the county or for the city of Durham. Before the discovery of coal under the Lambton estate they had not been richer than many other North Country families. But in virtue of his ownership of great collieries Mr. Lambton, afterwards Lord Durham, was a man of large fortune as well as the head of a distinguished house.

Born in 1792, he entered the army in 1809, as a cornet of the 10th Hussars, made a runaway marriage to Gretna Green in 1811, and was elected a member for the county of Durham in 1813, when he had only just attained his majority. In his election speeches he frankly avowed his intention to

support Parliamentary reform, and Catholic emancipation. In those days an aristocrat like Lambton who declared himself a radical was regarded by his own order with much suspicion. The memories of the French Revolution were still fresh in men's minds, and the Tory party looked upon themselves as the champions not only of the Monarchy but of civil order and private property.

Castlereagh, though not Premier, was the strongest force in the Cabinet: and Castlereagh was the incarnation of the old Toryism. The steady supporter of the military despots of Prussia, Austria, and Russia in their struggle to crush out the rising spirit of freedom, Castlereagh was determined to repress with the strong hand any breach of order in England. The Parliament as then constituted was a Parliament of landlords or their nominees, and a landlord like Lambton who took the popular side had to face the cold disapproval of his own class. It is difficult for us to realize the bitterness which was felt against the Government, because in our day a Government is swept out of existence by even a slight wave of discontent. But before the Reform Bill the mass of the people were as helpless to resist the tyranny of ministers as the Russian people are at present.

The feeling about Castlereagh is well seen by the fact that the two young radical poets, Byron and Shelley, both of them aristocrats by birth, use language about him which we should hardly apply to a common criminal. Byron calls him, "A wretch never named but with curses and jeers;" and Shelley says, "I met Murder on the way: He had a mask like Castlereagh."

The period during which Lambton sat in the House of Commons has considerable claims to be regarded as the blackest for many centuries in the political and social life of England. The genius of Nelson and Wellington, and the dogged determination of the country had brought the great war with France to a victorious conclusion. The nightmare of an invasion by Napoleon had been dispelled, and Europe was at last free from the incubus of French domination.

But the cost in men and money had been terrible. In 1792, the year of Durham's birth, the national debt of the United Kingdom had been under 240 millions. In 1815 it reached 861 millions. The people had groaned during the long war under a weary load of taxation, and, to their dismay, its termination brought no relief. The war had created an unnatural demand for many commodities, and the farmers suffered by the sudden cessation of this demand.

During the war England had enjoyed a monopoly of the carrying trade, her fleets having driven the merchantmen of the enemy off the seas. Now the shipowner found that he had to face foreign competition. The manufacturers fondly hoped that with the close of the war the markets of the continent would be ready to take the products which had been accumulating in their warehouses. Many of them had been for years keeping their mills working to maintain their employees, though it was impossible to dispose of the goods produced. But the manufacturers had now to face a bitter disappointment. The continent had been so drained of all resources by the long struggle that people had no money to buy the English manufactures.

The condition of the labouring class was deplorable in the extreme. The combined effects of the Corn Laws and of the old Poor Law had brought about a state of matters which made the minds of many turn to desperate remedies. The year 1813 in which Durham entered Parliament was said by Brougham to be the worst ever known. Wheat had risen in 1812 to 126s a quarter, or more than three dollars and three-quarters a bushel. The ordinary day labourer did not earn more than between two and three dollars a week. Outdoor relief doled out in times of distress, and proportioned to the size of the family, had almost destroyed among the rural population the sentiments of thrift and independence. One out of every fifteen persons in the whole country was a pauper. In some parishes destitution was almost universal.

It was stated in the House of Commons in 1816, that in one parish of Dorsetshire 419 out of 575 inhabitants were in receipt of relief, and in a parish in Cambridgeshire every person but one was either a bankrupt or a pauper. It is not surprising that starving men regarded the landlords and farmers who kept up the price of bread as their enemies, and resorted in the frenzy of despair to burning farm-buildings and similar outrages. Calling out troops to fire on the rioters, numerous executions, and incredible numbers of persons sent into transportation, followed in 1817 by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, were the only remedies which occurred to Sidmouth and Castlereagh.

In 1816 Lambton, then 24 years of age, took as his second wife Lady Louisa, eldest daughter of Lord Grey. This marriage brought him at once into the inner circle of the Whig party. But the Whig party had a long and hard struggle in the wilderness. In this struggle Lambton took a highly creditable part. He was a strong opponent of the Corn Laws; he supported Catholic emancipation; and he was one of the most active and powerful advocates of Parliamentary reform.

For a good many years before 1831 the Whigs had realized that the great obstacle to political progress lay in the state of Parliamentary representation. Until that was altered all other reforms would have to wait. The corruption of the rotten boroughs whose patrons sold them in the open market, and the exclusion of the mass of the people from the franchise had become so familiar that the country might have borne with these evils a little longer, but the rise of the large towns reduced the system of Parliamentary representation to such an absurdity that no ingenuity could defend it. Canning, as it was said, was an eloquent man, but even he could not shew that "a decaying stump was the people." Old Sarum which returned two members, consisted of sixty acres of ploughed land without a house upon it. At elections it was necessary to put up a tent to shelter the returning officer who received the votes of the seven electors.

Gatton in Surrey had for centuries never more than half-a-dozen voters. Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield on the other hand had no members at all.

In Scotland things were still worse. Even in the counties a mere handful of people had the franchise, and a few of the great territorial families controlled the whole elections. Sir Walter Scott, with natural pride, took a Russian Prince to the election at Selkirk to see what he called "our quiet way of managing the choice of a national representative." Lambton's political life was largely spent in the agitation against this state of matters. As we all know, the contest was a long and bitter one. Dame Partington stood firmly to her mop, but in the end the Atlantic was too strong.

Few things are more curious than the earnest sincerity with which high-minded men were able to the last to defend a system so obviously unequal, a system bad in itself and the source of so much else that was bad. In 1830, when the country was on the brink of revolution, Lord Grey made in the House of Lords one of his eloquent speeches: "You see the danger around you: the storm is on the horizon, but the hurricane approaches. Begin then to strengthen your houses, to secure your windows, and to make fast your doors. The mode in which this must be done, my Lords, is by securing the affection of your fellow-subjects, and,—I will pronounce the word,—by reforming Parliament."

The Duke of Wellington's reply is amazing: "He had never read or heard of any measure up to the present moment which could in any degree satisfy his mind that the state of the representation could be improved, or be rendered more satisfactory than at the present moment. He would go still further and say that, if at the present moment, he had imposed upon him the duty of forming a Legislature for any country and particularly a country like this, in possession of great property of various descriptions, he did not mean to assert that he could form such a Legislature as they possessed now, for the nature of man was incapable of reaching such excellence at once; but his great endeavour would be to

form some description of Legislature which would produce the same results." Certainly the nature of man would not at first have hit on a scheme by which the fourteen freemen of Dunwich, which was mainly submerged by the North Sea, should return two members and the 100,000 citizens of Manchester should have none. Even the Conservatives were staggered by the honest Duke's attitude, and when he sat down there was such a murmuring about him that the Duke asked a colleague on the front bench what it meant. "You have announced the fall of your Government,—that is all," was the reply.

When Grey came into power in 1830, shortly after the Duke's statement, he was 66 years old. He had been 24 years in opposition and was too tired to care for power. But he had consistently advocated reform for nearly forty years; he was a genuine power in the country, and Althorpe, in whose favour Grey would willingly have resigned the first place, refused to accept office at all unless Grey became Prime Minister. Durham had been made a Peer three years before, when Goderich's Government went out. Grey made him Privy Seal in the new administration, and in 1831 he was put on the Committee of four to report on Parliamentary reform and draft a scheme. Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell and Lord Duncannon were the other three. Durham sat in Lord Grey's Cabinet till 1833, when he resigned, partly for reasons of health, and partly because he could not agree with his colleagues.

The deaths in rapid succession of his eldest boy—the Master Lambton of one of Lawrence's best known pictures—and of his two daughters by his first wife had broken down a constitution never robust. No doubt his poor health and his family anxieties increased his natural irritability. There is abundant evidence that at Cabinet meetings he shewed a sad lack of restraint. Greville evidently disliked Durham, but his account of one meeting is corroborated by other evidence. At a dinner of the Cabinet at Lord Althorpe's Durham made a violent attack on Lord Grey. The Duke

of Richmond said he had never witnessed so painful a scene, or one which excited such disgust and indignation in every member of the Cabinet. After Durham had left the room, the other Ministers seriously considered whether they ought not to require him to make an apology, before them all, to Lord Grey, for his impertinence, and to Lord Althorpe, for having behaved in such a manner in his house.

This may well have been the worst case, but all the contemporary authority goes to shew that Durham was petulant, overbearing, and arrogant. In reading the *Life* nothing is more interesting than to trace the relation between him and his father-in-law, Grey. Grey was the soul of honour and genuinely fond of Lambton, and for his daughter's sake willing to put up with more from him than from almost anyone. Durham was impetuous, hot, unable to compromise. It is easy to say that he was in advance of the Whigs in advocating the ballot, triennial elections, and household suffrage. In practical politics, unfortunate as it may be, perpetual compromises are necessary, and the statesman is the man who can induce a number of men who differ on many points to agree on some practical line of action and follow it out. There is to my mind very little evidence that Durham possessed much of this sort of wisdom. Moreover, in spite of his radicalism and his friendship with radical agents like Joseph Parkes, Durham was immensely proud of birth. No man was more determined on playing the role of the *grand seigneur*. His love of display and his almost childish pleasure in the outward trappings of authority appear over and over again, and most of all during his short period as Lord High Commissioner in Canada. More serious, however, was the difficulty he had in getting on with colleagues. He had very little of what Mr. Gladstone called the great virtue of putting one's mind into the common stock.

On May 9th, 1832, Lord Grey's first administration came to an end by the resignation of Ministers. King William the Fourth shrank from the policy of creating as many new peers as would enable the Reform Bill to get through the House

of Lords. Instead of that he tried to induce Wellington to form a government. The old Duke's devotion to duty was well known, but even at the request of the King he did not see his way to form a government with a hostile majority of 80 in the Commons, and the people outside the gates clamouring for reform. There was no help for it. The King had to send for Grey again, and to give him the necessary assurance about the creation of peers. This strong measure, however, was not needed. Wellington, as some one remarked, said to his supporters in the House of Lords: "My Lords, right about turn," and the Reform Bill was passed.

In 1834 Grey finally resigned. His Ministry had done many notable things: remodelled the Poor Law, passed the first Factory Act, abolished slavery in the West Indies, and secured the independence of Belgium. For all these Lord Grey deserves honour, but most of all for the Reform Bill, a measure which he had advocated for forty years. Melbourne, who followed him, found no place in the Cabinet for Durham. He said to those who were pressing Durham's claims, that he knew from experience that there would be no peace in a Cabinet of which Durham was a member. Melbourne's first administration lasted only four months, the King taking the extremely strong step of dismissing Ministers while they could still command a sufficient majority. The step turned out to be as foolish as it was unusual.

Melbourne's biographer says of William the Fourth in language which cannot be called courtier-like, "Melbourne's shrewdness was for once at fault. Living as he did habitually in the open air of public opinion, he forgot the depths of fatuity into which a feeble understanding may sink when left to maunder in seclusion, even though that seclusion be regal." The publication of the Melbourne papers makes it appear that the King's action was less arbitrary than used to be supposed. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke tried an appeal to the country without much success, and then, in a new Parliament, made a gallant but quite hopeless struggle to govern without a majority.

Those were stirring times in our political history. Peel's Government lasted only four months, just as long as its predecessor, and then the King, much to his chagrin, had to send for Melbourne again. Durham was a second time excluded from the Cabinet. It is well known that he wanted the Foreign Office, and urged Lord Grey to press his claims. But apart from Melbourne's belief in Durham's intractability it would have been very difficult to supersede Palmerston in the office he had filled for four years. It was felt, however, that a man of Durham's undoubted capacity and influence ought to be placed in a position of usefulness, and he was appointed in 1835 special Ambassador to St. Petersburg, where difficult questions had to be adjusted with the Russian Government. The period of nearly two years which Durham spent in St. Petersburg was perhaps, all things considered, the most successful part of his career. He acquired the friendship of the Czar Nicholas, and his efforts brought about a much better understanding between England and Russia. Within a month of his return to England he was offered another mission of a very different character. This was to proceed to Canada as Lord High Commissioner, with almost dictatorial powers.

The constitution of Lower Canada was to be suspended, and Durham was to have the duty of suppressing the rebellion, and of suggesting such constitutional changes as might be necessary. Melbourne earnestly pressed upon him the duty of accepting this very difficult task, and the young Queen herself, whom Durham had known from childhood, expressed her personal desire that he should go. In such circumstances it was impossible to refuse, but Durham knew well that the situation in Canada was critical in the extreme. He wrote to Melbourne: "I will consent to undertake this most arduous and difficult task, depending on the cordial and energetic support of Her Majesty's Government, and on their putting the most favourable construction on my actions,"—pathetic words in the light of what followed.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to trace the history which culminated in the rebellion of 1837, headed in Lower Canada by Louis Joseph Papineau, and in Upper Canada by William Lyon Mackenzie. From the military point of view the rebellion was not serious, but the disaffection of which it was a symptom was wide and deep. The storm had been gathering for years, and it had become evident that some *modus vivendi* must be found, if Canada were to remain subject to the British Crown. The sad and sordid struggle which had so long been going on in Canada was essentially a race-struggle. How could it be otherwise? The population of Lower Canada in 1837 was probably about 600,000 persons. Of these 150,000, speaking roughly, were of British or Irish origin. In the Assembly, or elected house, there had been for years a large majority of French-Canadian members, most of them devoted adherents of Papineau. The number of seats had at various times been increased; and in the Parliament of 1835, the last Parliament of the old Province of Lower Canada, there were 89 members. The Legislative Council, which had at the same time 34 members, of whom many took little part in the work of the Council, was composed of persons nominated by the Governor, and holding their seats for life. In this body the British element had always predominated. The number of Councillors had been increased shortly before, but the Council was in no sense a body which represented the majority of the people.

In 1830 the Governor of Lower Canada, being asked to report to the Imperial Government on the composition of the Legislative Council, stated that it then consisted of 23 members. Of these, 16 were Protestants; seven Roman Catholics; and eight only were of Canadian birth. Of the 23, twelve were Crown officials; seven were large landowners; three were merchants; and one had long been absent. The work of executive government was carried on by the Governor with the advice of a little group of officials called the Executive Council. This body in 1835 had seven members. The Protestant Bishop and the Chief-Justice of the Province were

leading members of it. The Governor might consult it or not as he chose, or might deliberate privately with one or two of its number. Its meetings were secret, and it had no responsibility to anyone but the Governor. In 1830, when there were nine members, eight were officials, two only were natives of Canada, and one only was a Roman Catholic. The Governor and the Executive Council had for many years been able to control the Legislative Council, as is easy to understand when we consider the composition of that body.

Politics in Lower Canada consisted of a perpetual struggle between the Assembly on the one hand, and the Legislative Council, the Executive Council, and the Governor on the other. The Assembly was French, Catholic, and strong in the support of three-fourths of the people; their opponents were British, Protestant, and claiming to be protected by the British Government. Both had grievances. The British element had almost all the commerce in its hands, and had every reason to complain of the neglect of commercial interests by the Government. "The State of New York," says Durham, "made its own St. Lawrence from Lake Erie to the Hudson, while the Government of Lower Canada could not achieve or even attempt the few miles of canal and dredging which would have rendered its mighty rivers navigable almost to their sources." The French element complained that the constitution which had been given them was a mockery. They could elect members; but what could the members do when they were elected? They had no real control of affairs. The British regarded the French as rebels; the French spoke of the British as foreigners. Things had come to the breaking point.

Obvious as it seems now, very few people in 1837 realized clearly that British Colonial Government had, up till then, been conducted on a plan which would have to be abandoned forever. Two courses had always been open. One was to govern Canada by the sword, with no further regard to the wishes of her people than Germany pays to those of her Polish, Danish, or French subjects; or than Austria paid to

Italian sentiment before the liberation of Italy. The other was to give Canada Home Rule, subject to such checks as might be required to preserve the Imperial connexion. The Constitution of Canada since 1791 had been a futile attempt to find a midway course between these two. If we imagine an Irish Parliament in Dublin, with an elected Chamber full of Nationalists, and a Senate composed of Ulster officials and merchants; and over all, Dublin Castle, an irremovable Executive looking to London for instructions, we should have a close parallel to the state of Canada in 1837.

Durham, as an experienced British statesman, and more especially, as one whose life had been spent in the fight for representative government in England, saw at once the hopelessness of trying to preserve the Canadian Constitution as it was. "How could a body strong in the consciousness of wielding the public opinion of the majority confine itself to the mere business of making laws, and look on as a passive or indifferent spectator while those laws were carried into effect or evaded, and the whole business of the country was conducted by men in whose intentions or capacity it had not the slightest confidence?" In fact, the Assembly was not much more than a debating society which might fume, and froth, and pass revolutionary resolutions without anyone being a penny the worse.

They could not appoint a single Crown servant. The Executive Council, the law officers, and such heads of administrative departments as there were, were placed in power without consulting the Assembly, and remained in power however strongly the Assembly might desire their removal. The Governor and his little knot of advisers could always get the Legislative Council to reject a Bill with which they were dissatisfied. And even when after repeated struggles the Assembly succeeded in forcing a law through, it had to be administered by the very men who most strenuously opposed it. The very weakness of the Assembly explains, as Durham says, the violent and revolutionary speeches, of Papineau and his friends. They were not like a Consti-

tutional Opposition preparing the way for their return to power, and knowing, that even in politics, promises come home to roost. They were a permanent opposition. Nothing short of a revolution could put them in office. They might promise the moon and the stars to their constituents: they would never be called upon for performance.

The Governor who came out from England, generally an old soldier, with strict views of discipline, was inclined to take this ranting rather too seriously. He knew nothing of the temper of the people. He was thrown into the arms of the little group of officials which had governed the country before he came, and could hardly escape coming under their influence. From the point of view of the Assembly the Governor was an opponent from the day he landed.

The Assembly had long realized that nothing but control of the purse would release them from their impotence. If they could, by refusing to vote supply, have stopped the wheels, their grievances would soon have been redressed. But as things were, refusing to vote supply might embarrass, but it could not paralyse the executive. A large part of the revenue was still collected by Imperial officers, and was appropriated by the Governor and the Colonial Office, the Assembly being merely informed of what had been done. Every year saw unseemly wrangling over this matter, and for five years before Durham came, the Assembly had refused to vote supplies for the support of the Civil Government, and the arrears due to the public officers amounted on April 10th 1837, to £142,160. A bitter feeling in the ranks of the officials towards the Assembly is natural enough when we remember that the officials never knew from year to year whether their salaries were to be paid. In its essence the Lower Canada question was simple enough. It was whether the British minority or the French majority should rule.

In Upper Canada, fortunately, the race difficulty did not arise. The question there was whether the little official clique at Toronto or the majority in the Legislature was to

be supreme. The French-Canadian leaders had long demanded that the Legislative Council should be elective. But Durham saw clearly enough that this would have only brought the Executive Government more obviously into collision with the Legislature. The Council would have passed the Assembly's bills, it is true, but the officials would still have been to a large extent in command. Durham's great service is that he was the first statesman to grasp the problem and to recommend the British Government to try a bold experiment.

The fundamental change which he recommends in such admirable language in the Report is substantially this: Give Canada Home Rule or you will lose her. Your old policy of backing up a privileged minority has failed. Durham foresaw that his proposal meant a revolution in Canada. What he did not and could not foresee was that the policy he recommended would be adopted in after years in all parts of the British Empire. In the Transvaal we have lately witnessed the same experiment made under conditions not altogether dissimilar.

The report which Durham presented on the state of Canada has frequently been called the most important state paper in our archives. Every Canadian ought to know it. So admirable is its style, so fascinating its treatment of a complicated subject, that I am convinced that, if it were taught in our schools instead of the jejune school histories, the pupils would have a better conception of the state of Canada during the years before 1837.

Nothing can be better than the way in which Durham points out that the fundamental evils in Canada were, first, the race animosity; and, second, government by the clerks in Downing street. I cannot refrain from quoting a passage which is the keynote of the report: "I expected to find a contest between a government and a people. I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state. I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races; and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or

institutions, until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into the hostile divisions of French and English.

“It would be vain for me to expect that any description I can give, will impress on Your Majesty such a view of the animosity of these races as my personal experience in Lower Canada has forced on me. Our happy immunity from any feelings of national hostility renders it difficult for us to comprehend the intensity of the hatred which the difference of language, of laws, and of manners, creates between those who inhabit the same village, and are citizens of the same state. We are ready to believe that the real motive of the quarrel is something else; and that the difference of race has slightly and occasionally aggravated dissensions, which we attribute to some more usual cause. Experience of a state of society, so unhappily divided as that of Lower Canada, leads to an exactly contrary opinion. The national feud forces itself on the very senses, irresistibly and palpably, as the origin or the essence of every dispute which divides the community; we discover that dissensions, which appear to have another origin, are but forms of this constant and all-pervading quarrel; and that every contest is one of French and English in the outset, or becomes so ere it has run its course.

“The insurrection of 1837 completed the division. Since the resort to arms, the two races have been distinctly and completely arrayed against each other. No portion of the English population was backward in taking arms in defence of the Government; with a single exception, no portion of the Canadian population was allowed to do so, even where it was asserted by some that their loyalty inclined them thereto. The exasperation thus generated has extended over the whole of each race. The most just and sensible of the English, those whose politics had always been most liberal, those who had always advocated the most moderate policy in the provincial disputes, seem from that moment to have taken their part against the French as resolutely, if not as

fiercely, as the rest of their countrymen, and to have joined in the determination never again to submit to a French majority.

.....“ Those who affect to form a middle party exercise no influence on the contending extremes; and those who side with the nation from which their birth distinguishes them, are regarded by their countrymen with aggravated hatred, as renegades from their race; while they obtain but little of the real affection, confidence, or esteem of those whom they have joined.

“ The grounds of quarrel which are commonly alleged appear, on investigation, to have little to do with its real cause; and the inquirer, who has imagined that the public demonstrations or professions of the parties have put him in possession of their real motives and designs, is surprised to find, upon nearer observation, how much he has been deceived by the false colours under which they have been in the habit of fighting. It is not, indeed, surprising that each party should, in this instance, have practised more than the usual frauds of language, by which factions, in every country, seek to secure the sympathy of other communities. A quarrel based on the mere ground of national animosity, appears so revolting to the notions of good sense and charity prevalent in the civilized world, that the parties who feel such a passion the most strongly, and indulge it the most openly, are at great pains to class themselves under any denominations but those which would correctly designate their objects and feelings. The French-Canadians have attempted to shroud their hostility to the influence of English emigration, and the introduction of British Institutions, under the guise of warfare against the Government and its supporters, whom they represented to be a small knot of corrupt and insolent dependents; being a majority, they have invoked the principles of popular control and democracy, and appealed with no little effect to the sympathy of liberal politicians in every quarter of the world. The English, finding their opponents in collision with the Government, have raised the cry o

loyalty and attachment to British connexion, and denounced the republican designs of the French, whom they designate, or rather used to designate, by the appellation of Radicals. Thus the French have been viewed as a democratic party, contending for reform; and the English as a Conservative minority, protecting the menaced connexion with the British Crown, and the supreme authority of the Empire."

Space forbids me from citing the admirable passages in which Durham shews that, under the existing system, the main control was really exercised by the permanent officials in Downing street. The Governor, continually embroiled in quarrels with the Assembly, referred all his difficulties to Downing street. The Secretary of State there generally knew little; and, it is to be feared, sometimes cared less about the wranglings of these savage tribes in Canada; he relied upon the advice of the permanent officials, gentlemen for the most part appointed through influence, promoted by virtue of seniority, and nourished on red tape.

A leading Australian politician, George Higginbottom, afterwards Chief-Justice of Victoria, once remarked in the Assembly: "It might be said with perfect truth that the million and a half of Englishmen who inhabit these colonies, and who during the last fifteen years have believed they possessed self-government, have been really governed during the whole of that time by a person named Rogers."

Durham's message to England was that this system must go by the board. Canada must be left to manage her own affairs, make her own blunders, and pay for them herself. Durham, like most persons who are called upon to interpose between opposing parties, ended by alienating both of them. The British element looked upon him as having deserted their side, and ranged himself with a party who were in their eyes a band of rebels. The French-Canadians, well disposed to Durham at first, and delighted with him for putting their case with so much force and point, were bitterly disappointed at his making his great recommendation of responsible government conditional upon the Union

of Upper and Lower Canada into one province. They were most unwilling to be linked with the Ontario Protestants, and they looked upon this as part of a great scheme for annihilating their separate national existence.

In this, from their point of view, they were perfectly right. Durham stated with the utmost frankness that his policy aimed at placing them in a minority. "I entertain no doubts as to the national character which must be given to Lower Canada; it must be that of the British Empire; that of the majority of the population of British America; that of the great race which must in the lapse of no long period of time be predominant over the whole North American continent."

But this he saw must be effected by constitutional means, and the only feasible plan was that of fusing together the two old Provinces. "If the population of Upper Canada is rightly estimated at 400,000, the English inhabitants of Lower Canada at 150,000, and the French at 450,000, the Union of the two provinces would not only give a clear English majority, but one which would be increased every year by the influence of English emigration, and I have little doubt that the French, when once placed by the legitimate course of events, and the working of natural causes, in a minority, would abandon their vain hopes of nationality."

He regards the union of the two Canadas as the first step, and a step which cannot be delayed. But he gives admirable reasons for a union, not federal but legislative, of all the provinces. He looks forward to the time when British North America should have one government only, the provincial legislatures being abolished and municipal affairs being left to municipal councils. After forty years' experience of federal government, many people in Canada would now agree with Durham that a multiplicity of parliaments leads to waste, corruption, and general mismanagement. But the difficulty of overcoming provincial jealousies was insuperable then, and is insuperable now.

I must hurry on to the unfortunate measure which brought about Durham's downfall, though, happily, it did not prevent the adoption of the reforms which he recommended. When Durham arrived in Canada, he found a number of the leaders of the rebellion were in prison waiting for trial. Papineau and many others had escaped across the frontier. The problem was how to deal with these rebels. The popular sentiment of the French-Canadians was entirely with them, and if they had been brought to trial in the ordinary way it was certain that a jury would acquit them. To try them by Court-Martial, or to employ means to get a packed jury, would create a bad impression in the country. Moreover, Durham himself was strongly against dealing out stern justice to these men. They were manifestly guilty of high treason, but they were not without excuse. The very fatuity of their attempt made it seem foolish to treat it too seriously. Many of the English party, though not all, agreed with Durham that leniency was the best policy.

Nothing, however, could have been more unfortunate, and nothing, it must be admitted, less judicious than Durham's manner of dealing with the matter. He employed the services of an intermediary who was to interview the prisoners and invite them, in the hope of clemency, to sign a letter, placing themselves at the discretion of the Commissioner. Having, after some negotiation, secured a letter signed by Nelson and the others in sufficiently explicit terms, Durham, on the 28th June, 1838, with the consent of his little Council of five, issued an Ordinance directing Nelson and his fellow-prisoners to be transported to Bermuda during Her Majesty's pleasure, and enacting that, if they were found in Lower Canada, they should be guilty of high treason. If it had stopped here, the Ordinance would have been enough to make any lawyer's hair stand on end, for Durham had no more jurisdiction over the Bermudas than over the moon, and the Governor of those islands reasonably protested that if he restrained the prisoners he would be liable to an action for false imprisonment. Moreover, to sentence without trial men

charged with a crime like this on the strength of confessions induced by promises express or implied is entirely contrary to English law. Lord Campbell says the rule is that if there be any worldly advantage held out, or any harm threatened, the confession must be excluded. A confession obtained from the accused by the flattery of hope, or by the torture of fear, comes in so questionable a shape, when it is to be considered as the evidence of guilt, that no reliance can be placed on it, and no credit should be given to it. Cases have occurred where a man has confessed himself guilty of a murder and has nevertheless been acquitted.<sup>1</sup>

But the unhappy Ordinance not only dealt with the birds in the hand in such an extraordinary manner, but went on to deal in a way even more incredible with the birds in the bush. Papineau and fifteen others had escaped into the United States or elsewhere. They, at least, had confessed nothing, and the Ordinance, without finding them guilty of high treason, declared that if they returned to Lower Canada they should suffer death as traitors. When this Ordinance reached England Brougham brought it up before the House of Lords, and a full-dress debate took place with regard to its legality.

It was urged that the Ordinance was a legislative Act, but the answer was that Durham and his Council were not empowered, either by the letter, or the spirit, of the Act under which they held office, to alter the fundamental principles of the English Criminal law. The legal members of the House exposed its illegality with such unanswerable force that Melbourne and the Government felt it was hopeless to defend it, and the Ordinance was disallowed. When Durham heard of this he at once resigned, and went back to England.

As Brougham has been greatly blamed for his share in this unhappy affair it may be worth while to narrate shortly the history of the relations between him and Durham. There is something really tragic in the collision between

<sup>1</sup> See *the King v., Herbert*, 1908. 6 Can. Crim. Ca. 214.

these two men and in its fatal effect upon Durham's career. There can be little doubt that Brougham took a vindictive pleasure in exposing Durham's mistakes and in embarrassing the Government which had sent him to Canada. Brougham had old scores to wipe off, and he was not the man to let slip such an opportunity. He had been slighted and passed over, and no man was less patient of slights. Brougham had in him a larger share than most men of the "demonic element" or more shortly of "devil." As Mr. Bagehot says, with his charming wit: "There is a glare in some men's eyes which seems to say 'Beware, I am dangerous, *Noli me tangere.*' Lord Brougham's face has this. A mischievous excitability is the most obvious expression of it. If he were a horse nobody would buy him; no one could answer for his temper."

I have no desire to extenuate Brougham's conduct, but it cannot be properly understood without taking it in connexion with the past history. He had old grudges against Durham, against Grey, and against Grey's eldest son, Lord Howick. His vanity was colossal, his ambition over-weening, and he conceived that Durham and the Greys had stepped between him and success. He shewed the vindictiveness of a wounded animal, but we have to remember what his position had once been and what it was now. When Wolsey was told that More had been made Chancellor in his place, he merely said, "that's somewhat sudden, but he's a learned man."

We do not know what Brougham's words were when he heard that in the reconstituted Whig Government of Melbourne he had been omitted, and the comparatively obscure and sadly inarticulate Cottenham had been made Chancellor. Cottenham was a good lawyer, but Greville describes him as, "never heard of in politics, no orator, a plain undistinguished man, to whom expectation never pointed." That such an one should be taken and the great Lord Brougham and Vaux left, was an insult never to be forgiven. Contemporary gossip said that in the Cabinet one voice alone decided that Brougham should be excluded, and that voice issued from Viscount Howick. This may not be authentic, but it is

likely enough that Brougham believed it. At any rate the feud between the Grey family, with Lord Durham as their ally, and Brougham, was undoubted. Its history is worth glancing at, as it explains much that is otherwise puzzling in Brougham's conduct.

Brougham's career has lately been made the subject of an excellent study by Mr. Atlay, and the impression is confirmed that in vigour, in versatility, in rapidity, and in fighting power Brougham easily surpassed all competitors. His faults were many and great, but his total force was immense. He had got into Parliament in 1810—three years before Durham—not as an unknown man, but enjoying already a great reputation as a reviewer, an orator, and a pleader. His ascendancy over Lord Grey was already established. In September, 1809, Grey said to Creevey, "the first man this country has ever seen since Burke's time is Brougham." During the next twenty years he raised himself to a position of almost unequalled influence.

Day in, day out, Brougham took a leading part in debate. His labours on behalf of the abolition of slavery, and of the establishment of popular education would in themselves have been enough for the energies of an ordinary man. But he was equally prominent as a champion of reforms in common law procedure, in the Court of Chancery, in the criminal law. Brougham was the creator of the University of London. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in its present shape was called into existence by him. His successful defence of poor Queen Caroline made him the popular idol. In 1830, when he was elected for the county of Yorkshire, Brougham was a power in the country. He did not regard himself as a person of less consideration than Lord Grey himself, and he looked upon Lord Durham as of infinitely less consequence.

No man ever worked harder for success, no man was ever better fitted for the rough-and-tumble of politics. When he was canvassing Yorkshire, the Assizes were on at York. He was in court every morning at half-past nine, and hard at

work all day. As soon as the court rose he jumped into a carriage, and was driven as fast as four horses could take him to the various towns within twenty or thirty miles. He made a speech in each considerable place, never got back to York till nearly midnight, and then had his briefs to read for next day. Le Marchant, who had been his secretary, says, he had known him sit down at nine in the morning and work continuously till one o'clock on the following morning.

That the Whigs came into power in 1830, after twenty-four years in the wilderness, was due more to Brougham than to any one. Yet Grey and Althorpe wanted to keep him out of the Cabinet. He was offered the post of Attorney-General and refused it with scorn. He shewed by his speeches in the House that he held himself free to criticize Ministers, and the thought of Brougham as an independent member was too appalling to face. Late and reluctantly he was offered the Chancellorship. Durham wrote to his wife: "The great difficulty I foresee will be with Brougham."

When the Grey Government fell to pieces in 1834, that event was largely due to Brougham's meddlesomeness and recklessness. If Greville is to be believed, Brougham joined the Hollands in urging Lord Grey to take the office of Privy Seal in Melbourne's administration of 1834. Greville says the indignation of the Greys burst through all restraint. "The Grey women would murder the Chancellor if they could." At the great banquet in Edinburgh to the Reform leaders, Grey refused to take Brougham's hand, and Durham made a speech to Brougham's address. Indeed the more one studies the Memoirs of the period and the characters of the Whig leaders, the more clear it becomes that Brougham's animosity to Durham was a deep and long cherished passion.

Brougham, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, was in 1838 a spent force. It was gall and wormwood to him that Durham should be looked upon as the leader of the Radical party. Compared with his life of strenuous struggle Durham had been a graceful idler. The peer had come down now and then in a rather Olympian way,

and made a carefully prepared speech, but the hard daily toil of politics had been left to others. The art of politics as Brougham very well knew is not a mere matter of programmes and fireworks. Men have to be managed, places procured for some; and, what is much harder, others have to be persuaded that fair words butter parsnips. Ruffled plumage has to be smoothed, sharp corners to be turned, the press to be guided. The leader's hand must feel continually the pulse of the machine. The man who for twenty years has given his soul to that sort of life is ready to rend in pieces any one, though it were his dearest friend, who snatches the cup from his lips.

That Brougham's own follies and eccentricities had made it possible to keep him out of power is true, but that did not make him less bitter. Melbourne was stung with one of Brougham's onslaughts into a retort as crushing as any in the history of debate: "I appeal to the candour of everyone who has listened to the marvellous display of ingenuity in argument and versatility of illustration with which we have been favoured by the noble and learned Lord, whether the reasons must not have been perfectly insuperable which compelled us to forego the advantage of including him in the administration."

An archangel in Brougham's position would have felt difficulty in sparing Durham, or losing a chance of embarrassing Melbourne, and Brougham was no archangel. Durham survived his return to England only about eighteen months, and died July 28th 1840, a broken man. With all his faults he had done much for England and much for Canada.

F. P. WALTON

## THE TWO ISLANDS: A CONTRAST

ASK an average Canadian why Newfoundland will not complete the Confederation of British North America, and why Prince Edward Island is always wanting better terms. He would probably attribute it to the perversity of human nature, but would never think that it might be due to any disadvantage inherent in being a province of the Dominion of Canada.

Newfoundland has consistently maintained her autonomy, and shows no desire to change her status, believing that she has much to lose and nothing to gain by doing so. She, therefore, steadily refuses to give way to the pressure of the Colonial Office, which is credited with a strong desire to complete the scheme of making British North America and the Dominion of Canada equivalent terms.

Newfoundlanders say that their best interests are served by freedom of trade. At present they are free to buy where they can do so most advantageously. When it suits them to buy from Canada they do so on more favourable terms than if they were in the Dominion, whose home market, they say, is charged more for goods than are outsiders. For example, they say goods are laid down in St. John's, Newfoundland, by Toronto houses at the same prices charged to buyers in Toronto. In the case of flour, St. John's gets it at least forty-nine cents a barrel cheaper than does Charlottetown, though both consignments are sent by the same steamer, and St. John's is so much farther off. The explanation is that Canadian millers enjoy a duty of sixty cents a barrel, and charge Canadian consumers accordingly. But on shipments outside the Dominion the millers have to sell at world-rates.

Newfoundlanders say that in the fluctuations of markets they are benefited by absolute freedom to buy where they please, and in most cases Canada is not their best market. In regard to sales Canada is rather a competitor than a purchaser; here, also, their advantage lies in autonomy. These considerations are so all-important that no one in Newfoundland favours confederation, involving as it does submission to the Canadian tariff and excise duties.

Although the first meeting in relation to Confederation was held in Charlottetown in 1864, and the Dominion was founded in 1867, yet Prince Edward Island did not join until 1873. The Colony was then one hundred years old. Its population had doubled in the thirty previous years. Its revenues were doubling every twelve years. It was building roads, bridges, public buildings, wharves, light-houses, buying lands from the large proprietors, and building up manufacturing industries of many kinds. There was no more enterprising or progressive community in all British North America. There was practically no debt. All this had been done under a customs and excise tax not exceeding \$3.10 per capita. Public opinion was generally opposed to Confederation. It may be mentioned that the 1864 Convention was planned for the purpose of effecting a Maritime Union under one Government and Legislature; but this was frustrated by the Canadian Government soliciting permission to be present by delegation, and thus the issue was diverted to the Confederation of all British North America. This plan was not favoured by the Islanders and the Convention moved on to Halifax, St. John, and Quebec, with results known to all.

In 1870 Mr. J. C. Pope agitated in favour of building a railway between Summerside and Charlottetown, but it was found impossible to obtain the support of the country members unless the road should run from Alberton to Georgetown, with branches to Tignish and Souris. A bill was introduced to this effect and carried by a bare majority, authorizing the Government to pay the contractors in debentures.

The Union Bank of Prince Edward Island, in whose stock and management prominent politicians were largely interested, advanced heavily on the security of these debentures, so that the Bank's solvency depended upon their being marketable. By December 31st 1872, the railway debt was \$1,083,522.26, and the debentures were unsaleable. With the contractors unable to proceed for want of funds, the Union Bank's resources tied up, and the Government's credit impaired, it looked as if only Confederation could save the bank. Thus public and private interests became merged, and the desirability of handing over the railway liabilities to the Dominion Government swallowed up all anti-confederation arguments.

There was in addition the promise of "continuous communication" with the mainland, something quite beyond the power of the Colonial Government. Finally, the pressure of the Colonial Office, through the Governor, must not be overlooked. He had instructions to exert all possible pressure in favour of Confederation.

Such were the influences that united to bring about a measure that had been so unpopular. The settlement of terms was a difficult process but was finally achieved. The Dominion Government assumed the railway obligations, taking over the road in payment thereof. The promise of uninterrupted communication with the mainland was given, but has never been fulfilled. The Island Government was to receive an annual sum equal to eighty cents per head of the population, together with a fixed allowance for the expenses of government. The Dominion Government also agreed to perform certain services which were then costing the colony \$143,000 a year, the Dominion engagements thus totalling when adjusted \$334,052.20. *Per contra*, the Dominion Government acquired the right to levy customs and excise duties, which at once raised these taxes from \$3.10 to \$5.05 *per capita*, an increase of \$1.95 per head, yielding an increased revenue of \$190,000, sufficient to have enabled the

Colonial Government to finance the railway and to carry on the other services without difficulty.

But this rate of taxation has since been increased until last year it reached \$11.70 per head, an increase of \$6.65 per head, a rate undreamed of at the time of the union. Here plainly lies the explanation of the injury worked by a union effected in haste, without safeguards to protect the Island's future. It must be borne in mind that the Island depends entirely on agriculture and fishing, with a little revenue from summer visitors. The local industries that had flourished under the Colonial tariff, faded away in competition with the larger factories and more powerful corporations of the mainland, after the union. The Island has no minerals or forests, and is, besides cut off from the continent by ice for months during the winter. To dream of its becoming a manufacturing centre is therefore out of the question. Prosperity for such a community must be sought in freedom of exchange, as Newfoundland knows, and if this freedom is lost it is instructive to learn the extent of the injury.

Until 1879 Canada had a revenue tariff with incidental protection, but the bad times following the panic of 1873 had produced much discontent. A Parliamentary Commission was held to enquire into the causes and cure of the depression, and it reported that prosperity could not be achieved by taxation. The manufacturers, however, were so voluble as to the ruin brought on them by Canada being made a dumping ground and slaughter market for American goods that Sir John A. Macdonald took up the idea as a good fighting issue, and the Conservatives rode into power in 1878 with the battle-cry of "A National Policy." They promptly raised the tariff and the party maintained their position until 1896. The Liberals then came into office, promising "Free trade as it is in England," but the vested interests created by Protection were too powerful to be easily dislodged, so the pre-election pledges were never fulfilled, and the tariff is much the same as in Conservative days.

It is not proposed to argue here as to the benefits that other provinces may gain by high duties; all that is necessary here is to prove that Prince Edward Island cannot by any possible means fail to be injured by them. Its road to prosperity is clear and simple. Agriculture and fisheries must be developed to the greatest possible extent, sales must be made in the best markets, purchases in the cheapest. To claim that Protection supplies a home market is not conclusive. It is true that Sydney, Cape Breton, has grown greatly as a customer since the iron industry has been subsidized, but Sydney's needs would be the same whether the Island were in or out of the Dominion. The Island's products are not usually in want of a market. France, Germany, Russia will take all her canned lobsters at good prices. Montreal, New York and Boston would take many times the quantities of oysters that the Island might produce with scientific culture. Boston's purchases of strawberries are now considerable, but might be largely increased.

The question resolves itself to this, therefore,—How much does Prince Edward Island lose by the tariff? In the first place she has lost some ten thousand in population, instead of advancing in numbers as she had been accustomed to in Colonial days. The young people go away as soon as they reach an age to act for themselves. Those that remain are not usually the most vigorous and enterprising. This drain is a serious matter for a community to face, and the sadness produced by this severance of home ties cannot be lightly regarded. It is, too, injurious economically for a people to feel that they are losing ground. It is in growing communities that vitality and activity are most in evidence.

There are various ways of estimating the money lost annually to the province. It may, for example, be claimed that the people consume annually at least a hundred dollars worth of dutiable goods per head, on which the average rate of duty is 27 per cent. Now, for 100,000 persons this makes \$10,000,000 worth of goods, and the 27 per cent. means

\$2,700,000 paid as taxes by the people, either in the form of customs and excise duties levied by the Dominion Government, or as profits exacted by the protected manufacturers through the tariff above the prices in a free market.

Another method suggests itself. The Canadian Manufacturers testified before the Tariff Commission that their raw material (i.e. all the elements that enter into cost of production) was worth 15, 20 or 30 per cent more than the finished products, and hence arose the need for protection against foreigners who manufacture at a profit instead of a loss. It is not unfair to assume the loss at 20 per cent. on the goods manufactured, since the average duty of 27 per cent. fails to keep out large quantities of imports. Of course the object of the manufacturers in giving this evidence was not to prove their inferiority to others, but to emphasize the need of a higher tariff. All the same, truth is truth, no matter how or why told. In spite of their disabilities, the Canadian manufacturers claim to have had a record year in 1906, turning out \$718,000,000 worth of goods. Taking 20 per cent. off this, or \$143,600 000, as the profits of the manufacturers, we have \$574,400,000 as the value of the raw material. Assuming only 20 per cent. of this as the loss involved in manufacturing in Canada, we find the country is out \$114,880,000 by reason of the activity of these subsidised industries; and as Prince Edward Island has about one-sixtieth of the population, her share of the loss would be \$1,914,666. The customs and excise collected in 1906 was about \$60,000,000, of which Prince Edward Island may be considered to have paid \$1,000,000, reckoning on the same basis of population.

This method shows nearly \$3,000,000 paid by the Island in one year, and what is the benefit she gets for it? She cannot point with pride to any infant industries, or see the smoke of tall chimneys. She has no wealthy tariff beneficiaries living within her borders to illustrate the blessings of protection. Her only returns are a subsidy of \$272,181; services which formerly cost her \$143,000, and which should not now cost more than double, say \$286,000; winter services, deficit

on the Railway, and new services, say \$200,000, making a total of \$758,181. It would thus appear that the Island loses over \$2,000,000 a year under present conditions, and until this is rectified Prince Edward Island may justly claim that the terms of the British North America Act are absurdly unfair to her, and never should have been agreed to by her representatives. It is another proof, if such were needed, of the lack of foresight and insight in politics. The Dominion Government, following the American precedent, was given the power to raise customs and excise duties to any height; yet some provinces, whose people may be thereby impoverished, do not benefit by the increased Treasury receipts, or by the local markets built up at such vast cost. It was not foreseen that both parties would be seduced by the Protectionists.

The Australian Commonwealth has not blundered into this error, for although Western Australia was reported as "unanimously declaring that the proposed tariff will most injuriously affect her primary industries, and will subject the state to a period of depression fraught with the greatest danger to her existence," yet she has one source of comfort denied to Prince Edward Island. The Commonwealth must for ten years return to the States at least three-fourths of the net revenue from Customs and Excise duties, each state continuing liable for debts incurred previous to Confederation. By this plan it would seem that the individual states get **some** benefit from taxation more directly and fairly than under the American and Canadian system. If a country **can** be enriched by taxing itself, by all means let it do so, but where a province can prove that the benefits are not for it, but for others, that her industries are not fostered by protection, whilst the cost of living has nearly doubled, then surely a clear case has been made out for a revision of the terms of confederation on her behalf.

In addition to the foregoing claim for better terms, there are other matters that will have to be arbitrated sooner

or later, if Lincoln was correct in his dictum that no question is settled till it is settled right.

Claim 1.—The cost of the railway, amounting to \$3,144,000, with interest since 1873. It was estimated at that time that the expenditure of Canada upon its public works on the mainland would amount to \$79,000,000, and compensation was allowed on that basis. It was not contemplated that the further expenditure on railways and canals would amount to hundreds of millions more. The system of paying subsidies to railway companies up to \$6,400 a mile was still in the future. The complete change in the railway policy of Canada since 1873 justifies the claim to be allowed the cost of the railway, which was given to Canada upon the assumption that the railway policy of Canada was settled. Since that time a railway has been built by Canada in Cape Breton which cost \$3,800,000, costing the Province of Nova Scotia nothing. Under the policy now obtaining, a private company constructing such a road would receive a subsidy from Ottawa of from \$3,200 to \$6,400 per mile, and would then own the road, whereas Prince Edward Island got nothing and surrendered the road.

Claim 2.—Damages for non-fulfilment of the Terms of Union respecting "continuous communication." The Province sold out its damages up to 1901. Since then the injurious effects have been serious, causing losses enormous in the aggregate.

Claim 3.—Fair transportation rates. This question of rates depends largely on trans-shipment of freight and would disappear if a tunnel were built.

Claim 4.—The Tunnel. Not only is this claimed as part of the terms of union, but as having been fully paid for by the Island in excessive taxation. It would at once double the value of the land, increase the value of the fisheries, and lead to the establishment of many industries which the present isolation prevents.

Claim 5.—An equivalent for the increased subsidies granted the larger Provinces to meet the increased cost of

education, public works, etc. This Province's increased cost of maintenance of these services since Confederation is \$128,000, and is far below the sum needed for their efficient performance. Yet it is left to struggle on unaided.

Claim 6.—Compensation to this Province in respect of the public lands of Canada which have been transferred to the larger Provinces without any consideration for the interest of this Province therein; also in respect of its contributions to the great public works of Canada from which the Island derives no advantage. Every Province had a partnership share in these lands and in the debt incurred in their purchase. We all helped to build every mile of railway and highway that ran through them, and shared in the cost to fit them for settlement. When by these means their value had increased manifold, they were cut up and given away to the large and wealthy provinces. Until then it was the privilege of the Island to help make it valuable.

Since Confederation this Province has contributed in money and land grants to railways, canals, immigration, and other services not beneficial to it many millions. Its share of the cost of the Grand Trunk Pacific will probably be great, but the railway will not benefit it in the least. Its right to compensation on these grounds was recognized by Canada twenty years ago, when it received an increased subsidy of \$20,000 a year on the ground that it did not share to the same extent as the other provinces in the benefits of railway construction on the mainland.

Claim 7.—In the thirty years before Confederation its population had doubled and progress was general. Then it handed its destinies over to Canada. Soon the march of progress became slower, stopped, reversed, and is going yet backward. If its progress had not been stayed, it would have to-day at least 150,000 inhabitants. It would be entitled to be paid its subsidies upon that basis, and it would have saved its representation. It is unjust to penalise the Province for the injury done her. Other provinces have been treated on a different system. Manitoba was paid on an assumed popula-

tion of 150,000 when the actual population was 62,260; and again she was paid on a population of 350,000 when her actual population was 255,211. British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan have been treated in like manner. Prince Edward Island claims the payment of subsidies upon an assumed population of 150,000, and the restoration of representatives to six.

Claim 8.—Prince Edward Island has a claim in justice and equity to its proportion of \$4,500,000 held by Canada from the Fishery Award paid by the United States. The damages had arisen to it before Confederation. The award was paid after Confederation, and thus the money went into Canada's hands. They claim to hold as trustees for the Provinces affected, and a sum supposed to represent the net interest is distributed in bounties. But the lion's share is secured by Nova Scotia. The Island's share has long been placed at one million dollars.

Whilst Prince Edward Island is piling up a debt year by year, and now reaching a million dollars, Newfoundland has an annual surplus amounting to \$125,000 for 1907. And whilst this Province is steadily losing population, Newfoundland is as steadily increasing in numbers. There must be a cause for so striking a difference in the career of two islands, one of which threw in her lot with the Dominion, whilst the other remained mistress of her own destiny. If this paper has not furnished the true explanation of the decline of Prince Edward Island, let another point out wherein lies the fallacy, and offer a more reasonable theory.

C. F. DEACON

## THE MAN WHO FEARED

The Man betrayed his City's trust;  
He made her public wealth his own,  
He dreamed that ease and pleasure must  
Be his, were he in safety flown.

He reared a house with towers high,  
With windows many, on a hill  
That looks on foreign stream and sky,  
Lone roads, and orchards green and still.

And when his palaced Hall was built  
He knew it for a prisoning room  
To that abiding sense of guilt  
Which Conscience made his daily doom.

His elms he lopp't to free his sight;  
Shrubs from his shore he sheared away,  
That far his anxious glances might  
Range road and river, night and day.

The fear that in his heart abode  
Pursued him, as a blood-red dream  
The slaver on an ambushed road,  
The pirate on an inland stream.

The Man who feared grew wan and old;  
Yet not the river winding dim,  
And not that road through field and wold  
Brought the dread messenger to him.

He heard no voice of hoarse command,  
No footfall in the dreadful day,  
Bleak silence wrapped his chosen land  
When Silence in his chamber lay.

The golden-rod is sere and brown,  
The shore with shrubs is high again,  
Fall's hazes hide the stranger's town  
That gossiped scornful of his pain.

The squirrels chatter quarrelsome,  
They garner nuts as men their sheaves,  
From school the gleeful children come  
To trample in the noisy leaves.

High on the hill that House of Fear  
Moves as they move; through branches bare  
It seems to haunt them far or near,  
Changeless as pictured faces stare.

They think it watches as they go,  
They say its glassy windows gleam  
Morning and eve with eyes of woe  
That search the highway and the stream.

E. W. WELCH

## ADDISON AS A LITERARY CRITIC

THERE are few to-day, even among lovers of good literature, who follow Dr. Johnson's advice, to spend their days and nights in the study of Addison; and these few assiduous readers are concerned largely with the obvious things,—his exquisitely rounded periods, his felicity of phrase, the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, the Vision of Mirza, the Fan Drill, the sympathetic character-studies, the pictures of London life, their geniality so delicately touched with satire. But for those who care for the shifting currents of opinion in the literature of the past, the critical essays of Addison's must also have their abiding interest; and wherein that interest lies, and in what aspects it manifests itself, it is the purpose of this paper to show.

Addison's productive career covers a period of twenty-five years—from the composition of the metrical "Account of the Greatest English Poets," in 1694, to the death of the author in 1719. Between these years the "Tatler," the "Spectator," the "Guardian," the "Lover," the "Whig-Examiner," and the "Free-holder" saw the light. It is in the pages of these periodicals that most of Addison's essays in criticism appeared; but the "Essay on Virgil's Georgics," the "Notes on Ovid's Metamorphoses," the "Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning," the "Dialogues upon Medals," the "Remarks on Italy," and the "Letters" also furnish their quota of critical discussion.

The twenty-five years covered by this enumeration lies, it will be remembered, in the very heart of that period of English letters which the critics have agreed to call the Neo-classic; and this is but another way of saying that the principal sources of Addison's critical standards are Aris-

totle, Horace, and Boileau. For the Neo-classicist, Aristotle and Horace were usually mediated through Boileau's "Art Poétique," Le Bossu's "Traité du Poème Epique," and Rapin's "Réflexions sur la Poétique." On the other side—what, for lack of a better name, we shall call the Romantic side—of Addison's critical temper, the influence of Longinus's "Treatise on the Sublime" is very marked; and for this again, Boileau's translation of Longinus, and "Critical Reflections on Longinus" are largely responsible. Of English authors—though there are traces of Sidney, Ben Jonson, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Temple, and Shaftesbury—the great influence is that of Dryden. Literary Criticism was Dryden in 1712; and Addison at his best is often, *mutatis mutandis*, Dryden over again.

Of Addison's formal and extended studies in criticism, the most significant are the essays on "Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera"; on the "Ballads"; on "True and False Wit"; the elaborate *critique* on "Paradise Lost"; and the series of essays on the "Pleasures of the Imagination." In addition to this, there is a considerable body of what we may call applied criticism—special comment, sometimes only a phrase or a paragraph, sometimes (as in the remarks on Pope) covering one or more papers of the "Spectator."

With Addison's essays on Milton I shall deal in more detail. For the rest, suffice it to say that the essays on Tragedy largely reflect Aristotle's "Poetics," the most interesting features being a severe attack, in the true Neo-classical spirit, on Tragi-comedy as a *mélange de genres*; and a condemnation of Poetic Justice, which was really a covert attack on Dennis—an attack which incited Dennis to the famous retaliatory onslaught on "Cato," recorded in the pages of Dr. Johnson's "Life of Addison." The criticisms on Comedy are mainly ethical in their intent, and are aimed chiefly at the corrupt imitators of Congreve, Farquhar, and Wycherley. The essays on the Opera are directed against the Italian opera then in vogue, and satirize particularly the absurd travesties on reality demanded by the conventions of operatic

performance. In all this, the Neo-classical mood of rationalization and common-sense—the mood of which Boileau's "Art Poétique" is the classical example—is everywhere apparent.

The essays on the "Ballads" suggest at once the antinomy which is the most marked characteristic of Addison's temper; for, on the one hand, they deal with "Chevy Chase" as if it were a formal epic produced by an artist who had taken the "Æneid" as his model; and, on the other hand, by the genuine enthusiasm which Addison displays for a piece of folk-poetry; by his belief that all true poetry must appeal to "the rabble of a nation" as well as to the man of the world, and to the cultured few; and by his confession that after all he likes the ballad for itself, and has used the authority of Virgil because, "I feared my own judgement would have looked too singular on the subject,"—by these things, he shows a spirit so foreign to the Neo-classical standards, that we cannot help detecting in it a touch of the same spirit that animated Bishop Percy and Gray.

The essays on "True and False Wit" are notable chiefly for their effort, more detailed than any made in England before, to arrive at a philosophical definition of Wit, and to present it in a popular form. The suggestion for this definition, Addison derives from Locke and from Hobbes. For the popular presentation of this definition, for its expansion and illustration, and for many keen distinctions between true wit and false, Addison must have the credit. To Addison, true wit consists in the pointing out of unexpected congruities between apparently incongruous ideas; and he emphasizes, in this connexion, the importance of an essential truth in the congruity, and the part played by the emotions of pleasure and surprise in the mind of the hearer. Such a definition is essentially that of Hazlitt and of Leigh Hunt, as it is also of more modern critics.

With the essays on the "Pleasures of the Imagination" it is impossible here to deal in detail; but in that they represent Addison's most important excursion into the field of philo-

sophical criticism, they cannot be passed over without at least a brief examination. Using Imagination and Fancy synonymously, and confining himself almost altogether to the pleasures derived through the one sense of sight, Addison divides the pleasures of the imagination into primary, that is "those pleasures which proceed directly from such objects as are before our eyes"; and secondary, that is, "those which flow from the idea of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up in our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things which are either absent or fictitious." The stimuli of the pleasures of the imagination are three—greatness, novelty, and beauty. The operation of these stimuli Addison illustrates by many examples, of which the most significant for our purpose are the frequent references to "vast uncultivated deserts," and the "rude magnificence" of mountains and other scenes of natural grandeur to which the Neo-classicist seems generally to have been indifferent. The inadequate psychology of such a scheme of the imagination is almost too obvious to need pointing out. The operation of those senses other than the sense of sight is practically ignored; and one has only to cite the case of Helen Keller to see the futility of Addison's scheme.

The secondary pleasures are those aroused by the imagination in enlarging, compounding, and varying those impressions, which, in Addison's phrase, "once entered in at our eyes." This process, which is, of course, what we know to-day as the "reproductive imagination," is again fatally limited by its restriction to the sense of sight. Addison believes, however, that he has here discovered "a new principle" to explain the enjoyment of poetry—namely, the pleasure derived from "that action of the mind which compares the ideas which arise from words with the ideas which arise from the objects themselves." The activity of the mind is not, however, confined to the reshaping of actual impressions, Addison continues. The poet may also entertain his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such

persons as have, many of them, no existence but what he bestows on them. But again, Addison cannot free himself from the shackles of his sense-impressions, for the illustrations which he gives are only those "witches, fairies, demons, and departed spirits," which he finds in Shakespeare's plays. These are still merely a part of descriptive poetry, and, be they never so fantastic, are visualized as material things through the descriptive power of the poet. It is obvious that the creative imagination, which compounds a world of thought and action, wherein we see ourselves, and something yet other than ourselves reflected, is apprehended very meagrely if at all in Addison's essays on the "Pleasures of the Imagination."

It should be noted in passing that most of Addison's psychology, and many of his illustrations, are drawn from Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." It may be added too that the influence of Addison's essays on the "Imagination," superficial and inadequate as they are, was very marked in the Eighteenth century, and even in the Nineteenth. They bore fruit especially in Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination," which adopts Addison's stimuli, and imitates several of Addison's descriptive passages. Akenside's work in turn opened the way for such poems as Joseph Warton's "Pleasures of Melancholy," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory"—and literary treatment of the pleasures of various emotions had a distinct vogue.

Finally, this aspect of Addison's work should not be laid aside, without at least a word concerning the theory which Mr. Basil Worsfold exploits in his work on the "Principles of Criticism." This author, misled by Addison's reference to his "new principle," asserts that these essays of Addison's really "introduced a new principle into criticism." This new principle, Worsfold finds in the shift of emphasis from plot to imagination. "Aristotle," says he, "found that the plot was the critical principle and soul of tragedy; Addison finds that the talent of affecting the imagination is the very

life and highest perfection of poetry." "By the work of Addison," he concludes, "criticism was brought into line with modern thought; and the critic was provided with a test which he could apply with equal success to every fresh form which literature developed."

In crediting Addison's work with this epoch-making significance, Mr. Worsfold seems to forget the words of Bacon in the "Advancement of Learning," to the effect that, "poesy doth truly refer to the imagination, which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which Nature hath severed, and sever that which Nature hath joined." And before Bacon and after, there were many who anticipated Addison in emphasizing this "new principle" of poetry. As to Addison's shifting the emphasis from plot to imagination, it need only be pointed out that Addison is here dealing with *descriptive* poetry—a species in which the presence of the imagination has always been recognized as what fundamentally distinguishes it from prose, just as the presence of the same quality in a painting is what distinguishes it from a photograph. When Addison turns, for example, to epic poetry in his study of Milton, there is no effort to shift the emphasis from plot to imagination. "The Fable," says he, "is the first thing to be considered."

And this brings me to the critique on "Paradise Lost," which, as the most elaborate and formal of Addison's studies in literary criticism, deserves a more detailed consideration. The question of the effect of these essays upon Milton's fame has been much discussed. Mr. Courthope's statement in his "Life of Addison" that they "achieved the triumph of making a practically unknown poem one of the most popular classics in the language" is entirely misleading. The several editions of "Paradise Lost" which preceded Addison's essays; the elaborate critical apparatus which had already grown up around Milton's poem; the fact that it had already been several times translated; the fact that Dryden had turned it into an opera, "The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man"; the frequent imitations of it; and the many familiar

references to it and quotations from it in such "popular" periodicals as the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," all go to show that the service of Addison to Milton's fame was more contributive than fundamental; and that the fame of "Paradise Lost" had been thoroughly established before Addison wrote a line of the critique.

The question of Addison's right to test "Paradise Lost" by the rules of Aristotle has been raised by Matthew Arnold. But Milton himself, in his "Tractate on Education" had given ample warrant for submitting epic poetry to the classical rules; and to the fundamental sanity of most of the simple suggestions which Aristotle makes in his "Poetics," no reasonable man can be blind. The only question is, whether Addison, with all his paraphernalia of rules, could apprehend, not only the form, but also the informing spirit, of "Paradise Lost;" and this question deserves a more detailed consideration.

Up to the time when the projected series on "Paradise Lost" was announced, the "Tatler" and the "Spectator" had dealt with light subjects and had dealt lightly with them. The most serious piece of criticism in which Addison had engaged was the four essays on "Tragedy;" and these were rather discursive jottings than formal and orderly critiques. Of applied criticism there had been much; but it had always taken the form of a casual paragraph of comment, or at most a brief "paper" of criticism interspersed with anecdote. Pervading all of it, there is the feeling of a special audience—the audience of fairly cultivated Londoners, who liked to have their minds titilated with a quotation from the classics, or a half-humorous, half deprecating opinion on current literature. Just this sort of audience was it to whom the papers on "Paradise Lost" must make their appeal. To this audience the critic must adapt his method and his content. It was important that he should point out the beauties of Milton; but it was even more important that he should be read himself.

On the other hand, in matters of literary judgement, Addison had sat at the feet of the most formal of formalists.

The names of Aristotle, Scaliger, and Le Bossu are constantly on his lips. For his theories of the epic, he had turned to Le Bossu, in whom classification amounted to a monomania. And in "Paradise Lost" he was attempting to criticise the only formal epic in the English language.

The result is a curious combination of dry formalism in the manner, and light discursive comment in the matter, of his critique. In the last essay of the series, he sums up what he has done—his "general view under four heads," his two papers of "censures—...under each of these heads," his twelve papers wherein he "has endeavoured to show how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft; others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion; which by the moral; which by the sentiment and which by the expression;.....how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention; a distant allusion; or a judicious imitation;" — and so on. Within the essays, further divisions are made. "The Beauties of the fourth book are considered under three heads.....pictures of still life.....machines.....the conduct of Adam and Eve." The tenth book is considered "under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons who have their respective parts allotted in it." "If (he) were indeed to choose (his) readers, by whose judgement (he) would stand or fall, they should ....be.....acquainted.....with the ancient and modern critics, who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, (he) would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets." This, Addison gives you to understand, is the audience for whom he would like to write. But the people with whom he really finds himself concerned are the "ordinary readers"—the phrase recurs times innumerable. The language of the poem must be intelligible to "ordinary readers"; the plot itself should be "such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discerned in it by men of greater penetration." And thus, within the dull walls of his Neo-

classic classifications are the warm lights and shadows of the ever-cheerful Spectator—who points out with genuine, if gentle, appreciation the “beauties” which the moderns still find beautiful; who strives to suggest without appearing didactic, and to guide without being pedagogical.

As to his method, it has already been made sufficiently clear that his purpose is to ingratiate rather than to persuade, to share with his readers his enjoyment of “Paradise Lost” rather than to remind them of its demerits. It is with no unworthy motive that he does no more than “just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.” He makes no pretence of weighing the poem in the balances. “I have confined (my censures) to two papers,” he says, “though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell upon so ungrateful a subject.” Instead, he points out his “Beauties,” quotes here and paraphrases there, cites parallels from Homer and Virgil, and the Bible, in some cases, and in others definitely asserts imitation of these works on Milton’s part. Where the object is not to point out the source, the classic parallel is treated as a “voucher.” Further warrant is sought in the authority of Aristotle and Longinus, the former generally in questions pertaining to the form, the latter in questions relating to the spirit of the epic. Boileau and Le Bossu are occasionally referred to, and Dryden not infrequently. The influence of Le Bossu and of Dryden is more perceptible than that of Boileau.

In spite of the impression of scholarship produced by this constant citation of authorities; in spite, too, of a certain breadth of view which occasionally anticipates the modern historical method; and in spite, also, of a certain sureness of taste for the separate “beauties” of the poem, one does not feel in closing the pages of the Milton critique that one has been in the presence of a great constructive critic. He is wavering and uncertain in his discussion of the technical problems of the poem; is inaccurate in his references to the classics; and shows incapacity in his incidental judgements of contemporary literature.

Moreover, with all his emphasis on plot or fable, Addison has no real conception of the marvellous architectonic power of "Paradise Lost." He is, it is true, constantly impressed with the sublimity of the theme,—“The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos and the creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.” “The plan of Milton’s poem is of an infinitely greater extent than the ‘Æneid.’” He speaks learnedly of Milton’s following epic tradition by beginning the story in the midst of things, and then introducing the earlier events through the colloquies of Adam and the Archangel; he perceives the technical devices by which this has been accomplished; but he does not perceive the fundamental unity—the fundamental, human interest, which binds together all these vast, inordinate concepts—this “Chaos, Creation, Heaven, Earth and Hell”—into one colossal setting for two human beings—beings of idyllic love, who are tempted and fall; and who, falling, choose (rather than a vague, superhuman ideality) the human reality which leaves them—desolate, it is true—but ever “hand in hand.”

But—as this is really the heart of the whole question—let us examine this matter more particularly. What considerations or prejudices blinded our critic to the “human” unity of Paradise Lost? It has already been pointed out that whatever spirit may have been stirring in him in regard to art in general, Addison’s attitude toward a religious epic must be fundamentally and exclusively a moral one. “Paradise Lost” is a sermon, in which all the characters, human, demonic, and divine, are means to the end of teaching that “obedience to the will of God makes men happy and that disobedience makes them miserable.” As a result, every character, every episode, every speech is judged by the explicitness with which that character, episode, speech conveys a moral lesson. Add to this a feeling that art is external; add a notion (always at war with Addison’s Longinian theory of inspiration) that the poet is a soulless mechanism, putting on a “beauty” here, introducing a “machine” there,—and one gets the whole situation.

Why is Eden beautiful? Addison answers that, "in the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak, unactive parts of the fable," and so has made the "expressions more florid and elaborate in these descriptions than in most other parts of the poem." The poet had to be "particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell." "Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth . . . a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence." What a picture! The poet, after going to his shelves and consulting the pages of the Poetics or drawing from his memory, has lavished ornaments of diction on the Garden of Eden! When Adam and Eve are introduced into this carefully adorned Paradise—

"For contemplation he and valour formed;  
For softness she and sweet, attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him;"

and converse together while she—

"Half embracing leaned  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid,"

Addison sums up their words of love by saying: "In a word, these are the gallantries of Paradise!" "The speech of Eve in particular," he adds, "is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments as cannot be sufficiently admired."

When Adam relates to the angel his first sight of Eve after her creation, "the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments."

The human weakness through which the lovers fell, "every man is inclined to commiserate, as it seems rather

the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity." But even this, the only confession of strong human sympathy which Addison admits into his discussion of the question, is marred by the addition: "I need not add that the author is justified in this particular by many of the Fathers and the most orthodox writers." Could not Addison even here base his judgement on the ground of inner artistic necessity, rather than external fact and formula?

When Eve, in the blindness of her despair, after she realizes the punishment in store for them, proposes to Adam either to live childless or to seek a violent death, it is not the effectiveness with which Milton has realized an intensely emotional scene which impresses our critic. Rather, "as those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them and submit to the dispensations of Providence."

But most significant of all is Addison's method of dealing with the close of the poem—that wonderful, quiet close where the two, loyal to each other, go forth together:

But now lead on!

In me is no delay; with thee to go

Is to stay here; without thee here to stay

Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me

Art all things under heaven . . . . .

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;

The world was all before them where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow

Through Eden took their solitary way.

Says Addison: "If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would

end better with 'Their place of rest and Providence their guide.' These last two verses (They hand in hand, etc.), though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage."

And this, in a word, is the difficulty of Addison's critique to the modern reader. We do not bear away from these essays any sense of the underlying unity of *Paradise Lost*—the unity of human personality. Addison had an underlying principle, it is true—the principle of morality in art. But while this principle could be used to elucidate much that is in the poem, and while this principle actually interprets Milton's expressed purpose to "justify the ways of God to man," it fails utterly when brought into contact with the fact that Milton, the Puritan, became Milton the genius, and his masterpiece was transfigured from a sermon to a work of art. It is Addison's failure to perceive this which prevents his critique from being a work of art; which leaves it, in spite of all its emphasis on form and structure, a mass of admirable but unrelated comments.

In summing up the work of Addison as a critic, one must recognize at the outset that there are faults, inconsistencies and limitations which make it impossible to assign him a very high rank in this species of writing. DeQuincey has put the case for the opposition in language which is exaggerated and misleading, but not without a grain of truth. "Addison," says he, "is a careless and irreflective critic. His criticisms, when just, rested not upon principles, but upon mere fineness of tact. . . . He was an absolute ignoramus as regarded the literature of his own country; and. . . . he was a mere bigot as regarded the ancient literature of Pagan Greece and Rome."

Now, if DeQuincey had really ever read Addison's essays in criticism, this sweeping condemnation might be more respectfully considered; but when we turn the pages of DeQuincey's essays, and find the statement that, "by express examination, we ascertained the curious fact that Addison has never in one instance quoted or made any reference to

Shakespeare;" and then looking through the pages of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," we discover frequent quotations from Shakespeare, and a considerable body of thoughtful and suggestive critical discussion of Shakespeare, we are inclined to take anything DeQuincey says about Addison with a grain of salt.

It is true, however, that if Addison was not "an absolute ignoramus" about English literature, his knowledge was certainly not encyclopædic. Of Elizabethan and late Elizabethan literature, he seems to have known only the most representative plays of Shakespeare, the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser, and the plays and poems of Ben Jonson. He knew Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, the Davenant-Hobbes Preface to "Gondibert," and Dryden's essays—but very little more of pre-Eighteenth century prose. His range stands in marked contrast with the catholicity of Dryden's knowledge of the literature of his own country. Addison's acquaintance with contemporaneous literature was, as might be expected, wide, but his judgements are occasionally tinged with party prejudice or coloured by personal friendship. He is not infrequently inconsistent, as, when in his essays on "Paradise Lost," he seems in one place to be treating Satan as the hero, in another explicitly denies that Satan is the hero, in another considers Adam the hero, and in another says that if it is really necessary to find a hero for this religious epic, the Divine Being must be the hero; or when, in his essay on the imitators of the Restoration comedy, he criticizes them for the very faults which he had elsewhere condoned in his remarks on Congreve.

There are touches here and there of the historical method in his criticism, as when he pardons the lack of delicacy in Homer's sentiments, by saying that it was the fault of the age and not of Homer; but these touches are almost too slight to be considered, and they are more than offset by his failure in the critique on "Paradise Lost" to study that poem in relation to the Puritanism of its author, or in any way to relate it to its historical environment.

Addison's critical vocabulary is singularly limited, considering the reputation he has always had for the "inevitable word." A collation of his critical vocabulary as it appears in the "Paradise Lost" critique results in a list not only meagre but external, and one which compares very unfavourably with the richness of imagery and delicacy of shading of Dryden's phrases.

As to Addison's "bigotry" in relation to the Ancients, that is only DeQuincey's way of saying that Addison was a Neo-classicist. The matter of Addison's Neo-classicism is really the crux of the question, and must be treated at length; but before doing so, and now that those faults of Addison's which would militate against him, whatever his age and environment, have been noted, it will be well to point out the most important considerations of environment and circumstance which influenced the form and substance of his literary criticism.

It has already been noted in the examination of the essays on Milton that even in that most formal and sustained of Addison's studies, the realization that he was writing to a popular audience and must adapt his thoughts to their comprehension was an important factor in shaping the form and spirit of that critique. The same consideration applies to all of his critical writing, and must be taken into account in appraising the casual and in many cases superficial comments on literature which go to make up the body of his criticism. To this consideration must be added the fact—which a detailed examination of his essays makes abundantly clear—that the preacher was always stronger in Addison than the critic. He is never able altogether to divorce himself from the rôle of the moralist. Two brief quotations from the "Spectator" will serve to bring out these two aspects of his critical temper. The first is concerned, not primarily with literary criticism, but with the purpose of the "Spectator" in general.

"It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city enquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and atten-

tion. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day, so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who, I hope, will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses."

The second illustrates Addison's way of introducing a series of papers which were to deal primarily with literature. The passage occurs in the introductory paper of the series of essays on true and false wit—a series devoted primarily to a criticism of the "Courtly Wits" of the preceding century.

"I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would

not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next will be much clearer. As the great and only end of these speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection."

The reason for this blending of moods is not far to seek. The excesses of Restoration comedy, and the war of pamphlets which had grown out of the attack by Collier in the "Short View" had focussed the attention of critic and public alike upon one aspect of literature—the moral aspect. The casual critic of the journal, and the professional critic of the pamphlet (for example, the militant John Dennis), had alike turned preacher. With reform the dominant note in the court of the good Queen Anne, and with the legislation of the time characterized by statutes to regulate the morals of theatres, reform was distinctly the thing. It took much more courage for Collier to write the "Short View," than it did for Addison to pen the "Spectator" paper which attacked the maladroit imitators of Congreve and Wycherley. The former was revolutionary; the latter was fashionable. I am inclined to think that the service of Addison and Steele in purifying literature and morals has been exaggerated in the histories of Eighteenth century literature; but their service was a valuable one; for their sound common sense and excellent taste enabled them to give practical direction to the spirit of reform, and to point out, and in a measure to rectify many trivial faults of manners and of literature—all of which combined to make up the sum total of a valid and valuable service to English life and letters.

There are examples of this moralistic spirit (such as the censure of corrupt plays already referred to) which are thoroughly creditable to Addison's literary judgement as well as to his moral sense; but it must be admitted that in general

this ethical attitude is a distinct obstacle to his success as a literary critic. Examples are: the ranking of Sir Richard Blackmore's "The Creation" as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse," because it was "undertaken with so good an intention;" Addison's belief that "Paradise Lost" should end with the words "Providence their guide;" and his singularly inept belief that the ballad of "Chevy Chase" was written "in order to deter men from unnatural contentions,"—quoting as his reason the last two lines of the stall copy of the ballad:

"And grant henceforth that foul debate  
"Twixt noblemen may cease."

This tendency on Addison's part to emphasize unduly the ethical aspect of literature is traceable in many instances to the influence of such critics as Le Bossu, who taught that epic poetry must always have an explicit moral, and that it was far more important for poetry of any kind to instruct than to please; and this is but one of many respects in which Addison's criticism identifies itself with the Neo-classical school. Such, for example, are the belief (in which he echoes Boileau) that the poet is to pursue his study of nature in the city and in the court; his neglect, in the study of Milton, of the more romantic poems of the Horton period; his dislike for the romantic Tasso and Ariosto; his constant citation of classical parallels, in season and out of season—even the ballad of "Chevy Chase" coming in for its share; his preference for the French drama over the English; his mechanical conception of the poetic art as a "laying on of beauties;" his approval of such subjects for poetic treatment as would seem to us wholly unadapted for that purpose—as, for example, his favourable comment on the sixth book of Blackmore's "The Creation," "where," says Addison, "the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance"; his unwillingness to risk any judgement that cannot be supported by the authorities; his constant concern

for correctness and *le mot propre*; his insistence upon decorum as where he condemns Milton for the phrase:

“Awhile discourse they held—  
No fear lest dinner cool;”

his unimaginative rationalism—as where he considers the description of Satan’s mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit “particularly pleasing,” because it “has a great measure of probability”—owing apparently to the propulsive force of the explosion of the combustible materials under that fallen angel; and his dislike for Gothic architecture, and use of that word as synonymous with bad taste.

On the other hand, in spite of the sweeping declaration of Mr. Saintsbury that there is no evidence of romanticism in Addison, there are unmistakable evidences in his criticism of tastes and preferences so out of accord with the Neo-classical mood that, for lack of a better word, we may, perhaps, be permitted to call them romantic. Such are his frequent assertions that genius is above the rules and a law unto itself; his belief that “there is something more essential to poetry than the rules—something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader,” and his wish that critics, instead of considering the mechanical rules, would “enter into the very spirit and soul of good writing”; his condemnation of that cardinal tenet of the Neo-classicist, the observance of “poetic justice” in the drama; his appreciation of and strong sympathy with the romantic elements in Shakespeare and Spenser; his desire (never, as it happened, to be carried out) to write a poem in imitation of Spenser; and his conscious effort to revive the allegorical form of writing, the suggestion for which he admits getting from Spenser; his real love of ballads, in spite of the classical phraseology in which he describes them; his occasional touches of individualism as where he asks: “Who would not rather read one of Shakespeare’s plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage preserved, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated?”; his belief

that the genius of the English people is best adapted for stories of mystery and horror; his constant war upon classical and mythological allusions in English poetry, and his explicit approval of the pastorals of Ambrose Philips, because they have local colour in them—English names and English habits and English superstitions; his frequent expression of liking for grandeur and vastness in scenery, and his preference for gardens in which nature is allowed to follow her own untrammelled mood, rather than for the formalism and angularity which had characterized the English landscape gardening of the Seventeenth century; and finally the not infrequent occurrence in his essays of references to episodes and situations which seem to a modern to be characteristically romantic. One of these will serve very well to sum up this phase of Addison's mood:

"In short," writes Addison in "Spectator" No. 413, "our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasant delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero of a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods, and meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of streams; but upon the finishing of some secret spell, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds himself on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert."

Such characteristics as these—some so purely Neo-classic, others so remote from the Neo-classic spirit—are inconsistent, and, one is tempted to think, almost mutually incompatible. But therein lies the chief interest, and the real justification of the study of Addison as a critic. Taste he had, and tolerance, and abundant common-sense; and sometimes a measure of the critical acumen that detects, and the aptness of phrase that illuminates; but his value for us to-day is chiefly that he was so representative; that in him are reflected the varying impulses of an age that had hardly found itself before it began to feel within it the stirrings of a new mood.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

## A NEW ENGLISH VERSION OF FAUST

SINCE the opening of the present theatre season in London, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been appearing at His Majesty's Theatre in a new adaptation of Goethe's "Faust." The text of this play, to the consideration of which the present article is devoted, is published by Macmillan and Company, Limited, under the title "Faust. Freely adapted from Goethe's dramatic poem by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr." The power of Mr. Phillips as a dramatic author and his command of blank-verse are familiar through his "Herod" and his "Nero," so that the highest possible standard of criticism has been adopted—comparison with the original German.

Anyone visiting Germany for the first time is greatly astonished when he reads the repertoire of the various opera houses and nowhere finds mention of Gounod's "Faust." Surely there is sufficient sterling worth and, above all, sufficient attractiveness about this composition to justify its being included at any rate among the *Unterhaltungstücke*, those pieces to which we listen merely desiring to wile away a couple of pleasant hours. The philosophy of life which finds acceptance with the majority of people teaches us that unfortunately, the fraction of our existence which may be thus beguiled is vanishingly small, so that we should not despise any occasion that may arise to subject ourselves to the soothing influence of these entertaining compositions. They make no exorbitant demands on intelligence; the man of "average ability," who now-a-days seems the person to cater for, can readily understand them; the senses are very pleasantly caressed by them; they do not embody some inexorable moral law ever at hand to pounce upon the wary

or unwary offender. Their very shortcomings, judged by the standards of genuine art, account in many instances for their popularity—an ephemeral popularity, it is true, but what is lost in duration is gained in the intensity of the affection bestowed upon them during their brief existence. How often we meet with some production over which the countries East and West of the Atlantic become quite frenzied; whilst we can with certainty predict that two years hence only good memories will retain even a dim recollection of it.

Among the better class of these light and entertaining compositions we may place Gounod's "Faust." It is therefore, incredible that such a work should be entirely unknown in Germany where, although the demand for good music and high thinking is greater than in other countries, the average bourgeois craves just the same satisfaction as his compeers the world over. Of course this piece exists in Germany; it is even quite a favourite there as a *Galastück*, but it has been re-named. It is called not after the hero, but the heroine—not Faust but Margarethe. Two reasons, we may suppose, account for this change of name. In the first place Margarethe is a more appropriate designation for the particular episode selected by Gounod; the destiny of Faust is quite undetermined at the end of the episode, what will be his next adventure none can say; on the other hand there is a complete unity maintained in the fate of Margarethe. This in itself would not have been a sufficient reason for altering the name; but we must consider, in the second place, the very legitimate objection of Germans to allow the name of the masterpiece in their literature, nay, the masterpiece of all modern literature, to be usurped by a third-rate production, the theme of which is the seduction of an ingenuous girl by a rejuvenated professor having the powers of hell at his command.

There will, naturally, be no reason to represent in Germany this new adaptation of Goethe's "Faust," which is now being produced in London at His Majesty's Theatre by Mr.

Berberholm Tree; but if there were, its name would have a precarious existence, on grounds of a nature similar to those mentioned above; it, too, would soon be compelled to live under an *alias*. We fail to notice any real grasp of the essential meaning of Goethe's work—in fact, as the sequel will show, in one very important respect the centre of gravity has been entirely shifted in this adaptation. For a proper understanding of this point it will be advisable to consider the evolution of Goethe's "Faust," however brief this consideration will have to be. In its first form it was written probably in 1773 and 1774, that is when the author was about twenty-four years of age. This version, known as the *Urfaust*, contains the opening monologue of Faust in his study; the scene in Auerbach's Cellar; and the Gretchen episode, in its broad outlines just about the same as it appears in the final version. In this early composition—which by the way has supplied nearly all the material for Gounod—Faust is conceived as a youthful professor, whose genial soul soars above the monotonous routine of his profession; what his fate should be was not clearly seen by Goethe; probably, in some form or other, he was to have embodied the tragedy that so often attends on genius in a common-place world. The piece is, however, left unfinished. It is most likely that the following phrase of the Faust Book of 1587 largely determined the hero's character at this epoch, "*er nam an sich Adlers Flügel, wolte alle Gründ am Himmel und Erden erforschen*,"—"he took to him eagle's wings and fain would fathom all things in heaven and earth." This was too much like Goethe's own genial aspirations to incline him to condemn Faust to fall the prey of Mephistopheles. Such an issue was, from the outset, precluded.

The next version of "Faust" appeared in 1790. Whilst Goethe endeavoured to preserve uniformity of treatment, the clarifying influence of his stay in Italy and his study of the classics was bound to pierce through on occasion. This is especially evident in the "Forest and Cave" scene which now appears for the first time. In this version, too, Faust

appears as the aged professor; this necessitates the scene in the Witches' Kitchen, where the rejuvenating draught is drunk. The other addition is the gossip scene "At the well"; whereas the last scenes of the *Urfaust*, after the "Cathedral Scene" are omitted—indicating Goethe's uncertainty as to the termination.

It is not until the final version of the First Part, published in 1808, that this difficulty as to the termination was solved. The solution consisted in the recognition of the ethical and educative value of work—of work performed unselfishly in the service of humanity. The First Part contains really an exposition of the problem to be solved, together with an indication as to the means of solving it. The Second Part is taken up with the actual working out of the idea. The theme of "Faust" in the final form, stripped of all its embellishments may be thus briefly stated: A man, actuated by the highest aspirations, yields for a time to the impulses of his lower nature and falls to the deepest depths of sin, occasioning the shameful death of a fellow-creature. This brings us to the end of Part I. The sensuality in which he has indulged has not extinguished the divine fire within him and he resolves to expiate his former guilt, to drive out all trace of selfishness from his nature, and *relying on his own strength alone*, obtain his own salvation; this he is enabled to do by recognizing the sanctity of work.

It will thus be seen that any adaptation of "Faust" which neglects the Second Part would be more properly designated a mutilation of "Faust." This fault was committed by Gounod and it has only partially been avoided by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr. Their drama virtually ends with the death of Margaret; what follows is not, strictly speaking, dramatic at all; it is a most inadequate substitute for Goethe's Second Part. Faust announces his good intentions, but he is afforded no opportunity of carrying them out. Our æsthetic consciousness demands some reaction on the part of general moral principles, commensurate with the magnitude of guilt incurred; this harmonizing is lacking in the present

adaptation, with a consequent final impression of pain and dissatisfaction.

We will now consider in greater detail this new English adaptation. Like the original, it opens with a prologue, not in Heaven, however, but on a Neutral Mountain between Heaven and Earth—a most appropriate opening for a play of this nature. The change of locality of this prologue from Heaven to the Neutral Mountain is, from the point of view of representation, a happy idea; one readily understands the difficulties of putting on the stage Heaven and God. But from the point of view of the idea it is unfortunate; we require the principle of evil, Mephistopheles, to be brought face to face with absolute goodness, God, and this must take place in Heaven. The introduction of the Angel to mediate between God and Mephistopheles must weaken the effect of the immediate dialogue found in Goethe. The purpose of the prologue is to outline the theme of the drama and, in anticipation, to indicate the conclusion, to foretell the ultimate triumph of Good over Evil. We have, at the same time, an intimation as to the means by which this final triumph is to be achieved. After Mephistopheles has obtained permission to “plunge Faust so deep in sensuality” that “his heavy soul shall no more upward strive,” he is informed by Raphael:

“And thou shalt batter thee, and all in vain,  
 Against an influence appearing slight,  
 And frail as the resistance of a flower;  
 And yet a power thou canst not comprehend.  
 He through the woman-soul at last shall win.”

These lines have nothing corresponding to them in the original, and the idea they contain is foreign to Goethe's Prologue; the conception of final victory attained through the “woman-soul” is found quite at the end of “Faust,” where the term used is “*das Ewig-Weibliche*” the Eternal Feminine. As we shall discover the phrase “woman-soul” more than once, we will just see what it signifies. The woman-soul is evidently synonymous with love. To win through the

woman-soul is to win through the power of love. But this must not be taken as love of another for us; it signifies rather a state of mind on our own part, also the expression "woman-soul" must not mislead us into attaching any importance to the element of sex. "Das Vollkommene muss uns erst stimmen und uns nach und nach zu sich hinauf heben," says Goethe: "The perfect must first of all dispose us and gradually elevate us to itself." We must first have the proper disposition; we must have love in ourselves; then the perfect love, the complete abnegation of selfishness will eventually be ours.

The Prologue of the adaptation introduces a further idea—the idea that dominates Goethe's drama, since there Faust perfects himself by activity, to which he is urged on by Mephistopheles—in the lines:

"Man is too prone to slumber, and he needs  
As a companion one who goads and works  
And who, being devil, must be up and doing."

The difficulty is to see, in the English version, what the devil has been goading him on to, that could go to his credit. To show that would require, as above stated, adequate recognition of the Second Part.

After the prologue we are hurried through a list of scenes which are substantially an abbreviated "Faust," Part I.—the deepest incisions having been made into the opening monologue of Faust and the various dialogues between Faust and Mephistopheles. We will, therefore, not make any halt, in this description, in Faust's Study, in the Witches' Kitchen; in Auerbach's Cellar; in Martha's and Margaret's Gardens; on the Open Square before the Cathedral; on the Brocken; in Margaret's Prison; we will hasten on to the end. We shall indeed have to linger awhile in the Prison ere we return to the Neutral Mountain whence we started, but the scenes enacted there are not by any means prison-like; so that in including the Prison in the list just given, we limit that expression to Margaret's death-scene.

The final scenes are not at all easy to understand. They are the free invention of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr; free, at

any rate, to the extent that nothing more than the suggestion for their writing could be obtained from the German. In five or six pages they have to reproduce the ideas of the Second Part. No wonder that the conception of Goethe, ramifying itself as it does in the original into the thousand manifestations of life on earth should require simplification and restriction in order to be squeezed into these few pages. We have already seen what form that simplification takes; the sole idea to be worked out in the English version is that of the woman-soul; the idea of self-reliant and yet unselfish activity is only alluded to. Immediately after Margaret's death, still in the prison cell, Mephistopheles re-assumes the garb he wore in the Prologue; besides, he has no longer "the sneering smile and jaunty step," but he wears "Evil's august immortalty." He reminds Faust of the compact signed with him, "that Spirit who rebelled, with whom a million angels mutinied." We are astonished to hear Faust reply, more in the spirit of the modern agnostic or sceptic wishing to have a thrust at orthodoxy than in the spirit of Goethe's Faust, that he does not "believe the tale of burning coals and everlasting fire, and all the windy jargon of the priests." It seems, moreover, a somewhat infelicitous invention on the part of the adapter, seeing that what Faust has already witnessed of the devil's exploits must surely have occasioned some misgivings on this point. Yet the antagonist is versatile, he can readily adapt himself to the changed circumstances; although he has once already clearly intimated in Act I. that he still retains the element of Fire for himself; while there is "nought but birth and life from Water, Earth and Air, forever teeming," yet he has "That last red rod in pickle down below." The lake of fire and brimstone does not meet with the approval of our enlightened audiences, so another Hell is provided.

.... "On dreadful errands shalt thou go,  
On journeys fraught with mischief to the soul,  
Shalt be a whisperer in a maiden's ears  
Drawing her to defilement, shalt persuade

The desperate to self-slaughter. . . . .  
 And bring to the world's apple many an Eve.  
 This was thy compact, this shalt thou fulfil."

This is, then, the manner in which Mephistopheles interprets the service he is entitled to from his former master. But Faust challenges the claim:

"Hast thou fulfilled thy promise, brought an hour—  
 A single hour—to which I could cry "Stay,  
 Thou art so fair" ?

To this Mephistopheles answers that that hour shall come: "Countless years are left thee yet ere life's full cup be drained." But we know that this hour can never come; Faust is now another man. Now he sees how weary and stale was the life he had been leading; how from pleasure he had been hurled to pleasure, and his whole existence crossed with satiety and hate. These last two states are to yield to enthusiasm and love. How much more convincing the termination would have been, if instead of fine phrases—and the lines at this point, where no fetters are imposed by the original German, rise far above the commonplace—we had witnessed the manifestation of these qualities which, henceforward, are unclouded by passion and can shine out in their full beauty. The whole thing smacks too much of a death bed repentance to meet with the approval of any vigorous mind. Faust's "newly-winged spirit outspeeds the flight of time,"

. . . . . "That flower I crushed  
 And trod beneath my feet, see where it springs  
 And blooms again in Heaven's serener air.

. . . . . The laggard years,  
 That chain me prisoner to this desert earth,  
 Though in their time they should consume all time,  
 Were all too short for what is left to do.  
 Up then, and on. I shall abide the end;  
 Still I fight upward, battle to the skies,  
 And still I soar for ever after her.

I shall go past thee, Mephistopheles,  
 For ever upward to the woman soul!  
 How long? How long?"

These words imply Faust's determination to rid himself of evil influence in spite of that influence itself, he is now going to attain perfection in the perfection of the ideal; thus he will go past Mephistopheles, for whom ideals do not exist. What does the "How long?" signify? Are we to infer that Faust really has some time to spend on earth, and wonders how long this sojourn will be? The whole passage seems to indicate that. In this case we must imagine him to have been engaged in carrying out his new-born intentions during the period between this "How long?" and the final scene. This is by no means evident, however, and no sooner has the last word been pronounced than "Rolling clouds ascend, obscuring the stage, until the First Scene, the Neutral Mountain is again discovered. . . . . When the scene is fully revealed, Margaret is seen lying robed in white at the feet of Raphael, the other Angels attending. Mephistopheles remains below."

In this scene Mephistopheles claims the soul of Faust and enumerates the things he has accomplished in order to justify this claim. He has "drawn a high aspiring spirit from its height" and "Plunged it at will in lust and wantonness." He has made "this famous Doctor, proud philosopher, seduce a maiden to a grave of shame, to drug her mother and to drown her child," and he made him slay her brother with his own hand: "Have I not now the great world-wager won?" The answer to this connects directly with the Prologue, and if we do not insist on the omissions already spoken of, it gives the necessary rounding-off to the drama. "An Angel alights on the topmost peak as in the Prologue"—it is the same Angel who there announced the final victory of that seeming slight influence, the woman-soul:

*The Angel.* "The great world-wager thou hast lost,  
 And, seeking to confound, hast saved a soul.  
 When for thine own ends thou didst fire his  
 heart

For Margaret, and inflamed his lustful blood  
 So that they sinned together, yet that sin  
 So wrapped them that a higher, holier love  
 Hath sprung from it ; where their bodies  
 burned.

Their spirits glow together, what was fire  
 Is light, and that which scorched doth kindle  
 now.

Thou, thou hast sped him on a nobler flight,  
 Thou, thou hast taught him to aspire anew,  
 Thou, through the woman-soul hast brought  
 him home."

Thus the drama ends with an *announcement* of the final triumph of unselfishness. A drama has to teach by actual presentation before our eyes of events from which we must ourselves infer the moral. This is done in Goethe's masterpiece; but in the adaptation the real idea of the piece is only talked about whilst what is enacted is quite subsidiary.

The metre adopted in the English rendering is blank verse almost throughout. Some prose passages occur and occasional songs are reproduced in rhyme and varying metre. In the original, blank verse is used in the "Forest and Cave" scene, "Spirit Sublime! thou hast given me what I asked"; this is the only scene in which Goethe gives expression to that classic repose which characterizes his "Tasso," and his "Iphigenia," hence the more stately verse. But in the other scenes we have the greatest variety of measures, each being beautifully adapted to the particular mood of the passage. The disposition of the rhyme too, is equally varied. If we take, for instance, the opening monologue, and consider a few groups of four lines, we observe there the following rhymes a. b. a. b.—a. a. b. b.—a. b. b. a.—a. b. b. b.—a. a. a. a. Much of the sprightliness of the German has disappeared in the adaptation because of this very change. It is a very dangerous thing to do to reproduce in the original metre, when this is so manifold; but without being so absolute—which indeed would have been impossible

here, since we have not a translation, and often one line in the English represents two or three in the German—some relief would have been introduced by a more frequent varying of the metre.

We have already seen how the general signification of the play has been modified in this English version; it is interesting to notice how the essential meaning has been lost and finer points passed over in particular passages. As a typical instance we might take the scene in Faust's study in which the Earth-Spirit appears to Faust, who in hopeless despair of ever finding satisfaction for his yearning after truth in the mere perusal of parchment, turns to magic. "*He seizes the book and pronounces the Sign of the Earth-Spirit. The Spirit appears in a flame.*"

*Spirit.* Who calls me ?

*Faust.*

Terrible to look on !

*Spirit.*

Me

Hast thou with might attracted from my sphere.

*Faust.* Woe ! I endure thee not !

*Spirit.*

Yet didst thou long

To gaze on me, thy yearning drew me down.

Where art thou, Faust ? Whose strong voice  
pierced to me ?

Is't thou I see, this terror-stricken worm ?

*Faust.* I fear no more—I am Faust—I am thy peer.

*Spirit.* Thou art like the spirit which thou comprehendest,  
Not me ! (*Spirit disappears*).

In this scene, what a wide gulf of thought separates the two exclamations, "Woe! I endure thee not!" and "I fear no more—I am thy peer!" How altered is the frame of mind of the speaker when he utters the defiant last exclamation from that which prompted the first ! And what explains such an abrupt change of attitude ? Certainly there is nothing very reassuring in the words of the Earth-Spirit. Moreover, the change is almost the work of an instant. At one moment we have the spectacle of a terror-stricken worm, writhing under the gaze of the Earth-Spirit; at the next this

assumes the proportions of a Titan, defying what a moment ago he dared not look on. Such a transition requires time, and cannot be accepted simply on faith, it requires motivation too; whether explicitly or implicitly, the reason for the change must be given. In the original the two exclamations are separated by a passage of thirteen lines, that is four times as long as the passage in the English version—thus Faust, thunderstruck at the apparition, has time to collect himself before he speaks again. Again, if we examine the contents of what the Erdgeist of Goethe speaks, we find that he has brought before Faust's mind all his former Titanic aspirations, taunting him with his present cowardice in contrast with his former boldness, thus provoking the challenge of the second utterance.

“Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceived  
And bore and cherished? which, with ecstasy,  
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heaved?”

After such sentiments of Faust have been revealed to us by the Erdgeist, we are no longer surprised at the haughty words, “I am thy peer.”

But why this prompt repulse? “Thou art like the Spirit which thou comprehendest, not me!” Why not? The Earth-Spirit has not defined his essence; he suddenly appears in a flame, taunts Faust a little, repels him and then disappears. We can form no conjecture as to his nature; we have to content ourselves with the vague feeling that we have an embodiment of a supernatural power before us. To make this repulse intelligible, we should require the few lines in which the Earth-Spirit reveals himself in his true character, we should then understand how it is that Faust feels the resemblance and why he is so sharply snubbed:

“In the currents of life, in action's storm,  
I float and I wave  
With billowy motion!  
Birth and the grave,  
A limitless ocean,

A constant weaving  
With change still rife  
A restless heaving,  
A glowing life . . .  
Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,  
And weave the life-garment of deity."

This leaves no doubt as to the essence of the Erdgeist; he is the Spirit of creation; he presides over Genesis and Perishing. The "life-garment of deity" here means the whole of the world of things we see around us, which is taken to reveal the deity as the garment reveals the human being—what is evident and ephemeral is revealed in both cases, the real essence lies within. The Erdgeist "weaves the life-garment of deity," and is therefore the embodiment of activity. Is it strange that the creative genius of the artist—and much of this element of the young Goethe has been worked into Faust—should feel some resemblance to such a Spirit? Has not the Erdgeist himself told us that Faust's breast, "in its depths, a world conceived and bore, and cherished"? Is it not this special activity, this creation, that is the distinctive feature of the artist? Nothing more natural than that Faust should feel his kinship with the Erdgeist.

But Faust is a human being; he has a soul within him; whereas the Erdgeist is an elemental spirit, not subject to human feeling; he follows his relentless course at all times and in all circumstances; birth and the grave are indifferent to him; no mortal can comprehend or resemble such a spirit hence the sharp rebuke administered to Faust's presumption.

How much light is thrown on the hero's character by this short scene in the original! In the English version it is reduced to an almost meaningless piece of stage effect. A craving for the spectacular is, in fact, far too strongly pronounced in this drama. This we shall understand if we only just consider a few of the stage-directions. It would seem that the counsel that prevailed in the composition was that given by the Director to the Poet in the humourous prologue preceding the more serious parts of Goethe's work:

“In chief, of incident enough prepare!  
 A show they want, they come to gape and stare.  
 Spin for their eyes abundant occupation,  
 So that the multitude may wondering gaze” . . . . .

We have seen that the first journey Faust makes with his companion is from his study to the Witches' Kitchen or Cave. Here there is no “*exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles*” to reappear in the next scene. That would be just a piece of commonplace bungling; our travellers have other means of locomotion at their disposal. Mephisto casts a garment about Faust and says,

.....“The hills divide  
 As down the vacant highways of the dark  
 We sink in sudden flight. Above our heads  
 The circling eagle dwarfed to a dusky star  
 Soars o'er the moonlit world” . . . . .

Thus the *traversée* is described by the one personally conducting the excursion and in the meantime what happens on the stage is as follows: “The scene fades and darkens, with only a glint of light upon the Two Figures who stand at the side of the stage. At first the change is to a world of cloud and vapour, the effect at the back so contrived by the rushing upward course of the clouds as to make it seem as though Faust and Mephistopheles were swiftly descending. When the clouds finally disappear and reveal the Witches' Cavern they are seen standing on a ledge of rock slightly raised from the stage. The scene should be designed to represent a hollowed cavern at the base of a deep torn fissure in the earth. The Apish Forms are grouped round a cauldron.”

But this is nothing as compared with the scenery of the Walpurgis Night—an episode, by the way, which might have been very easily omitted, but which was too alluring by reason of the occasion it affords for a grand spectacular effect; and the wild fury of what is spoken, the choice of

language blend exceedingly well with the phantastic nature of the whole situation. "The summit of the Brocken. The scene represents the verge of a great chasm with mountain peaks jutting up from the depths below. Across the gulf stands a high mountain with jagged sides. On the right in front is a path descending to rocks. On the left, an uplifted crag overlooking the depths below. In a hollow at the foot of the crag the Witch is seated by her cauldron. The scene opens with thunder and lightning and a raging wind. On separate peaks that rise from the gulf Witches are posted as sentinels."

Shortly we see a flight of Witches across the sky. Later the crags and mountain tops gradually fill with shadowy forms whose voices echo across the gulf. At another point during this scene "the rocks have sundered and fallen. Uprooted trees have crashed in the abyss and the mountain across the gulf has been so shattered as to leave a vast cavern in its side." Visions of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, preceded by Egyptian Dancing girls, of Messalina, are conjured up and lastly appears a vision of Margaret. The scene closes with "a crash of thunder; and of a sudden the gulf swarms with Witches who shriek amidst the thunder as Faust and Mephistopheles disappear."

The character of Mephistopheles, as will have already been noticed, is considerably changed in this adaptation; it is no longer one uniform character, but is a blending of two perfectly distinct conceptions. In the Prologue and Epilogue, Mephistopheles appears as the fallen angel of tradition; in his dealings on earth he assumes the form of a cavalier troubadour of the Middle Ages, and his speech is light, cynical, and of the world. That is to say, in the Prologue and Epilogue we have the Satan of Milton; in the other scenes he is the Mephistopheles of Goethe. This latter form had become the conventional way of representing the devil in the popular plays since the beginning of the eighteenth century; the monkish cowl was abandoned in favour of the more attractive attire. Of course there is some justification for the

change made by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr; in one case Mephistopheles is speaking with "his ancient friends, his present foes," and disguise is useless; in the other case he is the seducer, and it would seem that the accomplished gentleman ready-witted, caustic or suave as occasion may require, is the most useful appearance he could assume. Moreover, the change affords Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr the opportunity of inserting some passages of the kind we were made familiar with in "Herod" and in "Nero." Lines like the following, for instance, possess real vigour and give expression to a certain grandeur of conception:

"And never will I cease this war with Heaven,  
 Till the bound elements shall mutiny  
 And the imprisoned thunder shall be freed,  
 And old tremendous blasts shall fly abroad,  
 And all his millions of rash fires be quenched;  
 And space shall be again as once it was  
 Ere He disturbed it with his fiery brain,  
 Timeless and tideless, limitless and dark!  
 Mother! Still crouching on the bounds of light  
 With face of sea and hair of tempest, still  
 Huddled in huge and immemorial hate,  
 Behold thy son, and some dark aid extend!"

These violent fulminations, these glowing appeals to mother Night, this angry defiance of the omnipotent may suit the transformed Mephistopheles; making due allowance for the difference between the two poets, no one could fail to detect in passages like the above the style of language used by the fallen angel in "Paradise Lost." But this is not the tone of the cynic; there is here no sneer at pathos, but a fine illustration of pathos itself. Such words as these could never have been uttered by the Mephistopheles of Goethe; he is just the same personage in heaven and on earth. His essence is cynicism; we know that the character before us is compelled to act as he does act if he is not to belie his real nature. Constant and consistent carping at whatever is ideal is the

way he proceeds, and he does so from sheer conviction. Not so the devil of the English version; throughout the Margaret drama we are conscious of his unreality, having seen him in his true colours in the Prologue. Compare with the above passage the four lines which Mephistopheles utters in the original Prologue; they are all he says, but how characteristic!

“The Ancient One I sometimes like to see,  
And not to break with him am always civil.  
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he  
To speak so kindly even to the devil.”

The conclusion that must force itself on everybody is that the English adaptation of Faust has yet to be made. It would be an interesting theme to investigate what would have to be inserted; we would certainly not omit all notice of the Helena scenes in which is symbolized one of Goethe's most cherished conceptions, that human perfection cannot be attained without a blending of the ideal of beauty, Helena, with the highest intellect and finest moral consciousness. We must also put into dramatic action what this version leaves as mere intentions. Whether an honest adaptation of Goethe's Faust would be a paying concern to run for a whole season at a London theatre is another matter; and it must not be forgotten, when judging an acting version, that the requirements of the populace have to be seriously considered. Nevertheless no one should lightly tamper with a masterpiece of literature so as to reduce it to such a level, that it can afford a pleasant evening's entertainment to an average theatre audience.

E. W. PATCHETT

## THE FIELDS OF CANADA

*"Longa nocte, carent quia vate sacro."*

Farther than eye can see, far North, far West,  
Stretches the prairie land, whose travail yields  
Such precious harvesting. The grain's ripe crest  
Crowns with bright gold the vast Canadian fields.  
Yet they had lain for ages long asleep,  
Storing in silence their reserves of life,  
Till man's rude plough broke up the wondrous deep,  
And drew forth strength to serve his daily strife.

But Canada has fairer fields untilled,  
Where embryo thoughts and words of fire lie dumb,  
Resting until the master poet, skilled  
To feed the hungry human heart, shall come.  
God! for a ploughman, like the Scot of old,  
To draw a furrow through the teeming mould.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS

## THE READING OF CANADIAN STUDENTS

A FEW years ago a professor of English in a Nova Scotia college began to submit to his students in the first year an enquiry upon their previous reading. His aim at the time was merely to obtain information that would assist him in shaping his lectures. Lately, however, the idea suggested itself that from the accumulated answers of three successive classes to the question, "What books and authors have you read at home?" material for an instructive article might be gleaned. He, accordingly, kindly placed them in my hands for analysis and comment.

The summary of the results set forth in these pages will, I trust, be not only of interest to the bookman who always delights to enquire what other people read, but also of some permanent value as indicating with more or less certainty to what books the students who are entering our colleges turn with the greatest zest, what are their favourite authors, and what hold the standard English writers have upon them. The reader will, of course, bear in mind that the answers were not obtained in as definite a form as they would have been had an article of this kind been contemplated. Many students, for instance, mentioned Scott without stating whether it was Sir Walter's prose or poetry that they had read. There is the same indefiniteness in mentioning Macaulay and Kipling. The plan adopted has been to credit the prose of Scott and Macaulay with a reader except where their poetical works have been indicated, but the nature of the answers has, unfortunately, not permitted of any division in the case of Mr. Kipling.

It should also be remembered that the answers were written out hurriedly at the end of an hour's lecture and cannot be considered exhaustive. I think, however, that the result of these conditions was to bring to the front the books

and writers which had made the most striking impression on the minds of the students. It may be true in some measure that, from a desire to make a favourable impression, some students mentioned at first only the best books of their acquaintance and found the time too limited to detail those of lesser note. I believe, however, that on the whole the answers were written out in good faith and that the result is a fairly accurate representation of the facts. If the statements given hereafter are in particular points somewhat tentative their outstanding features are sufficiently definite to be most interesting and instructive.

Two hundred and sixty papers, one hundred and seventy-two of which were from boys and eighty-eight from girls, were examined. The students, with the exception of one from England, another from the state of New York, and a third from Trinidad, nearly all received their early education in the public and private schools of the Maritime Provinces. The answers vary greatly in the amount of information given. Some name only one writer; others a number of authors, but no titles; others give the titles only; and the most numerous class name several authors and also give the titles of books without mentioning their writers. In a small number of the papers the titles of the books and the names of their respective authors are given. The answers on the whole are marked by accuracy and correct spelling. There are very few instances in which a book is attributed to the wrong author. Misspelt names and titles are more frequent. Some of the sins against orthography are:—"Mac Auley;" "Tenneson" and "Tenneyson;" "Elliott" and "Eliott;" "Corrilae;" "Thackery;" "Blackmoore;" "Stephenson;" "Kennilworth;" "Mac Beth."

The amount of reading other than novels or poetry is scarcely sufficient to require comment. Darwin's "Descent of Man," it is true, found two readers, Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" one, while one lad *sui generis* gave H. G. Wells as his favourite author, and said, "am reading works of Darwin, Huxley, and Haeckel." Very little

history was read. Green and Prescott have two readers each, and Macaulay's prose which is, of course, largely historical, eighteen. Of biography there is no mention. Ruskin has five readers, four girls and one boy. Three boys read Addison, and one boy and two girls read Carlyle. Another boy said: "began Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' but could not finish it." In the fields of fiction and poetry the range is very wide and the standard high. In the list of authors are most of the great names from Chaucer to Kipling, and the character of the verse read varies from the heroic measure of Milton to the modern humour and pathos of James Whitcomb Riley. The novelists are as early as Fielding and as modern as Conan Doyle, as contrasted in style and subject matter as Scott and Jane Austen, or Dickens and George Eliot, as genuine as Owen Wister and as superficial as McCutcheon. In all one hundred and thirty-six poets and novelists are named, and the average number of names to each paper is four and a fraction. It is evident, moreover, from the wording of their answers that a large proportion of the students had not the time, or did not think it worth while, to specify all the modern authors they had read. Fifty-six per cent. of the boys and sixty-nine per cent. of the girls read one or more of the great English poets. The minor writers of verse are scarcely known at all, a fact which shows that the poetry that is read is usually good. In many papers, indeed, the only standard writer named is a poet.

The highly gratifying result of the analysis as a whole is the outstanding popularity of the great English classics. Eighty-one and a half per cent. read at least one of the standard authors, and of the twenty most popular names there is not one which can be called trashy, and only two which are decidedly inferior. The boys who attended private schools did not keep up the general average, only sixty-six per cent of them having read standard writers. The following table of the most widely read authors arranged in order of popularity affords a basis for study and comment. It is reassuring indeed to

see good old Sir Walter and the big-hearted Dickens so well in front.

	Boys	Girls	Total	Per cent.
Total No.	172	88	260	100
Scott (prose)	79	38	117	45
Dickens	69	48	117	45
Shakespeare	61	24	85	31
Tennyson	47	35	82	31
Longfellow	45	28	73	28
Ralph Connor	35	20	55	21
Henty	31	5	36	14
Milton	23	9	32	13
Conan Doyle	25	6	31	12
Burns	18	6	24	9
Charles Kingsley	15	9	24	9
Scott (verse)	19	3	22	8
Kipling	14	4	18	7
Defoe	14	4	18	7
Macaulay (prose)	13	5	18	7
Thackeray	6	11	17	6
Goldsmith	13	2	15	5
Byron .	9	3	12	4
Ballantyne	8	3	11	4
Bulwer-Lytton	7	4	11	4
George Eliot	2	9	11	4
Gilbert Parker	6	4	10	3
Cooper	8	0	8	3
Macaulay (verse)	5	3	8	3
Browning	3	4	7	3
Corelli	5	2	7	3
Wordsworth	4	3	7	3
Irving	5	2	7	3
Winston Churchill	6	1	7	3
Stewart White	5	1	6	2
Dumas	6	0	6	2
Roberts	1	5	6	2
Ruskin	1	4	5	1.9

THE READING OF CANADIAN STUDENTS 131

	Boys	Girls	Total	Per cent.
Owen Wister	3	2	5	1.9
Charlotte Bronte	1	4	5	1.9
Thomas Hood	2	3	5	1.9
Jane Austin	0	5	5	1.9
L. T. Meade	0	5	5	1.9

One of the most curious results of the tabulation is the position of Ralph Connor, who proves to be far and away the most popular modern author. Besides the mere fact that he is named so often, it is noteworthy that the answers frequently contain such statements as "read all Ralph Connor's books," "Ralph Connor, (five books);" or the titles of a number of his books are written out. It is, however, not surprising after all that a Canadian who is also a clergyman, and who conceals his homilies under stirring accounts of robust, out-door Canadian life, should appeal strongly to young readers, mainly of Scotch descent, in whom the artistic and literary side has been but little developed. The much better, and one would think more interesting, work of that sterling writer of boys tales, J. Fenimore Cooper, found but eight readers; and the nationality of Gilbert Parker and Roberts did not gain them more than ten and six respectively. Robert Barr has only one reader, and the name of that very bright Canadian novelist, Sara Jeannette Duncan, does not appear at all. Henty's distinctly juvenile appeal, of course, accounts for his position, and the supposed semi-religious nature of Milton's poetry, no doubt, explains his popularity among young people of Puritan training. In confirmation of the oft-repeated assertion that girls arrive earlier at an appreciation of literary style than boys is the comparative popularity with them of Thackeray, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, and Jane Austen.

The American classics, if such a term may be used, evidently appeal but little to the young Canadian. Longfellow's is the only American name among the first twenty; Cooper found eight readers, Irving seven, Hawthorne and Mark Twain four each, Whittier three, and Lowell two.

The table already given gains in interest when supplemented by a knowledge of the other end of the scale. That the young do not take kindly to character analysis and elaboration of style is shown by the omission of the names of Meredith, Hardy, Henry James, and Hewlett; and none were precocious or sophisticated enough to attempt Tolstoi, Ibsen, or Bernard Shaw. Nor do they appear to have heard of Conrad or Clarke Russell, and probably it is too early to expect that De Morgan's name should be on the list, or that the revival of Trollope should have reached them. The genial, clear-eyed Autocrat has no readers, neither has the solitary and solemn Thorean.

Francis Parkman's is another name missing and his heroic labours certainly deserved better of the young Canadian. Among the poets omitted are Spenser, Dryden, Herrick, Campbell, Matthew Arnold, Walt Whitman, and the whole host of minor writers of verse, including the Canadians, Lampman, Campbell, Carman, and Stringer. Omar, whom I thought every one knew by heart now-a-days, is, strange to say, named only once, and among the forty-eight other writers who found but one reader are Smollett, Fielding, Lever, Collins, Weyman, Bullen, Hichens, Mrs. H. Ward, and Coleridge, Poe, Swinburne, and J. W. Riley. The author of Tom Brown's School Days, Barrie, Norman Duncan, Lowell, Keats, and Shelley are among the seventeen names mentioned only twice. Among the thirty-three who had three readers are the names of Addison, Chaucer, Pope, Cowper, Charles Reade, Haggard, Blackmore, Marryat, Lew Wallace, Whittier, and Mrs. Browning. Bunyan, Swift, Chas. Lamb, Hawthorne, Verne, Mark Twain, and Mrs. Stowe are among the eleven who found four readers each.

It will, no doubt, have been noticed with some pleasure that the writers of modern "best sellers" do not take a prominent place in the list. If it is because in many of the answers it was not thought worth while to name them, that fact at least shows that the students knew enough of literary values not to place, as some supposedly learned people sometimes do, the names of Marie Corelli, McCutcheon and others of

their class among the immortals. Hall Caine is not mentioned at all, Marie Corelli was named seven times, McCutcheon, Tracy, and Jack London four, R. W. Chambers, McGrath, and Marchmont three. The name of Edna Lyall, whom an investigator writing a few years ago for the "Nineteenth Century and After" ascertained to be the most popular author among both British and Colonial girls, appears only once.

One of the papers handed in was from a young woman who has lately published some very creditable verse. She reported reading: "Tennyson, Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Coleridge, Swinburne, Carlyle, Macaulay, Scott, Dickens, Kipling, Stevenson, and a good many of the popular books of the last two years." In contrast to this showing is the report of a young man whose frank answer to the question—"What books and authors have you read at home?" was "none." Another replied "no particular author," and another, "like any style of literature." The list of a city boy of a comparatively wealthy family was "The Virginian," "The Right of Way," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," "The Prospector," "God's Good Man," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Black Rock," "The Man from Glengarry," "Glengarry School Days," "The Man on the Box," "The Wings of the Morning," "Oliver Twist," "Castle Cranycrow," "The Pillar of Light," "The Shadow of a Crime." One youth who must have had access to an old-fashioned library said he read, "Byron, Smollet, Fielding, Swift, and Dickens," another read "30 works of Chas. Dickens, 5 of Sir Walter Scott's, 2 of Thackeray's."

The answers in which the titles of the books were given afford an opportunity to obtain a rough idea, if not of the most popular works, at least of those which left the most lasting impression on the minds of their readers. "Ivanhoe," which is mentioned eighteen times, is at the head of the list. The others follow thus: "Paradise Lost," 13, "Robinson Crusoe" and "David Copperfield" 11, "Hamlet," "Evangeline," "Oliver Twist," "The Sky Pilot," and "The Man from Glengarry," 10, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Glen-

garry School Days," 9, "Julius Cæsar," "The Talisman," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "The Princess," and "The Prospector," 8, "Kenilworth," and "A Tale of Two Cities," 7, Dickens' "Christmas Carol," 6, "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Marmion," "In Memoriam," "Westward Ho," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," 5.

The most popular authors are thus shown to be those of the greatest strength, breadth, and richness of genius, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Tennyson, and in lesser degree Burns and Macaulay. Writers whose work is less romantic or of a more strictly intellectual appeal, Thackeray, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Wordsworth, and Browning are very much lower in the list, and the foremost names in the modern introspective school are, as has been already observed, not to be found at all. An economic explanation must not be overlooked. Money, or rather the lack of it, unfortunately, retards the gaining of acquaintances even in the realm of books. The most widely read authors are those whose works are no longer protected by copyright or which are on sale at moderate prices. Now that Parkman's writings may for the first time be obtained in an inexpensive edition, the convenient "Everyman's," it is to be hoped that they will be read by all young Canadians. The lack of money, however, is not an unmixed evil. As much time would not be given to the classics were the distractions of current fiction more insistent. It is noticeable that students from the cities show a wider acquaintance with the novels of the day than those from the country. In rural communities the "best seller" at "one-dollar-fifty" will make its way more slowly than in the metropolis provided with public and private circulating libraries, and the tempting windows of book-stores.

It will thus have been perceived that the investigation, although comparatively narrow in scope, affords gratifying evidence of a positive kind that the imaginations of young Canadians are being nourished by a sound and powerful literature.

W. KENT POWER

## TECUMSEH

WITH the exception of Pontiac, no other Indian chief stands out so clearly in Canadian history as Tecumseh. No other chief has ever made such a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of the white man. To mention his name is to call to mind one noted for bravery, energy, and leadership, a heroic spirit burning with a great purpose, the salvation of his race, the redemption of his land, and dying as he had lived, loyal and devoted to his mission.

It was early in the 18th century, about the year 1730, that Tecumseh's tribe, the Shawanoes or Shawnees migrated from the South and settled in the valley of the Ohio. The Shawnees from ancient times were always noted for being a warlike tribe, and also for a disposition to wander. They were mentioned by De Laet, in 1632. In 1680, they seem to have been well-known, and some of them were then to be found on the upper Savannah river in Georgia. They also at one time settled along the banks of the Seewanee river in Florida. Their very name means "Southerners."

Leaving the South on account of disputes with some of the tribes, a part of them descended the Kentucky river, west to the Ohio Valley. This was a vast region peopled by many different Indian tribes, who were principally settled upon the banks of the large rivers. These Indians had a degree of rude comfort unknown to wandering tribes. They built themselves log cabins, cultivated maize, and even possessed large orchards. Their settlements along the rivers were known as towns. In this valley, part of the Shawnees took up their abode along the banks of the Scioto river and the Great Miami. About the year 1769 or 1770 Kawna-la-Shawn, formerly a Cherokee woman and noted for her wisdom among the Shaw-

nees, gave birth to three sons on the same day,—Tecumseh, Olliwayshilla, who afterwards became celebrated as the Prophet, and Kumskaka, who died young. While speaking of this tribe, it is worthy of note that it was a Shawnee Indian who was La Salle's faithful companion on all his travels, and who suffered the same fate as La Salle.

Tecumseh's birthplace was either at Piqwa, a town on the banks of the Great Miami river, or another old Indian village on the Scioto (Chilicothe), presumably the latter. When Tecumseh was about four years old he lost his father Pukeesheno, who was killed at the battle of Kanawha in 1774. His boyhood was spent amidst the sound of the war cry and the burning of the homes of his people; for since the Americans had obtained their independence they were steadily encroaching upon the lands of the Indians.

According to the custom of all Southern tribes, Tecumseh, passed his first initiation as a boy, which was preparatory to his initiation as a warrior, when he should reach manhood. At his first initiation he had to run the gauntlet and afterwards was sent to spend several weeks alone in the woods, living only on such roots as he could obtain. As Tecumseh approached manhood, he passed his second initiation, a dreadful ordeal, when the courage of the young Indian was tried by severe and painful methods. This initiation, like the first, is a solemn ordeal among all Indian tribes. "The candidate prepares himself for his trial by a severe and sleepless fast lasting several days. This is followed by elaborate religious ceremonies;" after which the young Indian, in presence of the chiefs and warriors of his tribe, is tortured. Tecumseh passed his ordeal and was admitted into his tribe as one of their warriors. It was shortly after this that Tecumseh seems to have succumbed, like so many of the Indians, to drink and for four years he remained under its influence. His mother, the brave Kawna-la-Shawn, upbraided him for his ignominious surrender of his manhood—he who had bid fair to surpass all warriors was now idle and useless.

In the meanwhile, the dark clouds of adversity were gathering slowly but surely around the doomed Indians. Their land, the heritage of their Nation, was red with their blood; their chiefs looked vainly for a leader. No one appeared to deliver them from the treachery of the whites who were undermining the strength of the tribes by freely circulating rum and other spirits, and sowing dissensions among them, till each mistrusted the other, and could hardly tell friend from foe.

In one of his addresses to his people Tecumseh brings this fact before them: "Brothers,—The white people send runners among us; they wish to make us enemies, that they may sweep over and desolate our hunting grounds, like devastating winds or rushing waters." From out of this gloom of deep shadows, Tecumseh—the shooting star—suddenly appeared before the tribes and announced to them that the Great Spirit had spoken to him in a dream, and commanded him to leave the white man's poison alone and save his race from destruction.

He was about twenty when he first appeared before them as a Leader. He was a Leader after their own hearts. A people who valued "persuasion and bravery as the only arts of government" could not desire a better. Springing from a race of noted orators, Tecumseh was the greatest. He was the swiftest runner of all, the mightiest wrestler, and one of the most fearless hunters. An Englishman writing home, mentions how he had seen Tecumseh leap from his horse upon the back of a mad bull in foaming flight, and with one sure aim give the animal his death blow.

The Great Spirit had called Tecumseh. He heard and arose in response to the call. From that time, until the day of his death, he never faltered in his purpose. Never once did he again fall a victim to drink. Higher ever higher he climbed the thorny paths as the saviour of his people. Neither cold, nor hunger, nor thirst stayed him. With the wisdom of a born leader, he at once endeavoured to unite the different tribes scattered over the vast territory which extended from

the Ohio to the Mississippi. He laboured to unite again the bands of friendship which had been so ruthlessly torn asunder by the white man's treachery.

Gradually the tribes began to come together as they were swayed by his wonderful thought and eloquence. Nor was it long ere the Americans began to experience this new force working against them. Where once they had met isolated bands of Indians, whom they easily conquered, they were now confronted with superior forces, and in nearly every case the Indians were victorious. They became so powerful that Congress, in 1790, sent General Harmar against them. He was obliged to return with the loss of many of his men. Next year, General St. Clair was sent against the Miami and Shawanee tribes, but he suffered even a worse defeat. The Indians met him on his way, attacked his camp and destroyed the greater part of his troops.

In 1794, however, there came a change. General Wayne entered the Indian territory with a formidable force. At first the Indians retired as the Americans advanced, but later making a stand they gave battle. The result was that the Indians were routed so completely that the next year the Americans succeeded in obtaining from some of the village chiefs a large tract of country extending along the river Wabash. This treaty was known as the Greenville. The war chiefs bitterly complained about the last treaty, as it meant displacements to a number of tribes. They complained that all should have been consulted and that it was owing to the treachery of the "Long Knives," as they called the Americans, who had beguiled some of the village chiefs into signing the treaty.

This unjust act, for it had been understood that in the treaty of 1783 that the Indian country west of the Ohio was to be left to the tribes, brought into play the full genius of Tecumseh's powers as a leader. From the date of this last treaty he saw that his race was doomed, unless other measures were adopted. These measures he resolved to take. Hitherto he had aimed at uniting all the tribes settled on the

Ohio. He now resolved to unite all the tribes of the red men of North America into one grand confederacy. He would found an Empire. His lofty spirit soared higher than ever under the woes of his people: "Brothers,—We all belong to one family; we are all Children of the Great Spirit; we walk in the same path; slake our thirst at the same spring; and now affairs of the greatest concern lead us to smoke the pipe around the same council fire."

This great patriot was no longer a Shawnee, he was first of all a red man; he no longer remembered that the Iroquois were his hereditary foes; all were his brethren groaning under the curse of the white man. Tecumseh's soul burned with the fires of true patriotism. To save his race from extinction and their land from the hand of the spoiler became his one absorbing passion. His keen, subtle mind read those able diplomats who were sent to their tribes by Congress, and who, by strategy and persuasion, worked upon the minds of different Indian tribes to sell their lands for a nominal price. Year after year he saw his people being pushed farther and farther back from their forests and rivers. He saw that though his people made treaties in good faith, they were broken on the slightest pretence by the Americans.

To combat this he began to preach wherever he went the necessity of regaining their former possession as far as the Ohio, of resisting the further encroachment of the whites, and, lastly, of preventing the future cession of land by any one tribe without the sanction of all, obtained in a general council. For, as Tecumseh said later in a speech to General Harrison, "All our lands are common to our race, how can one nation sell the rights of all without the consent of all?"

"Who is leading the Indians?" was the question heard on all sides. Never yet had the Americans encountered such a leader. For Tecumseh's knowledge of military tactics was wonderful. Soon his name began to be heard far and wide as the leader of the Indians. Always in the front of battle, he was several times sorely wounded. In these engagements a great deal of spoil came into the hands of the Indians, but

never once did Tecumseh enrich himself. In vain did the Americans, who feared the man, offer him wealth. What was wealth to such a man? In his dress he was always simple, wearing tanned buckskins made in the usual Indian fashion. If his exertions before had been great, they now seemed beyond man's strength. North, south, east, and west did Tecumseh come and go on his mission. Through dismal swamps and treacherous bogs, across great plains, and over desert lands where thirst became a torment. Over bleak mountain passes, where beasts of prey lay in wait, did this brave, wise and faithful man toil on in his mission of uniting all the tribes of North America. He visited almost every tribe from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, and even north of them, and far to the west of the Mississippi.

Sometimes in his journeys he would come across a band of warriors in the depths of a forest sitting around their camp-fire. He would suddenly appear before them, like some spirit who is for ever doomed to wander, lone and desolate. Weary and emaciated he would throw himself down by their camp-fire. But once rested, and having commenced to speak to the Indians, he held them spell-bound by his eloquence. As the light of the camp fire fell upon his face, they saw him as one transfigured. His dark, hazel eyes flashed with the fires of genuine patriotism, as he dwelt on the wrongs of their race. With quick nervous jestures full of feeling he poured forth a flood of eloquent and pathetic language. His listeners strained forward, as he hurled his passionate words at them. Never before had they heard such language, never had they had their great wrongs placed before them so eloquently, so pathetically. On the morrow Tecumseh was off on his never-ending journey. But his message had not been in vain; he had left them, but they remembered.

This great statesman grew in distinction as the conflict waxed greater. He laboured to combat the jealousies of the different tribes, for the Indians had not yet reached Tecumseh's degree of patriotism. If they had, a different page of history might have been written. Every year his

influence over the chiefs of the different tribes increased. He had so thoroughly learned to control himself that the "wayward" passions of his people responded to his disciplined mind as well as to his oratorical powers.

Tecumseh's eloquence was never better displayed than in his reply to General Harrison of Indiana, at Vincennes, in 1811, when, accompanied by several hundred warriors, he encamped near the town and demanded an interview with General Harrison. Among other things he said in his reply to General Harrison that, "the system which the United States pursue of purchasing lands from the Indians he viewed as a mighty water ready to overflow his people, and that the confederacy which he was forming among the tribes to prevent any tribe from selling land without the consent of others was the dam he was erecting to resist this mighty water. Your great father the President, may sit over the mountains and drink his wine, but if he continues his policy, you and I will have to meet on the battle field." While Tecumseh was travelling here and there on his mission, his brother, who had become known as a great prophet, was left in command of his home. This place was on the banks of the Tippecanoe, not far from Vincennes, and about 150 miles from Fort Dearborn (Chicago). This village soon became the meeting place for large bands of Indians, who were drawn thither, not only on Tecumseh's account, but also on that of his brother. This man had remarkable powers of divination, and began to obtain wonderful hold over the superstitious minds of these "pensive people." He claimed to have in his possession three remarkable instruments of magic: a bowl, which possessed miraculous qualities, a torch from Nanabush, the keeper of the sacred fire, and a belt made of beans, which were supposed to have grown from his flesh. Indian runners carried this belt far and wide, even as far north as the Red river, so that all the red men might touch it, and by so doing become invulnerable to the white man's weapons.

The Americans began to dread the Prophet's influence over the minds of the Indians almost as much as Tecumseh's

and they awaited the first opportunity to drive farther away all those who still clung to their old homes near the Wabash. This opportunity came when on July 31st 1811, Tecumseh left his home on a visit to the Creeks in the South. Before Tecumseh left he gave strict orders to his brother that no hostile demonstration should be made by the Indians to the settlers, as they might lead to extremities before his plans were matured. There seems, however, to have been attacks made on some of the settlers who had lately been encroaching on their lands, and this led to the opportunity the Americans had been waiting for. General Harrison was at once dispatched with a force of nearly 1,000 men to Tippecanoe. The Prophet betrayed Tecumseh's trust and precipitated an attack upon General Harrison. After a severe fight the Indians were defeated with great loss on both sides. The settlement was burnt and all the crops and provisions destroyed by General Harrison.

Tecumseh returned from his mission to the Creeks on January, 1812, to find his home a heap of ruins. He saw at one blow his scheme of a confederacy wrecked. As he gazed upon the desolation around him it seemed that his people, his unhappy people were doomed to destruction. The thought stung him again to action.

Tecumseh had foreseen that the Americans intended sooner or later to make war upon Canada. He therefore resolved to join the British. He had seen that they respected sacred treaties and dared to hope that they would look upon his people as a nation, and not as animals of the forest. All his demands as to lands and treaties for the welfare of the Indians had been spurned with contempt. At once he began to put his plan into action. Again he visited the different tribes and spoke to them of joining the British as an independent power. The Americans at once threatened the Indians that if they did so, they would retaliate on their wives and children. But Tecumseh had obtained by this time an immense influence over many of the chiefs, and nearly all of those he could reach in a short time responded to his call. He

marched northward into Canada with a large force, and henceforth we find him faithful to England. "His majestic figure" towers throughout the conflict as one of the wisest, ablest and most humane leaders of the war of 1812. These Indian allies of England were never forgiven by Congress, and as Schoolcraft mentions, the result was a "bitterness traceable through many American histories of the period." And yet they had by their very acts of injustice driven these men to leave them.

It was at Amherstburg that Tecumseh first met with Brock. To Canadians, these two names stand for all that is heroic, loyal, and devoted. The white man and the red man fought their last fight and died as they had lived, loyal to their cause. The "soul" of the Canadian defence was General Brock, and if it had not been for him "and the band of devoted red men, led on by the brave Tecumseh" during the great struggle of 1812, the question is would there have been a Canada left to us?"

In many respects, Brock and Tecumseh were alike. Both possessed undaunted courage, a keen insight into character, and a hatred of all that was false and mean. Both possessed in a remarkable degree, the talent of winning the love and attachment of their friends, and drew even from their enemies expressions of admiration and respect.

When these two kindred spirits met for the first time at Amherstburg, they at once conceived a great admiration for each other. Tecumseh turned round to his people after talking with Brock and exclaimed, "This is a man." While General Brock was no less impressed by the Great Indian Chief's appearance, whose fine countenance and commanding figure filled him with admiration and respect. Writing later to Lord Liverpool, he says; "Among the Indians whom I found at Amherstburg, who had arrived from distant parts of the country, were some extraordinary characters. He who attracted most of my attention was the Shawanese Chief, Tecumseh. A more sagacious or more gallant warrior does not exist. He was the admiration of every one who

conversed with him. From a life of dissipation (four years), he has not only become in every respect abstemious, but has likewise prevailed on all his nation and many of the other tribes to follow his example."

Before General Brock crossed over to Detroit he asked Tecumseh what sort of a country he would have to pass through in case of his proceeding further. Tecumseh, taking a roll of bark, opened it and spread it on the ground by means of stones, and with the edge of his knife sketched a plan of the country, its hills, morasses, woods and roads, roughly, but perfectly correct. This friendship of Brock's was one of the few bright spots in the life of Tecumseh—that such a General as Brock should take him by the hand and call him brother, and on every occasion treat him with the greatest honour and respect was as balm to his wounded soul.

It was after the surrender of the Americans at Detroit that Tecumseh came to General Brock and said: "I have heard much of your fame, and am happy again to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. The Americans endeavour to give us a mean opinion of British generals, but we have been the witness of your valour. In crossing the river to attack the enemy we observed you from a distance standing the whole time in an erect position, and when the boats reached the shore you were among the first who jumped on land. Your bold and sudden movement frightened the enemy, and you compelled them to surrender to half their own force."

As General Brock and his Indian allies were about to cross to Detroit, the General asked Tecumseh not to allow the Indians to ill-treat any prisoners, and Tecumseh answered: "I despise them too much to meddle with them,"—for Tecumseh was as humane as he was brave. There is not a single instance of violence charged against any of the Indians when so many Americans fell into their hands at the taking of the fort at Detroit. One of the American officers writing home said: "the Indians under the celebrated chief Tecumseh are a fine set of men." And later on in the

war Tecumseh even killed a brother chief whom he found massacring an American prisoner.

After being the friend and comrade of Brock how Tecumseh's brave spirit must have chafed under the leadership of such a man as Proctor. How often in the days that followed the death of Brock must Tecumseh have longed for his "lion-hearted leader." One almost wishes that the two men had died on the same battle-field, for then Tecumseh would have been spared the bitter mortification of serving under Proctor. He despised and disliked Proctor as much as he admired and loved his first leader. And yet this lonely soul, more lonely than ever after the death of Brock, adhered faithfully to the failing fortunes of his British allies. From his first engagement at the Canard river to his last stand at Moravian Town he did his duty. When the news reached the allied forces of Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the retreat decided on by Major-General Proctor, Tecumseh, "stung with grief and indignation, at first refused to agree to the measure," and in a speech of great power expressed his sentiments against it: "Father, listen to your children! You have them now all before you. The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid our father will do so again this time.

"The summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favour of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry,—that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"Listen! When war was declared our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk and told us he was then ready to strike the American; that he wanted our assistance and that he would certainly get us back our lands, which the Americans had taken from us.

“Listen! You told us, at that time, to bring forward our families to this place and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing while the men would go and fight the enemy; and that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy’s garrisons; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the contest. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“Listen! When we were last at the Rapids it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

“Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm.<sup>1</sup> Our ships have gone one way and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish; our great father the king is the head and you represent him. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to observe our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father’s conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

“Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water. We therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy should they make an appearance. If they defeat us we will then retreat with our father.”

When Proctor commenced his march along the river Thames, the Indians covered the retreat.

And now we draw near the closing scene in the life of this brave man. In the shameful defeat at Moravian Town

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<sup>1</sup> Captain Barclay

the Great Tecumseh fell. His last words with Proctor had been, "Father, have a big heart!" He then led his band of about 800 Indians to the position which had been assigned to them on the left of the battlefield. This was a cedar swamp. And here after Proctor had fled Tecumseh fought on, although he was suffering from a severe wound which he had received in his arm. For some time after Proctor had fled Tecumseh fought desperately against fearful odds. He had to withstand nearly the whole of the American force. His "father" had fled leaving them to their fate, and it was only after the fall of their heroic leader that the Indians gave up fighting. Tecumseh was killed by a shot fired, some say, by Colonel Johnston, of the Kentuckians.

Much has been written about the manner in which Tecumseh met his death. There is no doubt that he suffered shameful treatment from the Kentuckians, who, when he fell, scalped him. Not satisfied with this, they tore the skin from his bleeding form and afterwards cut it up into strips to be used as razor strops. Some of the American officers who saw what was being done tried all they could to put a stop to these shameful indignities. They reported the matter to General Harrison, and he at once hastened to the spot to put an end to the scene.

Those who buried Tecumseh never revealed the secret of his burial place, and the Indians resented for many years any attempt to explore the region of his last battle for his grave.<sup>1</sup> What have Canadians been thinking of that, in the years that have passed, no monument has been erected to the memory of this hero and patriot! As Wolfe and Montcalm are indissolubly associated in our minds, so should Brock and Tecumseh be. Let the Canadians of to-day in erecting a monument to Tecumseh, show that they are not less grateful than were their forefathers to Brock.

LYNN HETHERINGTON

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<sup>1</sup> The skull of Tecumseh was burned in the fire which destroyed the buildings of the Medical Faculty of McGill University, April 16th, 1907.—[Ed. U. M.]

## OLD-AGE PENSIONS

FOR purposes of definition, let us agree to a broad interpretation of what is known as the Old-Age Pension Movement. Let us make the phrase sufficiently comprehensive to include not only Old-Age Pensions proper, but also certain other forms of state action with reference to workingmen, such as National Insurance against Accidents, Sickness and Invalidity; and this whether the systems be limited or unlimited, contributory or non-contributory, compulsory or voluntary. So wide a definition is perhaps justified by the popular conception of the movement, as well as by an underlying unity of motive. At all events, we shall thus be enabled to glance at systems so widely different in scope and financial plan as those of which Germany and Austria afford a type, on the one hand, and those of which England and her Australasian Colonies likewise afford a type, on the other; and at the same time we shall not transgress the canon if we refer also to the purely voluntary Annuity Scheme of the Canadian Government, or to the insurance and Annuity Scheme of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The advocates of Old-Age Pensions maintain that a direct responsibility rests upon the State of assisting the mass of its population by every means in its power; and particularly of assisting the industrial classes to a higher degree of economic stability. The idea, in this form, is of strictly modern origin. It is generally agreed that the philosopher Fichte and the historian-publicist Sismondi, whose influence may be referred to a point of time ninety or one hundred years ago, contributed most powerfully to lay the foundations. From that source were derived the doctrines of the modern school, which advocates the fullest possible use of the powers of the state in the interests of the people. These philosophers utterly repudiated the doctrine

of *laissez-faire*, which was then in full flower, and succeeded in planting the germ from which in due time issued the compulsory German Insurance and Pension System. The German System was not, as is popularly supposed, the conception of Bismarck, but was originated by Dr. Shaeffle, the then leader of the State-Socialists. He promulgated a plan in 1867; and a still more elaborate one in 1881, in his book *Der Korporative Hilfskassenzwang*. In this book will be found the essentials and many of the minutiae of the admirably worked-out plan which is in force in Germany to-day. At about that time the social democrats were becoming more and more of a power. Bismarck, with characteristic boldness, resolved to cut the ground from under their feet forever; and, with equally characteristic insight, grasped that weapon which the philosophers had forged for him after years of travail. Between the years 1883 and 1889 was put in force that fourfold system of national insurance,—against accidents, sickness, invalidity and old age,—which, perhaps more than any other external cause, is contributing to the solid greatness of Germany. Austria, by a system of laws enacted between 1887 and 1894, followed the example of the sister nation.

But the sense of state-obligation had been at work intermittently in Europe prior to the Eighties. As early as 1850, France had established a state system of Old-Age Annuities, and, in 1868, institutions for insurance of workmen against death and accidents: all, be it noted, upon the purely voluntary and self-supporting principle. Belgium soon followed in the footsteps of France. In both of these countries, as in most other Continental states, there flourished very many institutions of the Mutual Aid Society type, which unitedly covered a wide field. It was the aim of legislation in both countries, and also in Italy (where, however, state intervention has been on a more restricted scale), to foster these institutions under a state-controlled system designed to extend and supplement their action.

The Scandinavian nations, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have leaned so strongly towards the example of Germany as to adopt the compulsory system with almost a like completeness. Norway, first of the three, enacted in 1895 a law for compulsory insurance against accidents, which provided also for invalidity pensions, and for pensions to widows whose husbands died as the result of accidents. Sweden and Denmark have followed in the same direction within the past few years. Denmark, however, had indulged herself, as early as 1891, in the luxury of a non-contributory Old-Age Pension measure (much like the recent English law), providing for pensions to begin at the remarkably early age of 60: one-half of the cost being borne by the communes and the other half by the State.

The history of the Old-Age Pension Movement in France and Switzerland is deserving of special notice, however brief. France, as we have seen, strongly favoured the voluntary principle for many years, contenting herself with affording administrative and other aids. She appears, however, to have been forced to the conclusion that the means employed had not sufficiently answered the expectation, and accordingly she has recently given in her adhesion to the compulsory German system. Switzerland, again, affords a very notable example of a similar but more complete and earlier conversion. Commencing with a pronounced aversion to the compulsory principle, Switzerland attempted to meet the national needs by extending her employers' liability laws (1875-87); but with unsatisfactory results. In the year 1890 the people voted by an overwhelming majority for compulsory State action. Before such action could be taken, an amendment to the federal constitution had to be made. This was done, and after years of elaborate investigation, the comprehensive German system was adopted in its entirety. It may also be stated, in passing, that one of the Swiss cantons has put in force quite recently a scheme of insurance against unemployment,—seemingly on a voluntary basis.

Thus we see that the chief nations of Continental Europe (Russia and Spain alone excepted) have acknowledged responsibility with reference to the matter in question. We see that in their efforts to endow the industrial masses with greater economic independence, they began with attempts to encourage national thrift by means of voluntary systems, and by fostering the numerous private institutions that then existed. It is also indicated by the facts that, in the judgement of the great majority of these nations, the voluntary system has proven ineffectual, leaving, with unimportant exceptions, the compulsory system in full operation; and that they almost unanimously acknowledge the need for interdependent, supplementary systems, embracing as well the active life of the worker as his declining years. We see further that while accepting responsibility, the nations of Continental Europe have repudiated the doctrine that the State should bear either the whole burden, or any considerable portion of it. In other words, they consider that method to be the only proper one which places the burden upon the shoulders of the beneficiaries. By theory and practice they enforce the lesson that the current revenue of a nation ought not to bear the tremendous financial burdens involved; but, on the contrary, that it would be demoralizing as well as precarious to proceed otherwise than by building up, however slowly and painfully, great national funds devoted to the specific purpose in view.

It was Chancellor Bismarck himself who met the opposition of his day with the question,—“Why should the regular soldier, or the public official, have a right to be pensioned in his old age, and not the soldier of labour?” To fair-minded men the question is its own sufficient answer, if only a false premiss is not introduced as to who it is that really employs the soldier of labour. Bismarck, certainly, was not the slave of his own illustration. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the establishment of an immense system of gratuities. The recipient must show that he has given value, and this he can show only by contri-

buting in his day of strength to the fund designed for his maintenance. By this means alone can the cost be properly apportioned: the dangerous trades providing for their own greater hazards, as the relatively greater profits of employers and wages of employed enable them to do; the less dangerous trades providing for their lesser risks; and so on. National well-being is secured by national sacrifice, where each contributes according to ability and necessity. Such, at all events, was Bismarck's notion. No man saw more clearly how the basic principle of self-help could be made to contribute to national and social stability, and at the same time further the profoundest policy of the statesman.

It was left for certain of the States of the British Empire to adopt other principles in their endeavour to deal with the problem. New Zealand led the way in 1897, to be followed by Victoria and New South Wales in 1900, and by Britain herself within the past year. The legislation in all of these countries follows the same lines. It deals only with old-age proper, and is based upon (practically) unlimited and non-contributory principles. Possibly no other current solution of the problem was feasible among peoples who detest the idea of compulsion, and who, although impatient of restraints, desire the full fruits of long-continued united action. Be that as it may, the resulting system is held by many persons to be only another form of distributing doles to the people,—as debauching in tendency as were the largesses of corn and gladiatorial shows of Rome's degenerate days. Whether such views are extreme or not, it is certainly true that habits of thrift are not directly encouraged under such systems; that the embarrassment to national finances will be great; and that the charging of Old-Age Pensions upon the current revenue is to invite a break-down in times of stress, when the need of the industrial classes may be most acute. Moreover no attempt is made under this method to distribute the burden equitably; and pensions, like the rain, fall upon the just and the unjust. In contrast to this, let us note that during the

single year 1904 Germany under her fourfold system distributed with scientific care not less than \$126,000,000 : all of which (and, of course, as much more as the great funds set aside for the purpose amount to) had previously been saved,—one-half, roughly, from the profits of her employers, the other half from the pay-envelopes of her people.

But the Old-Age Pension System which Britain and her Australasian Colonies have adopted is open to another grave objection. Apparently, there is already at work in the British Isles a tendency on the part of great landowners and corporations to abandon the practice of pensioning their aged servants. That philanthropic barons should withdraw from a field which the State has undertaken to care for, no one need deplore; but that the great railways and other numerous corporations of Britain should give up their pension systems is a weightier matter. Economically, such an outcome may be inevitable; industrially, it means increasing bitterness of warfare between Capital and Labour,—for no one doubts the steadying effect which pension funds have had upon the relations of employer and employed. Again, the contrast which the Continent presents is forced upon us. There, the private pension fund at once found its place in the state system: the latter being virtually a consolidation of the private funds then in existence, as well as a creator of new ones. If the greatest need of the modern industrial world be for peace and co-operation, there can be no question of the ill that will result from a loosing of the just bonds of mutual self-interest that should subsist between employer and employed.

It is among the English-speaking peoples of America that any participation in the Old-Age Pension Movement was to be looked for on this hemisphere. As a matter of fact, they have remained almost wholly outside the range of its influence. Liberally endowed by Nature, our peoples have never lived close up to the means of subsistence, as have Europeans. This Continent has not yet entered upon the acutest phase of the industrial struggle. But,

what with increase of population and decrease of natural resources, the same problem as has arisen in Europe must arise here. Even now signs are not wanting that the old, devil-may-care, individualistic spirit is dying. It is noteworthy that the common law doctrine of England as touching the liability of employers for accidents to their workmen is being supplanted, both in the United States and in Canada, by positive enactments of wider scope. The finishing-touches which England gave to her Workmen's Compensation Acts in 1906 are being looked to as the *ne plus ultra* in this line. The practice of pensioning is also making rapid progress. That almost fourscore great corporations in Canada and the United States have established pension funds, mostly within the last ten years, is evidence that a new spirit is abroad.

Certain attempts are also being made in this country to ascertain the worth of voluntary state systems. The Canadian Annuities Scheme and the Massachusetts Savings Banks' Insurance Scheme are both of this type. The latter is designed to supply workingmen's insurance and old-age annuities upon a self-sustaining, first-cost basis. The State's contribution to the cost is limited to the comparatively trifling amount necessary for paying the State Actuary, and for meeting expenses of printing. Medical examination fees are a charge upon the issuing banks. The other features of this scheme, which became operative only in July last, are too well known to make further reference necessary.

The Canadian law, with which the name of Sir Richard Cartwright is chiefly associated, may be viewed as an attempt to deal, also upon the voluntary basis, with the old-age phase of the general problem. The lowest age at which an annuity may become payable is 55, except in cases of prior invalidity or disablement, and the maximum amount of annuity permitted upon a single life is \$600. The public is expected to provide by far the greater portion of the cost of the annuities; but there is nevertheless a considerable

advantage given to those who in early life begin to purchase annuities for their later years: such advantage becoming less as the deferred term decreases, and reaching a minimum under immediate annuities, where the difference amounts, according to age, to from 4 to 8 per cent. of the purchase price. The comparison, needless to say, is with open-market rates of insurance companies. In view of the fact that companies operating on this Continent have sustained heavy losses on their annuities, on account of the superior vitality of nominees (excess interest earnings, however, being to some extent an offset), there is obvious need of a revision of the mortality bases upon which annuity rates are computed. So far as the Government rates are concerned, whatever advantage they offer is due to the higher rate of interest assumed in the calculations, and that again is a matter of policy. The arrangement whereby the greatest advantage is given to the deferred annuitant, and a comparatively small advantage to the immediate annuitant, appears to be in harmony with the spirit of the measure. Purchasers of immediate annuities, speaking generally, will be of a different class from that which it is designed chiefly to reach, and there does not appear to be any good reason why the Government should be called upon to sustain any considerable loss on their account. It must be remembered, moreover, that the cost of administration and procurement expenses (whatever the latter will amount to) will also fall upon the Government.

But no system of this kind, however much in the public interest, will "go" of itself. Men will not make provision for themselves and their dependents, seemingly, without being wheedled into it. It is this apathy that makes expensive agency systems necessary: they represent a tax levied upon indifference. To what extent this tax has been unwarrantably increased by fierce competition and other like causes, we need not here concern ourselves. Suffice it to observe that the public has become accustomed to the life insurance agent. Had he never become an insti-

tution, that very public might now be buying life insurance and annuities over the counter; or, again, the whole art and practice of life insurance might never have advanced beyond the embryonic stage. At any rate, we may be certain that it will cost money and effort to make the Government Annuity Scheme a success: and by *success* is meant, not the satisfaction of a sporadic demand for immediate annuities, or for annuities of any kind, upon the part of the enlightened and well-to-do, but that the industrial workers of this country shall participate widely in the benefits of the scheme. If this can be accomplished, a genuine, solid, contribution to the well-being of Canada will have been made.

It might not be wholly unprofitable to discuss the general features of the scheme, with a view to discovering, if possible, the probability of success being achieved in the direction indicated. One other country, at least, would furnish an instructive example of the workings of a similar system. That country, it is true, differs widely from Canada in social structure; but, on the other hand, modern industrialism is much the same everywhere. It was noted in an earlier portion of this paper that France had set up, as long ago as 1850, a voluntary old-age annuity system. After thirty years of operation, during which the system utterly failed to reach the industrial classes, the law was modified in 1880 to admit of what has been called Collective Insurance (*insurance*, as a generic term, including annuities also); and this amendment has proved to be of great usefulness in the desired direction. It would be too much of a digression to go into this matter more fully now, and I must therefore leave it, and also any reference to the interesting actuarial questions connected with deferred annuities, for a more suitable occasion.

By way of concluding word, let it be said that we Anglo-Saxons have still something to learn from Continental Europe with reference to matters of social improvement. They do this sort of thing better in France and Germany.

The Governments of these countries do not deem it beneath their dignity to assist their peoples to economic independence in various ways. Taking a single example from the former nation,—Frenchmen of all classes are encouraged to lend their money to the State, and they do, as a matter of fact, invest their small savings in the public funds. The result is that the French *Rentier* class is an exceedingly large one. The debt is held internally by a multitude of Frenchmen, and the price of securities is correspondingly stable. Holders of Consols, on the other hand, are few, because small holdings are not encouraged. Much of this "premier security" is held abroad, and the price fluctuates with every veer of the political wind. Surely the French example, which is more or less typical, is a good one: good alike as an encouragement to thrift, and from the standpoint of public policy.

As to the subject generally: it is evident that the Old-Age Pension Movement took its rise in certain very real problems connected with modern society. We have seen that Continental Europe has given to the world one typical solution—a solution that, viewed as a mere result apart from processes, is measurably complete, sound and adequate; while certain British countries afford examples of another typical solution, which large minorities believe to be incomplete, unsound, and delirious generally. Both types of the solution have been arrived at by the respective countries in harmony with the spirit of their institutions; but the one partakes of finality, the other suggests evolutionary progress merely. As for the American Continent, it is likely to hear more of the question as the modern industrial system becomes extended and consolidated. We too will eventually hear—we are even now hearing—the question that Carlyle put long ago on behalf of English Chartism: "Is the condition of the working people wrong—so wrong that rational working men cannot, will not, and even should not, rest quiet under it?"

The whole civilized world, therefore, is or will be confronted with the same essential problem. That great masses of the population of any country should live exposed intermittently to the menace of want and other miseries is dangerous in the extreme. The Old-Age Pension proper is only a phase of the question, and employers' liability laws are coming to be regarded as an inadequate supplement, besides being economically wasteful. Eventually, therefore, we must either radically modify our industrial system (of which at present there seems not the remotest likelihood), or we must find some means of eliminating from the lives of the nation's workingmen some of the grosser hazards that now beset them, such as those arising from sickness, accident, unemployment, and penurious old age. What the real solution of Anglo-Saxondom will be, time alone will reveal.

M. D. GRANT

## ALPINISMUS

**I**T IS the nature of man to climb. Our proneness thereto in the literal sense is a direct case of atavism: it is a legitimate throwback to the days before we had dropped our spinal and nominal suffixes, when we were anthropoids instead of anthropoi. The few thousand years of a present improved condition have proved inadequate totally to eliminate the effects of the ages spent in the anterior existence, and thus the desire to climb is an instinct implanted in our breasts by the ineradicable force of heredity.

One of the most significant manifestations of this hereditary impulse is the passion for mountaineering, often erroneously referred to as a disease: its scientific name is Alpinismus. No age or rank, no grade of intellect is immune from its appearance. I am acquainted with one who traversed the Charmoz at the age of fifteen, and another who ascended the Jungfrau at sixteen. Kings and peers, bishops and curates, members of parliament and of the Imperial cabinet, brilliant lights of all the learned professions, scientific men of world-wide reputation, have succumbed to its allurements, and risked their bones for a success that meant no fame, or a failure that brought no sympathy. The craving, once enkindled, is as impossible to resist as the duckling's for the water. Careful education of the young, or the lapse of an aeon or two are the only agencies that can be relied on to dispel it. To most of us these advantages have been denied, and it is therefore manifestly unjust to blame the unfortunate individual for what is wholly out of his power to avoid.

For it is too much the habit of the hasty present day to cast obloquy and scorn on the man who climbs mountains

“for climbing’s sake.” With *nouveau siècle* rashness our critics jump at a conclusion based solely on appearances; and thus it is that, unthinking, they sit in judgement on a case that they do not understand, and condemn a tendency which is as much a law of nature as kleptomania or senile decay.

A valued friend once wrote me, after seeing the Matterhorn: “If you think it is right for a married man to risk his life on those awful precipices, I do not.” Yet the same cautious person is occasionally to be seen enjoying the rapid motion of an automobile, and the Matterhorn, like some other things, is not quite so bad as it looks. Another has the amiability to leave at my door any accounts appearing in the daily papers of crushing accident or harrowing distress occurring in Switzerland. Suffering and disaster exist all over the world, and such tales assuredly lose nothing in the telling. I have not retaliated by sending him clippings of street accidents in Toronto. Pity were more in place than blame; for it may fairly be said of the Alpine enthusiast, as mothers say of their hopefuls, that he cannot help it.

What, after all, are the charges that our detractors bring against us? They are reducible to two main counts: the aimlessness of the pursuit, and its dangerous character. Or, if you prefer, folly and foolhardiness. “Is it not a shocking waste of time and money?” they ask. “Mere brutal exercise,” one calls it, and quotes Mr. Ruskin’s famous simile. They wonder that we cannot find something to do that shall be useful to ourselves or beneficial to the race, if we must expend superfluous time and energy in muscular exercise. Most of them recommend golf. But why should mountaineering be singled out for attack by these superior minds? Other pastimes are classed as innocent, or at any rate succeed in escaping their censure. No one rails at the unremunerative nature of billiards, or at the want of altruism in bridge. And surely it is nobody’s business if we are so futile as to prefer health to dollars, and fatigue to dyspepsia. We can at least make the same plea that brings so much comfort to

the German basso, when he assures us that he injures nobody else by his drinking, drinking.

More serious is the accusation of foolhardiness. The recent disaster on the Matterhorn, by which Major Sporri lost his life and Herr Imfeld both his legs, closing the sad record of lives lost in the Alps a year ago, lays us fairly open to the question, Are we right in pursuing so dangerous a sport? and still more, Are we right in inducing others to take it up? To answer it we must revert to the original axiom.

The irresistible might of this hereditary impulse may be best judged from the discomforts and misery that it compels its victims to submit to in order to sate the cravings of nature. They will flounder for miles through wet snow to the knee, to arrive at a malodorous hovel where other wretched beings are herded together. They will feed on ill-cooked food, and lie down in dank clothes on trays of mouldy straw. All attempts at sleep are mostly rendered vain by the arrival and departure of noisy maniacs and their keepers, or the permanent presence of voracious parasites. After a few hours of pretended rest, they rise at 1 a.m., unrefreshed and unwashed, and force down a few more mouthfuls of the unwholesome provisions that the porteur has jammed into his rucksack. They drink things that their whole sole recoils from, and turn out into the bitter air by the light of a candle in a little lantern. With numbed hands and aching joints they slide in the dark down frozen ropes or crawl down rocks to the glacier, tramp more miles to the foot of their Pisgah of promise, and all the time are at the beck of a rude giant, on whom their sufferings make not the slightest impression.

But it is when the climber reaches the base of this peak "of known desire and proved delight" that his real troubles begin. He must pass hours on precarious notches hacked in steep ice slopes. He must haul himself painfully by invisible holds up precipitous crags and round ghastly corners, and hang by fingers and toes to narrow cracks in smooth and perhaps glazed slabs. He hails a perpendicular cleft in the rocks as a gift from the gods, and ruins his clothes in an

attempt to mount it in the way familiar to every chimney sweep's apprentice of a past generation. His master allows him no pause to look at the wonderful scenery, unless it happens to chime with his insatiable desire for a meal or a drink; and he reaches the summit to find a view that he knows already to its smallest detail, and perhaps a biting wind or snowstorm that curtails even this slender enjoyment. Then comes the descent by the same or another route, when he must repeat the whole grisly performance, only too glad if it brings him at last to his comfortable hotel, and a bath.

Meanwhile he has had to steel his nerves to look sudden death in the face in many forms. There are *séracs* on the "dry," and crevasses in the *névé*: avalanches in the *couloirs*: falling stones on the crags: on the ice slopes—and everywhere and all the time—the possibility of a fatal slip. And after enduring all this danger, hardship, and uncleanness, he will constantly in after days refer to this as a glorious climb, and hilariously welcome the first opportunity of repeating the revolting experience in detail.

Is not the case of these unfortunates hopeless, cureless? In most people the instinct lies dormant till called into being by extraneous stimuli. Many owe its birth to comparatively simple causes. In my own case it was scaling the dizzy heights of the Tomlishorn that accomplished my downfall. I went up by the Pilatusbahn a healthy minded tourist: I descended a raving mountaineer. Not a few have succumbed from the exciting experience of crossing the Mer de Glace with the assistance of a guide from the Montanvert. The mere sight of Mont Blanc has inoculated others with a wild yearning to surmount it. A sad case came under my own notice recently, where an estimable young man, who had never seen any mountains but those of Hamilton and Montreal, fell a victim through a single reading of "Scrambles among the Alps."

What then is to be done to alleviate the lot of sufferers from this distressing malady? In the Middle Ages they imprisoned or excommunicated them. Horrible dragons and

bogies were invented to frighten them away. Even as recently as sixty years ago, those who were infected with Alpinismus felt it their duty to hold themselves up as a solemn warning to the still untainted. We are wiser now-a-days. Recognizing the impossibility of cure, humane people have established educative institutions under the guise of clubs, where the afflicted can be trained in the methods of avoiding the attendant risks and appeasing their appetite with practical safety. Ever foremost in works of philanthropy, England was the first to set an example for other nations, though the Alpine Club, the parent of all, confines itself to issuing instructive literature. The Swiss, French, German, Austrian, and Italian clubs maintain besides cabanes, hütten, or refugii, where reunions are held for this benevolent purpose; and youthful patients may be seen toiling up the Petit Combin or the Pigne d'Arolla, enjoying themselves gustily in ropes of twenty, or more.

Somewhat sporadic heretofore in Canada, the disease has broken out with increased virulence during the last year or two. But a country that takes such care of its orphans and imbeciles was not likely to neglect its mountaineers. Noble men and women have come forward with funds for the establishment of similar institutions in the Rockies and Selkirks under the seductive name of summer camps: to which it is earnestly hoped every public spirited person will subscribe largely.

Here budding Alpinisten are shown that all mountain dangers are reasonably avoidable. He or she is taught how to carry his or her ax or alpenstock (our language badly needs a third person of common gender): the proper way to use pick, blade, and spike, and how to keep the same out of their own and others' eyes and ribs: that a rope was designed by beneficent Nature to make up to man for the inestimable loss of the ancestral tail—to curl round a projection, or to pluck a brother withal from the maw of a crevasse. Night schools also might profitably be established to instruct certain guides that ill advised plucking at the same is still apt, as of yore, to give rise to inflamed feelings.

Accidents will happen at all sorts of games. The average of those in cycling and motoring is surely much higher than the really unavoidable ones in climbing. Men have been killed at cricket, and a simple walk has often proved fatal, especially in certain towns. Ping-pong and diabolo stand nobly out as perhaps the only forms of exercise which have never dealt sudden death to their devotees. Experience, care, and good condition—it is only by these three, and by all these three at once that our favourite sport can be rendered safe, and ourselves redeemed from the charge of foolhardiness.

To my brother mountaineers and mountain lovers, to those who have passed the earlier stages of the fever, and learned to approach a peak with due reverence and a just estimate of their own powers and limitations, I have no message to add to this humble Apologia of our craft. They know that the discomforts and fatigue are to be accepted cheerfully: that possible danger properly met but adds zest to the performance: that eye and brain and nerve are cleared and strengthened for the duties of life by the very nature of the pursuit: that the toil and privation contribute powerfully to the acquiring of a healthy mind in a healthy body. And they know too, that the memories of sunrise on the glacier, of the keen breeze on the *arête*, of the down look on to the lower world from the summit, of the successful ascent of a difficult peak, will be the chief solace and glory of their latter age, when climbing days are done.

W. S. JACKSON

## THE PLACE OF CHRIST IN CHRISTIANITY

**I**N a recent number of the University Magazine (October, 1908), Professor MacBride has dealt with "The Evolution of Religion." His article is marked by grace of style and clearness of thought. It is written with a sincere appreciation of the need and value of religion; and its ethical spirit is high and pure. Professor MacBride belongs to the group of men of science who believe strongly in the spiritual values of life, and recognize in Christianity the highest product of those religious instincts which are the most precious elements in the constitution of man.

At the same time, it may be doubted whether Professor MacBride has correctly interpreted the Christianity of the New Testament, or given a true view of the place which Jesus occupies in the Faith which He founded. Two features of Professor MacBride's work tend to lessen its value. The first is its dependence on authority. Its conclusions are announced with dogmatic positiveness, as being, indeed, the last word of science as applied to the study of the New Testament. But they are the conclusions, not of a man who has made a first hand investigation into the data, but of one who has intelligently perused one or two books, and has uncritically accepted the results stated therein. What would Professor MacBride say of a theologian who had read one or two books on biology, and then proceeded to give the results of his reading with the air of a master? Even among "authorities," it is possible to be misled by merely adventitious circumstances. Prof. Lake's authority is not really increased by the fact that he has been "promoted to a continental professor's chair." The merit of his work on St. Mark's account of the resurrection must be estimated by other considerations. The other feature of the article, which throws an air of unreality over its state-

ments, is what may be termed its *a priorism*. To say of the authors of the Gospel narratives that they were "ignorant and credulous people" is sheer assumption; and, in the light of work recently done on St. Luke's writings, is even slightly ridiculous. In any case, it is not a scientific method, first to condemn a writer, and then to reject his statements. What Dr. Sanday has recently said of Professor Schmiedal is true of Professor MacBride—he "really starts by assuming what he will accept as credible and what he will not." To come to a study of the life and personality of Jesus, with preconceptions as to what He *cannot* have been or done, or as to what *cannot* have happened in the fulfilment of His mission, is to invalidate all the results obtained.

The real question at issue is the Christianity of Christ. What did Jesus conceive His mission to be, and what place in its accomplishment was He conscious of occupying? Prof. MacBride's answer is clear and distinct: "Jesus believed He was the special messenger sent from God to reveal His will; that the Kingdom of God consisted in obedience to that will as taught by Jesus, and that all who obeyed it would enjoy everlasting life in union with God." This is essentially the Christian Faith as conceived in the mind of its Founder. The article culminates in an earnest appeal to the men of the 20th Century to return to this simple belief, and to the theologians of the present time to get rid of all extraneous elements in their presentation of Christianity.

From the point of view of this statement regarding the self-consciousness of Christ, Prof. MacBride looks over the whole field of the development of doctrine, and finds it one long deviation from the profound and simple teaching of Jesus. The first mistake lay in the "legend of the empty tomb." All that was really needed to start Christianity on its way was "belief in the continued life of Jesus;" and this belief was generated by certain appearances of Jesus after death. Prof. MacBride, in view of stories which seem to shew that dead persons may appear to the living, is in-

clined to believe that there may have been such appearances. A second grievous error is to be found in the theology of St. Paul. This eminent man was the first to see that the teaching of Jesus, in its simplicity and spirituality, was not for Jews only, but for the whole world. His life work was to break down Jewish particularism, and to universalize the religion of Jesus. He accomplished his task, strangely enough, by taking over a whole set of Jewish categories, as to the sin of man and the need of expiation, and shewing that the death of Jesus was a great expiatory sacrifice abolishing the Jewish system. Thus Paul "made the spread of Christianity among the Gentiles a possibility," but at the cost of "spoiling Christianity." Henceforward, the religion of Jesus was buried, almost out of sight, by dogmas and ceremonies.

Prof. MacBride, with clear-eyed logic and admirable frankness, tells us that, "if we are to keep our Christianity, we must leave the theology of Paul." It is certain that he is right, if the real original Christianity, the religion which Jesus meant to set up in the earth, be nothing more than the conviction (a) of "the reality of the soul and its persistence," (b) of "the ethical principle as the dominant rule of the universe," (c) of help to be gained by "communion with the Spirit which shone through Jesus." I am very far from denying to these convictions the title of religious. They are, indeed, very noble elements in a religious conception of the world and of man. That a distinguished man of science should hold them, and propagate them by voice and pen, is matter of profound thankfulness on the part of all who maintain a spiritual interpretation of the universe. At the same time, I am persuaded of two things: (a) that these articles of belief do not constitute historic Christianity; (b) that by themselves they are not adequate to meet the religious and moral needs of man, in the 20th or in any other century.

The establishment of the first of these propositions must, of course, depend on a study of the documents. In such a study, I would suggest to Prof. MacBride, and to

all who seek the truth on this subject, to work steadily through Dr. Denney's recently published book, "Jesus and the Gospel." Dr. Denney has not been promoted to a continental chair, but he stands in the front rank of New Testament scholars, and, while he would not wish to pose as an "authority," he has made such an original study of the records, as makes the easy acceptance of the latest results of a negative criticism perilous in the extreme. With Dr. Denney's book before him, the student will not need any assistance from me. I venture merely to indicate certain results, which seem to be established by the evidence. (1) The first generation of Christians was composed, not merely of disciples who adhered to the teaching of Jesus, and venerated His memory, but of those who were rejoicing in an actual experience of Divine saving power. The possession which thrilled them with the gladness which echoes throughout the New Testament was not an ethic, however sublime, but salvation from sin, in its guilt and power and consequences, a salvation of which the New Testament is the exposition and illustration. And this salvation, the New Testament believers, the humblest and least lettered, as well as the more advanced and more cultured, trace to Jesus, whom they therefore hail as Lord. Jesus stands before their gaze, not as a teacher of the will of God—though He is that—but as the Object of religious trust and profound personal surrender. He, who is thus Saviour and Lord, occupies a central and supreme place in their faith and life. As they review the history of man, or the constitution of the universe, or the nature of God, their Lord fills their eye. He is the goal of the religious history of men. Redeemed humanity is complete in Him. In Him God is fully present. Paul's theology did not produce this experience; it was itself a product of this experience. We might conceivably discard, as we must certainly translate, some of Paul's categories; but we cannot depose Christ from the place which He occupies in Paul's personal religious convictions, without rejecting the whole of New Testament Christianity. The

New Testament is a unit in ascribing to Christ the position, not merely of a teacher or example of religious faith, but of the Object of faith.

(2) The first Christians found the warrant for their attitude toward Jesus in the fact of the Resurrection of Christ. They proclaimed, constantly and enthusiastically, that Christ rose from the dead. They summoned men to believe in Jesus as the risen and exalted Lord. The heart of this joyful message was not "the continued life of Jesus," not the belief that He had survived death, and was able to open, very confusedly and intermittently, communications with His disciples. The Resurrection meant to them that Jesus had overcome the sin of the world, whose sign and seal is death; that He had entered on a position of absolute power and dominion, from whence He sent forth the Spirit of God to all who acknowledged Him as Lord, enabling them to defeat the power of sin, and to overcome the fear of death. The proof of the Resurrection, which, when challenged, they produced, was twofold: (a) the actual sight of the glorified Lord, which certain witnesses had obtained; (b) the actual gift of the Spirit, producing the wonders of Pentecost, and the still greater wonders of the experience of Christian faith and the excellencies of the Christian character. To the religion described by Prof. MacBride, the Resurrection of Jesus is not essential. To the religion of the first Christians it was absolutely essential. It was not merely the condition under which Christianity got itself started on its way. It was, and is, the very nerve of historic Christianity.

(3) The faith of Christians in Christ was warranted by the claims and by the self-consciousness of Jesus. The deepest element in the consciousness of Jesus is not His belief that He was a "special messenger," but that He was the Son of the Father. Arising out of this conscious relation to God, there was the sense of His Divine vocation to establish the Kingdom, together with His acceptance of that task with all it would bring to Him of mental and spiritual suf-

fering. "A scientific examination of the Gospels," says Dr. Sanday, "whatever else it brings out, brings out this, that the root element in the consciousness of Jesus was a sense of Sonship to the Divine Father, deeper, clearer, more intimate, more all-embracing and all-absorbing, than ever was vouchsafed to a child of man." "The one thing," says Dr. Denney, "which is stamped upon the New Testament everywhere, as the outstanding characteristic of Jesus, is His filial consciousness in relation to God." "On the basis of this personal relation to the Father," rests His consciousness of His vocation as Messiah and King. "This consciousness of Divine power and of a unique vocation, it is no exaggeration to say, lies behind everything in the Gospels."

Prof. MacBride justly appeals to Mark and John. Let the appeal be made, study the self-presentation of Jesus in these sources; and it will appear that the conception prevalent in the New Testament is no higher or more wonderful than Jesus' own conviction regarding Himself and His Mission. The attitude of New Testament believers toward Jesus corresponds to the claim He made upon the faith and surrender of men. Prof. MacBride has permitted himself an amazing generalization: "It is generally conceded that we owe the gospels to the efforts of the party who opposed Paul." If the Gospels are pamphlets in a party warfare, and are directed against the teaching and preaching of the Apostle Paul, they are singularly inefficacious instruments, for they simply verify the religious experience of Paul, and all New Testament believers, by grounding it on the consciousness and the claims of Jesus. To the alleged "general concession" asserted by Prof. MacBride, let me oppose the exception presented in the person of Dr. Denney. His summary of the evidence is as follows: "The most careful scrutiny of the New Testament discloses no trace of a Christianity in which Jesus has any other place than that which is assigned Him in the faith of the historical church. \* \* \*

It is the place thus assigned to Christ which gives its religious

unity to the New Testament, and which has kept the Christian religion one all through its history. \* \* \* When we look back from the Christian religion as the New Testament exhibits it, and as it is still exhibited in the Christian Church, to the historical Jesus, we see a Person, who is not only equal to the place which Christian faith assigns Him, but who assumes that place naturally and spontaneously as His own." I am convinced that the more we study the Person of Christ as it is presented in the New Testament, the more persuaded we shall be that the ideas formulated by Prof. MacBride, as constituting the essence of Christianity, do not express either the faith of the first believers, or the teaching of Jesus regarding Himself. It is perfectly open to Prof. MacBride to hold that these ideas do constitute the essence of religion; but, I submit, it is not open to him to identify the religion he thus expounds with historic Christianity, i.e., with Christianity as apprehended by the first generation of believers or by Christ Himself. I heartily appreciate the beauty and impressiveness of the religion which Prof. MacBride proposes to "keep," after surrendering the New Testament; but I venture to suggest that it cannot with any historical propriety be termed Christianity.

Exegetical considerations, however, do not completely settle the question raised by Prof. MacBride's able and stimulating article. It might be proved—I think it has been proved—that the religion he sets forth is not Biblical, and is not, properly speaking, Christianity; and yet this, by itself, would not, for all thinkers, dispose of the question of its truth and value. It might still be argued that, even if we have to reject the Christology of Jesus as well as the Christology of the New Testament, we have, in such ideas as Prof. MacBride presents, a complete and adequate religious faith. Such a faith, disengaging itself from the Christian name and the unreal support which that great name would give it, presenting itself for the suffrages of men in no other might than that of the truth it claims to set forth, would be tested by its competence to meet the actual need of man.

Historic Christianity, it is to be observed, must submit to the same test. It is, indeed, an immense support to it, to find that it is the faith of the very earliest believers, and that it is warranted by the consciousness of Christ. Ultimately, however, it can be demonstrated, not by exegetical proof, but by actual spiritual achievement. Is it true that they who take the attitude toward Christ taken by believers in all ages,—an attitude not of intellectual assent to “traditional theology,” but of trustful surrender to the living Lord,—are saved through Him from everything that is contained in the fact of sin? Of this test, historic Christianity need not be afraid. Whatever be the “palpable failures” of “traditional theology,” upon which Prof. MacBride comments, Christ Himself has never failed to keep what was committed to Him. That the exalted Lord does save—this and this only—this and no “theology,” traditional or other—is the message of Christianity; and the demonstration of Christianity, conveyed by His saving action is overwhelming.

How does it stand with the religion which Prof. MacBride presses on our attention? It cannot be said that it has never been tried. It has been the religion of solitary thinkers, both since Christ came, and even before His advent. How does it compare in saving efficacy with historic Christianity? The words of one of the greatest who ever held it, one of the purest human spirits that ever wrought in the service of the truth, come back with insistent pathos:—“Even if the truth of such thoughts be accepted, the difficulty of making them available for the daily food which human weakness requires still remains. They may suffice for us while reason is strong and the temper calm, but when

‘ Our light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle, and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of being slow,’

we need another sustenance—the support as we should be apt to say, of something more ‘objective’ and tangible.” The need of this support, of something objective and tangible, was present to the mind of one of the first witnesses, when he wrote:—“That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled concerning the Word of life (and the life was manifested and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us), that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you also, that ye also may have fellowship with us.” Comparison in respect of competence to meet the need of man, to deliver him from moral evil, to support his belief in the victory of righteousness, and to inspire him to a service, which may lead him, as it led the Redeemer of men, to a cross, is wholly on the side of the religion whose historic continuity goes back, through the succession of generations, to the Apostles, and to the Christ who, in profound humility, made so Divine a claim.

The place which Christ claimed, and which He died to win, He has vindicated, where alone vindication could be complete, in the experience of those who have ventured to trust Him.

T. B. KILPATRICK