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EDITED BY
ANDREW MACPHAIL
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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

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

The subscription price is two dollars a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at book stores for fifty cents each. Back numbers may be had on application.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY.

APRIL

CONTENTS

OCTOBER.

DECEMBER.

VOL. XIII., No. 1 MONTREAL FEBRUARY: 1914

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PATRIOTISM AND POLITICS

CANADA is fond of advertisement. At the moment we are receiving more advertising than we desire, and it is not just of the quality we would choose. "You like eggs," said the farmer to his boy. "Well, eat eggs," and he handed him eggs, which were not precisely of the kind one would pilfer from the nest for one's own use.

For many years Canada went quietly, doing a safe, snug business, meeting conditions as they arose, cultivating old markets, and finding new markets when old ones were closed. Then the spirit of finance came upon us and delivered us over to the delusion that a man becomes rich by spending, and a nation great according to the greatness of the burden of taxation which it bears, when, in reality, the only source of national wealth is the labour of the community.

And all this was done in the name of development of the country, under the influence of leaders whose idea of development was the expenditure of money, so that they themselves might retain a share. Having little money of our own, we were induced to borrow it, and the way to borrow was to advertise. Croakers and niggards were reminded that omelets cannot be made without breaking eggs. Now, we have all discovered that breaking eggs does not in itself make an omelet.

Everything we did was regarded not as a thing in itself but for its value as an advertisement. "A good advertisement," was the general comment when the government proposed to spend thirty-five million dollars in the endeavour to perform an obvious duty. It was a spectacular affair, "that the sword of Canada was about to be cast into the scales of empire." All the world now knows that there was a discrepancy between the advertisement and the fact, that even this weapon, as certain critical persons pointed out at the

time, was made of paper in the form of a promise to pay with a promissory note, which was dishonoured before it was drawn.

We could stand all this. We are not an especially sensitive people. We are capable of a good deal of cynical unconcern, but now we are wounded in that "honour which is honour's scorn." For a gang of American detectives to come to Quebec, and hold us up to the derision of Tammany Hall,—that is a little too much to bear. To have sold legislation for a few thousand dollars, which, on the confession of the purchasers themselves, was worth millions, is a mark of petty and picayune minds. What hurts is that legislation could be acquired so easily and so cheaply, as an enterprising trader would buy a concession from savages in exchange for a few beads. The legislators of a South American republic could have taught us better terms.

For a generation we have been the thank-Gods of America. We were not like those republicans and sinners, as they are described elsewhere on these pages, who lived to the southward, with whom it was dangerous for simple-minded people like ourselves to have any truck or trade. The United States at the same moment presented us with a standard of democracy and of political corruption; but now we cannot say that, if not holier, we are at least no worse than they. Within the past five years events have demonstrated that their public conscience was not dead but sleeping; and any one who thinks to the contrary may ask of their numerous makers and administrators of law, who are now in gaol. That there should be a country in the world, and actually on our borders, in which all contributions made to political parties should be made publicly, would be incredible to us if we were not aware that in the election following that enactment the dominant party carried only two States.

And yet the incident will not be without value if it serves to emphasize the evils which flow from the intermingling of business with legislation, and the divorce of patriotism from politics. Political corruption is not peculiar to demo-

cracy; but it flourishes most in democracies, since communities which enjoy that form of government are always composed of men with business habits, to the exclusion of men with abstract ideals of right and wrong. On the other hand it is most easily extruded from democracy, since corruption is acknowledged not to be good business.

For, in truth, business and politics are in direct antithesis. The ethic of the one is love of money; the ethic of the other is love of men. Business deals with questions in narrow detail: politics considers them abstractly in relation to the well-being of the community. Self-interest is a sure guide for business, and the man whose whole life is governed by that principle is utterly lost in the world of politics, where abnegation of self-interest is the first law.

The essence of democracy is the proportional representation of all interests in the community. The weakness of all democratic legislatures lies in the predominance of the business element. The predominance of lawyers makes the disparity all the greater, since political lawyers are themselves business men, and upon their entrance into public life abnegate their proper function of applying general principles to specific cases.

By a strange perversion the term "business" has come to be restricted to secondary occupations, to stock-broking, money-lending, distributing goods, and making tools for meeting primary needs. The man who really does the business of the world is the original producer, the farmer, the fisherman, the miner, the artist. These men are too busy to govern. They leave the task to others, and in return are willing to be exploited,—but only up to a certain point. Governments always miscalculate where that point lies. It always lies short of eating grass. It was this miscalculation which caused the French revolution of 1789, and the American revolution of 1912.

A government has no concern with business. Its function is to maintain a state of affairs in which each person shall be as free as possible to manage his own affairs in his own way.

When a government allies itself with industrial corporations, it is on the high road to political corruption. When it pledges the credit of the people for private gain, the people are sure to be robbed and their credit destroyed, as many a Canadian community discovered last year, when they went into the market for money to supply their perfectly legitimate corporate needs. Having once committed itself by diverting public money for private enterprise, a government is no longer free. It is in the situation of a man who is partner in a business over which he has no control, or of a father who has once paid the gambling debts of his son. He is liable to fresh demands; and to save his investment or his credit he is compelled to yield. The situation is still more difficult when the gambler assumes the rôle of blackmailer. Occasionally a lucky coup is made, but the very foundation of business itself is destroyed.

When a group of speculators go to a government with a demand for protection, and receive it under threat that they will close their works, the way is easy for another group of speculators to go to the government with a demand for actual money to be paid directly from the treasury, without the bother of extracting it from the consumer's pocket, under threat that a bank which they have involved will close its doors. From that it is an easy step for the legislator to demand that he be paid a part of the price. The situation becomes almost hopeless when the government owes its very existence to the men who make these demands and threats, who, indeed, have placed it in power for that very purpose.

The government is overwhelmed by its public undertakings. A minister of public works or of marine, for example, when he assumes office, is suddenly face to face with problems which a man in private life has been trained to meet by years of experience of a most specialized kind. He is faced with one of two alternatives, either to take into his own hands matters of which he knows nothing, or to leave them to deputies whose salaries would not procure the services of a chief clerk in other corporations doing a similar business. In

addition, the minister is hampered at every turn by the interference of local politicians, by demands from provinces for the expenditure of money within their borders merely on the ground that money has been spent elsewhere for similar purposes, and the still more urgent demand that public works be undertaken not in response to a real need but in view of the balance of political parties in any given area. The wonder is not that the public service is so inefficient but that it is so good.

Each organism develops other organisms to destroy it. Democracy in the United States bred political corruption, and political corruption in turn developed enemies of that form of evil. In the fulness of time investigators and expositors were brought forth. They held up a mirror to democracy, and revealed to itself a face in the crowd, which was hideous, and democracy struck at the hideous face in its own brutal way.

Of these scientific expositors of political corruption Mr. Lincoln Steffens will serve as a type, and he has just told us, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, the cause and the cure. The cause and the cure hatch in the same place, and often in the same person; the "best man" and the "worst man" are often identical; wherever there is a bribe-taker there is also a bribe-giver. In search of the evil he sought upwards through the ranks of policeman, of the low-down politicians, of the rich politicians, and he came upon the political boss. But he discovered finally that the political boss was merely an agent of the business boss, the captain of industry, who desires for himself what nearly everyone wants, but desires it more earnestly and more courageously. The cause then lies in the community; and the cure lies in the hands of the few, who, as Mr. Steffens puts it, care less for the apples and more for the trees.

For some years past the government of Canada has been carried on by a politico-business alliance. An election cannot be held, because elections are bad for business; and if a new government came into power it would take some time

to bring it into alignment with vested, financial interests. The imperial relation itself was dominated by the spirit of a Birmingham business man and the Canadian speculator freebooting for money; but the fabric of imperialism which was inspired by mercenary motives is now pretty well shaken. Preferences, ease of borrowing, readiness to lend, turned out to be too insecure a foundation. The union was not organic. In due course it will disappear and make way for a fabric which cannot be shaken. In the meantime there is nothing to be done, no permanent policy for defence, no plan of union. Certain things must first be forgotten; and hardest of all to forget is the betrayal of the larger patriotism by politics in that great moment of temptation, during the campaign in Drummond-Arthabaska, when the nationalist party was born and the imperial cause for the time was reduced to the likeness of a zero with the rim removed.

A year or two ago, when a Canadian went to London, he was vociferous in declaring the country of his origin, and he acquired thereby certain solid advantages. His very loyalty was an asset to him, and he made the most of it. Under cover of imperialism a humble person might obtain a desirable invitation, an astute person might place some very doubtful securities. A person who was both astute and ambitious might even attain to the dignity of a title, especially if his financial record precluded him from a seat in the Cabinet at home. But all that is changed, and the way of the Canadian adventurer is not now so easy. For a time we were taken at our own valuation. There is a disposition now to listen less to what we say than to what we can prove. The truth is, we have made ourselves somewhat ridiculous, and people in London are telling each other funny stories about us.

The stage was set to attract the English investor, and, considering our inexperience, it was well done. But things have changed much since those halcyon days. The English investor has learned many things. He has learned to his amazement that many of the Canadian industries in which he had invested his money were managed by men who knew

nothing whatever about the business in which they were ostensibly engaged, and that they had been employed on account of their skill in finance, that is, of manipulating the securities of the corporation so that they would realize the greatest amount of money. The transformation of a railway manager into an iron-master, again to a contractor, and again to a maker of bricks, is too rapid for his slow wits; but he has a dim perception that a financial prestidigitateur cannot concern himself usefully with the meticulous details of an exacting industry. It cannot have escaped his notice either that these business men regarded Canada as too small a world to conquer, and extended their activities to the ends of the earth, to Mexico, to South America, and he could not be very favourably impressed by the results of their exploits in those regions.

It is a common delusion that England lends money, that there is a kind of Mr. Mothercountry who buys and sells. All such transactions are carried on by individuals who live in England for convenience, and are not invariably Englishmen. They are the astutest and boldest of lenders and traders; and if they prefer doing business with persons who live under British institutions, the reason is that experience has taught them that the politics of communities enjoying those institutions are inspired by a patriotism which guarantees liberty, ensures legislation which is undefiled, and justice which cannot be bought. He will decline to lend to a South American Republic, and he will lend to Canada, not from any political consideration in itself. He will decline to lend to any country or to any corporation or individual in a country whose legislators accept bribes, whose judiciary recruited from a corrupt legislature itself becomes suspect, whose municipal services break down through inefficiency and neglect. When he hears of a country whose capital is habitually ravaged by a preventible disease, whose chief city of six hundred thousand inhabitants was without a supply of water, and lived in a state of squalor for ten days in the depth of winter, it does not matter to him whether that country is Patagonia or Canada.

There is a sense, too, in which patriotism and politics are in antithesis. The election of 1911 was a triumph for politics; it was a triumph of patriotism too; but it is doubtful if ever again patriotism will lend itself to exploitation for political ends. It was a splendid patriotic play, but the end came when the Senate referred the Naval Bill to the people. Now the farce is over; the lights are out, and the players have gone home. The collapse of other forms of speculation occurred at the same time, and now we have leisure for calm reflection after our essay in world-politics.

Nothing is so useful, because so sobering, as to see ourselves through other eyes. We have been playing the part of the young man from the country, whom Matthew Arnold described, earnestly talking to the house-maid who had got the perambulator into danger. This young man was vociferous in suggestion; but he was not at the heart of the situation; and his discourse did not touch the crisis vitally. Yet he was in earnest. We made a great show of earnestness during that election and in the consequent debate. Even the elect were deceived, those, namely, who were signed with the imperial seal. But no one now supposes that we were as much in earnest as we seemed to be. The old gentlemen who compose the Senate did not profess to think so,—and old gentlemen who go to bed at eleven o'clock get up in the morning with very clear heads. They have no electors to trouble them; their salaries are safe; their number cannot be diminished or increased; they fear no enemy but death, so their judgement is fairly sure of being unbiased. When the charge of being partizan was uttered against them they made as if they did not hear; and when the word, disloyalty, was mentioned they gave no sign. The session was at an end. Like the witch in "Macbeth," Mr. Borden cried, "I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do," but he did nothing. He did not appeal to the people. He did not re-introduce the Naval Bill at the present session. He has not even mentioned the subject of a permanent naval policy which was at one time so much discussed. He could not.

It is hard for the people of England to understand such a situation; and yet the explanation, to us at least, is very simple. Politics has got the better of patriotism, and the business interests have got the better of both. To the people of England defence is their supreme care, and they cannot understand how our defence should be a matter of so much unconcern to us; for we as well as they must know that if England "received a Baffle, England is neither able to Support its Self, nor the Plantations that depend upon it, & then consequently they must crumble into So many distinct independt Governts and thereby becoming weak will be a Prey to any Stronger Power wch shall attacque them." Our behaviour must appear to them as a piece of fooling. Let us assume that the English government had devised a measure of defence against an emergency, which may have existed merely in their own imagination, and that the House of Lords declined to pass it. We could not imagine Mr. Asquith retaining office, and contenting himself with a derisive pantomime behind their backs.

But the people of England have a distinct understanding that our performance not only embarrassed their government but that it has cost them dear. We created the impression in the world that three new ships were to be added to the English navy. Foreign governments acted on that assumption, and now England is obliged to build them for herself. They have a confused remembrance that there was much talk, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier cried aloud, "Give us self-government;" that Mr. Borden insisted, "Give us representation;" that, at an earlier date, the demand, "Give us a preference in your markets," was raised by Mr. Chamberlain in the name of Canada, and to it was annexed, as a reason, that we would leave the empire if the demand were denied. There would be no cause for wonder if John Bull should fly into a passion and retort: "You want self-government: well, have self-government. Keep your inexperienced counsel to yourself; and if your loyalty is for sale at the price of a preference, take it to another market."

And when John Bull has his sea-boots on, as Professor Macnaughton once warned us, he is capable of a most devastating kick. John Bull always has his sea-boots on. He sleeps in them. He does not hang them up to dry for two years because certain old gentlemen, who are suffering from cold feet, advise him that wet boots are dangerous to the health and expensive besides. In such a mood he is very quick to recommend a young apprentice to fish, cut bait, or go ashore.

To the more philosophical English mind there would be nothing strange in this hasty outburst. The doctrine of Empire in which Dominions over the sea should have a share is quite new, and even yet is not generally accepted as a dogma or a law of nature. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century it was taken for granted that the colonies would fall away; and the utmost that was hoped was that they would depart in peace. With the exception of Durham, Charles Buller, and Elgin, Whigs and Tories alike were in agreement. "Why," Peel asked, "if the people of Canada are not cordially with us, should we contract the tremendous obligation of having to defend, on a point of honour, their territory against American invasion?" "Let Canada, if she be so minded, establish her independence and cast off her character as a colony, or seek refuge in the extended arms of the United States," declared Lord John Manners. And last of all there was Disraeli himself, expressing the belief, "these wretched colonies will all be independent too in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." Mr. J. L. Morison from the historical department of Queen's University has marshalled all the evidence, and politicians who read anything except the daily newspapers would do well to read the record he has made. So far as England is concerned, Canada is quite free to commit suicide if it likes.

Even in business the business spirit eventually defeats itself. It cannot understand that there are whole categories of subjects beyond its control. With its passion for organization it destroys what it touches. Everything fine,—religion, friendship, love, education, literature, art, newspapers even,—

wither and die at the first touch of its breath. To combine the newspapers of a great city for the sole reason that they might all be printed by presses of the same width on wooden paper from the same mill betrays an ignorance of everything which lies beyond business, and even of business itself. The people have some intelligence left, even after reading a newspaper manufactured after this method. They may take their news and advertisements wholesale: they will not take political opinions by the ton.

In times gone by the activities of the business man were held in check by the expectation that at some time the city in which he lived would be sacked, either by an invader whose cupidity was aroused, or by the inhabitants themselves when they found the price of bread too dear. Fear of the invader inspired patriotism, and fear of the citizens set a limit to interference with their politics. War is the price which a nation pays for salvation from its internal exploiter. The Revolution saved France in 1789. Germany saved France again in 1871. Politics in Canada is unreal because it is dissociated from the fundamental reality of life, the obligation of self-defence, the hazard of war, because, in short it is without the mainspring of patriotism. In this lies the distinction between the parasite and the host.

THE EDITOR

MR. BALFOUR AND HOME RULE

MR. Balfour's article on "Nationality and Home Rule," in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE of October, 1913, contains one admission for which we should, perhaps, be grateful. "There *is*," he says, "an Irish problem." He even italicizes the verb. If we were still in the fortunate days when he could send to gaol those, like myself and my colleagues, who do not share his views on Ireland, I question whether the admission would have gone the length of italics. The problem, according to him, consists in the fact that Irish patriotism—the spirit of Irish nationality—persistently expresses itself in a demand for self-government. What is Mr. Balfour's solution? It is, characteristically enough, to do nothing.

Mr. Asquith has recently been emphasizing the value of patience in statesmanship. He is willing to wait for a matter of months. But Mr. Balfour's patience is on a much larger scale; it deals in generations. "Those who think as I do," he says, "look forward to a time when Irish patriotism will as easily combine with British patriotism as Scottish patriotism combines now. In the meanwhile, they hold that no change should be made in the constitution of the United Kingdom for other than purely administrative reasons." In so far, that is, as the demand for Home Rule rests upon national sentiment, his plan is to disregard it and wait until another sentiment takes its place.

To us who know Ireland this is equivalent to deferring a settlement "till laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, and till the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show." It is a proposal which would have no relation to reality, even if Mr. Balfour's friends were in power and likely to stay there for a generation. But coming in the circumstances of the present situation, it

displays a detachment which is not so much admirable as amazing.

Let me recall the facts of the case. The Home Rule Bill has been twice carried through the House of Commons by majorities of over a hundred. Every attempt to arouse the British electorate to protest against it has failed. Since the Bill was first introduced it has been again and again admitted in the Tory press that at bye-elections no electors could be influenced by an appeal to them to defeat Home Rule. Even as I write, the result comes in of an election in the north of Scotland, where an appeal made to the old anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bias on specially favourable ground has resulted in a doubled majority for the Home Rule candidate. In the natural course of things, Home Rule will become the law of the land, under the operation of the Parliament Act, within the next six months. The considerations which Mr. Balfour urges have no relation whatever to the actual political situation.

It used to be argued that Home Rule was against the interests of the British Empire. That is argued no longer, for the simple reason that the British Empire outside of Great Britain has plainly declared by its representative institutions and its leading statesmen, that it desires, in the interests of the Empire, to see self-government extended to Ireland. The real question men put to themselves is whether the general opinion of Ireland, the general opinion of Great Britain, and the general opinion of the British Empire at large, is to be overborne by the resistance of what Mr. Balfour calls Ulster.

You cannot consider the question of Home Rule to-day in the abstract. So far as the democracy of Great Britain has power to grant it, it has been granted already, and to think that in these conditions you can rescind a vote of the representative House, treat the parliamentary struggle of the past three years as though nothing had happened, and go on quietly as you were before, is simply a fantastic imagination.

Ireland, Mr. Balfour thinks, would then, sooner or later, fall into line as Scotland has done, and acquiesce in her position under the Union. But the thing which would have been made plain in Ireland once and for all would be this—that Ireland can never hope under the Union to be treated as Scotland has been treated. Scotland has throughout been dealt with in a spirit of reasoned consideration; Ireland's claim has persistently been overborne by violence. When the crowns of Scotland and England were united, Scotland provided the monarch. At that same epoch Great Britain was occupied in Ireland with an attempt to extirpate all traces of the old kingly houses, and, indeed, of the Irish people themselves. When the Union of Parliament was made with Scotland, according to Professor Dicey, that eminent Unionist, the Act of Union "embodied what was not in name only, but in reality, a treaty of contract freely made between two independent states." But the Union with Ireland (again in Professor Dicey's words) "lacked all that element of free consent between independent contracting parties, which lies at the basis of every genuine contract. Of the deliberate negotiation, of the calm, satisfactory, business-like haggling for national advantages which marked the negotiations between the Scotch and the English Commissioners, of the close consideration of minute details by competent representatives of both countries, there is not a trace in the negotiations, if negotiations they can be called, between England and Ireland."

But beyond all, and above all this, is the cardinal fact that the Scotch were allowed to keep their religion. It was even established for them by law. The religion of four-fifths of the Irish people was penalized by persecutions, by confiscations, and finally by civil disabilities which have never been completely done away with. Nothing signifies in this struggle to-day, nothing is left of the opposition to Home Rule, but the resistance of Sir Edward Carson and his following. That resistance is a resistance to religious equality in Ireland. The logical expression of it is to be found in a

resolution adopted by the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland which runs: "It will be for ever impossible to fight Home Rule successfully so long as it is contended or admitted that the Romanists and other open enemies of the true religion ought to have political power. We regard the so-called Catholic Emancipation Act as the first 'plague spot' of the Home Rule evil. From the time of the passing of the Act, which gave the Romanists the franchise, dates the beginning of their power to threaten the liberties of the Protestants of Ireland."

More dexterous politicians express the same sentiments in another form. Mr. Kerr-Smiley, M.P., for instance, declared on July 12th last: "There were no faint-hearted Protestants there that day, but a resolute body of men and women determined to sacrifice everything rather than submit to the rule of a Roman parliament."

I could accumulate citations to show that the real contention against our cause is that Home Rule must not be given to Ireland because the majority of Irishmen are Roman Catholics. Otherwise the whole argument of "Ulster" would fall to the ground. Presbyters and bishops, clerics and laymen, have reiterated that they will not submit to be ruled by an assembly of their fellow-countrymen, and the reason alleged is religion. What they claim is that there shall be within the British Empire a discrimination practised against one particular form of Christianity. This argument is not heard in the House of Commons, because even those who use it in Ulster are aware that modern democratic civilization does not tolerate such a contention. What we are told at Westminster is, that there must not be Home Rule because to grant Home Rule will produce civil war in Ireland. When we ask a reason, we are told simply that "Ulster will not have Home Rule," and that Ulster does not choose to argue.

England has been responsible for making Ulster what it is. In Ireland the religion of the majority was first proscribed by law, then penalized so that all political power was

placed in the hands of the minority. Catholic and Protestant were deliberately kept apart by the creation of an arbitrary political division. "When Catholic and Protestant combine," said one of Ireland's English rulers, "farewell to the English interest in Ireland." When the Irish parliament had its brief period of freedom, Catholic and Protestant showed dangerous symptoms of combining, and the Irish parliament was strangled out of being.

When the Union came, Catholic Irishmen were told they would have full political equality with their Protestant fellow-citizens. Thirty years' struggle was needed before an Irish Catholic could represent his fellow-countrymen in parliament; and then the concession was made, not to argument, or the plea of justice, but to the threat of civil war.

Thus, under the Union, for thirty years Irish Catholics were kept in a position of helotry as an inferior class of citizens, and in all that time the influence of this political division, augmented by every political device, taught Protestants to consider a position of privilege their right, and every measure of justice to Catholics as something taken from themselves. They were taught to believe that their liberties would only be safe under a parliament where Protestants controlled the majority. Such a spirit does not easily yield to reason. But is it, therefore, to be tolerated? Is it to be laid down as a part of Imperial statesmanship that Catholics, because they are Catholics, should be under a disability within the British Empire? And, further, is the assertion of this principle to be conceded under threat of civil war?

Mr. Balfour's policy of doing nothing in regard to Home Rule must be considered in relation to the facts. It is a decision to do nothing after the House of Commons has twice decided by very large majorities that a definite measure of Home Rule shall pass; and it is a decision to do nothing after a section of the Irish people has declared that if anything is done they will resist by force of arms. Suppose the British government decide to do nothing, what will be Mr.

Balfour's attitude if four-fifths of the Irish people declare their intention to take up arms in order to claim that settlement which the representative House has offered to them, and has only withheld under threat of violence?

These are the realities of the situation, and I observe that they are not touched upon in Mr. Balfour's interesting dialectic.

I may perhaps be allowed to advert to some details of his article. He notes that Ireland cannot be oppressed at present because it has "far more than its fair share" in the councils of the United Kingdom. It has the share laid down by treaty under the Act of Union which provided that Ireland should have a hundred members in the Imperial parliament; but it is no thanks to Mr. Balfour that Ireland retains this stipulated proportion, because he endeavoured to set aside this provision of the Act of Union, and was defeated by the Irish party. It is, further, an article of faith with the Unionist party to reduce Ireland's representation; and, in short, Mr. Balfour says we have no grievance because he has not succeeded so far in creating one in this respect.

He says, again, that Ireland pays less than her proportionate share of taxation to Imperial objects. It is quite true that *per capita* Irishmen do not pay so much as Englishmen or Scotchmen. The theory of the Act of Union is that there is a common system of taxation, unless Mr. Balfour wishes to lay stress on the fact that dog-licences are cheaper in Ireland than in England. But our contention is—and here again we base ourselves upon the Act of Union—that Ireland pays, and has paid, out of proportion to her ability, and that the payment should be in proportion to it. It is quite true that at present more money is spent in Ireland than Irish taxation amounts to. The main cause of that lies in the fact that for upwards of seventy years far too great a proportion of the revenue raised in Ireland was spent for so-called Imperial purposes. From 1817 to 1870, according to the Treasury figures, there was raised in Ireland 287 millions of taxation and there was spent in Ireland only

92 millions; and a great part of the other 195 millions ought to have been usefully and profitably spent in developing the resources of a country which then lay like a derelict farm.

When we are told that, under any system of Home Rule, Ireland ought to "pay her own bills," it should be asked what is meant by her own bills. The present revenues of Ireland are some £10,500,000, amply sufficient to finance a country with Ireland's population; but in taking over Home Rule we have to take over the establishment which English government has created, the most expensive thing of its kind in the world. It is reasonable, therefore, that there should be a provisional system of finance until we can adjust our expenditure to our means, and until we have succeeded in developing the resources of a country on which an undue drain has been made.

There are some other points to which passing allusion may be made. Mr. Balfour speaks of the hostility to the Union which exists in the southern and western portions of Ireland. This is an odd way of interpreting the fact that geographically seven-eighths of Ireland is represented by Nationalist members. He thinks also that Ireland's geographical distinctness is of little consequence. I would answer with a question: Is there anywhere else in the world a country inhabited by over four millions of white men, with a complete maritime frontier, which does not govern its own affairs? Mr. Balfour knows very well that the effect of a sea-frontier is potent and far-reaching. You cannot get a better proof than in the fact that all natives of Ireland, however deep their political, or racial, or religious divisions, think of themselves as Irishmen and vie with one another in pride of their country.

But, finally, I come to the main head of my disagreement with Mr. Balfour. "Ireland was divided into two camps," —by English action, he admits,—"and divided she remains." "The Roman Catholics of the South and West," he says, "certainly would not have considered themselves secure if,

under whatever paper safeguards, they were placed in the power of the Ulster Protestants."

Our answer is that for eighteen years the Roman Catholics of Ireland were in the hands of Irish Protestants, and that from a parliament of Irish Protestants the Catholic majority obtained justice and satisfaction which England had always denied them. Ireland has never ceased to regret Grattan's Parliament, and has always believed that under its care the seed of religious equality would have ripened quickly. Mr. Balfour thinks otherwise and asks: "Why should the Ulster Protestants be content to be placed in the power of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught?" Here, at all events, we have got beyond the stage of talking about Hottentots or declaring that Irishmen are congenitally unfit for self-government. The modern aspect of this argument is to state that England has so mismanaged Ireland in the past that she must for ever go on controlling Irish affairs. Irishmen have been taught under the Union to hate each other so bitterly that they can never be trusted to live together in harmony without England to keep the peace.

My answer is to quote a sentence from one of the wisest and best colleagues that we have known in the Irish party, the Quaker who for so many years represented a constituency of Irish Roman Catholics, the late Alfred Webb: "So long as the centre of power lies in a people, parties and interests learn to accommodate themselves to each other. Otherwise they seek to gain their ends, not by mutual agreement and accommodation, but by working on the feelings, the fears, and the prejudices of those amongst whom is the centre of power."

At the present moment all the activities of Unionist Ireland are devoted to working on the feelings, the fears, and the prejudices of England: and all the activity of the Unionist press of England is devoted to teaching Irishmen that under Home Rule they will certainly cut each other's throats. Under Home Rule we shall at least be relieved of the play of English parties and the ceaseless exploitation of every petty incident in Ireland by the English press.

I note, further, that Mr. Balfour thinks the Bill before the House of Commons "financially, administratively, and constitutionally indefensible." It may be of interest here to quote Professor C. F. Bastable, Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin, a Unionist, in summing up the financial aspects of the Bill: "I may express the opinion that the financial plan on the Government of Ireland Bill, alike in its provisions for Irish expenditure under the check of due responsibility, in those for affording the revenue necessary to meet that expenditure, and finally in its arrangement of financial machinery to secure the working of the system, is carefully adapted to the conditions of the problem, and though certainly by no means perfect is quite capable of being worked satisfactorily by reasonable human beings. Amendments will be called for if the measure comes into being; but, unforeseen contingencies apart, no radical alteration of the financial basis is required."

Administratively and constitutionally Mr. Balfour has full liberty of prophesying; but I have sufficient experience of the House of Commons to be aware that any large and complicated scheme admits of criticism which will prove very speciously the total impossibility of its working in practice. I think I could undertake to prove, from a House of Commons point of view, that the British Constitution, as we know it, could not possibly go on without a dead-lock for three months. I may perhaps be allowed to quote one of Mr. Balfour's earlier excursions into prophecy dating from 1906. Here is what he says: "I think the Government are attempting an experiment of a most dangerous description. No human being even thought of such an experiment before, that of giving to this population—a population far more homogeneous than our own—absolute control of everything civil and military. I refuse to accept responsibility when the Government offer what I regard as the most reckless experiment ever tried in the development of a great policy, and only from a wisdom that we can hardly hope for from the people of the Transvaal can that danger be avoided."

Three years after these words were spoken, Mr. Balfour admitted in the most unqualified manner the success of this "reckless experiment." He said: "The leaders of opinion in South Africa have never allowed the bitterness incident to such a strife as that on which they entered in 1899—they have never allowed, on whichever side they fought, that bitterness to interfere with the clear vision of what was necessary for the good of the whole population of the country, and you have men of the most divergent past, and possibly of widely divergent opinions as to the present, men who actually fought in battle, meeting now round the same Council Board in South Africa, and agreeing as to what was best for the men of their own race, and coming to the conclusion, which has been the common property here, from time immemorial, that the only possible way in which South Africa was to play its part in the world, as it most assuredly will, was by a system of equal rights and that freedom which we have given now in full measure to every Colony in which the British race is predominant in the Empire to-day."

I venture to draw a hopeful augury for the future state of Ireland from the present state of South Africa, and I am sure that Mr. Balfour will live to rejoice as sincerely and openly over the failure of his predictions in the latter as in the earlier case.

J. E. Redmond

IMMIGRATION AND AGRICULTURE

THERE are four facts staring Canadians in the face. (1) The basic industry of the country is agriculture; yet, in only one province are a majority of the farmers attempting to conserve the fertility of the soil and cultivate their holdings with a view to increased crop production. Agricultural exports are small compared with the country's possibilities and the price of food stuffs has risen in twelve years 51 per cent. (2) Canada is attempting with a population of eight million people of diverse races to assimilate an annual immigration of more than four hundred thousand, while the United States with a population of eighty million failed to assimilate an equal number. (3) The Canadian governments, —federal and provincial—are advertising for farmers, farm labourers, and domestic servants, and only these classes are guaranteed employment on arrival; and yet, (4) the proportion of population on the land is decreasing. From 1901 to 1911, notwithstanding the organized efforts of the governments to place immigrants on the land, the rural population increased only 17.16 per cent, while the urban increased 62.25 per cent.

The total immigration of Canada has grown from 21,716 in 1897 to 402,432 in the fiscal year 1912-13. In 1897 there were, in round numbers, 11,000 British, 2,000 from the United States, and 8,000 from other countries. During 1912-13 the British-born aggregated 151,000, the new-comers from the United States 139,000, and from all other countries 113,000. As the tide of immigration started with a rush in 1900 and has continued with increasing volume since that date, it may be worth while to state briefly the total people entering Canada from each of the main sources of supply. In the ten years we have received 973,730 English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish; 891,129 from the United States; 656,285 from other sources; as, for example, Austro-Hungarians

164,527, Chinese 25,016, French 21,085, Austro-Germans 30,762, Hebrews 61,384, Italians 88,008, Japanese 14,617, Polish 24,396, Russians 67,378, Finnish 17,535, Swedish 24,220, Norwegian 17,322, and smaller numbers of Belgians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Roumanians, Swiss, Danish, Icelandic, Turkish, Syrian, Hindus. The total immigration in this period was 2,521,144. Our population in 1901 was only 5,371,315.

In the last ten years, that is, between 1903 and 1913, some 866,916 farmers and farm labourers were received, but this is not much more than a third of the total number whose occupations are recorded. There were approximately 32,000 more general labourers and mechanics than there were farmers and farm labourers, and, in addition, there were 174,896 clerks, traders, miners. The greater part of the total immigration is crowding into urban centres. The Canadian cities had a total population of two millions in 1901 and have received an average immigrant influx of nearly 165,000 per annum since. These are the people who have to be employed, fed, housed, policed, educated, and Canadianized. They are the classes of people who are creating slum conditions in our cities similar to those that prevail in the cities of the United States and in the Old World.

The accentuation of the urbanizing tendencies and the creation of slum congestion in the United States have brought forth from the thinking people of that country loud and angry protests against immigration in general, while societies have been formed and restrictive legislative enactments passed with a view to stemming the tide of humanity which threatens to destroy the foundations of their political and social institutions. In 1907 the United States Immigration Commission was appointed to make an exhaustive "inquiry, examination, and investigation" of the whole question. The material collected and tabulated, the special reports of experts and the data on which the commission based its conclusions fill forty-two printed volumes. The records of the inquiry are worthy of careful study by every Canadian who is

interested in this vast and complex subject. While the United States have nearly twelve times our population, the Canadian people are not one whit behind their great neighbour in producing social and economic conditions that are, perhaps, without parallel in all history. If Canadian immigrants were all British and northwestern European their assimilation would, in the long run, be easy; but hundreds of thousands—and the number is increasing—are alien in blood, traditions, and ideals, and are transplanting in this new soil some of the worst social and economic views and practices that prevail in the countries from which they come. The United States had ten times as many people as we have before they endeavoured to absorb 400,000 people a year, therefore, we are undertaking to solve a problem ten times as big as our neighbours attempted. Shall we succeed better than they?

There is a striking similarity in the distribution of rural and urban population in Canada and the United States. It has been known for a long time that the Republic was putting too much emphasis on industrial development and was making tremendous sacrifices to become a manufacturing country. Many students of economics in the United States were certain, years ago, that the time was not far distant when there would be a scarcity of food stuffs, and the United States, instead of exporting enormous quantities of grain and meat, would be importing them. That time has apparently arrived. The United States government has obeyed the injunction, "let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth," and with the left hand has made comparatively meagre appropriations for experiment stations and agricultural education, while with the right hand it has encouraged the farming classes to rob the soils both east and west, and then has encouraged the cities to rob the country of its population. These facts are patent to every one. Canada has not been so definite in its aims or so conscious of its policy; but it has arrived within a much shorter period at practically the same result. The percentage of urban to rural population in the United States and in Canada in 1900 and in 1910 shows that the difference

between these two countries in this respect, at the present time, is infinitesimal. In 1900 Canada had 37.6 urban and 62.3 rural; the United States had 40.5 urban and 59.7 rural. But in 1910 the urban percentage in Canada was 45.55 and the rural 54.33, while in the United States the urban was 46.3 and the rural 53.7, showing an increase of urban percentage in Canada of 8.78 and in the United States of 5.8. The urban percentage ratio of population in Canada is to-day within one per cent. of being as great as that in the United States.

The industrialism of the United States, like the industrialism of Great Britain, has built up great cities at the expense of the rural communities. The cities of Canada are being built in much the same way and at no less cost. In this country the situation is complicated by the fact that there is not only an extremely heavy exodus from the farms to the cities, but in addition the major portion of the huge tide of annual immigration is crowding into the cities. With millions of acres of free land and all the pure air and sunshine of half a continent at our disposal, it seems an outrage that there should be duplicated on Canadian soil all the physical, social, and economic evils that have grown out of industrialism in countries less richly endowed.

The people of Great Britain realize the character and magnitude of the problem they have on their hands, and are devoting to its solution an amount of thought, energy, and financial resource that we can scarcely appreciate. Industrialism in Germany, for example, has had nothing like the same disastrous effects as are found in England, for the simple reason that the whole of the German people are under discipline; the foundations of individual health, of community sanitation and hygiene, and of industrial and commercial efficiency are laid year by year into the warp and woof of the nation's life by the physical and military training and education of the whole youth and manhood of the empire. As Germany is scientific in her dealings with industrial conditions, so she is scientific in providing for her agricultural necessities. This is where the statesmen of Great Britain,

Canada, and the United States have so far failed. In Germany there is something approaching equality of opportunity; every man and woman has a chance; the social, civil, and military responsibilities of the Fatherland are evenly distributed. The Germans who are coming to Canada are not from the German Empire, but from Austria-Hungary. Germany is conserving her energies and saving her people. In England, Canada, and the United States human life is cheaper. There is no national policy formulated for the express purpose of developing and utilizing manhood and womanhood. On this continent, it seems that life is, for most people, one wild scramble for gold, and silver, and bread. Every man is for himself. Industrial achievement transcends every other consideration. What is the result? The open spaces where men may live, develop, thrive, and multiply are being stripped of their people, and the cities are being packed with human beings who do not know where the next meal is coming from, who are giving birth to a degenerate race, who are filling the hospitals and asylums for the insane with "brain fidgets" and nervous breakdowns, who are rapidly stratifying social classes, complicating social intercourse, impeding development, and putting an endless burden on the state. What do such people care about government, or nation, or empire? What they want is pure air, sunshine, and bread.

Officially the governments of Canada seek immigration only from the British Isles, the United States, and the countries of northwestern Europe; but employers of labour and the great transportation companies use a drag net over the face of the European continent, north, south, east, and west, and allow no one to escape who can pay his passage to this country. The government advertising, the illustrated and descriptive lectures, free maps, product exhibitions, salaried officials, and bonuses to booking-agents and steamship companies only serve as a sort of leader for the real forces at work inducing the people of Europe to come to Canada. If the majority of the new-comers, or even half of them, were identifying themselves with agriculture, there would be less

cause for anxiety as to the future. Our own Canadian-born people are not especially interested in multiplying the products of the soil or in enriching rural life, and certainly the new-comers show no marked desire to help us to solve the farm-labour problem or establish and maintain progressive rural communities. Very often the new-comer quickly tires of life in the country, and the children of those who have settled on the land drift rapidly to the towns and cities. The reason is that the ignorant majority, in both country and town, believe that the brilliantly lighted streets of the city lead directly to the gates of paradise. The story of the rural exodus is told with emphasis in the census returns, but the appalling results are manifest in every rural community and in every city in the land. The call is loud and clear and strong to every public-spirited man and woman in Canada to grapple with this problem to-day. No nation can be great or permanent that neglects the claims of agriculture or ignores the interests of the rural dwellers. Lord Milner was right when he said, "Great Britain would never have been able to withstand the strain of the wars with Napoleon if it had not been for the stability, patience, and endurance of the agricultural classes." Germany and France get their strength,—economic, social and political,—not from the superficial, effervescent, nerve-wracked dwellers in Berlin or Paris, but from the normal people who till the soil and live on the land.

The Agricultural Survey made by the investigators of the Canadian Commission of Conservation during 1912 reveals conditions of farm practice in eight of the nine provinces which are not reassuring to the economist, hopeful to the man of business, or satisfactory to the statesman. The neglect of agricultural education is almost everywhere evident, while the lack of system in crop rotation and the ignorance of the first principles of the successful management of soils, seeds, and fertilizers, make farming operations unreliable, the conservation of soil fertility difficult, and the investment of capital in land and implements, live stock and labour of questionable utility.

The Dominion government did not undertake one day too soon the work of assisting the various provinces with money and expert advice in promoting agricultural education. An appropriation of a million dollars a year for ten years for this purpose is little enough considering the need. The climate and local conditions in the various provinces are so diversified that it is difficult to formulate a general scheme of agricultural and rural development that will apply to all. Dr. C. C. James, special commissioner of agriculture for the Dominion government, says: "The typical Canadian farmer has no existence. There are Canadian farmers of several types, varying so widely in their farm holdings, their methods of farming, and their results that a stranger would scarcely believe them to belong to one country. The maritime farmer, with his diked meadows reclaimed from the tide waters of the Bay of Fundy or Gulf of St. Lawrence, is one type; the French-Canadian *habitant* of Quebec, often farming in the quaint methods of two centuries ago, is another type, distinct and interesting; the Ontario farmer, with his modern methods, and having the advantage of improvements in machinery and methods of transportation, is a third type; the prairie farmer of the central provinces of the west, full of enthusiasm and activity, who, within a year, turns the virgin prairie into a golden wheat field, is still another type. There are types intermediate between these combining the peculiarities of two or more. Other types are rapidly being added, as from the four corners of the earth there come streaming into the North-West the tens of thousands of settlers from so many lands and with so many different inclinations. What the future of the agriculture of the Dominion will be, is a difficult question to answer, but it is safe to predict that probably for centuries to come agriculture will be what it has been almost from the first, the most important industry in Canada."

One gets a quick insight into the reasons why Canadian agriculture does not appeal more strongly to the immigrant by glancing at the report for 1912 of the Committee on Lands, Commission of Conservation:

Prince Edward Island—"Crop rotation enters into the programme of very few farmers. Systematic seed selection is not followed. Very few farmers take good care of their barnyard manure or use it to the best advantage. It is often thickly applied to the small area planted to roots, while the fields farther away receive none at all."

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—"Much of what has been said of Prince Edward Island is also true of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The principal crop is hay, with oats as the chief grain crop. Systematic crop rotation is rarely to be found. Seed selection is practised by very few.

"In the Maritime Provinces, it is all too evident that weeds are everywhere on the increase; and what the outcome will be is hard to predict. New weeds appear each year and the old established varieties continue to thrive."

Quebec—"Systematic rotation, except in the case of a few farmers, is entirely overlooked. The cause of this negligence is that nearly all the farmers ignore the importance of hoed crops. In many districts very little attention is given to the growing of clover. In nearly every instance the amount of seed sown to the acre is too small to get good results. In Quebec the weed problem is a serious one."

Ontario—"Almost every known weed is found. Farmers generally are too lax in the prevention of the seeding of the bad weeds, and contaminated farms are the result. In many parts of Ontario, weeds are so numerous that space will not allow the mere enumeration of them. In the county of Norfolk, within three miles of the town of Simcoe, one of the collectors gathered sixty-five different kinds of weeds from one farm."

Prairie Provinces—"In its truest significance there is no real rotation of crops. Practically all summer-fallow, and then take off two, or occasionally three, cereal crops; a portion of the last may be oats or barley. In this sense all follow a more or less systematic 'rotation,' but hoed crops, grass crops, and legumes are almost entirely absent on all farms. For wheat farming on a virgin soil these men know and practise methods

that, in the past, have given large and profitable returns. The fallow conserves moisture, kills weeds, and insures the succeeding crop against drought, but the 'rotation' does not keep up the humus supply, nor cope with the spread of weeds, nor add nitrogen to the soil. It merely provides a mighty lever to pry wheat from a willing soil."

The weed menace is everywhere, even in the new and only partly cleared province of British Columbia. The soils on thousands of Canadian farms are treated as if they were inexhaustible mines of plant food. When poor farmers cannot get good crops, agriculture as a calling in this country falls into disrepute and the young people leave. The old people left on the land cannot do the necessary work, do not manage well, and find it difficult to hire help because of labour scarcity. Is it any wonder that the new-comer is not enamoured with farm life? The skilled farm labourer from Great Britain finds the lack of system and intelligence in farm management in this country an obstacle to him, while the unskilled worker has no one to teach him, and he hears the doleful note of pessimism on all sides. Is it right to blame him for seeking the city where more people are cheerful and aggressive? But we must have farmers and farm labourers and there is no quicker source of supply than immigration.

The soils of this country are by no means exhausted. If intelligent methods were used, the crop yields on nearly all the farms of the eastern provinces could be doubled in ten years. If the majority of the farmers of Canada followed the practice of the best farmers in Ontario, crop yields would be four times as great in twenty years as they are now, and not one acre more need be brought under cultivation. Weeds would not be so numerous, soil humus and plant food would be more abundant, and large crop yields more certain. Farm work is not, or should not be, the grinding toil of a few years ago. Horse and mechanical power with implements and machinery of every description can be used with effect; but more brain power and greater knowledge are required. The labourer on a well-managed farm has a better job in every way

than the artisan of the city. He does not work so many hours; his tasks are more varied; he works under less pressure; his health is not sacrificed; his home is more comfortable, and he has more money in the bank at the end of the year.

Judging from the experience of the United States, the government of Canada is not making a mistake in trying to get farmers and farm labourers from northern and north-western Europe. They make good settlers and good farmers if they are given some assistance and instruction at the beginning; but there is no assurance of the success of the immigrants from southern or eastern Europe. The Asiatics, especially the Japanese, have a good deal of skill in agriculture; but there are valid reasons for limiting their immigration. It is to be hoped that Canadian winters will be sufficiently severe in the near future to discourage the coming of classes of people who will not add to the strength of Canadian citizenship. Mere numbers only add to our perplexities. What is wanted in this country is a class of immigrants who will increase the physical, moral, and intellectual vigour of the Canadian people. The mistake the Federal government has made so far is in throwing open the gates to all comers and in allowing them to form colonies and isolate themselves on Canadian soil. Such a policy is indefensible and only piles up difficulties for the next generation.

When one studies the immigration returns for the last decade one must be impressed with the fact that it is not going to be easy to supply food for all the people who are coming to Canada to identify themselves with non-agricultural pursuits, especially in view of the food scarcity and open markets of the United States. The Canadian farmer has a splendid opportunity to show his mettle. The sources of food supply in other parts of the world are not greatly increasing their output. The thorough-going tenant farmers of Great Britain, northern France, Germany, and the Netherlands have in the older sections of this country the greatest chance of a life time. They can buy any number of farms at reasonable prices and cannot with the best skill and industry produce more each

year than the markets demand. Now is the time also for people of means to put capital, and brains, and business organization into the production of meat, dairy products, and fruit. There are unlimited possibilities awaiting those who are forehanded in taking an interest in agricultural development. No one desires the evils of European landlordism transferred to this country; but the landlords of Europe will be welcome if they bring with them capital and farm labourers who will, under Canadian management, turn thousands of acres of untilled or partly tilled land into productive areas. There are scores of able and scientifically trained young men in this country who would give a good account of themselves if they had the opportunity to assist in getting the maximum profits from live stock and orchards. It is doubtful if there is anywhere a field for investment offering greater security or more certain dividends than commercialized farming, stock raising, and fruit growing in Canada.

The great problem in connexion with immigration and agriculture seems to be to give the new-comer the assistance and instruction he needs to get him adjusted and established as a Canadian farmer or farm helper. There are thousands of immigrants coming to this country, who would make excellent farmers and good farm labourers, if they were given a chance. So far the various governments have been devoting their energies to getting people to come here; but they have been largely heedless of what became of them after they arrived. The policy of official carelessness is not good for the immigrant or for the country. Why could not each province have a training school where the new-comer who desires to become identified with agriculture could be taught in a short course how to do the ordinary mechanical things about a farm? In such a school good instructors could lay the foundations in the minds of these men and women for successful agricultural careers and could also prepare them for the process of adjustment and for their future obligations as citizens. Such schools would help to classify the new-comers and be a means of placing them on farms where they would have sympathetic

treatment. Then, as a further step, why could not the people who are homesteading, or who come to this country and buy farms, be advised and instructed for the first year or two by agriculturists under government employ? It is all very well to get farmers and farm labourers; but the real problem is to make good farmers and good Canadians of them.

Demonstration farms, training schools of all kinds, government instructors, and literature in the mother tongue of the people getting it, will all aid in making it easier for the new-comer to identify himself permanently with Canadian agriculture. Perhaps, the man who needs most of the instruction by experts in agriculture is the Canadian farmer himself, that he may grumble less and do more. The pity is that under the present system the tide of immigration consists of too large a proportion of those who have no intention of becoming agriculturists, and they are filling the cities at an alarming rate, while those who would become agriculturists are not given a fair show, and they too in vast numbers go to the cities; then, to make matters still worse, the young men and women born and raised on the farms of Canada are in many instances educated away from the farm, and go to the city to compete with those already there who are struggling for a living.

It is a singular situation that Canada faces to-day with an immigration influx of four hundred thousand a year. For generations the people of this country felt that they had a splendid future before them. They were vaguely conscious of the greatness of the gifts of nature; they had confidence in their ability to build free and permanent institutions; and they believed that, with proper education and reasonable opportunities, their children would attain to positions of leadership among the races of men; but times have changed, and to-day the destiny of Canada depends more on the character of the new-comer than on the training of her own children. The gifts of nature are still ours, but we offer them for the exploitation of the alien hand. The institutions of the land have their foundations well and truly laid, but we

ask the foreigner to erect the superstructure. Our forefathers cleared the land of trees, stumps, and stones; we have erected houses and barns, planted orchards and sown the fields with seeds, but are waiting for the stranger to come and reap the harvest. Is it not time we called a halt and ascertained where we are going? It is true we need men and women on the land. The whole country is calling for workers; but we ought to be concerned as to the health, intelligence, and morals of those whom we ask to assume the obligations of citizenship, and make their homes on Canadian soil. Can we, an Anglo-French people with our defective school systems, educate and assimilate the multitude of foreigners who are encumbering our shores year after year? Why this mad rush for industrial supremacy? Why crowd the cities of this land with people who are not our kith and kin, whom we cannot feed?

WALTER JAMES BROWN

THE AMERICAN TARIFF

MEN who hold strong opinions of the tariff question, on the one side or the other, persuade themselves, and endeavour with some success to persuade others, that laws prescribing rates of duty on imported goods put upon the welfare of a country a magic spell. No doubt they—they, at least, gentle reader, who are on your side of the question—believe what they say and write, however wicked and insincere are they upon the other side. When the controversy is stimulated by the presentation of the tariff issue in an acute form for the decision of the electorate, no man is regarded as having higher political capacity than a mere woman unless he takes the free trade view that a radical reduction of duties will instantly usher in a period of unprecedented prosperity, or the protectionist's view that it will bring about depression, distress, and disaster.

The United States passed through just such an acute crisis a year ago. The note of alarm, should the tariff policy of the government be changed, was sounded by the Republicans on their platform : "a tariff for revenue only would destroy many industries and throw millions of our people out of employment." The promise of the Democrats was implied in their denunciation of President Taft for vetoing bills reducing duties on textiles, metals, chemicals, and agricultural produce, "all of which were designed to give immediate relief to the masses from the exactions of the trusts." Observe the word *immediate*. Those who used it were victorious in the election and have now enacted their principles into law, without encountering any obstacle they could not easily surmount, without being under any pressure as to general principles or details—as were their predecessors in 1894—which they could not overcome. The avowed basis of their action was the establishment of a system of competition on

equal terms between home and foreign producers, so as to reduce the cost of living by emancipating consumers from the monopoly of trusts and the rapacity of protected manufacturers. What has been the result in the United States ; what is to be the result hereafter?

That is the question which, less than three months after the approval of the Act by the President of the United States, I am about to consider. It would be a true and comprehensive answer to the first part of the question to say that as yet no general result can be detected; and as to the second part, that it requires great audacity to undertake any prediction. Nevertheless, it may be permissible and possibly useful, to develop the first part of the answer, and even as to the other part, to disregard the admonition of an American humourist, "don't prophesy onless ye know," and try to peer into the future.

The new tariff marks a departure from a national policy that has been adhered to for a full century, with the exception of the years from 1846 to 1860—for the abortive Wilson-Gorman Act, 1884-97, does not count—a policy of "protection" originally of manufactures chiefly, secondarily of agricultural products. Since the enactment of the McKinley tariff of 1890, the farmers have been protected equally with the manufacturers. The Act of 1913 was intended so far to abolish protection as to permit free competition in all raw and manufactured products, at no disadvantage, by all foreign producers. That principle was applied to every clause of the Act, so far as the information at the command of the two committees enabled them to apply it. Indeed, in some cases they went further, and placed the home producer at a disadvantage. For example, the clause making fish free gives an advantage to the Canadian, for he can build fishing schooners cheaper than they can be built in New England; he has greater freedom in manning his vessels, and pays his fishermen lower wages; and he enjoys privileges in the procurement of bait denied to his American competitor. Favoured thus both in his plant and in current expenses, he is enabled to

land his fares in a free market on better terms than are accorded to the Yankee.

According to the tenets of either school of thought on the tariff question, a law of such scope should have far-reaching effects in many directions. It should make its influence felt in the revenues of the government, on the one hand reducing them by reason of lower duties on some imported goods and by transfers to the free list; on the other, by stimulating importations. It should be felt by manufacturers, deprived of their protection, and therefore forced to reduce prices of their commodities to meet foreign competition, and to reduce production by reason of a diminished market,—that which they had previously held entire being now shared with foreigners. It should be felt by the men and women in the factories, if production were curtailed, in either a loss of employment or a reduction of wages. It should also be felt by farmers for similar reasons, subjected as they are to the free entry of Canadian produce, causing in their case, as well, lower prices and a contracted market. It should be felt above all, in their case beneficially, by the great body of consumers whose cost of living would theoretically be reduced by the withdrawal of favours heretofore granted to the protected industries, by which they were enabled—so the authors and supporters of the Act maintained—to hold prices at an artificial level.

Yet nothing of all this has occurred, up to the present time, except that the reduction of duties has diminished the receipts from customs. Even a part of that effect has been masked thus far by a certain temporary increase, due to the holding in bond of a large amount of dutiable goods in anticipation of the reduction, and the withdrawal of those goods and the payment of the duties when the Act became operative. Queerly enough, the tariff did not even have the effect of increasing imports. Of course it did not cause a diminution; but the United States returns show that there was a decrease of $49,987,452 in the value of importations in October and November, 1913, the first two months of experience under

the Underwood tariff, as compared with the corresponding months of 1912.

There has been no reduction of price whatever, as a result of the tariff, on any agricultural products or manufactured goods. As to a great many classes of such commodities, it would be absurd to expect an immediate result of a modification of duties. Take the case of textiles for the clothing of the people, where theoretically the greatest benefit to the consumer should be experienced. The foreign mills have been fully occupied, for the past year or two particularly, in supplying markets that are accustomed to take their goods. They have had practically no surplus to send to America. Save for such fine and high-priced fabrics as have had a market in the United States in spite of the former high tariff, they are not producing cloth that is in demand in that market, that is, the cloth that is ordinarily purchased by the average consumer of moderate means. What may happen hereafter is a fair subject for speculation; manifestly the new tariff has not yet had time to develop its ultimate effect in such a field as that of cotton and woollen goods. Similar illustrations might be given if it were necessary.

But surely we might expect that the change of policy would have had already a material and perceptible effect upon the price of certain other articles. The law transferred to the free list a great variety of food products of which Canada, bordering the country on its entire northern frontier, has an exportable surplus. It has been a standing grievance of the tariff reformers that the American hen was protected, and they have attributed the high price of eggs to the rapacity of those who exploited that hen to their own exceeding profit. Now it does not take long for a poultryman to seize an advantage given to him in a nearby market. Three months is ample. Yet that very three months has seen the price of eggs at a higher level than ever before in the country, which is now happily freed from the sordid monopoly of the domestic poultryman. In many communities not remote from the

Canadian line organized abstention from eggs has been a feature of the current silly season, the excuse being the prohibitive price of that breakfast delicacy. There is a disposition to attribute the high price to cold storage; which is an admission that the tariff was not the only nor the chief cause. If statements in American papers are to be believed—they are not always to be believed—it was not a cause at all. For we are told that the effect of the opening of the market to the free entry of Canadian eggs was to raise the price in Canada, so that innocent consumers in the Dominion suffered once more from the wicked American tariff. But why not ? It is much more sensible on the part of Canadians to take advantage of a higher market than their own, than to depreciate their wares by underselling. And if they can get one cent or five cents more per dozen in the United States than at home, why should they sell in the home market at the lower price? Whether the statements referred to be true or false, they ought to be true if Canadians are as shrewd as Yankees are reputed to be.

Nearly the same position can be taken with regard to all the other classes of food products which Canada was expected to introduce into the country at a lower price, to the relief of the consumer. No one has been able to discover any reduction in the cost to him of food stuffs, as an effect of the law. The fishermen of the provinces have not, to any great extent at least, availed themselves of their new privileges. If they have done so at all, they have not attempted to undersell their American competitors but have, naturally and wisely, taken all they could get. At all events the wholesale and retail prices of fish at Gloucester and Boston have given no indication of unusual competition. But Gloucester reports an exodus of fishermen, originally from the provinces, who are now going home, anticipating a decline in the business in the States and an increase of it to the eastward. Beef has been imported from Argentina and has sold for less than the native product. But it had to be sold for less because it is distinctly inferior. Cheap beef can be had, if one is not particular about the quality, without going across the equator for it.

It may be said then with perfect truth that in the first three months of experience under the new tariff the average consumer has found no variation in price of any article of ordinary use in consequence of the "new freedom."

Before leaving the first part of the question here discussed, it should be said that, whether it be an effect of the law or not, there has been a decided lessening of business, industrial, and transportation activity, in all departments. To put the case fairly, the slackening began about the same time that the probability of tariff revision approached the point of certainty, and although it has continued in recent months it cannot be said to have become more pronounced since the law went into effect. So far as it is fair to attribute it to the tariff agitation, it signifies apprehension on the part of those engaged in industrial enterprises rather than any injury as yet realized. It is the sentimental effect that links the consideration of what has already taken place—practically nothing, as we have seen—with the inquiry as to what is to take place hereafter.

It is necessary to cover a broad field, but certain general facts will enable us to forecast some probabilities without great danger of serious error. The leading fact, which the academic free trader and also the academic protectionist will regard as the controlling fact, is that the policy of protection is abandoned substantially, and the principle of free competition introduced. They are both right, if either it be true, as the protectionist believes, that it was the abandoned policy that secured and held the home market to the home producer; or, on the other hand, if the free trader is correct in his theory that a protective duty adds itself automatically to the home price of the protected article, and that the removal of protection ensures a lowering of the price, as it must if protection enhances it. But if neither of these propositions is more than half true, then the tariff loses much of its importance; and the effect—meaning now the ultimate effect of the change of policy—may be, surely not negligible, but far less than either the supporters or the opponents of the law now anticipate.

So far as the question of food is concerned, Canada is the only country that can injure the farmer or benefit the consumer by his competition. The fact that no perceptible effect has been produced thus far either of injury or of benefit, in respect of such articles as eggs, butter, cheese, vegetables, and meat, suggests that the effect hereafter will be slight. On many of these articles Canada could not, under the most favourable conditions, be an effective competitor as far south as the north line of Pennsylvania. But Canada is a great wheat-growing country, and if there were no market for breadstuffs across the Atlantic, and no grain-carrying steamships, the Dominion could demoralize and wreck the business of the American farmers. Inasmuch as both countries now raise a surplus of all kinds of grain, and since the price of the entire crop of both is regulated, and regulated to the same degree, by the price in England, it is difficult to see how any large or permanent influence can be exerted upon prices by the tariffs of the two countries. In any event, should the price of wheat at any time be higher in the United States than in Canada, the Canadian farmer, exporting his crop, would not wisely undersell the market to such an extent that the reduction would reach the consumer.

The question as to manufactured goods is more complicated; but an examination of the history of American trade and of the present industrial situation will throw light upon it. We shall see that the United States has been advancing steadily to a position where it can compete on equal terms with other countries, and is consequently less in need than ever before of a protective tariff on its manufactured productions. That statement, it may be admitted, is not true of all manufactures to an equal degree, but it is so true that a great many branches of industry have outgrown the tariff altogether. Whether there are some that are still so dependent upon it that they must disappear under the influence of the new law, time will tell.

Take the great iron and steel industry, and consider what the statistics of the foreign trade indicate. Twenty-five years

ago, in 1888, the imports of iron and steel manufactures into the United States were valued at $48,992,757; the exports, at $17,763,064. In 1913 the imports had a value of $33,636,358; the exports, of $304,605,797. It is hardly necessary to point out the significance of such figures. In a quarter of a century the imports have fallen almost one-third; the exports are nearly seventeen times as much as they were. Then the United States was dependent upon Great Britain for a large part of its consumption of iron and steel goods, and its export trade was insignificant,—more than an eighth of it was in sewing machines, of which it had practically a monopoly. Great Britain, on the other hand, was so clearly the leader in the steel trade of the world that it surpassed in amount of exports all other countries combined. In 1912 the value of the exports of such merchandise from Great Britain was £48,629,000, or $243,000,000, and of that amount it sent only $10,263,407 worth to the United States, according to the American returns (though the fiscal years do not coincide.) The Canadian returns show that the Dominion imported dutiable iron and steel manufactures from the United States in 1912-13 to the value of $116,812,454, and to the value of only $11,259,616 from the mother country, in spite of the preferential tariff. How explain such facts as those? It is no question of dumping. The trade with the States exceeds greatly that with the United Kingdom on almost every class of articles except cutlery, although the average preference on all iron and steel products works out at 29.3 per cent. Either American manufacturers produce more cheaply than Englishmen, or Canadians and the people of other countries prefer American to British goods. So far as Canada is concerned the preferential rate is several times as great as any difference that might be accounted for by less freight rates and promptness of delivery. In any event, there is no escape from the conclusion that the American steel trade is able to take care of itself, tariff or no tariff.

How about the clothing of the people, the employment of those who make the material, and the opening to foreign

textile manufacturers to compete? It may be stated as a general proposition that American manufacturers, now that their prognostications of evil, addressed to the heartless congressmen and senators, have been disregarded, and the blow to their industries so much dreaded has fallen, have adopted a much more cheerful and hopeful tone. With the exception of a few who have special reasons for alarm, they express confidence that they can hold their own against the foreigner. While the protective tariff had been operating,—some economists would say in consequence of the protection,—the capacity for production has been stimulated certainly up to the domestic demand, and domestic competition has held the price of fabrics far below the level of foreign prices plus the percentage of protection. On practically all the coarse and medium cotton goods that form the bulk of consumption, American wholesale and retail prices are as low as the English. A few months ago a Fall River millman sent, on order, a consignment of ten thousand dollars worth of his cloth to Montreal. When that merchandise crossed the frontier a thousand dollars more duty was exacted than if the same goods had come from Manchester. After all allowances are made it is impossible to see how the transaction could have been profitable to the Canadian importer unless the goods were actually cheaper in Fall River than in Manchester. Some of the spinners of fine cotton yarns are apprehensive but courageous. So far as their optimism is justified, the effect of the tariff on manufacturer, on consumer, and on foreign trade is to be inconsiderable.

The manufacturers whose material is wool are even more hopeful than the makers of cotton. They have the benefit of free wool; the price of their fabrics, like those of cotton manufacturers, has been brought down by being subjected to long years of domestic competition; they know that the capacity of foreign looms is not sufficient to furnish more than a trifling fraction of the consumption of ninety million people; they notice with glee that already prices abroad are advancing, which diminishes the power of the British

and continental houses to undersell American products. That some weak concerns will be forced out of business is quite probable. That the makers of fine textiles, where the element of labour cost is highly important, will suffer from foreign competition and will find their profits curtailed, is also likely.

But,—repeating the original answer to the question put, with an addition and speaking with the audacity of an unlicensed prophet,—that American industry has experienced or is to experience disaster, that the country is to be deluged with foreign goods, that unemployment is to increase, or that the average American is to discern the slightest alleviation in the cost of living as a consequence of the Democratic tariff, the present writer, a Republican and a convinced protectionist in principle, does not for one moment believe.

EDWARD STANWOOD

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN TARIFF

THERE are many signs that the truce in the tariff controversy is coming to an end. Not since the nineties has there been so much questioning of our existing fiscal system. The reasons are not far to seek. The freer trade party is once more in opposition, where parties are wont to find time to become reacquainted with their ideals. At the beginning of its long tenure of office, the Liberal party made substantial reductions in customs rates, and it went out of office in the attempt to do more. But midway it rested on its oars. The country was prosperous as never before. In the United Kingdom the Tariff Reform movement threatened free trade in its inmost citadel. In the United States the Dingley Tariff had banged, barred, and bolted the door in the face of Canadian advocates of better terms. The opposition, more protectionist than itself, provided no stimulus. But now real changes in the situation both in Canada and abroad, and the fresh drawing of lines at the time of the reciprocity struggle, have revived in a measure Liberal zeal for freer trade.

The combination of high prices and business depression has brought the consumer to a more critical mood. It would be a fanatical partizan who would hold the tariff solely or mainly responsible for higher prices. Increasing gold supply, the waste of war, inefficiency in production and in marketing, changes in the ratio of producers to consumers, have obvious weight. Yet it is equally fanatical to refuse to apply one remedy because it is not a cure-all. The gold supply we cannot materially alter; coöperative marketing, agricultural education, require time for any marked effect. Better roads and the parcel post are good steps towards efficiency, but not the whole way. If the advocates of a lower tariff can show that their proposal will bring immediate improvement, in

wider resources of supply from abroad, and further improvement later, through lowered costs of production at home, they will have made out a case for action.

But it is mainly the lowering of the American tariff which has changed the situation in Canada. Whether we like it or not, we cannot deny the wide and pervasive influence which the United States has exerted on our economic development. From the United States Canada derived its later land system, the methods of surveying, the homestead policy, the land grants to railways, the activities of the land company and the subdivision expert. The cheese factory and creamery and the fall fair have been borrowed and bettered. Later came the steam plough and the gasoline tractor, the elevator and the manipulation of elevator grades. The railroads, from gauge, rolling stock, and organization, to construction company methods and political influence, show the power of American example, equally with the decimal currency, the system of commercial accounts, and the patent law. Machinery and methods in factory and shop show close connexion. Organized labour and employers' associations, mergers and methods of high finance, reveal the same influence. The early waste of the United States warned, its late repentance stimulated Canada to adopt the policy of conserving natural resources.

Doubtless, much of this parallel development has been due to repetition of similar conditions rather than to imitation; doubtless Canada's statesmen, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, have in turn exercised no little influence on the development of the republic. Yet the fact of that influence remains, however neglected by most of our historians, and it shows no sign of lessening. Consider simply the past year's developments. We imported the parcel post *via* the United States. For over thirty years it has been an established and successful feature in the British postal system; ultra-imperialists as we are, we made no slightest move to adopt it. Then the United States took it up, and in a month each of our political parties was trying to beat the other to it.

The experience of Switzerland or Australia with the referendum awakened few echoes here, but once Oregon had adopted it Alberta followed suit, and Saskatchewan gave its people the option of so doing. Rural coöperative credit has been a commonplace in Europe for generations, and in Ireland for over fifteen years, but it was not until the United States had sent a commission abroad that the Saskatchewan government introduced its bill on the subject. Commission government, and also the bad habit of multiplying civic authorities and dividing responsibility, which commission government was devised to remedy, have come north. Toronto, to take stock of the efficiency of its municipal government, summons a New York bureau, and a Montreal newspaper probes or creates legislative corruption through a New York detective agency. Then we thank God modestly that we are not as these republicans and sinners.

The outstanding features of the new American tariff are the abolition of duties on many foodstuffs, on sugar (by 1916), on wool and on lumber, the sweeping reductions in the textile and metal schedules, and a general substitution of *ad valorem* for specific duties. Upon Canada the direct effect has been, and will continue to be, to stimulate exports in a very marked degree. In the month of October, for example, more cattle were exported than in the four fiscal years preceding. The farmer fares well on the whole, though not so well as under the reciprocity proposals of 1911, which would have abolished, instead of merely reducing, the rates on horses, hay, oats, butter and cheese, fruits and vegetables, and would have given him an exclusive preference. The miner is also benefited. Nova Scotia's and British Columbia's coal is given free entrance, while the reduction on lead and iron ore, gypsum, cobalt oxide, and building stone will still further increase our rapidly expanding mineral exports. Sawn lumber, laths, and shingles are made free; logs and pulpwood remain free, as before; wood-pulp is made free, though a

countervailing duty is still levied on paper coming from countries or provinces which impose export duties or license fees. Our manufacturers of agricultural implements and of leather are among the notable gainers from the open market.

This outflow of exports has revived in miniature the reciprocity controversy of 1911. There is little flag waving, it is true, but the economic arguments advanced are much the same as of yore. Again, we are told that the new tariff arrangements put a premium on the export of raw products, and are thus deplorable on conservation and on protection grounds. The reciprocal free entry of wheat and flour is opposed because encouraging wheat mining, while the export of cattle is said to have drained the country of young stock. It may be recalled incidentally that the imperial preference proposals, usually put forward as the alternative to an open American market, avowedly looked to the colonies to remain producers of raw materials and consumers of manufactured products. Doubtless, again, it would be highly desirable if the western farmer would adopt the mixed farming theories of his numerous advisers. But with labour supply scarce, with capital often lacking for the fencing, building, and stock-buying which mixed farming demands, with a climate in many sections handicapping stock-feeding, progress must needs be slow, and grain growing must remain for years the chief resource. As a matter of fact, the finished product is now in most cases admitted to the United States on as favourable terms as the raw material. Cattle and swine are free, though oats and barley and peas are taxed; paper enters free if no discrimination is imposed upon wood-pulp, and flour follows the fortunes of wheat. And if the farmer has misjudged and shipped too much young stock, a supposition denied by Mr. J. A. Ruddick, Dairy Commissioner, who declares that it is chiefly the culls of the herd that have gone, time will bring prudence in estimating the foreign as well as the domestic market. One valid complaint on this score may be made. Under the new tariff, milk and cream enter the United States free while butter and cheese pay duty;

it is not difficult to understand why forty cheese factories in Eastern Ontario closed down this past fall. Under the reciprocity proposals, it may be noted, butter and cheese would also have entered free.

It is the city consumer, compelled to pay American prices, who is pitied. Some farm journals have found poetic justice in the fact that the city voters who defeated reciprocity are now paying reciprocity prices for what the farmer sells, while not enjoying the lower prices reciprocity would have involved on other commodities. This feeling is natural perhaps, but not justified. It is sympathy rather than recrimination that is called for; the average city voter was, equally with the farmer, only clay in the hands of the patriotic politician. Wherever the responsibility lies, the city consumer cannot now dam the outward flow. He must seek compensation in wider sources of supply, and, in common with the consumer in American cities, look to better farming methods, a more adequate rural labour supply, more efficient marketing, to bring permanent improvement. The pinch of high prices has at last awakened us to the seriousness of the rural problem.

The vested rights of our railways to haul Saskatchewan wheat to the Atlantic seaboard are again brought forward. Canada owes much to its railways and its great railway managers, it is true, but it has paid the debt in full in the past, and given a mortgage on much of its future to boot. Why build a Hudson Bay Railway or seek an outlet *via* Vancouver and the Panama Canal if these vested rights of eastward carriage exist? Canadian railways, with their seven thousand miles of road in the United States, have never hesitated to seek north and south traffic when it paid them. In view of the fact that over half the Canadian grain exported to Europe this past year was shipped by United States routes, it would be more fitting to investigate why Canadian railroads and steamships secured less than half of the traffic that did offer than to demand that the Saskatchewan farmer be compelled to ship his wheat a wasteful five thousand miles eastward—as like as not by Buffalo and New York or Baltimore.

The indirect effect of the lowering of the United States tariff will be to strengthen the demand for a reduction in our own tariff. Example counts for much. In the United Kingdom the Tariff Reform movement has fizzled out. Ten years of industrial prosperity and rapidly growing foreign trade have opportunely seconded the theoretic arguments offered in defence of free trade. In face of the wide opposition to a tax on food or raw materials the Unionist leaders have now dropped this part of their programme, and with it the basis for the proposed preference to the colonies which was to cement the empire. Add the defeat of protection in its chief stronghold, and the Canadian advocate of freer trade has reason to believe that he is in the main current of progress, not fighting against it.

But the United States influences us not by example alone but by direct connexion. Hitherto any one who wished to discuss the advisability of protection, not in a vacuum, but with definite relation to existing Canadian conditions, has been forced to recognize the special difficulties created by the neighbourhood of a great protectionist nation. It might well be argued that if the United States barricaded its own borders, and we left our doors open, the United States manufacturer would have a market of a hundred plus eight million people, while the Canadian would have only a share of the eight million market, with consequent smaller scale of production, higher prices, and inability to compete. In so far as the American market becomes open to our own producers, this, the strongest argument for protection, is weakened. Are there any qualifying considerations to be borne in mind?

First, there is the consideration that the reduction in the American tariff may not be permanent. A Democratic party, under the leadership of a Wilson, once before put through a measure of tariff reform only to see it swept away three years later by the Dingley Bill. Yet history is not likely to repeat itself. The whole attitude of mind of the American public has changed. Tariff protection is now

looked upon as one of the special privileges of wealth which are under suspicion. The means by which the sugar and woollen and steel schedules were manipulated are too well known to permit repetition. The producer has come to be identified with the great corporation. Probably it will be some years before further sweeping reductions are made; possibly the Roosevelt party, if victorious, will endeavour to adopt some form of Australia's new protection, safeguarding employer, workman, consumer, and everybody else; but a reversion to high protection seems most improbable. In any event, before important changes can possibly be made in Canada, the permanence of the Underwood tariff will have been tested.

Again, it will be urged that even after the reductions that have been made the United States tariff is no lower than Canada's. It has been pointed out that the average rate adopted in the United States is 26 per cent., and that the average duty levied on dutiable imports brought into Canada is only slightly over 26 per cent. Such a comparison, however, takes no account of the free list in either case, while the percentage levied on the goods which actually enter is no indication of the rates fixed on goods whose entrance is practically prohibited. Let us compare some of the more important articles which enter into the ultimate consumer's budget or are of primary importance in production. The first three schedules include most of the important commodities but the fourth is naturally less complete, though fairly representative. Where not otherwise indicated, the figures are *ad valorem* percentages.

Food Stuffs	United States	Canada	
		Preferential	General
Wheat flour, per bbl.	Free	.40	.60
Oatmeal, per cwt.	.30	.40	.60
Biscuits, unsweetened	Free	15%	25%
Sugar, per cwt. above 16 Dutch standard	Free (after 1916)	.72	1.08
Tea	Free	Free	Free
Coffee	Free	Free	Free
Eggs, per dozen	Free	.02	03

Food Stuffs	United States	Canada Preferential	Canada General
Butter, per lb.	.02½	.03	.04
Cheese, per lb.	20%	.02	.03
Meats, fresh per lb. n. o. p.	Free	.02	.03
Fish per lb.	Free	.05	.01
Fruit, tropical	fresh water and n.o.p. Duty, varying	Free	Free
Fruit, apples, peaches, pears, etc., per bushel	.10	Varying	
Clothing			
Woollens, tweeds	35%	30	35
Woollens, dress goods, n.a.p.	35	30	35
Woollens, blankets	15	20½	35
Woollen clothing	35	30	35
Cotton fabrics	7½ to 30	15–25	25–32½
Cotton clothing	30	25	35
Boots and shoes	Free	20	30
Silk fabrics	45	17½	30
Lace	60	25	35
Diamonds	10	Free	Free
House Furnishings			
Furniture, wooden	15	20	30
Table cutlery	15	20	30
Tinware	20	15	25
Carpets	20–35	25	35
Production Materials			
Bricks, common	10	12½	22½
Cement, per cwt.	Free	.08	.12½
Structural iron and steel	10	22½	35
Paints	15	20	30
Lumber, dressed both sides	Free	17½	25
Lumber, dressed one side	Free	Free	Free
Steel rails, per ton	20%	$4.50	$7.00
Steel bridges	20	22½	35
Railway cars	20	20	30
Locomotives	15	22½	35
Gasoline engines	20	15	27½
Mining machinery	20	Free	Free
Hides	Free	Free	Free
Leather	Free	10–12½	15
Harness and saddlery	Free	20	30
Mowers, harvesters, etc.	Free	12½	17
Ploughs	Free	12½	20½
Waggons	Free	17½	25
Cream separators	Free	Free	Free
Coal, bituminous, ton	Free	.35	.53

Except in clothing, the balance is weighted against the Canadian consumer and the Canadian producer.

Henceforth it will be necessary for those Canadian producers to whom the American market has been opened to offer convincing reasons why they should not be content with equality in both markets. True, there may be obstacles in the way of their entrance even with tariff bars down. Canadian millers complain to-day that they could not compete in the United States because of the duties levied on their milling machinery; the contention is a suggestive one. Advertising expense or settled trade connexions may make it difficult to secure a footing; but this is one of the difficulties which every industry in the western or southern states, competing against established eastern establishments, has to face.

The time has come for more detailed and discriminate study of the tariff. In the first place, whatever stimulus be given to the freer trade movement by recent developments, it will be many a day before Canada will have free trade as they have it in England. Protectionist ideas are strong in eastern Canada; the radicalism of the western farmer is balanced by the standpat tendencies of the east, where the centres of industry and finance have gained in numbers and political strength at the expense of the country districts. Quite apart from this fact, the need of dealing tenderly with vested interests, and the desire to see how the changes in the United States work out will prevent any immediate sweeping changes. Even the out-and-out free trader, therefore, should not refuse the half-loaf of a more scientific, or at least a more discriminating tariff, while waiting for the whole loaf of the future.

Again, we cannot hope or afford to produce everything in Canada. The Manufacturers' Association, two years ago, it is true, committed itself to the ambitious programme of "not admitting that there was any article that could not at some point in Canada, and in time, be successfully manufactured." If the capital and labour at our disposal were unlimited, if we were equally equipped for producing every

article, it might be good economy to pursue this high aim. But as facts are, it simply means neglecting the work in which we have superior advantages to take up work in which we are handicapped. When the president of a great Canadian industry makes it his ambition to do the work of the book-keeper, the typewriter, the salesman, the office-boy, as well as his own, it will be time enough to apply the same principle to the national economy.

If we accept as elementary facts, for some years to come, then the existence of a strong protectionist sentiment in eastern Canada, and the need for discriminating as to which industries are to be given the benefit of this sentiment, the case is clear for studying the tariff schedule by schedule, instead of lauding or denouncing it in bulk. Whether by a tariff commission or otherwise, we should have available the facts as to the possible market for an industry, its relation to other industries, any permanent or temporary handicaps under which it labours, prices here and abroad, the existence of combines in the industry, the capitalization and profits or losses of the chief establishments. Even with this information there will be room for differences of deduction. Without it our tariff framers are guessing in the dark, playing blindfolded against experts who know every card. Doubtless this evidence will often be difficult to get, and some claimants of protection will not be anxious to give it. Yet the theory of protection demands that we have it. Surely if an all-wise government is to be relied upon to counteract the effects of *laissez-faire* nature, the government must be all-knowing as well, and must be aware just how much handicap the home producer endures. It will be a good many years before we will live up to the theories of the free trade minority. Meantime, why not really live up to the protectionist theories of the majority?

The second part of the United States Tariff Act introduces the income tax as an important feature of the federal taxation system, which, also, will be not without significance for Canada.

O. D. SKELTON

THE BEGGAR AND THE ANGEL

An angel burdened with self-pity,
Came out of heaven to a modern city.

He saw a beggar on the street,
Where the tides of traffic meet.

A pair of brass-bound hickory pegs
Brought him his pence instead of legs.

A mongrel-dog to the seat was tied,
Poodle—upon the mother's side.

The angel stood and thought upon
This poodle-haunted beggar-man.

"My life is grown a bore," said he,
"One long round of sciamachy;

"I think I'll do a little good,
By way of change from angelhood."

He drew near to the beggar grim,
And gravely thus accosted him:

"How would you like, my friend, to fly
All day through the translucent sky;

"To pass beyond the planets seven,
And even to enter the orthodox heaven?

"If you would care to know this joy,
I will surrender my employ,

"And take your ills, collect your pelf,
An humble beggar like yourself.

"For ages you these joys may know,
While I shall suffer here below;

"And in the end we both may gain
Access of pleasure from my pain."

The stationary vagrant said,
"I do not mind, so go ahead."

The angel told the heavenly charm.
He felt a wing on either arm;

"Good-day," he said, "this floating's queer,
If I should want to change next year—?"

"Pull out that feather!" the angel said,
"The one half black and the other half red."

The cripple cried, "Before you're through
You may get fagged, and if you do,—"

The angel, superciliously—
"My transformed friend, don't think of me.

"I shall be happy day and night,
In doing what I think is right."

"So so," the feathered beggar said,
"Good-bye, I am just overhead."

The angel when he grasped the dish,
Began to criticize his wish.

The seat was hard as granite rocks,
His real legs were in the box.

His knees were cramped, his shins were sore,
The lying pegs stuck out before.

In vain he clinked the dish and whined,
The passers-by seemed deaf and blind.

As pious looking as Saint Denis,
An urchin stole his catch-penny.

And even the beggar's drab-fleeced poodle
Began to know him for a noodle.

"It has an uncelestial scent,
The clothing of this mendicant;"

He cried, "That trickling down my spine
Is anything but hyaline.

"This day is like a thousand years:
I'd give an age of sighs and tears

"To see with his confectioned grin,
One cherub sitting on his chin.

"The cripple was by far too sly.
I wish he'd tumble from the sky,

"That things might be as they were before.
I really cannot stand much more!"

The beggar in the angel's guise,
Rose far above the smoky skies.

But, being a beggar, never saw
The charm of the compelling law

That turned the swinging universe:
'Twas gloomy as an empty purse.

Often with heaven in his head,
He blundered on a planet dead.

And when, with an immortal fuss,
He singed his wings at Sirius,

He plucked the feather with his teeth,
The charm was potent, and beneath

He saw the turmoil of the way
Grown wilder at the close of day,

With the sad poodle, can in hand,
The angel still at the old stand.

"My friend," said the angel, hemming and humming,
"Truly I thought you were never coming."

"That's an unhandsome thing to say,
As I have only been gone a day.

"But there's nothing in all your brazen sky
To match the cock of that poodle's eye."

"Take your dish and give me my wings,
'Tis but a fair exchange of things."

The beggar felt his garments' rot,
The horn ridge of each callous spot;

He clinked his can and was content,
His poverty was permanent.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

MUST WE BE AMERICANS

IT has always been somewhat of a surprise to me that amongst the numerous international questions, great and small, which from time to time engage the argumentative talents of the people on both sides of our southern boundary that of "America" and "American" is so little discussed. When it does happen to be discussed how little finality there is about the argument! Nobody seems equipped with any reliable historical data on the subject: no one, whether Canadian or inhabitant of the United States, seems to regard the usage of the term "American" as anything but arbitrary; and one side commonly charges the other with an arrogant assumption of what should be amongst a nation's proudest sentimental possessions, that is, its national title, which arrogation the other, to the amazement of certain students of history, would seem tacitly to admit.

Now, of course, all this is wrong. Not only is the attitude wrong and the consequences productive of error, but I think I can show that the misunderstanding and misuse of the terms "America" and "American" are seriously damaging to Canadian, Brazilian, Mexican, Argentine interests, and indeed the interests of all the nationalities in the western hemisphere, including, though in a lesser degree, America itself.

In the last clause of the foregoing sentence the reader will find the phrase which is at the bottom of the whole trouble. It seems to beg the question at issue. Let us, therefore, state at the outset, what America actually is.

No student of national nomenclature needs to be reminded that the popular titles of tribes, races, and countries are in their origin obscure, arbitrary, indeterminate, and transient. In one age a nation is called one thing; in another age another. In his enumeration of the German tribes Tacitus does not even mention the Franks; yet this tribe came to give its name

to Gaul. It was not until the reign of Charlemagne that the Goths, Bavarians, Germans, Thuringians, Swedes, and Norwegians received the general denomination of Germans. Yet there was still no Germany; nor Deutschland nor Allemagne, nor any of the names by which the subjects of the German Kaiser know themselves or are known to-day by other nations. The origin and limitations of a national title have very little to do with the popular application of it in subsequent ages. This point need not be laboured: every European country furnishes an example. We will pass on to the case of America.

The name America was applied (first in 1507) to all the vague territory south of the equator, the northernmost limits of which Columbus thrice visited, and died believing to be India. "It is the strangest accident in the history of geographical discovery," writes Admiral Markham, "that the greatest continent discovered by Columbus should not have received his name, even the name of any other discoverer; but that it should be known by the Christian name of a provision merchant whose short experience of the sea began in advanced middle life, and who never even commanded an expedition of discovery."

As time wore on, however, and the vague territory began to be explored and settled, we find the use of the term "America" by no means so general as that of separate terms for particular countries in the western hemisphere. Thus, we find Peru, Mexico, Guiana, Chili, Hispaniola spoken of universally in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and America but rarely, and then only as if it were improperly applied. Indeed, Peter Heylin, in his "Cosmographie" (1666) remarks that "America" is an improper name for the New World. "Since Sebastian Cabot touched at many places which Amerigo Vespucci never saw and Columbus first led the way, it might as properly have been called Columbana, Sebastiana, or Cabotia."

Amongst the English, with the growth of the English Atlantic sea-board colonies, we note the gradual tendency in the speeches and writings of the late seventeenth and

early eighteenth centuries to apply "America" to those colonies collectively. Nor is this practice confined to the English alone. In the dispatches of the French Minister Colbert and his successors, "America" is frequently accepted as a term to denote the English-speaking colonies in contradistinction to Canada or New France, Florida and Louisiana. Examine books, letters and speeches in George II's reign and you will find "America" constantly employed in this sense. Any student may multiply instances for himself. But if any one wishes to see a concrete illustration let him look at the outline of the North-American continent on the Louisbourg medal of 1758, reproduced in Sir John Bourinot's "Canada." There the continent is occupied by two distinct countries, Canada to the north and America to the south. Other maps are extant in which the continent is shown faintly labelled in wide-spreading capitals "North America," while Canada, America, Louisiana, and Florida, and sometimes California are denominated as divisions thereof. Coming down a little further we find in the discussions in the British parliament on the Quebec Bill (1774) Thurlow saying, "The cause of America is not the cause of Canada; nor are the origins and the institutions of Canada those of America." "I rejoice," cried Chatham, in a famous speech, "that America has resisted." Now, if America were considered at that period to be the continents of North America and South America, instead of thirteen English colonies, occupying less than a twentieth part of the territory of those continents, he would hardly have used that precise phrase. Moreover, we must remember that long before this the inhabitants of the English colonies had taken "America" peculiarly to themselves. Their country was America *par excellence* and they were Americans.

Some people have supposed, I cannot imagine upon what grounds, that the assumption of the national title America by the Americans is of recent date. True, when the American Republic was founded there were some purists who questioned the restricted use of the title "America"; and there were even some who suggested to Jefferson the "United States of Colum-

bia." Others, erroneously supposing "United States of America," to refer to the continent, proposed "United States of North America" in the Declaration of Independence. But Jefferson knew precisely what he was doing; and his friend Adams, approving, wrote, "I see no impropriety, inasmuch as the title is now commonly conceded to ourselves."

The Articles of Confederation were framed in the following year. United States is there a mere political term: the title of the country is America. "Whereas, the delegates of the United States of America, in Congress assembled did,..... in the second year of the independence of America." If at that period America was not a country but a hemisphere, what sort of phraseology was this? Was Canada independent? Was Mexico independent? Was Brazil? or Peru? or the West Indies?

Then, at the close of this notable document, we find the words: "Done at Philadelphia.....in the third year of the independence of AMERICA." The capitals, I hasten to add, are those of the official scribe who engrossed the Articles of Confederation. So convinced, indeed, were those early patriots that their country was America and they themselves the Americans, that they would probably have taken it as an additional grievance, had any other nation questioned their right to do so. True, other nations in the western world *might* have challenged this right; but why should they? Did any Canadian Mexican, Brazilian, or Peruvian, dissatisfied with their own national epithets, envy the revolted colonists their title and demand some share in the eponymous glory of Amerigo Vespucci? No, America was America, Canada was Canada, and Mexico was Mexico. "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American," fervidly declared Daniel Webster. The custom of the best writers and speakers in the language, Gibbon, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Washington, Hamilton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens, Sydney Smith, Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, for a full century sanctioned the exclusive adoption of "America" by the United States of America. As the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in his address

before the American Society in London on November 30th, 1905, replying to the toast of "The American Ambassador," said, "Are you going to reject the name sanctioned by generations of use and embedded in the best English literature? 'Let us learn,' said Edmund Burke in his speech on American Taxation, 'to leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and all these unhappy distinctions will die out.' I venture to suggest, I even presume to assert, that a use in three centuries confers, even in England, a title that will hold as long as grass grows and water runs."

Convinced of this truth, the late John Hay issued, in 1901, his famous order to the embassies and consulates of the United States of America, that thereafter they were to be denominated officially American Embassies and American Consulates, and the occupants thereof to be denominated American Ambassadors and American Consuls. "It will be subject to misapprehension," he wrote, "on the part of many ill-informed persons, who will conceive that we are arrogating to ourselves the title of the continent. But we are not: our country is one thing and the continent is another; and we are now merely formally asserting what the fathers of the Republic bestowed and which we inherited."

After this, it should seem strange indeed that any Englishman or Canadian, or, indeed, any co-partner of either of the two great divisions of the western hemisphere, should challenge the right of the Americans to the national title of America. For, strangely enough, all seemed agreed that the citizens of the republic situated between Canada and Mexico were Americans. Canadians long resented being called Americans. Mexicans and those of the other Latin races objected to being described as "los Americanos."

But ignorance and prejudice are powerful factors to combat. There, for instance, was the fallacy of the American continent or the continent of America. Is there a continent of America? If so, what are its boundaries? For North America and South America no more, even before the cutting of the isthmus, constituted a single continent than—*parvis*

componere magna—Northampton and Southampton conjoined made Hampton.

All this would be tolerably manifest and the world would not be submitted to the present titular confusion if there had not been, within the last decade, an accession and growth of new conditions all tending to revive the old fallacies. First came the Pan-American idea, a strictly American invention, itself formulated to exploit the Monroe Doctrine, which in turn means, if it means anything, the control by the United States of America of the destinies of the countries occupying the continents of North America and South America. Mr. Elihu Root and other shrewd American public men were not slow to perceive that, having taken the title America to themselves and having established their right to it, they were thereby placed in a most favourable position, owing to the existence of the continental designations North America and South America, for occasionally enlarging the scope of its definition so as to cover their own ulterior objects. Thus it may be noticed, Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt, and President Wilson at one time speak of America as if the term were strictly limited to the United States of America. "America," said Mr. Roosevelt, "regards with satisfaction the efforts of Brazil to establish a lasting peace and prosperity within her borders."

"America," says Mr. Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People," after referring to Russia, England, and Germany, "America, with the other nations, sent troops to the relief of the legations." "America played *her* part with conspicuous success." "The new functions of America in the East were plain enough for all to see." And his presidential addresses are full of similar references to America and "*her* functions," and "*her* destiny."

At another time, contingencies arise when it is politically useful for "America" to take on a wider significance; and Pan-America, Central America, Latin America, and South America are imported freely into documents and discussions as if they were cognate terms and the peoples of those regions were cognate with Americans. If I were to say that this practice and

policy were perplexing to international spectators of events in our half of the universe, I should use too mild a term. It obfuscates them. Knowing nothing of the prescriptive and the subsequent formally-asserted right to which I have alluded, their public men and newspapers flounder about ludicrously in their efforts to extract the real America from all this welter of Latin Americas, Anglo-Saxon Americas, British Americas, Central Americas, Pan-Americas, and North and South Americas. And now, to complete this picture, comes along the Berliner *Tageblatt* with a not-too-flattering description of "Canadian America."

Surely, this last is too much. The worm, long patient, long uneasy, long restless under irritation, will turn at last. Canadians must protest. The Brazilians, Argentinians, the Bolivians, Mexicans must protest. America must be told and told plainly, Britain must be told, France, Germany, and the politicians, company-promoters, and geographers of the entire universe must be told, that America is the country of the Americans, and that the nations of these two mighty continents have no more in common with each other, because the names of those continents serve to celebrate the mythical exploits of Amerigo Vespucci, than have the nations of any two other continents. There is a bond, and a very intimate bond, between an Austrian and a German: there is a bond between a Norwegian and a Swede; but what possible nexus—racial, political, lingual, or moral—is there between Peruvians and Canadians? Why should the London *Times* or the Berliner *Tageblatt* call them both Americans?

America cannot eat her cake and have it, too. If she is firmly fixed and rooted in her resolve to be America, it behoves all the other nations, but chiefly our own, in this hemisphere to guard jealously the limitations of the title; to see that it expresses a strict geographical entity, and does not continue to be a loose and convenient expression for the hemisphere itself. For Canada, it is my firm conviction, after twenty years' observation from the vantage-ground of Europe, stands to lose far more from this confusion of nomenclature than those

others. Pan-Americanism can rob them only of their political freedom: us it can deprive of our character and our markets. If Canadian products are to pass as American; if our securities are to be quoted in the London press under the heading "American securities"; if no care is taken to insist at all times and in all places on a distinction which is of the utmost importance to our national pride and our national future, what guarantee have we for our moral and commercial integrity as a people?

It is a thousand pities, as the old cosmographer, Peter Heylin, lamented, that this northern continent at least should not be re-named Cabotia. No one would object; not even the map-makers, not even the owners of obsolete maps. To pluck —nay, not to pluck, but to remove gently, part of the monstrous laurel-wreath that encumbers the brows of one who never set foot on this continent—"a provision merchant," to quote again Admiral Markham, "whose short experience of the sea began in advanced middle life and who never even commanded an expedition of discovery," would cause no heart-burnings anywhere.

Alas, I fear it is too late; as the same writer says, "habit and the map-makers eventually overcame justice," both to Columbus and to Cabot.

But let us not exacerbate the injustice. Conditions change, national titles evolve, new nations emerge into being, old names contract or are swallowed up by others. Geography is always in a state of flux. The labours of the cartographers are ever being erased and modified. Which of them a century ago would have dreamt of Canada, which began as a collection of huts on the banks of the St. Lawrence, being writ so large on the map of the Western world—the C on the Pacific coast and the final A on the Atlantic!

Even in 1867 the title did not embrace Nova Scotia or British Columbia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, or Prince Edward Island. Yet since that date the name Canada has grown dear to us. It is our homeland, and millions of Canadians watch with pride the growth of the rising nation.

We will, if necessity arises, ardently defend our title. We have no use, as a distinct branch and division of the British Empire, for another, and least of all have we need of the titles "America" and "American." These are employed and are capable of being usefully and appropriately employed to describe another and a neighbouring nation.

BECKLES WILLSON

RODIN'S ADAM

HE stands, new-moulded from the drowsy dust,
Full-grown to all life's savage mysteries,
Feeling the stuff of self in struggling knees
And sagging limbs; still burdened with slow lust,
—Earth's dazed desire for nescience neath the crust
Of Earth! His strength unfolds, ev'n as the trees
Unfold their young, bewildered leaves; he sees
Not yet, from heavy eyes, God's imposed trust.

O Adam, myth-crowned father of our kind,
I did not dream that thou couldst be so faint,
Nor feel humanity as some dull shame
That bound an eagle-spirit in restraint.
Who shall oppress that massive brow with blame,
Although Jehovah's warning found thee blind?

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

VOTES FOR WOMEN

A HIGH authority on constitutional law says that it requires a great deal of time to have opinions. The object of every reformer is, therefore, not so much to convert people to any particular way of thinking, as to make them realize that in the vast mass of ready made statements—many of them handed down from generation to generation for centuries—there is a great deal which, in the light of an advanced or altered social and spiritual condition of society, no longer applies. In other words, the reformer's object is to make people realize that there is a problem, that there is something to think about with reference to matters which the average man and woman have taken for granted.

The question of women's suffrage falls into this category. Some centuries ago it was the question whether the individual was to possess the liberty of holding, and of professing, the religious faith which answered to his individual spiritual needs. Luther's claim that the masses should have the right and the opportunity to read the Bible met with the most ardent opposition, not only on account of heresy but because of the sincere conviction in the minds of many that it would not "be safe to trust the common people with the word of God." For many centuries religious liberty for the individual had been held as utterly incompatible with the keeping up of any established social order and government of a state.

Far more recently the political privilege which from times immemorial had been held by the aristocracy of all nations, the privilege to make and to administer the laws and to exercise control over conditions by which unrepresented classes were to be governed was questioned, denied, and abolished by the common people.

The right of a dominant race to exercise absolute proprietary powers over other subject races; the right to buy, and

to sell human beings at will, a right which the strong exercised over the weak ever since the remotest days of which historical records have reached us, which the Bible even seems to accept without comment, this immemorial right was challenged and finally abolished less than fifty years ago. Antiquity is not a proof of finality.

The problem of woman suffrage which, though only a part of a general movement, is its culminating point, has its roots in, and grows directly out of these problems. It is indeed but a further, perhaps the last, chapter in the great history of the emancipation of the individual, black or white, rich or poor, male or female, from social and political disability imposed upon him or her on account of birth alone. This is the true meaning of democracy. It is not that all persons shall, or indeed ever can, be absolutely equal in intellect, moral power, influence, and wealth, and in the position among their fellows which is determined by the possession of these qualities. Democracy does not imply identity or equality in social status. The essence of democracy is the removal of all artificial restrictions which bar the way to the progress, development, and advancement, be it economic, social, or political, of any individual or of any class on account of birth, colour, religious creed, or sex alone. Democracy does not deal with people in herds or in sections. It says to each individual: "The road is clear. Go forth, and in your struggle onwards no one shall have the right to say to you, these are the limits of your sphere," or, "a further advance will injure your peculiar disposition and qualities, and I shall therefore take it upon myself to prevent your exceeding what I consider to be your limits." As one of the most eloquent preachers asked half a century ago: "Has God made woman capable, morally, physically, intellectually, of taking part in all human affairs? Then what God made her able to do, there is strong argument that He intended her to do. Our divine sense of justice tells us that the being who is to be governed by laws should first assent to them, that the being who is taxed shall have a voice in fixing the character and amount

of the financial burden which it is to bear. Then, if woman is made responsible before the law, if she is admitted to the gallows, to the gaol, and to the tax lists, we have no right to debar her from the ballot box."

Practically all the arguments against women's suffrage fall under three categories: Some people say that they do not believe in women's suffrage, when really what they do not believe in is representative government. They observe the deficiencies created by our system of party government; they watch the abuse of electoral privileges; the comparative civic incompetency of a considerable portion of the existing electorate, the periodical occurrence of unseemly proceedings in the various parliaments, and they are disgusted. These persons will do well to study the probable conditions under which they themselves and the class to which they belong would have to live to-day if the three Reform Bills and the British North America Act had never been passed, and were the whole population of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies still governed exclusively by the privileged class of land-owners of Great Britain, who until then controlled the election of the House of Commons, whilst they themselves then, as to-day, occupied a majority of the seats in the House of Lords.

The British Constitution allowed this state of things, but the people arose and claimed that the spirit of the British tradition of fair play, justice, and liberty was against it. They claimed that every class should have the right to protect its own interests directly instead of having to depend upon the sense of justice, generosity, or protection of another class. And they won on all points—where men were concerned. Women to-day still continue to live under conditions denounced as "a stigma" by Mr. Gladstone, when speaking of the then unenfranchised status of the agricultural labourer. "It is an intolerable injustice to inflict the stigma of electoral disfranchisement on any man," he exclaimed in 1884, yet, on the same occasion, he caused his supporters to abandon an amendment to the Bill which was to enfranchise women.

This brings us to the second category of the anti-suffrage arguments. Some people think that they do not believe in women's suffrage, when really what they do not believe is that women are persons. They have thought of women as "wives," "mothers," "daughters"; and though they have been obliged to admit the existence of the female stenographer, shop assistant, clerk, physician, even of the female mayor and city councillor, they cannot as yet fully grasp the fact that in addition to her private relationship to some man, a woman is still a social unit, a citizen, a subject, a person. The fact of her being somebody's wife, or daughter, or sister, has nothing to do with her being a tax-payer. She remains personally responsible for her observance or non-observance of the law of the land. She is equally affected by war, conditions of climate, finance, industry, national prosperity or adversity. All these matters affect women as well as men, and women should have the right to help decide all questions of policy for precisely the same reason that men possess this right. Yet how deeply rooted this androcentric view of society still is was illustrated again on the occasion when the Naval Bill was before the House of Commons. "Shall it be," said the premier on that occasion, "that we, contributing to that defence of the whole Empire, shall have absolutely, as citizens of this country, no voice whatever in the councils of the Empire? I do not think that such would be a tolerable condition." Unless the premier contemplated a measure for the enfranchisement of all the adult women of the Dominion, it is perfectly evident that he had, as many others had before him, entirely forgotten at the time, that women in Canada are one-half of the people and that the condition which he describes as "not tolerable" for the male half of the population of Canada is one under which the other, the female half, habitually has to live. "To exclude all women, a whole sex, from representative government," said John Stuart Mill, "is tantamount to saying that women are not called upon to take an interest in the affairs of the nation." Yet, what nation can hope to possess public spirited men as long as it

discourages its mothers from taking that interest in its collective concerns which only direct responsibility can create and keep up?

But, comes the great objection, woman must remain within her sphere, which is the home. If, by one's sphere is meant the place where one's daily occupation lies, then the place of those women who are wives and mothers, and have husbands who can, and will, support them and their children, will certainly be within the four walls of their home. In this same sense a man's place is the office or work-shop or farm or pulpit. Nobody's place is the polling booth. To be a voter does not mean sitting in parliament. Only a small number of voters are able or willing to stand for election to that august body and, if duly elected, parliament becomes their proper sphere. For the rest of the electors the recording of their ballots once every few years represents not so much the power to govern as the power to indict, to call to account those who govern them. This power to call the government to account, if it should fail to pursue a policy acceptable to a majority of its electors, an unenfranchised portion of the population does not possess. Where women are not electors, parliament is not responsible to women, and their interests and wishes are not directly represented. Even when legislation is passed affecting the special interests of women,—for instance, the hours and time of work in factories, their admission to, or exclusion from, certain trades and professions, and the minimum wage,—such laws are dealt with entirely as seems best to the representatives of the male electorate, and in no case are the women themselves consulted. This inability to control legislation brings with it hardships which increase with the advent of every newly enfranchised male section of the population. It becomes increasingly hard since, during this last century, the introduction of power-driven machinery has forced the woman of the working classes to the factory, in order to continue to do that share of her economically productive work which she used a century ago to do at home, by which she then, as now, contributed her share towards

the support of herself and of the household to which she belongs, as wife, mother, or daughter. She has, thus, reluctantly in many cases, become the competitor and the rival of the working man.

And this brings us to the third category of arguments, which assumes that there is such a thing as a dividing line between the sphere properly belonging to men and the sphere belonging to women. There is no such thing in modern days. And if we make it our business to inquire into the exact circumstances relating to the obliteration of this dividing line, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the invasion of men into what was properly considered to be "woman's sphere" not only preceded but overwhelmingly exceeds the invasion of women into "man's sphere." It is, in fact, not too much to say that the former resulted in the latter.

A hundred years ago the home was not only a family but also an industrial unit. Woman was the spinner, the weaver, the provider of the food and of the clothing for the household; and the impelling motive behind these home industries was love and service. The linen that was "homespun," the cloth that was "home woven," the stockings which were "home knitted," were produced as strongly and as well made as it was possible to make them, in order that they might be of service as long as possible. The milk was pure and the butter sweet, for this was most profitable to the health of the household. There were no other profits to be considered.

Then it gradually began to dawn upon humanity,—and to be just, almost entirely upon its male half,—that it would be profitable to extend the principle of collective enterprise, a principle which had already been applied in matters of state and city defence and in the rudiments of public means of communication, to the feeding and to the clothing of society. Whilst the invention of power-driven machinery led to a rapid application of the principle to the latter needs, an improved system of the means of communication and transport soon revolutionized the principle of the former.

Food, from being a thing to eat, became a thing to sell. It became more profitable to sell dirty and watered milk, cleanliness being a costly matter. It became profitable to sell adulterated food and adulterated cloth and shoddy articles of clothing, deliberately manufactured so as not to last and in order that the consumer might have to purchase again. It became profitable to carry on these collective industries by the sweated labour of men, and especially of women and children, and the most profitable forms of collective industrial enterprise left, and still leave, behind them a trail of broken health and broken lives and broken morals as inevitable by-products. "Let women attend to the work which still remains within their home-sphere," says the opponent, and leaves thereby entirely out of account that the remaining home industries of cooking and cleaning and washing to which he or she presumably alludes are already in the significant transition stage between individual, or private, and collective, or social, enterprise. "Laundry interests," and "baking interests," "canning interests," "jam and preserving interests," "dairy interests," have invaded the individual housewife's immemorial "sphere," and have wrenched from her hands her exclusive control and responsibility for the health and for the well-being of the household. And in all cases the "socializing" of a home industry meant the employment of many men where women used before to be exclusively employed. To sit at the domestic spinning wheel, to stand at the domestic wash tub or at the domestic kitchen-range was esteemed to be an exclusively female privilege and esteemed to be degrading to a man. To attend the power-driven washing machines, spindles, and weaving loom, and bakeries is now not only "man's work," but the presence of female labour in this socialized form of female industries is condemned, in many cases successfully abolished, and in almost all cases discouraged by an arbitrary payment of a lower wage for an equivalent amount of work. Recently the London County Council established training classes for boys who wish to become cooks and waiters. To these classes no girls are

admitted, the training which is offered to girls being of a "domestic" nature, for their own husbands and children, whilst the boys are trained to be specialists and social servants.

On all sides we hear this outcry that the inevitable advent of women into the socialized work of the world will react injuriously on the home. If the adaptation of the home to a new stage of social development is to be branded as injurious, it is the inoffensive looking baker's, dairy or laundry man's or department stores' delivery cart, stationed at our back door, that is the real offender against which the wrath should be directed with presumably as happy results. And let us remember that there is another side to the whole question. For centuries the home was almost the only humanizing centre where the spiritual ideals of love and service were kept alive and handed down from generation to generation. It was the inevitable result of the entrance of women into all the departments where the public business of the nation is carried on that there should steadily manifest itself a new but ever growing desire, peculiar to woman's nature, a desire to assist the weak, to make dirty places clean and crooked places straight. Those who attack this new phase of social development seem to be unable to comprehend that women will remain women whatever their occupation, and that if a woman's delicate feelings and susceptibilities have survived the realities and trials of a weekly "wash" for a family of six, they are likely to triumph in the face of her direct contact with any of the duties of her occupation in office, store, or factory. Women, instead of becoming unsexed, have a way of infusing their own home view into business, industry, and politics. Imperceptible at first, but increasing by degrees, this "indirect influence," though it cannot take the place of the direct power of the ballot, has yet placed its unmistakeable stamp on all the departments of social work to which it has been admitted. Hence the wave of reforms and enquiries into conditions which had previously been accepted with unquestioning acquiescence. It is this home-side, this human side, which has, wherever women have been granted the ballot, at once come to the forefront of politics.

The world is in a transition stage. Everywhere private and amateur service is being replaced by social and specialized service. We have discovered that it is more profitable and less wasteful for social purposes if the man who makes boots does not also kill pigs or build his own house. We have realized that, because a man is a good father or a woman is a good mother, they are neither of them necessarily able to instruct their children in mathematics, Latin, or art, or to remove their adenoids; and the employment of specialists to instruct their children and to treat their ailments is no longer a matter of privilege for the few but open to all classes. Our railways and mail service, our lighting and drainage, our press, our art collections, are for general use, and they are the results of collective enterprise and could never have existed but for it.

Our failure lies not in the replacement of private enterprise by collective and social enterprise, but in our slowness to grasp that just as private control and responsibility accompanied the former, collective control and collective responsibility must accompany the latter. And collective control is exercised through legislation, through the administration of laws, and through the control of public funds. From this collective control, in countries which do not possess women suffrage, women are completely excluded. They have no voice in the councils of the nation which decide whether a "pure milk bill" or a "housing bill" or a "mental deficiency bill" shall save the lives of millions of babies born and unborn, and mercifully protect the feeble-minded from society and society from the feeble-minded. They have not at their disposal the only effectual means of persuading a government that to offend the "dairy interests" or "the canning interests" will not mean disaster to the party in power. They have not the means of stamping upon the statutes and regulations referring to the meat trade the uncompromising point of view of all mothers and housekeepers, that meat which is not good enough for export purposes is not good enough for home consumption. At present the Canadian and American

householder consumes, as is known to those familiar with blue books, a large proportion of the meat classified as "unfit for export." Unenfranchised women cannot effectually say to unscrupulous employers and slum landlords: you can make money, but you shall not make it at the expense of the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our children, or by excluding light and air and breathing space, and by causing the deadly perils of overcrowding. "The average man," as an eminent professor of political economy said, "thinks in terms of dollars, the average woman in terms of home, husband, and unborn babies." With the average man property interests come first. Man is the restless explorer, inventor, and conqueror. He roams the seas and the air. He bridles the forces of nature to do his bidding. He orders Niagara to grind his corn and to milk his cows, and he chains the lightning to his desk and to his toast rack. But there is just one industry from which he is forever excluded: it is the women who hold the monopoly of producing the people who are to benefit by all these great achievements, and without which the world within one generation would become a desert.

To be able to adequately protect human life from the onslaught of property interests, women must to-day have the ballot. The individual interests of yesterday have become collective interests to-day. The individual responsibilities of the home-maker of yesterday have become the collective interests of the home-maker of to-day. And collective interests are controlled by parliament, by legislation, and by the expenditure of public funds which are all in turn controlled by the elector's ballot.

It is on this account that women to-day say to the governments of all the world: You have usurped what used to be our authority, what used to be our responsibility. It is you who determine to-day the nature of the air which we breathe, of the food which we eat, of the clothing which we wear. It is you who determine when, and how long, and what our children are to be taught and what their prospects as future wage-earners are to be. It is you who can condone

or stamp out the white slave traffic and the starvation wage. It is you who by granting or by refusing pensions to the mothers of young children can preserve or destroy the fatherless home. It is you who decide what action shall be considered a crime and how the offender, man, woman, or child, shall be dealt with. It is you who decide whether cannons and torpedoes are to blow to pieces the bodies of the sons which we bore. And since all these matters strike at the very heart-strings of the mothers of all nations, we shall not rest until we have secured the power vested in the ballot: to give or to withhold our consent, to encourage or to forbid any policy or course of action which concerns the people—our children every one.

SONIA LEATHES

ON CERTAIN ASPECTS OF FEMINISM

EVERY generation has its own problems, and each generation creates problems which it leaves to a succeeding generation to solve. The fathers eat the bitter fruit: it is the children whose teeth are set on edge.

The nineteenth century was rich in experiment; and the people who lived in those ancient days have left to us the task of reaping as they sowed and gathering up what they strawed so recklessly. They tried everything. They invented machinery to free the world from labour, and we are bound in a hard mechanical routine. They gave liberty to the people, and a new slavery has arisen on the ruins of the old. They freed men from superstition, and we are left without religion, according to the degree of their success. They enfranchised adult males, and we vote wrongly or corruptly, or will not vote at all. They introduced free education, and now the educated ones bewilder their minds by reading not the best, but the worst. They emancipated women, and the women avenge themselves by brawling in public places. They opened every trade and every profession to women; yet women will persist in marrying and giving in marriage, and encumbering the earth with their progeny.

From the beginning of time men have done their best in their poor, blind way to make the world a better place for themselves and their womenkind to live in; yet they hear on every hand that the first misfortune for a woman is to be born, the second to be married, and the last to become a mother. Everything in these days seems to turn out wrong. If a law is made that women shall be paid the same wages as men for doing work which seems to be the same, it quickly follows that the women are driven out of that field of employment entirely. We insure workers against sickness, and sickness increases in duration and intensity. The aged

receive pensions, and in the time of youth they make no provision for themselves. In pursuit of the excellent ideal of pure food it is soon discovered that impure food is better than no food at all, except in the estimation of utterly cynical minds.

At this worst moment of scepticism, when men are assailed by the conviction of failure, they are met with the temptation of help of a new kind from a quarter to which they have always looked for consolation, and rarely failed to find it. Women are offering assistance of a less passive nature. Instead of contenting themselves with binding up the wounds of those who fight, they are demanding that they be given a place in the forefront of the fray.

The first equipment they demand is the right to vote. On the part of the gentler it is an appeal rather than a demand. They ask that they be allowed,—if one may be permitted for the time being, without offence even to the most petulant, to interpret their mind by the employment of a term which is hortative rather than mandatory,—to assume the privilege and undertake the duty of casting the ballot, so that they may work side by side with men, as comrades in social service for the uplift of humanity, if one may be permitted again to employ those flamboyant terms with which constant iteration has made us all so familiar. There is something pathetic in the appeal, and none but the most hardened can be insensible to it.

If men have shown little alacrity in welcoming these volunteers to their ranks, it is because they are not convinced of the value of the "work" which is proposed to be done. Enough committee meetings have been held, enough reports discussed, enough public assemblages where the converted have been preached to and the righteous called to repentance. If women choose to walk in the slums doing social work rather than in the parks to make themselves healthy and beautiful, if they elect to visit the vicious poor rather than the vicious rich, and offer unsolicited and ill-considered advice to those who are too humble to resent it openly as an impertinence,

the result of their enquiry may be a revelation to themselves. It will present nothing new to the world at large. It will only be new to them by reason of their inexperience.

The whole controversy turns on the meaning of this word, "work." Voting only occupies a few moments each year. Law-making is an employment for the very few. The world of work is free to all who show desire and capacity to undertake it. No profession or trade is closed to women. They may be sea-captains, farmers, or plumbers. They have proved their capacity as physicians, lawyers, and ministers of at least one form of religion. One woman is now at the head of the prison system, and another at the head of a department of hygiene in New York. Still another has so completely mastered the practice of law that she has been indicted on the charge of taking a false affidavit and of altering a complaint in an action. In the same city, and elsewhere, too, women monopolize entirely the business of singing certain operatic rôles. All these have succeeded by sheer capacity and by long years of industrious preparation. Such women are everywhere received as comrades. It is the incapable, idle women who, neglecting the work which lies ready, come forth with wild cries, and seek sanctuary as soon as they are opposed—it is these who are received, first with anger and then with open contempt. The women who really work are solving the problem for themselves. They are freeing themselves from conventions which grew up in a different environment, and are creating an atmosphere in which they can move more freely. They only require to be left alone by the professional agitators, the show-women, the "m'as-tu vus," since there is a limit to the patience of men, when they have serious business in hand.

Certain conventions have grown up in the world. It is agreed that a gulf shall be fixed between the abattoir and the dinner table. One who visits an abattoir for the first time is likely to come away wide-eyed with horror. If the visitor is a woman, and especially if she be surfeited with food, one

of two things will happen. Either she will forswear the use of meat and condemn herself to a diet of acorns and cold water, or she will ease her conscience at a well-spread table by talking of the dreadful things which she has seen. A women who has made an experiment of hunger and heard her children crying for food will contemplate the death of an animal with glee. She will have little patience with the well-fed woman, and will advise her to keep away from the slaughter-house if the spectacle which she witnesses is so harrowing to her soul.

It is conceivable, of course, that under the influence of emotion "a movement" might be commenced to make an abattoir where a butcher destroys animal life as dainty a place as an operating room where a surgeon destroys human life; but the main result would be that the poor would be reduced from a condition of hunger to a condition of starvation. Men are nervous about the incursion of women into the affairs of the world because they know how complicated those affairs really are, and they dread the result of inexperience, coupled with emotions which are uncontrolled by reality. They have schooled themselves into a suppression of wrath against things as they are, because they are fully aware that a wrath which is righteous is even more destructive than the *saeva indignatio* which is inspired by malignity. It is the untempered enthusiasm of women which alarms them. They are afraid, too, of the reformer's zeal. Whilst they are aware that many reforms and many changes masquerading as reforms have been accomplished in the face of opposition, they do not forget that opposition has put an end to much foolishness as well. Faddists and cranks are reformers in their own eyes. If they were suffered gladly, all civilization would long since have come to an end. At the moment the world is suffering from too much reformation. When a ship is labouring in a heavy sea, that is no time for increasing the top-hamper; nor does a man choose the occasion of a hurricane for repairing his house.

All the world is a stage. The men and women play their respective parts; but even on the circus stage the performance is a very complicated affair. The function of the clown is to demonstrate the embarrassment which is caused to the players by the intrusion of good-natured, enthusiastic inexperience. Occasionally, however, it turns out that this foolish person discloses himself as a most finished performer; but he must first strip himself of his queer clothes, his foolishness, and his intention to please by antics alone. The world is a more serious affair than the comic stage. It is very old and very wise. No legislative expedient has gone untried. It may well be excused for doubting that these new volunteers are in possession of a magical remedy for things as they are, which will be put into operation so soon as they attain to a political vantage. It is easy to mistake for a panacea an old fallacy in a new guise.

The great problem of the world has always been poverty. It is the mother of all social evils excepting those which arise from wealth. The cry of women is that there is a mystical efficacy in the legislation which they will devise in which the material resources of the rich will be made to play a part. The real remedy is in the moral resources of the poor, and that is not governed by any parliament which has yet been assembled. Money may save the poor: it gives longer life to pauperism.

There is something pathetic in this appeal by emancipated women to men for comradeship. They have so little in common with normal women that they are condemned to solitude or to the company of each other; and they are not sufficiently like men to make them preferable to a man itself. The more they strive to become so, the less likely are they to succeed; and, besides, a man's own immediate womenkind always have something to say on the subject of his choice of friends. A man and a woman must be something more or something less than friends. The poor man cannot be a friend of the rich man, so long as the rich man does not share his possessions; and when he does the two are friends no

longer. That brilliant Frenchwoman whose achievement in the world of science has made her an everlasting argument for the enfranchisement of all females, failed in the relation of friendship with her fellow laboratory-worker. At least that was the opinion of the man's wife, and it was endorsed by the judge who awarded her a bill of divorcement.

Women as well as men demand an outlet for their energy. Idleness is the worst form of misery, but relief of the idlers is purchased too dearly when freedom to make mischief is the price. By the shifting of economic conditions whole classes of men as well as of women find themselves in the backwater of life, but the first lesson in wisdom is to make the best of things as they are. This desire on the part of the few women, who are otherwise unoccupied, to share in the work of government arises from sheer conscientiousness. They honestly wish to atone for their failure, through no fault of their own, to perform that function which is exclusively theirs. The failure of a man in life is covered up by various little activities. The failure of a woman is there for all the world to see. She magnifies its importance: he deprecates his futility by ironical laughter at himself. These women with their fine natures, approaching the masculine type, are deficient in the instinct for husband-getting. They are obliged to turn to other avocations, and they find them already preempted by men. Coarse women always marry.

What complicates the situation is that the persons who are appealing for the votes are of higher intelligence, but with shallower instincts, than the average of the sex to which they apparently belong. They are not typical. They belong to a higher, a more masculine, type. Their fate is a tragical one. The heart of all tragedy lies in this—even the tragedy of Shakespeare's kings—that all those are destined to perish who do not conform with a type that is lower than themselves. The Falstaffs are of the earth earthy, and they come to their end babbling of green fields. The exceptionally kingly perish on the scaffold or in the dungeon.

It is due to no preconceived plan that so little attention is being paid by men to the performance of those ardent spirits even in England where they are the most ardent. This neglect is based upon the profound belief that the type itself will in due time deal with the aberrants who have risen above the line, by reason of superior intelligence and lessened instincts, as faithfully as it has dealt with the aberrants who have sunk below the line on account of diminished intelligence and too grossly animal passion. The cruelty of the female is wisely ordained, and may be trusted to award impartial justice to excess, no matter upon which side of the line it is to be found.

And this hesitancy to sanction or advocate so revolutionary a measure is increased by the lack of agreement amongst women themselves. It is a matter of common knowledge that the feminist propaganda is confined to a small number of persons. Indeed it is their continual complaint that they cannot arouse their married sisters to a sense of the enormity which they endure. The average woman goes upon her way unmoved, loving and capable of being loved, now as beforetime, the subject of all verse, strong because she is weak, secure in the ideal, content to leave undisturbed that high, pure atmosphere in which men have decreed for themselves that she shall live and move and have her being. The explanation which is offered of this anomaly is that slaves grow to love their chains, and the necessity is all the greater for enlightening their minds and strengthening their wills. If all women were anxious to have the franchise, and were willing to exercise it, they could have it to-morrow. Even the bachelor would not oppose the measure, although he was fully aware that a man who had a wife and daughter would then have three votes, whilst he himself would continue to have only one.

It is not from mere prejudice or from any frivolous reasons that men display so little alacrity in undertaking the large experiment of enfranchising women. There are, of course, prejudices and reasons against such a measure, but

the underlying one—it may be reason or prejudice—is fear that they would attempt to achieve by force what can only be effected by persuasion or, failing that, cannot be achieved at all. Their militancy in the one cause is proof that it would be employed in others; and if a woman should begin to starve herself when she is contradicted, what is a man to do? Political perfection or progress is never attained by force. It was not by pulling down the palings in Hyde Park that the franchise for men was enlarged. It came about because men were persuaded and convinced by the peaceful labours of John Bright and his fellow Quakers.

There is a field of social service into which the originators of this new movement believe that it will project itself with peculiar force, because it is a field which another class of women has made inevitably its own. They profess that they will exercise a new skill in the harrying of the harlot, a task for which men have always proved themselves unfitted because they would persist in remembering that a woman is a woman after all.

Without claiming any superiority for either sex it may be affirmed that the pleasures of the world appeal to the one and to the other with different force. The effort to be certain on this point would be hopeless, since at times women are found indulging in such masculine pleasures as playing golf, drinking alcohol, and smoking tobacco, whilst men sit idly by taking tea and contemplating the beauty of their apparel. From pleasure to vice and from vice to crime is an easy descent; but to maintain a just attitude towards a diversion which one does not enjoy, towards a vice which does not allure, or a crime which does not tempt, is difficult for women or for men either. When a pleasure or a vice is classified as a crime the way to all public corruption is straightway opened. This explains the curious phenomenon that it is in communities where this puritanical confusion of thought prevails that the worst municipal government is witnessed.

There is a state of affairs specifically known as the social evil. Where it is treated as a crime, the briber and the

black-mailer flourish. The officials entrusted with the prevention of a factitious crime are corrupted, and they quickly learn to accept bribes from criminals who are so in reality. Gambling is always a pleasure: it may become a vice. When it is treated as a crime, both gamblers and police are turned into murderers, and a community where murderers are in control of the execution of the laws is not a good place to live in. This social evil is in the same category. The recent history of New York substantiates the fact and proves the inference.

Women do well to be angry over this evil. They have a just and instinctive dread of the competition which is offered by the members of that ancient and dishonourable profession, those women who toil not nor spin, especially at a time when the desuetude into which these occupations have fallen leaves so many other women also in a condition of idleness. But there is always a danger in allowing any one class to execute its own private vengeance. As these outcasts are pushed further down into the underworld they descend into real criminality and lure their followers after them. The lower strata of humanity are always supplied from above. It is difficult to apportion the blame justly between the man and the woman. The mother of the man entertains one opinion. The mother of the woman entertains another. Probably the truth is that in every case of misfortune the woman is chargeable with contributory negligence at least.

It is hard for these intelligent super-women to understand in the first flush of their enthusiastic ignorance that there are some evils which cannot be cured, and are made worse by talking about them, especially when the talk must of necessity be a mere repetition of hearsay. The rescue work which they describe is not very encouraging. It is hard to rescue those who do not desire to be saved. Saved to what?—they may well ask in their own ribald way, as they behold a band of those saviours of society on the rampage through the streets of a great city.

How little they know of the subject is well illustrated by the word which is in the mouth of every earnest woman whose life work is social service for the uplift of that portion of humanity which they describe as white slaves. The harm they do is irreparable when they proclaim that women fall overcome by superior force and not by the voluntary betrayal of their own nature. If a woman is justified in yielding because her lot is hard, then is the soldier justified for his cowardice in deserting his post because it is a place of danger, or the renegade monk because his life is tiresome, or the bank clerk because his salary is small. What hope is there for the girl condemned to work for hire when other good, but idle, women proclaim that virtue is merely an affair of wages? Her hope lies in this, that her own heart tells her that the thing is false. A life of virtue may be lived in the slums as easily as on the castellated heights. And even for these slaves the only remedies suggested are, first, talking to them, and then putting them in gaol. If life were made easier for these women in their chosen profession they would all the sooner be enabled to abandon it.

Forty years ago there was a somewhat similar controversy over the system of education which, up to that time, had been prescribed for women. A sudden demand arose for the same kind of education which was ordained for men, not on the ground that it was best for the women, or for the men either, but on the ground that it should be the same for both.

As if this were not enough, the further demand was made that the system should be administered to both at the same time and in the same place. The one institution in Montreal at least, which complied most completely, closed its doors within the next few years; and the promiscuous public schools of Montreal are now avoided by boys and girls alike, whose parents can afford to send their children each to its own place. The institutions for the advancement, amongst women exclusively, of the higher learning are falling into a fresh danger. As they become centres for propaganda they lose their value for the general purpose of education.

The professor in a university who introduces his personal politics or theology into his class-room is in danger of his professorial life. A professor may be a politician, as Woodrow Wilson was, but he can only perform the functions proper to each sphere if he performs them in different places at different times. There are schools and colleges, of course, which have certain political and theological predilections; and they are favoured by certain parties and certain sects, but for so long only as education is merely tinctured and not replaced by propaganda. The supply of young Tories, or young Liberals, or young Presbyterians is practically inexhaustible. At least there is nothing implicit in the doctrines of those parties to prevent their production. But there is a natural decree against the reproduction of young suffragettes; and schools and colleges for women must close soon after they come to depend upon the children of childless women to fill their class-rooms.

The first requisite of a school is that it shall be a place of calm for the senses, and the beast which is so subtly blended with the angel be allowed to lie in its lair. It is only aroused by hearing the truth about itself. But the cry amongst women who fill the rôle of public educators now is to tell the truth even about those matters of which the truth cannot be told. Talk about a thing is not necessarily the truth of it. The truth of any serious matter lies too deep for words. The truth about a vicious, sleeping dog is not to trace his ancestry and describe his habits, or to compare him with the lilies of the field, and visualize his functions in biological terms, but to let him lie. Women of shallow instincts who have learned from books and lectures all they know of nature are under the delusion that knowledge can be acquired in no other way.

It is this little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. It creates an itching, a desire, a craving. It begets a curiosity, a lascivious uneasiness, a sensuality of mind which finds fulfilment in the very end which it was designed to postpone. There has always been a kind of hypocrite who was never

effectually exposed for want of a phrase which was exactly descriptive until Charles Reade supplied the defect in our language and introduced to mankind the term, "prurient prude." The woman who has loved much and, therefore, is much forgiven is a better instructor in a school for girls, that is, if upon these matters any instruction whatever is required. Sexology, according to Judge Garvin, is merely "smut."

Persons newly emancipated find a difficulty in comporting themselves in harmony with their new surroundings. A man who has just begun to take his luncheon at the club at one o'clock, instead of his dinner on the work-bench at twelve o'clock, often makes the attempt to reassure himself by loud talk. A woman who has just come into the world of men is very apt to put herself and her hearers at ease by a freedom of speech which is very embarrassing. She is new to the conventions, and it takes a long time for a lady to learn to behave like a gentleman. Nothing is so difficult even for a man to acquire as the knowledge of those things which must not be spoken of amongst men. In Sweden it is considered a mark of gross ill-breeding to mention one's female relatives. The Germans are free-spoken on the subject. The reticence of the Turk is notorious. In England as far as they will go is to remark how bad the weather is and how well the Queen was looking. The nuances in conversation are very fine. The penalty for failure to observe them is also fine, though fatal. A lifted eyebrow may signify that an offender henceforward is marked with the mark of the beast.

And in truth, the main distinction between humanity and the beast is this habit of reticence. Accordingly, the most obscene novels are written by women and by the least highly specialized males. It is difficult to restore the mind of a man to its primitive gross condition. It is easy to brutalize the mind of a child, expecially the mind of a girl, and to destroy that lovely strangeness which is best defined by that other lovely word, modesty, whose spirit is innocence and thrives best in an atmosphere of neutral ignorance.

Experience has decreed for women a decent reticence about things of which they have knowledge. Indeed it is knowledge which breeds reticence, and that in turn accounts for the reticence of men about matters which very young children and idiots speak of with the utmost freedom. In older persons such behaviour appears to be salacious and obscene; and it is the more revolting when it is covered by the thin guise of abstraction, since prurience and hypocrisy disclose their ugly features under the mask. The more sincere such loose talkers are the more they resemble impostors. Loose talk on the part of women is worse than loose conduct, since it would make a virtue out of cowardice and award to madness the place of courage. It is not given to every women to be wise, but a woman who is femininely foolish is rarely disagreeable.

The possession by a woman of the great virtue, in which only one person in the world is really interested, does not compensate for the lack of all those lesser virtues which make life tolerable and pleasant for the large number of persons who come in contact with her. Its absence is rarely observed. The absence of the lesser virtues of reticence, gentleness, quietness, beauty, is there for all the world to notice and to lament.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

TRAVELLERS'-JOY

Clematis Vitalba

LAD of my heart, there's never a rose
In the oak-carr or the gray gorse cover,
But the young year dances, the old year goes
To the way of a lass and the way of her lover.
Up, we must up, for the moon's a-chill,
And love and a song alike grow still:
The swift wings gather, the strong wings wait,
And travellers'-joy goes over the gate.

Virgin's-bower for the milk-foot May
And the brown wood-runners that range behind her.
When the rain comes and the world's in gray,
Who shall beckon her, who shall bind her?
Fled, she is fled with the starry fire,
And the orchards blossoming, shire on shire.
But the young moon silvers the evening's edge
And travellers'-joy goes over the hedge.

Old-man's-beard for the journey's end,
The ways that wearied, the paths that tried us,
But Death the lover and Sleep the friend,
Tall as the angels, tramp beside us.
Far hills calling us, peak on peak,—
A road to find and a rest to seek,—
Youth goes lightly and love grows brave,
But travellers'-joy goes over the grave.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD

HALIFAX, the ancient and picturesque capital of Nova Scotia, is visited every summer by hundreds of American tourists. They enjoy their escape from the torrid heats of August to the cool sea air, the clear blue days and the peaceful, sleep-filled nights, and they find no little interest in the bowery public gardens, the mazes of the sea-girt park, the royal prospects from the star-shaped citadel, and the many monuments that record the history of this old garrison town. As long ago as the eighteenth century, hundreds of American citizens used to visit the place, but they did not come willingly; they were singularly blind to its scenic charm and they took the earliest possible opportunity of returning to their native land. They were, in fact, prisoners of war gathered up by His Britannic Majesty's cruisers and land forces. They were confined in jails and prison-ships and barracks, and they lived on prisoner's fare. Their lot was hard and they gave the city of their captivity a bad name which it was slow to shake off. Sooner or later, they were sent home by cartel in exchange for British prisoners gathered up by the Continentals; but the more impatient broke out by force or stratagem, and the sympathizing Nova Scotians helped them "up along to the westward" on their way to freedom.

The rape of the *Flying Fish* is a case in point; and it also shows how peaceful men suffer in time of war.

On the evening of April 7th, 1780, a little ten-ton schooner with this poetic name lay at a wharf in Halifax, probably Fairbank's, near the foot of Blowers street. With the help of a single other hand, William Greenwood had brought her up from Barrington, a small fishing village at the butt-end of the province, to the capital, with a load of potatoes. He had sold his cargo, possibly to the commissariat department, for Halifax had a huge garrison to feed at the time; and he had

received his money. He had also his clearance from the Customs and he was ready to sail. Between eight and nine o'clock he was in the tiny cabin with the other man who formed the entire crew; he may have been getting ready to turn in for the night, or he may have been reckoning up the profits of the trip, or considering how soon he could get back to Barrington and begin the spring fishing. He had nets and other gear on board, and he knew where he could procure a sufficiency of salt; he may have been thinking of the Banks. Or he may have been meditating on the varied experiences of the past five years, since the Thirteen Colonies declared their independence of the mother country.

The war had been a hard trial for poor men like William Greenwood. Only ten years before it broke out, he left his native state of Massachusetts for Nova Scotia and had settled at Barrington for greater convenience to the rich fisheries of the North Atlantic. He was a British subject. He had simply transferred himself and his belongings from one British colony to another, and now, for no fault of his, by the ironic accident of mere residence, he found himself an enemy to his old friends and the kindred he had left behind. How could he be expected to bear arms against them? How could he help sympathizing with the "rebels," against whom the Governor and Assembly fulminated in menacing acts and proclamations? It was a cruel situation for a poor man, especially after Congress declared that the Thirteen Colonies would have no trade or commerce with the two erring sisters to the north, which had refused to join the union. The fishermen of Barrington and Yarmouth soon felt the pinch of want. Fishing was their sole means of livelihood; to move back to Massachusetts meant ruin; to remain in Nova Scotia exposed them to the American privateers and shut them out from their natural market.

Still, men are not as harsh as their laws; commerce between Nova Scotia and Massachusetts did not wholly cease even in the worst year of the war. In October, 1776, the Barrington men loaded the schooner *Hope* with fish and liver oil and

sent her to Salem with a piteous request that they might be allowed to barter the cargo for provisions, to keep them through the long winter approaching. It is impossible to get provisions elsewhere. The homely petition breaks into an irrepressible cry of distress—"God only knows what will become of us." To resist such an appeal was impossible. The House of Representatives allowed the agent of the *Hope*, Heman Kenney, to dispose of his cargo, and to purchase 250 bushels of corn, thirty barrels of pork, two hogsheads of molasses, two hogsheads of rum (a necessity of life) and 200 pounds of coffee. With these rations, rather plentiful and luxurious compared with what they purchased in later years, the community at Barrington managed somehow or other to get through the long winter.

Exactly a year later, Greenwood was able to render an important service to the new republic by restoring to it no fewer than twenty-five of its fighting men. Captain Littlefield Libby had the misfortune to lose his privateer. She was driven on shore by one of H. B. M.'s cutters. Her crew set her on fire and took to the woods. After a toilsome journey of seventeen leagues through the primeval forest, they reached Barrington and bought a boat with what money they had, eked out with their shoe-buckles and thirty small arms. But ill-luck still followed them. They were wrecked and lost their dear-bought boat. Once more they were forced back on the limited hospitality of the fishing hamlet at the east passage of Cape Sable Island. In this crisis,Greenwood undertook to ferry them over in his forty-five ton schooner, the *Sally*, which may have been named from his wife. In addition to Libby's crew, he brought one of Captain Fullerby's men and three others who had escaped from Halifax and made their way to the end of the province nearest their own home. The plan of the previous year was repeated. On Captain Libby's advice, the *Sally* was loaded with a few quintals of fish, the result of many families' labour, some bushels of salt, and some fish oil to be exchanged for corn, or wheaten flour for the indispensable daily bread. By

October 27th, 1777, the *Sally* with her cargo and her returning privateersmen was safe at Salem, and, four days later, Greenwood's petition for leave to buy food was granted.

For the return trip, Greenwood shipped a new hand, one John Caldwell, a young fisherman, whose artless tale illustrates the sufferings of the innocent non-combatants in time of war. He lived in Nova Scotia not far from Barrington, where the visionary Colonel Alexander McNutt projected his marvellous city of New Jerusalem. Caldwell was the only support of his widowed mother and his sisters. The fishery had been ruined by the depredations of the merciless small privateers, so he made a voyage in a merchantman from Nova Scotia to the West Indies. On his return, he avers that he was "strongly importun'd" to go on another voyage to Quebec; so he must have been a likely lad. On his way thither, his vessel was snapped up by the privateer *Dolphin* out of Salem, and he himself made prisoner of war. Now he petitioned for release, and the council of Massachusetts were not without bowels. They considered his motives, his youth, and his peculiar circumstances, as he requested, and they gave him leave to return in the *Sally* to his own place.

The next October saw Greenwood again in Boston with his annual cargo of escaping prisoners on board the *Sally*, and his annual petition for leave to buy food. His passenger list included Amos Green of Salem, Ichabod Mattocks of Mount Desert, and Mr. John Long, late quarter-master of the Continental ship *Hancock*. She had been captured by that very active officer, Sir George Collier of the *Rainbow* in a sea duel, like that between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, and taken to Halifax. The local jail must have been a curious place. The jailer was infirm and delegated his duties to his wife. The shackles were insufficient and the regulations for visiting the prisoners at night were not enforced. Apparently nobody with any contrivance remained long in durance. Americans were always escaping and always being helped "up along" by the people of Nova Scotia.

So far Greenwood, the "hearty friend of America," as Captain Libby calls him, had managed to escape being ground between the upper and nether mill-stones of the hostile forces, but soon he was to suffer not from "the enemy," but from the Americans whom he had consistently befriended.

Early on the morning of the twentieth of August, 1779, the fishing hamlet at Ragged Islands was surprised by American privateersmen from Coaxset. They had made the journey of four hundred miles in three open whale-boats. After setting a guard on the houses, "they went a-robbing," as the injured ones testified. Nineteen quintals of codfish, four barrels of salt, three salmon nets, sixty pounds of butter, one green hide, six dressed skins, and some cheese were part of the loot. The people of Ragged Islands felt aggrieved. They had helped three or four hundred prisoners "up along to America," and concealed privateers and even prizes from the British cruisers. After sacking Ragged Islands, the whalers went to Barrington and despoiled Greenwood of the faithful *Sally*. He followed up the robbers, but apparently never got redress.

In September of the same year, this humble patriot was loading a vessel at Barrington with the property of Mr. John Pitts of Boston, when an armed boat from Rhode Island entered the harbour, cut the vessels adrift and proceeded to rifle the store-house of Mr. John Pitts's valuable goods. Apparently, in consequence of this outrage, Greenwood did not get to Boston until December. In that month, thanks to the protection of the great Mr. Pitts, he obtained permission to purchase twenty-five bushels of rye and twenty-five bushels of Indian corn for the support of his family (he was a married man with young children) and other distressed persons at Barrington. He also obtained a "protection" against American armed vessels, and he seems to have intended returning, bag and baggage, to his native state of Massachusetts in the following spring. He had brought his vessel across single-handed, but now he asked for the loan of a boy out of the prison-ship at Boston to help him work her back to Barring-

ton. He promised to return a person, that is, an escaping American, in exchange for the borrowed hand.

In the spring he was at Halifax instead of home in Massachusetts, a fact that was afterwards used against him. The potatoes, which he and, no doubt, other thrifty fishermen had raised and kept through the winter, were surplus stock and specially valuable as being out of season. His reasons for trading with "the enemy" were obvious. Oppressive Britain paid not in depreciated paper, but in good solid gold and silver. Besides, those "moving things called wife and weans" would lead him to bring his goods to the best, nearest, and safest market. Now history finds William Greenwood at a definite place and date with all this experience behind him.

Whatever may have been passing through his mind, as he sat with his mate in the cramped cabin of the *Flying Fish* that April night, he could hardly have had any inkling that he was on the eve of his greatest and most unpleasant adventure. He could not know that on the wharf outside in the darkness, six grimy, desperate American soldiers were scrutinizing the little schooner with anxious eyes, and, in stealthy whispers, were planning her capture. They were Thomas Hooper of Beverley, William Forbes (or Forbush) of Salem, one Jarvis, one Jenks, and a Scot whose name does not transpire. The sixth man, their leader, called himself at one time James Reed, but the name he gave in his affidavit was William Stanton. He had been swept up by "the enemy" at Stoney Point on the Hudson, and as that post was carried by the Americans under Wayne on July 15th, 1779, he must have been captured prior to that date. They had all been confined for "some months" in Halifax and that very hour, between eight and nine, they had succeeded in digging a tunnel out under the jail, and now they were looking for a vessel to escape in. They were still in the greatest danger. The place swarmed with red-coats. The main guard was next the jail. Patrols, sentries, batteries were everywhere. If they did not escape by water, they were sure to be discovered and haled back to prison. Now, by the greatest good luck,

they stumbled on the man and the vessel most likely in Halifax that night to complete their rescue.

But they knew nothing of Greenwood, his disposition, or his sympathies. Their first step was to discover, if possible, how many hands were on board. Stanton undertook to find out. Stripping off his own shirt, or procuring one of his comrades, he went on board boldly, entered the cabin and offered it for sale. His action was not surprising. In those days when factories were unknown, and sewing-machines not invented, a linen shirt was a rare piece of needle-work with a distinct market value. Soldiers and sailors were continually selling their "slops" for the price of a few drinks. The practice was forbidden by Nova Scotia law. While Stanton was engaging Greenwood's attention, Hooper followed him down the companion-way, also with an article to sell,—this time, a razor. As the two conspirators were chaffering below, the other four silently cast off, and took possession of the deck. The *Flying Fish* began to drift out into the harbour and soon the sound of water lapping overside apprised Stanton and Hooper of their comrades' success. At once they drew their bayonets (why or how prisoners of war should have been allowed to retain their side-arms is not explained) and told Greenwood and his mate that if they dared to resist, they were dead men.

Taken completely by surprise, the lawful owners made no fight, and a parley ensued. The violent strangers soon made it clear that they were American soldiers trying to escape. Indeed, though ragged and dirty, they were still in the buff and blue uniform of the Continental army. Greenwood, hearty friend of America as he was, knew that in helping them, he was risking his neck. He represented how dangerous it was "for him to carry away Soldiers [they being all dressed in Regimentals] as he must expect to suffer for it if he was Catched." "Suffer" meant, of course, "stretching hemp." One of them replied he would kill or be killed, and Greenwood had no choice but submission. About nine o'clock the sails were hoisted, and Greenwood took the helm. Stanton and

Hooper stood guard on each side with their bayonets threatening instant death, if he tried to run the schooner aground in the darkness, or speak so loud as to be heard on shore. In such guise, the lightless *Flying Fish* slipped down the harbour before the north wind between McLean's battery on the starboard hand and George's to port, past all the works on Point Pleasant, past Sandwich Point and Thrum Cap unchallenged, to the open sea and safety. Seldom, indeed, has fickle Fortune so signally favoured daring and desperate men. Within an hour of digging themselves out of prison, they had captured a vessel and were bowling along straight for home and freedom.

Squint suspicion always clings to an *alias*. That the same man should call himself at one time James Reed and at another William Stanton clouds all his narrative with a doubt, but this is the tale he told "repeatedly" in the presence of Rachel Chandler and Mary Hambleton of North Yarmouth, on Great Chebeag Island. His five comrades heard his repeated story and agreed in the details. The sworn testimony of the two ladies is confirmed by the affidavit of Jacob Curtis of Great Chebeag and by Greenwood's petition. Stanton seems to have been a talkative person, and, therefore, apt to say more than he knew. In his affidavit, he poses as Greenwood's friend by minimizing the violence used in seizing his schooner and tells chiefly what took place after they got clear of Halifax.

According to his account, nothing of importance occurred until the *Flying Fish* had flown some thirty marine leagues "up along to the westward." She would do at least her five or six knots an hour; therefore, it was probably the next afternoon that Greenwood steered her into an unnamed harbour, which must have been at Ragged Islands, that nest of American sympathizers. Still he ran no risks. Stanton swears that he "took every prudent measure to prevent our being discovered.... He went on shore while our vessel lay aground and never discovered us to the inhabitants." Stanton believed that "the said Greenwood might have taken said

schooner from us if he had been so minded." It seems plain that if Greenwood was at first intimidated into carrying these prisoners away, he was now willing to help them to the utmost of his power, which is thoroughly consistent with his conduct all through the war.

What happened next day was sheer outrage. Early on the morning of April 9th, the *Flying Fish* was once more under way, still heading westward. When she had run some five leagues, a shallop came within hail. It belonged to Greenwood's brother, who was on board with three other men. Greenwood sent his passengers below on the ballast that they might not be recognized. He sailed about two leagues farther. Then that voyage ended abruptly for him and the single "hand."

Apparently the chance meeting of the two Greenwoods aroused the soldiers' suspicions. Stanton tells that he was summoned on deck by "four of our company.... They told me they had agreed to set Greenwood ashore on a desolate island." Stanton would not consent, but the four insisted on marooning, or killing Greenwood. Their luckless rescuer, who was apparently a quasi-prisoner in his own cabin, offered to take them to Salem, if they would allow him to land his chest and the one man who composed his crew. At first they agreed to this proposal, but soon they changed their minds. Stanton acted as go-between and peace-maker, and showed his friends the "protection" obtained from the Massachusetts Council the year before. From this document they gathered that they could not make the *Flying Fish* lawful prize, and, once more, were all for killing Greenwood and his man. According to Stanton, he begged their lives, and the others agreed to spare them, if they would go ashore peaceably. "On which I went into the cabin and gave him to understand there was a plot and made signs for him to go on shore." Greenwood's next and natural request was to be set ashore with his sea-chest, containing, no doubt, all his property. He would make shift to get it home. But they would not listen to him. They

demanded his money "with a cocked pistol at his breast," stripped him "of all his clothes" and put him and his man ashore on the nearest "desolate island," which must have been Negro Island, and made off with the schooner. Greenwood's sole epithet for their conduct is "ungrateful."

Probably he did not remain long marooned on Negro Island. He was only some seven miles from his home, and, if his brother was cruizing in the neighbourhood, he may have been taken off the same day. How the six soldiers managed to navigate the stolen *Flying Fish* is not recorded, but Yankee ingenuity would be equal to the task. Forbush as a Salem man must have been half a sailor. At any rate, their wonderful luck still held, for they brought their prize safely into Casco Bay. There they sold her to Daniel Wyer, mariner, Nathan Bucknam, yeoman, David Chandler and Reuben Noble for five thousand (depreciated) dollars. The adventurers lived in different parts of the continent, they were eager to reach their homes and they needed the money for travelling expenses. Evidently they shared the proceeds of the sale and separated, each to his own place.

On their way to Casco, Stanton told his friends that Greenwood would recover his vessel. The idea was not well received. Thomas Hooper of Beverley and William Forbush of Salem were particularly truculent. If Greenwood came to Salem, or Boston, or Marblehead on any such errand, they would "knock him on the head and throw him over the wharf," phrases that bear the impress of reality. None the less Stanton was a true prophet. By the end of April, Greenwood was in Boston petitioning the Council for the recovery of his schooner. He had powerful friends and he had deserved well of the republic.

On the second of May, the House of Representatives appointed a committee of two, General Warren and Major Cross, to look into the matter. To their number was added the powerful Mr. John Pitts who knew all about the petitioner and had himself suffered in pocket from his own side in the war. This committee acted with great promptitude, for the

very next day the prayer of the petition was granted as far as possible. The local Committee of Correspondence was empowered to take possession of the *Flying Fish* pending the action of the General Court, and to serve the present owners with copies of Greenwood's petition, and the order of the court "to show cause if any they have" why they should keep what did not belong to them.

Naturally "the present owners," Nathan Bucknam, mariner, and his friends, who had bought and paid for Greenwood's schooner, objected vigorously to surrendering her. They filed a counter-petition, emphasizing the fact that the schooner was taken by force and therefore lawful prize. They tried to make it appear that Greenwood was a dubious character who wanted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. That in his clearance the shallop was called the *Peggy*, that he had gone to Halifax instead of Massachusetts in the spring, that "the enemy was probably supplied" with his cargo of potatoes, were all twisted into suspicious circumstances. But they had no case. Justice prevailed, and by the middle of June, Greenwood had his property restored and was on his way back to Barrington.

History vouchsafes one more glimpse of him. On August 2nd, 1782, he sailed from Barrington in a small schooner with a hundred quintals of fish, the property of some thirty poor families of that place. He had on board six escaped prisoners. Five were privateersmen of the schooner *Fox* out of Newburyport. One of these, Zebulon Rowe, was "of lawful age," and his testimony has been preserved. He had started on a short-lived cruise against "the enemies of the United States of America.... On the second day after we sailed from Georges River we were captured by the British frigate *Ceres*, carried into Halifax and there confined on board the prison-ship." About the 20th of July, Zebulon and his four shipmates made their escape, and "with much difficulty arrived at Barrington in Nova Scotia without money or provisions." Here they found Greenwood, the leading man of the village, "who kindly supplied us with whatever we needed, gratis....

We applied to the said Greenwood to bring us to Newburyport, but it was with the greatest difficulty that we prevailed with him to consent to bring us, as he had lately lost his wife and had nobody but a girl to leave a family of small children with, and was just engaged in his mowing." So Mrs. Greenwood, poor soul, had her own troubles, the woman's part, in these calamitous years. Greenwood had his private grief, his motherless children, and the inexorable labour of the earth to tie him to his home, but he listened to the call of humanity. He loaded his schooner with all the fish the hamlet had ready and carried it, with Zebulon Rowe, and the other *Foxes* safe to Newburyport. "He never charged us a farthing for his trouble or our provisions," says the grateful privateersman. And then,—the naval officer of the port obeyed the letter of the law forbidding all intercourse with Nova Scotia, and seized both vessel and cargo.

Finally he got his schooner back and obtained permission to exchange the hundred quintals of fish for such necessaries and articles as the naval officer, Mr. Michael Hodge, might think proper. He was further ordered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to pay any expenses zealous Mr. Hodge might have incurred in the discharge of his duty. So he is out of the saga and returns to his darkened home, his mowing, and his fishing. A hamlet in Nova Scotia bears the name of this humble patriot, and his descendants are found where he lived and suffered more than a century ago.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

AMERICAN HISTORIANS

A commendable change has taken place of late years, in the school histories of the United States in the direction of a more accurate statement of facts and principles of the American Revolution. George III is no longer described as a bloodthirsty tyrant, and the Stamp Act in itself has ceased to be regarded as a case of outrageous oppression. For several generations the boys and girls of the United States have been fed upon misleading fiction, with the result that they came to the belief that they alone possessed constitutional freedom, and understood its principles.

With the newer text-books of English and United States history now making headway in the schools, there is hope that the always desirable better understanding of the English race as a whole will be based, as it should be, upon sound knowledge. The lapse of time now permits the American Revolution to be regarded in the spirit of historical detachment on both sides of the water, and its true proportions and meaning are more and more realized as it is regarded as an event belonging to English history in the wide sense of the word. It was a family quarrel. If proof were needed it remains both in the overwhelming evidence of the desire for reconciliation on both sides, and in the long trail of bitterness which followed the struggle. It was, moreover, a violent family quarrel. Separation, Goldwin Smith held, was inevitable, but "it was too likely that, the vision of statesmanship being clouded as it was respecting the relation of colonies to the mother country, the separation would be angry and violent. Still it might conceivably have been amicable, and that dark page have been torn from the book of destiny." Then follows his long series of "woes," beginning with, "Woe to them by whom the offence came and through whose immediate agency, culpable in itself, the two great families of our

race were made, and to a deplorable extent have remained enemies instead of being friends, brethren, and fellow-workers in the advancement of their common civilization."

Family quarrels, after any fair kind of reconciliation has been arrived at, are best forgotten. Investigation into origin and causes is likely to lead only to difficulty. That is the general rule for families at least. But the very fact that, among the more thoughtful elements at least, there is a growing spirit of reconciliation between the people of the United States and the people of the British Empire is one that seems to make the method, the manner, and the spirit in which the story of the American Revolution is told by responsible historians more important than ever. It was an event which belongs, as I have said, to English history in the wide sense of the word. It is a supremely important fact in the history of the United States, but it is also a supremely important fact in the history of the Empire.

The American Revolution has given birth to a much smaller volume of philosophical discussion than its successor the French Revolution caused. The latter world-event had many more centuries of "causes" behind it; and after more than a century of discussion it is still intensely viewed from absolutely irreconcilable points of view. The American Revolution, in its general features, is now regarded in London in pretty much the same way as it is regarded in Boston. The causes are now patent, and there is substantial agreement about them, whether one agrees with Goldwin Smith that separation was inevitable because the need of tutelage had passed away, or with the others who hold that it was inevitable only because of the republican tendencies of the Adamses. But the responsible literature in the form of history which deals with the event, whether from American or British writers, might now be considered almost in the light of an imperial concern. It is not the duty of the historian, of course, to set forth the story of any period with any other purpose in view than that of honest, or perhaps the better

word is earnest, historical truth. A narrower purpose is readily detected and defeats itself.

But apart from some details of narrative upon which the original documents and present interpreters differ more or less, the chief moral interest of the history of the American Revolution is largely one of the estimation, or the weighing, of the characters of individuals and of groups. Speaking of Washington, Carlyle once threatened to "take George down a peg or two." But it remained a threat; the material, apparently, was insufficient. The character of Washington, it is true, restored as it may be to-day in the minds of British readers, is still much less attractive to us than it is to our neighbours. We have much greater sympathy with Abraham Lincoln. Of Benjamin Franklin it is difficult to say what the popular estimate is to-day outside of his own country. He was much esteemed in England, where he was well known for years before the Revolution, and he was enthusiastically esteemed in France when the struggle began. But there are many now who think that it is necessary to remember his faults of character as well as his virtues. One of the criticisms against Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "American Revolution" was that he had not duly set forth the fact that Franklin was not wholly a saint. It is just here that true literary skill was used for the purposes of historical veracity by Trevelyan. If Franklin had grave moral faults, he had also some glorious virtues which were of immense service to the cause he represented, and these virtues outweighed his faults in the memories of his countrymen, in exactly the same way as with us the virtues of Nelson are more often remembered than his faults. Trevelyan's volumes have one purpose in particular of proving "the brotherly feelings entertained towards the colonists, from the beginning to the end of the controversy, by a very large section of the British people." If, as some critics have maintained, he has had the further purpose of glorifying Whig policy, he has certainly not failed in the task of showing that frendliness of feeling did exist in Great Britain among large masses whom it would be absurd to accuse of disloyalty.

With the emphasis of this particular fact in view, however, it is the supreme merit of Trevelyan's work that he nowhere forgets true historical proportion and balance, and in the treatment of Franklin's character this is well exemplified. He is speaking to cultivated men of the United States and of the Empire, supposedly capable of appreciating moral judgements conveyed by the machinery of the English language. If a paragraph like the following is deemed to be an unequivocal apotheosis, because it is devoid of reference to weighty matters of the law which were broken by Franklin, the conclusion must be more or less connected with a lack of literary apprehension on the part of the reader: "Franklin had the habit, which was the basis of his originality, of practising himself what he preached to others. He kept his accounts in morals as minutely as in business matters. He drew up a catalogue of twelve virtues which it was essential to cultivate, commencing with temperance and ending with chastity; to which at a subsequent period a Quaker friend, who knew him well, advised him to add humility." "My intention," he wrote, "being to acquire the habitude of those virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, till I should have gone through the thirteen. And, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view." By the time he became joint postmaster-general of America, he had made his ground sure enough to justify him in relaxing his vigilance, though he carried his little book on all his voyages as a precaution and a reminder. The joint postmaster-general of England, who was no other than the Earl of Sandwich, would not have got very far along the list of virtues, at whichever end he had begun.

The recent school of historians holds, indeed, that all such personal judgements, favourable or otherwise, are outside the province of history, and there are conceivable portions of even recent history, such as those which are concerned

with the rise of economic and social legislation, which are best treated from the impersonal point of view. But just because the American Revolution was a family quarrel, carrying with it immense consequences to the whole English race, the personal elements in it were, and are still, of the highest importance. That Sir George Trevelyan has dealt with the leaders in the colonies in a large and generous spirit, there is not the slightest doubt, but that in doing so he over-stepped the bounds of historical impartiality is certainly not proved, at this time of day, by catalogues of shortcomings on the part of Franklin, Samuel Adams, and other "patriots." Such a point of view is narrow, unworthy, and misleading. It is the kind of point of view which sees in the Civil War of the seventeenth century either the Puritan or the Cavalier side alone as wholly right, and fails to grasp what each contributed to political development. Moreover, the large spirit in which Trevelyan wrote is right not merely because it has met with a generous response in the United States. Several years ago, a leading New York journal in reviewing the work said, speaking of the proofs which it gave that the majority of the British people were opposed to the attempt to coerce the American colonies: "It would not be easy to over-estimate the effect which such a demonstration ought to have, and doubtless will have, on the feeling with which Americans will hereafter regard Great Britain. It is manifest that most of our school histories of the United States will have to be rewritten, for the major part of them fail to recognize the momentous truth which the work before us must be held to have established."

And the school histories are already rewritten in a new spirit. That is a practical result worth having and worth noting, and it is one which should bear good fruit as the years go on. But the true justification of Trevelyan's work is that it is based upon the conception that the American Revolution was something more than a violent separation between the mother country and the colonies, that it was, and remains, part and parcel of the essential history of the race as a whole.

It was the failure of Bancroft, with all his wealth of general historical knowledge, to see the Revolution from any other than the colonial point of view, that prevented his volumes from being accepted as the final word, brilliant as his periods were, even in his own country. Hildreth was obliged to follow with corrective material, written in a more staid style. Then followed, on the English side, the fair and judicial chapters of Lecky in his "England in the Eighteenth Century."

The general reader is provided with a comprehensive and satisfactory presentation of the American Revolution when he has the volumes of Lecky and Trevelyan from the English side, and those of John Fiske and Sydney George Fisher from the American side. In Fiske, particularly, the large point of view is pronounced, extending, indeed, to the idea of Teutonic reunion: "As in days to come the solidarity of the Teutonic race in its three great nationalities—American, England, and Germany—becomes more and more clearly manifest, the more will the student of history be impressed with the wonderful fact that the founding of modern Germany, the maritime supremacy of England, and the winning of the Mississippi valley for English-speaking America were but the different phases of one historic event, coherent parts of the one vast conception which makes its author the grandest of modern statesmen. As the lapse of time carries us far enough from the eighteenth century to study it in its true proportions, the figure of Chatham in the annals of the Teutonic race will appear no less great and commanding than the figure of Charlemagne a thousand years before."

The purpose of this article has been served in bringing forward the general indications of the broader spirit in which the American Revolution is now studied. As time goes on, Canadians may hope, perhaps, that this broader spirit will lead to a fuller recognition of the Loyalists than has yet been accorded by any of the great historians. Their struggles and sufferings, as Mr. Bradley has said lately, are forgotten in

England. They are remembered in Canada. The story of the Loyalists is also part and parcel of the history of the race.

The American Revolution has many points of connexion with the history of Canada. It is a familiar fact to most readers, of course, that it was Wolfe's conquest of Canada which made the Revolution possible. It is a less familiar fact, perhaps, but no less certain, that in spite of the failure of the expeditions of Arnold and Montgomery, later attacks upon Canada would have been undertaken but for the consideration that the aid of France having been sought and obtained, France would have demanded the restoration of the country, if it were captured, to herself as compensation. The memory of the American Revolution remained with us during the whole period of our constitutional development, ever urging us to follow plans of our own. We have been great imitators of our neighbours in many things, but not in the machinery of government.

J. C. SUTHERLAND

MONTAIGNE'S VIEW OF LIFE

THE first question arising to our minds concerning an author who has exercised great influence over sundry of the world's foremost men of letters is, probably: To what extent has he peered behind the veil of appearances and caught a glimpse of the realities of things? What new truth does he usher into the world? or what old truth has he embellished with new and pleasing adornments? Our ultimate evaluation of the worth of literary men depends, more than upon anything else, upon the amount of truth we deem to form the core of their portrayal of human existence. Long and sometimes bitter have been the controversies waged as to the relative importance of matter and form in the various literary *genres*, and amateur criticism still finds delight in this theme; yet, this minimum of concession will be made by all except fanatical stylists, that a lie, an unreality, or sheer vacuity had better been left unexpressed, no matter how seductively bedizened it may outwardly appear, but that, on the other hand, any real and positive worth cannot utterly be annihilated, be it clothed in the meanest garb. One surely stigmatizes himself as lacking ballast by transferring the burden from subject-matter to form, as, nevertheless, entire literary sects have done; as well admit the proverb, clothes make the man, for which error the philosophy of Sartor Resartus is not a bad cathartic. In his autobiography Goethe writes, "I honour both rhythm and rhyme, both being necessary that poetry may be poetry at all; but what, strictly speaking, is fundamentally effective, what truly fashions, and promotes growth, is what is left of the poet when he is translated into prose. There then remains over pure unadulterated subject-matter, which a dazzling exterior often makes us believe to exist, when it is lacking, and often conceals when it is present." And Sainte-Beuve, in his definition of a classic, while allowing all

due importance to form, none the less bestows first consideration to truth and genuineness of subject-matter, "Un vrai Classique, c'est un auteur qui a enrichi l'esprit humain, qui en a réellement augmenté le trésor, qui lui a fait faire un pas de plus, qui a découvert quelque vérité morale non équivoque, ou ressaisie quelque passion éternelle dans ce coeur où tout semblait connu . . . . . .; qui a parlé à tous dans un style à lui qui se trouve aussi celui de tout le monde, dans un style nouveau sans néologisme, nouveau et antique, aisément contemporain de tous les âges."

Thus allowing Goethe and Sainte-Beuve to formulate what is necessary to constitute a claim to admission within the Pantheon of classics, let us see how far Montaigne's achievements in point of content attain the standard proposed. His style we can dismiss with curt notice; it is admirably adapted to what it has to express, "naïve, pithy, sinewy, masculine, military, nowise lagging, fluent nor amorphous." The terms are his own. Whilst the language must be robust and vigorous, "smacking of the market halls," the *genre*, namely, the essay, of which Montaigne was the creator, must possess pliability enough to accommodate itself to the chance whim of any moment. But, to turn at once to the informing spirit. Montaigne was preëminently a man of realities, to whom idle dalliance was abhorrent; nothing rouses his ire quicker than empty verbiage. All his love for Rome could not vanquish his antipathy against Cicero, whose "baseness of heart" is only surpassed by his desire "to derive some chiefest fame from cackling and babbling." When he hears men dwelling on the excellencies of style in his essays, he would "prefer they should be silent." He cries fie on that eloquence which arouses in us an appetite for itself and not for things. Nothing would he loathe more than to be a great man "par escrit" and a sottish nonentity in all other respects. In rapt admiration of the exquisite diction of some favourite Latin author, he may have exclaimed, "Excellent writers by the perfection and beauty of their fashion of saying make us lose all appetite for their subject," yet such sentiments are infre-

quent in his books and do not mirror the habitual tenor of his mind. Even if the commonly received opinion of his failure as magistrate of Bordeaux were true, it need not overthrow our estimate of his perspicacity; it is indeed very conceivable that so nicely-poised a mind as that of Montaigne was inapt for the conduct of public affairs in an age of such bigotry and hypocrisy, when boisterous self-assertion and great latitude of conscience were of more avail. Our knowledge of his magistracy is, however, chiefly derived from the essays, and Montaigne takes a queer delight in depreciating his own value; but one or two extant official letters of his show that he was a busier man than he seemed, and was fully alive to the duties of his office; he was one of those men who always keep a little more than they promise.

At a time when the irrational elements of human nature had run amock, when enthusiasm and frenzy swayed mankind, when blind, obstinate adherence to the dogmatism of factions was universally demanded, a time whose memory oppresses us like some ugly nightmare, a time of St. Bartholomew massacres, Montaigne proclaims his message of the necessity of introspection, of self-knowledge. To gain this end was, for the author, one of the prime purposes in writing the essays; his inmost self, reflected in the essays, became a more accessible object of his study. He deplores that "nous ne sommes jamais chez nous," our gaze is never directed to our own soul, which yet is our best study of mankind; for each man is, in some way, a microcosm, and a quintessence of the macrocosm, the universe; to know one's self is to know at least "the universal scheme of humanity." "Chaque homme porte la forme entière de l'humaine condition. Le premier, je me communique au monde par mon être universel." It is this dash of the universal, never quite absent from Montaigne's garrulity, that prevents it degenerating, like so much personal babbling with which our ears are assailed, into insufferable boredom.

This practice of "staying at home" to enquire how it is bestead with the faculty of judgement in our own case is liable

to engender doubts as to our competence to approve or condemn the words or actions of our fellows so facilely as commonly happens; in any case, it delivers a fatal blow at that fearful, self-complacent assurance that struts about everywhere, claiming a monoply of the "art de vivre et de manier les choses." The counsel of Montaigne comes from a warmer heart and breathes a spirit of greater unselfishness: "I am so far from taking alarm when I see the discordance between my judgements and those of others and from being unable to accommodate myself to the society of other men because their opinion is other than my own, that, on the contrary, since variety is the most general form that nature has followed, I find it more novel and more rare when our fantasies accord. And, peradventure, there were never in the world two opinions exactly and wholly alike, any more than two faces." "Variety is the most general form that nature has followed," this sentence represents the deepest conviction of Montaigne. Probably we should not greatly err if we regarded this conviction as the outcome of the reaction of a somewhat effeminate temperament, imbued with the learning of the Renaissance, against the many rough-hewn institutions and ungenerous sentiments of his time. But, when once the hold on an absolute has been loosed, we are adrift on a shoreless sea without any beacon to guide us; relativity has now become the watchword. This danger Montaigne has not avoided. Human reason, he tells us, has never proved or disproved anything. To understand what a veritable Proteus man is we have but to consider moral judgements; was there any vice so gross in our esteem but it is held a virtue somewhere, perhaps just across a river? or æsthetic judgements: what we deem most repulsive ugliness shall somewhere be pronounced most divine beauty. Again, is not reason dimmed by passion or any chance physical affection? a good dinner or the tooth-ache may upset the best established opinion. And lastly, where does reason derive its matter except from the senses, whose unreliability has been a commonplace from antiquity onwards? These rudimentary questionings, how-

ever, represent an enormous elevation above common dogmatic cant, which surely stays on the lowest rung of the intellectual ladder; they can do harm to no one, for if any man can rise to the idealist position and carry the questioning back to a point anterior to all difference, he cannot, *ipso facto*, be content at this stage in his enquiry; if, on the other hand, he cannot rise to this, at least he will have shed that grossest sloth that human mind can sink to. Montaigne's motto was, "Que sais-je?" and this unresolved query is a thousand times preferable to the blustering answers of him who has never meditated on what is involved in knowing at all. It is not the "withered mockery of a French sceptic" that grins at us from the pages of the essays, but the luxuriant abundance of life itself. Too great emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that Montaigne regarded, and not without great reason, the world of his day as filled with dogmatic fools; from such a world he must withdraw himself at any cost, and the only assured haven for him was universal scepticism, a general suspension of judgement as to ultimate truth, and allowance for every nuance of human opinion. One should not forget that the essays were begun within a twelve-month of St. Bartholomew, and their author clearly saw that every dogmatism has latent within it similar inflammatory force; all action which is fully consistent with any dogmatism must culminate in a St. Bartholomew. Montaigne certainly chose the better part—though not the best.

This scepticism and relativism very naturally led to Montaigne's individualist view of life. In this he is the true child of the Renaissance. As Burckhardt says, "In the Middle Ages the two sides of consciousness—that turned towards the outer world and that towards the inner world of man—lay, as it were, dreaming or half-awake under a common veil. The veil was woven of creed, childlike simplicity, and illusion; seen through it, nature and history appeared in strange hue; man, however, recognized himself only as race, people, party, corporation, family, or in some other form of the universal . . . . . [after the Renaissance] the sub-

jective rises in full power, man becomes a spiritual individual and recognizes himself as such." Reading the essays, one cannot fail to be impressed with the feeling that the polemic against such complete supression of individuality is one of Montaigne's main objects. The sole aim in education should be to encourage independent judgement in the pupil; the ideal education can only be received by the pupil's having his own tutor; we must expect very imperfect fruits if one tutor shall undertake "regenter plusieurs esprits de si diverses mesures et formes;" we are so long constrained, he laments, to our leading strings that our gait lacks all freedom; our minds only move on faith, as it were, fastbound to the opinion of other men. As in most of his practical counsels, Montaigne is here, too, in his plea for the development of individuality, restrained by his good sense and an eye for proportion; any tendency towards eccentricity should immediately be thwarted; "moeurs genereuses," which must be the goal of our striving, must not be spoiled, "par l'incivilité et barbarie d'aultruy." His individualism receives a further qualification in his attitude towards the laws of the land and their administration; here he is a Conservative of the deepest dye, "Autant que l'image des lois recues et anciennes de cette monarchie reluira en quelque coin, m'y voilà planté."

Montaigne's ideal of personality corresponds more closely to that of classic Greece than to that of the Middle Ages; it is the harmonious development of both sides of human nature, body and spirit. He abhors that exclusive devotion to intellectual pursuits which commonly marks the scholar; it is quite true that learning is the best equipment for our earthly pilgrimage, provided always it does not occasion loss of health and spirits. The division into a higher and lower nature is to be deprecated; the passions and all sensuous affections are just as natural and therefore intrinsically as good as reason and its operations. "Sommes nous pas bien brutes de nommer brutale l'action qui nous fait?" Plato he commends very greatly for his emphatic advocacy of gymnastics, neglect of which renders impossible that ideal

of man that Montaigne seeks after, virtuous and happy. Exterior decorum and tact, a vigorous physique, and a critical or sceptical mind, these three must be simultaneously developed. "Je veux que la bienséance extérieure, et l'entregent, et la disposition de la personne, se façonne quand et quand [along with] l'âme. Ce n'est pas une âme, ce n'est pas un corps, qu'on dresse; c'est un homme; et comme dit Platon, il ne faut pas les dresser l'un sans l'autre, mais les conduire également [abreast], comme une couple de chevaux attelés au même timon."

Emerson relates that, while in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, he discovered an epitaph, "Lived to do right and had formed himself to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne." One is inclined at first to suspect the efficacy of a righteousness founded on the quicksands of an outspoken scepticism. Some few, however, and let us hope their number is larger than is commonly assumed, will regret that such words as scepticism, agnosticism, if cast against a man, are equivalent to a sentence of outlawry passed on him. Atheism, materialism are different things; the votaries of these latter stand self-condemned. But scepticism would appear to be a necessary transition stage to any genuinely idealist view of the universe, just as the sophists were the very natural precursors of Platonism, and years of patient toil may be required before one can attain to any idealism which is not simply a mirrored image of some teacher's suggestions, but which can truly serve as the pole-star of our lives; nay, even when this altitude of mind has been scaled, we shall then perforce be more than three parts sceptics still. We may have convinced ourselves of the spirituality of the universe, we may believe that the universe we know is in some way a visible embodiment of the Idea of the Good, we may have no doubt as to the necessity of the chain that links phenomenon to phenomenon, there still remain countless unsolved enigmas. Moreover, a healthy dose of scepticism is a keen spur to human activity, an excellent antidote against stagnation. And lastly, in particular, everyone but the doctrinaire has to remain a sceptic in

most of life's eventualities; who, for instance, can at this moment foresee the consequences of granting self-government to Ireland? We know full well that certain universal principles will operate in a definite manner, and prophecy not transgressing the bounds of these will be fulfilled; but the infinite variety of particulars calling forth the universal principles places the future quite beyond our calculation.

It does not appear necessary to regard Montaigne's scepticism as anything more sinister than a confession of impotence to forecast the exact conformation any assemblage of future circumstances will assume; if he went so far as to deny the existence of general principles absolutely, and with them all possibility of knowledge, then anything he might say would be unsubstantial; a man who makes such a statement destroys the foundation of making any statement at all. The "Apologie de Raimond Sebond" is usually regarded as the confession of faith of Montaigne. It begins thus: "C'est à la vérité, une très utile et grande partie que la science: ceux qui la mesprisent tesmoigment assez leur bestise; mais je n'estime pas pourtant sa valeur jusques a cette mesure extreme qu'aucuns lui attribuent; . . . . . ny ce que d'autres ont dict que la science est mere de toute vertu et que vice est produit par l'ignorance." Here the possibility of knowledge is expressly asserted, but its omnipotence is very fittingly denied. Thus, then, the scepticism of Montaigne is not of that negative kind which, *a priori*, precludes his expressing his views on life and establishing precepts to which one should conform; that man resting under the tombstone at Père la Chaise may, after all, have derived the chief principles which fashioned his conduct from this unsuspected source. We will now consider a little what form a life thus moulded would take.

Its most outstanding feature would be non-committance, detachment, just as suspension of judgement is in most contingencies the better part of assertion. Our plans should never be too far-reaching, nor should we passionately desire to be witnesses of their realization; it is better to be doing as long

as we can; let death overtake us "planting our cabbages, but careless of it, and still more careless of our unfinished garden." In our relation towards our fellows and society, our engagements should never be "pénétrants et intimes"; the essay on Education counsels loyalty and good-will towards rulers, but dissuades a personal attachment to them, which might readily become too exacting. It is almost needless to point out that marriage is hereby condemned as a very imperfect institution, and the prize in such relations is awarded to friendship. Montaigne follows in this regard the post-Aristotelian schools of philosophy, with which he feels, in general, close kinship. Our attachment to any cause should never exceed the luke-warm; feverous diligence even in the service of truth and justice is folly.

The *summum bonum* of life for Montaigne is pleasure, "Le dernier but de notre visee, c'est la volupté." This confession of the final goal of all human endeavour imparts its peculiar colouring to all his moral teaching. The kind of pleasure that alone can afford lasting gratification contains no base alloy and can be purchased at no less cost than the perfect control of reason over the sensuous half of our nature; the ataraxia of the Epicureans, not the apathia of the Stoics, should be our aim, for Montaigne never advocates insensibility, neither towards the unpleasant nor towards the pleasant. The extent to which he would go to avoid the painful smacks rather of cowardice, but what is unavoidable must in no wise bedim the steady, clear light of reason. Pleasure, thus interpreted, can only be pursued in the paths of virtue. "Si ce mot signifie quelque supreme plaisir et excessif contentement, il est mieulx deu à l'assistance de la vertu qu'à nulle autre assistance." In the warmth with which these doctrines are expressed we plainly recognize the reaction against the arid doctrines of mediæval scholasticism, with their division of personality into nature and spirit continually warring against each other, nature being essentially sinful and its mortification being the only way to salvation. There is something very alluring about the clear-

cut precision with which this unequally composed duality can be expatiated upon, and the moral platitudes connected therewith are borne along with the momentum derived from high antiquity, so that we cannot wonder if it still spooks in the heads of many moral teachers. The sunlit geniality of Montaigne stands in pleasing contrast to such lucubrations, although it must be confessed that the banishment of the idea of incessant combat from virtue is apt to lead to effeminacy; the error of scholasticism consists in a false conception of the antagonists in this struggle, which is waged not between nature and spirit as sinful and divine, but between rational discourse and irrational impulse, both being in their proper spheres equally divine and equally natural; the difficulty lies in the correct definition of these spheres. Some of the finest passages in the essays describe this easy and pleasant nature of virtue. "It is the task of wisdom to render serene the tempests of the soul and to teach us to scorn hunger and fevers, not by means of unreal sophistry but by natural and tangible reasoning. Its aim is virtue, which is not, as the school teaches, placed on some precipitous, rugged, inaccessible rock; those who have approached it regard it, on the contrary, as dwelling on a lovely, fertile, flowery plain, whence far beneath itself it can behold all things else. Whoso is thus skilled can ascend thither by shady, grassy paths, fragrant with blossoms, treading lightly on a declivity as easy and smooth as is the vault of heaven. The brethren of that guild (scholastics) have never frequented this higher virtue, beautiful, triumphant, lovely, equally delicious and bold of heart, a sworn irreconcilable foe of bitterness and anger, of fear and constraint; having for its guiding-star nature, for its companions fortune and delight; therefore, they have in their own weakness, invented this foolish, sad, litigious, spiteful, threatening, sour-visaged caricature and have placed it on a lonesome rock amid thorns and briars; a hobgoblin to scare men." This directly inverts the time-honoured notions of virtue still current in Montaigne's day; to approach these we have just to negative the following

propositions; "la vertu aime la vie, elle aime la beauté et la gloire et la santé; elle est la mère nourrice des plaisirs humains." But there is danger lurking in this ideal of cooling groves and grassy lawns where the air we breathe comes laden with the fragrance of flowers; it is better to regard the moments spent in such delight as a reinvigoration for that life-struggle into which nature herself has thrown us. The only safeguard the essays provide us with is a counsel of moderation and a warning to keep an open eye to remark the just proportions between our individual lot and the great whole of nature; and the assertion of the delights of virtue are usually hedged about with such restriction. Thus, although virtue "loves life, beauty, fame and health," yet its own peculiar office is "to be able to make a measured use of these goods and to lose them with constancy;" again, although virtue is the "foster-mother of human pleasures" yet to make them assured and unalloyed it must make them righteous, and only by moderating them can it prevent satiety. A man who, in the midst of fearful civil warfare, in which his own castle was not spared, could yet write the following lines, and as we have reason to believe, act up to them, was a man of no mean detachment of mind (the slightly blurred imagery must be pardoned). "But who envisages, as in a painting, this grand image of our mother Nature in her whole majesty; who discerns on her countenance so universal and so constant a manifold; who sees himself in this painting, and not simply himself but a whole kingdom, as a line drawn by a very fine point; he alone esteems things in their true proportions."

The last-quoted passage might lead us to infer that Montaigne based his observations on human conduct on some systematic view of nature, which foundation all truly philosophic speculations must possess. We should, however, err in such inference. The essayist condemns all this bootless research, as it seems to him; it argues misdirected curiosity if a man, fighting against ambition, avarice, rashness, superstition and many another foe to his peace, should waste his

strength in prying into the secrets of the universe. What it really imports a man should know is what will "teach him to know himself, and to know how well to live and well to die." This might seem a sufficiently comprehensive scope; yet as Montaigne intends it, it expresses only a partial truth; it is a fallacy to assume that precepts for life's conduct can be sane unless fraught with a meaning derived from a rational view of the co-relatedness of man and the universe. Doubtless such a view is implicit in many statements contained in the essays. It could scarcely be otherwise, considering their inspiration from Stoic and Epicurean sources; but it is safe to say Montaigne could never have made it explicit.

In one sense, however, the essays do preach a philosophy, or, more accurately, a cult, of Nature; namely, as contrasting with the artificial conventions of polite society. It is usual to ascribe to Rousseau the paradoxical doctrine of primitive, untutored superiority over culture and refinement; but the Essay on the Cannibals contains quite as unflattering comments on the supposed progress accomplished by the arts and learning as anything Rousseau ever said. "It is not right that art should be honoured above our great and powerful Mother Nature. We have so overloaded the beauty and richness of her work with our inventions that we have completely choked her. Yet wherever her purity shines forth she puts to wondrous shame our vain and frivolous undertakings."

It is a matter of regret that Montaigne is still unfamiliar to so many. The proud words of Kant that the age of criticism had arrived and that neither the sanctity of religion nor the awfulness of laws could protect these venerable institutions against the scrutiny of reason—these proud words were premature. Irrationalism still flourishes everywhere, and much modern literature, witness Tolstoi, reveals a determined attempt to award the palm to impulse, as being a more certain guide than reason. Unenlightened prejudice, romanticism and outward show are still the stoutest buttresses of religion, whilst law is still regarded as a disembodied police constable, able, however, to wield the staffs of all police constables thrown

together. An infusion into the modern mind of the spirit of the essays, derived as it is from those great teachers of humanity, the classics of Greece and Rome, would be of excellent medicinal value as a preliminary treatment to the cure of these evils. The prescription might be made with all the less hesitation in view of the present bias of administering only sugar-coated remedies—the essays contain no bitter medicine, and the doctor is without a frown; genial as a quack, but not a quack.

E. W. Patchett

LYDIA

"Dost know the white, wild-cherry boughs
Ablow midst green of May,
That make enchanted palaces
Of houses old and gray?
(Ah me, that sweet, wild springtime!)"

"Once on a Sunday morn they bloomed,
'Twas miracle o' May—
So white, so white, so wonderful—
They'll bloom again, you say?
(Ah me, this long, long winter!)"

All in a bleak December,
A-trying to remember
Her joyous, white, wild-cherry blooms,
She went to find the May.

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

CLASSICAL TEACHING IN ONTARIO

THE intellectual life of Canada has been enriched by the labours of men who are forgotten, and the writer proposes to show that the influence of the classics in Ontario has been greater than might be supposed from the present moribund condition of the subject, overshadowed as it is by science and sociology.

I shall begin with the name of Jean Brebœuf, Jesuit missionary and martyr, who laboured in Ontario forests three hundred years ago. I mention him because it is well to begin with a great name, and also because, though he suffered a real and fiery martyrdom at a later date, he suffered—like many of his successors in the teaching profession in Ontario—a species of martyrdom while endeavouring to dispel the ignorance of the little savages among whom his lot was cast; and especially, because in recounting his troubles with the little Indian children in his Relation for the year 1639, he solaces himself with a quotation which has comforted many generations of teachers fretted by the coltish spirit of youth: *forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* It is perhaps not too trivial to record that Virgil's magic language echoed in Ontario before Milton wrote in England.

I should like, also, to mention Pierre de Charlevoix, at one time head of the Jesuit College in Quebec and author of "L'Histoire de la Nouvelle France." He was a transient visitor to Ontario in 1721, and the record of his journey by canoe from Montreal to Mackinaw is adorned with allusions to classic myth and literature. He wonders if the *calumet* of the Indians is not really the *caduceus* of Mercury. He notices the similarity between the Huron name for their war god, *Areskoui*, and the Greek *Ares.* As he gazes on the Falls at Niagara the surrounding country seems less beautiful indeed than the Vale of Tempe, but the lines of Ovid on the

Falls of the Peneus occur to him as a description of the cataract itself:

> Est nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
> Sylva; vocant Tempe, per quæ Peneus, ab imo
> Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis,
> Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
> Nubila conducit, summasque aspergine sylvas
> Impluit et sonitu plusquam vicina fatigat.

At the time of the Peace of Paris, in 1763, Ontario was covered by an impenetrable forest, and, with the exception of the few French in Essex County, there were no settlements from Detroit to Montreal. A few hundred Indians and innumerable bears were the inhabitants of this hyperborean desert. In this *Ultima Thule* of desolation what place could there be for classical culture? Yet, in 1786, the classics were taught in Kingston; and, amid surroundings as strange and primitive as the Roman outposts in Scotland, the foundation was laid of secondary education in Ontario.

To the Rev. Dr. John Stuart belongs the honour of these early efforts. He was a Loyalist from Pennsylvania, at first a Presbyterian, afterwards ordained in England by the Bishop of London. He had been a missionary among the Mohawk Indians in the state of New York, and came to Upper Canada after the Revolution as chaplain of the forces stationed at Kingston. He was a man of some scholarship, and was the founder of the Anglican Church in Upper Canada. Compelled by the necessity of educating his sons, Dr. Stuart opened his school. It was a modest enterprise and probably never numbered more than a dozen pupils at one time; but the attempt greatly pleased Simcoe on his arrival in 1792, and a grant of £100 was made by the legislature to encourage the undertaking. Among the pupils of this school the best known was the Rev. O'Kill Stuart, who was the first rector of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, and also first rector of the York Grammar School. To Dr. Stuart's school there attaches the fame of priority, and it has also found a place in poetry; at least, so it is averred, for hither in 1804, in the course of

his wanderings, came that Irish Anacreon, Thomas Moore. Viewing the log dwelling of Dr. Stuart, which was at once parsonage and academy, he saw neither parsonage nor academy. It suggested a train of thought neither clerical nor academic. Indeed, were it not for the undoubted authority of the late Rev. Prof. Williamson of Queen's University, it would be somewhat difficult to believe that the lines found among Moore's Canadian verses, entitled "Ballad Stanzas," were inspired by the sedate dwelling of the pioneer clergyman and pedagogue of Ontario.

During this romantic period of first settlement, mention should be made of an unexpected ally of the classics. The famous Mohawk chief Brant or Thayendenegea was deservedly a man of great reputation. He bore himself with wit and grace at the court of George III. He built the first church in Upper Canada, and his wise diplomacy secured to his tribe a permanent settlement in the province. The character of this great chief, and one might almost say great man, exhibited a strange mixture of Christian grace and savage cruelty; but strangest of all, if travellers' tales be true, he was a lover of Latin and Greek. Isaac Weldt, a traveller through Upper Canada in 1792, reports that Brant had been heard to regret that his labours on behalf of his tribe left him no time to pursue the study of Greek, in which he desired to perfect himself that he might still further improve the translation of the New Testament into Mohawk. One wonders if this admiration for the classics was one of the fruits of his visit to England and his friendship with the great. Certainly in other respects he lived like a gentleman at Burlington, where he had one of the largest houses in the province, enjoyed a handsome income, and, it is said, kept twenty negro slaves.

With Simcoe, in 1792, began a new era only slightly less primitive than the preceding thirty years. Roads began to be built—at least Yonge Street and Dundas Street were blazed through the forest, but it was nearly fifteen years before they became at all passable. This era was still an

era of Indians, bears, wolves, and all things dear to the schoolboy's imagination. There was little Latin and less Greek. But in the governor's mind there were dreams of higher education, and the first beginnings of a grammar school system and of a university were made.

The Constitutional Act of 1791, with its Clergy Reserves and its attempted aristocratic institutions, may be properly regarded as the source of the educational struggle which continued for fifty years. Simcoe, full of memories of the American war and of the French Revolution, was politically a reactionist. Soldiers stood on parade and bands played with as much decorum and ceremony amid the forest as before the Palace of St. James in London. But we must not digress, except to call attention to the fact that, from the beginning, in Upper Canada, there were two currents of opinion, which were not without their effect upon education, and so upon the destiny of classics in the system subsequently developed.

Before considering, however, the grammar school system, we must return to Kingston. Here, in 1799, at the invitation of Robert Hamilton and Richard Cartwright, there arrived from Scotland the young Scotchman who was destined to occupy an important position in the history of the province. John Strachan came to Canada under a misunderstanding. He expected to be head of the projected university. Finding that there was no immediate prospect of such a foundation, although greatly disappointed, he decided to remain and to accept a position as tutor to the sons of Mr. Cartwright and other gentlemen in Kingston. We are not concerned at present with the great part which Dr. Strachan subsequently played in public affairs, in education, and in the Anglican Church, of which he was the first bishop. It is sufficient to note that he came as a teacher, a graduate of Aberdeen; and it may be interesting to inquire into his attainments as a classical scholar. This is somewhat difficult after the lapse of a century, and indeed the great combativeness which distinguished him in public life, and the pugnacity which made him so formidable a champion of his cause, have somewhat

obscured that side of his character to which our attention is now directed. We may be sure, however, that he knew Latin well, for he easily gained at Aberdeen a bursary awarded in this subject. It is said that he was a great favourite with his professors. He was a successful teacher at £50 a year in Scotland. On the other hand, we must note that when Strachan was an applicant for the parish school at Kettle he waited on Dr. John Hunter of St. Andrews, and asked him to examine him. He did so, and told Strachan that "he was no great things, but would be the best there notwithstanding." As Strachan was greatly pleased with this verdict, we may consider it as flattering.

If we add to these facts the reputation which Dr. Strachan enjoyed as a teacher, and the fact that classical studies in those days were pursued even in remote parts of Scotland with an ardour and thoroughness almost unknown in Canada to-day, we shall feel satisfied that the first classical master in Upper Canada was something of a scholar. We could judge very accurately, I think, if it were possible to recapture a certain fugitive composition of Mr. Strachan's, which has so far eluded search. This was a Latin ode in Sapphic metre addressed to Bishop Mountain of Quebec on the occasion of a visit paid by that ecclesiastic to Mr. Strachan's school. Perhaps this was the first effort of the classic muse in Upper Canada, and the muse was certainly singing amid surroundings as desperate as when Ovid consoled his exile at Tomi. But there was something more than poetry in that ode. It must be remembered that when the question was discussed of choosing some one to be at the head of the proposed college which Simcoe had projected, it was decided that an English graduate from Oxford or Cambridge might not be able to adapt himself to colonial conditions, and that the comparative poverty of Scotland would be a fitter preparation for the remote hardships of life in Upper Canada. So the position had been offered first to the great Dr. Chalmers, and subsequently to Mr. Strachan. No doubt, then, our young scholar in Cornwall wished to overcome by choice phrase and blame-

less metre that prejudice which Englishmen have always been felt to entertain in favour of English erudition.

The bishop, duly gratified by the scholarly compliments, replied in dignified language, which was punctuated, however, by a gentle waving of the pastoral staff as he warned the young clergyman not to allow academic amusements to take precedence of more important duties. That Sapphic ode may not have been flawless, but had it been an unworthy effort it possibly would have hindered the elevation of Mr. Strachan to the bishopric of Toronto, an event which took place a few years later. At any rate, more trifling matters have produced equally momentous results. The ode is lost, but what Dr. Mountain wrote in reply, dated January 25th, 1804, is as follows: "With respect to your ode, I find considerable difficulty in giving an opinion upon the merits of a composition in which you are pleased to speak so very favourably of me. But I must not refuse to do you justice, nor myself the pleasure of saying that, in my judgement, it has real poetical merit, and contains sentiments which do equal honour to your feelings and your taste. I need hardly add that the cultivation of this talent, in a moderate degree, and applied to proper subjects, may clearly be placed under a class of amusements to which I alluded in my charge, nor need I, I am convinced, caution you against indulging even this elegant and pleasing talent to the neglect of more important pursuits and more profitable studies. The very sentiments contained in the ode are pledges that such a caution is unnecessary."

But we are anticipating, for Bishop Mountain's visit did not take place while Mr. Strachan was in Kingston, but after he had removed to Cornwall. In Kingston, Strachan's school numbered a dozen boys, and his ability as a teacher became widely known. It was at this time that the influence and friendship of Dr. Stuart induced the young scholar to take orders, and after ordination he was appointed to Cornwall as his first parish. The school in Kingston was reluctantly abandoned, but was reopened in Cornwall. Here, in a

building which may be considered as the first grammar school building in Ontario, a school was conducted whose influence may be shown to have been historic, and, inasmuch as secondary education at that period was chiefly classical, it would be pleasant to dwell longer on this incident of colonial education. Much, however, has been written about Dr. Strachan's methods as a teacher; and the names of his pupils, who came to him from remote districts, are the names of the men who were prominent in early Upper Canadian history, and are known to all. It should be remarked as of interest that one of Dr. Strachan's pupils at Cornwall, afterwards the Rev. William Macaulay, rector of Picton, proceeded in 1816 to Oxford, and although he did not remain longer than two years and consequently did not take his degree, he was the first student from Ontario to approach that famous seat of ancient learning.

In 1812, Dr. Strachan, who had now been laureated by his *Alma Mater*, Aberdeen, and whose fame was therefore more than provincial, removed to York, the capital of the province. That everything in Canada was still very primitive is shown by the fact that York was a wooden village of not more than a thousand inhabitants, while to reach it from Cornwall required a journey of two weeks.

We are not yet done with this fiery and energetic Scotchman, the living impersonation of what that old schoolmaster, Buchanan, first called the *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. If the mention of his name grows wearisome, it must be explained that half of the educational life of the province down to 1850, was animated by his activities. He lived to a ripe old age and died in 1867 full of honours. He was the first bishop of the Anglican Church in Upper Canada. He was a member of the Legislative Council and president of the Provincial Board of Education. He was, in a sense, the founder of Toronto University, and the first principal of King's College. He was the founder of Trinity University, and the principalship of McGill University was offered to him on its foundation.

The other half of our educational history during this period is associated with the name of another clergyman of another denomination. A man of equal energy and determination, who, at the time when Strachan was teaching in Cornwall, was an infant in Norfolk County, Ontario, showing no sign that he would grow up to be the great opponent of all that Strachan so ably championed. Could John Strachan at this time have stood beside the cradle of the infant Egerton Ryerson and, muttering some Thracian magic or Etruscan formula, have metamorphosed the infant Hercules of educational reform into a supporter of Canadian Toryism, there would have been fewer controversial buffets given and received. We will not now stir the ashes of those ancient controversies. Ryerson, too, was a great and typical Canadian, and we shall have something to say later about his contribution to classical education. The educational world in Ontario has profited by the diverging ideas of these two distinguished leaders.

It is time now, having narrated the origin of the Cornwall Grammar School, to consider how classical education fared elsewhere in the province in the years between 1791 and 1812. At Newark, chosen by Simcoe as his first capital, a school was opened in 1792 by the Rev. Robert Addison, who received from the government a grant of £100, following the precedent of the grant to Dr. Stuart. In 1796, in Newark, the Rev. Mr. Arthurs announced that he was prepared to give instruction in Latin and Greek. His advertisement in the pioneer paper stated that "If any number of boys offer and books can be procured, a Latin class will be commenced immediately." There was a garrison school for elementary teaching at Newark at this time, and before 1812 there was a grammar school which was held at first in the block-house. At a later period, under the Rev. Dr. Burns, a Presbyterian clergyman, this became a noted classical school.

At York, in 1802, Dr. W. W. Baldwin, father of the Hon. Robert Baldwin, decided to open a classical school and issued the following notice: "Understanding that some of the

gentlemen of this town have expressed much anxiety for the establishment of a classical school, Dr. Baldwin begs leave to inform them and the public that he intends on Monday, the 3rd of January next (1802), to open a school in which he will instruct twelve boys in reading, writing, the classics, and arithmetic. The terms for each boy, eight guineas per annum, to be paid quarterly. One guinea entrance and one cord of wood to be supplied by each boy on opening the school."

It is said that Dr. Baldwin was an ambitious man and had visions of founding a family. He acquired property which he laid out on a grand scale. The noble width of Spadina Avenue is still an evidence of these ambitions of a century ago. On the other hand, the stream of classical influence flowing from his school showed itself intensely democratic, for his famous son, the Hon. Robert Baldwin, was an undoubted Liberal and was the first to enact in Canada laws abolishing entail; and, what is more closely related to our present subject, he was the author of the University Bill which removed Toronto University from denominational control.

To return again to the Kingston district. In 1811 Bath Academy was founded. This was a classical school conducted by Mr. Barnabas Bidwell, a scholarly man from Massachusetts. Here were educated several of the public men of the period, Mr. Peter Perry, Attorney-General Hagerman, and the Hon. Marshall Spring Bidwell, a politician of the rebellion period and the hero of a well-known incident. The younger Bidwell was the victim of the spleen of Sir Francis Bond Head and had to leave the country. He was the author of the legislation which gave dissenting bodies in Ontario the right to hold property and to celebrate matrimony.

So far the educational efforts described were of a private nature; but in 1807 the first Grammar School Act was passed. This Act authorized the establishment of a grammar school in each of the eight districts into which Upper Canada was divided. The Act provided for a grant of £100 in each

district to pay the salary of a teacher, and £50 for an assistant, if such were necessary. A Board of Trustees was appointed in each district whose duty it was to nominate a fit and discreet person as teacher and to examine into the moral character, learning, and capacity of such person so nominated, and being satisfied with the moral character, learning, and capacity of such person to recommend his appointment to the lieutenant-governor. This was all the machinery. The erection of suitable buildings was left to the zeal of communities, and there was no inspection or programme of studies. These schools, at a later date commonly known as grammar schools, were at first called district schools, there being one in each district. Under the Act of 1807, grammar schools were authorized (1) at Sandwich, (2) in the Township of Townsend, Norfolk County, afterwards the London Grammar School, (3) at Newark or Niagara, (4) at York, (5) in the Township of Hamilton, Northumberland County, (6) at Kingston, (7) in the Township of Augustus, afterwards transferred to Brockville, (8) at Cornwall.

Of these schools, only Cornwall, Kingston, Brockville, York, Niagara, London, and Sandwich were actually established before the war of 1812. Probably at that time they did not contain altogether more than one hundred pupils. They were situated sometimes two hundred miles apart. Only one or two had special buildings; a room in the teacher's house, a shed or a deserted blacksmith shop housed the others. Books were very scarce and hard to obtain. It took six months to secure a supply from England, and even as late as 1832 a journey from Kingston to New York occupied two weeks. We can appreciate the remark of the Rev. Mr. Arthurs, already quoted, that he would begin the teaching of Latin if a supply of books could be obtained.

We have come now to the war of 1812–14, when educational progress came to a standstill. The Kingston Grammar School remained open with difficulty. The Niagara Grammar School was closed, and very probably, also, the other frontier schools. Bath Academy was used as a barracks, but was

reopened after the war. When the Americans burned York, the Grammar School—one of the very few school buildings in the province—fortunately escaped destruction.

At the close of the war, there was a great revival of interest in education, and the grammar school system was greatly extended. Supplementary schools were authorized where required in the various districts, the area of which was changed as the population increased; and any one who is curious about the matter may see their boundaries in 1820 by consulting the excellent map of Upper Canada contained in Gourley's Survey, published in that year. It will be seen there that the Home District, for example, comprised the counties of York, Simcoe, and Ontario, for which large area the only grammar school was the York Grammar School.

The seven schools in actual existence in 1812 increased to eleven in 1826, with an attendance of about three hundred pupils. In 1843, there were twenty-five schools with eight hundred pupils, which had increased by 1850 to fifty schools with about two thousand pupils. That these schools were primarily classical schools is proved by the programmes of studies prepared in 1816 by Dr. Strachan, and in 1839 by the Council of King's College, who at that time assumed the supervision of the grammar schools and prepared a curriculum almost exclusively classical.

According to the programme of 1816, boys began at the age of seven with the Eton Latin Grammar, and at the age of eleven with the Eton Greek Grammar. At the age of sixteen boys were supposed to have read in Latin, Phaedrus, Cornelius Nepos, Caesar, Ovid, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Cicero, Livy, Juvenal, and Tacitus; and in Greek, the Greek New Testament, Xenophon, Homer, and Thucydides; and in both languages composition in prose and verse was prescribed. This was the ideal programme drawn up by Dr. Strachan, who, in 1824, was chairman of the General Board of Education for the province.

It will not be possible to follow in detail the history of the various grammar schools between 1812 and 1850, nor will

it be necessary, for the same criticisms apply to all. First, in regard to the teachers. These were generally Old Countrymen, and this fact argued well at that time for thoroughness in the teaching of the classics. It may be of interest to note that, in contrast to present conditions, in 1825 a certain Mr. Baxter failed to secure an appointment at Kingston because he was a Canadian and the trustees desired an English graduate. Very frequently clergymen and friends of Dr. Strachan were appointed. Cornwall, however, had a succession of Scottish Presbyterian ministers, ending with the Rev. Dr. Hugh Urquhart, 1827–1857, a famous classic who was, we are told, a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar. He belonged to the Scotch Establishment and was afterwards professor at Queen's University. Among Dr. Urquhart's many famous pupils in Cornwall was the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, who has left a flattering tribute to his old school. "I owe," he said, "all the spirit of independence which I have maintained throughout my career to my learning and attendance at that school."

Many of these clergymen and early teachers were graduates of Trinity College, Dublin. For example, Dr. McCaul, the first president of Toronto University, Dr. Bayley of London Grammar School, Mr. Gore the first principal of Barrie Grammar School, and many others. Trinity College, Dublin, played an important part in pioneer education which should not be forgotten. If the name of Dr. McCaul, greatest of Grecians, receives only a passing mention, it is because his career lies partly outside the period under consideration, but it would be an oversight to omit a tribute to his brilliant scholarship.

As at an earlier period, little attention was paid to proper buildings. As late as 1830 the grammar school was often a wretched house or a ruinous building altogether unfit for the purpose, especially in the winter season. In 1838, the trustees of the Johnstown District reported to the lieutenant-governor that the grammar school building was an old frame building, very cold and inconvenient. In the same year, the

trustees of the Midland District reported as follows: "The Trustees of the District Grammar School earnestly desire to call your Excellency's attention to the decayed state of the building now occupied as the District Grammar School. They beg to assure your Excellency that in a year or two at most it will be in such a ruinous state as to be absolutely untenable; and they have no funds at their disposal from which they could either repair the present house or erect a building more adequate to the wants of the District." Not till 1839 did the government pass a bill which authorized the payment of $800 towards the erection of suitable buildings in each district, provided that an equal sum was voluntarily contributed by the inhabitants.

Teachers were appointed directly by the lieutenant-governor on the nomination of the various boards, and could only be removed by him. The schools were supported by a yearly legislative grant of £100 to each school, which remained the same throughout the period under consideration. As fees were always charged, the teacher's revenue was augmented in this way, but there were no municipal taxes till a very much later date. For instruction in the lower branches, £4, and for instruction in Greek, Latin and mathematics, £5 was the fee. There was a provision, however, in the Grammar School Act of 1820, whereby ten of the most promising pupils in each district should be educated free at the District Grammar School. Once in four years every common school in the district sent up the names of not more than four proposed free scholars. These names were written on separate slips of paper which were put into a box, and ten names were drawn; the fortunate scholars were known as King's scholars, and were entitled to exemption from fees.

The grammar schools were intended originally for boys. Occasionally, by the indulgence of the master, girls were allowed to attend once or twice during the week, when lessons were assigned to them which they prepared at home. Co-education in secondary schools was unknown, at the beginning of the period; Minerva was undisturbed in her important

duties by the pranks of Cupid, but by 1850 perhaps half of the schools admitted girls as well as boys. Nor was the present generous allowance of holidays the rule. Only a short recess in the summer, a day or two at Easter, and at Christmas, and work on Saturdays was the custom of those strenuous times.

The best known of the grammar schools was the Home District, or York Grammar School. Its history has been carefully traced by local historians. Situated in the square to the north of St. James' Cathedral, it had a close connexion with the church; and incidentally it may be remarked that as St. James was the temple of the Family Compact and Dr. Strachan the high priest of that alliance, so York Grammar School was for many years the nursery of Canadian high Toryism. The York Grammar School in 1829 was merged into the Upper Canada College, which appeared first under the name of the Royal Grammar School. The headmaster, Dr. Phillips, became the vice-principal of Upper Canada College. The citizens of York, however, were dissatisfied with the new arrangement, and insisted upon the immediate reopening of the grammar school, whose history therefore has been almost unbroken from 1807 to the present time.

A good deal has been said about Dr. Strachan and his influence on education. His great antagonist, Dr. Ryerson, was a native Canadian and a product of the grammar school system as it was in those days. True, he owed most of his success to a certain touch of genius and to great force of character, but it will be of interest in our present purpose to trace the history of his education and acquaintance with the classics. He attended as a boy the London District Grammar School, which was taught by Mr. James Mitchell, an excellent classical scholar, within half a mile of his father's farm in Norfolk County. Mr. Mitchell was a Scotchman who had obtained a position through the influence of Dr. Strachan. In his school Ryerson became an usher, and taught with success while Mr. Mitchell attended to the more congenial pursuit of gardening. Ryerson afterwards pursued

his studies in Hamilton, about 1825, under Mr. John Law, then head of the Gore District grammar school. He says, "I applied myself with such ardour and prepared such an amount in both Latin and Greek that Mr. Law said it was quite impossible for him to give the time to hear me read all that I had prepared, and that he would therefore examine me on the translation and construction of the more difficult passages, remarking more than once that it was impossible for any human mind to sustain long the strain that I was imposing on mine." The result thus foretold was a brain fever. In 1824 his diary, covering the same period, contains the following entries: August 16th. "This day I commenced my studies by reading Latin and Greek with Mr. Law." August 17th, "I have been reading Virgil's Georgics, I find them very difficult and have only read seventy lines." August 24th, "I shall finish the first book of the Georgics to-day, which is the seventh day since I commenced them. I expect to finish them in four weeks from this time. My mind improves and I feel much encouraged. My labour is uniform and constant from the dawn of day till near eleven at night. I have not a moment to play the flute." September 15th, "I have read three books of the Georgics and three Odes of Horace, but the last week I have read scarcely any, as I have had a great deal of company and there has been no school." Later on, when stationed at Saltfleet, he writes, "On my leisure days I read from ten to twenty verses of Greek a day." Still later, when stationed at the Credit, in the midst of his success as a missionary among the Indians, he writes, "Having no place for retirement, and living in the midst of bustle and noise, I have forgotten a good deal of my Greek and Latin, and have made but little progress in other things."

Mr. Law, who has been mentioned as the teacher of Egerton Ryerson, was a young Scotchman who had been trained for the ministry of the Established Church. He was the first headmaster of the Gore or Hamilton school, was an accomplished scholar, very thorough in his teaching and

strict in discipline, and had, it is said, an abiding faith in the virtue of the rod. The provincial reputation of this school attracted many pupils, among whom Ryerson was the most distinguished. A schoolmate, the late Hon. Samuel Mills, in a letter to Dr. Ryerson writes, "The very fact of your attending this school gave éclat to it, as you were considered a well educated young man, far in advance of the rest of us. Your studies, if my recollection serves me right, were confined entirely to reading Latin and Greek, and I know Mr. Law and the whole school looked upon you as being a credit to it." Having mentioned the Gore District Grammar School, it should be stated that it enjoyed a second period of great prosperity under the Rev. Dr. John Rae, 1836-48, who had William Tassie for his assistant. The fame of the latter as headmaster of Galt from 1853 to 1881 takes us beyond the period under consideration.

But to return to Dr. Ryerson. He was not, in the modern sense, a classical scholar, but he was a well educated man and a credit to the pioneer schools. A more thorough acquaintance with the classics would have added little to his native genius. By choosing the *via media* in politics during the perilous crisis of 1837, he really saved the country, for his influence was enormous, and having won the confidence of the British government he was rewarded with the post of Superintendent of Education. By his legislation in 1853, the grammar schools became an integral part of the school system, and the destiny of the classics in Ontario was thenceforward guided by the university requirements for matriculation.

Classics under the new system were not able to retain their exclusive position in secondary education; but, if less exclusive, their position, together with the whole system, was more secure. Under the new system, as Dr. Ryerson announced in 1846, "No man in one and the same school and on one and the same day would be found making the absurd and abortive attempt of teaching the *a*, *b*, *c*'s, reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography (in all

their gradations), together with Latin, Greek and mathematics."

The founding of Upper Canada College in 1829 was an event of great importance in the history of classical teaching. In a sense, Upper Canada College was an offshoot of the grammar school system. It appeared first as the Royal Grammar School. A great deal of bitter controversy raged about the establishment of this institution. In the minds of some, the action of Sir John Colborne was condemned. The founding of Upper Canada College, which took place suddenly and without previous discussion, seemed to one section of the community an act only surpassed in turpitude by the endowing of the forty-four rectories on the eve of the governor's departure from Canada.

But there is no need to discuss the controversial side of this important event. It had a profound effect upon education in Ontario by immediately elevating the standard and setting an example of sound scholarship to be the envy and despair of every grammar school in the province. How could it be otherwise? A sum of money more than double the expenditure on all the grammar schools together was to be expended in salaries. An ample endowment was provided, and while the half-starved grammar schools shivered in ruinous shacks and their teachers received a beggarly five hundred dollars, the principal and vice-principal of the new foundation received three thousand dollars each, while other salaries were proportionate. The buildings, which until a few years ago were familiar to all on King Street, were erected and were adequate in every way to the needs of the time.

The classics were well taught in the new school. One has only to glance at the list of masters to be assured that this was the case. The principal and head of the classical department was the Rev. J. H. Harris, D.D., late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge; the vice-principal was the Rev. I. Phillips, D.D., of Queen's College, Cambridge. Both these gentlemen became well known as successful teachers. Then, there was the Rev. Charles Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke

Hall, Cambridge, and the Rev. W. Boulton, B.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, so that it will be seen that the classical department was very strong.

Indeed, it was not long before protests began to be made as to the character of the institution. Latin prose and Latin verse did not seem sufficiently practical to an influential section of the community, and in 1831, about a year after the opening of the college, a petition was presented to the lieutenant-governor, signed, among others, by the Hon. Robert Baldwin, to the effect that, "The benefits dispensed by Upper Canada College might, in their opinion, be greatly extended in favour of the children of many families in this town and vicinity, whose parents do not desire them to be instructed in the classics, by admitting them upon less expensive terms, to receive an English education only. Wherefore, we pray that His Excellency might be pleased to cause such alterations to be made in the regulations, and such changes in the College, as would enable His Excellency's petitioners, and others in similar circumstances, to have their sons educated in a college in such branches of an English education as would qualify them for discharging, with efficiency and respectability, the scientific and other business of tradesmen and mechanics."

To this expostulation the governor replied in dignified terms which conveyed to his petitioners his determination to uphold the classical programme. He assured them, "That a boy, who is admitted to the college at nine or ten years of age, with industry can qualify himself to enter most professions before he is seventeen, and then he will leave school a classical scholar, a good mathematician, with a critical knowledge of two modern languages, while, at the same time, he will find that his commercial education has not been neglected." Thus, for the time being, classics carried the day.

Upper Canada College had a large attendance from the first. In 1831 there were 126 boys, while in 1845 there were 178. At that date there were not more than 800 boys in

all the twenty-five grammar schools in the province, and the largest of them had not more than 52 pupils. In contrasting the grammar schools and Upper Canada College, it should be remembered that most of the former were one-master schools, and so there need be no wonder at the preëminence of Upper Canada College from 1830 to 1875. The grammar schools did their best to emulate their rival, but a proof of their inferiority is seen in the fact that, in the ten years of the existence of King's College, from 1843 to 1853, almost all the students were from Upper Canada College, while even at a much later date, it was unusual for scholarships to be gained by grammar school boys in competition with Upper Canada College boys.

The Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D., was classical master in Upper Canada College from 1838 to 1862. His name is familiar to all students of Canadian history, and the very active part which he took in religious, scientific, and educational affairs entitles him to more than passing mention. He was born in York, and was educated in the York Grammar School, where he learned Latin from Dr. Strachan and his assistant, the Rev. Rossington Elmes. The Scotch pronunciation was in vogue under Dr. Strachan, and was not unlike the Roman pronunciation now in use. Henry Scadding proceeded later to Cambridge under the patronage of Mrs. Simcoe, the wife of the first governor of Upper Canada. Mrs. Simcoe was anxious to do something for the province in which she naturally took a deep interest, and by the education of Dr. Scadding she conferred a lasting benefit on the intellectual life of the community. In passing, I may be permitted to remark that the useful antiquarian studies of Mr. John Ross Robertson are due to the example of Dr. Scadding, whose pupil he was.

At the close of the period under consideration, there were found to be many private schools scattered through the province, in about half of which elementary classics were taught. No doubt many of these were girls' schools, as girls were not always admitted to the grammar schools. There

is no time to say anything further about these numerous enterprises. One only seems deserving of mention. St. Catharine's Collegiate Institute was preceded by a private establishment, called Grantham Academy, which was founded at about the same time as Upper Canada College, and attained considerable fame.

The establishment of Upper Canada College under Anglican auspices had been a victory for the party of Dr. Strachan, and immediately, by way of protest, Upper Canada Academy was founded in 1832 by the Methodists in Cobourg. The rivalry was keen, and, a few years later, in the same way, Queen's University was established in Kingston.

The first principal of Upper Canada Academy, the Rev. Matthews Richey, was a native of the north of Ireland, and a man of classical education, though not a graduate of any university. He remained at the head until the appointment of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, when Upper Canada Academy became, in 1841, Victoria College. The classical attainments of the latter have been already discussed. His views on education made him favourable to a more inclusive scheme than the old exclusive classical programme. He considered it more important, he said, that a student should be fitted for life than that his head should be stuffed with Latin or logic. To Victoria College belongs the honour of granting, in 1845, the first diploma to a graduate in Arts in Upper Canada, its first session being held in 1841, that of Queen's in 1842, and King's College in 1843.

The school books, which were in use in Canadian schools between 1783 and 1850, were English, Scotch, or American. On the authority of Dr. Scadding, it is stated that Lily's Latin grammar, first published in the reign of Henry VIII, the *fons et exemplar* of all English Latin grammars, was in use in the very early days. This fact assures us that teaching was not superficial, if we remember the remark of Borrow's schoolmaster that "he had never known any boy who had learned Lily's Latin grammar who had not been in after days a good man." As late as 1841, in the course of studies

prescribed for grammar schools by the Council of King's College, there appear the "*propria quæ maribus*" and the "*as in præsenti*" which were composed by Lily as aids to memory. Dr. Scadding has pointed out that Lily's grammar, which has been used in all parts of the British Empire, fulfils an interesting prophecy of Erasmus contained in the following stanza written by him for the walls of St. Paul's School:

> Ludus hic sylvæ pariet futuræ
> Semina; hinc dives nemus undequaque
> Densius surgens decorabit Anglum
> Latius orbem.

Lily's grammar was succeeded by the Eton Latin Grammar, which was only a rearrangement of Lily's matter. Other English school books in use were Valpy's Latin Delectus and Greek Delectus, Bloomfield's Contraction of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar, the Eton Electa, and the Gradus ad Parnassum, if the latter work, which emanated from the Jesuits, may be included with the English books.

Of Scottish books there was Ruddiman's Rudiments, a famous manual much used by Scottish teachers. Ruddiman's Rudiments was replaced in Edinburgh about 1825 by Adam's Latin Grammar, a book which is of great importance in the history of Canadian teaching because it was the immediate ancestor of the American Andrews' and Stoddart's Latin Grammar, and this in turn was replaced by the very widely used Bullion's Latin and Greek Grammars founded on the same Scottish work. Very many editions attest the usefulness of these books, which, coming from the United States, were widely used in Canada. The proximity of the American publishers gave their books a distinct advantage. As there were no railways prior to 1850, the difficulties of transportation made it necessary to patronize the nearest market. At a later period this difficulty was remedied in part by Dr. Ryerson's book depository at the Education Department.

We have spoken of the stream of American books which flowed into Canada, and have not yet mentioned the most famous of American classical editions. In 1822, the Rev.

Charles Authon, rector of the grammar school in New York, published a translation of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. This was the first of a series of more than fifty annotated editions of the classics. Without attempting to estimate the contribution to classical pedagogics of this prolific editor, who for many years had almost exclusive possession of the educational field, it may be stated that the scholarship of his editions was frankly borrowed from German workshops, while his notes aimed at rhetorical paraphrase rather than exact translation. It is apparent that American ideals in teaching had a great influence in Canada in the early days, and American ideals meant, then, that translation and grammar took precedence of composition in prose and verse.

In conclusion, I must express my indebtedness for a portion of my material to the labours of the late Dr. Hodgins in his "Documentary History." The task, however, of extracting from that valuable but chaotic mass of material the scattered references to the classics and to the teachers in the grammar schools has been almost as difficult as the efforts of Æneas to recapture the wind-blown leaves of the Sibyl's utterances.

PERCY J. ROBINSON

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

The wine of love for us flowed not in vain,
When sin's dark fruit was crushed by lust and strife;
For though our lips touch not the cup again,
Our souls have drunk the burning draught of life.

FRANK OLIVER CALL

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

MUCH conflict and confusion prevail among us at present on the all-important question of ideals. What is the true type of the finished man, and how are we to set about producing him? In other words, what is the normal educational system? What are the really essential elements to be chosen out of the "embarras de richesse" presented by the bewildering multiplicity of things known, and knowable, that lie before us, each calling out for recognition and loudly insisting on its special claim to be included in our programme? It is indeed hard to make a sane and well-balanced choice. A good deal must be left, I fancy, to personal predilection. There must be a pretty large latitude of options. We must have rather a robust faith in the instinctive reason of the soundly constituted individual grazing at will and going for what naturally attracts him. All roads lead to Rome; and there is fortunately a very great variety of means whereby a serious man who is in earnest about making the most of himself may be kindled into a fairly full and happy activity of his best powers. Supposing him to be endowed by nature with a healthy curiosity and not too much oppressed in his circumstances by the grind of bread-winning, then, if his formal schooling has taught him to read even his own language with a fair comprehension of its resources, and has not altogether crushed the elasticity of his spirit, he may go very far indeed.

There is in particular one element quite essential, as it seems to me, to the equipment of the man who is to be really alive and awake, which would need no more than this simple preparation. I mean the feeling for the past; its real presence and power in the innermost structure of the present. Most people would say that the penetration of the laws of nature, the clear grasp of physical forces and the far-reaching applica-

tion of them to our own purposes, is the most distinctive mark of our time. But the unveiling of the past is no less characteristic, the endeavour to follow once more with a certain critical sympathy, and retrace at least the chief milestones of the road by which our race has travelled. There is nothing at all so modern, so peculiarly the note of the enlightened and full-grown free man of the twentieth century as this impulse. No doubt we understand the mechanism of the physical universe with a definiteness and precision of detail never attained before our own time. And with the understanding goes a control quite undreamt of even twenty years ago. We are under no illusions at all about it. That is the main difference evolved, through a long maturing process, in our spiritual attitude. It is a system of adamantine fixity; where two and two make four and cannot, under any circumstances whatever, stretch to five or shrink to three and a half; where a given amount of energy may change its shape in many various ways but will always remain under all changes exactly identical with itself in quantity. The unshaken conviction of this absolute and inviolable quantitative fixity in the world with which we have to do, along with the entire disappearance from it of all the haze and twilight and "dim religious light" which once seemed to make its hard sharp edges plastic to the prayers of an indolent imagination, this clear and sober recognition of the great fundamental Fact and unalterable Limit, the result mainly of the long labours of science, is, as it seems to me, one chief distinguishing mark of the really modern man, and an indispensable element in a really vigorous health of soul. In order to attain to it fully, to have it thoroughly and ineradicably ingrained by the most effective method, one would probably need to submit to a course of careful scientific work in some department or other. And that would require long study and elaborate teaching. But the other great distinguishing mark of the modern spirit, some not inadequate sense of the march of man's mind, and the vital working of the past in the present, may well be obtained at much less expense. There is abundant, daily

increasing and easily available material for it in our own language. All that is needed is good-will, energy, and a fair knowledge of our mother-tongue.

Reflect for a moment on the importance of this side of things. It is our business to understand the world we live in, to gain some clear conception and estimate of the forces that are at work in it,—not merely the physical forces, but those inward powers which dominate men's beliefs and thoughts and aspirations. If we are going to be free and intelligent agents, not puppets pulled by wires behind our backs, if we would walk in the van of the great procession, not to speak of doing something towards leading it, we must gain some insight into the nature and value of these inner forces. What are they? Such things as are represented by the names morality, religion, art, literature, law, politics. But all of these great things, which manifestly cover such an immense part in the lives of all of us, have come to us from the past in the forms and institutions in which they act upon us. These are full of the spirits of dead men who are still alive, and speak to us in them, the fruits of their labours, the deposit of their intelligence and will. And it is our task not simply to take these things just as we find them. We are bound to work upon them in our turn, and pass them on in larger and fitter forms that may give fuller play to a richer and finer stream of human life. For, solid as they seem, they are in reality as fluent as the outlines of clouds. Thought, of which they are but a concretion, can and must dissolve and build them up again. Without a ceaseless reshaping and re-formation, in which we are called on to take part, they become dead and deadening, a savour of death unto death. "Vernunft wird Unsinn, Wohltat Plage, Weh dir dass du ein Enkel bist." And no one can understand them, or assimilate them, or maintain that freedom in the face of them which is needful to make them really his own, or contribute helpfully to the indispensable task of their reconstruction, unless he has formed some sort of clear conception of how they have come to be as we find them. We must "think backward to live forward."

The ideal of an educated man, that is, of a really free man with his eyes open, who knows his way about in his world and can justly estimate the forces at work in it, would include this, along with that other essential element already indicated, that such a man had lived over in sympathy and imagination, had virtually retraversed, all the most significant moments in the story of his race from the time of flint-heads and fetishism down to the steam engine and the aeroplane, the higher criticism, the philosophy of M. Bergson, and the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Such a gathering up within him of the whole process and substance of concrete reason unfolded in the past would be the best preparation for the spring into the future.

An extensive programme indeed!—at first sight quite an impossible one. In reality, however, it is much more within our compass than it seems. The materials for this fascinating moving picture of the ascent of man are at hand in abundance. And they are to be had in English. Thanks to the labours of an innumerable company of curious inquirers of all sorts with hard Greek names dissembling the most sportsmanlike activities, names no less specifically modern than Aëronautics, and Radiography—to Palæontologists, Anthropologists, Egyptologists, Assyriologists, Archæologists; thanks to hard, persistent work with the spade, and the tireless ingenuity which has gradually pieced together the interpretation of its finds and the recovery of long-dead languages, in immemorial gravel and in buried cities, read by the light of what still survives among backward peoples of the very earliest types of human thinking, we can now trace in our own language, in a continuous line, the orbit of our race from "the preglacial age, through the vast periods of geological time, compared with which historic time is but as a moment in a day, down to the beginnings of civilization on the plains of the Nile and the Euphrates," about the fifth millenium B.C.—the time which used to be accepted without question as the date of the Creation of the World—and thence onward to "the glory that was Greece and the splendour that was Rome."

But it is with these great immortal peoples, above all with Greece, that the real drama of history begins. Before her a weary stretch of stagnant waters to no end: with her a free mountain river leaping to the sunlight in rapids and cataracts. With Greece and Rome we are in the midst of the full stir and movement of modern civilization. When we turn from the laws of Hamurabi and the Epic of Gilgamesch to the first lines of the Iliad, we find ourselves at home. Here at last is a fully intelligible and articulate voice that vibrates still. The chief among the priceless documents which preserve for us the innermost substance of this antiquity, that is still so very much alive, are now appearing from time to time in a fresh rendering in our own language. It is the aim of the Loeb Classical Library, a great enterprise made possible by the generosity of an enlightened American millionaire, Mr. James Loeb, to make these records more accessible and palatable to English readers than they have ever been hitherto. The translations are executed by picked scholars and practised hands at the business in England and the United States. They are renderings of works of high literary art, some of them the most perfect of their kind in the whole treasury of our race. Therefore, naturally they can never fully take the place of their originals. It will always repay a certain number of persons, who have the necessary leisure and taste, to take the trouble of getting back to these Greek and Latin books in their native dress and habit. It will also repay any civilized community handsomely to encourage a certain number of its ingenious citizens to do this. Poems, of course, especially suffer in the metamorphosis of a translation. They are indeed incapable of being kept quite fresh and glowing in any tongue but their own. The timbre of the instrument they were made for is of their essence; when set, however skilfully, for another, their music, that is, their innermost soul and specific fragrance, as it were, inevitably flattens and fades. A prose version of a poem, though sometimes, like John Carlyle's of the "Inferno," more satisfactory than any rendering in verse, falls so miserably short of the

first full resonance as to be almost a contradiction in terms. But many translations have become classics in their own right. The English and German Bible, Urquahart's version of Rabelais, the German Shakespeare, Jowett's Plato, are examples. Whether this high distinction will fall to the lot of any among the Loeb translations time alone can tell. One of these at least, which is now before me in an advance copy, and that the one among those as yet accessible in which this MAGAZINE is most immediately concerned, Principal Peterson's version of the Dialogue of Tacitus, is a really fine piece of work and a credit to Canadian scholarship. It is a genuine transfusion of the original. Tacitus, the literary critic, is truly "englished" here, in so far as that is possible or desirable; lifted up bodily across the centuries and brought home to the "business and bosom" of any Montreal lawyer who will bestir his imagination a little. On the unobtruded solid foundations (like an iceberg, nine-tenths out of sight) of a most thorough-going critical study of the manuscripts and the language, rises a graceful structure in clear light, full of brilliance and felicities in detail, an admirably faithful representation of the author, and yet a fresh work of art and piece of living English speech.

Now why should not the whole mass of literature put before us in this series take its place by the side of our English Bible? It is, indeed, impossible to overestimate the worth of the Bible. We have there, as it seems to me, more than anywhere else, the impress of the heart of humanity, the authentic record of the deepest workings of the divine spirit that is in man in its efforts to struggle up to the most central light of all. There are surely no figures in the entire roll of history which can compare in the absolute universality of their appeal with the prophets and apostles and holy men of old, to say nothing of the one crowning glory to which they point forward or look back. But the Bible is a book, or rather a collection of books. That is what the name means, and it is that in which the virtue of the things consist. It is not a wonder-working fetish whose words are charms. It is a deposit of life. It will do nobody any good who does not

touch, at some cardinal points at least, the infinite shifting play of life reflected there, with all its inevitable varieties and gropings and contradictions. It must be understood and followed with a vital sympathy. And it is by no means easy to understand. It needs comment. The very best commentary upon it after all, or at least upon those parts of it which concern us most nearly, would, I think, be furnished for English readers by such a library as this Loeb collection of the Greek and Roman classics.

The Jews, from whom all of us, whatever our opinions may be, and whether we like it or not, get our religion, that is to say, the key-note of our attitude to things, our most comprehensive and ultimate convictions as to the whole complex of the realities that confront us, did not live "in vacuo." They were not segregated from the rest of the world, as used to be conceived, in an exclusive sheep-pen of their own, where they were fed with some incomprehensible manna dropping down from the skies for their peculiar benefit; on the contrary, they were the storm-centre of the old world. They were formed, and their religion was formed, by contact and collision with all the great nations of antiquity. They were brayed in a mortar by all of them. That was how they had their wisdom rubbed into them. They learnt much and they rejected much from all. They were attracted and repelled by each in turn. It would be hard to say which were most fruitful, the attractions or the repulsions. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, were the graded classes of Israel's stern school, the successive whetstones of his spirit. The very kernel of the religion, the prophetic teaching, the nucleus around which all else gathered, and the germ out of which all else grew—what was it but an interpretation of history and of the power that works in history, sparks of light struck out by hard blows of national disaster? It was not the detachment of the Jew that made him a power. It is true, indeed, that he did come to be detached, and tried his best to shut himself up in his own very hard shell. He became a "hater of the human race." It is also true that if

he had not done so he would have been swamped; the precious special gift of which he was the custodian for the world would have vanished irrecoverably, diluted to evanescence in the broad waters of a Pagan Hellenistic culture. But this recoil was only a necessary moment of self-gathering and arrest. The whole real power and secret substance of his religion came from the fact that he always was, and had always been, in the midstream, battered by all the salt waves of the seven seas, rained in upon and penetrated in his own despite by the concentrated essence of the whole movement of man's mind, that really counted; acted upon and reacting, taking and rejecting, assimilating and casting away from him, through the half-conscious working of a deep, selective principle of his own tough life. In one sense, nothing in the world is less special and exclusive than the so-called special revelation to Israel. There is no sober daw among the nations, not even the Americans themselves, whose borrowed plumes it is so easy to point to and count up. We daily find more and more reason to believe that the laws of the Jews, their ritual, their Sabbaths, the architecture of their temple, the only thing among them to represent the plastic arts, their angelology and demonology, especially the formidable figure of Satan, their doctrine of immortality when they at length accepted it, which they were very slow to do, the more transcendent element in their speculations about the Messiah, the cosmological lore of the Book of Enoch and the traces of mythology in Genesis,—that all these things, and more, in the characteristic forms of their life and thinking were no products of their own genius, but either imported from abroad or taken over from the Canaanite population among whom they established themselves. Perhaps no great people ever had such a scanty stock of ideas of their own. None was so flexible and receptive up to a certain point, none so uncompromising and impenetrable in the last resort. And not one had a profounder or more ineradicable originality, a more real gift of spiritual insight, a deeper vein or more potent stream of distinctive, underlying life. It was to them,

and through them, that the last simple Word was spoken, not spoken only but made flesh; the Word that gathers up and informs all else and can "even subdue all things unto itself."

It is not without some reason, then, that the man in the street, who knows no Greek or Latin, is content to find his mountain of Parnassus and fount of Helicon in Zion's hill and cool Siloam's stream, thanking heaven in his heart, no doubt with gross inaccuracy in the letter but some solid residuum of truth in the spirit, that the Prophets and Apostles wrote what they had to say to him, and what is about all that the old world has to say to him, in plain English. But on the other hand, it is quite manifest that, if what has been said is true, and the substantial truth of it is becoming more indubitable every day, many things follow. Among others that, granting that the Hebrew Scriptures and the New Testament are after all the central document of ancient life so far as most of us are concerned, they are but a text in a context, and cannot be fully or even tolerably understood without it. The right thing then to do for the plain man who, thanks to his traditional reverence for the Bible, has still living in him that priceless and quite indispensable germ of true education or true manhood represented by a real sense of unbroken continuity with the past, is to get together a library somewhat after this fashion. Let him put the Bible in the middle, and flank it on either side with the Loeb translations of Greek and Roman writers. I think he need not trouble to add the Laws of Hamurabi, or the Epic of Gilgamesch, or the Egyptian Book of the Dead, or the Zend-Avesta. These, no doubt, would shed gleams of illumination. Some knowledge, too, of primitive religions, such as it is easy to acquire nowadays, would sharpen his eye for the not quite inconsiderable survivals of that stage of human culture (curiously active still, for instance in the Kikuyu controversy) which inevitably remain embedded, like a fly in amber, even in the New Testament; and would help him in the indispensable task of discriminating between what is deep and essential and what is merely superficial

there. But practically the whole spiritual substance of the ancient world, what still lives of it, what of it he needs to brood over and gather up inwardly, in order to see his present in its true light and make his spring into the future, would be represented by such a library.

Honest study of these books, besides giving immediate and various delight, would quicken, enlarge, and attune his spirit. His Bible would leap into new light for him at many points. So would the treasures of our own noble English literature. His ear would catch a vastly fuller music in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. The large, fresh breezes from these high places of our own would blow around him as never before, with health and light upon their wings. Innumerable tones in them that had escaped him, echoes of the clear undying songs of our western sunrise, would awake for him. He would know what was what in the realm of spirit, and would not be caught by chaff. The lucubrations of Mrs. Eddy would not impose upon him. In vain for him would Dr. Ha'nish né Hinnisey, the Mazdaznan Razzle-Dazzle Persian from Cork, "grate upon his scrannel pipes of wretched straw." Even the well-meant cacklings of some of our men of science—what a pity they are mostly so slenderly equipped with such prophylactics as Isaiah or Plato would furnish!—would at once, by a sure instinct, strike upon his ear as little likely to repeat the triumph of the Roman geese, and save the citadel of our hope and faith. It would begin to dawn upon him, too, that the entire Bible of mankind is a much more extensive work than he had been taught in the Sunday school to suppose. He would see that it really included all that is deep and true and spoken with perfect sincerity and power in the whole range of recorded human utterance; the words of clear insight into the everlasting nature of things, the trumpet-calls to manhood, every cry of honest love of the good, and indomitable hatred of cruelty and evil, and every tuneful echo of the quaintness, the beauty, the mystery, and the pity of things.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

THE RESTING PLACE OF A SAINT

BETWEEN the downs scattered with the barrows and earthworks of the ancient Britons and the yellow beach whereon, twice in seven years, the despairing Saxons fought doggedly to prevent the landing of marauder Danes, lies a sleepy little Wessex village clustered about the foot of a lofty, weather-beaten tower. In the heart of its wooded valley the tiny hamlet dozes in the summer sunshine; and standing on the hill above it you will find the straggling handful of mellow, old, red brick and grey stone, almost invisible, though here and there a thatched roof or a brick chimney top breaks through the trees, but its church you cannot help seeing. The great tower-shaft springs up, straight and four-square, from the green cup of the valley it dominates to be a landmark, not only to the countryside about it but to the fishermen making the port of Lyme Regis from up-channel.

The place seems all church, and worthy of its beautiful name, Whitchurch Canonicorum—White Church of the Canons.

Little Whitchurch is not easy to come at, for it is on no highroad, near no railway, and inhabited only by the sober sons of the rich, broken, clay soil which makes the neighbourhood famous, even here in the south of England, for the beauty and profusion of its wild flowers. The tripper knows not the name of Whitchurch Canonicorum, the tourist has not discovered it, nor does the motor car disturb the peace of its winding ways; and yet here is one of the most remarkable churches in England—or in the whole of Britain, for the matter of that—a church which for a thousand years has housed the bones of its own patron saint; a thing so rare in this part of the world as to be practically unique, for though Saint Thomas of Canterbury's bones lay for many years in his cathedral, and though the venerated dust of Edward the Confessor still

sleeps in the retro-choir of Westminster Abbey, the former of these great fanes is dedicated to Christ and the latter to Saint Peter. Whitchurch is the Church of Saint Wita, or White, known as "Gwen" in Gaelic, "Candida" in Latin, and "Blanche" in modern France; and no less a person than Alfred the Great built the first church here, leaving in his will the *Hwitan Cyrican* to Ethelwald, his youngest son.

In the next century "Witcerce" (as it appears in Doomsday Book) passed into the possession of Guntard, William the Conqueror's chaplain, who handed it over to his favourite Abbey of Saint Wandragesil (Wandrille) in Normandy. The monks constituted it a "cell" of the parent Abbey, calling it *Album Monasterium*, the White Monastery, and in the century and a half that it lay in their keeping began to rebuild King Alfred's church on a more elaborate plan in the beautiful "transition-Norman" of the day; and much of their graceful stonework—the south doorway, the font, and two of the arches,—remains to this twentieth century.

However, before they had finished their task, the monks sold the church and its lands to the Bishop of Salisbury who, in turn, towards the end of John's reign, granted it to Sir Robert de Mandeville, a knight of the neighbourhood, who undertook to carry out the uncompleted plans of the monks, and did so, but in quite a different fashion, building in "Early English," regardless of æsthetic unity, and adding the transepts which make the building cruciform and have led to its being called "Saint Cross" as an alternative title. In spite of Sir Robert's taste for architecture, the church did not long remain an appanage of the Mandevilles, for Bishop Josceline of Bath acquired it from them, how and for what consideration does not appear, and made it over to the Canons of the Cathedrals of Salisbury and Wells so that it became Whitchurch of the Canons, and has clung to the name ever since. This chequered career is still written legibly in the stonework of its walls for all to read, who will.

Enter the ever-open, unguarded doorway, passing in the porch the rudely cut consecration crosses on the inner side

of the door-jamb, dating back to the days of Thomas à Becket, and look around you at the high, bare interior, with its arches differing from one another in size and shape; the round Norman and the pointed English standing side by side; see its windows, no two of the same size; its pillars, all unlike, and each with its reason for the diversity. You are looking at petrified history! And yet notice how all the differences and peculiarities blend into a severe and dignified whole, and get a glimpse deep into the roots of English character.

You will rejoice, like all good antiquaries, particularly in the great fourteenth-century tower, which high up in its walls bears embedded five or six great ashlars clearly of much greater antiquity than the rest of the building and carved with designs about the meaning of which grey-headed gentlemen are wont to hold heated arguments. These stones are supposed to represent the remains of King Alfred's original church, but the meanings of the figures on them is more than any one can to-day tell us with certainty. One of the carvings represents an archaic ship, something like a heraldic lymphad with an axe beside it; and is generally taken to refer to the story of Saint Wita, who, it seems, was kidnapped and carried off from Brittany to London. But the courageous saint escaped, though with the loss of two fingers cut off by one of the pirates with a stroke of his axe.

Another of these mysterious carvings represents a sort of tall, two-handled jar, and is considered by some to signify a primitive conception of the Holy Graal (Glastonbury Abbey held lands hereabouts!) but by others to have reference to the Annunciation, this jar being the pot in which the symbolic lilies were set, and, by an artistic trope, used to signify the flowers. You may take your choice of these antagonistic theories. But over the west gable of the chancel stands something about which there is no doubt whatever—nothing less than that very rare survival of pre-Reformation days, a sacring-bell hut. In this little pent-house was hung the bell which rang at the Consecration and the Elevation of the Host to inform those people who were not in the church of the exact

moment at which the great Mystery was taking place, so that they might be able to join the rest of the faithful in their adorations. The iconoclasts in their godly zeal for destruction paid particular attention to these reminiscent evidences of the days of the Mass, but this is one of the few that escaped.

However, in spite of the archæological delights, external and internal (you see, I have been assuming that you can read "sermons in stones"), and even of the highly decorated tomb of Sir John Jeffrey of Catherstone in the chancel, with the good knight's rusty helmet hanging over it, and of the unadorned grave of the great Somers who added the Bermudas to Britain's empire in the days of James the First, the glory and the wonder of the church is, and always will be, the shallow altar-shaped tomb of plain rough stone standing modestly in a recess under the window of the north transept, for this is the shrine of Saint Wita. Here, within this simple, naked monument lie the bones of one who was not only herself Saint and Princess, but also claimed the unique distinction of being mother to four other saints—Cadfan, Winwaloe, Gwenthenoe, and James, all notable holy men in their own land of Brittany, and two of them of sufficient repute to have churches dedicated to them in Cornwall also.

The tomb itself is of almost indescribable simplicity—a thirteenth century base, apparently brought from somewhere else, supporting the far more ancient sarcophagus on a plain, wall-like front with three oval niches in it, and that is all! Nor are those oval holes intended for ornament. They are for the convenience of the devout, who used, in days gone by, to leave handkerchiefs or small bottles of water there to become impregnated with the healing virtues of the relics for the comfort and restoration of their bed-ridden sick folk. Niches for such a purpose were often a feature in early tombs of saints, but many a long year has passed since the good people of Whitchurch have laid phials or cloths in these particular ones, I think! Are you not almost tempted to make a trial yourself, with your own handkerchief?

The story of the actual discovery of the relics is a simple one. There is not, and there seemingly never has been, any carven inscription on the tomb, but always the tradition has persisted, through the ages of faith and even across the ages of un-faith, that here was the resting-place of Saint Wita, while, strangely enough, in her native Brittany no spot has ever claimed the honour.

It seems that about the middle of last century, the then rector of the church, Sir William Palmer, who had some fame as a scholar and as the leader of a certain section of the Tractarians, was led by curiosity to open the tomb; but beyond the report that he did so there remains no evidence either of the fact or of any discovery he may have made. However, in March, 1900, the matter was finally settled beyond dispute; for in that year a serious fissure developed in the north wall of the church and important repairs had to be made. The base of the wall was underpinned, and the falling in of the earth during the process led to still further trouble, incidentally causing such dislocation of the ancient shrine that a wide fracture made its appearance in the stone. So bad was the break that the entire end of the tomb had to be reset, and it was while the workmen were at work on this that they saw inside a broken stone coffin which appeared to contain a metal box. Curiosity was aroused, and an examination made revealing a leaden casket about two feet six inches long and eight inches square, torn and damaged; the oxidization of the edges of the breaks, however, showing them to be of great antiquity.

Within the casket, broken and scattered, were the bones of a small woman, while along the undamaged side and end of the reliquary ran the legend, embossed in raised letters on the lead:—

\+ HIC - REQVESCT - RELIQVE - SCE - WITE.
(Here rest the bones of Saint Wita)

and thus was vindicated, in the most complete and most unexpected fashion, the accuracy of despised but persistent

popular rumour, showing once more that often in local tradition lies the truth that historians have forgotten. The sacred dust which had lain there so many centuries was, of course, reverently gathered up into its leaden envelope, the casket was replaced, and the broken stonework securely mended with cement; so that once again the saint enjoys her ancient rest.

It was one thing, however, to discover that the bones of the church's patron saint actually were here beneath its roof, and quite another to find out how there came to be a connexion between a celebrated Saint of Brittany and this isolated English church. Sabine Baring-Gould, the indefatigable researcher and learned author of "The Lives of the Saints," has given a very reasonable explanation of the seeming mystery by directing our attention to the persecution of the year 919 in Brittany, which sent a cloud of Breton refugees flying across the channel to seek safety in England. These destitute Christians were kindly received by Athelstan and settled by him in various spots of Cornwall and Wessex (of which Dorsetshire was a part). What more likely in such an exodus as this than that the precious body of Saint Gwen, "the three-breasted" daughter of the Prince Emyr Llydaw, should have been brought with them by the pious exiles? But, however and whenever the translation occurred, here, we know, at last, is her veritable resting-place, unadorned, unheralded, unsung, in this humble village, of which the very existence seems unknown beyond its own borders.

Stand before these naked stones on which falls the clear, clean light of unpainted windows, and imagine to yourself how it would be if such a discovery had been made in a church owning allegiance to the Roman Communion. Can you not see with the mind's eye the shrine which would have arisen, gorgeous with giltwork and carven marble, with candle-flame and banner and jewel; the processions, the chanting, the incense-smoke which would have circled these ancient walls; the pilgrimages which would have come hither, drawn from the length and breadth of the land,—yes, and the miracles

which would have been worked here before these venerable relics?

But it is better as it is. The bareness, the simplicity, and the unbroken peace suit better the tomb of this brave little mother of saints who fell asleep so long ago. Not the most sensuous rites of a semi-pagan ceremonial, not even the shadow rich traceries of Westminster Abbey, nor the majestic spaciousness of Saint Paul's could add to the sanctity of this crumbling dust which has rested here, hallowing and hallowed, for a millennium, awaiting the summons of the archangel's trumpet. Or so, at least, it seems to me. It may be that you do not feel with me on this point.

But one thing at any rate is certain. The significance and the sacredness of this lonely shrine, this austere and humble memorial, are so great as to dwarf into nothingness the other matters of interest in the church—and there are other interesting things, if you look about. A carved and painted symbol of some saint on the finial of a roof-beam here; an unexpected date cut into the wall there; a bit of old glass in this window; the traces of an obliterated inscription on that footworn flagstone, and so forth. There are even instances of a reckless modernity—a staring new pipe-organ on one side of you; a register for the enrollment of visitors' names (with the inevitable subscription box) on the other; but to one who has stood by Saint Wita's tomb and shed—though but for a moment—a thousand years from the heaped burden of Time, these slight matters have become mere uncongenial distractions.

Let us go out into the broad green of the churchyard, so deserted above, so populous below, where, in orderly rows, under simple, grassy mound or threatening bulk of mouldering stone, as the case may be, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The yews about the gate are standing doggedly still in sombre masses, but the feathery tops of the elms along the wall are waving gently in the little hesitating breeze which carries the breath of a million wild flowers. In the dusty lane

two tow-headed, bare-legged urchins are struggling to mount a rusty metal skeleton which was once a bicycle, and, in his cottage garden opposite, a burly peasant, dignified and whiskered, clad in a dingy smock (it seems incredible!) smites the earth deliberately with a heavy mattock. Ask him the way to Lewston-Catherston, to Wootton-Fitzpaine, or some other of the musically named villages about. He looks up slowly at you with a suspicious and bovine eye, and after a decent interval for the chewing of the cud, grunts something you cannot possibly understand, then turns stolidly to his work once more.

This is the Saxon rustic, unimproved and unadorned. Even so, doubtless, did the man's ancestor, working on the same spot, when the monks brought hither with chant and procession the body of their saint, to lay it in the new-built shrine, look slowly up, stare and scratch his head, and then turn back to his task, wondering vaguely what all the fuss was about.

MOREBY ACKLOM

FEATURES OF CANADA'S SECOND TRANSCONTINENTAL SYSTEM

The Atlantic Service

In an article recounting his experience "Overseas" a writer in the *Quebec Chronicle* says:—"The voyage across the Atlantic on the Canadian Northern steamship was one of the most enjoyable that could be experienced."

He goes on to say, "The steamships 'Royal Edward' and 'Royal George' are exceptionally fine sea boats. During the somewhat varied weather both going over and coming back they gave remarkable proof of their steadiness and seaworthy qualities. Both in fine weather and in rough seas they behaved with the greatest satisfaction, very little rolling, the passengers, one and all, experiencing the greatest comfort and satisfaction during the voyage. It is also of great pleasure to the writer to vouch for the excellent service on the 'Royal George' and the unfailing courtesy and continued kindness on the part of her officers; Captain Thompson, in particular, who is well-known here, has that rare tact in making ocean voyagers feel so much at home on his vessel and the confidence experienced by the passengers and the continued sense of care being taken over their material requirements was extremely pleasant and appreciable. Captain Thompson is very ably assisted in his duties by his other officers, particularly among whom is the chief purser, a gentleman of the highest tact and whose continued exertions were specially appreciated by all the passengers. To him can be attributed the success of the day of sports, the concert in aid of the Seamen's Home and the very enjoyable dance in the supper saloon, so much appreciated, specially by the young people. It may be appropriate at this time to give a short description of these splendid steamers.

The 'Royal George' and the 'Royal Edward' are five hundred and forty five feet long, with sixty feet beam, and

12,000 registered tonnage. Their triple turbine engines can speed them, with a minimum of vibration, at over twenty knots an hour. They were built in Glasgow, and especially adapted for Canadian-European business, by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company.

Imagine the most complete, the most nobly furnished hotel you have ever seen. Apply the conditions of its splendor to the limitations imposed on the cleverest shipbuilder, and you still have fallen short of the charm which fits the 'Royal George' and the 'Royal Edward' like a garment.

All the great eras in furniture-making and decorating have been laid under contribution to the enjoyment of the passengers. Whether you walk the spacious decks, sit in the secluded alcoves and watch the rolling waves, or occupy yourself in the public or private apartments, there is a pervading sense of elegant comfort and swift progress to "the other side."

The terminal port of the 'Royal George' and the 'Royal Edward' is Avonmouth Dock, Bristol, a few miles down the river, where there are the quickest conveniences for transfer to the Great Western special trains that await London-bound passengers.

Drawn up on the dock alongside the steamer stands a Great Western Railway passenger train labelled 'Canadian Northern Steamship Express' in big red letters. In a few minutes it is off to London with its load of passengers and their luggage. Travelling at the rate of a mile a minute all the way without a stop, the train reaches the Imperial capital in two hours, and discharges its burden at Paddington Station. Thus Bristol to London only takes half the time of the trip from Liverpool to the world's metropolis. Therefore the Canadian Northern route includes the shortest rail haul, as well as the shortest ocean passage between Montreal and London. In view of these facts it is not surprising that the 'Royal Line' holds the speed records and shares with a few other Atlantic greyhounds the carriage of the Canadian and British mails.