



Photogravure

John Andrew & Son, Boston

Edmund A. Meredith, L.L.D.

Principal of Mc Gill University, 1846-1849.

From a photograph.

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THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.



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[All articles and literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-chief, 802 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, or to the Secretary, Royal Victoria College, Montreal. Annual subscribers who wish to renew their subscriptions are requested to fill up the enclosed form, and send it, together with one dollar, to Mr. A. T. Chapman, Publisher, 2407 St. Catherine Street, Montreal. The next issue of The McGill University Magazine, being the second part of Vol. III., will appear on or about March 25th., 1904.]

THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The McGill University Magazine begins its third year of publication with a hopeful outlook. Those who are concerned with publishing it may be excused if they magnify its importance, but even a sober judge will, we think, admit that it is by no means an ineffective agent for broadening and consolidating University influence.

Early in the session a meeting of the first year students in all Faculties was held in Molson Hall for the purpose of strengthening a desire of unity by academic years. There was a time when we had hoped to see some such gathering, but we had almost come to despair of its ever taking place. At length the undergraduates have moved of their own accord, and apparently in the best of temper, towards the goal indicated by Principal Peterson some years ago as desirable, and we may congratulate him and those to whom he addressed himself on a happy result. Still, while we welcome this spirit of union and maintain that the true conception of a university as an interdependent whole rises far above attachment to any particular Faculty, however conspicuous and assertive, we readily acknowledge that there must exist a true Faculty affection—a true Faculty affection as opposed to a false Faculty feeling. Every Faculty has its own abode, its own history, its own distinguished names and its own courses of study. Students cannot, if they would, obliterate such a truth from their minds, for they see around them day by day evidence that they belong to a particular section of the undergraduate body. They have a perfect right to be proud of themselves as members of a distinctive set, and to regard the achievements of their Faculties as an incentive to

call forth their best efforts. A medical student, for instance, naturally views a distinguished doctor as, in essence, a product of the Faculty of Medicine, and he feels that neither the Faculty of Arts nor the Faculty of Applied Science has contributed to professional skill on which a great reputation is based. This true Faculty affection is essential to the healthful life of a university, and it should be advocated and cherished within rightful limits. But to allow false Faculty feeling to take the place of the sentiment that a Faculty is, after all, only one member of a greater academic organism, cripples the progress of a university, and should, and, so far as we are concerned, will meet with steady opposition.

What has just been said applies to theological colleges, but in their case the conditions are rather different. It is only natural that a teacher of spiritual doctrine should exert a greater influence on youth than an instructor in lay subjects. To a theological student his college must overshadow any other institution that has contributed to his learning, but yet, at the same time, he ought to feel that its work is indissolubly bound up with the teaching that a secular establishment offers, and to consider the university which contributes to his larger knowledge of the world as a necessary, even if apparently subsidiary, part of a co-operative whole. Theological colleges must acknowledge—indeed, they from time to time assert—that in these days it is absolutely needful for preachers to make themselves familiar with the worldly problems in which members of their congregations take interest, and about which they think and talk. Like every other subject, theology is called on to make re-adjustments, rendered necessary by a deeper and truer conception of the relations of men to the world in which they live, and the articles of any creed have to be modified if it is to be kept in touch with modern knowledge, and so prove a vital force to raise men to higher levels. If the church is to prove effective, it must identify itself with human progress, and no longer stand apart as a disparaging critic of truth that conflicts with doctrine which once seemed secure. There was a time when, in the words of Richard Rolle of Hampole, a typical exponent of English mediævalism, the hermit's life was "the crown of human perfection," and when obedience to the command "flee men and abstain from their society," was regarded as an indispensable preliminary to the doing of "particularly high and serviceable work." Life cannot be lived to

the full without the blessing of intermittent solitude, but the doctrine of isolation from worldly affairs has no binding force whatever on those who have felt that the heart of spiritual things can be reached by participation in the activities of a restless and progressive age. In order to equip the interpreters of spiritual doctrine thoroughly, a knowledge of the latest fruits of secular research is imperative. Accordingly, undenominational as McGill remains, in accordance with the wise and liberal thought of its founder, its work and its name deserve, from the ministerial point of view, a place of honour second only to that of the theological institutions affiliated to it.

Since the publication of our last number, two subjects discussed in its editorial have assumed a new phase. The Canada Medical Act, which was presented by Dr. Roddick to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa last year, and passed by the House after it had been seriously modified, has been rendered null and void, for the time at least, through its rejection by the Provincial Legislature of Quebec. On glancing at the arguments directed against the measure, we find that some of them are exactly what we thought they would be. Provincial spirit is the bane of this country, and until national sentiments are transferred from banqueting rooms, where they often play a conspicuous part in rhetoric, to a larger air, and their genuineness exhibited through public act, it is vain to expect that the Dominion can show itself a real nation. If we mistake not, one speaker regarded the Bill as directed against education amongst the French-Canadians. What a statement like that means we are utterly at a loss to conceive. The step Dr. Roddick has taken comes from an honest desire to elevate medical recognition to a national level, and to argue in a racial manner concerning it is to assume that the great aspects of disease have racial peculiarities. If any course of medical instruction, be it French-Canadian or English-Canadian, is of inferior quality, it ought, in the interests of national well-being, to sink to the level it deserves. The question of the most skilful treatment of disease affects not simply the Province of Quebec, but Canada, of which the Province of Quebec is only one of several parts. Among the first concerns of civilized life is the ordering of things in such a way that in a profession like medicine only doctors who have been thoroughly taught and tested should be allowed to practise. If any Province takes refuge in the clause unfortunately inserted in Dr. Roddick's Bill, and announces its intention of

abiding by the present and unsatisfactory state of things, it ought to be let severely alone, and prevented from hindering the aspiration and progress of a larger community. It is to be hoped that the Bill will be presented to the Dominion Parliament once more, with such changes as render its application possible to any Provinces desiring it, and that the iniquity of fining a medical man, a specialist, perhaps, because he has dared to treat a case in another Province, will become impossible.

The second subject is again one of national importance. As most of our readers are aware, the University has long felt that attention should be called to the disability under which it has been labouring with respect to the recognition of its Honour Courses in Ontario. At one time the McGill graduate who had taken honours in Arts found himself in the acknowledgement of equivalent standing in that Province. Such was the result of a Provincial Order-in-Council. But when the system of education was reconstructed in Ontario a few years ago, the Order-in-Council was set aside by the authorities, and the Department of Education issued Provincial regulations that fashioned the work of both school and university. It is hardly worth while to dwell on a legal point, or to accentuate what we believe is law—that an Order-in-Council can be annulled by an Order-in-Council only—or, again, to point out that McGill, on account of its not having been informed of the change, had no opportunity of protesting against it at the time. Of the two reasons that have induced McGill to demur to the existing state of things, the second, which does not concern a legal past, is, in our opinion, not only the more important, but, with regard to its essential features, leads to the conviction of its being unanswerable. The essential characteristic of education is that it is a national matter, and nothing can be more unfortunate than to cut up for racial or party, or political purposes, what geography and common sense indicate to be a whole. But by the terms of the British North America Act the problem of education was submitted to the control of the Provinces; accordingly, a chance was given to establish system after system as Province after Province came into being. One consequence of such legislation has been to produce a disjointed and, at the same time, conflicting mass of educational effort; another is visible in the struggle of minor colleges, which had Provincial reputation once, to keep abreast of more wealthy and formidable competitors. It is undeniably difficult to centralize academic effort, and notably when a

past that is looked back on with pride induces those who regard it as a heritage to endeavour to the best of their power to keep alive colleges which are in financial and intellectual difficulties. Tendencies and attempts to centralize are, however, discernible within the borders of several Provinces of the Dominion, and if unity, more or less complete, is effected, there is no doubt that palpable educational gain will result; indeed, there are signs that even provincialism itself is breaking down. It is perhaps owing to the fact that McGill is not a Provincial University and lies beyond the influence of party politics or the overlordship of a Provincial Department of Education, that its influence and action have always tended to foster educational sentiments looking towards the Dominion and not a Province. The Canada Medical Act was, as we have said, not framed by Dr. Roddick and his supporters from a desire to see the invasion of the other Provinces of the Dominion made easier for Quebec graduates. Indeed, the quality of the theoretical instruction given by the McGill Medical Faculty, the severity of its examinational tests, and, in a large industrial centre like Montreal, the excellent opportunities for clinical teaching, have always insured that a certain number of McGill medical graduates fulfil the somewhat harassing requirements for admission to practise elsewhere than in Quebec. The Bill is the outcome of viewing medical efficiency from a Dominion standpoint. And so with regard to the claims McGill makes for recognition of her honour courses in Arts. The two efforts springing from the same desire, and, we are glad to think, from the same centre, move along parallel lines.

Not long ago Principal Peterson and one of his colleagues went to Toronto, by invitation, to attend a meeting of a small committee appointed by the Minister of Education, and consisting of the Principal of the University of Toronto and the Principals of colleges affiliated to it. The case of McGill University had been carefully drawn up. A portion of it rested on the recognition of the McGill honour courses in Arts in the past—a recognition, which, as already said, was taken away when the Order-in-Council was superseded by conditions framed by the Department of Education. It is, however, to the broader view of the whole question that we wish to turn, and to notice arguments that have been advanced against McGill's position.

To begin with, the question does not refer to the McGill Matriculation examination, which was in the past a favourite butt of those who

wished to depreciate the University by suggesting that an entrance examination, which did not look so formidable as others with which it was compared, implied less formidable requirements in an academic course. Like Matriculation examinations everywhere, the Matriculation examination at McGill has been increasing in severity during the last few years, and must, if taken as a whole, now be admitted to belong to the same grade as the best of its rivals. The true gist of the matter, on the other hand, relates to the level reached in honour work, and we feel justified in saying that at McGill the standard of honours is as high as can be found elsewhere in the Dominion—in some subjects, we think, higher. But to bring entrance requirements to the forefront of discussion conceals the main issue.

The two chief arguments that have been advanced against McGill are, firstly, that to allow McGill graduates to take certain scholastic positions in other Provinces would deprive those who belonged to such Provinces of the chance of earning their bread and butter, and, secondly, that to recognize the claims of McGill would necessarily mean the throwing open of the positions in question to the graduates of any university whatever, on the ground that what was granted to McGill could not be refused similar institutions. Such an argument as the former does not really touch the point at issue. It is again necessary to state that the question does not turn on local claims to earn a livelihood, but on securing the most efficient persons to fill vacancies. Nor does a frequent rider to that argument apply; we mean that the number of applicants is greater than the number of vacancies. The reply is obvious. The same condition of over-supply exists in countries where education is not dominated by provincial considerations. It exists in the world of commerce equally with the world of professional life. What is desired by the employer of labour is to secure competency, and the same is, or should be, true of school boards and university Principals. It is rarely, indeed, that among many applicants some one is not found better qualified than the others. Whether a tariff is desirable in commerce or not is a debatable question, but an intellectual tariff is subversive of the elements that lead to the best results. With regard to the question of throwing scholastic positions open to graduates of any university, we might add that the step is one of which we should heartily approve, inasmuch as it carries no danger at all with it. Satisfactory tests can always be applied, and incompetency

thus prevented from obtaining a foothold anywhere. A weak college will find it impossible to train its students for "non-professional specialist" work, and even if one of its graduates were chosen to occupy a position in another Province, his weakness would soon stand declared, and his college be avoided in future. After all, the great law that regulates life prevails here, and the survival of the fittest becomes a truth in the academic as in the natural world. Indeed, there is one stupendous evil in provincialism—the evil that a man who is not thoroughly competent, but who can bring political or other undesirable interests to bear, may secure election to a position for which, if broader conditions prevailed, he would have no chance. In the meantime the matter urged by the University is being considered by the authorities in Ontario, and we have no intention of discussing it now except on the broadest lines. While on account of the lack of information the first meeting of the committee can be regarded as only preliminary, there is not, we imagine, much doubt that liberal sentiments will prevail, and some way be found of rectifying a state of things disastrous to the true interests of education and inimical to the welfare of the Dominion.

Since we wrote the foregoing paragraphs, our attention has been called to an article in the Toronto "Globe," which has been reprinted in the Montreal "Gazette," and to which some rejoinder seems appropriate. It attempts, but with indifferent success, to repudiate the charge of provincialism. The accusation of narrowness which is laid at the door of the Department of Education of Ontario is, however, not at all difficult to prove. On turning to the Regulations of that Department, it is found that paragraph 51 relates to "Specialists' Standing," and it begins as follows:—"Any person who obtains an Honor Degree in the department of English and History, Moderns and History, Classics, Mathematics, or Science *as specified in the calendars of any University of Ontario*" —the italics are ours,— "and accepted by the Education Department, shall be entitled to the non-professional qualification of a Specialist in such department." As was pointed out at the recent conference, the authorities of Ontario are called upon to state whether or not they will still adhere to provincialism, or, in the interests of education, recognize that above the Province stands the Dominion. If they decide to abandon their exclusiveness, then the narrower issue which concerns McGill comes to the front. It appears rather difficult to persuade them that their regulations seem anomalous, give a pro-

vincial atmosphere to their whole system, and tend to retrogression. A principle that may be regarded as accepted by the Provinces of the Dominion, except Ontario, is that a course of instruction in the Provincial Normal School is the one requirement that has to be fulfilled by strangers who wish to qualify as "non-professional specialists," and even here the course given in the Provincial Normal School is not always insisted upon if a certificate shows that a satisfactory course in pedagogy has been taken in some other Province. For the highest scholastic appointments in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, any person, whether a graduate or not, is eligible if he has passed the required Provincial examination in literary and scientific subjects, and has also taken a Provincial course in the art of teaching, together with the examinations that belong to it. The result is that graduates of Nova Scotia, for instance, find themselves teaching in Prince Edward Island side by side with graduates of McGill. No "practically insuperable" obstacles debar a graduate of Toronto University from joining the graduates of other universities in scholastic work in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. It is absurd to suppose that anybody who has the interests of education at heart wishes for a moment to see any step taken which will lower the standard of Collegiate Institutes in Ontario. Why that standard, whatever it may be, would be imperilled if Ontario faced the present question frankly and with assurance, and did away with an intellectual tariff that militates a great deal against national vigour and national sentiment, is really very difficult to comprehend. The Province of Quebec cannot, it is true, prove attractive to graduates of universities in Ontario, where higher average salaries prevail, but if Quebec did take the lead in salaries, graduates of any university in Ontario might have a chance of enjoying such, provided that they had previously taken the Provincial course of instruction in pedagogy. Let us suppose that the conditions prevailing in Ontario were made to apply to Great Britain, and the shire taken as the educational unit. What an inspiring spectacle it would be to see a degree-granting University of Exeter, if there were one, guarding its county preserves against graduates of an imaginary University of Taunton! Even were the boundaries of the old Saxon kingdoms taken as limits, the spectacle would be ludicrous enough, or, to extend areas still farther, what a refreshing outlook Great Britain would have if Scotch graduates were prohibited from

teaching in England, or if the Principality of Wales took care that only Welsh graduates were to be found teaching within its ancient borders!

The article which we are discussing referred also to the difficulty in ascertaining changes that might take place at McGill. Yet there is not the faintest need to keep a body of Ontario experts watching the curriculum of McGill or any other university. If McGill, which is jealous of its reputation, and does not indiscriminately cast a drag-net far and wide for the purpose of augmenting the number of its students, cannot be trusted, then a statement of subjects, a fixing of standards, and, preferably a Dominion board, lying beyond the control of any sinister influences that might cast a doubt on its absolute impartiality, would surmount difficulties avowed to be "practically insuperable." Before we conclude the subject, it is quite pertinent to state that the conditions attaching to certain scholastic appointments in Ontario would be regarded as extraordinary in the United States—at least, in some portion of that country. A graduate of the State University of Indiana, for instance, wishes to obtain a position as a teacher in a small town of Minnesota—a position that would belong to a "specialist" in Ontario. He would in all likelihood be admitted to teach without any examination whatever, and even if an examination did take place, it would be an examination of his credentials and not a prolonged written test. To turn elsewhere, a graduate of any reputable university is eligible for scholastic positions in California, including those of "specialists." His graduateship is one essential requirement; the other, a course of professional training in the art of teaching equivalent to that given in the State University of California, provided that he had not taken lectures in pedagogy there.

At the beginning of this month one of a series of inter-collegiate debates took place in the Royal Victoria College. This year the inter-collegiate arena has been enlarged, and for the first time Ottawa College, a welcome new-comer, found itself pitted against McGill. The subject of debate was one of the aspects of the now notorious fiscal problem. To the visitors fell the proof that the imposition of a tax on wheat imported into Great Britain would resuscitate a nation that had seen its best financial days. Their fluency and bearing generally, made an excellent impression, despite the fact that they had just had a most trying experience, for they had barely saved their lives from

the fire which destroyed their college. In any circumstances, a public debate tells on the nerves, and, had the Ottawa representatives come to grief, they might well have been excused. We congratulate them on their effort, and at the same time wish to express the sympathy that McGill University feels for a kindred institution which such a dire calamity as fire has visited. The judges gave the palm for oratory to Ottawa and the debate to McGill, whose representatives, having gone over the ground carefully, brought forward arguments bristling with points—points more or less forcible. Luckily, the supply of matter with which they had armed themselves had not, like that of their opponents, perished in the flames.

When we reflect on such debates, we ask ourselves what the methods and purposes of oratory really are. What happens? Four elaborately prepared essays are launched before an audience in little more than an hour, and at the conclusion of the debate the decision of superiority does not rest with the mass of the hearers, but is referred to a number of judges. The main end of oratory is to convince by any and every art known to rhetoric. A skilful debater shows his true power much more in rebutting the arguments of the moment than in speaking what has been deliberately put together beforehand. In any debate, even in one of the most impromptu character, one of the speakers has, in nautical language, to set the course, and naturally he who speaks first. His successor and opponent has to follow his example in some measure. But the highest debating power, which becomes more visible as a debate proceeds, is that of quickly discerning the weaknesses of an opponent, and meeting him on the spur of the moment with a deftly constructed edifice of facts and opinions that make the audience believe his arguments worthless. Mr. Puff's boast touches a certain quality in debate, which methods in vogue in this country tend to check rather than accentuate: "Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing-match."

And what is gained by ignoring the opinions of an audience? Presumably, a feeling of security that the adherents of a certain cause who have resolved to make it carry the day, cannot succeed in doing so. But after all they are but a portion of the hearers, even though their votes may be sufficient to give victory to the weaker side. The appointment of judges certainly blunts the keenness of those who feel

themselves responsible for the giving of a just decision, and such persons form no small part of any audience. Besides, there is the question of educating the individual, so as to make him less and less biassed, to say nothing of the loss that an orator feels when he knows he cannot play upon his audience as upon an instrument.

So much space has been devoted to the consideration of the question in which McGill has felt itself called upon to figure that there is no opportunity of touching on one or two recent developments in the University which have assumed, or are assuming, distinct importance. These may be left to a future issue of the Magazine, when they will doubtless have taken a more definite and fuller shape. An effort that is being made to secure funds for a Union building cannot be passed over, as The McGill University Magazine may find itself in the hands of persons inclined to aid the scheme. The minimum sum asked for is \$75,000, and Mr. H. Wood and Mr. A. E. Childs, of the New England Graduates' Society, have engaged to subscribe \$5,000 each, on condition that the minimum sum of \$65,000 is contributed by other graduates of the University. A little pamphlet which we have just received sets forth the functions of a students' Union. Wherever a Union is established, the chief aim of its supporters is to make undergraduate social life more attractive. The building is, in short, a club, open to undergraduates of all Faculties, and its contents bear on the various sides of student life. A Union would have a large assembly hall, a reading room, a restaurant, a billiard room, a trophy room, rooms in which various collegiate associations could meet, baths, a swimming tank and a gymnasium. What strikes us as one of the most important features of a Union building is that it would be a place which non-resident graduates would frequent when they happen to be in Montreal. It would thus form a link joining the present to the past. The McGill University Magazine is glad to have an opportunity of echoing the desires of the promoters of the movement, and hopes that the apparently modest sum asked for will soon be raised.

Since the publication of our last issue, two members of the Board of Governors have passed away—Mr. A. F. Gault and Mr. Samuel Finley. It is something to be thankful for that McGill University finds itself in the happy position of being untrammelled by Provincial legislation or political emergency. McGill could never have risen to its

present level unless interest had been taken in it by the prominent men of Montreal, a number of whom have shown themselves ready to meet its needs with munificent gifts and practical counsel. Among such stood Mr. Gault and Mr. Finley, and for many years. Both of them proved themselves devoted to the welfare of the University, and their help and their counsel have materially aided to make it what it is.

DR. E. A. MEREDITH.

In 1846 Dr. Bethune ceased to be Principal of McGill, and with his retirement ended an important attempt to place the institution under the control of the Church of England. In 1855 the modern history of the University began with the appointment of Sir William Dawson. The interval was a time of deep depression. To the debates and dissensions of the previous decade succeeded a period which was marked by calm but also by torpor. While the Medical Faculty seems to have held its own, the number of undergraduates in Arts sank almost to a vanishing point, and during the session of 1852 the Vice-Principal alone received a salary. The poverty of McGill seems the more striking, as Montreal was already a town of considerable wealth. Nine years after the close of Dr. Bethune's administration the forward movement commenced, but in the meantime there were many hardships and disappointments.

While the University lacked almost all the appliances of higher education, it was not wholly destitute of generous and broad-minded friends. Chief among these during the period in question were Dr. E. A. Meredith, Judge Day and Archdeacon Leach. A portrait of Dr. Meredith furnishes the frontispiece of our present number, and it is hoped that the Magazine may be enabled to reproduce in later issues the portraits of Judge Day and Archdeacon Leach.

Dr. Meredith, who was appointed Principal in July, 1846, belonged to a scholarly family, and possessed qualifications of a high order. His father was the Rev. Thomas Meredith, D.D., a Fellow of Trinity

College, Dublin, and an able mathematician. His mother was a daughter of the Very Rev. Richard Graves, also a Fellow of Trinity, Dean of Ardagh, and a learned theologian. Principal Meredith was himself a graduate of Trinity College, where he had won the second classical scholarship, and in 1837 had taken at graduation the medal in science as well as the prize for political economy. On coming to Canada in 1843, he resumed the study of law, which he had begun in Ireland, and before he became connected with McGill was a member of the Bar in both Upper and Lower Canada.

Dr. Bethune had been Principal of McGill and Rector of Montreal. Mr. Meredith was Principal of McGill and also a lawyer in active practice. For a year he delivered lectures in mathematics, and devoted much effort to the task of securing a new charter for the University. This, however, was not actually obtained until 1852. In 1847, Mr. Meredith accepted the post of Assistant Provincial Secretary, and, as the seat of Government was then at Montreal, his connection with McGill did not terminate. He remained a Governor, and his name appears as Principal in an official return of 1849. Since the University paid him no salary, it was not unnatural that he should have accepted a more lucrative post.

Though Mr. Meredith fulfilled his duties with credit and distinction, the University could only express its gratitude by conferring upon him the honorary degree. It was reserved for the late Mr. Thomas Workman to mark the general sense of appreciation in a more tangible way. The same will which gave the workshops to the Faculty of Applied Science directed that a sum of \$3,000 should be paid the former Principal, "inasmuch," says the testator, "as I have long been convinced of the value of the services rendered to the University of McGill by Edmund A. Meredith, LL.D., during a very critical period of its history." Mr. Meredith afterwards became Under-Secretary of State for Canada, and remained a member of the Civil Service until 1878. On his retirement he removed to Toronto, where he now resides. When the McGill Graduates' Society of Toronto was organized a few months ago, it at once chose Dr. Meredith for its Honorary President.

C. W. COLBY.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

*(An address delivered before the British Public Schools and Universities' Club,
New York, November 9th., 1903).*

I was glad to be able to accept your kind invitation to come and help you to celebrate the King's Birthday in New York. And what more inspiring subject could have been assigned to me, especially before so friendly an audience, than the British Empire? To all who boast the British name, whether they be native-born or (so-called) "colonists," whether they reside in the imperial metropolis or at the outskirts of the Empire, or are even, like many of you, sojourners in another land—a land which is to all of you, I am sure, anything but a foreign land—to all British subjects, I say, the mere mention of my theme must come home with a thrill of patriotic exultation. For you know, each and all of you, that—let others say what they will—we Britons may look the whole world in the face with a well-grounded confidence that the strength and prosperity of our united Empire is to-day one of the best guarantees of the peace, progress and civilization of mankind.

Look at the extent of that Empire. The energy and the enterprise of our people have carried to the four quarters of the globe, over seas which no longer disunite, British trade and commerce, British law and justice, British freedom, along with all that British freedom implies—I might have said also the British language, except for the fact that so long as the people of the United States are content to speak English, and to call it English, English will be good enough for me, Scotch though

I be by birth ! Some four hundred millions of human beings own the gracious sway of that sovereign who is himself among the world's great peace-lovers, and whose crown is the golden link that connects with the homeland the several free democratic republics of which our Empire is made up. Such a spectacle is unique in the world's history ; it would have been impossible for any other age, for any other people. But let us not exult in greatness only—in the mere physical extent of our territory, in the millions of our fellow-citizens, or even in the unparalleled amount of our national wealth. Our prosperity would be based on an altogether unstable foundation if it incited us to be sounding for ever the note of imperial pride and braggadocio. At the momentous epoch in which you and I are living to-day—more than ever in our previous history—there ought to be the consciousness in the heart of each individual that moral greatness is as important as material greatness, and that the best security for the permanence of our rule is an increased sense of duty and responsibility on the part of every one of us.

And surely we can look back on our past at least with no sense of shame, however much the spirit of humility may be made to mingle with our pride of race and of achievement. Our Empire has never been an Empire of war and conquest only. I think it was Lord Rosebery who said of it in a recent speech: "It has often used the sword, it could not exist without the sword, but it does not live by the sword." We never adopted the maxim of Roman imperialism which taught that empire must be retained and fostered by the same forceful methods as those by which it was acquired. Perhaps some of you may never have sufficiently reflected on the strange circumstances under which our Empire has been built up—has grown, as it were, almost in spite of ourselves, till the sceptred isle, that "precious stone set in the silver sea," spreading itself over both hemispheres, has become the parent of new nations. Not from any settled national design or deliberate public policy, but primarily to find an outlet for the natural overflow of an energetic population—which took with it home ideals as well as the restless spirit of commercial enterprise—we may be said to have stumbled, as a people, on the best parts of the unoccupied world, and almost to have "blundered" into our imperial inheritance. You know how it was, for example, with Australia. You have heard the story of the British officer who reported to the Home Government, some time at the beginning of the last century, that the Australian continent

seemed a veritable desert, which soil and climate rendered uninhabitable, and from which they ought to withdraw in good time, lest a worse thing come unto them! And yet one Sunday afternoon last year, in connection with the celebration of the King's Coronation, I worshipped at St. Paul's Cathedral along with the representatives of the 8,000 Australian volunteers who had come victoriously through the South African war!

No! in the early days our successes along the line of colonization were achieved more by the individual effort and courage of our citizens than by our Government. So far as we had a colonial policy at all, it was, on the whole, a bad one; certainly it cost us the loss of the States of the American Union. But after all we were no worse than other nations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and we were wise enough to profit by the lessons we had learned. That is probably the reason why—whereas there used to be a Greater Spain, a Greater France, a Greater Portugal and a Greater Holland, as well as a Greater Britain—the Greater Britain alone remains.

The failure of the old colonial policy was succeeded by a period during which the people in the home country almost deserved to lose their colonies, because they did not appreciate them. But there is no room in the Empire for such apathy to-day. We do not hear so much now about "cutting the painter." If down here in New York you sometimes read about such suggestions being made in Canada—if you hear nonsense about the hauling down of the British flag, or about the celebration of great banquets at which every emblem of the British connection has been carefully removed, I pray you do not believe a word of it. These are stories manufactured for consumption on certain premises. I do not wish to ignore the little matter to which Sir Percy Sanderson has alluded, and as to which he has asked for the expression of a Canadian opinion. No sensible Canadian (and there are very few others!) needs to be told that he ought to have implicit confidence in the Lord Chief Justice of England. It did not take us long to realize the fact that the constitution of the Alaska Tribunal was such that the case was practically a hearing before one judge—Lord Alverstone. His verdict has gone against Canada, but no one whose opinion is worth considering would harbour any other view than that Lord Alverstone did all his work and rendered his judgment in the true spirit of an impartial jurist, and with the most perfect fairness. The only

difficulty remaining in the situation is that the not unnatural feeling of disappointment is aggravated at the moment by two considerations : first, that Canada's protest against the constitution of the tribunal (which contained three Commissioners who had already committed themselves on the subject on which they undertook to adjudicate) seems to have been over-ruled by the British Government; and, secondly, that the two Canadian representatives have put it on record that, in their opinion, Lord Alverstone had changed his mind in regard to the two most northerly islands in the Portland Channel, and, after first agreeing with them, had—without notifying them of his intention—finished by awarding these islands to the United States by way of compromise. It seems to me at least that the suggestion that Lord Alverstone did not take his Canadian colleagues sufficiently into his confidence is a personal matter between him and them. It is, in fact, extrajudicial. Meanwhile the Alaska difficulty no longer exists, and if, as regards the main issue, our case was really a weak one, we ought to be as glad as the people of the United States that a settlement has been arrived at.

Even in the face of such difficulties and such misunderstandings, no one living in any of our colonies can fail to realise that the march of recent events has drawn us more closely together than at any previous time. In spite of, or even because of, present-day problems, the national instinct for unity will satisfy itself in the end. And why not? Is there anything wrong, is there anything that will militate against the world's best interests, is there anything that can be rightly construed as an offence to other nations in such an ideal as that to which I always like to refer—in compliment to the Great Republic—as the United States of the British Empire? We are a great governing race, and we have given hostages all the world over for the justice and equity of our rule. We have shown that the general scheme of our Imperial administration is compatible with the fullest measure of self-government for individual communities. Liberty has never been endangered under our rule. Even in the latest crisis of our history we gave pledges which we are redeeming now, and those who were our enemies will themselves admit that it is not the ascendancy of one race over another—in South Africa any more than in Canada—that is dear to the British heart, but rather liberty and equal rule for all under the ample folds of the British flag.

Gentlemen, it is not too much to say that in these latter days the British Empire has been born again. The great war in which we were recently engaged called forth all our energies, and discovered a cheerful readiness for loyal service and a devoted zeal which could not have been so well tested in any other way. It had been prophesied that an Empire so loosely joined together as ours was would be brought toppling down about our ears like a house of cards by the first great war in which we might happen to become involved. But what has been the result? The huge ungainly-looking structure, which on the map seemed incapable of any patriotic combination, is now more compact and more powerful than ever, because we have shown the world that for purposes of defence and for just warfare we are one nation still.

The outward and visible sign of this closer union has been seen in those great imperial pageants, which, both under the late reign and in connection with the King's coronation, drew all eyes to the capital of the Empire. It was my privilege to witness some of these great celebrations, and perhaps the "pride of empire" could not be more legitimately felt than by a humble citizen who belongs to a family of which one brother served his country in India, another in Australia, another in New Zealand, another in Canada, while yet another was left behind in Scotland to attend to the interests of the Old World! At all events, when the Imperial reserves from the "Britains beyond the seas" paraded before the Royal standard, my heart was full of the noble lines in which Kipling fancies he hears the old "grey mother" greeting the children who have rushed to her support:—

Truly ye come of The Blood !

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare!

Stark as your sons shall be, stern as your fathers were.

And then comes the promise:—

So long as The Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine, ye shall feel that my strength is
yours,

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together, and the pillars do not fall !

And how fitly has the same poet expressed the feelings with which sober-minded Englishmen turned away at the close of such a spectacle as that which we witnessed, for instance, last summer when the **King** reviewed the fleet at Spithead. Shall I quote—especially as the refrain has been so often misunderstood and misapplied—one verse, to remind you that it is righteousness after all that exalteth a nation?—

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart,
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice
 A humble and a contrite heart:
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Or let your thoughts rest once again for one brief moment on the union of hearts, which never beat in more sympathetic accord than on the day of the Queen's funeral. That was a day of which it might be said that the sun "did not set upon an Empire's grief: when the mournful roll of muffled drums, following the orb of day and keeping company with the hours, circled the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of grief." Truly, sorrow unites as well as joy, and on that day the Empire stood forth as one household, mourning the loss of its head!

There remains the practical question—the question of the day, of the hour! Is the union of hearts sufficient for the purposes of Britain's world-mission? Or are any more binding ties necessary to secure the stability and permanence of our Empire?

Here it seems a duty to avoid rhetoric on either side of the question. I may be allowed, however, to state my own conviction that few persons would be found content to rest in the position that all is for the best as it is, and that absolutely no change is needed. The problem rather is, what amount of change would be possible and judicious. The student of history knows that the main factor in the downfall of ancient Rome was her failure to adapt the constitution of what was originally a city-state to the changed conditions of a world-wide empire. The principle of representation had not been discovered in those early days, and even if it had been discovered, it could not have been worked without great difficulty. How stands it to-day with our Imperial in-

heritance? The population of Canada is already greater than that of Scotland, and it needs little power of political foresight to see that Canada has in prospect just such a period of prosperity as this Great Republic had before it, say, forty or fifty years ago. Australia about equals the population of Ireland, and the white population of South Africa falls little short of that of Wales. What would any of these be without the others, as regards either their separate prosperity or the weight that any one of them could bring to bear in the councils of the Empire? Fortunate it is for us that the devoted affection of her daughter-states is the crown and glory of the old age of the mother-land. They know that they are regarded no longer as "colonies"—though the word survives—no longer as mere over-sea possessions. We speak of them now as the "new nations within the Empire." I am proud to remember that this phrase was originally coined in a letter addressed to me by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, conveying his acceptance of the honorary degree of McGill University. As regards the essence of the thing, apart from the phrase, another poet had been before him. Poets are often more far-sighted than practical men. If you will look at Lord Tennyson's life, you will see that it is full of prophetic anticipations of the time when England herself would come to recognize that her future is inseparably bound up with the strength and prosperity of her colonies. And we can say now, can we not, that our colonies feel, one and all, that their best and truest line of national development is to remain for ever integral portions of the British Empire?

To me at least it seems that our late successes are but a summons to more work in the interests of our Empire. We have the opportunity now of adding a fresh chapter to our imperial annals, of inaugurating a new era in our imperial history. Of course we must hasten slowly. But we have had a long enough period of waiting, and a sufficiency of moves and counter-moves. I myself have heard a leading statesman emphasize the point that the first approach must come from the colonies; and then the Prime Minister of a great colony—in whose hearing this point was emphasized—says, on leaving for the Colonial Conference, that he is confident that this same statesman would not have summoned such a conference in London if he had not something definite to put before it! And it was in connection with this same conference that the Ministers of one of the leading colonies sent word

to London that they would not be prepared to discuss Imperial defence, for the reason that no one scheme of defence could be devised that would suit the circumstances of each and all of our over-sea possessions! These were lame utterances—the latter certainly wanting in logic!

Surely at the least we might manage to institute an Imperial Council authorized to represent and to promote in every possible and legitimate way the interests of every part of the Empire. Why should Mr. Chamberlain be able to tell us, for instance, as he did at Liverpool the other night, that the real reason why British trade is being displaced by German trade at Zanzibar is because the Germans are running a better service of steamers? True, their steamers are more largely subsidized than ours; but it might turn out to be the first duty of such a council as I am suggesting to offend—for a time—against every law of political economy in recommending and securing such a subsidy as would prevent this injurious displacement of former conditions. When they have captured the whole trade, the Germans will no doubt reduce their subsidy, and meanwhile we ought to fight them with their own weapons. They have profited largely by our apathy and carelessness in the past. It sounds almost incredible now that the Home Government bound itself by treaty some forty years ago to give Germany equal rights with itself in the Canadian market. That shortsighted arrangement lay at the root of the recent difficulty with Germany. It showed a deplorable lack of imagination on the part of British statesmen. They failed to forecast the growth of their colonial markets, and they were equally blind to the possibility that Germany might see fit to develop—just as the United States had already begun to do—an industrial policy very different from their own!

Such an illustration will suffice to remind you that it is impossible to go very far in the discussion of imperial questions at the present time without running up against the fiscal problem. Patriotism and commerce seem destined to march hand in hand with equal steps. It is certainly a very difficult matter, and I doubt if there ever was in England so great a conflict of opinion on any subject as there is to-day on this. On all sides we hear the statement made that we “stand at the parting of the ways.” One class of thinkers holds that the only way effectually to preserve the Empire is to institute preferential trading; another is equally emphatic in the opinion that this course will shatter

the imperial fabric, and bring about an inevitable dismemberment and disintegration. Without going so far as to say that the Empire will fall to pieces immediately unless his policy is adopted, Mr. Chamberlain urges it as in the best interests alike of the colonies and the mother country; to which his adversaries rejoin that colonial loyalty is not to be purchased at two shillings per quarter. The sensational picture given in an illustrated weekly paper of a fight between disputants in a railway carriage is typical, not only of the division of opinion which prevails at home, but also of the industrial conflict which the great nations of the world now wage against each other. Each of them wants to produce as much as it can for itself, and refuses to be tied down to the special lines which it found at first lying ready to its hand. It did not take the United States long to realize that its true interests were not to be sought for in the activities which had been marked out for it by the economists of former days. The Great Republic had a wider destiny before it than merely to dig and delve in order to ship its raw products to what was, fifty years ago, the workshop of the world. And so the ideal begins to float before our minds to-day of a self-sustaining and self-contained empire. When Mr. Morley and Mr. Courtney tell us that, even if it could be realized, this would remain a "barbarous" ideal, and one not in the best interests of civilization, it seems to me at least that possibly they may be taking too little into account the driving force of nationality in the commerce of the modern world. Why should it be right and proper, for instance, on the part of the United States to institute a reciprocity system with Cuba, under which British trade and British shipping will be practically displaced, and wrong for Great Britain even to consider such a thing in regard to Canada? No; there seems to be no good reason why we should not seek to place ourselves in a position in which we shall be at least on even terms with other nations. If we are told that retaliation is an ugly word, may we not with truth reply that other nations have retaliated on us in advance? I do not think we need to shudder before the suggestion lately made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that under a system of preferential trading Boston wreckers might again find something to do in the way of throwing British cargo into the sea. What surprised me more was that the same eminent authority, who looked forward gleefully some years ago to the prospect that the late Presi-

dent McKinley would be led to "take the necessary steps" to bring Canada to a proper state of mind, should resent the idea that others might want to play a similar hand in the same game. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer's somewhat craven fear that America might retaliate on Canada, may have proceeded partly from Mr. Carnegie's threat that the bonding privileges would be withdrawn. If it be the case that these bonding privileges are equally valuable to the United States, we should expect to hear from Chicago and other American centres which at present make a somewhat extensive use of Canadian territory. And if Chicago raised no protest, we could still fall back, even with a longer haulage of our goods, on Halifax and St. John, ports which are as open as Portland and New York the whole year round.

It is not for me, however, or such as I am, to endeavour further to probe these commercial mysteries, especially on an occasion like this. But I do not see why the fact that no foreign nation would rejoice in Mr. Chamberlain's success should be counted against Mr. Chamberlain. Even if nothing were to come of his present efforts, it may turn out to be on the side of gain that notice has been given to foreign nations that they must no longer take it as axiomatic that Great Britain will never do anything to protect her interests in the way in which they so well know how to protect their interests. Even a worm will turn. I have no wish to dogmatize on what is really a very difficult subject, but I hope I have said enough to show that we ought not to agree with those who hold that all is for the best as it is, and that nothing should be done. It is very stimulating to hear statesmen speak of forwarding the federation of the Empire by education, by the diffusion of intelligence, by cultivating the spirit of union, by concentrating attention and effort on the realization of high imperial ideals of citizenship. But that may turn out—as things stand to-day among the nations of the world—not to be enough. It may be that the time has come to make at least a partial revisal of the terms of partnership between the members of the firm of John Bull and Sons. The Britains beyond the seas want to get a larger interest in the business, and if they are to continue as branch establishments, they ought to be put in a position in which they can take part in the annual stock-taking and calculation of profits. That, however, is too commercial an analogy for a peroration. The colonies are, indeed, partners in a great Imperial

concern. But let me claim for them again that they are also a fellowship of free peoples, joint heirs with England in the glorious traditions of England's Imperial history, and that, equally with the motherland, they will shrink from no sacrifice that may enable them to aid in the task of handing down to their children's children, unimpaired and even enhanced in value, the great inheritance they have received from their forefathers, and of helping to forward and fulfil Britain's mighty mission of peace and goodwill, freedom and justice, in the world. Not without good reason did our youngest poet, William Watson, in apostrophizing the colonies, exclaim of the British Empire, in words with which I may be well content to close:—

Young is she yet, her world-task just begun,
By you we know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million, but *her heart is one!*

W. PETERSON.

UPON WATTS'S PICTURE, "SIC TRANSIT."

"What I spent, I had: what I saved, I lost: what I gave, I have!"

But yesterday the tourney, all the eager joy of life,
The waving of the banners, and the rattle of the spears,
The clash of sword and harness, and the madness of the strife—
To-night begin the silence and the peace of endless years.

(One sings within).

But yesterday the glory and the prize,
And best of all, to lay it at her feet,
To find my guerdon in her speaking eyes:—
I grudge them not,—they pass, albeit sweet
The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,
The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,
The earth in spring—to live, to feel the light—
'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends.

Remain the well-wrought deed in honour done,
The dole for Christ's dear sake, the words that fall
In kindness upon some outcast one—
They seemed so little: now they are my All.

JOHN McCRAE.

LIBERAL ARTS AND JOURNALISM.

Not long ago a journalist acquaintance of mine said, in a mournful tone: "When I was at the University I selected the classic course. It was the worst choice I could have made for a man going into journalism, but at that time I had no thought of taking up newspaper work." There was the note of apology and repentance in his explanation. He was apparently unaware that the chief merit in his journalistic work was the distinction in literary style acquired by the study of the best models. The remark is quoted merely as one of many evidences that the prevalent idea of university education is its possible monetary value to young men. You will find this idea influential in quarters where you would not suspect its existence. The teacher, for example, who might be expected to treat the subject from the ideal and not the commercial point of view, is often the secret, as he is the most potent, ally of the movement to commercialize all education. The teacher desires his pupils to succeed in the battle of life. That is not a purely selfish design. He wants them to make their mark in the world for their own sakes, and this at the present time seems to be best accomplished by technical training and the very thinnest veneer of general culture.

It would be quite absurd to complain of the growing importance ascribed to scientific training. It is of moment in a new country like Canada that young men should be efficiently equipped for the rough work of national development. Nor is it clear that in old countries like England a scientific training can be neglected with impunity if a

nation is to keep a foremost place in the industrial world. The Germans owe much of their success in the arts and manufactures to the thoroughness of their training. Schools of science and professional education of every kind must therefore continue to be regarded as of great value in the progress of the community.

But are we not carrying the idea of technical and professional training too far? The present tendency is to eliminate all, or nearly all, the liberal arts from university education, and the young man is invited to shorten his course in this respect in order to take up, at the earliest date, the beginning of his professional education. If he proceeds leisurely to the degree of B.A., and contents himself with that, he is in danger of being looked upon as an unpractical person, whose prospects of developing into a prig are excellent. To love learning for its own sake appears in great measure to have become a lost ideal. To estimate the value upon character of a course of study designed to elevate the mind and refine the tastes is in too many quarters considered the mark of the dilettante. The acquirement of money is the modern god, and if education does not tend to make the winning of large fortunes a more simple process, it is, in the estimation of many persons, condemned by that very fact. No doubt, it will be said that this is mere preaching, and that success in life is too practical a business to be subordinated to the theories concerning culture and refinement. Probably the present is not an opportune time to enter any protest. Every educational fad must be allowed to run its course like a fever or the measles. When the reaction comes, saner ideas will prevail, and the true value of learning, pursued for its own sake, will regain its pristine place in the estimation of mankind.

Yet, a word may even now be said from the practical standpoint. In commercial and professional life the specialist often becomes a man of limited ideas and a narrow outlook. He may be an admirable draughtsman, but perhaps his grasp of the general scope of his work is imperfect. Or he may be an experimentalist of insight and resource, but the executive ability is lacking. He has trained one set of his faculties at the expense of the others. The day comes when he would fain pass beyond the limited area of his own technical work, generalize some of his achievements, and make an intelligible contribution to the sum of knowledge. But having become by training and practice a machine, he may be unable to correct the defects of early education,

and must content himself with a restricted place in life, leaving to others the greater tasks of the world—the place of adaptation, of organization, of leadership. No slighting word is here intended of the engineer, the surgeon, the architect, or the chemist. To each of those who does his work well, all honour is due. In conspicuous cases specialists of exceptional capacity have developed into what are known in familiar phrase as all-round men. In the majority of these instances, however, it will be found that the early training was of a liberal kind.

But most of us are wont to forget that modern society is a complicated affair, that it demands of its members many qualities not to be acquired in the scientific text-book and the laboratory, and that character is the foundation stone of the highest success as well as the most enduring happiness. In the world to-day, the need is for men who have brought breadth of mind and ripe learning to bear upon the wisdom and experience of the past. The schools and universities of Canada have done well by professional training. For a young country, the status of the professional class is deservedly high. But the general tone and intelligence of the community is not satisfactory. Public opinion is weak. No close student of affairs denies that the one outstanding and indisputable fact of modern history is the passing of the control and administration of the state from the hands of the few to the hands of the many. The rise of democracy was the very opportunity for universities to prove that they were no longer the exclusive abode of a select circle, that they were not disposed to adapt themselves to new conditions by becoming schools of technical instruction, but that they were the richest possession of the whole people—the fountain of high thinking, of a wide and liberal culture, of a pursuit of learning intended to mould the character and soften the cruel aspects of a material civilization. It should have been their chief aim to give us a host of men whose erudition and taste would permeate all ranks of society. It is their duty to provide the state with educated opinion, which is, when all is said, the final court of appeal in determining so many of the questions that touch our daily life. Does not Capital, with its well-grounded mistrust of democratic movements, see this? Does not Labour, with its absolute dependence upon integrity in politics, see this? Yet nothing is clearer—and I say it with profound regret—than that the influence of universities upon the public life of Canada

is almost invisible. Surely nothing is more strictly utilitarian—if utility is to be the test of university education—than this.

The newest invasion of the liberal idea of university training is declared to be on behalf of journalism. An ambitious person in New York has given two million dollars to establish a school of journalism in connection with Columbia University. Yet another is to be added to the several classes of professional students at present under college instruction. That there are special courses and certain subjects of exceptional use in newspaper life, no one familiar with its demands can deny. A modification of some of the courses at present in vogue, with an extension in the case of some others, would undoubtedly attract intending journalists to the modern university. The elevation of the press may well receive consideration at the hands of educationists, seeing that it has, within recent years, become a powerful factor in moulding the opinion and the morals of the mass of the people. But the members of the press can never constitute a profession in the strict sense of the term. Journalism is open to everybody, and must remain so. The best form of training for those who intend to embrace it as a calling is to be found in the Faculty of Arts—special attention being given to modern literature, to history, to economics, to philosophy. Add to this some lectures upon the origin and development of the press, given by the Professor of English Literature, or by some one who has made the subject a study, and you have for all practical purposes an ideal course for a journalist. You may set up a Faculty of Journalism if you please, but, thank Providence, you cannot force upon editors the employment of Bachelors of the Press, nor can you furnish the least guarantee of their superior fitness for the business. The press requires well-educated men, but the practical or technical knowledge needed can best be acquired by actual experience. In fact, it can rarely be acquired in any other way. A Faculty of Journalism is a costly experiment—not to the millionaire who has plenty of money with which to indulge his fancies—but to the student whom it deludes into the belief that there is a royal road to success in newspaper work.

These, then, are a few of the strictly practical aspects of the matter. There is a deeper and more philosophic side to the argument, although in a money-getting age, the pursuit of learning as an end in itself may not appeal to the many. But the universities should be the vigilant guardians of this truth. If they permit themselves to be lured away

too far from the wisdom of the ages, if they listen with too credulous an ear to the cravings for luxury and worldly success, and transform themselves into mere engines for increasing the production of material wealth, the effects upon the generation that follows must be injurious and lasting.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

VARIATION AND HEREDITY IN PLANTS.

Although the origin of life and the causes of the innumerable modifications of living substance have proved insoluble problems, men have continued to hope for a unifying theory which would answer their questionings in regard to the latter at least. Darwin's fruitful hypothesis of natural selection seemed for a time the clue leading to full knowledge; and his work with that of his followers has so established the theory of evolution that practically no one now doubts the mutability of species and the descent of the complex from the simple. Nevertheless, the factors leading to the modifications of earlier forms of life have remained as little understood as when Darwin wrote that the power of selection "absolutely depends on the variability of organic beings," and that this variability is "governed by infinitely complex and unknown laws." Schools may differ as to the importance of environmental influence, or in the emphasis they place upon the power of natural selection, but they all agree in acknowledging the need of careful studies in variation, according to statistical methods. Galton's "Law of Ancestral Heredity," with its modifications by Pearson, and the work of Miss Saunders and Mr. Bateson on Variation, are familiar and excellent examples. But the earliest and most interesting studies of this nature were those of Mendel, a contemporary of Darwin.

George Mendel was born in 1822, in Austria, of a prosperous

peasant family. After ordination as priest, he studied physics and natural science in Vienna, and later became a teacher and Abbot of the monastery at Brünn, where he died in 1884. There, in the cloister garden, he carried out a marvellous series of experiments in hybridisation, with a view to finding some law governing the transmission of qualities from one generation to another. Either from the obscurity of the Brünn journal, in which his results appeared in 1865, or because the problem of the origin of species was supposedly solved by Darwin's brilliant work, Mendel's results attracted no attention until 1900. The re-discovery and confirmation of his principles were then announced by de Vries, the great Dutch botanist, and almost simultaneously by Correns and Tschermak. The investigations of these independent workers have resulted, many think, in the first real advance made in the understanding of the nature of species and of the transmission of characters.

Like Darwin, Mendel had noticed the marked tendency of hybrids—that is, of individuals, arising from the union of unlike forms—to show a resemblance to only one immediate ancestor, instead of exhibiting a blending of the characters of both. Mendel, however, recognized the value of exact statistical studies, and began to work with cases as simple as possible. Preliminary experiments showed that certain forms of the common garden pea would supply admirable material. Among the many varieties, seven pairs were chosen, the members of each of which differed from one another in some definite character. Thus, one variety had round seeds, the corresponding member of the same pair angled, wrinkled seeds. Of a second pair, one form had yellow “seed-leaves” or cotyledons, the other green. Having first prevented self-fertilization, Mendel then crossed the members of each pair. In each case the hybrid offspring showed only the character which belonged to one of the parental forms, the other remaining latent, the former being the dominant, the latter the recessive quality. When the cross-bred plants of each group were allowed to fertilize themselves, the next generation was apparently made up of the two original forms in the proportion of three dominants to one recessive. Further cultivation revealed that, while the recessives produced only pure, fixed recessives, the seeming dominants were really of two kinds—the one, pure dominants which continued to produce only dominants; the other, hybrids, which, when inbred, gave rise to all three forms in

the same proportion as before. It was evident, therefore, that, if plants resulting from the hybridisation of two varieties mingled freely, approximately twenty-five per cent of the next generation would be pure dominants, twenty-five pure recessives, and fifty hybrids. Mendel explained this by the theory that each germ-cell must contain either the dominant or the recessive character but not both, and that on the average there are equal numbers of each kind of germ-cell for each sex. Therefore, the germ-cells, combining at random, would give the required percentage noticed in the plants resulting from their union. To use a concrete example, when peas having yellow cotyledons are crossed with plants which have green cotyledons, all the next generation produce seeds with yellow cotyledons, yellow being the dominant colour, but a separation of the two qualities takes place in the germ-cells of the plants developed from these seeds, so that one-half of the egg-cells and one-half of the pollen grains convey the yellow colour, while the other half of each bears the green colour. Twenty-five per cent of their unions must result, therefore, in pure descendants with yellow cotyledons, twenty-five produce fixed forms with green cotyledons, but the remaining fifty per cent of the progeny are hybrids with yellow cotyledons, in which the green colour is latent. These do not, therefore, remain fixed, but continue to break up in subsequent generations, as did the hybrids resulting from the first cross. Forms like these, which differ in one character only, can give rise to no new varieties through crossing. But, when they differ in two or more pairs of qualities, new combinations arise in the third and later generations in all the combinations mathematically possible. Thus, Mendel found that if a variety of peas with round yellow seeds were crossed with a variety having wrinkled green seeds, all the seeds of the hybrids would be round and yellow, but in the following generation there would be produced four fixed forms, having respectively round yellow, round green, wrinkled yellow and wrinkled green seeds. The remaining six forms would be hybrids, apparently the same as the original variety, with round yellow seeds, but distinguished from it, upon further cultivation, by producing many forms instead of remaining fixed. The experiments were carried still further, and by crossing peas differing in three characters, the descendants varied according to the same law and showed eight stable forms of which six were new.

Mendel's experiments have, therefore, shown a method by which

new species may arise in a state of nature, and are the first direct evidence of the possibility of such forms originating at any time. Later, de Vries and several others found not only that new forms might be produced through hybridisation, but that the same hybrid might result from the union of different varieties, appearing and disappearing again and again. Accordingly, any species may have arisen at widely separated periods of time, striven for existence, and failed, but at last, having appeared at an opportune moment, it maintained its footing, and became a noticeable feature of some flora. Possible instances will occur to most collectors. Several new species of violets have been discovered lately near Ottawa, and Professor Sargent has credited the neighbourhood of Montreal with a bewildering number of new hawthorns. It is impossible to believe that such well-marked forms were in existence, but overlooked, from the time of the early French botanists until now. The only explanation seems to be, therefore, that they are new forms, constant and distinct enough to be ranked as species which have arisen through crossing.

The species which have been produced by hybridisation are, however, closely allied to the parental plants, and it is difficult to understand how new structures or different organs could have thus arisen. In explanation of the origin of widely differing forms, de Vries has brought forward a theory of "discontinuous variation," called "The Mutation Theory." In 1875, he found a species of evening primrose which was highly mutable—that is, it gave rise suddenly and without apparent reason to new species. Out of 50,000 seedlings raised from the original form, he obtained, in seven generations, eight hundred mutants, several of which were entirely new, and differed widely from the parent species in every possible direction. The mutants in their turn showed mutations, the same form sometimes arising from different parents, but all agreed in being distinct from the original species, not in one, but in practically all characters, and in showing no tendency to reversion. De Vries supposes, therefore, that the qualities of plants are sharply defined units, and that discontinuous species must be the result of a marked jump, or, in other words, of discontinuous and not of continuous variation. Further investigations made by him upon fifteen species indicated "a definite limit to individual variability, full advantage along one line being usually attained in a few generations";

and showed that natural selection, acting upon such continuous small variations, may lead to the production of local races or of varieties, but cannot produce distinct species. He would, therefore, regard natural selection merely as a convenient expression of the fact that new forms when suited to their environment, survive and when unfit die. It cannot fix a character, but so-called reversions may occur after any lapse of time; in short, it cannot create but only improve species within very narrow limits. Most species, at present, are apparently fixed, showing only slight variations, due probably to changes in surrounding conditions. Therefore, de Vries supposes that there have been periods of greater mutation due to unknown causes, possibly to a response on the part of plastic living substance to alternations of very unlike conditions. De Vries has thus drawn a nice distinction between variations and mutations. The difference seems to be, however, rather one of degree than of kind. The former are slight modifications directly traceable to trifling differences in external conditions, and not hereditary. The latter are probably due to abrupt alterations in environment, and are fixed from their first appearance. A possible explanation of the contrast in stability is that in the one case conditions do not vary enough to affect the germ-cells, while in the other the new stimulus is strong enough to cause a response in them. Naturally, long-established species would be so well adapted to their environment as to resist any changes likely to occur, and would therefore be comparatively fixed in character. On the contrary, new forms arising through hybridisation, or older groups suddenly subjected to unaccustomed conditions would tend to show mutations, such as those observed in de Vries's evening primrose, a species naturalized in Holland during the last century.

Free interbreeding, as it occurs in nature, has generally been considered the means by which one variation counteracts another and keeps the species approximately true to the type form. But neither new species, arising through mutations, nor those resulting from cross-fertilization, can thus be forced out of the struggle, if Mendel's theory be true. For, as has been shown, purity of the germ-cells of hybrids would ensure the reappearance of the original forms in the second generation after every act of crossing. It remains to be seen how general this law is in its application. All that can now be said is that it serves better than other hypotheses to explain many cases of varia-

tion and of the transmission of characters, and gives meaning to many experiments which before seemed to furnish little or contradictory evidence in regard to the mutability of species. Mendel and his followers have claimed nothing more for his discovery, and have recognized the difficulties presented by apparent exceptions. One of the most interesting is the hybrid which, instead of showing combinations of parental characters, has distinct qualities of its own, so fixed from the first as to prevent a subsequent return to an ancestral type. Such were the *Hieracium* hybrids produced by Mendel and the willows reported by Wichura. To use Bateson's simile, it seems as if the qualities of the original parents combine in these forms much as elements do in chemistry, making a compound with properties peculiarly its own. It is possible, though it cannot be proven, that germ-cells of even these forms are pure and that the different kinds are equally distributed between the two sexes, but affinities exist between them which prevent germ-cells bearing like qualities from uniting.

It has also been observed that characters may become combined so intimately that they cannot be separated in crossing. Thus Correns found that stocks with blue seeds are invariably hoary and have violet flowers, while yellow-seeded plants are smooth and have yellow flowers. In these cases, it seems as if groups of characters behave like separate qualities in so far as obedience to Mendel's law is concerned. In contradistinction, other species seem to possess compound characters, which are resolved into their elements in hybridisation. For instance, hybrids between blue-flowered and yellowish-flowered stocks give, in subsequent generations, the normal number of recessives, part of which have white flowers, part yellow. Again, the crossing of hybrids may lead to the production of dominants only or recessives only. These are probably instances of the "false hybridisation" mentioned by Millardet, through which a stimulus is given to development, but no true fertilization or mingling of the qualities of the germ-cells of the original species occurs.

A study of variations and of heredity leads naturally to the consideration of the structure of the germ-cells and of the mechanism of transmission. By a few, it is true, characters are regarded as mere "lines of biological motion," but the majority of those who are familiar with cytological work believe it possible that bodies bearing definite

qualities may be present in the cell, and retain their identity during the life-history of the organism. Whether this be eventually proved or not, it is generally conceded that the characters of every being are expressions of its inner organization, and that the problems of heredity will resolve themselves into problems of cell activities. For, while each living being is an organic whole, composed of protoplasm, this basal substance is more or less definitely divided into minute portions, called cells, each of which has a characteristic organization and is capable of growth and division. However large and complex an organic being may be, it began as one such cell, which must have contained all the potentialities of the mature form. The cell itself is not a homogeneous mass of protoplasm but is differentiated into two distinct portions, a nucleus or dynamic centre, and its field of operation, the cytoplasm. The nucleus, in its turn, possesses a highly complicated structure and is composed essentially of two constituents, one of which, the chromatin, is generally supposed to bear the hereditary qualities. At the time of cell-division, granules of chromatin may be seen disposed in a continuous thread, which breaks up transversely into a number of rod-shaped bodies called chromosomes, definite in number for each species of animal or plant. The chromosomes, sooner or later, divide longitudinally, and the halves finally separate into two equal groups, which form the nuclei of two daughter-cells. This repeated and accurate division of the chromatin, distinguishing it from all other cell-constituents, has led most biologists to infer that chromosomes represent groups of qualities which are distributed throughout the mature organism in the process of development.

Observations of the phenomena of cell-division have led to several theories of development, having Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis as a prototype, but differing from it in important particulars. Thus de Vries assumes that chromatin is built up of innumerable ultra-microscopic bodies, called pangens, which migrate into the cytoplasm, and, by initiating specific changes, determine the nature of each individual cell. In support of the view that all the qualities of the organism have their origin in the nucleus of the generative cells, de Vries emphasizes the facts of colour-inheritance in plant-hybrids. In these, although the pigment bodies are developed from the cytoplasm of the egg-cell exclusively, the hybrids may exhibit the same colour as the pollen-bearing plant, showing that the subsequent development of

characteristic colour is determined by the nucleus. Weismann's theory of descent is even more complicated, and also necessitates belief in hypothetical bodies. According to it, the whole cell, both cytoplasm and nucleus, is made up of biophores, which are the smallest units of protoplasm capable of growth and division. Invisible aggregations of biophores, called determinants, decide the characters of cells to which they are assigned in the process of development. Groups of determinants, containing the characteristic elements of the species, arranged in a manner peculiar to the individual, are ids or chromatin granules, which in turn are combined to form idants or chromosomes. While the growth, division, and mechanical distribution of determinants would account for the differentiation of cells and the organs which they compose, individual variations may arise. Throughout their whole existence, biophores and determinants are subject to continual changes in composition, probably due to very slight differences in nutrition. An accumulation of these responses to external influences renders possible the production of visible individual variation by means of "amphimixis." By this process is meant reproduction through the mingling of two individuals, or of two germ-cells produced by them. In the course of development determinants are distributed to the cells which they characterize, but a certain number of ids, derived from the ancestors of the organism, are transferred practically unchanged to the germ-cell of the descendant, and constitute the hereditary substance known as the germ-plasm. As Weismann says in his "Descendenztheorie," there is a very little hereditary substance, the germ-plasm, present in the germ-cells and contained in the chromosomes. It consists of "natural tendencies or determinants," which are grouped in the id. Each nucleus contains generally many ids, varying in number with the species, and definite for each, always derived from the germ-plasm of the preceding line of ancestors through the multiplication of ids already in existence. Variations in the germ-plasm, in response to inequalities of nutrition, may arise, but it is amphimixis which furnishes "an inexhaustible supply of fresh combinations of individual variations." Every individual receives only half the ids of each parent, and these are differently selected and arranged in every case. Because of differences in nutrition, a struggle for existence follows, both between the ids of the germ-cells and between the different combinations of ids,

as exhibited in the mature organism. While selection, therefore, permits the survival of favourable variations, "the individual is determined at the time of fertilization; or, in other words, the individuality of an organism results from the fact that the germ-plasm is composed of the paternal and the maternal ids which are brought together in the egg-cell." Weismann gives, in support of this view, an account of variations in the colour of the flowers of hybrids between two species of oxalis grown in the same environment. Three distinct combinations of the colours of the parents appeared as follows:— one plant had pinkish-violet petals, strongly tinged with red on one and the same margin; another had petals with brown rims; and a narrow, dark, orange-coloured band appeared in the centre of each flower of a third hybrid. As conditions were the same throughout the development of the plants, the differences must have arisen through fertilization.

But, if every individual receives only half of the ids of each parent, a qualitative as well as a quantitative division of the chromatin must occur before the germ-cells are ready for union. Botanists and most zoologists have failed as yet to find any basis in fact for belief in such "a reduction division." It is true that the two last cell-divisions which lead to the production of the germ-cells differ in a marked degree from those which give rise to new body-cells, and the number of chromosomes characteristic of the germ-cells is one half that of those found in the nuclei of ordinary body-cells; but, so far as is known, the chromosomes of plants apparently divide only longitudinally. On the contrary, according to Wilson, the study of certain animals has furnished evidence in favour of the view, that one of the divisions leading immediately to the formation of the germ-cell is transverse, and that by this means the chromosomes are divided qualitatively. Thus, if a, b, c, d represent a chromosome containing four different groups of qualities arranged serially, a longitudinal division would result in the formation of two chromosomes similarly constituted. Another and transverse division would, however, separate these chromosomes into four, of which two would contain the groups of qualities represented by a, b, and two would bear the remaining groups, c, d. This would support not only the essentials of Weismann's theory, but Mendel's law of the purity of the germ-cells. Further confirmatory evidence has been furnished by the investigations

of two zoologists, Montgomery and Sutton, and by Cannon's investigation of the nuclear division in cotton hybrids. According to them, maternal and paternal chromosomes, which are united in pairs during the fertilization process, divide longitudinally throughout the development of the individual, so that every cell contains a portion of each member of the different pairs; but each pair finally separates when the germ-cells are produced, only a single member of each being assigned to one germ-cell. This does not imply that each germ-cell contains only paternal or only maternal chromosomes, but that the unions between the individual pairs of chromosomes are dissolved before the generative cells are formed, and that all possible re-combinations of paternal and maternal chromosomes take place at the time of fertilization. Thus, if the number of chromosomes, as in the onion, is eight, sixteen different kinds of germ-cells may be formed, and two hundred and fifty-six kinds of descendants. Twenty-four chromosomes is a very common number, and would give more than four thousand possible combinations in the germ-cells and nearly seventeen million forms of descendants. Nevertheless, the number of chromosomes is so small in comparison with that of transmissible qualities, that it is necessary to suppose that each represents a group of correlated characters similar to those described by Mendel and Correns.

Although the experiments in hybridisation of Mendel and de Vries harmonize with this recent cytological work, nothing more than a clue to the origin of variations and the transmission of qualities has been furnished. An "eternal law of continuity" rules the lives of successive generations of plants, but the exact nature of this law remains a mystery. Years of experiments will be needed before a knowledge of the peculiarities and properties of each form enables men to recognize universal laws of being. Even when the mechanism of heredity is understood, the mystery of life may seem more elusive than now, and the origin of living substance with its wonderful powers of adaptability will still remain the insoluble problem, and the world-spirit still be hidden behind an impenetrable veil.

C. M. DERICK.

A DINNER IN HONG KONG.

It had been an awful day in Hong Kong. The heavy clouds hanging around the tops of the hills had obscured them for a week or more, and shut out the sun for a good part of the time, but the air was saturated with hot water—it would be silly to call it moisture. You could take your choice in Hong Kong of living in the city itself, which is built on a narrow strip of land between the hills and the sea, or in the hotel on the hills, some 1,300 feet above, where it was much cooler, but where you had to have special drying rooms with fires for your clothes, everything being saturated by the mist, which envelopes the summit the greater part of the summer. The writer lived below, acting on good advice; but wherever you were, you regretted not being somewhere else.

The temperature had managed to reduce itself to 84° at night from about 90° in the daytime; but sleep was not for the stranger, except after days of especial exhaustion. The Chinese rickshaw men had discarded all but the few pieces of tape the law demands, and were doing a great business, for even under the great arcades it was hard to walk fifty yards. The coolies toiled ceaselessly at the punkahs over the wan, white clerks in the commercial houses, over the practising choir in the church, and in all the public rooms of the hotels. At night you placed an electric fan, if you were lucky enough to obtain one, so as to blow directly to your face, and, of course, there were no bedclothes. Bedclothes cease at Hong Kong and start again west of Penang.

July in Hong Kong is not an attractive season, as far as climate

goes; but the traveller who wishes to see things as they really are must go to out-of-the-way places, at unusual times, when strangers are few. Luckily, the writer had found two countrymen in Hong Kong, and was being well looked after—clubbed and dined to any extent. The Club is the finest in the East, far and away ahead of anything in Canada; and altogether the writer enjoyed the life, conscious of the fact that it did not take much of it to go a very long way.

On this particular night it had been arranged that we should dine at a Chinese Club, being the guests of several Chinamen of some prominence, where we would partake of real Chinese fare. We met one of them, and walked for full two hundred yards to the beginning of the Chinese city, and got to the Club in a heated condition—in fact, practically on the verge of combustion and caustically thirsty. There exists a kind of thirst in Hong Kong which they know nothing of elsewhere—not in India, nor in Egypt, nor in Arabia—produced by the parboiling one undergoes all day and the exhaustion at night, the quenching of which a qualified expert on thirsts told me he looked back on with more ecstasy than any other, except perhaps one to be had in the rubber forests of the Amazon. It is certainly a sensation which we have not any knowledge of in northern countries, and Kipling was well informed when he wrote those famous lines of his, though as to the existence of the Ten Commandments few Easterners are sufficiently familiar with them to notice their presence or absence.

It was a curious sort of Club we arrived at. We passed through a narrow doorway, up a dark stairway to the second or some other story of the house—I doubt whether anybody could divide the intricate place in the orthodox way—and, passing through a couple of dark rooms, came to a very bright one with a balcony overlooking the street. Here were two more Chinamen, a stout one and a thin one, and the latter, in excellent English, begged us, according to Chinese etiquette, to take off as much of our clothing as we thought proper—at least, to remove our coats. We did this very promptly, stopping somewhat reluctantly at the coats; and our guide shed a few coverings and then led the way to the balcony, where we sank into chairs near a little table, on which was the thing that we most desired on earth—a supply of Scotch whiskey and soda. We made a severe assault on this, and the Chinamen smiled indulgently at our thirst. Their lives go on more slowly than ours, physically, morally, every way. They do not

get hot or cold or hungry or thirsty or angry or delighted like Western people. They may have done so years ago, but now racial old age is upon them, at least in the South.

When the thirst blindness had left us we took in things generally, particularly a beautifully laid-out round table in the centre of the main room, with little stools at the seven places. Lots of flowers were very tastefully arranged upon it in concentric circles, and in the centre were a number of tall china dishes filled with compounds of strange appearance. I recognized the contents of one dish, after an effort, to be eggs, hard-boiled. Their colour was misleading, being an opaque green. We conceived a great suspicion as to the probable pleasantness of eating these things. This, however, had its uses, for now there occurred the inevitable delay which characterizes things Chinese, and the thought of those eggs and the other bluish things stayed the hunger that was making itself felt rather keenly. And also there was plenty to interest the stranger. The balcony was hung with lanterns, as were many others that we could see, and sounds of gaiety came to us from all directions. Good Scotch whiskey and soda helped to keep the great thirst under, and then we had music, plenty of music. Two wild-looking men, with instruments like the Japanese *samisen*, and a good-looking young woman, with a sort of horizontal harp, suddenly appeared in the inner room and for two hours sang and played. One uses these terms and the term music because they represent what the Chinese think of these things. To our ears it was for the first hour torture, a succession of shrill, discordant sounds, unvaried, monotonous; but after that, although the word music could never be applied to it, one recognized that there was something being expressed; a strange, weird kind of story was being told, and it was interesting to watch the effect on the musicians themselves. They became positively intoxicated with their melodies. One of the men in particular rolled in his seat and was obviously oblivious of all around him, pouring forth a whining wail which seemed to tell of things better left unsaid. We were very glad when that music stopped, but one is forced to admit that there was much about it that might be appreciated, if one knew how. The Chinese complain that the military bands in Hong Kong are utterly lacking in harmony.

The long wait had another interesting feature. We had lots of visitors—friends, relations and wives of our hosts; some men and

many women. All the latter were queer, demure, gentle, little things, dressed in embroidered smocks and trowsers and nearly all with compressed feet. They said "Chin-Chin" to all of us, stayed long enough to drink a little *sam-shu*, and then departed. They came and went continually, and were evidently nearly scared to death by the presence of the foreigners.

It was just twenty minutes to ten (we had been invited for half past seven) when we were summoned to the table, which, with its circles of flowers and bright china, looked very attractive. More strange dishes were visible in the centre, and among them bottles of Japanese Kirin beer and sparkling Burgundy. At each place also was a little egg-cup for *sam-shu*, the liquor distilled from rice—the standard drink of the Chinese. It is far inferior to the *saki* of the Japanese, who can make an excellent liquor from the same substance. In fact, once when visiting a remote temple in Japan with a man from Inverness, and being entertained by the priest, there was some talk of using extreme violence towards him to acquire the gourd of *saki*. We instructed our guide to beware of ever bringing in future any such people as ourselves where they could taste that *saki*, if he valued his old temple.

Our first course was served in cups without handles, and was a gray, gelatinous looking soup, which we tasted with much care, then with less care, then attacked with vigour, for it was good, amazingly good. It was made from sharks' fins. Promptly at the end of this course came another soup made of some shell fish or other, then several more similar things, and then the *pièce de résistance*—the bird's nest soup, of which we hear so much. One required to be emboldened by previous experience to tackle this strange food, but we did it, and it struck me as the best soup I ever tasted, and that with the full knowledge of such dishes as the green turtle at Birch's and the *bisque aux écrevisses* at Magny's across the Seine. It is proper to praise things at a Chinese dinner, and we praised this extensively, feeling perhaps that our enthusiasm was helped by the knowledge that these nests came all the way from Tonkin, and are worth from \$15 to \$30 a pound, Hong Kong money.

A great variety of stews, interspersed with dishes of vegetables, now ensued. Nearly all were very palatable, with an occasional very marked exception that made us apply to the Kirin beer in a hurry.

Then was served a great fish, cold and whole, decorated with flowers and positively looking happy. It was cooked to perfection, and simultaneously with its appearance the writer reached over with his chop sticks and extracted one of those eggs, two years old only, the Chinaman said, rather apologizing for their youth, and kept all that time in quick-lime. They were very good eggs—in fact, first-rate eggs—and not one was left long before dinner was over.

Equally good was everyone of the queer sweets and compounds in the centre of the table. Walnuts, ginger, rinds of fruits and vegetables, mixed in incongruous ways and eaten at random during the dinner, proved very acceptable affairs. One finally began to lose track of the names of the multitude of dishes, all of which were in very small quantity, but endless in number. All the time the friends of the Chinamen kept coming and going, sitting around on the benches near us, pledging us in tiny little cups of *sam-shu*, and being pledged in return.

The Chinamen were right good company. One could not speak English, but the three who could, talked well. The stout one said very little, but seemed to be looked up to rather by the others, one of whom was a *Comprador* in a big commercial house in Hong Kong, and the other, a very thin little man, a merchant from Canton. It was strange to talk to them of their country and what happened there. The *Comprador* was rather excited about an assault on his house and the capture of one of his children by pirates the day before. But he was not unduly disturbed, and hoped that all would be arranged in a day or so. They showed a knowledge of Western ways as they would show of a coat of paint, while inside was the inscrutable, invisible being who viewed the world as a whole from a standpoint we can never understand. The Chinese had forgotten all about morality a thousand years before Christ. It was only a matter of ancient history, then, that ideas similar to ours had ever been held in esteem. They had a great free thinker called Confucius, whose maxims are read aloud to-day in China, and which are pretty much of the go-as-you-please kind. ("All the same Unitarians," said the *Comprador*, but we corrected him, of course.) Each and every man has his own standard of morality and will have it until the end of time.

"How can we ever assimilate with you people," said the *Comprador*, "when you see a *man* in the moon where we see a *toad*?"

It is a pretty wise rule in talking to strangers anywhere to assume that they know more than they seem to on all subjects until the contrary is proved, and this thought occurred to me with much force, when all of a sudden the stout and silent Chinaman spoke, saying: "It is doubtful whether we will be much changed when your famous New Zealander and his sketches will have to be looked for by geologists." One gets prepared for most things in the East, but this was an astonisher, considering the source from whence it came.

I spoke of the odd classification my guide in China had lately made of the local religions, enumerating five—Buddhists, Taoists, Confucians, Catholics and Christians; and they thought the distinction between the last two was a very natural one, so much nearer had the Catholics come to assimilation with their surroundings than any other of the minor religious bodies of the earth.

There was much talk other than philosophical, and at one time we were introduced to a rather noisy game called *Chai-Moui*, in which each of the two participants hold their right hands behind their heads and then fling them forward simultaneously, with a certain number of fingers extended. Each one calls out a guess as to the total number, and whoever finally wins, has his health drunk by the other. They all got much excited over it, and must have drunk a full teaspoonful of Scotch whiskey in its equivalent, the ridiculous little *sam-shu*. It seemed a good game, and one of us, confident in the possession of a gun-metal digestion and a brass head, challenged the whole table to try it in the good Kirin beer. He won each time, partly because he made them nervous by unexpectedly being able to count in good Chinese.

Then the stout Chinaman let off another of his surprises. "You will doubtless recognize," said he, "from your reading, the similarity of this game to the '*micare digitis*' of the Romans." This was getting rather uncanny. Like the character in the French play, I kept saying to myself, "I don't like that old man." Presently, however, he rather allowed us to turn the tables upon him, for he asked, *à propos* of beer, if any of us knew the meaning of a queer performance he had seen some Germans going through, piling their mugs on top of each other; and one of us, having graduated in this business years ago in Germany, promptly proceeded to give him an extensive course of instruction, while the others looked on and admired. What would have been the end no one can tell, for, while still in the elements of the course, the

Chinaman called a halt, and said that one more glass would call for his retiring for a period of "prolonged meditation," which would have been a fearful breach of etiquette. Further, inasmuch as Chinese always endeavour to produce visible signs of their hospitality on their guests, and this seemed likely to go the other way, the situation would become extremely awkward.

It was about midnight when one of us thought that it must be nearing time to break up and began to inquire how much more dinner was yet to be eaten. The Chinamen replied that there were only a couple more courses. Time went on and the same inquiry met several times with exactly the same response, and always the waiters were bringing in more stews and soups and vegetables and sweet things; and it suddenly occurred to us that this would continue just as long as we stayed; we would be fed until we insisted on leaving. Wherefore, at about one a.m., up we got and proceeded to say many good-byes to our hosts and their friends and relations. These latter were an entirely new lot, but that did not matter in the least.

We passed out into the hot streets once more and separated to seek our various couches of unrest. The writer, after many futile efforts to sleep, went out again in the early hours before daybreak and wandered around the streets and quays. Numbers of exhausted men were asleep in corners and on the steps leading up the hillside; and near the clock-tower was one who would never awake, for some bearers who came and put him on a stretcher, told me he had just died of the plague. There were some forty deaths per week at that time from the plague and about the same from cholera, but few foreigners gave the matter a thought. One becomes very careless in the East about such things. There seems to be a sort of reflection of the feeling of the Chinese as to the utter smallness and valuelessness of the individual man and his life and affairs.

Early in the forenoon of the next day I bade good-bye to and was bidden *bon voyage* by my Canadian entertainers, whose hospitality had been truly Eastern in its liberality, and I steamed across the China seas, though the indications were that a typhoon was travelling towards us from the Philippines. I desired to meet that typhoon. I wanted something that would blow away the thick air of China, and with it the foreboding which that terrible old land inspires.

WILFRID SKAIFE.

ON BOTH SIDES.

Destitute of prejudices and unable to reconcile the ideal and the real, I have been accused of "both-sidedness." Are no allowances to be made for the broad outlook, to say nothing of the luxury of indecision? It would be easier for me to write a short "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" than to pronounce upon a fiscal policy. Let me for a moment, therefore, consider the accusation.

On both sides! Helpless confusion comes with the mere attempt at definition. Does this mean a right and a wrong side, or an inside and an outside? Are the sides necessarily different, or is it a case of bi-lateral symmetry? Is a position on both sides at once, or a series of rapid conversions implied? Are there only two sides to every question, or have mental and moral problems, like spheres, an infinite number of sides?

The last may remain unanswered. Viewing a question from all sides is a mere figure of speech. Fortunately, men are incapable of grasping infinity, and so are preserved from that state of absolute rest which would result from an attempt to give due weight to unlimited points of view. But what about the inside and the outside? Here, too, there seems no alternative for anyone. Temperament decides the matter. One must be at the heart of things, engaged in contest, surrounded by friends, pressed upon by foes; though his mental horizon be narrowed, intensity of feeling necessitates action. Another must stand without; a disinterested spectator with a sense of perspective and proportion, but with a coldness repellant to those who, in the headlong rush, have little time to think, only to do. Few wish, however,

to be mere onlookers at the game. All are in life and would live. If only action did not involve decision!

For most, there is, theoretically at least, a right side and a wrong side, but in practice it often seems impossible to distinguish. Every belief is firmly held, and its contrary has equally strong supporters. Formulae are only palliatives in the midst of perplexities. To some, it is true, ready-made ideas appear sufficient; but to the questioner they ignore important aspects of every case involved. The premises being unknowable, how can one judge of conclusions? While each side of every question seems to have something of right and something of wrong, in practice it is necessary to accept one or the other in its entirety, and delay is impossible. Even in politics, where fractional voting would be most desirable, the moment for voting would probably pass while the philosophic mind debated over the correct numerators of the fractions. Self-sacrifice itself would be almost unknown if each, before immolation, were to pause while weighing the utility of the action. Laodiceans are certainly ineffective, and the world has little but scorn or pity for victims of the doubt that puzzles the will.

Besides, absolute impartiality is unattainable. The middle line has only length not breadth, and so affords no firm ground for one who would look both to right and to left for the vision of truth and beauty. Consciously or unconsciously, desire causes men to swerve, to gaze more eagerly in one direction than the other for "the indeterminate good." Temperament, environment, or the impressiveness of the majority generally decides and necessitates one-sidedness. Still, one may long for the rigidly-maintained, neutral position with the luxury of conscientious idleness and of an untroubled sense of superiority to those who love the strenuous life. Indifferentism may be death in life, but is the irresponsible gaiety of the weathercock preferable? Why should people doubt the doubter and question the sincerity of his philosophic inactivity?

That one body cannot be in two places at the same time seems axiomatic. Therefore, if anything is meant by being on both sides, it must imply conversions so frequent, so rapidly accomplished, as to suggest no change of place. Such vacillation may be due to various causes—a sweet amiability, which dislikes wounding by differences of opinion; a mind unstable as water, reflecting every image cast upon it and retaining none; and, most rarely, insincerity, at first deliberate, but

finally an unconscious pose. Such both-sidednesses, though fatal to the possessors, are comparatively harmless to others.

On quite a different plane are those who have been converted and then reconverted by reasons to them good and sufficient. They are not really on both sides, but have logically changed sides. How can they help it? Living implies growth, and therefore change. New successes, new failures, new experiences necessitate readjustment. They are not insincere who merely refuse to let what they know be embarrassed by what they thought they knew. In life, as in science, men need hypotheses, by means of which a nearer approach to the ultimate truth is made. The difficulty is that working beliefs must end in action, and results form the only tests of how nearly each faith is allied to truth, the good sought by every side.

Q.

DESTINY.

(To F. M. W.)

Far below, the points of light
Run in meshes beaded white
On and on, until the bars
Touch the bending dome of stars.
Silently the night hours creep
O'er the city wooing sleep ;
One by one the gleams expire—
All are gone—save tongues of fire
Smiting, as they orb in red,
Night's near canopy o'erspread,
Ere the furnace opened wide,
Flashes forth its molten tide.

Sudden, within reach of hand,
Like a mist there seemed to stand
Something lustrous 'mid the gloom
Filling my dim-lighted room.
Fringe of form nor shape was there,
Bounding that strange spectral air,
Only out from denser sheen,
Pulses—ne'er a pause between—
Throbbled, and reached the thinner veil,
Showing scarce its lustre pale.

"What!" I said, "A spirit here?
Now at last shall all be clear;
I shall know from spirit breath
What our life means, what our death—
I, whose soul had kept aloof
Revelation, asking proof—
Now in sloth no longer furled,
Careless once of future world,
Sleeps my soul—this messenger
Bids my pulses wake and stir."

"One thought, spirit," so I said,
"Makes me wish to join the dead,
Brings my heart prolonged despair,
Haunts me moving everywhere.
Let me be the billionth man
Living since my kind began;
Find me now the faintest trace
Left by millions of my race
Who first worked and wept and died,
Joyed in home and son and bride,
Strove the first for human fame,
Won their triumphs with acclaim,
Passed away to nothingness,
Leaving millions unchanged stress,
These again to pass away,
Leaving millions that essay
What their forefathers have done—
Never ending, oft begun—
Is our little height sole prize
Gained by such great sacrifice?
What, I ask, the recompense.
Sent those futile lives—and whence?"

Lo! anear the spectral heart,
Waves of lustre seemed to part;
Then a voice, in accents clear,
Slowly met my listening ear:

"Hast thou ever, man, in strife"
 Such the words—"of mortal life
 E'en a moment touched the base
 All life rests on, where no trace—
 None—of fleeting things gives shock,
 Standing, conscious, on a rock,
 Which for ever shall remain
 Which Time's chances beat in vain?
 You but take the things that seem—
 Not the truth. To you the gleam
 Shot, it may be, miles away
 Whence the mirror took the ray,
 Seems to spring from its own spark:
 Move a step and, lo! the dark."

"Yea," I said, "I've joyed earth's best,
 Felt myself at moments blest,
 When in summer afternoon
 Breathing rarest breath of June,
 Carelessly I lay supine,
 Drank in calm the air divine,
 Watching fleece on fleece close-pressed
 Cross the cloud-Alp in the west,
 Motionless as on a rod
 Hung on high by hand of God,
 When in that warm air serene
 Not a ripple stirred the green
 Curve of leaves that clothed the hill,
 Wrapt in silence deathly still;
 Not a sound of insect heard
 Save from leaf at my foot stirred
 Fitfully by some small thing
 Busy there with burrowing,—
 Then I felt eternal balm
 Wrap my soul in deepest calm.
 Gently as I smoothed the grass
 'Neath my hand, there seemed to pass
 Off my heart the pain of earth;

Then I felt an earlier birth,
 Stood unchastened by earth's rod,
 Stood in very face of God,
 Felt the elemental life
 Far beneath the shocks of strife,
 Felt eternal rest immerse
 All this boundless universe!"

"Rest! O nay," the voice replied,
 "Follow whither I shall guide,"

Then I felt myself uplift
 Straight through cloudless air, and swift
 Poised on high o'er earth that lay
 Stretched, a huge disc, far away,
 Blotting out the starry strand
 Save where shone, in narrow band,
 Sparkling points of diamond,
 Deep in azure sky beyond.
 Terror seized me, and I laid
 Trembling, face in hands, afraid
 Lest the world might swerve. I cried,
 "Help me, spirit sanctified!
 Wherefore hast thou brought me here?
 All my senses numb with fear;
 Gaze below I may not dare
 Down on yon black circle there."
 "Fear thou naught," the spirit said,
 "We speed on as it is sped;
 Come, and wing thy way to west
 Pass night's realm nor flight arrest
 Ere is seen the twilight grey
 Heralding the set of day."

As he spake, our flight increased,
 Far and ever far from east;
 Then the blackness seemed to fade
 More and more, till half-displayed

Through the dim of evening air,
 Like a map drawn faintly there
 Where the band 'twixt day and night
 Crossed the world in dubious light,
 Earth's colossal features lay,
 Mount and valley, stream and bay,
 Dun and scattered spots on land,
 Marking where earth's cities stand:
 Westward yet, until there rolled
 Pauselessly, an edge of gold;
 Clear, the great Pacific brim
 Turned in light, passed, reached the rim
 Where the twilight shadows fall—
 Disappeared in night's black pall;
 Then the Five Great Stores of Snow,
 Like white drops, moved far below:
 Westward yet, until the sun,
 Climbing up, to zenith run,
 Showed the earth's vast dazzling globe
 Covered now with golden robe
 Broken ne'er from rim to rim—
 Failed my sight—my brain 'gan swim.

Where your bower of idleness?"
 Said the spirit; "nay confess:
 Doth 'eternal rest immerse
 All this boundless universe?'
 Rushing yet within night's shade
 Tiny beyond sight, thy glade
 Spins in its diurnal course;—
 Faster yet, impelled by force
 Fashioning the circuit vast
 Yon orb makes while Time shall last.
 Rest 'the elemental life?'
 Nay!—still less unceasing strife.
 All the fret of men and stir
 Will not move a gossamer
 E'er so light that binds yon world,

Sightlessly, to myriads hurled
Far through heaven's interspace,
Which the laws of God embrace.
'All the millions who are dead
Lived for thee and thine, and shed,
Knowing naught, on man their power,
Given as eternal dower.
Love thy kind—the greatest law,
Next to one, from Him who saw
What your puny thoughts ne'er see,
Time set in eternity.
Work, and when thy end is found,
Straight in darkness 'neath the ground
Men shall lay thy silent frame
Wrapt in mould from whence thou came.
Know the puny force thou spent,
Blends, with God's acknowledgement,
Sightlessly in His great plan,
Reaches heights unknown to man,
Takes a new life elsewhere,
Moves its kind to ends more fair
On and on, through life and death,
Life, to which thy mortal breath
Is as nothing. Cease to vex
Thoughts that unnerve and perplex."

Earth again! And, lo, the morn
Rises o'er the plain, new-born;
Smoke in wavelets curling thin
Sees another day begin,
Sees earth's human heritage,
Bear anew its pilgrimage.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

THE RENASCENCE AND WOMEN.

The Renaissance was very largely a women's movement, both in what they effected and in what was effected for them. Michelet says in his *Histoire de France au Seizième Siècle* : "Ce siècle est le règne des femmes, spécialement en France. Par les Anne et les Marguerite, les Diane, les Catherine de Médicis, les Marie Stuart, elles le troublent, le corrompent et le civilisent. Non seulement l'art, la littérature, les modes et toutes les choses de forme changent par elles, mais le fonds de la vie. . . . La femme, à ce moment, prend possession de l'homme: elle parait son jouet, sa captive, et devient sa fatalité." What Michelet says of France is equally true of England, and even truer of Italy, where the new movement originated.

The main reason for the change is probably to be found in the substitution of the free and independent life of the Italian towns for the social system of the Middle Ages. In the age of chivalry, when, it is popularly supposed, women enjoyed a position of unique reverence and privilege, they were really despised and degraded. As has been well shown by Mrs. Paget (Vernon Lee) in her essay on "Mediæval Love" (*Euphorion*, Vol. II.), the knightly adoration of women was the outcome of the commanding and almost solitary position occupied by the lady of the castle amid her husband's retainers, and the relation was often morally unsound, as is witnessed by the stories of Lancelot and Tristram, two of the most famous heroes of chivalric romance. The protection afforded to women by chivalry was "less efficient than that of a modern police force," and the privileges they enjoyed were

more apparent than real. When Christine de Pisan urged the Court of Love, presided over by the Duke of Orleans, to give some practical effect to its protestations of devotion to women, he not only denied her plea, but allowed the clerical authorities to put her to open shame. Petrarch, in his sonnets to Laura, paid high honour through her to womankind, but when he comes to write plain prose, he says:¹ "Fœmina ut in plurimis verus est diabolus, hostis pacis, fons impatientiæ, materia jurgiorum, qua caruisse tranquillitas certa est," with much more to the same effect. Petrarch's idea of the rightful position of women in the social organization of his day may be judged from his admiration of Boccaccio's story of Griselda, who patiently endures every kind of indignity at the hands of her husband, even to the length of sacrificing her children, and submitting to be present at his marriage to another. Chaucer, too, holds up the same pattern of wifely obedience to his readers, although in the Envoy he warns the husband of his own time against subjecting his wife to such trials in hope to find a Griselda, "for in certein he shall faille!"

Grisilde is deed, and eek hir pacience,
And bothe atones buried in Itaille.

Olivier de la Marche thought the example of Griselda not out of date in France in the second half of the fifteenth century, and we have the same spirit of subordination in a charming English ballad of about the same period, but in this case the writer (probably a woman) points an excellent moral for the benefit of the superior sex:—

For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to god obey, and serve but hym alone.

This is a delightful application of the theological dictum so much in favour in the Middle Ages, that woman was made in the image of man, but man in the image of God. In most cases, however, the text was very differently interpreted. Michelet, summarizing the mediæval view of woman in *L'Amour*, writes: "L'Église est nettement contre elle et lui garde rancune du péché d'Ève. Elle la tient pour la tentation incarnée et l'intime amie du démon. Elle souffre le mariage en

1. Epistolæ seniles, XIV. 4.

préférant le célibat, comme vie de pureté, car impure est la femme. . . . La loi civile n'est guère moins rude. Elle déclare la femme mineure pour toujours et prononce sur elle une éternelle interdiction." It was accordingly held to be, not merely the husband's privilege, but his duty to beat his wife. Sachetti says: "Buona donna e cattiva donna vuole bastone," and Meurier gives us the French version of the proverb in almost the same words:

Bon cheval, mauvais cheval, veut l'esperon,
Bonne femme, mauvaise femme, veut le baston.

In law the power of inflicting corporal punishment was dignified by the phrase, "droit de correction." M. Gustave Ducoudray, in a recent work on the administration of justice in the Middle Ages, says: "Comme la ménie tout entière, la femme est soumise au droit de correction de son seigneur. Au XIII^e siècle, en Normandie, on admettait 'qu'un père de famille ne pouvoit être poursuivi pour avoir battu sa femme, son serviteur, son fils ou sa fille ou aucun qui soit en sa mesnie.' Le droit est identique dans d'autres parties de la France."¹ It was, no doubt, a mark of increasing consideration and enlightenment when the practice of wife-beating was restricted by law to certain occasions, as, for instance (1) when she gave something away without her husband's consent; (2) when he found her with another man. Conversely, there was of course no penalty inflicted on the husband in the former case; in the latter, "vingt-six sous pour la première offense; pour la seconde, une livre; si elle le découvre pour une troisième fois, elle peut se séparer de lui sans perte de propriété."² The position of the unprotected woman in the Middle Ages was so intolerable that she was not likely to take advantage of the last provision unless she sought refuge in a convent.

1. Les origines du parlement de Paris et de la justice aux XIII^e et XIV^e siècles. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie française, Paris, 1902. In England it was not until "the politer age of Charles II," to use Blackstone's phrase, that this power of correction began to be doubted. But while the Roman Law allowed the husband for some misdemeanours "flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem" and for others only "modicam castigationem adhibere", the English Common Law restricted the husband's rights in all cases to "moderate correction", which, according to an old dictum, meant beating with a stick no thicker than the thumb.

2. Probert, Lois galloises, quoted by Michelet in his Origines du droit français.

The most striking characteristic of the Renaissance, as Burckhardt and others have pointed out, was the development of individuality. When *Virtù*—the expression of personality in achievement—took the place of the mediæval ideal of submission to the established authorities, the position of women inevitably underwent a change. Women felt that something more was expected from them than to look after their houses and bring up their children, and they found their opportunity in the changed social conditions which made intelligent intercourse between men and women possible, and gave men new ideas of woman's capacities and influence. In the Middle Ages it had been gravely debated whether women should be allowed to learn to read and write. Philippe de Navarre, a French juriconsult of the thirteenth century, says: "A fame ne doit-on apprendre lettres ne escrire si ce n'est especiaument pour estre nonain: car par lire et escrire de fame sont maint mal avenu."¹ The ground of objection, it further appears, is that if they could read and write they would make use of these accomplishments to receive and send love letters.² It was the same in Italy. "S'el è fanciulla femina," says Paolo da Certaldo in his *Breve Consiglio*, "polla a chuscire, e non a leggere, che non istà troppo bene a una femina sapere leggere." The modern educational programme of domestic economy and practical agriculture really goes back to the Middle Ages; "to sew and to spin," they put it in their simpler phrase, and they seem to have kept to it diligently, at any rate in its exclusions. In France, Jourdain says girls of the lower classes learnt to "spin and sew," and in the country to "guide the plough, to hoe oats and wheat." Joan of Arc, to use her own words, "did not know A from B," and in the second half of the fourteenth century the wife of the procureur du roi at the Parliament of Paris could not read or write. The first *règlement scolaire* in the French records deals with a problem which is still with us—co-education; it is dated 1357—the year after the battle of Poitiers—and forbids the instruction of girls with boys. But a precedent for this prohibition had been set more than three centuries before in Ireland. Walter of Coventry writes in his Chronicle, under date 1053-4: "Aed, clericus barbosus in Hibernia,

1. Quoted by Jourdain, *L'éducation des femmes au moyen âge*.

2. Even so learned and pious a man as Gerson writes: "Tout enseignement pour les femmes doit être considéré comme suspect."

vir famosissimus et mirae religionis fuit, qui clericorum, puellarum, et laicorum magnam scholam habebat, puellasque more clericorum tondebat, propter et quod etiam de Hibernia projectus est.”¹

It was at Florence that the spirit of the new age first declared itself effectually. In Dante's time the forces which produced the Renaissance were already at work, but it was an age of transition, and it seemed uncertain whether the change would be for good or evil. In his indignation at the extravagance of the women of Florence, the stern moralist of the Divine Comedy looked back with regret, and even bitterness, to the time when they were content to busy themselves with the cradle and the spinning wheel, and found enough diversion in telling old tales by the fireside;² but essentially conservative as he was, Dante was not untouched by the new spirit. It is a woman, the glorified Beatrice, who in the *Paradiso* instructs him not only in theology, but in science; and writing in the *Convito* (II.11) of the three things which make a woman attractive, he gives the first place to wisdom—“Che è più bello in donna che sapere?” Francesco da Barberino, who was a fellow pupil with Dante of Brunetto Latini, in his *Reggimento delle donne*, suggests somewhat hesitatingly, that girls should be taught to read and write “as far as is becoming in a woman” :—

Et parmi, ch'a suo stato si convegna
Che in questo tempo imprenda
Leggere, e scriver convenevolmente.

Before the end of the fourteenth century the issue was raised in much more decisive fashion by the great Florentine scholar, Luigi Marsigli, who gave lectures at San Spirito on religious and philosophical subjects, which were very largely attended, by women as well as men. The innovation did not pass without remark, for we have a curious sonnet, in which Angelo Torini expresses his displeasure at the extension of knowledge “to ignoramuses, such as women and children, who are not able to appreciate it.” But the change in woman's position had been made, and it was too late to turn back. We may fix the time and the place when it was openly acknowledged. Not many

1. Reprint by Stubbs, I. 69.

2. *Paradiso* XV. 97-129.

years ago M. Wesselofsky discovered the record of a discussion which took place at the villa called Il Paradiso degli Alberti in 1389. A "joyful brigade" of men and women met to amuse themselves with music and stories and conversations on various subjects, chiefly of a philosophical character. One of the issues debated was whether the father or the mother loves the child best, and the mother's side was taken by a young woman of great intelligence and gracious manners, named Cosa. When she had ended, her reply seemed to the learned men present of greater weight than they could ever have imagined, and they complimented the lady most highly, both on her manner of arguing and on the excellent reasons she had advanced. She was especially praised by Master Biagio, who, wagging his head, thus spake to the other scholars: "By our Lady, by our Lady the Virgin Mary, I did not believe that the women of Florence were so learned in moral and natural philosophy, and so ready in rhetoric and logic, as it seems to me they are." To whom the valiant lady gently answered: "Master, the women of Florence intend so to act and speak, according to their power, that there shall not be one thing represented to them for another by those who wish to deceive them."

It was not until the next century that this promise was fulfilled, and it would take too long to trace the steps by which it was accomplished. From Florence the new movement spread to the rest of Italy, and from Italy to the rest of Europe. It became the custom for Italian girls to learn Latin, and, in the second half of the fifteenth century, Greek, along with their brothers. Cecilia Gonzaga could read and write Greek when eight years old. Hippolita Sforza, who became Queen of Naples, made the Greek Testament part of her trousseau, for, says an early biographer, she had been educated from a child in liberal studies, in which she obtained a proficiency fitted for her future greatness and royal majesty.¹ Burckhardt says in *Die Kultur der Renaissance in Italien* (trans. by Middlemore, pp. 396-7): "The education given to women in the upper classes was essentially the same as that given to men. The Italian, at the time of the Renaissance, felt no scruple in putting sons and daughters alike under the same course of literary and even philological instruction. Indeed, looking at this ancient culture as the chief treasure of life, he was glad

1. Jacobi Philippi Bergomensis, *De plurimis claris selectisque mulieribus*.

that his girls should have a share in it. . . . There was no question of 'woman's rights' or female emancipation, simply because the thing itself was a matter of course. The educated woman, no less than the man, strove naturally after a characteristic and complete individuality. The same intellectual and emotional development which perfected the man was demanded for the perfection of woman."¹ If authority were needed, it was found in the teaching of Plato, "without which," Lorenzo de' Medici said, "no one can be either a good citizen or a good Christian." Plato had argued that none of the occupations which comprehend the ordering of a state belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike; so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man, and ought therefore to receive the same education. Bembo, who interpreted and developed Platonism, has left us a charming letter, in which he congratulates a little girl on her progress in Latin: "Valde me tuae literae delectarunt, eoque magis, quod mihi praeter spem accidit abs te puella tantulae aetatis latino sermone et quidem probo et eleganti, scriptas literas accepisse. Itaque ad reliquias caussas quae te mihi charissimam faciunt, plurimas illas quidem atque maximas, hac etiam addita quod te optimis artibus deditam video; nihil jam est, quod ad meum erga te amorem addi posse videtur."

In France the seeds of Platonic doctrine fell in less congenial soil, but they were not altogether unfruitful. Rabelais, although he knew his Plato, was no idealist, and he was certainly no feminist. "Quand je di femme, je di un sexe tant fragile, tant variable, tant inconstant et imparfait, que nature me semble (parlant en tout honneur et révérence) s'estre esgarée de ce bon sens, par lequel elle avoit créé et formé toutes choses, quand elle ha basti la femme. Et y ayant pensé cent et cinq cents fois, ne sçai à quoi m'en résoudre, sinon que forgeant la femme, elle ha eu esgard à la sociale délectation de l'homme et à la perpétuité de l'espèce humaine, plus qu'à la perfection de l'individuelle muliébrité." But, in his own fashion, he bears witness to the intellectual movement among the women of his time. Gargantua writes to Pantagruel: "Je voi les brigands, les bourreaux, les aventuriers, les palefreniers de maintenant, plus doctes que les docteurs et prescheurs de mon temps.

1. There is an interesting discussion of the whole question in Gregorovius, *Life of Lucrezia Borgia*, Bk. I., IV.

Que dirai-je? Les femmes et filles ont aspiré à ceste louange et manne céleste de bonne doctrine."

It would take many books to tell what use women made of the opportunities thus offered them; we must be content to give a few hints of the heights they reached and the extent of the new culture. M. R. de Maulde la Clavière has written a long and entertaining work on "Les Femmes de la Renaissance," naturally with special reference to France; but Italy led the way, and was not out-stripped by any of the nations which followed her example. Perhaps the most perfect exponent of the new culture was Vittoria Colonna, whom Burekhardt, with unaccustomed enthusiasm, describes as "immortal." She conversed and corresponded with the foremost intellects of her time, with Ochino and Cardinal Pole on religion, with Castiglione, Dolce and Aretino on literature, with Bembo on philosophy, with Michael Angelo on art. The great sculptor fell in love with her twelve years before he met her, and ventured to kiss her hand only after her death, which left him inconsolable.¹ Vittoria Colonna stood by no means alone. Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright) has recently published charming biographies of Isabella and Beatrice d'Este, regarding the former as "the supreme representative of Renaissance culture in its highest and most intellectual phase,"² the latter as "the type of that new found joy in life, that intoxicating rapture in the actual sense of existence that was the heritage of her generation." A Latin oration by a young princess was in those days not an uncommon way of welcoming a distinguished visitor, and the new learning was not altogether confined to court life. M. Maulde la Clavière writes with pardonable enthusiasm:—

"Elle sont cent, elles sont mille, les Italiennes de la fin du XV^e siècle qui s'attachent à ce programme intellectuel, ou, pour mieux dire, elles s'y attachent toutes. Il n'y a pas une jeune fille, même de condition modeste, qui ne se considère, dans une certaine mesure, comme responsable de l'avenir, et qui ne se prépare réellement à devenir la reine intellectuelle d'un salon ou d'un logis quelconque, pendant que

1. See Condivi's account, given by J. A. Symonds, *Life of Michelangelo*, II. 118-9.

2. "In scharfumgrenztem Bilde zeigt sie alle die Tugenden, welche die ausgezeichneten Frauen jener Zeit charakterisirten: Klugheit dem praktischen Leben gegenüber, tiefen und ausgebreiteten Sinn für wissenschaftliche Bildung, lebendiges Schönheitsgefühl und geläuterte ästhetische Empfindung, ungeschwächte Genusseskraft und die daraus entspringende unversieglige Lebensheiterkeit, echte Weiblichkeit ohne jede Prüderie."—Janitschek, *Die Gesellschaft der Renaissance in Italien*.

son mari vaquera aux occupations extérieures. Aussi, lorsque des parents sont assez heureux pour constater chez une petite fille l'étincelle mystérieuse du beau, loin de s'en défier, ils l'accueillent avec transport, comme un don sacré de la Providence, et mettent tout en œuvre pour le développer: M^{lle} Trivulce, une enfant gatée de la fortune, fut très sérieusement 'consacrée' ainsi aux Muses dès l'âge de quatorze ans."¹

Bishop Creighton bears calmer but no less convincing testimony to the same effect in one of the essays published since his death—that on "A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century"—Olympia Morata. She was the companion of Anna d'Este, who was the daughter of Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and grand-daughter of Anne of Brittany. "At the age of fourteen she wrote Latin letters, translated several of Boccaccio's stories into Latin, wrote observations on Homer and several rhetorical compositions in praise of celebrated men of old times. She then turned her attention to the higher branches of learning, philosophy and theology, and wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin in the style of Plato and Cicero, dealing with philosophical and theological subjects. She was scarcely sixteen years old when she was requested to give lectures in the University of Ferrara, in which she commented on the Paradoxes of Cicero, and discussed the philosophical problems which that book contains. There was nothing extraordinary in a lady lecturing in Italy at that day. There was no notion of rivalry between the sexes any more than between classes in the State. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to take whatever was said at its real worth."

Spain, too, had its list of learned ladies, headed by the heroic Queen Isabella and her four daughters, who were taught not only to spin, sew and embroider, but to read and speak Latin. One of them, the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon, was engaged when she was twelve years old in a Latin correspondence with Prince Arthur of England, to whom she was betrothed; and Erasmus describes her as "egregie doctam." According to the testimony of their tutor, the famous scholar, Luiz Vives, the other three were equally erudite.² Isabella's Latin tutor was Doña Beatriz de Galindo, who, on account of her classical know-

1 The authority for this latter statement is *Jacobus Bergomensis*, u. s.

2. *De Institutione Christianae Foeminae*, cap. IV.: *Aetas Nostra quatuor Illas Isabellae reginae filias, quas paullo ante memorabam, eruditas videt,*" etc.

ledge, was called "La Latina." Another lady, Doña Lucia de Medrano, was professor of classics in the University of Salamanca; and a third, Doña Francisca de Lebrija, held the chair of rhetoric at Alcalá. The latter's father, Antonio de Lebrija, introduced Italian culture into Spain, and wrote a Latin grammar for the use of the ladies at court, who included many eminent scholars in addition to those mentioned;¹ but while the direct impulse, here as elsewhere, came from Italy, lectures by women had been known in Spain as far back as the ninth century, when Valadata, daughter of the caliph Mahomet, vanquished the most famous academicians in public disputation by her logic and eloquence. In the tenth and succeeding centuries many women of high rank were distinguished among the Spanish Arabs, "not merely in eloquence and poetry, but in those recondite studies which have usually been reserved for the other sex. . . . With an intrepidity that might shame the degeneracy of a modern blue, they plunged boldly into the studies of philosophy, history and jurisprudence."²

The feminist movement in France, as M. Maulde la Clavière has pointed out, was of an entirely different character; in France, as in Italy, women sought to influence men by personal charm, not to excel them in erudition. The centre of the French Renaissance was Margaret, sister of the gallant Francis I who said, "Point de cour sans dames." Her great service to her country was the introduction of Italian culture; the *Heptaméron* is as clearly an imitation of Italian models as the society it pictures is of the courts of Ferrara, Mantua and Urbino.³ Margaret took her Platonism from Bembo and Castiglione, being unacquainted with the original, but she gave to the theory of Platonic love a variation which is all her own. In her view, the higher spiritual love of the *Symposium* is woman's love, the lower, sensual one, that of man. It was, therefore, woman's mission to check and refine the grosser passions of the other sex. Margaret, in her

1. See Prescott, History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Pt. 1, ch. 19; Lafuente Historia General de España, Vol. 8, p. 35; and Maulde la Clavière, pp. 129 and 556.

2. Prescott, Pt. 1, ch. 8.

3. Only the chief centres are mentioned, for every Italian court of the Renaissance had its circle of brilliant ladies except Rome, where the lack was felt and regretted. Cardinal Bibiena writes to Giuliano de' Medici in 1515 that the Pope wept for joy when he heard his sister-in-law was coming to Rome. "Et parli mille anni di veder l'illustrissima consorte di Vostro Eccellenza, tanto desiderata in questo corte, quanto più dire non si potria. . . . La città tutta dice: Hor lodato sia Dio, che qui non mancava, se non una corte di madonne et questa signora tanto nobile, tanto virtuosa, tanto buona et tanto bella ce ne terrà una, et farà la Croce Romana perfetta."—Lettere di Principi, Ed. 1581, Vol. 1, p. 16. A free translation of the letter is given in Roscoe's Life of Leo X., II. p. 7.

relations with men, adopted a policy whereby, to use her own phrase, "les plus assurés étaient désespérés, et les plus désespérés en prenaient assurance." Among her many "serviteurs," the most distinguished was the poet Marot, who has left us some charming rondeaux commemorating their "alliance de pensée" or "alliance de seur":—

Las ! elle m'a navré de grand' vigueur,
Non d'un cousteau, ne par hayne ou rigneur,
Mais d'un baiser de sa bouche vermeille,
Par alliance.

..... à voix baissée
M'a dit: "Je suis ta pensée féale
Et toy la mienne, a mon gré, cordiale."
Nostre alliance ainsi fut commencée
Un mardy gras.

But even Marot, in the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, took the side of the flesh, as M. Maulde la Clavière puts it, and Margaret met with Platonic disappointments which confirmed her theory. She was more successful in using feminine influence for political ends. Brantôme says that ambassadors always paid her a visit immediately after seeing the King: "Et bien souvent, lorsqu'il avoit de grandes affaires, les remettoit à elle, en attendant sa définition et totale résolution. Elle les sçavoit fort bien entretenir et contenter de beaux discours, comme elle y estoit fort opulente et fort habile à tirer les vers du nez d'eulx: d'ond le roi disoit souvent qu'elle lui assistoit bien et le deschargeoit beaucoup par l'industrie de son gentil esprit et par douceur." This was the one point in which the other Margaret continued the honourable traditions of her illustrious predecessor. In her *Mémoires* she gives an amusing account of how she won the fortress of Cambrai for her brother, the Duke of Alençon, by playing on the weaknesses of the governor. "Voyant la belle occasion qui m'était offerte, je ne la laissai pas perdre et employai tout ce que Dieu m'avait donné d'esprit à rendre M. d'Inchy affectionné à la France." In the same way she won the fortress d'Usson in Auvergne, in which she had been imprisoned, first fascinating the governor and then turning him out of his own castle.

The Renascence came later to England than to the Continent, and

included impulses from Italy, France and Spain, but retained an essentially English character. We have an early example of the new type in Margaret Beaufort, the patroness of Caxton, who, on the accession of Henry VIII., was proud to declare himself "printer unto the most excellent princess, my lady the king's grandame." She established the Lady Margaret professorships at Oxford and Cambridge, gave the latter two colleges (Christ's and St. John's), was herself a scholar and authoress, and has been pronounced "one of the most remarkable women in English history." But the movement did not reach its height in Great Britain until half a century later, when the continental influences had had time to mature. Vives came from Spain as Latin tutor to Mary Tudor when she was a child of six, and wrote for her two little treatises, which helped to form her religious character. Later she translated Erasmus's Latin Paraphrase of the New Testament with the help of English tutors, one of whom, Nicholas Udall, a famous flogging schoolmaster of the time, better known as the author of our first comedy, writes in the preface:—"Nowe in this gracious and blisseful tyme of knowledge, in which it hath pleased Almightye God to reuele and shewe abrode the lyght of his moste holye ghospell: what a noubre is there of noble women (especially here in this realme of Englande) yea and howe many in the yeares of tender vyrginitiee, not only aswel seen and as familiarly trade in the Latine and Greke tounes, as in theyr owne mother language: but also both in all kindes of prophane litterature, and liberall artes, exactly studied and exercised, and in the holy Scriptures and Theologie so ripe, that they are able aptely, cunnyngly, and with much grace eyther to indiete or translate into the vulgare tongue, for the publique instruction and edifying of the vnlearned multitude. . . . It is nowe no newes in Englande to see young damisels in noble houses and in the Courtes of Princes, in stede of cardes and other instrumentes of idle trifleyng, to haue continually in her handes, eyther Psalmes, Omelies, and other deuoute meditacions, or elles Paules Epistles, or some booke of holye Scripture matiers: and as familiarlye both to reade or reason thereof in Greke, Latine, Frenche, or Italian, as in Englishe."

The British princesses of this time yielded nothing to their continental sisters in devotion to learning. At the court of France, Mary Queen of Scots, at the age of 13 or 14 "desclama devant le roy, Henry, la reyne et toute la cour, publiquement en la salle du Louvre, une

oraison en Latin qu'elle avoit faicte, soubtenant et deffendant, contre l'opinion commune, qu'il estoit bien séant aux femmes de scavoir les lettres et arts liberaux."

Elizabeth at fourteen translated one of the devotional works of Margaret of France, and her translation from Seneca is still to be seen in the Bodleian Library. Ascham describes her as "the best scholar that ever was in our time"—not a mere courtly compliment, for the Queen read Demosthenes every day, and could speak Italian and French as fluently as her mother tongue. But in spite of Elizabeth's versatility and statecraft, the feminine flower of the English Renaissance is undoubtedly Lady Jane Grey, who was only thirteen when Ascham paid her the visit he has described in *The Scholemaster*—"Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som gentlemen wold read a merie tale in Bocase. After salutation, and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? Smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure, that I find in *Plato*: Alas good folke, they neuer felt, what trewe pleasurement."

Other learned English ladies of the time were Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret, who "disputed of philosophy before the king" (Henry VIII.); her friend Margaret Clements, a famous mathematician in her day; and the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, one of whom became the wife of Burghley, and another the mother of Bacon. A literary idol of a later date was Mary Sidney, Lady Pembroke, for whom William Browne wrote the epitaph so long attributed to Ben Jonson:—

Underneath this sable Herse,
Lyes the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Faire and Learn'd, and good as she,
Tyme shall throw a dart at thee.

These are merely representatives of a widespread culture. Harrison, in his *Description of England*, published in Holinshed's *Chronicle*

in 1577, says:—"Trulie it is a rare thing with vs now, to heare of a courtier which hath but his owne language. And to saie how many gentlewomen and ladies there are that, beside sound knowledge of the Greeke and Latine toongs, are thereto no lesse skilfull in the Spanish, Italian, and French, or in some one of them, it resteth not in me: sith I am persuaded, that as the noble men and gentlemen doo surmount in this behalfe, so these come verie little or nothing at all behind them for their parts: which industrie, God continue." In the second edition of the work, published ten years later, Harrison adds that the ladies of the court are not only engaged in continual reading, but "in writing volumes of their owne, or translating of other mens into our English and Latine toong."

It may be objected that the abiding results in literature and art of all this feminine activity were of no great moment. To this the answer is that account must be taken not only of what women achieved themselves, but of what they inspired and encouraged. The Shakesporean heroines—Juliet and Viola, Rosalind and Beatrice, Portia and Imogen, Queen Katherine and Hermione—would have been impossible in an age when women were repressed, and their energies restricted to the kitchen and the cloister. So, too, would Belphebe, Britomart and the other noble Amazons of that great epic which Spenser dedicated "to the high mightie and magnificent empresse" Elizabeth "to live with the eternitie of her fame." Women were the occasion, direct or indirect, of some of the most characteristic forms of Renascence literature—manuals of polite behaviour, such as the *Galateo*, and of courtly conversation, such as the *Cortegiano*, which Castiglione submitted to Vittoria Colonna before publication.¹ *Euphues* "had rather lye shut in a Ladyes casket than open in a Schollers studie,"² and Sidney wrote the *Arcadia* for his sister Mary, who collaborated with him in translating the Psalms, and after his death was the leader of a notable attempt to establish French classical tragedy in England. She translated Garnier's *Marc Antoine*, and it was probably at her instigation that Kyd translated the *Cornélie*, and Daniel wrote the

1. Similarly Ariosto unfolded to Isabella d'Este the plan of the *Orlando Furioso*, and Bembo dedicated *Gli Asolani* to Lucrezia Borgia.

2. *Euphues* and his England, Epistle Dedicatory "To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England."

Cleopatra and *Philotas* after the same model.¹ "No doubt," as Burckhardt remarks, with special reference to the Italian Renaissance, "the supreme achievements of the human mind were then produced independently of the helps of the drawing-room. Yet it would be unjust to rate the influence of the latter on art and poetry too low, if only for the reason that society helped to shape that which existed in no other country—a widespread interest in artistic production and an intelligent and critical public opinion."

Two articles in the *Nuova Antologia*, *Le donne italiane nelle belle arti al secolo XV. e XVI.*, by Marco Minghetti, and *Rimatrici italiane ne' primi tre secoli*, by Adolfo Borgognoni,² have attempted to prove that the actual achievements of women were greater than is generally admitted; but detailed examination only serves to make it clearer that in the highest realms of art and literature women accomplished little of permanent value. One reason, no doubt, is that for the most part they restricted themselves to those spheres of activity which they regarded as peculiarly their own.³ In these their achievements were far from unimportant. They were noble and generous patrons of art, especially in the decoration of their own homes.⁴ Dress and furniture acquired elegance and individuality, and were brought into keeping with the increased refinement of manners and conversation, in which women had the largest share. The relations between the sexes were purified, and put on the broader basis of common intellectual interests. The women of the Renaissance aimed not so much to assert themselves as to exercise a refining influence on others. They strove, by their own purity and elevation of mind, to inspire men to noble aims and high endeavour.⁵

1. This curious literary movement has been studied in three recent doctoral theses—by Alice H. Luce (Heidelberg), John Ashby Lester (Harvard), and Morris W. Croll (Pennsylvania). The last named gives a list of English imitations of French Senecan tragedy, and points out that they were all "directly or indirectly due to the impulse given by the Countess of Pembroke's work."

2. See also Eduardo Magliani, *Studio letterario delle donne italiane*.

3. Vasari, *Life of Properzia Rossi*: "È gran cosa che in tutte quelle virtù et en tutti quelli exercitii ne' quali, in qualunque tempo, hanno voluto le donne intramettersi con qualche studio, elle siano sempre riuscite eccellentissime e più che famose."

4. See Eugène Müntz, *Histoire de l'art*, and *Les Femmes de la Renaissance* in *La Nouvelle Revue* Nov. 1899

5. Dies ist also das Hauptverdienst der Frauen um das Kunstleben der Renaissance, dass sie in einer Zeit des Gährens massloser Kräfte und Gewalten den Sinn für Mass lebendig erhielten, dass sie die ästhetische Empfindung gepflegt und verfeinert und so Kunst und Leben in eine innige Verbindung gebracht haben. Gelungen war ihnen dies aber nur desshalb, weil sie zwar auf der Höhe der Bildung der Zeit standen, diese ihnen aber doch nur zum Werkzeug geworden war, das weibliche Naturell zu glänzendster Entfaltung zu bringen.—Janitschek.

The real weakness of the movement was not that it was unproductive, but that it was not reproductive—it had not “the glory of going on.” This was partly due to the pressure of external forces beyond feminine control. The gentler graces of life were hushed in the turmoil of religious factions. The Counter-Reformation was largely a return to mediæval ideas, and there was no compensating benefit to be gained from Protestantism or Puritanism. The Reformers combined masculine prejudice with the literal interpretation of Scripture in their hostility to the ideas of the Italian Renaissance as to the capacity of women. Luther says in his Table Talk that women are clever in the house, but worth nothing outside of it; from the days of Eve until now, everything they have undertaken to direct has come to grief.¹ Calvin doubts whether they really understand household matters; and when women do good service to the cause of religion, he tells them that he regards it as a fulfilment of the words of St. Paul: “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.” John Knox set forth his views fully and vigorously in *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, in which he lays down the principle that “to promote a Woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion, or empire above any Realme, Nation, or Citie, is repugnant to Nature; contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance; and finallie, it is the subversion of good order, of all equitie and justice. . . . For who can denie but it is repugnant to nature, that the blind shall be appointed to leade and conduct such as do see? That the weake, the sicke, and impotent persons shall norishe and kepe the hole and strong? And finallie, that the foolishhe, madde, and phrenetike shal governe the discrete, and give counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be al women, compared unto man in bearing of authoritie.” The English Puritans held the same views. Milton writes in *Paradise Lost* that

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.²

1 Tischreden, Weiber-Klingheit and Weiber-Regiment.

2. IX. 232-3. See also IV. 295-311 and 635-8. In the latter passage Eve says to Adam:

My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is the law, thou mine; to know no more
In woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

The conception of woman's inferiority and subordination underlies all the divorce pamphlets as well as the great epic; and this was the principle Milton enforced in dealing with his wives and daughters. He had the latter read for him in Hebrew and other languages which he did not allow them to learn, holding that "one tongue was enough for any woman." On the Royalist side things were no better. "Books are a part of man's prerogative," writes Sir Thomas Overbury, summing up the excellences of an ideal wife:—

*A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgement to discern, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, make fraile,
And doth not adde more ballast, but more saile.*

*Domesticke charge both best that sex befit,
Contiguous businesse; so to fixe the mind,
That leisure space for fancies not admit:
Their leysure 'tis corrupteth woman-kind:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to heav'n a shorter cut than we.*
* * *

*As good and wise; so be she fit for me,
That is, to will, and not to will, the same:
My wife is my adopted selfe, and she
As me, so what I love, to love must frame:
For when by mariage both in one concurre,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.*

That "dear favourite" of Charles Lamb's, the "thrice noble, chaste and virtuous but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle" was as much of an eccentricity at the court of Charles II. on account of her learning as on account of her virtue. As Professor Masson has pointed out, there was a decline at the Restoration, not only in morality, but in all that makes for refinement in life—in manners, in the tone of conversation and correspondence, in literature and in intellectual interests generally. From the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of James I. 353 grammar schools

were founded in England; not one was added after 1625.¹ No wonder that the education of women suffered in the general decay; and as it had been the last step forward in the history of progress, it was the first step backward in the history of reaction.

But the failure was hastened by seeds of decay within the movement itself. Renaissance culture, from its beginnings in humanism, had been the privilege of a class; it was, as Burckhardt says, "anti-popular." This has been well emphasized by M. Philippe Monnier in his recent book, *Le Quattrocento*. The humanists busied themselves with the education of princes; they took no interest in the education of the people, whom they disliked and despised. Petrarch writes: "Multorum vero, hoc est vulgi iudicium, sic nullius momenti feci semper ac facio ut ab iis malim non intelligi quam laudari; vulgi enim laus, apud doctos infamia est."² "Quid plebs?" asks Ficino, and answers: "Polypus quidem, id est, animal multipes sine capite."³ This tradition of the humanists was maintained by their pupils. Castiglione and Margaret of France can hardly find words to express their disdain of country life and country folk; the latter's exclamation, "O cœur dur rural et champestre," in her *Oraison de l'Âme* seems to indicate that she was so familiar with the use of these adjectives as opprobrious epithets, that she employed them in this sense even in her prayers. The class which despises others easily degenerates into a clique, and instead of the learned ladies of the sixteenth century we have the *précieuses* of the seventeenth, both in France and England.⁴ A strain of artificiality in the movement prepared the way for decadence. There is something, if not contrary to, at any rate above human nature in such a relation as that between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. It is so far beyond ordinary comprehension as to be easily misinterpreted, and ridicule is a most potent factor in the downfall of a movement which has begun to lose ground. "Platonic Love" conveys an association not altogether serious to most minds of the present day. Professor Santayana, in a recent essay on "Platonic Love in

1. Alice Zimmern, *The Renaissance of Girls' Education in England*.

2. *Epistolae familiares*, XIV. 2.

3. *Epistolae* I, 632. So too Guicciardini: "Chi disse un popolo disse veramente un pazzo perchè è un mostro pieno di confusione e di errori."

4. See an article in the June issue of the *Journal of Comparative Literature* on "Précieuses at the Court of Charles I" by Professor J. B. Fletcher of Harvard, to whom the writer is much indebted for kindly interest and help

some Italian Poets," has made an attempt at rehabilitation. "It is," he says, "nothing else than the application to passion of that pursuit of something permanent in a world of change, of something absolute in a world of relativity, which was the essence of the Platonic philosophy." But the Master of Peterhouse probably comes nearer the generally received opinion when he says that the whim of so-called "Platonic love" is "either very silly or very dangerous."²

It was on its educational side that the feminine culture of the Renaissance was of the greatest value and made the deepest impression—an impression which found its record in history and never altogether faded from the public mind. The women of the Renaissance left no successors to hand on the torch of learning to their sex, but they continued to live in fame—the Platonic soul-immortality which perhaps they would have most desired. Even in the full tide of reaction, Wotton made the shrewd remark, "One would think by the effects that it was a proper way of educating them, since there are no accounts in history of so many great women in any age as were to be found between the years 1500 and 1600." Before the end of the seventeenth century Mrs. Meakins had written "An Essay to Revive the Ancient Education of Gentlewomen" (1673). The revival was delayed until our own time, and has been associated with a new factor in social organization—woman's ambition for material independence. To some this last may seem a struggle against fate, but the educational Renaissance of the nineteenth century rests on firm foundations. It can only disappear with the decay of the civilization of which it is one of the most characteristic features.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE.

2. A. W. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*, 2nd Edition, III., 170.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

"Exactly," said I, as I sat in my easy chair at the window, and watched the smoke of my pipe curling lazily up against a background of tenements plastered on the hillside across a narrow valley—"exactly."

"And you know," Aunt Maria went on, "how utterly tired I am of this place. It's high time to get out of Hillquay, for Hillquay is neither one thing nor the other. If it's the bustle of city life you want, go there."

"Quite so," I exclaimed:

'Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.'

"Don't interrupt with your quotations," rejoined Aunt Maria, "but just hear what I've got to say. I repeat, if it's the bustle of real city life you want, go there, and if it's the country, well, go to the country."

"Yes," I murmured,

I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end'—*Swift*."

"Swift," exclaimed Aunt Maria, "not a bit of it! There'll be no swift river at my garden's end, I can assure you. Just think what

would happen if Betty, who has fits of the shakes, and now and then gets dizzy, should tumble into a rapid current. No! If there's to be a river at my garden's end, I'll take care that it's slow."

Aunt Maria was a person of very strong convictions, and a glance at her face showed that she held them. Her large mouth and lips, compressed and drawn down at the corners, at once gave the impression that whatever she said admitted of no contradiction. A prominent nose, which is generally accepted as a mark of power and determination, and a forehead more than the poet's span broad, besides being high, lent her a decidedly masculine appearance, with which her steel-grey eyes were in keeping. She was a largely built, practical person, inclined to sniff at learning, except, at times, in her nephew, of whom she was disguisedly fond, and she was also never tired of trying to say some sharp things about changes in fashion. In dress she affected plain black, to the scorn of brocade and other flowery stuffs, on which she would now and then vent her ridicule. It is true that she had been known to wear a richly embroidered stomacher in her younger days, but from the time I knew her she contented herself with small collars of Honiton lace, which she fastened in front with an elaborate silver brooch that had been palmed off on her as having been worn in the front of Henry the Seventh's hat. Her hair, parted Madonna-wise, instead of where it ought to have been in her case—at the side, and falling over her ears in little ringlets, was gathered at the back into a small twist and fastened with a huge tortoiseshell comb.

Although Aunt Maria came of Puritan stock, she was not at all ecclesiastically inclined; indeed, the only outward and visible sign of denominationalism was a portrait of Old Noll hanging at the head of her bed. She used to allude to him as "the strong man," and from hints she threw out every now and then, it was clear she thought she had missed her proper destiny in not becoming his wife. There was a touch of the old Puritan dislike of polite literature in her; in fact, her acquaintance with books was very slight, for it scarcely went beyond familiarity with a few of those essays that are marvels of compressed wisdom. In one she found her favorite quotation: "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures"—a sentiment which had helped to mould her life. It was possibly owing to a sense of duty to her Maker that she would put on every morning a pair of dog-skin gloves, fondly believed by her to have be-

longed to some high-born Elizabethan dame, and, with scissors in hand, spend half an hour in the garden snipping at everything that looked excrescent or decayed. So ingrained had this habit of snipping become that whenever she wished to cap an argument and refute you absolutely, she would hold the palm of her right hand vertically and jerk down her thumb on her forefinger, as much as to say, "That's dead and gone." But her ruling passion was the antique. She had the true spirit of the credulous antiquary, and no attempt to disillusionize her produced the least effect; even the story of Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle would, I verily believe, have left her unconvinced and unmoved. That people were trying to undervalue her relics was one of her fixed ideas; their motive, she declared, was to make her part with them much below their value, which she thought considerable, because, like Captain Grose, she had a "fouth o' auld nick-nackets" poked away in various drawers and receptacles all over the house, to which she betook herself at odd moments, probably to make sure that nothing was missing.

Aunt Maria and I lived together in consequence of the death of my father, who was a widower, when I was young. By his will she was appointed my guardian, and during the fifteen years that had elapsed since I first came under her charge I had become thoroughly acquainted with all sides of her character. My father had left specific instructions, faithfully carried out by Aunt Maria, regarding my education at both school and college, from which I had just come with a respectable Oxford degree. Nearly all his legacy had been spent, so I had to think what I should do to earn a livelihood. Rather unexpectedly, Aunt Maria came to the rescue, and promised to defray the expenses incurred in qualifying me for a profession. She had a little fortune of her own, inherited from my uncle, who had been fairly successful in business, and I knew it would come to me on one condition—that I behaved myself with great circumspection in her eyes.

"And so," said I, "you have made up your mind to leave the home of my fore-fathers?" I thought that, by alluding to things ancestral, the plan of Aunt Maria, which had been smouldering for some time, might be extinguished, but the bait proved of no avail.

"Home of your fore-fathers! Now there might have been a time when life here was passable, but what with those nasty houses opposite, where there's a perfect blossoming of clothes on Mondays, at every conceivable angle, the sooner we get out of this place the better. I've

heard it said that the spot was pretty once, and that where that hideous alley runs along at the foot of the hill, a brook prattled down in little waterfalls from the moorland, and, turning an old mill, emptied itself into the bay. Opposite the house, they say, there were fields in old times, and flowers, and a pine-wood above, on the hill. But the place has got on my nerves somehow or other, and I'm determined to leave it."

"Aunt Maria and nerves!" I thought to myself.

"Ah, well," I replied, "there is nothing for it but to advertise—or do you feel inclined to put the affair into the hands of an agent? After all there is a good deal of variety to be got out of house-hunting, and of course you will take me with you to see all the eligible and desirable properties that will be offered."

"No," replied Aunt Maria, "I'm not going to put the affair into the hands of an agent. I don't believe in those agents; they tell such lies. I intend to advertise, and perhaps you can think of some form of advertisement."

"Oh, yes," I answered, "there is nothing difficult about that. All you have got to say is: 'Wanted by an elderly lady.'"

"What's that!" broke in Aunt Maria, sharply. "Elderly lady, indeed! Whether I'm elderly or not is nobody's business but my own. 'Wanted by a lady,' please."

"Very good," said I, "Wanted by a lady, a small house situated in a pleasant country part, with garden attached. Rent moderate. How will that do?"

"It's rather brief," said Aunt Maria, "but perhaps it's long enough."

The advertisement was duly inserted in the local paper, and replies soon came in. It was absolutely amazing to see how many desirable houses there were to rent in all parts of the county. Some of them had attractive names, and I told Aunt Maria that as attractive names appealed particularly to my fancy, I should begin the tour, for my part, by picking out the most attractive, and campaigning on that plan.

"Now," I said, "here is Sunnyside Cottage. Plenty of light, I suppose."

"Too much light is a bore at my age," replied Aunt Maria. "It's all very well for your young eyes, but I like to live a bit in shade. I

don't mind a darkish room at all, if it's comfortable in other ways. What more is there about Sunnyside Cottage?"

"Well," I replied, "Sunnyside Cottage is situated on the slope of a hill, and is said to have an extensive view."

"Extensive view! Likely pretty high," said Aunt Maria, "and that won't do. But still I believe in houses built on slopes. You know your poor father used to say that people didn't know where to build houses. They put them on hill-tops, and then got cut to pieces by the east wind, to say nothing about the climb, or they stuck them in pits, and everything inside grew damp and mouldy, to say nothing at all about no view. Well, what is the rent of Sunnyside Cottage?"

"Thirty pounds a year," I replied.

"The figure's all right," she added. "Is there anything about a garden?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "the grounds of Sunnyside Cottage cover the magnificent extent of half an acre, and there is a gravel drive up to the house."

"Noise!" ejaculated my aunt.

"Well," I said, "I would rather have a gravel drive anyhow than a bit of muddy road. But that is not all. The house is described as having a pretty porch and mullioned windows; in fact, it seems to be a sort of antique affair, waiting for somebody to come into it. Then, too, it has gables and ivied chimneys, and there you are."

"Well," she said, "put down Sunnyside Cottage. We'll go and see what it's like. What else have you got?"

"There is Mount Pleasant," I said.

"On a hill," exclaimed Aunt Maria; "pass on."

"Well," I said, "here's Hawthorn Vale."

"Equally bad," she said; "in a pit."

"But," I exclaimed, "here is something: 'The owner of a small residence of ancient date, a part of which belongs to the reign of Henry VIII., is anxious, for satisfactory reasons, to let it to a desirable tenant. Although it does not contain the most modern improvements, yet, to a lover of the past, this residence should prove extremely attractive on account of its unique interior. It contains an old hall, panelled entirely in oak, with the exception of two mahogany panels that once belonged to an admiral's stateroom in a galleon of the Spanish Armada. On the

floor above are bedrooms, also panelled in oak. The royal coach broke down one evening on the road near, and King Charles II. slept in one of the rooms, which has since been known as the King's Room. Connected with the house are some small ruins of a more ancient building, terminating in a low, square, battlemented tower, to which access is gained by a circular stone staircase. Rent, twenty pounds.' That is clearly a case of a haunted house," I added, "and I vote that, at any rate, we inspect it."

"What is it called?" said Aunt Maria.

"Mollisfont," I replied. "Rather a pretty name, isn't it?"

"O, yes," she rejoined, "and where is it?"

"It is stated to be fifteen miles from Exton," I said.

"Well," said Aunt Maria, "Sunnyside Cottage and Mollisfont. What else?"

"Oh," I said, "now here's a house by the seaside."

"No," said my aunt, "no house by the seaside for me. I've had quite enough of the sea in this gully, which seems to have been designed by nature for the purpose of letting those who live in it feel every shade of the east wind that blows up from the bay like an icy blast through a funnel. I cannot abide the sea—a nasty, wet, noisy thing."

"Well," I rejoined, "if you bar the coast, I have to throw half a dozen of these replies aside, but here is something which it might be worth while to look into. It is not often that for forty pounds a year"—

"Forty pounds! Too much!" murmured my aunt—

"That for forty pounds a year," I continued, "you can get an estate like this. I am going to read the letter. 'Dear Madam,—In reply to your advertisement, I desire to state that family reasons compel me to leave what, I am sure, you will find to be a most desirable residence. Moorland Park is situated in one of the pleasantest parts of Deneshire, and lies on the outskirts of the village of Cheldon. The house is quite new, and is fitted up with all the latest improvements. It consists of drawing-room, dining-room, library and smoking-room'—that is for me, I exclaimed—'on the ground floor, and on the second floor there are six bedrooms, together with servants' apartments. It is approached by a charming carriage drive'—nothing about gravel, you observe—'and lies within its own grounds of about five acres. I

am quite sure that you could not do better than take my house, for I am really letting it at a very great sacrifice. The only stipulation I make is that there shall be no children in the family."

"Five acres!" ejaculated Aunt Maria, "impossible!" And then she added that she meant to start on our tour of inspection at the beginning of the following week.

The thought of leaving the home in which I had been born and brought up made me feel sad, but, knowing my aunt's strength of resolve, I came to the conclusion that there was no hope for it, and that we had soon to bid farewell to spots which had become inexpressibly dear to me. So I took once more the walk I loved best. Climbing the hill at the back of the house, I looked down again on the little town beneath, whose winding street stretched up along a narrow valley, until the forms of the houses were lost in deepening twilight. A faint mist hung over it all, through which a light twinkled here and there on the hill-sides, and the dim sheen of the pavement, far beneath, on which the lights of the little shops fell at intervals, looked like pieces of ghostly fringe bordering the narrow blackness of the road. Away over the high moorland to the west, behind which the sun had long set, rested a few last ruddy bars of cloud that were rapidly changing into brown. Seawards stretched the expanse of the bay, looking like a dark plain, from which rose bold headlands, showing none of their detail now. At the end of the arm of the pier, which could scarcely be distinguished from the water encircling it, shone the white light of the light-house of the inner harbour, and near and beyond it the pale main-sail of a yacht that had just come to her anchorage seemed to move gently, as if waved by an invisible hand. Farther out, the tall red eye of the outer pier threw a warning ray into the expanse of the great channel beyond. "Ah, if it were not for Aunt Maria!" I murmured.

In order to get to Sunnyside Cottage, we had to take the train to the little country village of Leaholm. I knew where the place was, for the London and Exton express had often whizzed me past it. So far as I could recollect, Leaholm did not particularly strike my fancy.

The train slowed round the curve before reaching the little station, and then stopped. A very pretty station it was, with its flower beds of lobelias and dahlias, set off by beds of well-kept geraniums, that afforded a pleasing and tasteful contrast in colour. A few standard

roses, the pride of the station-master, had been set in little circular beds in the foreground, and the plainness of the low building itself was hidden under the luxuriance of West-country honeysuckle.

Aunt Maria got out of the train, and viewed the surroundings with an air of satisfaction.

"A very pretty station anyhow, but I wonder whether that vehicle I telegraphed for is here or not."

"Oh, yes, 'm," said the station-master, who came up at that moment, "it's just round the corner."

"Do you know anything about Sunnyside Cottage?" she said.

"I know where 'tis, 'm," he replied, "but I don't think much of the place myself."

"Well, we're going to see it," said Aunt Maria.

"Ye-es," he said, in a half-drawling way, "and what for, 'm, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Oh, if it suits me, I am going to live there," said Aunt Maria.

"Well, 'm, I hope you'll like it. It's about a mile from the station, up on the side of that hill," and he pointed to a hill that rose above the valley through which the river Lea flowed. He conducted us to the vehicle Aunt Maria had ordered, and we found it was to be drawn by what seemed to be a frisky horse. Aunt Maria, who had no love of horses, appeared to be a bit fidgetty.

"Oh, ees quait, vor shoar," said a burly-looking youth in his broad Deneshire accent; "bit vreysh z' mornin', I zim." We got in and proceeded at a sharp trot along a road made about two feet above what had been a marsh, but was now well drained, with the exception of a little meadow land quite close to the river. The low stone wall at each side of the road, and the heavy iron railing erected upon it, gave the whole the appearance of a long bridge. We crossed the single arch at the end that spanned the river at the foot of the hill, and began to ascend. Suddenly the horse shied, and Aunt Maria involuntarily uttered a low scream.

"'T be on'y ees airs, 'm. Doan' ee be afeard," ejaculated our Jehu. "There baint no vice tew'n, I'll be boun'."

As we went up the hillside the country began to show itself in rather plain and yet not unpleasing landscape.

"Thikky's Zunnyside Cottage, 'm," exclaimed our driver, as the vehicle entered a double gate which had been left open, and swept up

a short curve of gravel road that led to the front door, the wheels scattering the little pebbles right and left.

"Whish," said my aunt, "there's that abominable gravel!"

Sunnyside Cottage was one of those erections that mark the lowest level of domestic architecture. Our Elizabethan forefathers knew how to use their materials, even in cottage building, in a way that indicated something like feeling for variety and effect, but here was a house having an absolutely flat front, with the exception of two very slightly projecting bay windows, one on each side of the door, and the dreary poverty of the whole was intensified by stucco. It is true that a little piece of gable stood above each symmetrical half of the erection, but it failed to point to anything more than the total absence of any sense of art. The little diamond windows of the porch, with their small red and green panes, tried in vain to lighten its yellow dreariness. As to the garden, that had evidently gone to seed, with its rectangular beds edged with disjointed tiles and having narrow gravel paths running between them. A few bedraggled plants had been stuck in symmetrically, but what they were no human being could determine. Sunnyside Cottage had evidently seen its best days, which could not have been particularly good.

"What a fine garden!" Aunt Maria murmured sarcastically, as we passed by.

"Ever so much better than our little place at Hillquay," I ventured to add.

Aunt Maria said nothing, and I thought she had begun to imagine it would have been better to have remained at home.

The roofs of the boasted gables showed ominous streaks here and there, as if they were not quite watertight, and the solitary ivy plant, which had once climbed up the chimneys, had a dirty brown hue that made one think it did not know whether it was alive or not. The vehicle stopped, and we ascended two or three steps and knocked at the door. Some noise was heard inside, then the shuffling of footsteps, and a middle-aged woman opened it.

"Good mornin', 'm, be ee come vor t' zee th' ouze?"

"Yes," said Aunt Maria, quietly but firmly.

"Cum een, 'm." As Aunt Maria swept through the narrow porch her dress brought away a liberal supply of stucco dust, and as she

caught my glance she looked down and murmured something which I could not quite catch.

"Th' bestest paalor, 'm," said the woman, as with a majestic swing she opened the door of a room which had two windows, one of them facing the so-called garden, and the other to the side looking across a narrow grass plot, bounded by a wire fence, beyond which lay an orchard. We walked in.

"What's that?" said Aunt Maria, gazing out of the side window.

"Lor', 'm, tid'n nort, 'm; They'm on'y th' chicken a-comin' een vrom neighbour's varm. They there chicken be main vond o' creepin under th' vence-like; you'll vind a gude daug 'll keep 'm out."

"And what's that leaning against the fence?" said Aunt Maria, pointing to a dirty white irregular mass.

"They'm on'y paigs a-zunnin' theirsels, 'm. You zee Varmer Brown's orchard com'th up t' our place; you'm habble vor t' zee th' ouze—a bit o'n—drew th' apple drees. Ee be a vine un vor t' raise stock, be varmer Brown, and voaks du zay there id'n viner paigs ner chicken nowheres een th' county."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, turning towards the door, "and this is the rural paradise I was to expect."

"You'll zee th' rest o' th'ouze, 'm, won' ee?"

"Oh, yes," said my aunt, with a slight air of self-repression.

We went upstairs into some small bedrooms, the floors of which looked stained here and there.

"What's that?" said Aunt Maria.

"Tid'n nort, 'm; th' tiles 'pun tap o' th' roof be a bit shaken up, doan' ee zee. An' it du rain i' these year pairts, I tell ee, an' zumtimes a mossel o' water gits drew-like, but tid'n no' count."

"Come along," said Aunt Maria to me, "I think we have had enough."

We drove back to the station in silence, in spite of the attempts of our driver to find out what we thought of Sunnyside Cottage, and, although the station-master's countenance invited conversation, Aunt Maria kept her lips firmly closed.

It took Aunt Maria a day or two to get her spirits up sufficiently to make another venture, and when I suggested that it might be time to take a look at Moorland Park, she again declared she was not going to see it. I regarded it rather a piece of luck that Sunnyside Cottage

had proved such a failure, and, although I was somewhat afraid that Aunt Maria might be captivated by the antique, I felt it was the best thing to follow up her discomfiture before its traces had vanished from her mind, and so when she announced her intention of going to see Mollisfont, I said nothing to dissuade her from her plan.

The morning train took us from Hillquay to Exton, where we had no difficulty in finding a conveyance to drive fifteen miles. The first sight of Mollisfont made my heart sink, for there were actually ruins, and, although the place seemed to be situated away from everywhere, that made no difference to Aunt Maria. The house itself stood a short distance from the road, and in front of it was a narrow terrace with a few steps leading down to a garden beneath, one side of which the road bounded. Mollisfont was a fair specimen of the smaller house of the later Tudor time, but the whole place was in wretched repair. Its windows, with their perpendicular mullions, were small, and with the exception of the topmost—a two-light one in each gable—had no dripstone. Beneath the gables a simple string-course ran along the front of the house, and did something to relieve its plainness. Ivy grew luxuriantly over one side of the building, and it crept along the roof almost to a central chimney. The general impression Mollisfont made was that it had been built on the foundations of an earlier residence, for on one side there was a ruined wall, which had evidently belonged, in part, to a fortified mansion, and which joined the present dwelling to the battlemented tower that had been mentioned in the answer to the advertisement. The extent of the ruin was very small, consisting, in reality, of the wall with its two windows, the one, a high diminutive window, nearest the side of Mollisfont, being pointed Gothic, and the other, a large projecting Tudor bay, two stories in height, over which stretched a narrow battlemented piece of masonry. Beyond, a few feet of more massive and broken wall met one side of the small square tower, whose battlements rose only a few feet above the battlements over the window.

We walked up the garden path and across the terrace, and passed under the little square-topped entrance into the projecting porch. An old servant, who proved to be loquacious, made his appearance, and showed us into the hall, which occupied the larger portion of the one half of the house. It was panelled in oak, as stated, and the two mahogany panels from the Spanish Armada were there. If there had

been some colour in the place, it might have been somewhat attractive, but the stone floor, and everything about the house looked cold. Our guide pointed to the two mahogany panels with great pride, and began to discourse on the iniquities of Spain in general, and of the Spanish Armada in particular, and mentioned that if ever a similar attempt were made, Devon would soon cause it to suffer the fate of the Spanish fleet. As the centrepiece on one of these panels was carved the high prow of some galleon, the body of which was supposed to be continued in space, and on it stood the figure of an elaborately-dressed admiral, gazing wistfully into the far distance.

“What’s that?” said Aunt Maria to me.

“Oh, I don’t know,” I replied; “for a guess I should say it is Vasco da Gama doubling the Cape of Good Hope, or possibly it may be prophetic, and may picture Medina Sidonia catching the first sight of the English shore. The other panel represented Neptune with his trident in his hand surrounded by marine deities, who were drawing the conch in which he sat, or splashing round it in the most lively way.

Behind the hall lay the kitchen and pantry, and the rest of the ground floor was made up of two smallish rooms used as parlours. The rooms upstairs were panelled, too, and, although the house was not large, there seemed to be no end of those little staircases, leading everywhere and nowhere, which are to many an attractive feature of old houses.

We went up to see the King’s Room, as I knew Aunt Maria would never leave the spot without seeing it, and as we entered it, I suggested that the house might be haunted by the spirit of Old Noll, at which she gave me a reproving look. The flat ceiling was covered with slightly-raised ribs of plaster, dirty, chipped and worn owing to neglect, and forming a pattern of squares and hexagons and circles, with a little band-like border, enclosing a row of knobs, round each of them. There was nothing particularly remarkable in it, and it could be matched by a score of rooms in equally humble country mansions. But then there was that deadly tower, and those ruins, which gave the place a strange look, and I felt that, in spite of the coldness and silence and dreariness of the whole, it would prove sufficiently attractive to induce Aunt Maria to leave the charming scenery of Hillquay for sequestered solitude. I gave a little shiver, not without design, and Aunt Maria saw it.

"You 've not taken cold, I hope," she said.

"Oh, no," I replied, "but if I stay here much longer, I think I shall."

She looked at me with a dubious glance, and asked the servant to show us the way to the tower.

"Now for it!" I murmured.

We went out of the house through a little side door, and walked across the narrow grass plot, just behind the ruined wall, until we came to the low open doorway of the tower. "Take care," I said to Aunt Maria, for the stone steps of the tower, which were wet and mossy, were very slippery. With difficulty we reached the top. Aunt Maria leaned over the low battlemented parapet, and was evidently turning the attractions of the place over in her mind. I tried to draw her out, but to no purpose, and presently we began to descend. Suddenly I heard Aunt Maria scream, and found myself shot down by an irresistible weight from behind. I remember grasping at nothing, and coming to rest with a feeling of being a bruised mass, over which Aunt Maria had sped to a lower resting-place.

I was again sitting in our little parlour at Hillquay, gazing once more out of the window at the tenements across the valley, when Aunt Maria came into the room with her left arm, which she had broken when she fell in the tower at Mollisfont, still in a sling. She had been perfectly silent about our house-hunting during the very trying period of six weeks which had elapsed, but I thought the time had now come to probe her gently, and so I said, "Aunt Maria, what about Mollisfont?"

She turned, extended her right arm, and holding the palm of her hand vertically, brought down her thumb on her forefinger. "Bah!" she said, "Tea is ready. Come!"

BELGRAVE TITMARSH.

THE ÆSTHETIC RECONSTRUCTION OF EXPERIENCE.

It is a philosophical commonplace that the nature of the world which is presented in experience, depends in part upon him who is conscious of it. It is not a bare *datum*, nor is he mere onlooker. In regard to the larger systems of conception and belief under which human life is carried on, the reality of a constructive process cannot be overlooked. Natural science is an ideal scheme, according to which the heterogeneous elements of objective experience are re-arranged for the purpose of description. The orderliness which it possesses exists nowhere in the sensible world; it is created by the rationalizing human mind, and appears only within its consciousness. Philosophy, or mental science, is one's personal way of interpreting the manifold data of subjective experience. The whole reality of ethical distinctions and judgments lies similarly in the imagination, for these are purely ideal valuations of the facts of human life. The form of one's virtue and piety depends upon the rank which various social relations and actions hold in the world of moral and religious concepts. Dignity, value and worth, justice and sin and retribution, are nowhere to be found but in the conscious spirit. The same is true of political faiths and economical theories, of social conventions and personal relations, of æsthetic appreciations and practical distinctions. These are special interpretations of an undivided world of experience, which have been made in accordance with certain definite purposes and needs.

That such a constructive process is concerned in giving shape to perceptual objects is less evident. Things which can be seen and heard and touched are concrete reals; they mark the points where analysis

customarily stops, and are uncritically accepted as the final data of the sensible world. A re-examination of the facts fails to justify this acceptance. Every object may be conceived either as a unit or as a composite. If it be important that it should be regarded as a single thing, that very purpose constitutes it a unity. If the object in view be better served by conceiving it as a group of separable qualities, the simple intention shakes its fabric apart, and the unity ceases longer to exist. For the curious onlooker a block of traffic is one thing—an interesting spectacle of the street; but for the drivers of the entangled hacks, drays and carriages it is a multitude of things. The very properties of that unity which the onlooker calmly scrutinizes are rebellious and assertive of their existences as independent things, whose meaning is subverted and denied by this forcible interpretation as mere members of a greater system.

The street block is a type of all perceptual objects. Each is constituted through the unification of a system of parts organic to the whole; at any instant the observer may choose to think of these parts separately, when each of them becomes a thing among things, and the original bond disappears. The reason that doubt ever arises concerning the ideal origin of these object-syntheses lies in the relative practical values which different ways of regarding them possess. The cab is more frequently thought of as a single object, a means of transportation from place to place, than as an element in the larger fact of the street block, wherein its value depends upon its being a fixture in a place. There is for everything some such permanently important aspect, a use to which it is habitually put. This enduring and, for human consciousness, most significant set of relations is sometimes called the essential character of the object; but an application to other uses, an overturn of these relations, is at any moment possible. The paper-cutter may be employed as a letter-weight, a straight edge, a screw-driver, a window support; and with the rise of each new practical point of view it becomes a different thing. The group of physical qualities takes on "thinghood" only through that purpose which gives temporary predominance to this or that factor—capacity to cut, straightness of edge, weight, rigidity, and what not. There is no set of invariable relations which is given as constituting the object.

Persons and occurrences likewise exist only through the imaginative constructions of consciousness. What is an event but the con-

ceptual unity by which a human mind binds together successive moments of experience, which are thought as belonging to the same causal or teleological system? What is personality but an ideal plot by which a series of diverse acts and judgments are combined into a unity of purpose? The world of human consciousness is thus a vast series of ideal constructions succeeding one another as mood gives way to mood and purpose replaces purpose. Every concept, every system, every point of view and, no less truly, every thing and person and event in the world is the result of a rationalizing synthesis, determined by practical or intellectual needs. Their structures endure in proportion as our relations to the object are brief or lasting, our beliefs shifting or fixed, our purposes trivial or serious.

To study these states of consciousness, to analyze the nature of the world on its subjective side, is called the work of a particular science—Psychology. It might, with equal precision, be said that the science of Agriculture deals with the earth's crust. Without doubt it does so, but so do also a score of other sciences. The phrase is an expression for the total fact of human experience, with its many-sided activity, and there is a multitude of standpoints from which this general material may be regarded. Perceptions, reminiscences, evil and good imaginings, motives, passions, acts of will—the poet and novelist take these and work them into a fictitious drama of human life; the historian takes them and recreates the motivation and development of individual or racial character; the politician, the educator and the priest take them and correct or deflect, establish or transform our knowledge, our opinions, our emotions, our habits, our faith. The artist deals with these states of consciousness as truly and significantly as the scientist; the dramatist and actor, the poet and preacher, the philosopher and the man of taste, treat them as adequately as the psychologist.

Roughly, it may be said that in all these constructions the same stuff is worked up; but the forms in which it is combined differ vastly. Their fields are functionally distinct only, for the aspects of experience with which they deal are not separated, but interpenetrate one another at every point. But it is just such translations of the point of view which constitute the vitally important changes in the world. The novelty it presents arises not so much from the discovery of new facts as from a

change in our way of regarding them. Invention, appreciation, advancement of learning, inspiration, change of heart, depend constantly upon successive transformations in our apprehension or estimation of the unchanging sensible data of experience.

The discrimination of those special activities, which are called the artistic and scientific treatment of experience, turns upon a distinction of this kind. The two modes under which any given thing or event may be conceived, characterize their respective points of view. The first looks upon the object as a unity having purpose and significance, all its parts being organic to one end. Each constituent element by itself is meaningless, and to sum them all adds nothing to the worth of any one. Reality and value arise only in connection with that single whole which they compose; and any part in detachment from this unitary set of relations is at best but a mutilated fragment of existence. The second point of view regards the object as a group of elements, a plurality or a succession. The totality is only a point of departure for a process of analysis, which resolves the object into its structural units, of which alone existence is strictly to be predicated. The form of their combination is a purely teleological unity, depending upon the activity of a selective human will, and suffering transformation as the purpose of that will fluctuates. The grouping which actually obtains is neither more necessary nor more real than numberless other arrangements which might be made. Its permanence rests solely upon the importance of the practical interest which it serves.

Every attitude which embodies the former point of view deals with phenomena in a creative way; every application of the latter concept is a treatment of experience from a critical point of view. The creative activity seeks to convey the unitary significance of the object or event. Its aim is to set the phenomenon forth in such a manner that the effect which it produced upon the constructively apperceptive subject shall be passed over to the observer. Its ideal is to revivify experience, so that the past event shall live again as an eternal moment in the life of imagination. The critical activity, on the contrary, is concerned wholly with the analysis of experience into its phenomenal elements. Of its significance in connection with a selective purpose, criticism makes no account, nor is its office ever to impress or produce an effect. It seeks always to dissolve the structure of experience, and exhibit its irreducible elements. The unanalysable object may be a

thing of interest, or beauty, or worth; it cannot be the subject of **any** form of descriptive or critical process.

Both the description of experience and its interpretation are forms of re-organization by the rationalizing human will. Creative and critical activity alike dissolve the continuity of the sensible world for the purpose of re-arranging its elements in an ideal order. The latter seeks a logical reconstruction of experience as a method of rational description, and in response to the demand of the human spirit to understand its world; the former undertakes a sentimental reconstruction of experience as a means to the production of a mood of will and in response to the longing of the human spirit to enjoy its world. These two relations of the object of experience are commonly known as the scientific and artistic attitudes respectively. They are parallel in so far as each transforms the materials of immediate experience in the service of ideal purposes; but in the principles of their selection and the systems which result from their reconstructions, they are divergent as the poles.

The terms "art" and "artist," as here defined, obviously include a larger range of activities than their ordinary application admits. For those attributes which are fundamental in the conception of artistic work are not limited to plastic and literary art, together with the æsthetic appreciation of their products, but penetrate the whole range of activities which have here been set off against those of descriptive analysis. The name stands not solely for moulders of plastic forms—the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician; and artists of the representative image-poet, and dramatist and novelist; it stands also for the historian, the biographer; the lover of song, glory, adventure, philosophy. It means the man who suffers and struggles and dares to embody his purpose in objective forms. It means the inventor, the plotter and schemer, the reformer, the saint—moulders of those plastic materials which we call human emotions, impulses, acts of will and faith.

The artist's aim, whether in his æsthetic appeal to the apperceptive personality, or in his ethical appeal to the active and constructive personality, is to affect, to impress, to move. The selection of material, method of arrangement and choice of expression are all dominated by this one purpose. In æsthetic creation it is the aim of the artist so to represent the object or event that the effect produced

upon himself by the experience or contemplation of it shall be reproduced in the beholder. He seeks to communicate his own mood. In ethical creation, on the other hand, it is the artist's function to communicate his own will. His aim is so to present the object or event that it shall transform the activity of the beholder. Not to understand, but to feel and respond, constitutes one the recipient of the artistic impulse. Power, not truth, is the test of all creative quality. Truth, indeed, must be there, but it is truth of impression—which is sincerity—not truth of description. The principles which artistic work embodies are inconsistent with descriptive truth. It observes no limits prescribed by actual experience; it seeks no transcription of fact; it is bound by no proportion which the historical order presents. The artist freely dissolves and recombines his material in forms determined solely by that vision of inner unity which it is his function to express in objective forms.

In the work of an artist the form in which his thought finds expression is of supreme importance; its value depends upon the unity and proportion which are manifested therein; while the scientist's one thought must be how he shall most sincerely set forth the content of truth. Intellectual obscurity is not inconsistent with the apprehension of beauty, although it detracts from the intensity and permanence of its impression, but it defeats the very possibility of a cognition of truth. Science deals with the world of description; art embodies that of appreciation. The ideally describable experience is that which is a common object for all intelligences; but the world of fixed relations and measurable quantities, the mathematical-physical domain of descriptive knowledge, does not exhaust the content of human consciousness. Over against it lies a region of subjective personal experience, which cannot be communicated to any other. It is what remains when one has told all that is possible, the comment of the individual will upon its experience. This immediate appreciative consciousness is made up of unique moment and incommunicable judgments; its elements are indissoluble in the solvent of the descriptive word.

To this category belongs the mood of æsthetic appreciation. It presupposes an apprehension and affirmation of the artist's interpretation of the world, and the appearance of an emotion kindred with his. Understanding waits upon inspiration, for the apprehension of beauty cannot be clarified by any elaborateness of explanation. In descrip-

tive science, on the contrary, no such community of emotion is demanded, nor indeed admitted, for the presence here of sympathetic or antipathetic feeling makes it impossible rationally to apprehend the expression of the writer.

It is commonly said that the artist need not be able to justify his sense of fitness, of distinction, of beauty; that his judgment is not thought out in intellectual terms, but is the immediate response of an organism sensitive to beauty. The limitation makes of this but a half-truth. The artist, as artist, cannot so apprehend the relations of the object of his contemplation as to justify his preference. The creative attitude is abandoned the moment he undertakes to analyse his impression or ideal of beauty. He has ceased to be creator, and is become critic. The object is no longer enjoyed, but merely observed, and the result of his activity is not artistic expression but scientific description. The analyst of experience is similarly limited. The contemplation of discovered relations as sources of delight involves his instant translation to the æsthetic point of view. The

“watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,”

if in the mood which Keats conceives to be his, is simple poet. The descriptive fact lies wholly in abeyance at the moment; for the astronomer the sublimity and romance of the experience are the only realities. Science can take account of none of these things; its world is there to be weighed and measured, not to be appreciated and enjoyed. For it, emotion is a sum of describable elements; the appreciative mood is a phenomenon to be analysed; the moral act is a complex reaction resolvable into a set of causal connections. Science neither estimates nor determines values; it apprehends neither dignity, nor use, nor goodness, nor beauty in its objects, except as facts to be described and explained among other phenomena.

Every product of the critical activity is a transcription of the outer order uncoloured by emotion; every product of the creative activity is an expression of inner significant experience. Wherever, therefore, there is found in any man's work the presentation of the objective world in its descriptive relations, there is science; wherever there appears the representation of human emotion, purpose or worth,

through the symbols of this external world, there is art. The one points out the historical conditions under which the fact appeared, the other indicates a reality behind the show of things in which the fact finds its meaning. Hence all philosophy is poetry, as the ancients rightly conceived.

Neither the isolated object nor nature as a whole is in itself poetic. To be capable of entering into any artistic system, a new range of values must have been added to the existential forms of nature. The poet must find in them material for an expression of his own inner experience. The external world becomes poetic only in so far as it is conceived either to produce emotion, to symbolize emotion, or to suffer emotion. This characteristic attitude penetrates to the finest elements of poetic writing, determines the figure and colours every phrase. It makes the "happy morn," the "sullen day," the "pensive eve"; it discovers the "amorous clouds," the "envious wind," the "virgin lily and the primrose true"; for it

"The kind roses, loved of lovers, weep
As who repine;"

for it

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill;"

for it

"Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday."

It may be objected that exceptions to this principle occur, that there are certain exquisite lyrics, the very beauty of which lies in the simplicity and sincerity of their transcription of nature. Shelley's two stanzas:—

"A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground;
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound."

Could poet efface himself more completely than here, or hold a more perfect mirror up to nature? Or take Shakespeare's lines, entitled

WINTER.

"When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl:
 'Tu-whoo;
 Tu-whit, Tu-whoo,' a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 'Tu-whoo;
 Tu-whit, Tu-whoo,' a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

There are here no adjectives of emotion, does one say, no introjection of the human will. The lines are beautiful because of the utter truth with which they bring the living scene before us, unpolarized by an intercepting personality. I do not find it so. There is in both these instances the subtlest selection of harmonious elements, determined by a purpose which is through and through artistic—to produce an impression, in the one case, of frozen desolation within the

heart as in the fields, and, in the other, of invincible cheer, despite the outer frost.

The peculiar distinction of appreciative and descriptive activities lies in the relations of their work to the principle of unity. The aim of the latter is to give a systematically complete account of phenomena. The scientist is not content with a knowledge of those properties of a thing which have utilitarian value; he seeks to understand every relation which it bears to other objects, without reference to its practical importance. It cannot be said, however, that in descriptive analysis all facts are of equal value. Wherever there is systematization, subordination of lower to higher exists. For the scientist the criterion of worth is richness of relationship. This is of the greater importance which has the more manifold implications in its nature. It is the deeper relation, the wider law; and the ultimate aim toward which all his inquiries are directed is the universal law, the complete expression of the relatedness of the world.

In art no such transcendent unity appears; its various embodiments of beauty present irreconcilable rivalry and exclusiveness. Mood succeeds mood without fusing, the one artistic conception or attitude of appreciation replaces the other, instead of combining with it to form a greater whole. Within the limits of the individual art-product, on the contrary, the principle of unity is super-eminent and dominating. It becomes possible to regard that product as an object of beauty only because of its systematic unity of purpose or design. It is this singleness of plan, wherein the functions of every part are comprehended and fulfilled, that gives reality to the composition of a picture, to the construction of a building, to the writing of a poem, to the formation of character. Only that which is complete in itself can thus be detached and contemplated alone. The art-product is a closed system, in which every impulse finds satisfaction, because each idea which penetrates it is reflected back, and finds its reciprocal within the group of elements which the work comprehends.

No such intrinsic unity is conceivable in the special sciences. Every object the scientist analyses, every event which he explores, is continuously connected with existences and occurrences, beyond the bounds of his inquiry, in a system within which disruption is unthinkable. The isolated object is at once perceived to be a fragment when one tries to describe it alone. Self-dependence and completeness do

not anywhere exist within that theoretical limit which is called the universe. The descriptive object, instead of being a detached and representable unit, is itself destroyed by the snapping of that vital set of intrinsic relations through which it is caught up into the web of existing things.

In this difference of relation lies the fundamental distinction between the artistic and scientific activities. Science explains the individual object by integrating it with a larger system; art interprets the wider system by representing it in an individual object. Science, therefore, expresses its results in abstract universals, but art in concrete particulars. No arrest is possible in science short of the whole intelligible world. In art, a sketch, a fragment, a microcosm, may reveal specific beauty more perfectly than the finished work or the macrocosm. Ben Jonson has expressed this truth in two faultless lines:—

“In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measure life may perfect be.”

The function of the artist is so to select the single object, the individual experience, that it shall exhibit the universal. For him the process of nature is a parable in which every least object and event hides in its mysterious heart the secret of human desire and of the divine will. This delight in the single experience and acceptance of it, as representing the universe, is utterly foreign to science. Yet the underlying motive of all description is the desire for unity—a unity never attained, but foreshadowed and involved in every scientific analysis; for the attempt at explanation is the expression of a striving to view the world as one rational system. It is therefore a unity which becomes more definite in proportion as the description of experience increases in comprehensiveness and adequacy. The perfect science is the complete expression of existence, a system of knowledge which can be stated only as the apprehension of existence in the form of an artistic whole, not in that elusive sense which sometimes thrills us with the significance of life and being—a mystical insight into the mighty whole which cannot be put into intellectual forms—but in that adequate realization of its inconceivably manifold attributes and connections, which we ascribe to the divine mind. The apprehension of existence

as such a unity, in which the meaning of every part lies wholly within the system, and nothing leads the contemplative consciousness beyond its bounds, is what I understand by the æsthetic attitude ; the system which can thus be contemplated is what I apprehend by the artistic object.

Shall we then look upon the æsthetic interpretation of experience as the completion and crown of scientific work? It is Wordsworth's thought when he calls poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science"; and Matthew Arnold's, when he says: "Without poetry our science will appear incomplete"; and Emerson's, when he tells us that "the poet alone knows astronomy, chemistry, vegetation and animation, for he does not stop at these facts, but employs them as signs. He knows why the plain or meadow of space was strown with those flowers which we call suns and moons and stars; why the great deep is adorned with animals, with men and with gods; for in every word he speaks he rides on them, as on the horses of thought." Of these two aspects of life the moment of worth is primary, that of existence secondary. Man is fundamentally constructive, instrumentally analytic. Historically and genetically use precedes knowledge as a determinant of human activity. Observation, experiment, description, criticism—all are for some end; they are teleological and subsidiary. Growth, experience, art, play, satisfaction—these are ends in themselves; to ask their purpose or meaning is absurd. By right of birth we are artists, and science artists only as an incident in the process of our æsthetic constructions.

The system of relations which the beautiful object embodies may be of infinite grades of completeness. A deed may be artistically satisfying, or it may be an element in a perfect life. A single figure in a group of statuary may have isolated perfection as well as functional indispensability for the whole composition. The lyrics within a play may have as absolute flawlessness as the dramatic unity of successive moods in which they appear. The action of *Cyrano* in tossing his last gold to the players whom he has dismissed is artistically more satisfying than the drama in which it occurs. The dancing girls in Botticelli's *Spring*, the angels of Bellini and Carpaccio, the three Fates in the pediment of the Parthenon are beautiful wholes within the greater synthesis of composite groups. The *Sea Dirge*; *Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind*; *Take, O take those Lips Away*, and a score more

Shakesperean lyrics, though incorporate in complex dramas, detach themselves at once in virtue of their essential artistic completeness.

All this, indeed, has reference only to the products of the individual will, which find their very meaning in the existence of that unity which constitutes art—the purpose of the creative mind. In passing beyond these bounds to consider the relation of an artist or age to other artists and foregoing ages one treads upon less secure ground. That the work of an artist is independent neither of his contemporaries nor of his predecessors, must be evident. The ideals which he embodies are not his own, but are determined by a whole complex life of the community among which that work is done. The reactionary is no less truly subject to this influence than he who seeks to respond most fully to it, for his very rebellion is given form by the positive character of that against which he protests, and his work is thus the completion of that ideal whose imperfection he has discovered. There is a larger unity in the work of man than that which the product of the single will manifests—larger, I fain would believe, than the art of any age expresses. An enduring unity penetrates the great art of all successive ages. That which has been shaped in its mould is thenceforth made imperishable and contemporary with all periods. The human spirit is begotten of human spirits, and its influence outlasts a thousand vicissitudes and generations. All true representations of human emotion and human deeds, therefore, are, as Shelley has finely said, “Episodes to that great “poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.”

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

BROWNING AND ART.

"Do you dabble in Art and perambulate picture galleries? Browning must be your favourite poet: he is Art's historian," says Mr. Birrell in his delightful little paper on "The Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry." As is apt to be the case in Mr. Birrell's writing, there is some truth and more suggestiveness in the words. Browning is the historian of one section of the great field of Art, the Mediæval and Renaissance Italian schools. Also he is not only the favourite poet of those who dabble in Art and perambulate picture galleries, but he has led many to dabble and perambulate, who, but for his poems, would have lacked the solace of these amiable pastimes. "We're made so that we love first, when we see them painted, things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see," says Browning's Lippo; and the statement may be extended, to include the truth that we love first when we hear them praised by a poet, pictures and schools of painting to which we have before given little thought. It would be perhaps too harsh to say of the English public that it passed the Italian galleries a hundred times nor cared to see them; but it is certainly true that more interest was shown in them after than before the publication of "Old Pictures in Florence," "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Andrea Del Sarto." People who could not go to Florence, began to search in Vasari's "Lives." Pilgrims who might not reach the shrine at Fano, demanded at the print shops copies of Guercino's Angel. Bearing in mind Ruskin's years of patient study, and its rich flower of

gorgeous writing on Italy and its Art, remembering, too, the bands of enthusiasts who followed him, we cannot say that Browning was the first or the only writer to bring Italian Art before the minds of his countrymen. The nineteenth century, indeed, like the sixteenth, saw a new birth of Italian enthusiasm in England; but Browning brought a kindling and illuminating power of which no prose writer could know the secret; and his poetry carried into England the spirit and beauty of Italy as no other, not even that one who brought an Italian name and tradition to England, has been able to do. But deep and genuine as is their spirit, it is largely to the accident of circumstances that we owe Browning's art poems. True, his mind was drawn toward Italy before he went to live there; but the poems on painters and painting were written from personal study; and it is perfectly conceivable that, had this insatiable student been sent by the Fates to Iceland instead of to Italy, he would have given us analyses and criticisms, not of devotional paintings of saints and madonnas, but of wild sagas, of volsungs and niblungs. To that seething intellect, with its all-embracing curiosity, every subject was interesting, the most unpromising matter, when touched by his imagination, glowed and shone. In the old homely phrase, "All was grist that came to his mill." He wrote of art with an artist's appreciation; he wrote of music in the very spirit of a musician; he wrote of men and women placed in an infinite variety of circumstances; and in all these apparently most dissimilar topics one absorbing interest impelled him—the interest of the active, capable spirit of man, and all things emanating from it. To a mind of this breadth of sympathy there could be no divorce between art and duty, no clash between the actual and the ideal. The whole world was teeming with human interests, and his eager spirit was fain to embrace them all. It is perhaps just in this robustness of mind, enabling him to comprehend many things without weariness, that Browning stands above the poets of his age and country.

Matthew Arnold, utterly weary of the strain and stress of his generation, of its warring creeds and fainting ideals, turns for relief to the refreshing power of nature. He exalts Wordsworth, for—

"He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool, flowery lap of earth."

Tennyson, unequalled in his power of creating beautiful visions, and at the same time cherishing a high ethical ideal, chides the soul which would dwell aloof in a beautiful blissful "Palace of Art," while toiling, suffering humanity needs its effort. It is his inclination to live in a world of dreams—in a "shadowy isle of bliss midmost the beating of the steely sea," but he will not indulge it. He forces himself to face and slay the "ravening monsters" of the sea of actuality. Rossetti turns with a smile from the vexations of creeds and the jarring facts of life, to build up his mystical, beautiful fabric. To him the worship of beauty constitutes all religion; the creation of beautiful things is the sole duty of man. Browning alone of this remarkable quartette is capable not only of comprehending the whole complex scheme of life and art, but of enjoying the struggle of the one as the loveliness of the other. He is perfectly aware of the modern conflict of tradition and free thought. He plunges into the subject, examines it fearlessly, sets it forth from different points of view, and out of most dismal gulfs fetches flashing jewels of hope and optimistic belief. He too can build his palace of art, and not only furnish it with dream pictures, but describe each picture with technical correctness, in terms which a painter could not mend. He too understands the mysteries of the worship of beauty, but the shrine of his divinity is not "occult, withheld, untrod," but set in the full marketplace of human activity. With the reverence of devotion is mingled in him the keenest joy of living. He does not need to goad himself to the struggle, he exults in it—the battle is its own reward. "O world, as God has made it. All is beauty: And knowing this, is love, and love is duty," he cries, and the rapture of the cry was stirred by the sight of an Italian picture.

Browning, indeed, rejoiced in the feeling, the richness, the astonishing power of the old masters with all the fervour of a nature which seemed to unite Southern passion with Saxon earnestness. He haunted not only Florentine and Roman galleries, where the works hung of much-praised artists, but old churches and cloisters, where half-obliterated frescoes told him of unknown painters whose names had vanished, as their saints and virgins were vanishing under their cruel attacks of time and change. He loved to pull these *Ignoti* from their obscurity; to make them real to a stupid world, which saw only what it had been taught to regard; to give them a place in the glorious history of the evolution of art. This thread of development was one

which he was never tired of tracing, commenting upon, theorizing over. He was didactic at times, when dealing with favourite subjects as the effect of character upon work, the influence of the age-spirit, or the attitude of the artist to his art; but he did not vitiate criticism with moralizing as some of his commentators have done.

His central and essential theory was that of the oneness of all art. To the objection that there seems little connection and no trace of progression from Greek sculpture to Mediæval painting, he replies that the later period supplies, however imperfectly, the lack which it has detected in the apparent perfection of its predecessors. Greek art supplied the world once and for all time with a glorious embodiment of the ideal human form; "The Truth of Man, as by God first spoken, Which the actual generations garble."

To such perfect presentment of every phase of human life and passion, later artists could add nothing, except the one thing which cannot be handed down from age to age, the portrayal of the characteristic impulse of the age itself. Thus, Mediæval Italy, brooding intensely upon the unseen mysteries of the Christian faith, found, as Browning represents, that Greek art lacked just this spirit which was so extraordinarily real to them—this conviction that "the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are unseen are eternal." And so they set themselves prayerfully, ecstatically, to the incredible task of showing in their paintings the spirit of religion which dominated their lives. "Give these," says our poet, "their guerdon and glory for daring so much before they well did it."

The strange and new had birth in the efforts of these early painters of meek-faced madonnas and attenuated saints. In their efforts to eliminate the distracting charms of the flesh, they sometimes injured their own cause, but their work was a revelation of spiritual beauty, and in the growth of the ideal school was inevitably progress and a mastering of difficulties. Their idea may have been mistaken, says Browning:

" But at any rate I have loved the season
 Of Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy;
 My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,
 My painter—who but Cimabue ?

Nor was ever a man of them all, indeed,
 From these to Ghiberti and Ghirlandajo,
 Could say that he missed my critic-meed."

The grievance that he seems to have against the age is not its ideal or its method, but rather the fact that it failed perfectly to fulfil itself before its characteristic tendency was merged in another. True, he says, the very fact that the Mediæval work was left unfinished, with the mystery of the incomplete still upon it, may ensure its lasting interest, for "What's come to perfection perishes." Giotto's tower still lacks its spire; and, with a touch of fantastic Mediæval idealism, he prophesies a day when, in a free Italy, pure art will be born again, and the work of the early, pure-thoughted artists will at last be finished.

"Then one shall propose in a speech (curt Tuscan
 Expurgate and sober, with scarcely an *issimo*,)
 To end our now half-told tale of Cambuscan,
 And turn our bell-tower's *alt* to *altissimo*:
 And fine as the beak of a young beccaccia,
 The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
 Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,
 Completing Florence, as Florence Italy.

Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
 Is broken away, and the long pent fire,
 Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
 Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire,
 While "God and the People" plain for its motto,
 Thence the new tri-colour flaps at the sky."

The mysticism of early Italian art does not absorb all Browning's attention. He has enough and to spare for the dawning realism represented fitly by Fra Lippo Lippi, and for the later perfection of form and melancholy decadence of spirit beginning in Andrea Del Sarto. Each of these widely varying types he treats with the greatest sympathy, showing a knowledge of technique and an appreciation of characteristic form and spirit quite unexampled in earlier writing; and only matched by his own performance when he represents the art-loving, learned, luxurious Renaissance bishop ordering his tomb.

In both "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Andrea Del Sarto," we have Browning pressing his view that the character of the artist, modified by training and circumstances, is bound to display itself in his work. But he is careful not to carry the idea too far. His critics have done this for him, and in their tremendous zeal to point a moral, have overlooked facts—a fault which Browning guarded against. Following the line of argument of the moralizing commentators, we should find in the pictures of Fra Lippo, sensual vulgarity; in those of Del Sarto, dreary emptiness. In neither case is the awful consequence realized, and in both cases Browning himself, the sanest of critics, subordinates always the defect to the accomplishment, and shows us, under his imperfections, the great artist, and the struggling, vision-led man who, even when he is untrue to his vision, compels our sympathy.

Browning never strays far from his chosen study of humanity. His interest in art and appreciation of it—deep, comprehensive, clear sighted as they are—have their root really in the fact that the painting of pictures is one manifestation of the "all-subtilizing intellect," the untiring, unconquering, unconquerable spirit of man. "I speak of the art, not the artificer," says Sydney in his famous essay on poetry. Browning adds to his discourse on the art, and enweaves with it a presentation of the artificer which illumines and informs our view of his work. We are admitted not only into the workshop or studio of the artist, but within the very precincts of his soul-chamber which a poet's key has unlocked and a poet's torch made light for us. It is not only Sainte Beuve's "man in his *milieu*" whom we see, but the man within the man—the inner spirit whom perhaps the artist himself would be startled to recognize. One cannot imagine figures more living and appealing than those of Andrea Del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi, and their incarnation from their own works and the pages of a scant biography is a feat unparalleled in English writing, since Keats, out of a marble urn and the pages of a dictionary, called forth the spirit of Greece to live again in England.

Contemplating these Italian art poems long, is enough to make one waver in one's belief that any other subject, any other scenery could have suited the poet so well. The earlier conviction returns when we read the other poems. But he loved Italy passionately, and he had far more than a critic's feeling for painting. He had inherited not only a taste for pictures but some skill of hand, and when he lived in Rome he

took lessons of Story the sculptor and worked with the greatest eagerness at busts and figures. When his only son elected to follow the artist's vocation, he rejoiced, and superintended with the keenest interest the boy's art-education. At times he seems to long for the painter's skill, would even exchange his gift of verse for that, as he shows in that most exquisite dedication, "One Word More." For the highest flights, the gift he has put to other uses seems too common, and he fain would try a rarer one. But in the beautiful conclusion of the same poem he comes back serenely to his own province :

"I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me ;
So it seems : I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me."

It was a very great attainment, but the poet makes it plain that no accomplishment of which man is capable forms so worthy a study as man himself—humanity is greater than even the best of human effort.

"And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn !"

Art is but one of the thousand activities and outpourings which, taken in sum, make life worth living for this fervent spirit, and make him believe that for their accomplishment, life must last forever. A whimsical revulsion from his belief in unending activity comes in "Old Pictures in Florence."

"The uses of labour are surely done ;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God :
And I've had trouble enough, for one."

But in general his conception of Art and of all effort is that of an unending progression—in life and in death to

“Other heights in other lives, God willing.”

Of art, as of phllanthropy and every other occupation of the human soul, he states his belief with perfect clearness that “No work begun shall ever pause for death.”

SUSAN ELIZABETH CAMERON.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

(A story in the Devonshire dialect.)

It was Sunday afternoon, and the day after Jan Coggings had returned from a visit to his married daughter, who was settled in London. The sight of Jan actually back safe and sound from such a wicked place would, of itself, have produced sufficient interest, but there were some mysterious circumstances connected with his return which made it doubly exciting. In the first place he had come back much sooner than he was known to have intended, for was not half the parish aware that Jan's maister had engaged Bill Sparkes to fill Jan's place for a whole fortnight, and that Jan himself meant to bide that length of time in London?—and here he was home again before the first week was up. The second astonishing fact was that he had returned without a particle of luggage. He was not even carrying his Sunday hat carefully tied up in a red cotton handkerchief—as everybody knew he had done when starting. As for the little tight wooden box that Betsy had cleared of her best bonnet and gown to lend him, it was *not* left at the station, for Rodd the postman had inquired there on behalf of the general curiosity, and had sent word round to the village by Farmer Hill's cow-boy. It was late on Saturday afternoon when Jan passed hurriedly through the village, looking somewhat dazed, and scarcely making any answer to the astonished greetings of the few people who met him. By the next morning it was rumoured that he'd been seen skulking up to the post office after dark, and Mrs. Howe, the postmistress, supplied the information that a letter addressed to

Jan's London daughter was lying in the post-box. These details inflamed the public curiosity to a degree almost unbearable, and by Sunday afternoon Jim Peagam had set out for Jan's cottage, bent on obtaining, if possible, a full and satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

He found Jan smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, and staring at the fire as composedly as if he had been sitting there all the week instead of "ernin' about th' country"—the language most generally applied to such doings by the critical spirit which they had aroused. Jan received his visitor with a grunt of welcome, and, reaching across to the opposite corner, drew another wooden stool forward, jerking the stem of his pipe towards it to indicate that Jim should be seated, and make himself at home. Betsy was "clayning" herself. The creak of her best boots could be heard on the boards of the room above as she ponderously passed to and fro, so the two men had the kitchen to themselves.

"I zim you come back from Lunnon tur'ble quick-like, Jan," Jim remarked, after an interval of puffing in silence. "You did'n bide s'long 's you reckoned tew, did ee?"

"Nat by a day er zo, as mert zay," replied Jan, "but, lor', you can zune zee Lunnon when you zit 'bout it. Tidn' half s'baig a plaace as vooks'd make ee blayve now."

Jim was so taken aback by this unexpected contempt for London, when he had come prepared to gape with wonder, that he could only exclaim "Aw!" and Jan continued, "Ees, there id'n much fer zee when you be there. There's the Chrisshol Pollis, an' th' Waxwux, an' Lunnon Birdge, an' then you may zay you've a-zeed all there is t' be zeed."

"Hev'ee zure?" said Jim, forgetting to smoke in his amazement.

"Ees, f'y you ev. Coorse there's vooks—plenty o' vooks fer be zeed about—hunderds an' thousands aw'm ernin wan across t'other. I niver zeed jis a tur'ble zite o' vooks—Barns'ple Vair idn' nort tew't."

"Lor!"

"Danged if 'tis, an' ot I be tellin' ee is gawspel truth, Jim—a body can 'ardly mewve, the straytes be that fule."

"Must 'at a body 'bout tur'ble fer git 'long, I zim," remarked Jim.

"Most keeled me I can tell ee. If I was ern up agin wance I was veefty times, an' I was fer iver lostin' Mary an' th' little maid. Mary

her zes, 'Vather, you mustn' bide lukin' 't' vooks. You'll get knacked down fer zure.' But what was th' use fer tull that when they was jis quare-lukin' crayturs? I was fo'ced fer stap an' lukey tew 'm."

"Quare-lukin' was 'em?" queried Jim.

"Ees, tur'ble quare—mos' ivery man you zeed 'ad a got a long slayve 'at pon's ayde. They loked like a lot o' pazz'ns 'pon a buryin' day. And the dummen—I niver zit eyes pon sich a lot o' Merry Andreys—bunnits a covered wi' vithers an' vly-away thingembobs."

"Reckon they'd all got on their Zinday bunnits," said Jim.

"Well, I niver zeed no Zinday bunnits like 'em. Betsy's baint no more like 'em than a bee-butt's like a hoodrick. They loked more like these yer conjurin' dummen a body zee'th t' Vair than 'ort else t' my mind."

"Chrisshol Pollis, tur'ble baig, idn' a?" queried Jim, anxious to have some cause for wonderment.

"Baig, ees, a's baig nuff—a girt yowlin' plaace I kaal't wi' a girt orgin a dreshin' away like a drimmel-draane. Mary, er zes, 'Idn' a vine, vather?' "Vine row a mak'th," zes I. "Mind'th me o'thicky dree days' dreshin' 'us did wi' the baig reeck t' Maklemas. Lor, you cud'n yer wan t'other spayke. Dye mind'n, Jim?"

"Ees, ees, tur'ble rattlin' dresher—maister's. Th' orgin minded you aw'n then?"

"A did, wonnerful; there wad'n no difference t' spayke aw—on'y coorse there wad'n no dist nor chaff nur nort—only vooks, an' I'm danged if I don't think I'd zuneder ha' th' dist. Boom went th' orgin, an' you veeled it all round ee jis like a body doth dreshin'. Shut me eyes, I cude a blayved I was dreshin'."

Jan smoked vigorously for a few seconds, and then remarked, "If I wants mewsic, I'd zuneder yer a baze vile er a viddle any day than thicky drimmle-draane."

"Reckon th' waxwux was wut zeein', wad'n 'em?"

"Nort but a lot o' mommets a stickt up!"

"But wad'n there a power o' kings an' quaynes an' murderers an' sich?"

"Aw, ees, a zite aw'm, but lor, they was wonnerful like other vooks, for ort I zeed except thicky black vat nigger of a Kittchy-what-dye-kall'n us was vightin' wi' jis a time. Mary, er was tur'ble 'bout zeein' th' murderers, an' I dew think mezel they was the best o't. There

was a wonnerful knawin'-lukin' playceman jis inzide th' door. I made s'bold as fer ax'n the time. A niver mewved nur s'much as glinted t'me, so I ax'n agin, an' a stood s'stiff's a pawst. Mary, er begins t' laugh. Barned if a wad'n a waxwuk playceman stickt up t' day-sayve a body!" Jan ruminated on this piece of London knavery for a time. "Tur'ble s'picious lot o' vooks Lunnoners," he remarked presently.

"They be, be 'em?" said Jim.

"Aw, ees, you can't mewve 'ardly wi'out they be axin' ee wot you be doin' er where you be gwaine—especially the pollayce."

"Aw!"

"Why, I was a mind fur zee how var t'was from one end o' Lunnon Birdge t' t'other, zo thinks I t' mezel, 'I'll paaze 'n right across.' Mary an' th' little maid was wi' me, so I zes tew'm, 'You bide there while I paaze across'n,' but Mary, er zes, 'Don't 'ee, vather, th' vooks'll lukey tew ee zo.' 'Dam th' vooks,' zes I, an' I starts paazing, Mary an' th' cheel kippin' up t'me s'wull's they cude. The vooks did lukey—gapsnestin' lot Lunnoners. I hadn' a got no more'n a dizen paazes 'vor a playceman stapped ma—girt swulled lukin' chaps Lunnon playcemen—an' axed what I was up tew, s'if th' Birdge belonged tew'n. 'Thee go 'long,' zes I; 'I be paazin' aw'n t'zee how long a is.' 'Mewve off,' zes he; 'you be gittin' in vokes way.' 'I be mewvin' off, baint I?' zes I, 'an' 'tis th' vooks be gittin' in my way—I can't 'ar'ly git 'long fer 'em.'"

"An' how long was the Birdge?" asked Jim, his eyes wide with curiosity.

"Hanged if I knaws! What wi' th' vooks, an' th' playceman, an' Mary a beggin' ma t' stap, I forgits me paazes. But, lor, 'tis a mos' termenjus birdge; a's hunderds o' paazes if a's wan."

"I've a yeared a's mos' tur'ble baig," remarked Jim. "Wonnerful zite o' watter under 'n, I reckon."

"Aw, ees, 'tis like th' zay a'mos'," agreed Jan, "when you be tap'n you lukey down 'pon th' ships an' things—th' watter's most fule aw'm."

"An' what else did ee zee t' Lunnon?" asked Jim.

"Nort," was the uncomprising reply.

"Bless my sawle, where was your eyes, Jan Coggings? I've a yeared t' would take ee years fer zee all there is t' be zeed in Lunnon."

“Wull, I zeed all I keered fer zee,” Jan assented, smoking doggedly, “an’ I comed away next day.”

“Wull, iverybody tew’s likin’,” said Jim, “but I zim I should a bide an’ zeed all I cude while I was there.”

“An’ zo should I, an’ zo would any sensible body that knawed how fer take keer o’ theirsels,” put in Betsy, who by this time had appeared in the kitchen, and who was making up the fire with a great show of bustle. Jan tried to look entirely unconscious, and devoted himself to his pipe.

“Reckon you did’n look fer zee Jan ’ome again z’ zune,” remarked Jim.

“Nat that I did’n! I was claynin’ up th’ back ’ouze when a come een, an’ th’ zite aw’n most gallied me t’ death. If I was fule ’nuff t’ blayve in jis things, I should ha’ thort t’ was the ghostes aw’n. But I knawed ’twas hissel rite ’nuff when I zeed th’ marks a’s butes made ’pon th’ clayne floor. ‘Is Mary bad er dead, er whaat?’ zes I, and you could ha’ knacked me down wi’ a’ vither. ‘Mary’s wull ’nuff, fer ort I knaws,’ zes ee, ‘er idn dead nur bad,’ an’ a spayked grumpity-like. ‘Then off wi’ they butes o’ yours,’ zes I, ‘an’ wot on airth be ee come ’ome suddent like this yer fer? ’Tis ’nuff fer gie a body ’art daysayse.’ ‘Lost mezel,’ zes ee. Los’ yerzel,’ zes I, an’ I stared tew’n, for I raally thort a’d gone clayne mazed. ‘Ees, los’ mezel, an’ cud’n vind mezel nuther,’ zes ee.

“Los’ hissel,” echoed Jim Peagam.

“Ees, f’y a did,” exclaimed Betsy, as if she found some peculiar relish in recounting Jan’s misfortune. “Los’ hissel like any cheel, if you/ blayve me! An’ I zes tew’n when a was gittin’ intew th’ train (I niver did’n like trains, they be jis vly-the-country things; I niver han’t rawde in wan but wance mezel, an’ I bain’t gwaine tew agin ’till I be fo’ced)—Well, I zes t’ Jan as a was gittin’ in, ‘Now don’t you go an’ los’ yezzel.’ Didn’ I zay they very words, Jan?”

Jan assented with a reluctant grunt.

“An’ yet,” continued Betsy, “if a didn’ go an’ los’ hissel that complayte a was fo’ced fer come all th’ way ’ome fur vind hissel. I can’t make it out t’me mind. I zim I should a axed t’every ouze door ’till I vound the right wan.”

“Wull, I niver year’d tull jis thing!” said Jim, whose amazement

seemed to deprive him of the power to smoke his pipe, "but if you'd los' yerzel, 'ow on airth did ee vind yer way t' Molton?"

Betsy paused in hitching the tea-kettle on its crook over the fire, and was about to explain, when Jan interrupted her. He had been clearing his throat, and shuffling his feet for some minutes, and now decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair. "Wull, I'll tell ee th' sense aw't," he said, "I los' mezel."

"Ees," remarked Jim encouragingly, and looking vastly interested.

"'Twas like this yer, you zee," Jan went on, looking now and then towards the door, as if he expected the whole parish to appear and grin at his expense. "Mary was tur'ble busy wan mornin', an' thinks I t' mezel I'll rin out an' hev a look round, an' nobody 'll be a bit th' wiser—her was always feared I should git knacked down er ort was Mary, an' kipt her eye 'pon me like a babby. Thinks I t' mezel, 'If you can't take keer yerzel Jan Coggings, an' you nigh 'pon zixty, 'tis time you was erved awver er ort.' Zo out I goes s' quiet's a mouze. Mary, her was claynin' up in back 'ouze and screechin' t' the childern, zo her did'n yer nort. I layve the door a bit awpe—they always skat'n tew in Lunnon—th' vooks be jis thayves."

"Ees, fy, I've a yer'd Lunnon's fule o' thayves," remarked Jim with relish.

"Aw, ees, ev'ry other body you mayte," Jan agreed, as if the idea gave him much satisfaction. "Wull, I layved th' door a bit awpe fer craaly back intew 'ouze when I'd a mind tew—wither thayves hev a bin er no I can't tell ee, fur instids o' gittin' back, I be yer."

"I'll warn they've a bin in an' carried off any mortal thing they cude lay their 'ands tew," Betsy exclaimed.

Jan ignored the implied reproach, and went on. "'Twas a vine mornin', wi' a wonnerful zite o' vooks about an' bizness gwaine on. An't wad'n only biz'ness, there was pianners playin'. Wonnerful vooks fur mewsic, Lunnoners; why, bless yer life, they've a got pianners in th' straytes, zay nort 'bout paalers. I be tur'ble 'bout a bit o' jig mezel, an' there was wan chap—rum-lukin' crayter, tew—a'd got a box thing wi' a monkey sot tap'n. I niver did'n zee jis a little hobjic; a girmed an' gurzled, an' 'a was wonnerful in'trestin', tho' t' be zure a minded me o' what I've yer'd tell about the ole ginelman. Wull, the box thing was a sort o' pianner wi'out legs, an' when th' chap turned a 'annel, as you mert dew tarmit cuttin', the mewsic com'd out. 'Twas

wonnerful purty fur zee how thikky monkey would dance tew't. The chap had a got summat jined tew's leg, zo that when a went voozounded like a was baytin' a drum, an' a zot 'pon's 'ayde a'd got a brazen thing wi' bells a jingle-janglin.' 'Pon me life, 'twas every bit s'gude's pazz'n's band t'church years gone by. The chap dew'd it all hissel, tew, an' the monkey dancin' like a Mary Andrey."

"Wonnerful cliver Lunnon vooks, I've a yeared," put in Jim.

"Zo you mert zay if you'd a zeed thikky. Wull, I volley'd 'n an' volley'd un. I cud'n take me eyes off thikky monkey, an' the mewsic was tur'ble purty."

"Thayve, he tew, I'll warn, fer all's music," cried Betsy.

"Thayve er no I volley'd'n, kaypin a bit behind else they be down on 'ee fer a penny ivry wip an' trip, an' when a loked round I'd a got me nawse t'shop winder jis s'if I'd niver sot eyes 'pon ee nur's monkey nur nort. Bimeby a stapped turnin' the 'annel o's pianer all tew a suddent, whipt the bells out o's 'ayde, onheetched the thing from's leg, an' marched off wi' the little monkey a sheekin' vor an' back 'pon the pianner. I veeled a bit lonely when they was ago, an' beganned t' think o' pickin' me way back. I was gittin' a bit 'ungered, tew. Thinks I t' mezal, 'There's the strayte I come down fer sartin,' so back I goes t' the t'other end aw'n. I veeled s'sure o' me way s'if I was gwaine t' the 'Dree 'Oss Shews,' an' I kip waalkin' strayte vooz s'if I was ploughin' a forred, an' I reckoned I should git t' Mary's 'ouze in a purty quick stick. Jis as I thort I'd a come tew the last turnin', I ernald up agin a tur'ble busy plaace, fule o' keerts, 'osses, corridges an' vooks scraalin' wan across t'other. 'Damned if I han't los' mezal,' zes I. Dernald if I 'adn, tew. I tried fer vind mezal, but I waalked an' waalked, sarchin' an' sarchin', an' los' mezal wuss'n bevor. I was gittin' terr'ble 'ungered and sisty, tew, by these time, an' I'd a got me bit o' money in me birtches pocket, zo I goes into a public 'ouze 'andy fer drap o' beer—lor, you can't git zider wuth nort t' Lunnon. Arter I'd a drinkt it I went out'n strayte agin, and tho I zeed a baker's shop. There was a purty little loave in the winder. Thinks I, 'I'll buy thikky.' A wad'n but tuppence, an' the maid thet zell'd'n was civil 'nuff. Out I goes in strayte and stickt mezal up agin' a lampawst fer ait the little loave, when I'm dernald if wan o' they danged playceman did'n come up an' ax wot I was a doin' aw." "Aitin'," zes I."

"None o' yer chayke,' zes ee, 'you'd best way mewve on.'"

“ ‘ I bain’t gwaine till I’ve ait these yer loave,’ zes I.”

“ ‘ You’m obstrockin’ the traffick,’ zes ee.”

“ ‘ I bain’t,’ zes I, ‘ ’tis that’s wot’s obstrockin’ me. I can’t git drew’t noway, t’zay nort ’bout vindin’ me darter’s ’ouze.’ ”

“ ‘ Yer darter’s ’ouze,’ zes ee.”

“ ‘ Ees,’ zes I, ‘ I’ve a los’n. S’pose you zimmed I did’n live in no ’ouze, but I dew, I’ll let ee knaw. I bain’t no tramp body.’ I spawked out mad-like, fer I niver adn bin tullet tew s’if I meet be tuket up fer ort avor. (I han’t niver bin kitched, don’t ee zee, when I’ve a put a rabbit out o’s misery in a trap).”

“ ‘ Lor’ ha’ mussy ’pon us,” cried Betsy, “ t’ think a mert ha’ been tuked up.”

“ ‘ Wull, playceman loked m’up an’ down, an’ tho a-zed, ‘ Zo you’ve los’ yerzel.’ ”

“ ‘ That there’s jis what I’ve a dew’d,’ zes I.”

“ ‘ But wot’s the naame o’ the straye where’s yer darter’s ’ouze?’ zes ee.”

“ ‘ If I’d a minded’n I should a axed for’n avor now,’ zes I, pocketing me knife, fer I’d a ait all me little loave by these time.”

“ ‘ You don’t mayne t’zay that you’ve forgot the naame o’ the straye s’wull’s the way tew’n!’ zes ee.”

“ ‘ I han’t zackly forgot’n,’ zes I, ‘ fur I won’t zay as iver I knawed’n fer sartain. I can’t rayde mezal, an’ Molly Sparks’s little maid used t’ write t’ Mary fer me’n Betsy.’ ”

“ ‘ You don’t live t’ London then?’ zes playceman.”

“ ‘ Nat I,’ zes I. ‘ I would’n bide in jis place if you was t’ pay me for’t.’ ”

“ ‘ Where d’ye come from?’ zes ee.”

“ ‘ Demshur,’ zes I.”

“ ‘ Demshur,’ zes ee, “ then Paddingen’d be the station you come tew?’ ”

“ ‘ Don’t mind the naame o’n zackly mezal,’ zes I; ‘ ’twas a girt yowlin’ place wi’ hingins scritch’in’ ’bout, an’ the train stapped wi’out gwaine voor agin. Mary’s man mayte me there.’ Playceman bide tew a stid fer minite, an’ then a zed, ‘ Han’t you got no paper nur letter ’bout ee wi’ yer darter’s ’dress ’pon’n?’ ”

“ ‘ I han’t no paper t’all,’ zes I, ‘ but wot me baccy’s a dew’d up een.”

Betsy, her kip'th all Mary's letters in her bunnit box—zim' th lukin' at 'em now'n then if her can't rayde 'em.' ”

“ ‘Wull,’ zes playceman, ‘if you bide yer agin the lampawst till Kersmas yer darter’s ’ouze wan’t come tew ee, an’ if you try fer vind’n you’ll only los’ yerzel wuss. What be ee gwaine fer dew?’ ”

“ ‘Danged if I knaws,’ zes I.”

“ ‘Wull,’ zes ee, ‘you’s bes’ way tiligram t’ yer missus fer the ’dress of yer darter.’ ”

“ ‘Lor bless ee,’ zes I, ‘there idn no tiligram plaace where I lives tew nearer’n Molton—zo I’ve a yeared Maister zay—mos’ eight mile away. An’ Betsy, her’d be gallied t’ death—think I was keeled fer srtain. Don’t know ’ow fur zend jis thing mezel nuther, an’ where be I fer bide till a com’t h back?’ An’ wot d’ye think a zed ‘I’ll zend’n fer ee, an’ there’s a playcestation close yer. I’ll take ee there, an’ you can bide till the answer com’t h.’ Tho a zeed drew’n like a harra—I knawed what a was up tew! Wanted for stick me in jail! That was he’s little geame fer srtain. Thinks I, ‘I’ll be upsides wi’ ee, Mr. Lunnon Playceman.’ Why I should niver a veeled like a honest body agin if I’d zeed the inzide o’ thikky jail, fer theer a would a tuked me, I’ll bet any money. Wull, I cud’n zee how fer be upzides wi’n all t’wance, zo I made wise fer be thinkin’t awver, an’ I draaed out me pipe.”

“ ‘Wull,’ zes ee, all of a suddent, ‘I can’t bide yer tullin’ no longer. If you han’t a mind t’ tiligram, I ’vise ee t’go ’ome t’wance.’ ”

“ ‘Darned if I don’t then,’ zes I, s’peart’s cude be fer t’was jis wot I wanted, only I had’n a thort aw’t ’till playceman put it intew me ’ayde. ’Twas a wonnerful vine mornin’, an’ I’d been thinkin’ while I ait me little loave how purty an’ green the Grattan Graze’d be lukin’, an’ how tur’ble bad the gearden’d want turning awver. ‘I’ll go t’wance,’ zes I, makin’ fer start.”

“ ‘Stap a bit,’ zes playceman, ‘hev ee got money?’ ”

“ ‘Ees, f’y,’ zes I, ‘if I han’t bin thayved.’ I draaed out me leather, an’ there was me thirty shill’n ’zactly—a big yallah boy an’ a little wan. Maister he gied m’ vive shill’n ex’ra t’me wages, fer, zes ee, ‘you’m a gude worker, Jan, an’ Lunnon’s a tur’ble place fer make hawle in yer pocket, an’ kip yer eyes ’bout ’ee er they’ll thayve ’ee.’ They had’n a thayved me tho’, for I’d a kipt me money tight in me birtches pocket.

“ ‘Aw, you’ve a got plenty t’git back wi’,’ zes ee, an’ a glinted

tew't, playceman though a was. 'Now you've only got t'git back t' the station you come tew.'"

"'I mind'n', zes I, 'a plaace s'baig's a varm wi' a roof you can zee drew. But how be I fur vind'n?'"

"'Wull, if 'twas Padding'n, an' fer sartain 'twas, I should zay—you be close tew'n fortin'tly,' zes playceman, 'a's on'y jis round thikky cornder an' down wan strayte. You can't miss'n if you try, a's that baig. A'll be starin' ee in the faace mos' s'zune's you git round cornder. But how you'll vind your train when you gits there is more'n I can zay.'"

"'Ax for'n,' zes I, 'I've a got a Eenglish tongue in me'ayde, han't I?'"

"'I bain't s'zure o' thet,' zes ee, an' a girmed tew hissel (tur'ble vooks fer girn an' gurzle tew a body, Lunnoners)."

"'Wull, I han't yeared much Eenglish spayked zince a come t' these plaace,' zes I, for I veeled me monkey up. But a on'y girmed agin, and when I wished'n a gude mornin' a drawed up's 'and tew's 'at zame's I've zeed the sodjers dew t' Sham Vight when cap'n kim voor. I loked back avore I turned the cornder, but a did'n zee me, for a was drayvin a passel o' dummen acrass the rawde—lor, you can't crass the rawde in Lunnon wi'out a playceman les' you want fer be runned awver."

"Did ee vind the train?" asked Jim.

"Aw, ees, I vound'n t'last arter axin more'n veefy times. 'Alf the vooks t' thikky station was deeve's pawses, an' t'other 'alf was fules. They would'n gie me no taykit by their mind. Ow was I fer know I'd axed for'n t' the wrong mouzhawle? but I got'n t' last. I zeed a train draaed up waitin', zo in I gits. Thinks I, 'I'll bide yer till I be a turned out. If they be all deeve, 'tis t' be awped they baint all s'blind but 'ot they kin rayde wot's tap the taykit.' 'Dith these yer train go t' Molton?' I axed o' the chap wot come 'long an' snipit a bit out o' the taykit. A wad'n quite s'deeve as t'others."

"'Molton!' zes ee, an' a stared s'if a'd never yeared tull jis place.

'A goeth t' Tannton; you's bes' way ax there,' an' bang vas' the door."

"I was comfortable 'nuff ridin', only I got mos' tur'ble 'ungered an' wantin' drap o' zider, but I slaype girt pairt the way. Vooks wad'n 'alf s'deeve t' Tannton, zo I vound th' train t' Molton aisy 'nuff. Lor, 'twas 'mazin' fer think I was t' Lunnon thikky same mornin'. I slinked 'ome from Molton crass the fields, an' Betsy, her was in a purty

way till us 'ad vound Molly Sparks's little maid t' write the letter t' Mary an' I'd a pawsted'n."

"I year'd you'd a pawsted'n," said Jim.

"An' a id'n ago out eet," put in Betsy. "I'll warn Mother 'Owe 'll hev a gude luke tew the hinzides aw'n these blessed arternune, an' poor Mary makin' zure her vathers a erved awver an' kelled fer sartain. I can 'ardly zit 'pon me zayte fer thinkin' o' her! I reckon her's 'alf dead wi' 'sterics!"

"I'll warn her's in a purty take," said Jan, and betook himself to the pipe, which had been somewhat neglected during his narrative, while Betsy rose and relieved her feelings by setting tea with a great clatter of cups.

LYDIA J. TAYLOR.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING IN ARCHITECTURE.

There are various architectural topics that are the subject of perennial discussion, according as one's view leans, with natural bias, to one side or another in matters essentially many-sided. "Whether architecture is a profession or an art" is such a topic; upon it discussion—nay, controversy, both bitter and prolonged—has raged interminably; and, in England at any rate, even serious division of council has resulted, with somewhat dissipated energy and hampered action for a time as a natural consequence.

Closely allied is the question of the proper training for an architect during his period of preliminary studentship;—what course will best fit him to do his best? It is a question, I venture to think, of somewhat vital concern to us in Canada. At present, as a people, we are neither very wealthy nor very powerful; we have not yet worked out our scheme of national education at all completely; it is not yet established, as it should be, broad and harmonious, on really national lines. On the contrary, to one coming but newly from Europe, it seems in too many ways seriously provincial in spirit and narrow in result. On the other hand, we have across the border-line a great nation for our neighbour, both powerful and wealthy, eager and resolute, and bent, it seems to me, on solving the problem of how to place the maximum of education and special training within reach of all. Nor shall I, I am sure, be misunderstood, when I urge the need for our doing our uttermost, in honourable, friendly rivalry, to maintain our own position worthily alongside our greater neighbour and to strengthen our determination not to be out-distanced in that race, the goal of which is

national life lived worthily, and the highest development of the intellectual life of all.

In so many-sided a field as architecture, which is an art and a profession both, and (perhaps) something more besides, there is room for many kinds of activity and many types of mind. To one, the solution of problems of construction, with the extraordinary wealth of mechanical resource at the disposal of the modern constructor, is the side of architecture that appeals most strongly; to another, it may be rather the problems of social interest—the housing of the poor, the proper provision for the care of the sick in hospitals, or even the progress of sanitation and the realization of its laws and their requirements; to some, it is the nice adjustment of plan and interior arrangement; to others it is the wider field of the composition and design of buildings as a whole and the joy of seeing thoughts take concrete form, as they are realized in actual execution.

It is significant, this many-sidedness of architecture, and justifies in a measure its claim to be at once the broadest of the arts and the foundation of the rest. It brings the architect into touch directly with almost all the other arts, professions and handicrafts, from sculpture and painting to law and medicine and to industries of very many sorts.

And the training for the architect must be broad to correspond, if he is to be adequately fitted for his work. It cannot, of course, prepare him to the extent of endowing him with all the knowledge in all the branches that he may, in the course of his practice, require to master and make use of—that is out of the question; but it should lay the foundation for such acquirement by training the mind to grasp readily the dominant factors in the problems that ask for their solution in well-balanced and harmonious architectural design.

Of the many and varied qualifications that go to make the successful architect in practice, some are of the distinctly practical type, such as business aptitude, faculty of organization and attention to practical detail, while others are as distinctly of the theoretical and academic type; most notably is this true of the power in design. Between the two comes construction and engineering, leaning now to the more practical, now to the more academic side, according as it is the more ordinary, rough-and-ready, customary building, or the altogether higher work in calculation and design of the scientific constructional engineer. That this last requires mathematical and scientific train-

ing, and is a fitting subject for university instruction, surely needs no argument or proof. The enormous advances made in but recent years in modern steel-construction especially, are, I suppose, for the most part the direct result of such scientific study and research. But, if we accept this main rough division into the two sides, the practical and the academic, for the former class let it be at once conceded that the best preparation is the actual stress of daily work at the office desk and the experience that is only to be gained by study at first hand in closest touch with buildings in course of actual execution. Nothing can ever take the place of such practical training, which must always remain an absolutely essential part of the preliminary equipment of an architect. No plea for academic education is ever intended to lose sight of this; nor is it the case that for this practical training academic education is either specially adapted or required. But, while those who urge so strongly that your architect must be "a practical man" are not at all beside the mark, that contention by no means covers the whole of the ground of an architect's education; it does not touch what is, after all, if I may be allowed the phrase, the truly architectural side of architecture.

It is doubtless in the ordinary relations of life—though I am not quite sure that I ought to qualify the relations of architect and client as always "ordinary"—a matter of great personal convenience to be on this eminently practical footing, obviating friction and promoting smoothness that may almost be prosaic. Heaven forbid that I should not fully endorse the eminent desirability of being "a practical man." Even the staunchest advocates of practicality, however, will admit that a great monument of architecture is not to be measured ultimately by the business capacity of its designer, but by some other and higher quality altogether. Jacopo Sansovino is said to have miscalculated the roof for the famous library of St. Mark's at Venice, and to have spent a time in jail as the result. While languishing there he doubtless came to hold a very exalted appreciation of the practical advantages to an architect of being practical; but we, and the many thousand travellers who know nothing, perhaps, of Sansovino's piteous time of incarceration, for whom the library of St. Mark's is one of the buildings that make the Renaissance architecture of Venice so fruitful and delightful a study, are apt to think less of the "practical" man than

of the brilliant artist and designer, who has left us so impressive a monument of his genius and skill.

The pre-eminent quality of architecture is in truth design, and this power of design is the vital touchstone of the greatness of an architect. It is in virtue of design and composition that the great buildings of the past, differing utterly, it may be, in point of architectural style, yet, one and all, appeal to us in varying degree. Historical associations may, of course, affect us greatly; other considerations, too, may have to be allowed for in our appreciation; yet architecturally appraised, all buildings owe their fame, in chiefest measure, to this power of composition and design. The same is true of our modern work. It stands to reason, therefore, that anything that will foster and quicken power of design must tend to the best equipment of an architect for his life's work.

For design, I venture to claim that academic training is the surest road for most, at any rate, to the achievement of success; that in no other way can the student readily obtain the grasp of the subject, the breadth of view, necessary to attain to the best use of the power that may be his. Design is the expression given to a building; if consistent, convincing and harmonious, the building will have dignity and the incomparable quality of style. Slipshod designing will mar any building and make it common-place and lacking in distinction. With design, then, the architectural student's preparation should begin, and with design it should continue to the end, not (of course) to the exclusion of other necessary studies, but in conjunction with them. Design, it seems to me, should form the basis, the backbone (so to speak) of his course of study from the earliest moment possible, and around it the rest of his subjects should, so far as possible, be grouped. And I base my plea for university training for architects precisely on the ground of the pre-eminent importance of training in design and upon the special facilities a university course affords for carrying out such training consistently in fullest measure.

Nay, I do not hesitate to go still further and to argue that the chief objection usually urged against academic preparation for professional life, the objection, namely, that it is "unpractical," is not in itself a disadvantage in this particular connection. In studying out an architectural design, in developing his ideas so as to bring out of them the best result he can, the student must, at the outset, at any rate, be left

as little hampered as possible by fettering limitations, such as economy of cost, restrictions and inconveniences of site, and so on. The object of his study is to teach him to think architecturally and to express his thoughts suitably and with grace of diction in the language of his art; to mould them into forms that shall be purposeful and fitting as well as beautiful and gracious.

It is by no means an easy alphabet to learn; like any other language, if I may pursue the metaphor, it takes long to master; it means no short apprenticeship in grammar and expression; for the artistic faculties are slow of development sometimes and always require careful, even toilsome, training. My contention is that for such training no preparation, as a general rule, is more apt or better than that provided by an university course of education. It can offer a well-arranged and systematic scheme of education, such as cannot readily be equalled by any other training. Moreover, it can and does most especially develop the study of design, that being precisely the side of architecture that most lends itself to academic teaching; it thus lays special stress on what, in my view, is the central subject, the foundation of the whole, while it is precisely the subject most difficult of adequate and serious study under ordinary conditions, apart from such a systematic course. It cannot be acquired in ordinary office training, where a student, be he never so willing, can at best but "pick up" desultory fragments of the subject. In a busy office each assistant is bound to have his special work allotted to him, without reference to his own requirements as a student; or, if he be a beginner, all around him are too anxious to have him show that he can be of some use to them, to think of his own immediate studies as the matter of first importance to himself. Travel and study are an alternative, but I do not think they are of the most effective service till a student has both learned what to see and how to see it; and both these require the previous training which systematic study of design can best give.

As against this academic instruction, it has been urged that such a course of training will stifle genius—a charge which need not, I think, be very seriously refuted; no sincere education can so fail of its primary object, namely, to "draw out" the faculties and develop them, as to succeed in stifling the superior powers that we call genius—and secondly, that it will tend to create a dead level of correct mediocrity, dull and wholly lacking the freshness of untrained spontaneity. This,

too, appears to me hardly to need refuting. The efforts of untrained spontaneity are not generally, I fear, much more successful in design than in painting or in sculpture; in architecture they too often lead to a wholly unregenerate straining after originality, that appeals successfully neither to reason nor to good taste. And academic training fully justifies itself, if it succeeds in making mediocrity less wayward, controlling its vagaries, and sparing us those frantic abortions in design that remain a lasting instrument—potent for evil—in vitiating public taste.

I would not be thought for a moment to speak slightly of originality; no gift can be more precious. But originality in architecture is not to be attained through the medium of blatant disregard of accepted forms or architectural expression. It is rather to be attained more modestly, by absolute sincerity in design, coupled with, or rather dominated by that rare gift, the imaginative power that naturally expresses itself in form or composition that is beautiful, not ugly. The French use the phrase *voir en beau* or *en laid*, to express this faculty, or its opposite. One man will "see," or realize to himself, a design under a form that naturally lends itself to beauty of line or mass or composition; in the hands of another, on the contrary, the same idea will be embodied under forms that are less pleasing, artistically not satisfying. But I cannot think that the former will risk any loss to this admirable faculty, if he seek to educate his powers along the lines I have endeavored to suggest; while the latter may at least have the asperities of diction modified by familiarity with established and well accepted forms.

Perhaps few great architects have shown more striking originality in design than Sir Christopher Wren, in the wonderful series of churches with which he enriched London during nearly half a century after the great fire of 1666. Of them all, the great cathedral of St. Paul's is assuredly his master-piece—I suppose the most beautiful and imposing church that the Protestant faith has raised. Yet, in its final form, it is a triumph of academic discipline over daring, but not successful, amateurish spontaneity. Those who are familiar with the design as originally approved—in the warrant of King Charles II., it is declared to be "very artificial, proper and useful"—will recall the really grotesque design for the central dome. "A nightmare conception," it has been called, "of two domes and a telescope steeple."

It is even surpassed in grotesque extravagance by an earlier scheme of Wren's for the reconstruction of Old St. Paul's, in which a dome was to be "surmounted by a huge open-work pine-apple, 68 feet high, of monstrous and horrible design." Yet the dome of St. Paul's as actually erected, is one of the most beautiful in existence, its most conspicuous characteristic being, as has well been said, "its magnificent sanity."

The reason for this astounding aberration of England's greatest architect is, probably, simply the lack of academic training. Wren entered upon the practice of architecture as an amateur, and, genius though he was, he never wholly overcame this lack of preparation for his great career; in St. Paul's itself, for which the long series of London churches was Wren's very wonderful preliminary study-ground, there are still minor blemishes in spite of years of patient study—it is idle to deny them—that seem only the result of this want of training in classical design.

Originality does not, then, I take it, imply departure from traditional forms in architecture, so much as honest, unaffected and gracious use of them in sincere application to the requirements of modern building. Hence I do not give my adhesion to these who would try to cut themselves adrift from the architecture of past times in order to be "modern." Not from ignorance, but from full and critical knowledge of the past, can we create a tradition for the present.

It is idle to seek to evoke a "modern style" in the sense in which "Gothic" or "French Renaissance" were styles at different periods of French architectural history, when builders—both designers and workmen—were all familiar with certain current forms and methods and were restricted to these alone. With our immensely fuller knowledge, we cannot be so restricted, if we would. We can express ourselves in many ways in solution of the same problem, whereas in earlier times one current way only of expression was known and, therefore, consistently practised. And modern architecture gains in this immensely fuller vocabulary, so to speak, if wisely, not extravagantly, used.

The historical study of architecture consequently forms the natural basis for architectural design. Only by knowing the best that has been done can we do the best that can be done to-day. Study of architecture in the past should not, if rightly guided, lead to mere archaeological copying or repetition in our work to-day; but it should, if its

lessons are properly learned and its teaching taken truly as our inspiration, bring home to us the best that the past has done and set before us an ideal that will serve us as both a standard and stimulus to solve our modern problems as honestly and well. Only out of full and loyal knowledge of past tradition can we to-day hope to achieve in our work results that will be as true and as expressive of our modern life.

S. H. CAPPER.

HUXLEY AND AGNOSTICISM.

The nineteenth century has been in many respects one of the most remarkable periods through which mankind has ever passed. I doubt whether it would be possible to find another century in which changes of equal magnitude in both methods of thought and material surroundings have occurred. As to the changes in material surroundings, let any of my readers try to imagine what Montreal would be like without steamboat, railroad, telephone or telegraph, with Toronto a week away and Europe two months. What a narrow parochial society we should constitute! If one tries to picture this to oneself, one can perhaps understand, if not sympathize with the Presbyterian divine of the earlier years of the century, who is said to have regarded the Kingdom of God as identical with Presbyterianism and the world as Belfast, his native city. The changes in the mental surroundings have been not less remarkable than those of the material environment, and these changes, which are so vast that we younger people live in an entirely different universe from our fathers, are all traceable to the general acceptance—for good or evil—of the doctrine of evolution. The newer way of looking at the Bible—ordinarily known as the "Higher Criticism"—has certainly had an enormous share in the change, but this point of view is really due to the application of the doctrine of evolution to the explanation of the Bible.

As every one knows, it is to Darwin we owe the doctrine of evolution in such a form as to render it acceptable to the scientific world. The idea was no new one, as Darwin himself points out in the preface

to his immortal work, but to him was due the collection of the evidence for it which conquered the dissent of specialists. Had, however, the propagation of the doctrine of evolution been left to Darwin, it is safe to say that, although it would have been accepted by experts, it would have but slowly permeated the public mind. That it did so, rapidly and thoroughly, that its tremendous consequences were pressed home with remorseless logic, was the work of the man who is the subject of this sketch.

Thomas Huxley was the son of an assistant master in an English school, and was born in 1825 in the quiet village of Ealing, near London. His father was of true English breed, of dogged obstinacy; his mother, from whom alone he conceived himself as having inherited his character, was distinguished by her quickness and versatility of intellect. But who, looking at the firm lines of decision, traced with no uncertain hand, on the rugged countenance of the great scientist, can doubt that he inherited also his father's firmness of will? Huxley was the youngest son in a large family, and the special delight of his mother, for whom he all through his life retained a passionate affection. He was not sent from home to acquire his education, but after a short stay in the Ealing School, in which his father was master, and for which in after life he had a dislike amounting to loathing, he was allowed to pick up the rest of his education by desultory reading, till at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to one of his uncles in London in order to learn the medical profession. We may perhaps trace his independence of thought and originality and the simplicity of his point of view to the absence of those school influences, which, however much they may tend to raise the character of the average product, tend also to press every boy into the same mould, and turn each one into the world with the same stock of conventional ideas. From this desultory reading two strongly-marked tastes soon developed—a love of deep abstruse metaphysical questions and a desire to follow the profession of engineer. There is indeed a side of zoological science which is strongly allied to engineering—the side which views animals as wonderful machines rather than as specimens, that looks rather at the broad resemblances uniting them than at the minute differences which separate them, and this side alone interested Huxley. He never was a collector or species-monger. It is worthy of note that another great philosophical biologist, Herbert Spencer, commenced life as an engineer.

Huxley, however, could not follow the profession of his choice. The head of Ealing school having died, the school was broken up, and his father had to support himself by managing a Savings Bank in Coventry, so that Tom Huxley had to embrace the first opportunity of earning a livelihood, and took up medicine. As already mentioned, he was apprenticed to his uncle, but he took the classes in Charing Cross Hospital, and passed the examinations of the University of London. After becoming qualified, he entered the service of the Royal Navy, and was at first attached to Haslar Hospital (nominally he was surgeon to Nelson's "Victory"). Here he gained golden opinions for his zeal and scientific abilities, and was in 1846 appointed surgeon to the "Rattlesnake," which departed on a four years' cruise to survey Torres Strait and the adjoining parts of Australia and New Guinea. Huxley in after life was accustomed to regard these four years as of priceless value in his moral education. He used to contrast the "phrase-crammed" undergraduate with the naval officers who were trained to face realities, and to have a wholesome contempt for talkers. By his own admission he had during his period of study in London, sown his wild oats, and he regarded his salvation from profligacy as due to Carlyle, who gave him religion without theology, to science and the scientific method which satisfied his intellect, and to love, which taught him the sanctity of human nature.

The "Rattlesnake" used Sydney as a base, and during the first halt of three months the young surgeon fell deeply in love with a Sydney lady, and entered into an apparently hopeless engagement. So long as the Rattlesnake's mission continued, he saw his *fiancée* once a year, but when the vessel returned to England the only means of communication were by mail, and letters took five months in transit. Can any one picture an engaged couple under more untoward circumstances? During his stay on board the "Rattlesnake," his medical duties did not press very heavily upon him, and he devoted all his spare time in investigations into the structure of the wonderful marine organisms which every day floated past him. Some of the results of his work were sent home, and they were of such sterling value that when he returned to London he found that he was already famous as a naturalist. As a result, he made some valuable and life-long friends, whose names are amongst the foremost in English science of the last century. Amongst them were Lyell the geologist, Hooker the

botanist, and Tyndall the physician; and a year later he made the acquaintance of Darwin himself, then an unknown naturalist.

Huxley remained still three years in the navy. At his urgent request, he was attached to the "Fisgard," a stationary hulk used as a hospital, so that he remained in London completing his work begun on the "Rattlesnake," and supervising the publication of his memoirs. During this time he was not only elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, but received the Society's medal, one of the most coveted distinctions for an English scientific man. Sad to say, however, these honours were received by him with mingled feelings, for he was all the time consumed with a very human desire for some post "with a salary attached," which would enable him to marry his *fiancée*. He complained that the public were willing to give men of science plenty of pudding but no meat. He became a candidate for the chair of Natural History in Toronto, but was rejected, his successful competitor having political influence. That celebrated University shortly afterwards declined Tyndall's candidature for the chair of Physics.

In 1853 the naval authorities ordered Huxley to join another ship, and, as this would have meant the end of his scientific career, he declined, and terminated his connection with the Royal Navy. For a year the outlook for Huxley was indeed gloomy, and in 1854 he was appointed lecturer on general Natural History in the Royal School of Mines. He immediately wrote to his *fiancée* to come to England, and in 1855 he was married, although his bride was in wretched health and did not appear to have six months to live. For many years, indeed, the health of both the Huxleys was wretched, but by degrees both became stronger, and Mrs. Huxley, who had five children, survived her husband. The same year that Huxley was married he was appointed naturalist to the Geological Survey, and was thus, by combining the two scanty salaries, placed in a position in which he was relieved from pressing material anxieties, and enabled to devote himself whole-heartedly to the advancement of science. He retained his chair in the School of Mines for thirty years, and he entirely remodelled the teaching of zoology. Under his hands, from being a record of classification, it grew to be a real science, a search for causes, and the word biology was introduced by him to designate zoology viewed from this standpoint. The courses in biology which are given in all English and most American Universities are modelled on the original course

instituted by Huxley in South Kensington. Darwin himself wrote to Huxley, "I wish to the Lord I had gone through a course like yours." Canadians must ever remember that George Dawson, possibly the most brilliant man of science which Canada has produced — not even excepting his illustrious father—received his training in the School of Mines, under Huxley and his colleagues. The remaining events in Huxley's life as a man of science are soon recorded. In 1871 he was made secretary of the Royal Society, a post he resigned in 1880; in 1881 he was made Inspector of Fisheries, and in 1883 he became President of the Royal Society, and thus the acknowledged leader of English science. In 1885 his health gave signs of breaking down, and he retired from his Professorship, resigned the Inspectorship of Fisheries and the Presidency of the Royal Society, and abandoned active scientific work. He lived ten years, nominally in retirement, though it may be doubted if at any period of his career he was more prominently before the public. For from his retirement there issued a series of the most trenchant letters and articles on the relation of science to religion and other topics of universal interest, and he was during all this period one of the leaders of thought in England. He died in 1895, as a result of an attack of influenza, and was buried in Finchley graveyard, his old friend, the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, coming from a considerable distance to perform the ceremony. On his tombstone, by his request, were inscribed the following lines, composed by his wife:—

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For still He giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

Such, in brief outline, is the record of Huxley's professional life, but of course the interest which most of us take in him is not in his work as a zoologist, but in the new philosophy or *Weltanschauung*, which he named Agnosticism. Philosophy in the sense of a system professing to give a complete account of the universe, it assuredly is not; it should be regarded merely as a point of view or mental attitude. It has become the mental attitude of a large number of educated people, perhaps, one might say, of the majority of educated people. To understand its inception, we must go back to the year 1859. In that

year Charles Darwin published the *Origin of Species*. Up till that time the belief not merely of ordinary people, but of the best men of science, including Huxley himself, had been that the different species had all had independent origins. Theories of evolution and transmutation had been launched in abundance by imaginative naturalists, but when sober men of science demanded evidence, none was forthcoming. Now, for the first time, it was rendered probable that causes now in action were for ever modifying species, and, granted time enough, were sufficient to account for the descent of all species from one single original type. Huxley reviewed the book favourably in the "Times," and in the following year the theory came up for discussion at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford. Both friend and foe saw clearly that the argument of the book could not be confined to animals, but, if admitted, must apply also to man himself. It was violently attacked by the Bishop of Oxford, who, turning to Huxley, who sat near him, asked him if on his mother's or on his father's side he was descended from an ape. Huxley, following him, said that a man had no reason for being ashamed of having had as ancestor an ape, but if he were to feel shame for an ancestor, it would be for a man who used his position and eloquence by appeals to religious prejudice to divert attention from the point at issue and to crush humble seekers after truth. This dramatic encounter, from which the Bishop retired hopelessly worsted, forced Huxley on the notice of the general public as the chief supporter of the new doctrine; and the fierce controversy which raged afterwards compelled him to define his position with regard not only to man's body, but also to man's soul and the problem of eternity, and this led to the formulation of the agnostic position. Evolution, as applied to man, was attacked on scientific grounds by Sir Richard Owen, then supposed to be the greatest anatomist living, but the arguments he adduced were pulverized by Huxley. One of those arguments, based upon the supposed existence of a small peculiar lobe in man's brain—*hippocampus minor*—and absent in the ape, was ridiculed even by Kingsley in the *Water Babies* in the passage where the Water Baby is warned against the awful crime of having a *hippopotamus major* in his brain, in which case nothing could save his great-great-great-greatest-grandfather from having been an ape. The doctrine was attacked by theologians on the ground of man's immense spiritual superiority to the apes, his nearest

allies in the animal kingdom, and to this Huxley replied that no one had the least idea what the spiritual condition of the apes was like, and, further, that every individual man, however high his spiritual conditions, had once been a small piece of unconscious living matter no bigger than the end of his pencil case, and, again, if the transition in the case of the individual were admitted by all, why was it inconceivable in the case of the race?

The definition of the agnostic attitude, although not the name, is to be found in a letter of Huxley to the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who had written to him to offer his comfort on the occasion of the death of his first-born son from scarlet fever. From this letter I quote a few sentences: "The longer I live the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and to feel 'I believe such **and such** to be true.' All the greatest rewards and all the heaviest penalties of existence cling about that act. The universe is one and the same throughout, and if the condition of my success in unravelling some little difficulty of anatomy and physiology is that I shall rigorously refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, I cannot believe that the great mysteries of existence will be laid open to me on other terms. Science seems to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God, Sit down before the fact as a little child; be prepared to give up every preconceived notion; follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved, at all risks, to do this."

It is obvious, therefore, that the essence of agnosticism is "Refuse to believe except on sufficient evidence," coupled with the assertion that for the vast majority of theological dogmas there is not sufficient evidence. The word agnosticism was chosen by Huxley to denote this attitude, in order to accentuate the contrast between this position and that of his theological opponents, who claimed a mystic knowledge or *gnosis* about things which could not be established on scientific evidence. Now, the pressing questions which require to be answered in connection with the bearings of agnosticism on Christianity are, how far the agnostic attitude is consistent with Christianity; and, in the next place, how far this attitude justifies the conclusions to which Huxley believed himself driven.

We all of us begin our lives as thinking men and women with a set of ideas as to the constitution and government of the universe, which we have received from our parents and teachers, and which we say we believe. These ideas contain tremendous propositions, which, if really believed, ought to have the most marked effect on our lives. It is the very common experience that they usually produce little, if any, result—and why? Because they are not really our beliefs at all; because we have never worked for them, or examined the evidence on which they rest and so convinced ourselves of their truth. We believe none of them as we do the man who wakens us at night with the cry of, “Your house is on fire.” On that belief we do not delay acting for a single second. I boldly assert that the adoption of the agnostic position in some form is the essential preliminary to the attaining of any real faith whatever. I believe further that nothing does more damage to religion than the easy acceptance of ancestral doctrines as our own—that uneasy half-belief, which fears to look into things lest it should be frightened, which clings to ancestral beliefs because they helped our fathers, and are comforting, and not because they are true. I believe that such an acceptance may buoy us up for a while, but when disaster or trial comes it is a veritable house on the sands, which collapses utterly, and leaves us to face reality with a prejudice against the power of any religion to help us. If we are not sure of a thing, do not let us say we suppose we believe it, but let us be honest and say we do not know. The open infidelity of men, professing the most orthodox evangelical Christianity, whilst, at the same time, by fraud and grinding oppression, they make the main end of their lives the amassing of huge fortunes, is a spectacle calculated to make the seeker for truth turn with horror from all such religion. What, then, are we to say of deacons manipulating “corners in stocks,” and so on, whilst professing to believe the Golden Rule? Do the beliefs, feelings, prejudices of such men merit an instant’s consideration at the hands of the seeker after truth? What a man really believes, not his professed creed, influences his action, and these real beliefs alone have importance. I have not the slightest doubt that were the Founder of Christianity to return to earth he would recognise as his true followers seekers after truth like Darwin and Huxley, whilst he would class as Pharisees and Saducees many respectable church-goers.

But it may be objected that Huxley did not believe in the immor-

tality of the soul, and that the whole aim of the Founder of the Christian church was to teach the imperishable value of the soul. Huxley neither affirmed nor denied immortality; he only said he did not know, and that the evidence for it was not convincing to him. Sir Michael Foster, once his demonstrator, and his lifelong friend, says that Huxley knew that science could never lift by one of its corners the veil which shrouded the mystery of the "dream by which our lives are rounded." But Huxley lived, above all things, for the defence of what he believed to be the truth. As he himself says in a letter to the Rev. Mr. McClure, who had written to him on this very problem: "So far as I know myself, my sole motive is to get at the truth in all things. I do not care one straw about fame, present or posthumous, and I loathe notoriety, but I do care to have that desire manifest and recognised."

There is, however, I firmly believe, good scientific evidence of the immortality of the soul, though it is evidence which is hard to master and not easy to explain in a few words. It is the fruit of hard thinking, of scientific analysis of the nature of knowledge itself, and Huxley's failure to grasp it may perhaps be attributed to his close adherence to one kind of scientific evidence, and to a fault of his race—a characteristic English contempt for philosophy as mere logic chopping. Yet, even of these faults, he had less than most of his colleagues; flashes of truth seemed ever and anon to cross his mind, as when in his Belfast lecture on the "Automatism of Animals," he said: "I am totally incapable of conceiving of the existence of matter if there be no mind in which to picture that existence." But he was not able to follow these indications up to their logical issue.

In this respect, however, he was a notable contrast to Haeckel, the protagonist of evolution in Germany, whose childish materialistic philosophy is only equalled by his disregard of truth when he thinks he can gain a point for evolution. It is never given to mankind to appreciate both sides of the truth equally at the same time, and, since Huxley's time, slowly the other side has been forcing itself on the attention of scientific man. The assertion that man is not immortal, but vanishes at death, is the result of the conviction that he is only a temporary form of eternal matter—the atoms alone are real. But those who follow the same method of analysis as that which resolves all things, including man, into atoms, have attacked the atoms them-

selves, and shown that these are mere conceptions of the thinker's own mind, constructed in order to explain sensations, till at last, like Venvorn, one of the leading biologists of the present day, they are driven to exclaim, "The only thing which really exists is our own soul; the external world and all its objects, even the appearance of our fellow men, are mere sensations of our own soul." To quote briefly: "Let us ask what is knowledge. The conception of knowledge demands the admission, without which it is meaningless, that something really exists. Granted this, knowledge is the explanation of all phenomena by this real something. In the attempt to do this we meet with the error inherited from childish days that the external world, apart from our soul, is the reality. But we have derived our knowledge of this world solely from our senses. The question what our senses can and cannot teach, is a physiological one. A piece of gold appears to us a body, but this body is conceived only through a number of sensations—yellow, hard, heavy, cold, and so on. Those born blind have a totally different conception of the world from others. When, as has happened, they recover sight, and see, for the first time, objects they have often handled, they seem to them quite strange and new. If, therefore, I see a body or become conscious of it by means of other senses, I have, in reality, no body outside me but a series of sensations. Further than this I cannot go; all beyond is hypothesis." Thus the last result as scientific analysis is Solipsism—that is, the assertion that the only real existence is the thinker's own soul. This position, however logical, no one can practically accept. Everyone, the scientist included, believes that his fellow men are as real as himself; but, in so doing, the scientist must admit that the phenomena exhibited by some animals—the human race at least—are not fully explicable from the data of force and matter, and this is the whole point at issue. As Harnack says, our scientific reasoning issues in an irreconcilable dualism, and it is really indifferent with what names we label the two elements—God and the World—or Spirit and Matter.

Though, as I have stated above, I think that Huxley erred in underrating philosophy and its bearing on the ultimate problem of existence, his powerful and crushing arguments tended to strip Christianity of most of the myths and superstitions with which the imperfect knowledge and credulity of former ages had invested it, till we

come back to the simple teaching of Christ on the hills of Galilee as to the will of God—or, as Huxley would have put it, the laws which govern the human soul, which, like all other scientific laws, are capable of being tested as to their validity by the simple plan of experimenting with them—that is, of trying to live them.

E. W. MACBRIDE.

SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

An American, unconnected with Britain, is much inclined to consider Scotland as the northern end of England. There seems something preposterous and almost indecent in the thought that an island about the size of Minnesota or Utah should comprise two nations. The continental European has the same difficulty. If he is disabused of his error, he is inclined to fly to the other extreme. He is prepared to believe that not only a Scotsman is not an Englishman, but that Scotland is groaning under a foreign yoke. When a Scotsman in France is spoken of as "un Anglais," he protests warmly that he is none. But he is sometimes embarrassed by the freedom which his French friends permit themselves in speaking of "la perfide Albion."

It is hard for the Frenchman to realize that, though the Scot vindicates his separate nationality, he no more desires the repeal of the Union than a Breton sighs for a restoration of the independence of Brittany. That such a thing as Scots nationality still exists, requires no demonstration to any Englishman who has ever lived in Scotland. If he is adaptable by nature, he may become acclimatized there. But adaptability is not a common English characteristic, and I have known Englishmen who have spent twenty years in Scotland without ever ceasing to feel that they were aliens in a strange land. The Scot in England feels the same, though he conceals it better. You will find in any English town of a fair size that there will be a group of Scots

who tend to associate with each other, and have all a soft place in their hearts for any new-comer, high or low, who has a Scot's tongue.

The differences between Scots and English are profound and ineradicable. They may know each other better, though they have been near neighbours for a pretty long time, but they will never become one people. There are many who talk as if common language were everything. If two men speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke, it is assumed that they are likely to agree, at least upon fundamentals. Community of language is a strong tie. It prevents many misunderstandings. People who can explain themselves freely to each other are, perhaps, more inclined to agree to differ than to agree to quarrel. But there are differences which are at once so subtle and so profound that community of language does little to modify them. And the differences between English and Scotch are of this kind. In the twentieth century Scotland and England are two countries. But it is very easy and very common to pass from one to the other. Thousands of Scotsmen go to England to make their fortunes, and the Highlands have become the playground of the Londoner. It is still noticeable, however, how few Englishmen carry on business in Scotland. In a small Scotch town an Englishman is quite a *rara avis*, and, like other rare birds, is apt to have a hard struggle for life. Scotland, it is said, is the only country where a Jew cannot thrive. And an Englishman is not likely to succeed where a Jew fails. Geographically, however, Scotland is well known to myriads south of the Tweed. In the eighteenth century all this was otherwise. A good many Scotsmen came to England, and the books are full of gibes at them, gibes largely born of jealousy at their success. But no Englishmen went to Scotland. There is a story, I forget where, that a foolish person, on being told that a certain road led from Scotland to England, said, "But where is the road from England to Scotland?" The answer was prompt and conclusive, namely that no such road was needed.

Not only did not Englishman, except now and then a rare adventurer, penetrate into Scotland, but hardly any southerner, Scots or English, ventured into the Highlands. During the greater part of the eighteenth century, the Highlands were to all intents far more remote from London, and even from Edinburgh, than Australia is to-day. It takes some time to go from London to Sydney, but people are going and coming all the time, and if one drops a letter into the box it is

sure to reach its destination. But into the Highlands there were no roads, and the people understood no English. If one wanted to send a letter to Strathspey or the Trossachs, it had to be entrusted to a special messenger. That I may not seem to exaggerate, let me quote Dr. Johnson. He says in his "Journey to the Western Islands"—and this was as late as 1773—"To the southern inhabitants of Scotland the state of the mountains and the islands is equally unknown with that of Borneo or Sumatra; of both they have only heard a little, and guess the rest. They are strangers to the language and the manners, to the advantages and the wants, of the people, whose life they would model and whose evils they would remedy." England and Scotland were two countries in the eighteenth century, and Scotland itself comprised two races, living altogether apart, speaking different languages, and standing upon widely different planes of civilization. The chief nexus between the two races was when a band of Highland caterans drove off a Lowland farmer's cattle, and this was not a nexus which tended to create a union of hearts. Even if the Highlanders had been as peaceful as they were turbulent, it was almost impossible for a stranger to travel far into the Highlands. Until General Wade built his military roads between 1720 and 1730, one could neither ride nor drive, and one could not carry on foot provisions enough to be safe against starvation. The Highlanders themselves knew of tracks over passes and across quaking bogs, but they were not disposed to give the Southron the knowledge of these keys to their country. And even if the journey had been possible, it would have seemed to most Englishmen or Lowland Scotsman to be entirely unattractive.

The taste for romantic scenery was not yet born. The mountains and glens, which to-day painters haunt and poets praise, were looked upon then as sterile and unprofitable wastes, no less forbidding than inaccessible. I have just re-read Johnson "Journey." It is full of good sense and of judicious observations on the country and on the people. Johnson visited a part of the Highlands, and spent some time seeing Skye and other of the Hebrides. The west coast must have showed itself to him in its glory of gold and purple. He saw the serrated line of the Cuillins and the mighty mass of Ben Nevis. Yet in the whole book there is not a word to indicate that either he or Boswell was struck with the beauty of the scenery. The following is his usual note:—"Of the hills, many may be called with Homer's Ida,

abundant in springs, but few can deserve the epithet which he bestows upon Pelion by waving their leaves. They exhibit very little variety being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye, accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests, is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness dismissed by Nature from her care, and disinherited by her favours, left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation." Is not that magnificent? The heath in bloom suggests only a "sullen power of useless vegetation." Of Mull, an island of singular beauty, Johnson says, "We travelled many hours through a tract bleak and barren," and again, "It is natural in traversing this gloom of desolation to inquire whether something may not be done to give nature a more cheerful face." And Dr. Johnson in this is merely the man of his age.

Captain Burt, half a century earlier, says of the Highland scenery, "The huge naked rocks, being just above the heath, produce the disagreeable appearance of a scabbed head." And, "There is not much variety in it, but gloomy spaces, different rocks, and heath high and low. To cast one's eye from an eminence towards a group of them, they appear still one above the other, fainter and fainter according to aerial perspective, and the whole of a dismal brown drawing upon a dirty purple, and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom." But perhaps the poet Goldsmith puts it shortest and best when he says of Scotland, "Hills and rocks intercept every prospect." When Goldsmith thought of such scenes as "Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain," with its hawthorn bush, its decent church, its never-failing brook and "the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm," he could see no beauty in the bleak Highland solitudes.

As no one went to the Highlands in search of beauty, and as nothing else of advantage was to be found there, it is not to be surprising that, at least up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the Highlands remained, as far as the Lowlander was concerned, an undiscovered country. Up to the "forty-five" the Highlanders were first and foremost fighting men. The more numerous the clansmen, the greater the power of the chief. Glens, now almost deserted, sup-

ported hundreds of half-starved and altogether illiterate retainers ready to take the field at the word of their chieftain. Of respect for the law of the land there was in the Highlands nothing. Loyalty to the chief was almost the whole duty of man. If the chief sided with King George, the clansmen were ready to hew down their fellow-countrymen who, in obedience to other chiefs, sided with Prince Charlie. A crafty scoundrel like Simon Fraser of Lovat spent his life in betraying first one side and then the other, knowing all the time that his clansmen were ready to follow him, or to be Jacobites or Hanoverians at a word from their lord.

If the chief had become a Protestant, the clan were Protestants, too; if he had clung to the Roman Catholic faith, they remained Catholics, too. The conversion of a clan was a simple matter. For instance, in the island of Rum the inhabitants continued to be Roman Catholics for some time after their chief, Maclean of Coll, had become a Protestant. Their adherence to the old faith was encouraged by Maclean's sister. But one Sunday as they were all going to mass, headed by this lady, Maclean met them, hit one of them on the head with a yellow stick, and drove them to the Presbyterian kirk. From that time onward they were good Presbyterians. The inhabitants of the neighbouring islands called the Protestantism of Rum "The Religion of the Yellow Stick." "Yellow Stick" is perhaps a Gaelic way of describing a cane.

In the Highlands there were no class distinctions. The clansmen owed fidelity to the chief, but they claimed kinship with him. Among themselves the clansmen were equal. There were no professional men; there was no business; there were no large farmers. Money was hardly used. There were no millionaires, and no rational or irrational basis for distinctions of class existed. The seeker after social promotion would have been hard put to for occupation in that simple and patriarchal society. It is true that the equality was an equality of hardship and poverty. The whole population lived continually upon the verge of starvation. The huts in which they lived were squalid hovels built of peat. They had neither chimneys nor windows, and the only outlet for the pungent smoke of the peat fire was by a hole in the roof. In winter the half-starved cattle shared the dwelling of their owners. There was rarely a bed in the hut. Its

place was taken by a heap of dirty fern or heather. The chiefs lived in a sort of rude splendour, keeping open house for hordes of dependents. But their houses lacked the most elementary conveniences, and the chief had commonly little available money.

Burt was at first astonished when a Highland chief, whose domain measured sixty miles by forty, and contained two million acres, offered him the whole at threepence an acre. But his astonishment was lessened when he found that this vast territory brought to its owner only \$4,500.00 a year. Even of this by far the greater part would be paid in kind.

In one sense, it would be difficult to find a country so unchanged and unchangeable as the Highlands. If you stand on the summit of one of the mountains, you may see a hundred square miles with hardly a mark of man's hand upon them. I was lately at the top of Ben Lawers, one of the highest and most central of the Highland hills. From Ben Nevis to the Lomonds of Fife, from the Argyleshire mountains to the Cairngorms, one sees a rolling sea of heather-covered hills. In all that vast expanse of country I doubt if a house is visible. Villages and farms are down below in the glens and on the coast, but they are hidden by the folds of the mountains. What one sees is "God's own country" in a very liberal sense. As Dr. Johnson cruelly puts it, "The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care, and, disinherited of her, left in its original elemental state." There is the charm and value of the Highlands. Within sixteen hours of London we are in a wide country, which looks to-day as it looked in the days of Wallace or Bruce, or indeed as it looked when the primitive savage cowered in his lonely lair before human society existed.

In another sense, however, there has been a wonderful transformation of the Highlands. For many centuries the general character of Highland life had suffered little change. The internecine feuds of the clans, confused and generally inconclusive fighting, and occasional raids into the Lowlands, made up the sum of Highland history. But the eighteenth century saw the break-up of this patriarchal society, the virtual abolition of the clan-system, and the reduction of the Highlands within the control of the central government. The collapse of the Stuart cause at Culloden meant more than the defeat of that young reprobate, Charles Edward, by the elderly boor, George II. It

meant the downfall of a social system in Scotland which had existed for untold ages, and the substitution of the King's writ for the word of a Lochiel or a Clanranald.

With the growth of material prosperity in the Lowlands, and the general advance in civilization, it was not possible that the Highlands should have remained much longer in a state of anarchy and barbarism. The new order and the old order were bound to come into collision, and the issue could not be doubtful. But, by an odd coincidence, the Highland system of life became inextricably bound up with the fortunes of the House of Stuart, and the ruin of those fortunes brought down with it the whole ancient *régime* of the North. The Stuarts were not Highlanders, though Charles Edward wore the Highland dress. When he entered Edinburgh during his short-lived hour of victory, "he wore a short tartan coat, a blue bonnet, with the white rose for a cockade, and carried the star and ribbon of St. Andrew, and his light-coloured periwig was turned over in front with his own brown hair." I quote from Sir Henry Craik, who has given the most recent history of the '45. And he made gallant attempts to learn the Gaelic language, for which much ought to be forgiven him.

But the Highlanders who followed Prince Charlie felt no doubt, in a dim way, that both he and they stood for an order of things which was fighting for its life. He stood for the divine right of kings, for absolutism, for personal loyalty even to death, for the old religion. They stood for the chief, for the clan, for the independence of the North alike from red-coats and from lawyers. Against them, though incarnate in such unattractive avatars as the coarse little king and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, whose cruelty earned him the nickname of the "Butcher," were ranged the forces of constitutional government, of the diffusion of education, of the spread of commerce, and of respect for law and order. All these things would be bound to follow if the clans were broken and the Highlands were broken up. There is, to my mind, more romance in the clashing of two ideals of life than in the personal story of the Rebellion.

The little Highland host of six or seven thousand men managed to get as far as Derby. They were a ragged undisciplined force, most of them short of stature, thin and ill-fed, with dirty, unkempt locks, dressed in many coloured kilts and plaids. Most of them had only one weapon, often a scythe blade fixed straight on the handle, sometimes

nothing but a cudgel. Hardly any but the chiefs knew a word of English. The ordinary peaceable Englishman may be pardoned if he regarded them as a horde of savages. There were many in England who had little liking for the king and his German friends and had a strong sentimental attachment for the Stuarts. Nor was Charles Edward ill-fitted to play the part of the young hero come to win back the throne of his ancestors at the point of the sword. He was handsome, courageous, ready to take his share of hardship with the rest, and with a pleasant word for the humblest of his wild followers. But though a great many Englishmen may have sympathized with the Jacobites, very few of them were prepared to risk their necks by joining an army composed of men as alien from themselves in speech, manners and mode of life as a Fijian is from a Frenchman. It seems incredible that anyone could have believed there was ever a chance of success. Thirty years earlier Mar's rebellion of 1715 might, with a little aid from fortune, have sent George I. back to Hanover. But the forty-five was a forlorn hope from the beginning. The first advisers whom Charles consulted, Macdonald of Borodale and Macdonald of Moidart, told the Prince that it was rank insanity. Macdonald of Sleat and the Macleod of Macleod, the most powerful chiefs in the western isles, held aloof from the first. Lord Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies, and the chiefs of the Grants and the Mackintoshes, the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay, chief of the great clan MacKay, not only had declined to join the rebellion, but before long accepted commissions to raise Highland regiments in support of the government. With the clans thus divided against themselves, to dream of final victory over the Royal forces was mid-summer madness.

The crushing defeat of Culloden, the five months' wanderings of Prince Charlie, the faithful devotion of the Highlanders, not one of whom was poor enough to earn thirty thousand pounds by betraying the Prince, make a bright page in the romance of history. But the clans were for ever broken, and as fighting forces vanish from the scene. Compulsory disarmament followed. Even the harmless Highland dress was proscribed. In 1747 and 1748 the following oath was administered at Fort William and other places. It is so quaint that it is worth transcribing:—"I (name) do swear as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I have not, nor shall have in my possession, any gun, sword, pistol, or any arm whatsoever, and that

I never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do so, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother or relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath.” The famous curse of Ernulfus, which takes up chapter eleven of “*Tristram Shandy*,” or the curse of the Cardinal, in the “*Jackdaw of Rheims*,” is hardly more exhaustive than this one devised by the British Government to frighten the Highlander out of the use of his kilt.

In the Lowlands, also, the eighteenth century saw a wonderful change pass over the face of the country. In its early years probably no country in Europe was in a state of such miserable poverty as Scotland. There were no rich, and the mass of the people were but little removed from starvation. Industry had scarcely begun. The great mineral wealth of the country lay undeveloped; the state of agriculture was indescribably bad. The Lowlands abounded in morasses, and for scores of miles in many districts not a tree was to be seen. Before its close, the iron and coal industry had grown to considerable proportions. Glasgow was becoming a great port; lands were drained; an improved system of farming was introduced, and trees were planted by the million in almost every county. At the beginning of the century, if an English landowner or farmer visited Scotland, he regarded with contempt the ignorance and superstition which prevented the Scotch farmer from raising a decent crop on his land. Before its close, it was not uncommon for Scotch farmers to be taken to Kent or Hertfordshire to instruct their English brethren in scientific agriculture.

At the present day there are to my own knowledge parts of England in which Scotch farmers are in the habit of taking and working with profit farms of which English farmers, natives of the soil, have been unable to make a living. At the present time it would not be easy to find a country which wears a more prosperous look than Southern Scotland. Such counties as the Lothians or Roxburghshire are models of rural well-being. Large farms in the pink of condition, beautiful country houses in spacious and well-wooded parks, flourishing villages, excellent school-houses, and bewildering wealth of churches are found everywhere. The country population is thriving and contented.

In the cities, though there is much abject poverty, mostly born of vice, there is also much wealth. Glasgow is the second city of the Empire, and is one of the great marts of the world. Edinburgh, with less commerce, is a place of extraordinary wealth. I have no accurate knowledge, but I should not be surprised to learn that Edinburgh, relatively to her population, was richer than any city in Britain.

There are not many multi-millionaires in Scotland, but there are many thousands of people with large fortunes. It may safely be asserted that in no country is education more widely diffused. In none is the general level of intelligence higher. And I am inclined to think that, in one important respect, Scotland is in the very van of progress. At the present time all the Universities are free to poor students. Not only so, but there are numerous bursaries open to competition by which a student can pay for his board and lodging. I believe at the present day, if any boy in Scotland shows distinct promise, he can, without difficulty, make his way through school and college, be his parents never so poor. In no country, even in the past, have examples been more frequent of men who have risen from humble beginnings to high positions in the State, and now Scotland is pre-eminently the country of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*. An intelligent and ambitious boy will not make a bad start if he is born in Scotland in 1903.

But if the Scotsmen of 1703 could come back they would not believe their eyes. Scotland then was at the very nadir of her fortunes. A terrible and crippling blow had fallen upon her finances. In one of those wild fevers of speculation which sometimes take possession of a whole people, she had plunged into the Darien Scheme. This was a project set on foot by William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. A colony was to be founded on the Isthmus of Panama, which was to be a sort of emporium for all nations. Scotland went wild over this scheme. Four hundred thousand pounds were subscribed, a sum equal to two-thirds of all the coin in circulation. One writer says, "the subscriptions sucked up all the money in the country." Twelve hundred colonists went out with a mixed cargo of gloves, blue-bonnets, tobacco pipes, periwigs, stockings, tartans and other strange products. Nobody wanted such things in Darien. Fever, hunger and the Spaniards wasted the settlers, and only a miserable handful of them returned. Never was there a failure more complete or disastrous. France suffered heavily by the Panama scheme

of De Lesseps, but France was so rich that she could bear many losses. Poor Scotland was for a time crushed. It was estimated that in 1707 Scotland had a million of inhabitants, and that all the coin in circulation did not exceed £600,000, so that we can imagine the effect of a total loss of £400,000.

Of the state of agriculture there is an interesting picture in Mr. Grey Graham's work on *Social Life in Scotland*, from which I have borrowed a good many facts. The land was unenclosed and undrained. One may still see in Scotland, high up on many a steep hillside, the marks of the plough. In the stony shallow soil, bare and exposed, one wonders what race of "high" farmers could raise a crop there. But, so far from being an evidence of scientific agriculture, these ancient furrows are a sign of poverty. The land on the level was at one time worthless morass. Almost the only crop was grey oats. When meal failed, as it did in every bad season, there was a famine almost as bad as the famines of India. There was no hay; there were no potatoes, no turnips. The cattle in winter were fed on straw and mashed whins. Thousands of them died every year. Those which survived were mere skeletons in the spring, and had to be lifted on to their legs when put out to grass. This "lifting" was an operation as familiar as sowing and reaping. Yet so great was the general need that it was a common practice in the country to bleed these wretched cattle in order to mix the blood with meal.

The treelessness of Scotland at the time struck the occasional English travellers. Johnson says that for two hundred miles he hardly saw a tree. There was an utter want of what he calls "vegetable decoration." The ancient forests had been cut down and new ones had not been planted. In England in the New Forest, in Sherwood Forest—home of Robin Hood—in Charnwood Forest, and perhaps a few other places, there remained, and indeed still remain, remnants of the great woods of immemorial antiquity. But these were as nothing to the woods of more recent date. In the South, East and West, wherever one goes there is fine timber. The venerable oaks and elms are one of the familiar features of rural England. No wonder that the endless wastes of Scotland impressed the traveller with a sense of dreary desolation.

The country people lived almost entirely upon coarse meal, and kail or cabbage. Beef or mutton was only tasted if a sheep or a cow

met with an accidental death. At the beginning of the century a farming-man who lived with the farmer received as wages from \$5 to \$6 a year, with a few yards of plaiding and a pair of shoes. A woman servant got from \$3 to \$4 a year, with an apron and a pair of shoes.

The state of education was deplorable. It was hardly as bad as that of Canada in 1837. Lord Durham received a petition from a large number of schoolmasters, many of whom signed their names by a mark. But in Scotland, if the schoolmasters could write, there were many people not so fortunate. The schools were miserable hovels, in some of which the children had to sit on the floor. Perhaps the condition of the schools can be sufficiently well suggested by the Act of 1802. Even at that late hour an Act was passed providing that parish school masters should have an income of not less than \$83 nor more than \$110 a year; that they should be provided with a house of at least two rooms, including the kitchen, and with ground for a garden. Lord Cockburn says most of the Scotch members of Parliament were indignant at being obliged to "erect palaces for 'dominies.'" In a house of two rooms the scholars must have sat either in the bedroom or the kitchen. And yet, compared with the good old times, this was a palace. Formerly kitchen, bedroom and schoolroom were all one.

In the Universities the condition of affairs was no better. The professors received salaries of \$100 to \$150 a year, with board at the common table. They were not tied down to one subject as nowadays, but were understood to be masters of many branches of learning. For instance, in Aberdeen, the Principal of Marischal College, a dignitary so important that he got \$300 a year, was required "to be well informed in the Scriptures, in order to explain the mysteries of religion, to be skilled in languages, especially Hebrew and Syriac, to illustrate from Greek Aristotle's Physiology, to give a short explication of anatomy to teach the principles of geography, chronology and astronomy, also the Hebrew Grammar, with practical application." The lectures were all in Latin, or what passed for Latin. When the doctors and lawyers began to lecture in English, this was one of the greatest revolutions of the century.

The English Universities at that time were also in a state of torpor. There was more port wine and hunting, but hardly more in-

tellectual activity. It was to Holland, and not to England, that ambitious young Scots looked for light in the things of the mind. The young theologians, lawyers and doctors went from Scotland to complete their studies at Utrecht, Leyden, or Groningen. They came back from their *Wanderjahre* with a more open vision, and to the influence of such men the intellectual awakening of the latter part of the century must be in no small degree ascribed.

I have no space in a short paper to dwell upon the great improvement which came over Scotland after 1745. By the end of the century she had fairly entered upon a career of prosperity, and of growing enlightenment. I do not think her condition now calls for apology.

F. P. WALTON.

A DAY IN WHALLEY.

To escape from the heat and throb of a large manufacturing town like Blackburn, in Lancashire, to the quiet cobbled street of Whalley, with its quaint other-worldliness, to the shaded banks of the little river Calder, and the dreamland walks in and about the old abbey, with its flooding suggestions of by-gone days, helps one to realize that "more life and fuller" of which the poet sings, and throws us back upon the "nether springs" of being to rise refreshed and strengthened.

There is a subtle beauty about an English landscape which grows on us almost imperceptibly, yet having a determining influence upon our thoughts, and upon our way of receiving impressions. The landscape is a rich setting to some little church in the Norman style, to a ruined abbey, or a magnificent cathedral. One walks for miles on a beautiful day in July, the month of flowers in England, between hedgerows luxuriantly decked with wild roses, which lend a careless passing beauty; woodbine trails here and there, its fragrant sprays swaying above the sturdy hawthorn, and wild honeysuckle perfumes the air. Beyond the hedgerows may lie fallow and fallow-dun fields, or smooth-hurrying waves of wheat growing more and more indistinct in the far distance, till they seem to rise slightly in the air, looking now like dancing reflected heat rays; fields of dark green timothy, of rich red clover, of flaming scarlet poppy, which wanders like some childling stream through belts of green, or along the edge of fields where the

green is scorched and brown. This is the harmony and colour of an English landscape under a bright sun and clear sky, and this its influence: we are filled with the spirit of beauty, the environment of our own ruined abbey is splendid and complete, and in our hearts we are ready to drink in beauty, to commune with the past, "perchance to dream."

Whalley Abbey lies embosomed amid green hills, and is approached on all sides through country that is at once interesting and attractive. Indeed, it is but a few miles south-west of the Lake Country. What it was hundreds of years ago when Calder swept, deeper and clearer, through forests of virgin growth, and nature's ancient original silences were broken only by monkish chant or matin bell, we try fondly to imagine.

Walking from the station by meadow-pathway and old-fashioned turnstile, we entered a small square, at one side of which was the village school. As we passed, such a clattering was heard that we were forced to stop and observe the cause. Out of the school came tumbling a hundred or more merry bouncing youngsters, shod with what are called "Lancashire clogs" or wooden shoes, with turned-up toes, and often tipped with copper or iron like the *sabots* of French and Flemish peasants. It was the restless, rushing patter of the clogs that we had heard. After a passing glance of naïve wonder at any scrutiny, away they scampered across the stone-cobbled square, the clattering of the clogs and the merry cries of the children forming a ridiculous combination that would put one in a good humour for a week. Only one sunny little Saxon, about four years old, with blue eyes and wavy flaxen hair, his diminutive legs sticking through the smallest pair of doll-knickers you can imagine, clinging tightly to his reluctant twin sister, gazed at us in almost perfect abstraction, as if we were the half-expected embodiment of some good giants which his little brain had conjured up and pieced together during the long school day. But even he decided to go, and away the two toddled, faster and faster, for fear the giants would catch them.

Entering the old churchyard, one felt that here, too, was a Stoke-Pogis, where generation had been gathered to generation for ages, where greater reverence, more searching humility were required. Three interesting old crosses with rude interlacing runic scrolls always attract attention. They are believed to be memorials of

the preaching at Whalley of Paulinus, the great missionary of Northumbria in the early years of the seventh century. Several lidless stone coffins, hollowed to conform snugly to the head and body, inspire somehow thoughts of a harsher, cruder age. On some tombstones we find slight eccentricities, which suggest that Whalley stone-cutters must sometimes have fallen into brown studies; as that "Ann Crashaw died April 31st., 1752," or that another person "departed this life February 30th., 1819;" again the chiselling reads "Who, Who departed this life." And what soul-resting self-complacency in this inscription!—"Here lies the body of John Wygglesworth. More than 50 years he was principal innkeeper in this town. Withstanding the temptations of that dangerous calling (he) maintained good order in his house, kept the Sabbath holy, frequented the public worship with his family, and induced his guests to do the same, and regularly partook of the Holy Communion. He was also bountiful to the poor in private as well as in public, and by the blessing of Providence on a long life so spent, died possessed of considerable wealth—February 28. 1813. aged 77." John's wife, who had probably no small share in bringing about his success, is remembered only by the brief inscription of her name and the dates of her birth and death. She was evidently expected to shine with reflected glory.

The original of the historic old church, a mixture of several styles, the most prominent feature of which perhaps is the buttressed Norman tower, belonging to the year 1283, was founded about 628 A.D., and rebuilt in 1283 by Peter de Cestria, immediately before its appropriation by the abbey. Certainly the great buttresses of the tower, the lancet-shaped windows of the choir, and the heraldic designs of the beautiful east window, present contrasts which are yet in a sense congenious and satisfying. The whole building seems so much a piece of the past, and the beauty-cloak of age wraps it so about that criticism is almost silent. Perfection, rather than harmony of parts, is its charm. The chief glory of Whalley church, however, is its fine oak carving, which has been carefully examined by Ruskin and by sculptors and artists even from Italy. The chancel screen impresses one mainly with its simple "neatness" of design. Two lofty pews of oak (formerly one pew), stained an ebon black with age, having a canopy and pillars elaborately carved, and lattice work at the sides, bearing the

dates 1534 and 1690, stand witnesses of a long and bitter family quarrel.

The choir stalls, which are also of age-stained oak, were taken from the abbey church at the time of its destruction in the reign of Henry VIII., and are at least four hundred years old. These old monastic stalls have quaintly carved folding seats, called *misereres*, which were so arranged that during the long psalm-singing they could be folded back. The monk could still gain some little support by resting but a very small portion of his anatomy on a sort of little bracket on the under side of the seat. But a zealous monk must not go to sleep, however long the prayer-time, and so nicely poised were these seats that, were he to nap for an instant, down the seat would come, and the poor monk to the floor—to the great displeasure of the abbot, the shame of his brethren and his own very great confusion. On the underside of these *misereres* are carvings—often very fantastic and strikingly inconsistent, apparently, with the spirit of the ideal monk. On one is a man strenuously endeavouring to shoe a goose, his forge and anvil-block being close by. The following lines, literally translated, explain the mystery:—"Whoso meddles himself of all that men do, let him come here and shoe the goose," or more modern still:—

"That fool to shoe a goose should try,
Who pokes his nose in each man's pie."

No doubt the monk loved his joke. Was he serious when he carved a damsel beating a resigned-looking man over the head with a ladle, or a satyr, club in hand, and shaggy-haired, being scornfully rejected by a blustering square-built girl? Surely "single-blessedness" could be no longer a virtue.

This spirit of levity is hard to reconcile. But this mingling of the comic and serious elements was more or less characteristic of the 12th., 13th., and 14th. centuries. In the miracle plays the crowds would weep during one scene at the sufferings of Christ or of some martyr, and, during an interlude, laugh uproariously at the antics of a troop of devils. George Eliot, describing the mismated scenes of the festival of San Giovanni in fifteenth-century Florence, remarks that "the Tuscan mind slipped from the devout to the burlesque as readily as

water round an angle." The same is true of the later mediæval mind of Europe. On a pillar of one of the old cathedrals of Europe, I have been told, a beautiful angel, with outspreading wings, is seen flying apparently towards the altar. On going round the pillar, a mischievous little monkey is discovered in the act of shying an apple at the angel. The mediæval mind saw nothing incongruous in this contrast of ideas. In this curious mental disposition may well have been born that element of the romantic drama which so shocked Voltaire and all eighteenth-century Neo-classicists, the juxtaposition of the comic and tragic elements in the romantic drama; and 'Gilles' Shakespeare becomes the foremost exponent of a centuries-long tendency in the human mind—the evolution of the art-principle of contrast.

John Paslew, the last abbot of Whalley, is believed to have been buried in the north aisle. His sad end and bitter disappointments, of which we shall hear more anon, flash before us with the agonizing cry:—

“Jh`u fili dei miserere mei.”

Jesus, Son of God, have mercy upon me.

On one of the pillars is a brass plate, quaintly engraved with the figures of a father in armour and nine sons, and a mother and eleven daughters, the two groups kneeling facing each other, and bearing the following inscription:—

“Of yor charyte pray for the sowllys of Raffe Catterall, Esquire, and Elizabeth hys wife, whych bodies lyeth before this pillar, and for all their chylder sowllys, which Raffe descesyd this XXVI. day of Deceber, (*sic*), ye yere of our Lord God M. CCCCC. XV., on whose sowllys S. J`hu have mercie.”

These intensely human cries wail to us down all the years with the unabated strength of human need.

In the year 1172, John, Constable of Chester, founded for the Cistercians a monastery at Stanlaw, in Cheshire, calling it “Locus Benedictus.” But the site hardly merited the name, for each year the monks were flooded by sea and river, and the place was low and always damp; though one monk sings:—

“O Stanlawea Mortis jura me solventem
positura tibi in depositum.”

The monks at last determined to move to Whalley, whose river was full of fish, its woods of game, and its patron bountiful. The foundation stone of the new abbey was laid in June, 1296, by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. Some idea of the grandeur and extent of the abbey may be obtained when we learn that its original cost was £3,000, "at a time when the wages of an artisan were only two pence a day," and when almost all the stone and timber used could be found near by. But the abbey was not finished for one hundred and forty years after its foundation, the work being carried on intermittently. For this monastery was not always rich. It was on the route of pilgrims from the north to the shrines of Pilgrim Cross, Thomas a Becket and Our Lady of Walsingham, and had to hospitably entertain out of Christian charity and for the credit of both abbey and order, many hundreds of sturdy, hungry pilgrims. Pensions, alms, donations of all sorts took large sums. The relative importance of monks and nobility may be seen in an old entry to the effect that an ancestor of the Stanleys, among other noble families, received as a gift from the monks on one occasion the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence. Four travelling friars got four shillings. As one remarks—"The nobility and gentry of the country received pensions from the monks;" "the lord's influence at the Court in London was worth far more than that of even four friars in the court of Heaven."

We find some curious old entries regarding the relations of the monks and Henry, Duke of Lancaster. One—a curious mixture of Latin and old French—witnesses that "Henry Duc de Lancastre, comte de Derby, per license especialle de nostre seigneur le roi ceo ewe, addonne et graunte, et per cest present escrit confirme as ditz abbe et convent, at a lours successeurs a toutz jours, deux cotages, sept acres de terre, cent quatre vingt et treize acres de pastures, et deux centz acres de bois, oue les appurtenances appelez Rommes-greve en sa chace juste Blakeburn (Blackburn)." In return for this and some weekly benefits of bread, "oet gallouns de la mailour cervoise conventuele (of the best liquor), et trois deners pur lour companage," the monks were to pay every Hallow'een "a meisines les recluses (out of the pockets or stores of the recluses) dys pessons (poissons) durs appellees stockfishe, dys grosses pessons des lenges, un bussel de fareyne (flour) daveyne pour lour potage, et un bussel de seel (salt), deux gallons d'oye pour lumer des lampes;" and they are to chaunt masses each

day perpetually for the said duke, his ancestors and his heirs, for all time.

We get a curious glimpse into their methods of business and relations with other communities. The abbey of Salley was not far away, and was a little jealous of Whalley. The monks of Whalley used to enter the district ordinarily belonging to Salley, buy up large quantities of produce at a cheap rate, and then sell back to Salley at a much higher rate. So we find these monks themselves acting as "Engrossers"—a feature of trade which the craft-guilds in the cities were bitterly opposing. At any time, the monks of Whalley got for their salt and iron, the better kinds of fish, hens, eggs, *et caetera minuta necessaria*, a better price than could those of Salley. Salley estimated that it was losing yearly, owing to these actions of Whalley, twenty-seven pounds ten shillings. The matter was settled by arbitration of another abbot. Whalley was not to charge so exorbitantly, old quarrels were to be forgotten, and, in case either party should offend, a severe penalty was fixed.

What enormous quantities of provisions were consumed each year at the abbey in the period of its greatest wealth and power may be judged from the following figures:—

WINE—Mean consumption, 960 gallons per annum, besides white wine. About a bottle a day to each monk.

MALT—150 quarters brewed per annum.

WHEAT—200 quarters.

For the abbot's table alone—75 oxen, 80 sheep, 40 calves, 20 lambs, 4 pigs.

For refectory and inferior tables—57 oxen, 40 sheep, 20 calves, 10 lambs.

The number of persons to be provided for was 120, not counting visitors and many poor persons, who fed daily at the abbey.

In 1506 John Paslew became the seventeenth abbot of Whalley. Impetuous, ambitious, greedy, loving power, fearless, he found in the monastery an ill nidus for his development and happiness. For twenty years life passed quietly in the routine duties of his position. When at last the King decided to suppress the lesser monasteries and turn their revenues over to the crown, Paslew, with the abbots of many

other northern monasteries, attempted rebellion—"The Pilgrimage of Grace." Paslew and others were made captive and accused of high treason. The abbot was hanged as a traitor, in sight of the abbey, which was immediately sacked, and the great conventual church ruined. The church has fallen into decay, walls, stairways, roofs having almost disappeared. One building alone, probably the abbot's own lodging, has been preserved, and is still owned and used by the squire's family.

The abbey grounds are enclosed on the village side by walls, and are entered by two fine old gateways. The gardens are scrupulously kept, and though the buildings are in ruins, there is not the slightest sign of disorder. The chapter house, now quite open to the sky, is filled with flowering plants and shrubs, which give a softening warmth of colour to the gray lichened stones, their reflected light forming, with the ivy, blended shades of green and gold.

The orchard, which now covers the old burial place of the monks, the abbey corn mill, the old bridge over the moat or mill stream, with its narrow doorway, through which many a burly knight or thick-set monk has pressed for hospitality, when to open the larger door might expose the abbey to danger (for these were brawlsome, tempestuous times), the three enormous fire-places, where oak logs crackled and whole hecatombs were offered up—all are passed in turn. Running along the abbey, between the wall and the river, is an avenue of magnificent old trees, plentiful with shade; and one's imagination was busy peopling it with white-robed figures in silent meditation, or abbot and knight in happy-earnest talk, moving athwart the shadows.

Leaving the abbey now, for it is drawing on to evening, we climb the hill which rises above the village for a last view of the monastery and surrounding country. Looking down over the abbey and peaceful village, now bedimmed in the enwrapping twilight, our thought takes on a twilight tinge—a little of sadness at the thought, *sic transit gloria mundi*; but much of joy at that of the beauty and the softening of outline which give to age and decline new life and a vivifying influence in the lives and thoughts of men.

WALTER S. JOHNSON.

THE QUEBEC ACT.

It is not often that we find a book written to explain a historical "might have been." What would have happened if something else had been done a hundred years ago? Such speculations open up an endless but not a particularly profitably field. Notwithstanding this, the book by Mr. Victor Coffin, of the University of Wisconsin, upon what would have been the result if the Quebec Act had not been what it was, is a careful and elaborate argument, and quite worth studying. Bishop Butler's remark, which Matthew Arnold is so fond of reiterating *more suo*, was, "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why then should we care to be deceived?" Now, it is decidedly "too late a week" to change the Quebec Act and its consequences. We have to face the facts as they are. But Mr. Coffin gives us, at any rate, the consolation which we are fond of giving to our friends, that if we are unfortunate, we have brought it upon ourselves. He entitles his book "The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution." The great feature of the Quebec Act, and the only one which I can notice here, was that it declared that the civil law was to be French and not English. The guarantees of religious equality can hardly be a subject of just complaint, for, apart from the fundamental injustice there would have been in interfering with the religion of the vast majority, it would in this case have been a gross breach of treaty obligations to do so.

The Act says nothing about the use of the French language, and its retention, therefore, as an official language was not guaranteed by this statute. But Mr. Coffin's main point—and I think it is well taken—is that the Quebec Act lays down for the first time the clear policy

of leaving Quebec a French province. "The alternative course," he says, "was simply to set the new English province firmly and definitely upon an *English* instead of a *French* path of development." Mr. Coffin finds in the Act the beginning of the policy of which the result is that Quebec is now a province where English influence and English speech have to struggle for existence. Far from becoming Anglicized the French Canadians have remained obstinately aloof, jealous of the slightest interference, united as one man in the defence of their separate nationality and their supposed separate sectional interests. He thinks the history of Louisiana forms an instructive parallel. There the French people have been Americanized, whereas here they have not been Anglicized.

The great argument in favour of the Quebec Act has always been that it prevented the French Canadians from joining the Americans in the War of Independence. This is the opinion of their writers themselves. It is this argument against which Mr. Coffin's work is chiefly directed. He strives to shew that, so far from being conciliated by the generous treatment they received, they sympathized strongly with the American rebels, and but for the stupidity of the Americans in not avoiding occasions of offence, would have joined them even after the Act. This is one of the "might have beens" which cannot be either proved or disproved.

But Mr. Coffin's argument does not convince me. The strong fact to be borne in mind is the enormous numerical preponderance of the French. The English speaking people had not more than from 500 to 600 male adults, and certainly were not more than 2,000 or 3,000 in all, counting men, women, and children. The French-Canadians are stated in the Act to have been 65,000 at the time of the conquest ten years before, and were now probably 80,000. It seems rather a strong thing to say that the laws and the language of a minority of 2,000 were to be forced on a majority of 80,000 at a time when everything pointed to rebellion in the other North American Colonies. It is not very convincing to say "they were not very loyal as it was. Their sympathies were really with the Americans." Loyalty in such a case is an inappropriate word. They were not much attached to Britain or to British institutions. How could this be expected of them? They were a conquered people, and they were conquered by men of a race which had for centuries been regarded by the French

as hereditary enemies. But they were, at any rate, so well satisfied with the treatment they had received from the English Government as to feel very uncertain whether they would fare better by throwing in their lot with the Americans. It might be to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. The American proclamation at Philadelphia in 1774, after the Quebec Act, said of it, "nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world." True, a few weeks later, in making overtures to the Canadians, they used very different language. But the French-Canadians were not deceived as to their real attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. Rather than trust to allies of such a temper, they would bear the ills they had. This is my reading of the history. If the Quebec Act had exasperated them, they would not have been restrained from joining in the rebellion. They were not very contented, but they were not so discontented as to be ready to risk everything on the hazard of war. My conviction is that the policy of leaving them alone was, in 1774, the only policy which could keep them quiet. Had sterner measures been taken, we should now be in the State and not in the Province of Quebec.

What were the restraining elements? They were, firstly, the clergy and, secondly, the seigneurs. Never was there a population so completely under the control of their leaders as the French-Canadians of the early period. They were almost without education, and in the country parts probably not five per cent. of them could read or write. They were devotedly attached to their priests, and entertained a great respect for many of the seigneurs. It is impossible not to think that, wavering as they were, they might easily have been led to join the rebellion if this had been the advice given them by their only leaders. But, in fact, the weighty influence of clergy and seigneurs was thrown entirely into the other scale. But why? Because the Quebec Act had guaranteed to the seigneurs the continuance of the French law of land tenure, in which they were vitally interested. It had guaranteed to the clergy the retention of the Canadian ecclesiastical system, including the right to tithes. If anything was dear to the seigneurs, it was the seigneurial system. And no church which has ever enjoyed tithes can think of them without emotion. Both the priests and the

seigneurs felt that Quebec was to be left undisturbed as far as their special interests were concerned. If they had seen in the Quebec Act the policy of Anglicizing which Mr. Coffin desiderates, their attitude towards the war would have been a very different one. I am not discussing in the least the wisdom or unwisdom of making no attempt at Anglicization at a later date. My only point is that I doubt if it was feasible in 1774.

George the Third and Lord North shewed such consistent wrong-headedness, that there is a presumption against any act of theirs. But even foolish persons act wisely at times, and I cannot help thinking, in spite of Mr. Coffin's interesting argument, that we have an example of this in the Quebec Act.

W.

ATHLETICS.

In the first number of this Magazine a prophecy on the part of the Editor of "Outing" was quoted to the effect that, as time goes on, a fair proportion of the American Championships should fall to the Canadians. On September 14th. of this year, Molson, McGill '01, won the long jumping event in the American Championship at Milwaukee, and Morrow, '04, though beaten in the 440 on a wretched track, was able to win out easily from the champion in this city a week later, covering the distance in the remarkably fast time of $49\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. This may be taken as an indication that McGill is occupying no mean place in the advance Canadian athletics are making.

With the re-opening of college the summer games gave way to autumn ones. Football pants and running jerseys occupied the wire in the shanty where cricketing flannels and tennis blazers had been wont to hang, and a new autumn term, replete with noteworthy athletic doing, was ushered in.

Rumours that Kent, Science '04, the President of the Athletic Association, did not purpose returning to college this year were substantiated, and Ogilvie, Law '04, was elevated from the Vice-President's chair.

A feeling of uncertainty seemed to pervade the Track Club, due partly to the fact that the agreement with Toronto relative to the Inter-collegiate Meet had not been renewed, chiefly on account of a difference of opinion existing between the interested clubs with regard to the "four year" clause. Five years ago, when the first agreement was

drawn up, a clause was inserted limiting the number of times to four that any man could represent his university on the track team. This agreement held for two years, when a second two years' agreement was drawn up, omitting, at the solicitation of Toronto, the clause in question. McGill, on the whole, has always stood out in favour of the rule, but did not consider that it should be re-introduced at a time when it applied to one man only, a McGill man and a Morrow. If the rule is to be introduced, let it come when the loss will be better balanced—so thought and said the committee.

Toronto finally saw the force of the appeal, and within a few days of the date of the meeting the old agreement, with a few minor changes, was put in force for this year.

Perhaps in committee is the proper place to discuss the merits of this four-year clause, but if this autumn's events have taught us anything, they have demonstrated the cut-throat nature of a policy which strives to keep one man—be he a winner of championship medals—running his event five or six or as many more years as he can be prevailed upon to stay in college, and leaves his team with no second string to take his place. Perhaps it is strange, but it is none the less true, that with us, men who might make good seconds, are loath to get out and do honest work at their event when they have no prospect but second place to one whose name comes to be synonymous with that of the winner of the event in question. We may possibly have some sprinters in college whom we do not know about, and whom we can count on for next year, but unless this is the case, in the absence of one of those long-promised ten-seconds maritime men, we shall probably be at a loss when next October comes.

McGILL UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

Friday, October 9th., the day set apart by the Governors for the sports, was the kind of day that recalls the sports' day of years ago, when a flood seemed requisite. Thanks to the intervention of the Principal, the events were postponed to the following Monday, and the proclamation posted at the tree and elsewhere, in which the Athletic Association called upon the student body to turn up at the lectures to be given on the afternoon, was loyally honoured.

The morning events held on the Campus comprised the hop, step

and jump and the shot-put. Trials in the hundred were not rendered necessary, and the spectators had no opportunity of crowding in on our unfortunate man, who might have had to run on that part of the track with the Campus for its eastern border.

The hop, step and jump was well contested, Ryan, '06, winning with 42 feet 5 inches. Ogilvie, '04, was second, and Brown, '05, was third, not a foot behind.

Ogilvie on his first put of the shot broke the record made by Cuzner many years ago, when the shot was delivered from a square box, adding five inches to the old record, and setting the new mark at 38 feet 3 inches. MacIntosh, '05, took second with 34 feet 5 inches, and a put of 32 feet gave Young, '06, third place.

A large crowd assembled at the M.A.A.A. grounds, Westmount, in the afternoon to see the continuation of the events. A strong easterly wind blew, which aided in the 100 and 220, but proved disastrous to the hopes of such as expected to see some of the records go in the longer races.

Morrow, '04, got off well with the starter's gun, and won the 100 in $10 \frac{1}{5}$ seconds. Brown, '05, was second by about two yards, leading McCuaig, '06, by a like distance.

The long jump proved a surprise to many, falling to Gibson with the creditable performance of 19 feet $10 \frac{1}{4}$ inches. Ryan was not up to his usual form, but cleared 19 feet $8 \frac{3}{4}$ inches. Ogilvie's jump of 19 feet gave him third place.

The hurdles were won by Savage, '07, who gives promise of fast work. He was closely pursued by Waugh, '06, who forced him to clip a full second off the record formerly held by Todd and Van Horne, making the flight in $17 \frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Morrow, prompted by the desire to leave a record that would stand for some years, took the pole in the 440, and paced away from the field in the teeth of the discouraging east wind. His time, 52 seconds, was excellent under the conditions, but just escaped bettering his old record. Gibson, '04, finished twenty-five yards behind at a canter, in the lead of Jackson, '06, by a few feet.

The mile proved an interesting race, Lohead, '04, was too good for the field, and finished fresh in 4 minutes $52 \frac{2}{5}$ seconds, a winner by fifteen yards. Stephen, '07, ran pluckily, but had very little sprint left in him, and was almost caught at the tape by Stewart, '05.

Morrow won the 220 in $22\frac{2}{3}$ seconds; Gibson, second, by five yards; Brown, third, by seven yards.

The high-jumping was of a good order. Brown, '05, surprised his friends by clearing 5 feet 5 inches.

A jump of 5 feet 4 inches put Patrick, '07, in second place, Richardson, '04, and Waugh, '06, tying for third.

The pole vaulting was common-place. Campbell, '04, and Patrick, '07, tied for first place, with a vault of 8 feet 10 inches. Ferris, '07, took third place. Practice, so essential in this event, should help these men to materially increase their vaulting powers.

The 880 was well contested. Lohead set the pace for the first lap, with Morrow, Gray, '06, Leonard, '06, Pease, '06, and Gale, '04, following in order. Morrow had a fair amount of sprint in him, and won from Lohead by five feet. Leonard was a good third, only a couple of yards behind. The time was 2 minutes $8\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Ogilvie made a new record in the discus, increasing the throw to 106 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Harrison was second with 92 feet $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, good work considering his delivery. Davis took third with 82 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. McIntosh fouled on each of his throws. Ogilvie bettered Fraser's hammer record of 100 feet 10 inches, and set the new mark at 105 feet. McIntosh, '05, was second, 89 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; Young, '06, third, 74 feet 10 inches.

The 220 yards' hurdles, introduced a couple of years ago in the hope that new men would train for it, proves to be but a point maker for the sprinters, who go into it with no preliminary practice. It is a question if it should be retained on the programme, occupying the time that is required to set up and take down the hurdles, thereby necessitating, as a rule, the running of the relay race in the dark.

It may be urged that the two mile run took 11 minutes $18\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to be run off, but this is a standard inter-collegiate event, and has its place. The field this year was a busy one, and the race proved to be most interesting. Lohead won with apparent ease, Stewart and Lawrence taking second and third respectively.

The competition was again an inter-class one, and, though the victory on the part of the final year was a foregone conclusion, considerable competition occurred between the three junior years, which, after all, is better than having two competing factors, with a third away in

the rear, as happened in the old days of inter-Faculty strife. The points scored were as follows:—

IV.	82½	III.	18.
I.	17	II.	16½

John Morrow, for the third consecutive time, won the individual championship, repeating the performance of Percival Molson, which we regarded then and none the less now regard as remarkable. To be bracketed in such a feat with one who in 1895 made a new Canadian record for the 440, and who eight years later covers the distance in faster time, and this Morrow did, would arouse pardonable pride in any man.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE MEET.

This meet, the fifth of the series, was a unique one in at least two respects, for it had to be finished in an artificial light, and it resulted in a win for Toronto.

The old agreement had expired last autumn, and the new one was not drawn up until within a few days of the contest, due mainly to the difference of opinion over the four-competitions' clause. This, coupled with the fact that there was a feeling extant, by no means general, that a university should enter nothing but a full team, led to some correspondence with Queen's which was wrongly interpreted, and produced a little feeling, but this has been happily resolved. McGill is thoroughly anxious to see Queen's represented at this contest, and the purposes in the minds of those who were its organizers, will not be attained until this is the case year after year.

The weather on the morning of the day appointed (Friday, October 16th.) was not very promising, but it cleared up somewhat towards two o'clock, and remained so throughout the afternoon.

The 100 yards was announced sharp on time. The men were all very nervous, and not until six or seven false starts were made was the signal given. Gurney (T.) pulled away from Morrow (M.) in the last twenty yards, and won by six inches, in $10\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, with Worthington third by a foot.

Four men started in the 880. Shepherd (T.) ran a good race, and led Lohead (M.) at the tape by about three yards. Fairty (T.) was

third by a similar distance. The time was rather slow—2 minutes 9 seconds.

The broad jump proved a surprise to everybody. Ryan's (M.) first jump of 21 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches put him well in the lead; Worthington (T.) cleared 21 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches on his second jump, but could not better it on his third. Currie's (T.) jump of 20 feet 2 inches gave him third place.

The high jump was brought on early to allow one of our own men to catch a train. Edwardes (T.) and Brown (M.) tied for first place at 5 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and Brown won in the jump-off. Patrick (M.) and Waugh (M.) tied for third place. The hammer event went to Ogilvie (M.) with a record throw of 108 feet 6 inches. Giddings (T.) did eight inches better than McIntosh's (M.) best throw of 93 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and took second place.

The 220 proved a win for Gurney (T.), who led Morrow (M.) and Worthington (T.) by a yard at the tape in $22\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. It looked like a dead heat between the latter men, but the judges gave second place to Worthington.

The end of the first lap in the mile run saw the men in the following order:—Stewart (M.), Stephen (M.), Shepherd (T.), Lohead (M.), Adams (T.). Stephen moved up to pace; Lohead jumped in behind him, and Stewart dropped back to fourth on the beginning of the last lap. Shepherd ran with good judgment, and broke away at the 220 mark, finishing in good form fifteen yards in the lead of Lohead. Adams was third, about a like distance behind. The shot event was a surprise. Gidding's (T.) put of 37 feet $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches gave him first place, and established a record. Ogilvie could not repeat his 38 feet put of the Monday before, and had to be content with second. Gillis (T.) was third, and was also over the 37 foot mark.

The hurdles were run off in record time, Worthington (T.) winning in $17\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Waugh (M.) and Moore (T.) took second and third places in the order named. Strangest of all was that the 440 went to Gurney (T.). Morrow, determined on retrieving his name, jumped away from the field at the start, and made the running until the stretch was entered, where Gurney began to close up on him, and reasted the tape ahead. The time, $51\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, clearly indicates that Morrow was out of shape, when we recall that less than one month before he had won the event at the Canadian Championships in $49\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Toronto can be naturally elated at Gurney's performances, but before they should talk of "total eclipses," Gurney has to travel a 440 faster than $51\frac{2}{5}$.

The Pole Vault was being dragged on at this time, and it became so dark that it was found necessary to have recourse to the arc lamps set up for football practices, in order to see the bar. Warriner (T) and McLeod (T) won the honours, and Campbell (M) took third. This event has always proved the greatest delay producer on the programme. Had McGill won the event as was the case last year, we might ask to have it dropped from the programme, for it is provocative of but little interest on the part of the spectators.

The Discus Throw, the last event, was a severer tax on the judges than on the competitors. It was only with difficulty that the missile could be followed and its landing place marked, so that it was fortunate no record was made and that the men showed considerable disparity in their throws. Ogilvie (M) won with 97 ft. 11 in., Gillies (T) and Giddings (T) taking the other places.

The final score was: Toronto 65, McGill 43, not such a bad beating. The serious part of it lies in the fact that more than half of our points were made by men who will be graduating this year. It is enough to stimulate the club to its best efforts, and burns in upon us the need of looking after our second string better than has been our custom in the years that have passed.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB.

Athletics in the Royal Victoria College has taken many steps forward during the last two or three years, especially since all the branches have been united under the Royal Victoria College Athletic Club. Each season brings its own particular sport. During the summer session, and in the months of September and October, tennis was played with great vigour; then when driven indoors by the weather, basket-ball began. Later on in the season, hockey will engross all attention.

The first event on the Athletic programme was the Lawn Tennis Tournament, which was entered into enthusiastically. It began in the morning and lasted all day. The play was very good, being swift and even, especially in the finals. The winners of the finals (doubles) were Miss Holway and Miss Lyman, and in the match for the trophy (singles) Miss Holway won. After tea had been served, Miss Oakeley presented the prizes. Tennis must necessarily occupy a small place in College

Athletics, on account of the short time the season allows for the game.

An attempt is being made this year to have the basket-ball season end as early as possible after Christmas, to make way for the winter sports. In former years there have been so many attractions crowded into the same month or two in mid-winter, that none could receive due attention.

More than half of the inter-year matches have already taken place, and showed some very good play, considering the limited time that may be devoted to practice. The Royal Victoria Team, consisting of picked players from all the years, including partials, is doing excellent work under the direction of Mr. Powter of the High School, and will be ready to challenge other Montreal Ladies' Teams after Christmas.

McGILL HARRIERS CLUB.

This club, organized late in September of this year, has come into existence to hold periodical 'cross country jaunts and paper chases, and thus far the attendances at the runs has been very gratifying: The management of the annual 'cross country race, instituted two years ago by the Athletic Association, has been handed over to the club, and the entry list of this year's race, held on November 7th., was the largest that has been. The run started from the Campus. By mutual consent, the competitors walked up McTavish to Pine Avenue, where they struck up a better gait, proceeding to the Westmount Golf Links via Cedar Avenue and the Boulevard; climbing over the little mountain, they passed via Côte des Neiges and around the big mountain to the Cemetery road, thence to Fletcher's Field, down Park Avenue to Milton Street, and finished up with a turn and a half on the Campus track.

As the course was covered the runners began to straggle. The first group, including Stewart, Stephen, Lohead, Scott and Ower, kept pretty well together until Fletcher's Field, when those who were able for it lengthened their strides. Lohead, last year's winner, and Stephens reached the track together. Lohead proved a better man, and won by fifty yards. Stewart ran third, a couple of minutes behind the leader, and about half a lap ahead of Scott. Ower appeared at the Engineering Building as these were coursing the track, and finished fifth. Peace, a like distance behind, was sixth. Two minutes later A. Harris and Skelton ambled in, had a good sprint around the

track, and finished in the order named. Lawrence reached the track in company with these, but stopped at the shack without attempting the final round. After another wait, S. Harris appeared with Kirkpatrick. These had a brush at the tape, and Harris won. Black, Gurd and Perry cantered in about ten minutes after the leaders, and fixed it so as to finish abreast. Four others, whose names will not be published, got tired on the way, and turned up after dark at the shack for their clothes.

Some of the Medical Seniors examined the men as they finished, and have provided themselves with facts for a debate which is to be held under the auspices of the Medical Society in the winter term, a debate as to the value of athletics to the college men.

Lothead's time, 52 minutes 5 seconds, does not signify much, for the distance has not been measured, and the various guesses will not be recorded here. We have before suggested that some definite course be decided on, and that it be chained by some industrious science men, who see that the interests of the club are—may we say—at stake. It is to be hoped that this may be done before the fourth 'cross country.

The Harriers' Club is a deservedly popular one, and could, with profit, continue their runs on snow-shoes during the coming month.

FOOTBALL.

The football season ended in a manner that was exceedingly disappointing to those followers of the red and white, who were and are still satisfied that, individually, the McGill XIV. was quite as good as the best in the League—perhaps in any of the Leagues. It was certainly composed of better men than the championship team of 1902, but we were forced to be satisfied with second place.

The first game of the series was the game with Toronto, on our own Campus, on October 17th. The students turned out in good force, and filled the east side in spite of a drenching rain, that continued almost to the end of the game. Toronto left off scoring after the first fifteen minutes, but try as they would, McGill was unable to get over for a single touch-down, and the score stood 7-3 against us when the game was over. The game in Kingston on the following Saturday inspired new hope into the McGill team, for they came home winners by a score of 11-1. Here McGill seemed to get in more unity of action than in any of the other games.

An exhibition match, played with the Argonauts on November 7th., was won by McGill 7-2. This—coupled with the fact that on the same day Queen's played a draw (7 all) with Toronto in Kingston, and that Toronto had only won out in the game on their own grounds after time should have been up, according to Queen's—deepened the vision of the cup's resting on the marble slab in the Redpath Library for another year.

The game with Queen's on our own Campus, when we won by 21-13, naturally inspired further confidence into the team, and they packed for Toronto to bring home the cup.

But the vision faded when the team, crippled greatly by the absence of Hamilton, went under in Toronto with a score of 17-3. The great lack in our method of play seems to be in our adaptaton. Toronto found out our weak places, and hammered at these until they had us beaten, the team working as a unit to this end. Our line was certainly the equal, and, apart from punting ability, our defence was in no way inferior, but Toronto seemed to know better what they were playing and how to play it, and to this is in great measure due the disparity in the score. Half the team were constantly together most of the autumn, playing on the Campus, in the halls, on paper, and the effect was clearly seen in the game. The present season would tend to show that, all things being equal, no man is in a better position to captain a team than the centre half-back. We can generally finish our football season with a better outlook for the following year, and the prospects for next year are brighter than usual, for of this year's XIV. all but two or three will be back again. The second XIV. were in the finals for the Inter-collegiate Championship, and were beaten by Queen's II.

The Wood Cup games were played according to the Burnside rules. The rules were hardly enough understood to consider the trial a fair one. The cup is held this year by the class of 1906.

STATUS OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

On the day of our game in Toronto, a meeting was held in the University of Toronto Gymnasium, at which matters were discussed which will probably have considerable effect on the make-up of future inter-collegiate teams. The meeting took the part of a very informal

discussion on the part of representatives from the governing bodies of the athletics in the three large Universities. These were as follows:—

University of Toronto—Dr. McCurdy, Prof. McDonald, Prof. Wright and S. P. Biggs.

Queen's University—W. MacInnes.

McGill University—Prof. McLeod and Fred. J. Tees.

The purpose of the conference was to discuss the status of individuals competing on athletic teams, and a number of guiding principles were agreed upon, which are to be referred for ratification to the university committees in question, and to be officially agreed upon at a subsequent meeting of these representatives. The clauses are yet very tentative, and a discussion of them in detail must be left until they take more definite form. Indications point to the present elastic eligibility rules being superseded by some mutual agreement which will give better satisfaction to all concerned.

GYMNASIUM.

The argument that the gymnasium is an old barn seemed to be sufficient basis for asking that a new one be built and the undergraduates started a subscription list which reached about a thousand dollars, but the strongest argument that is put forth is one which has not existed until recently, and this is that it is entirely too small. Basket-ball is going with a swing and during the past couple of months two new clubs have been formed which lay claim to recognition and a home. These are the Fencing Club and the Boxing Club. Already these clubs have attained good-sized membership lists, giving evidence that there are places for them in our college activities.

CRICKET.

The season of 1903 has been even more successful than the previous one. The first eleven played twelve matches and of these won ten, losing twice to their formidable opponents, the Ottawa team. Four matches were played with this club, each winning both on their own grounds.

Individual records in batting on paper will not appear to such advantage as in 1902, but this is owing not to a deterioration in form, but to the prevalence of wet and difficult wickets during part of the

season. This state of affairs whilst a bad one from the batsmen's point of view has enabled our bowlers to distinguish themselves frequently. Although handicapped by the loss of poor King, whose untimely death last winter was so much regretted by all who knew him, the excellent performances of Hill and Baber with the ball have largely been the means of McGill's success during the season.

These two players have also borne the brunt of the run-getting and it was very gratifying to the Club to have both men representing Canada in its annual fixture with the United States.

Owing to the absence of several of our best players during July and August, the second team, which competed for the City District League Trophy, were not so successful as could have been wished, although their record of six wins and four losses took second place amongst the seven competing Clubs. Hayward, McDonald and Robinson were the mainstays of the League Team and until the end of June, after which none of these men were available, the team had not been defeated.

No tour was attempted this year, owing chiefly to lack of financial support, but it is confidently hoped that next season the Club will take another of their very enjoyable trips.

HOCKEY.

Even as we go to press the Hockey Rink on the Campus is ready for use, and will be opened during the Christmas holidays. Prospects for a good season are bright, and though McGill has failed to land the championships in the track games and in Football, the Hockey team should be able to hold the championship so ably won last year. Indications point to a strong team, for most of last year's seven are out again, and new men of tested ability are appearing in McGill uniforms. The games will be held this year in the Victoria rink and it is expected that the student body will give the team the same support in this year's games as they did last year.

Arrangements are being made by some of the members of the New York Graduates' Society to have the team visit that city during the holidays, a plan which should meet with general favour if the examinations do not interfere too much with the team's practices.

FRED J. TEES.

THE NEWLY ORGANISED MCGILL UNIVERSITY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The object of this organization is two-fold; firstly, to offer a means of recreation for the students, and secondly, and most important, to meet a growing need which has long been felt, that of possessing an efficient body of rifle shots upon which the country may rely in case necessity arise. The government of Canada has for many years recognized the fact that our militia force is absurdly small in comparison with our territorial extent, and many schemes have been set on foot by which to increase it. In the first place, it was suggested that new regiments should be formed throughout the country until the requisite number of men be enrolled, but the great expense of arming and equipping these men, giving them instruction, pay, transportation, rations, etc., rendered such a step absolutely impracticable. It was next suggested that every able-bodied man in the country should be supplied with a rifle and ammunition so that he might become familiar with this weapon which is, after all, what is most essential in the modern infantry soldier, as shown by the late South African war. The great objection to this was the impossibility of keeping the weapons under surveillance and thus an enormous number would annually be ruined from improper care at the hands of ignorant and injudicious persons. The next plan was that civilian associations should be formed, each to have a certain number of rifles at its disposal (four members to one rifle) for the use of the members who would not be supplied with any other equipment—no uniforms, no belts, no bayonets, nor any of the hundred and one articles which go to make up the outfit of the militiamen. In this manner all difficulties were overcome, as the expense would be comparatively small, and the rifles could be well looked after by competent inspectors. Each member was to have one hundred rounds of ammunition furnished him free of charge by the government.

It was in consequence of this that The McGill Rifle Association came into existence. Its organization was first suggested by Professor Gregor, who received the heartiest support of the professoriate and student body. The first meeting to discuss its formation was held in the Medical Building last May. Addresses were given by Professors Gregor, Ruttan and Capper, all of whom were enthusiastic on the subject, explaining its object and calling upon the patriotism of the

students. At the close of the meeting all students desirous of joining, were given an opportunity to sign the service rolls and take the oath of allegiance. The result of this was that upwards of 300 members were enrolled. At the second meeting held later in the same month in Molson Hall, the Association was definitely organized, and the following officers were elected:—

- Hon. President.—Prof. Gregor.
- Hon. Vice-President.—Prof. Ruttan.
- Hon. Secretary.—Prof. Tory.
- Hon. Captain.—Prof. Capper.
- Captain.—N. C. Mersereau, Med. '05.
- Secretary.—F. C. Scrimger, Med. '05.
- Treasurer.—E. McGougan, Arts '04.
- Sergeants.—E. M. Fyshe, Med. '04.
 - F. B. Gurd, Med. '06.
 - G. McMurtry, Sci. '04.
 - E. McCuaig, Sci. '04.

Requisitions were forwarded to Ottawa immediately after this meeting for fifty rifles and 25,000 rounds of ammunition, and racks were constructed in the basement of the Arts Building to receive them. Their arrival was, however, delayed until after college had closed and no shooting was done until this fall. Immediately on the opening of college the shooting commenced. Notices of the days on which there was to be rifle practice were posted by the captain, and all members desirous of attending handed in their names to the caretaker of the racks—the Janitor of the Arts Building—who reported their number to the captain so that arrangements for the requisite number of targets could be made. The shooting was kept up until the cold put an end to it. The necessary instruction was given by the officers of the Association, one or more of whom was always present, and these always attended to the keeping of the scores and to maintenance of discipline in general. The attendance at the practices was always very good, notwithstanding the distance out and the length of time required to make the trip.

At the close of the season it was found that one hundred and forty men had attended the practices and half of this number had completed

the course laid down by government as being obligatory for all members. This course consists of two days shooting and is as follows:

1st. Day—7 rounds lying	200 yards.	2nd Class Target.
—7 " kneeling	200 "	2nd "
—7 " lying	500 "	3rd "
2nd. Day—7 " kneeling	200 "	2nd "
—7* " kneeling	200 "	2nd "
—7 " any position	500 "	3rd "
—7 " any position	600 "	3rd "

*In one minute.

It was also found that over 8000 rounds of ammunition had been expended. Although there were not 8000 bull's eyes to show for these, yet the shooting was, on the whole, very good, and it was most gratifying to notice how much better it became towards the last; in fact, whereas at first the black flag which signals an "outer" was the almost universal response to our shots, towards the close of the season the red and white which signify "inners" and "bulls" were the rule rather than the exception.

The season has therefore been very satisfactory especially when one considers the novelty of the venture and the exceeding great inexperience of the members. It cannot be doubted that next season, with the knowledge now possessed, even more satisfactory results will be obtained and that the rifle corps of old McGill is to become an institution of which the sons and daughters of our *alma mater* will be justly proud.

H.C.M.