# CANADIAN PORTRAITS

## *C.B.C. Broadcasts*

*Edited by*

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# FOREWORD

THE HISTORY of a pioneer community offers a rich field to the biographer, for by its very nature the frontier attracts unique and progressive individuals. The exacting demands of a new country can be met only by men and women with initiative and originality. The pioneer is a man who ventures out on an uncharted course, and who stakes his future on his ability to adapt himself to new and strange conditions of life.

The portraits which have been sketched in this volume are drawn from three hundred years of Canadian history. They are the stories of men who, as successive generations have pressed on towards new frontiers of settlement, have built their lives into the very foundations of the country. To the beginnings of civilization in Canada they have brought the rare qualities of the pioneer—strength of character, courage, the ability to improvise, confidence in the future. In the life of each one of them the spirit of adventure was ever-present, leading always to new experiments and fresh discoveries.

These biographies were prepared originally as radio talks, and they were presented in a series arranged by the radio committee of the Canadian Historical Association for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The subjects were selected from many different periods in Canadian history, and from the whole length and breadth of the country. They represent also a wide variety of ability and interest, and the list includes explorers, politicans, scientists, artists, teachers, a lumber king, a judge, a village bard. Many familiar names are

missing, for the purpose of the series was to tell new stories rather than repeat old ones. The subjects are therefore men whose fame has been less generally known, but who hold an undisputed place in the company of great Canadians.

The authors are all authorities who have made a special study of the men whose stories they have told. Mr. Graham Spry, who writes on Brulé, is a Canadian Rhodes Scholar now resident in England. The article on Bayly is by Professor A. S. Morton, Librarian in the University of Saskatchewan and Provincial Archivist in that province, who is a well known authority on western history. The sketches of the two Nova Scotians, McCulloch and Uniacke, are, respectively, by the Provincial Archivist in Nova Scotia, Professor D. C. Harvey, and his assistant, Mr. J. S. Martell. Professor Chester New is head of the Department of History at McMaster University, and his book on Lord Durham has established him as an authority on the period during which Bidwell lived. The article on Merritt is by Dr. A. R. M. Lower, professor of History in United College, Winnipeg, whose writings on Canadian economic history are well known. The late Douglas MacKay gathered the information for his biography of Simpson when he was editor of the Hudson's Bay Company magazine, *The Beaver*. Dr. Charles Camsell is Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, and he is in a very real sense a successor in office to the subject of his sketch, William Edmund Logan. The colorful biography of Glasier is by Mr. Ian Sclanders of the St. John *Telegraph and Journal*. Mr. Graham McInnes, who writes on Kane, is a noted art critic and journalist. Professor R. O. MacFarlane of the Department of History, University of Manitoba, knows thoroughly the period during which Schultz lived, and has written a number of articles on early days in Manitoba. Mr. D. A. McGregor of the Vancouver

*Province* is the author of the article on Begbie. Sir Ernest MacMillan is Principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and his biography of Lavallée is an interesting chapter in the history of Canadian cultural life. Dr. Marius Barbeau, whose article on Jobin is based on a personal interview, is on the staff of the National Museum of Canada. President H. J. Cody of the University of Toronto writes about Tassie as one famous educator about another, and Dr. L. E. Kirk, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture in the University of Saskatchewan has written a chapter in the early history of western agriculture in his article on MacKay. Professor F. H. Underhill, Department of History, University of Toronto, is well known as an authority on Canadian political life during the post-Confederation period, when Goldwin Smith was in Canada. Mr. E. A. Corbett is Director of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, and was for many years Director of Extension in the University of Alberta, the province in which Michael Clark lived. Mr. D. E. Cameron, who writes the sketch of "Bob" Edwards, is Librarian in the University of Alberta. The article on McIntyre is by Mr. W. A. Deacon, Literary Editor of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, who has included a biography of his subject in his book, *The Four Jameses*.

The papers have been edited in such a way as to keep as much as possible the freshness and informality of the original broadcast talks.

R. G. RIDDELL

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# ETIENNE BRULE

(d. 1633)

ETIENNE BRULE, Champlain's interpreter and scout, was the first white man to make the long journey up the Ottawa river, to venture upon the waters of Lake Huron, to see Lake Ontario and possibly the sites of both Toronto and Hamilton. He was the first to travel through the midst of the dangerous Iroquois country that is now New York and Pennsylvania to the shores of Chesapeake Bay. He accomplished these daring feats of exploration before the Pilgrim Fathers had founded New England, and whilst the Dutch were still clustered along the Hudson valley, though he may have been anticipated in the Susquehanna valley by Dutch traders. The mouth of the latter river was discovered by Captain John Smith in 1608 when Brulé was still a mere boy of about sixteen on his way to Quebec with Champlain. He was around twenty-three when he lived, a lone white man, in the wilds of the Susquehanna valley, and a little over forty when he was killed by the Hurons.

Brulé has a real claim to the title of "first Canadian". He spent his whole mature life in the wilderness of America, as interpreter for Champlain and the fur traders, as woodsman, pathfinder, and *coureur de bois*. History knows little about this man, but that little reveals a bold, indomitable, and resourceful spirit, a man who was, in the words of Parkman, "the dauntless woodsman, the pioneer of pioneers".

In him we have the first interpreter of the Indian languages in Canada. The Europeans could only master

the difficulties of wilderness life by learning the ways of the Indians. Brulé, and other young men whom Champlain selected for that work, learned the Indian tongues, and adapted themselves to Indian customs, thus fitting themselves to show their countrymen how to live in the interior of this wild land. They learned the art of hunting, how to live off the country, how to use Indian weapons, to travel on snowshoes, and, above all, to paddle canoes. The canoe, a product of native birch and pine resin, is a distinctive North American creation, a response to geographic conditions best typified in the region of the pre-Cambrian shield, where numberless shallow waterways necessitated a strong, light means of conveyance that could be carried easily over the numerous portages. Brulé early acquired the art of the canoe. He was the first white man to shoot the Lachine Rapids; the second white man who tried it was drowned; and the third was Champlain himself.

Brulé was the first explorer of the interior of present-day Canada. His mastery of the Indian way of life is the clue to his success. This ability of the French to adopt the Indian customs was a significant factor in the construction of a great empire by a small company of men, an empire that stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and down to the Gulf of Mexico, west to the Rockies, and north to Hudson Bay. The English and the Dutch on the Atlantic coast lived, for the most part, as Europeans; they did not adopt the Indian modes of life and travel. But the French *coureurs de bois*, like Brulé, could travel and live wherever Indians went. From their canoes, with the aid of the missionaries, they built this empire. But an empire based upon canoes and the uncertain fur trade, ill-supported by the mother country, was a burden beyond the resources of the tiny colony to bear. When the English colonists crossed the mountains to the headwaters of the Ohio they travelled

on horseback, and built roads. The horse and the wagon defeated the paddle and the canoe. But from the first explorations of Brulé until 1753, when George Washington rode on horseback up to Fort Le Boeuf, near the present Erie, Pennsylvania, the canoe sustained the French empire. Brulé was the first of the long line of explorers who taught the white man how to travel the waterways of America.

He was the earliest white fur trader on the rivers and lakes north and west of Quebec. Canada, it is usual to say, was created in defiance of geography. But it is equally true to say that geographic influences played a large part in the evolution of Canada, for the present frontiers of the country were largely marked out by the fur trade that flourished as Canada's one great economic resource from the time of Champlain and Brulé to the union of the Hudson's Bay Company with the North West Company in 1821.

During the early days of European exploration there were three sets of powerful influences drawing penetration in the Canadian area along east-west routes. From the end of the fifteenth century, the ocean fisheries brought Europeans to the Banks of Newfoundland every year. The fishermen landed in Nova Scotia, exchanged knives and axes for Indian furs, and thus founded the Canadian fur trade. The fur trade and the hope of finding a waterway, or a passage as easy as at Panama to the China seas and the Orient, enticed the French westward, and led explorers up the great waterway that provides so majestic a gateway to the continent, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

At Montreal, which was visited by both Cartier and Champlain, the rapids begin, and here the European boat was forced to yield to the Indian canoe. It was the destiny of Etienne Brulé to be the first white man to go beyond the Lachine rapids, and to see the intricate

network of rivers and lakes that could be followed across the continent. The Indians used these routes for war and for hunting. Brulé showed his countrymen the beginnings of the routes, helped Champlain to map them, and initiated the trade that was to take white men across the continent to the Rockies and the Pacific.

Brulé was one of the eight Frenchmen who survived the first winter in Quebec. Twenty others died. Two years later, in 1610, he accompanied the Hurons from Montreal up the Ottawa, and so began his career as explorer, interpreter, and fur trader. He wintered with the Hurons in the Georgian Bay area, probably in that part near Penetanguishene and Orillia, reaching that region by either the Rideau, Simcoe, Couchiching, or the Mattawa, Nipissing, French River routes.

Brulé's greatest adventures and his longest, most hazardous journeys were in 1615 and 1616. Champlain formed an alliance with the Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois, and agreed to make war in the Iroquois country. This alliance was a fateful step, for it shut out the French from the warmer territories south of the St. Lawrence, and forced the fur traders farther and farther westward. In 1615 Champlain made an effort to break the Iroquois dominance of the Mohawk-Hudson valley region, and so launched a remarkable campaign. With several hundred Hurons and Algonquins, he travelled from near Penetanguishene by way of Lake Simcoe and the Trent river system to the site of Kingston, across Lake Ontario to the south shore, and thence to the Onondaga fortress near the present Syracuse. In this invasion it was Brulé's task to go to the country of the Andastes (the northern reaches of the Susquehanna in southern New York State) and to bring five hundred of these friendly Indians to join Champlain in the attack. Brulé, therefore, parted from Champlain at Lake Simcoe, came down either the Humber or the Credit river to Lake Ontario, the shore of which he followed westward around to the Niagara River.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of October 10, 1615, Champlain, nine Frenchmen, and several hundred Indians arrived before the Onondaga fortress and invested it. But the Hurons failed in such methods of warfare; in their excitement, they stopped fighting and resorted to "screaming at the enemy". So the attack collapsed.

The Indians demanded an immediate retreat but Champlain urged them to stay until Brulé and the five hundred Andastes should arrive. No further attack was made, and on October fifteenth the retreat to the canoes hidden on the shore of Lake Ontario began. The invasion had failed. Two days later Brulé and the reinforcements arrived.

Discovering the fight to be over, the Andastes withdrew at once to their own villages, and with them Brulé spent the winter. With four guides he started down the Susquehanna river through that country which is now the heart of the coal and iron district of Pennsylvania, and so on to the sea at Chesapeake Bay.

After this trip Brulé decided to return to the Huron country, but while on the way he and his guides were attacked by Iroquois, and he was separated from the others. Lost for days, and without food, he followed a path into a Seneca village. His professions of friendship, his denial of his people, were of no avail. He was seized, tied to the ground, his beard pulled out by the handful, his nails uprooted, and his body stuck with burning arrows. But his resourcefulness, even at the moment of death, did not fail him. When a Seneca tore a sacred token from his throat, he warned him that "God would chastise him".

No sooner had he spoken than a black cloud swept down from the hills, lightning flashed out, and thunder filled the valley. Terrified by such power, the Senecas fled. Only by proferring his friendship could Brulé bring them back to release him. He was untied and honored as a god, his wounds were tended, and he was fêted with great ceremony. He was then aided to return to the

Huron country by way of Lake Ontario. In 1618, three years after leaving the St. Lawrence, Brulé met Champlain at Three Rivers and explained his failure to join him at the siege of the Onondagas. In later days Champlain became very critical of Brulé, but upon this occasion he wrote, "Brulé is more to be pitied than blamed for not reporting to me earlier." For three years, Brulé, a youth in his early twenties, wandered in unknown and hostile country, a lone white man without fire-arms. He had travelled more than two thousand miles through the wilderness, a feat worthy of even Iroquois admiration.

In 1621 and 1622 Brulé and another *coureur de bois*, named Grenolle, went on an exploring trip along the north shore of Lake Huron. They seem to have reached Sault Ste. Marie, and it is likely that they discovered Lake Superior, It is even possible, though by no means certain, that they paddled their canoes as far as the site of Duluth and the mouths of the rivers that lead to the prairies. On this voyage Brulé met Indians who possessed copper. Later he was in the fur trade, making the trip down the Ottawa, accompanied by as many as one hundred Indian canoes, and trading on the island of Montreal. In 1629, he saw fit to go over to the English invaders, and so earned the bitter denunciations of Champlain and the missionaries as a traitor to the French. Brulé acted as a pilot for Kirke and three English ships, showing them the way from Tadoussac to Quebec. Champlain condemned this as treachery, but Brulé had another view. To him, and to the little famine-stricken colony of only a hundred souls, the arrival of three ships, even enemy ships, with food meant salvation. It was then that this little group of settlers proved themselves more loyal to the soil of Canada than to the Crown of France. Etienne Brulé, the woodsman, like Louis Hébert and Abraham Martin, the farmers, had become Canadians, the first of the enduring population of Canada.

No more is heard of Brulé until his death. He retired, while the English were still in possession of New France, to the Huron country on Georgian Bay, and remained there, preferring to live as an Indian with the Indians. The priests considered his life scandalous, and the Récollet, Sagard, gives that as the reason for his murder. In 1632 or 1633, Brulé's earliest Indian friends, the Hurons, set upon him, and clubbed him to death.

But his death did not end his career. When missionaries returned to the Huron country after the French restoration they discovered that this extraordinary man had become a fearful legend to the Hurons. When misfortune befell, when pestilence and death stalked amongst them, they would explain to the missionaries that a sister of the murdered Brulé was flying through the skies above their villages, bearing death and damnation, and nothing could stop her. For years these Indians looked with fear on all the French who came amongst them, lest they be moved to seek vengeance for the death of Etienne Brulé.

*Graham Spry*

# CHARLES BAYLY

(d. 1680)

CHARLES BAYLY enjoys the distinction of being the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory in North America. After equipping two trading ventures to Hudson Bay in search of furs, the first in the ketch *Nonsuch* guided by Groseilliers, the men who were to form the Hudson's Bay Company knew that they were within sight of a profitable trade in furs. Over and above this, they were led by those skilful company promoters, Groseilliers and Radisson, to believe that they would find a great river leading from the Bay to the Great Lakes, and from Lake Michigan another magnificent stream leading to the Pacific Ocean.

Once more in the minds of the Englishmen, who knew nothing of the country, there was awakened the dream which had haunted English sailors since the days of Queen Elizabeth and Martin Frobisher—the dream that England would find and possess for her own use a way by the north shore of our continent to the rich marts of China and the East. Accordingly, the Charter which King Charles II granted on May 2, 1670 to the Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, in short, our Hudson's Bay Company, provided not only for the monopoly of the trade but for an overseas settlement or settlements (on the way to China), as the wording of the Charter runs: "to be reckoned and reputed as one of our Plantacions or Colonyes in America called RUPERTS LAND". Naturally, the charter went on to prescribe a system of government for the colony or

settlements, namely by governors and councils. To Charles Bayly came the duty and honour of being the first Governor of Rupert's Land.

But Bayly enjoys a unique distinction. So far as the writer knows, he is the only man in the long history of the British Empire to pass out of jail to the governorship of an English colony. A few documents in the Public Record Office in London, including two letters from Bayly to King Charles himself, tell the story.

It appears, from the letters, that Bayly must have been once a tutor or a gentleman attendant of Charles when he was a boy, for he reminds the merry monarch of serious advice which his father used to give him. Moreover, Bayly saw Charles when he returned from exile to the restored throne, and promised to report to him anything which he saw would be harmful to his position as King. Evidently Bayly kept alive his sense of responsibility for the welfare of his former charge, although he was now a man and King. Meanwhile Bayly had taken to religion and had the religious man's determination to keep other people in the straight and narrow way. At any rate, he wrote a letter to the gay monarch warning him that he saw the whirlwind of the Lord descending on England because of the loose ways of the people about the throne. Quoting Scripture, he said that they were feeding as for the slaughter. He warned the sinful King to avoid rioting and excess, chambering and wantonness! We are not surprised to hear next that the good Quaker, for such Bayly was, had been arrested and was lodged in the Tower of London. Charles does not seem to have borne any great grudge against Bayly. In those days prisoners had to pay for their own board; they were not as lucky as their like to-day who are boarded at the expense of the nation. But Charles paid the board of Bayly during his six years as a prisoner in the Tower. The charge against him was

treason, which shows how sadly the motives of the good are sometimes misunderstood, but he was never tried, for he could not have been convicted. Bayly, far from being guilty of treason, was really trying to remove the grounds on which the Almighty might have turned the King out of his kingdom.

At the end of the sixth year of his imprisonment, fortune suddenly smiled on Charles Bayly. It happened that the Keeper of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, was Deputy-Governor of the newly formed Hudson's Bay Company. He concocted a scheme to relieve the King of the letters which Bayly was writing even from the Tower. That they were a nuisance may be seen from the way in which one of them began: "A few words of good counsel and advice to the King of England from the King of Heaven". At one stroke Sir John Robinson could give back his liberty to an innocent man and get an honest Governor for the Hudson's Bay Company's colony in America. A petition to this effect was presented to the Privy Council and Bayly passed through the grim gates of the Tower as the Governor of Rupert's Land. He sailed to Hudson Bay in the good ship *Wyvenhoe*, owned by Charles II himself and loaned to the Company; and his first official act as Governor was to annex the region of Nelson River, and by implication most of what is now Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to England in the name of the King. That, surely, was a marvellous transformation of scene for the prisoner of the Tower.

Charles Bayly proved a good and wise Governor. The French claimed the south part of Hudson Bay in virtue of a charter given by the French King and also because the country was contiguous to the St. Lawrence valley. The English claimed the region on the strength of the voyages to Hudson Bay of Hudson, Button, James, and Foxe. Bayly saw that he must re-enforce this claim. In a very short time he had explored the mouths of

almost all the great rivers flowing into the Bay. He did more. He effected settlements at the mouths of the Rupert, the Moose, and the Albany. When Groseilliers and Radisson thought that one fort was enough—Charles Fort on the Rupert—and that the trade of the other rivers could be most cheaply got by visiting them twice a year with a sloop, Bayly insisted on the English digging themselves in by establishing posts, for settlement gives a far stronger claim to a land than mere discovery. Better still, Bayly met with the natives at the mouth of the rivers and made treaties with them, by which they sold the soil to the Hudson's Bay Company. These are the first Indian treaties in the broad domain which is now the Dominion of Canada.

The Governor and Committee of the Company in London were religious men of a kind. They believed that if they behaved themselves well and saw that their servants behaved, the Lord would prosper them and see to it that the Company paid good dividends. Bayly was just the man to make good that policy. The forts were run with all the discipline of a military garrison. The rule was that there was to be no swearing and no drunkenness. No trafficking with the squaws, for that would bring bad relations with the Indian customers of the Company. When an Indian woman made her way into Fort Charles and her husband got after her with his tomahawk and gave her a nasty smash on the head, Bayly laid down the rule that no squaws were to be allowed within the palisades. Thereafter, this was the rule of the Company—a rule not always strictly observed.

Eventually it became the rule that no Indians were to be allowed within the forts except on a ceremonial visit to the Governor. Trading with the Indians was done through a window in the palisade. This was not that the Englishmen, as some books have it, were afraid of the Indians, but more especially to prevent the

blacksmith who made implements for the savages, and the tailor who made garments, from carrying on a clandestine trade in furs and smuggling them home to England in connivance with the crew of a ship. The window in the palisade played the part of the cage in which the cashier in a bank does his business. Finally, Bayly treated the Indians well and began that habit of "civility" towards the savages, as the Chief Factors proudly called it, which gave the Company its remarkable hold on the natives down through the generations.

The Company recalled Bayly after nine years of conspicuous service, probably with the intention of sending him out again to establish a post at the mouth of the Nelson, near York Fort of to-day. He was at the time laying the foundation of a beautiful scheme to establish a depot out in James Bay on Charlton Island from which the ships could sail much later in the autumn than from the mouth of the rivers where they were sometimes frozen in. Sloops were to bring the furs from the forts and to get their goods. The Factors would come with their furs and gather around the Governor for a meeting of the Council.

Within a month of his return to London Bayly died in the home on the Strand of a prominent member of the Company. The Governor and Committee undertook all the expenses of the funeral, including the link- or torch-bearers, for it was the fashion then for funerals to be held at night. On a dark London night in January 1680 the coffin passed from the Strand to Saint Paul's Covent Garden, the way lit up by the link-men. Within the church the burial took place. Around the vault stood the Governor and Committee and members of the Company, and the officers of the King's ship in which Bayly had returned to England, gathered there to pay the last honours to the first Governor of Rupert's Land, the former prisoner of the Tower.

*A. S. Morton*

# RICHARD JOHN UNIACKE

(1753-1830)

RICHARD JOHN UNIACKE deserves an honoured place among the public men who have served British North America. Living in Nova Scotia during those long years of disillusionment that followed the American Revolution, when British statesmen thought little and knew little of their remaining possessions in this region, Uniacke carried on an unceasing campaign for colonial advancement and for Imperial attention and aid. He had the vision of a great country, as great as the United States, rising in the neglected northland, and this vision he cherished to the end of his life, crossing the Atlantic at the advanced age of seventy-three to lay before the authorities in London his long-considered scheme of confederation of the colonies.

He drew his first breath in Ireland, at Castletown Roche, in the County of Cork. The fourth son of Norman Fitzgerald Uniacke, a well-to-do Irish gentleman, he was born on November 22, 1753. Growing up in the quiet Irish countryside and attending school at Lismore on the Waterford side of Blackwater, young Uniacke looked forward to studying law in Dublin and would have laughed incredulously had he been told what the future had in store for him. He did study law in Dublin and his five years' apprenticeship was almost completed when, after a serious quarrel with his father, he suddenly took ship for the West Indies. There was no happy ending to this fight between father and son. When Norman Uniacke died four years later, he left Richard a paltry

five pounds "which sum is to be in full of all demands he may have as my child to my real or personal estate, he having highly disobliged me". In the meantime, the son had been proving he could stand on his own. After a stay of less than a year on the Island of St. Kitts, he had proceeded to Pennsylvania and from there to Nova Scotia.

Uniacke came to America at a troubled time. Talk of revolution was in the air and a break with Britain seemed imminent. Although there was less excitement in Nova Scotia than in most of the colonies, a very definite conflict of loyalties was agitating the minds of the large group of settlers who had recently migrated from New England. These Nova Scotian New Englanders had as yet little reason to grumble about British restrictions and British taxation; but they could not ignore the impassioned cries for freedom made by their friends and relatives in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. Jonathan Eddy, a former member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, raised the standard of revolt. Arriving in Cumberland County in the autumn of 1776 with a nondescript force he had picked up in New England, Eddy made a bold attempt to take Fort Cumberland on what is now the Nova Scotia-New Brunswick border. The attack failed. Most of the rebels, including Eddy, escaped to New England; but others, known or suspected to have been connected with the uprising, were caught and taken to Halifax. Among them was young Richard John Uniacke. Thanks to the influence of Irish friends in Halifax, the case against him was not tried; but, probably at the behest of his benefactors, he lost no time in taking ship for the Old Country where, among other things, he completed his legal training.

Returning to Halifax, he was admitted to the Nova Scotian bar early in 1781. Now backed by Irish patrons

in Britain as well as in Nova Scotia, and not doubting his own intelligence and ability, he looked for official preferment and received it. Appointed Solicitor-General in December, 1781, and Advocate-General less than three years later, he expected to be the next Attorney-General. His hopes in this direction, however, were deferred by the coming of the loyalists. Like many others who had lived in Nova Scotia before the Revolution, Uniacke bitterly resented the attitude of the loyalists from the thirteen colonies who poured into the province during and after 1783, looking down their noses at the neutral Nova Scotians and holding out their hands for all the plums of office. The Imperial policy of rewarding them at the expense of the older settlers hit him directly. When the office of Attorney-General fell vacant in December, 1784, it was given to S. S. Blowers, a loyalist from Boston.

Uniacke had a streak of pugnacious perseverance that scorned all opposition. Even the frown of a Governor failed to daunt him. When Sir John Wentworth, who became Governor in 1793, indicated his distrust of the Solicitor-General as a man who had associated with rebels, Uniacke turned to his supporters in Ireland for aid in presenting his case, which he made the pre-loyalist case, to the British Government. Establishing in this manner friendly relations with the authorities in London, he was soon able to obtain favour without the influence of Wentworth. Thus in 1797 when his old rival, Blowers, became Chief Justice, his claims for the Attorney-Generalship were crowned with the coveted commission. His star now in the ascendant and Wentworth's on the wane, he sailed for England late in 1805 to lay before the Government a general memorandum on colonial policy in British North America which criticized in particular the constitution of the Council and the judicial power of the Governor. While it does

not appear that Uniacke made any official charges against Wentworth, who was growing more and more unpopular in Nova Scotia, it is not to be supposed that he said nothing in private, nor that his words were lightly regarded. Certainly, it is not without significance that when a new Governor was sent to Nova Scotia two years later, he had orders to call Uniacke to the Council —orders that were carried out a few days after the crestfallen Wentworth found himself unexpectedly out of office.

Uniacke meanwhile had in mind a plan for the confederation of the British North American colonies. In the memorandum he left at the Colonial Office in 1806, he had recommended two legislative unions, one of the Maritime Provinces and one of the Canadas. Since then, however, he had come to favour one general federation. And who but he, a servant of the Crown for forty years, was qualified to draw up this great scheme and lay it before His Majesty's Government? The future Fathers of Confederation were still in adolescence, if not in school and swaddling clothes, when he crossed the seas late in 1825, a man in his seventy-third year. Picture him walking along Whitehall, as he was seen in the streets of Halifax, tall and broad, with white hair down to his shoulders and a high staff to match his determined stride. During the whole winter of 1826 he lived in London, talking over various aspects of colonial policy with the Colonial Secretary, Lord Bathurst, and putting his opinions on paper for the future reference of His Lordship. It was April when he finally completed his long-dreamed-of work and entitled it: "Observations on the British Colonies in North America with a Proposal for the Confederation of the whole under one Government". It is 54 pages in length, all in his own excellent handwriting. It lies in London yet, a memorial of his far-sighted views.

Though always a great admirer of the British and the British way of life, Uniacke was a steady champion of colonial rights — British colonial rights. Why, he used to ask, did the British Government allow the people of the United States to participate in the privileges of the Empire? Let Nova Scotia and the other British colonies enjoy a monopoly of the vast North Atlantic fisheries and the lucrative trade of the British West Indies. Give them free ports, encourage their trade, pour in more capital, credit and colonists, and then their sturdy sons will no longer look with envy on the southern republic. How could Bluenoses, entangled in the web of mercantile restrictions, ever hope to compete with Yankees? Either allow them freedom of trade and commerce or bar the Americans from the fisheries. The British-American Convention of 1818, which in effect did neither, fell like a bombshell among the complacently expectant Nova Scotians. In the dark days that followed, Uniacke took the lead in proposing and drafting one of the sharpest protests that ever left the shores of Nova Scotia.

Uniacke's wit and humour were proverbial and did not fail him even on the parade ground. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia and on one occasion, it is said, when he had drawn up his men for review on the King's birthday, the Duke of Kent, then commanding the forces in Halifax, asked him to put the battalion through a few manoeuvres. Uniacke replied: "If your Royal Highness only knew how much trouble I have had in getting them into line, you would never ask me to break it." A great, hearty, generous man, he evidently enjoyed life to the full.

His children were a great source of satisfaction. Most brilliant of all was James Boyle Uniacke, a fourth son like his father, who was the leader of the first responsible government in Nova Scotia and the Empire.

Mention of Uniacke's sons brings to mind the dramatic scene in the old Province House when Richard John, Jr., was tried for the death of William Bowie, whom he had killed in a duel. On the day of the trial, July 28, 1819, the old Attorney-General, well nigh overcome with emotion, came into the courtroom with his son on his arm, attended by the second, Edward McSweney, who was also charged. Approaching the sheriff, Uniacke said "I surrender these Gentlemen to your custody", and then sat down to wait, along with members of his family and other relatives and friends. A favourable verdict was expected—for this had been an affair of honour—but the room was tense until it was pronounced.

Although he always retained a warm affection for Ireland—indeed, he was the first President of the Charitable Irish Association—Nova Scotia was ever the first in Uniacke's heart. He spoke in deeds as well as words. Believing agriculture to be the surest foundation of any state, he took up land in the heart of the forest, and there settled immigrants and carried out agricultural experiments. In a burst of enthusiastic public spirit he once declared: "If the Legislature have the benefit of the province at heart, they must encourage Agriculture; and let them not complain of the want of Funds, for these are within their reach. They have a civil list to support, let it be reduced; and if they still be not sufficient, I have a salary, let them take it. I would sooner sacrifice my private interest than allow such a public or beneficial object to be neglected." This would not have left him entirely destitute, for the fees from his various offices had already made him a wealthy man.

His interest in agriculture did not prevent him from giving much time and thought to the promotion of the fisheries and the encouragement of trade and commerce. It was he, for instance, who drew up the scheme for a Halifax Savings Bank in 1824. While

setting these personal examples, he also took every opportunity to press upon the Home Government the advantages of the province. It was a country of "first importance", he declared in 1806, and he died in this belief twenty-four years later. He passed away in his peaceful country retreat, today known as Mount Uniacke on the Halifax-Windsor road, where his great white house still stands.

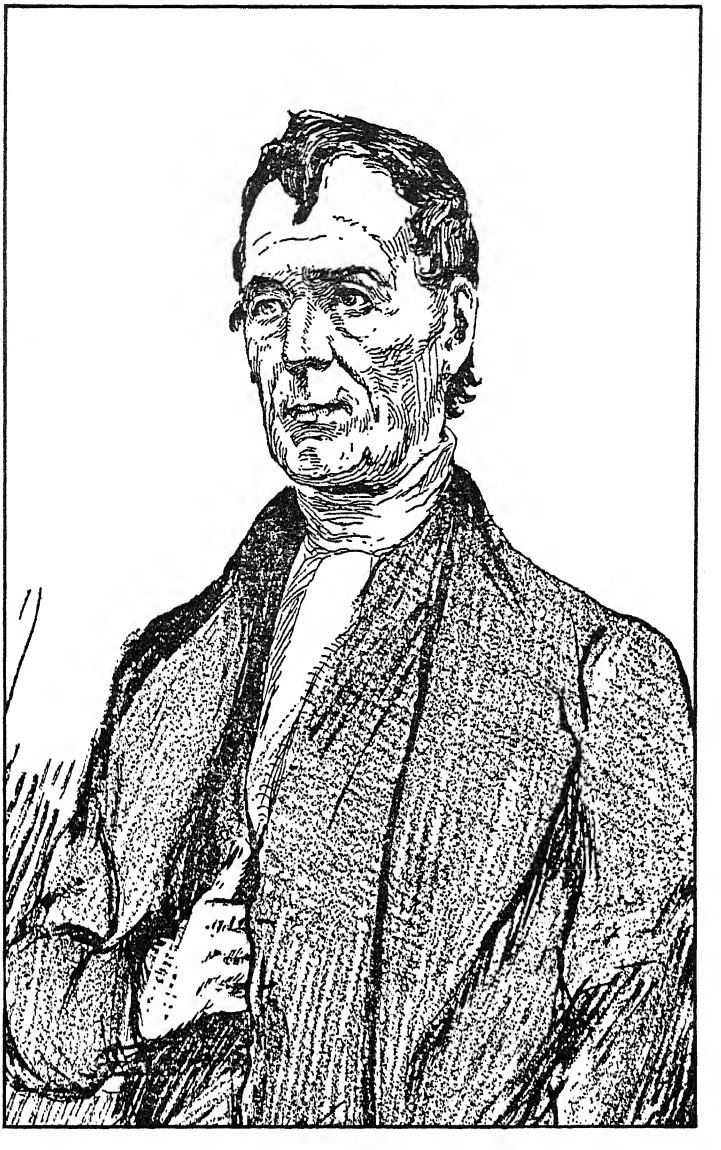
*J. S. Martell*

# THOMAS McCULLOCH

(1777-1843)

THOMAS MCCULLOCH was born in the parish of Neilston, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1776, came to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1803, and died as Principal of Dalhousie College, Halifax, in 1843. In the forty years between his arrival and his death, by ceaseless and well-directed effort, he made an indelible impression upon the cultural outlook of his adopted province, especially through Pictou Academy; and through the graduates of that academy (one of them, J. W. Dawson, became Principal of McGill, another, James Ross, Principal of Dalhousie) he had no small influence upon the intellectual life of Canada as a whole.

Educated in the school of his native parish, McCulloch entered the University of Glasgow and studied both Arts and Medicine, though he did not proceed to a degree. While at the University, he excelled in Oriental languages; and, to eke out his income, conducted a private class in Hebrew. From Glasgow University he passed to the Secession Divinity Hall at Whitburn, and, in 1799, at the age of 23, he was called to the Secession Church at Stewarton. There he remained four years, and during that period, in addition to his pastoral labours, he continued to study Hebrew as well as ecclesiastical and constitutional history, unconsciously preparing himself through the latter for active citizenship in a new and changing world.



THOMAS McCULLOCH

This drawing is reproduced from "An Introduction to the History of Dalhousie," by D. C. Harvey.

At this time the religious needs of Scots in the Maritime Provinces of Canada were placed urgently before the Secession Church and McCulloch offered his services, whereupon the Synod, being sympathetic but poor, appointed him missionary without stipend to Prince Edward Island. Accordingly he set out for his new home with his wife and three small children, his library and a pair of globes, in August 1803, but did not reach Pictou until November. The difficulty of crossing the Strait of Northumberland in an open boat at that season of the year, together with the fact that two prominent Pictonians had seen his *globes* and wanted such a man in their midst, led to his sojourn in Pictou for the winter, and, as it happened, for thirty-five years. In the following spring he took charge of a congregation in the town of Pictou and continued to serve it for twenty years; but, in the meantime, his ability as an educator had found expression and, feeling that he could not do justice to both church and school, he resigned his charge in order to give his full time to Pictou Academy.

In appearance, McCulloch has been described as of medium height, slight and active, and capable of tireless effort. As he never owned a carriage or sleigh and at first did not own a horse, he had to walk to his many appointments in preaching and ministering to the sick, which he did repeatedly, before a regular medical practitioner had settled in Pictou. In the course of his life he walked or rode over the greater part of the province, collecting specimens for museums and familiarizing himself with its resources, and he remained thus active till the end of his days. Body, mind, and will seemed to have been cut from Scottish granite.

Though a sincere and devout clergyman of the Secession Church and an Anti-burgher, the most strait-laced and orthodox of Scottish Presbyterians, he had many of the "virtues of the sinner" and none of the

"vices of the saint". His mind was open to new ideas, ever ready to know the reason of things and eager to prove itself in the rough school of life. His religion was not that of turning the other cheek; nor did he ever fail to pick up the gage of battle, whether with a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Kirker, or even one of his own denomination. But, if he fought often and hit hard, he fought openly and fairly, scorning not the humblest adversary and fearing not the most exalted.

When he arrived in Nova Scotia there was no public provision for elementary education and but two institutions of secondary or higher education: King's College and Academy at Windsor and the Halifax Grammar School. Both were assisted by public funds but both were virtually preserves of the governmental class and the Established Church of England. King's College had just been honoured but handicapped by a Royal Charter, under which it departed from its earlier policy of liberal comprehension and adopted a policy of rigorous exclusion. Within three years of his arrival McCulloch was planning a liberal college in Pictou that would take care of all Dissenters and provide a general education for all the learned professions. Thus, while the prevailing idea was one of monopoly and exclusiveness on the part of one class and one religious denomination, he became the pioneer and doughty champion of educational freedom and a career open to talent; and when Dissenters were denied the right of marriage by license and the incorporation of churches, he organized them in a compact group to petition the government until equal rights were obtained. Moreover, while the Classics were the conventional core of contemporary curricula in both Nova Scotia and Great Britain, he advocated boldly the claims of Natural Philosophy and Natural Science to supplement the classics and adapt education to the purposes of life in a pioneer community.

It required no small courage to take this stand and challenge the existing order during the Napoleonic Wars, when the political atmosphere was charged with suspicion, when memories of the American and French Revolutions were still vivid, and when the usual response of the governing class was to accuse all critics of disloyalty. But McCulloch went his way confident in the justice of his cause; and, when the inevitable accusation was made, he obtained from the magistrates of Pictou a certificate of loyalty and sent it with an outspoken covering letter to the governor and his satellites. The only response was a semi-official anonymous warning to leave the country immediately; but for many years afterwards he was regarded in government circles as a man to be watched, and in those same circles every effort was made to frustrate his educational activities.

Knowing that he had at first not only to provide the means of education but also to create a desire for it, McCulloch commenced teaching in his own home, then built a little log college on his own lot, and there laid the foundations of education for those who could take advantage of future developments. When the Grammar School Act of 1811 was passed, he received the government grant as Master, and carried on the work in his own building, attracting students from Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and even the West Indies. Four years later, when this building was burned, the people of Pictou built a new grammar school for themselves in a few weeks; and, having become convinced of the need of higher education as well as of his competence to give it, they supported him in a petition to the legislature for an act to incorporate an academy: "to provide the means of a liberal education for persons of every religious denomination, who wish to improve their minds by literary studies". This act of incorporation was obtained not without difficulty in 1816, but with some

undesirable restrictions that tended to give it a denominational character and delayed its organization. However, work was commenced in private rooms in May 1818, and, in December, Pictou Academy, as known to history was formally opened.

When this formal opening took place, there were thirty students in attendance, already prepared through the grammar school to pursue advanced study in Latin, Greek, Logic, Mathematics, and Moral Philosophy, and these were soon introduced to Political Economy, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy. From the beginning McCulloch strove to build up a library, to obtain philosophical apparatus and to collect museum specimens to illustrate his teaching. That the quality of the work done in Pictou Academy was of collegiate rank and equal to anything offered at that time in British North America may be attested by the fact that when three of its first graduates, John Maclean, John L. Murdoch, and R. S. Patterson, visited Scotland and stood for examination, they were highly complimented by their examiners in the University of Glasgow and awarded the M.A. degree. Encouraged by this recognition McCulloch strove manfully during the next decade to obtain degree-granting powers for his college, and a permanent grant equal to the provincial grant that had been made to King's College from its beginning; and every year he turned out a group of men ready to follow the learned professions. It is not possible to trace this struggle in detail; but it may be said that it meant an annual visit to the legislature, the preparation of numerous petitions and counter-petitions to offset his opponents, the writing of numerous editorials and articles against the character and composition of the Council, and finally an appeal to the Imperial government, which was carried by Jotham Blanchard, a member of the local

assembly, a graduate of the Academy, and editor of the *Colonial Patriot*. Even then the local government thwarted the express wishes of the Colonial Secretary, and, while giving a semi-permanent grant to the institution, reduced it to a grammar school, thereby defeating for the time being McCulloch's main purpose of providing higher education for all Dissenters. But, just when the outlook was darkest, the Council was remodelled and McCulloch was transferred to Halifax, where as Principal of Dalhousie College he carried out the same ideal of liberal, non-sectarian education.

At the opening of Dalhousie in 1843, eight months before his death, McCulloch rejoiced, "that the time had passed when men considered that rank and wealth entitle them to a monopoly of intelligence, and that it was sufficient for the lower orders to read their Bible, obey their superiors, and discharge the duties of their several avocations in life—when they were considered by the wealthy and the powerful as merely links in the chain of creation between them and the lowest orders of animated nature—when the great and rich thought, like those who reared the pyramids of Egypt, to raise a monument of fame, built on the degradation of their fellow men".

Though the contrasts made in these sentences were exaggerated, Nova Scotia had travelled far under his educational leadership during the preceding quarter of a century. In 1818, in the *Acadian Recorder*, he had called the attention of the province to the encouragement given to the diffusion of education by the government of the United States. When Howe was a boy of fourteen, McCulloch was formulating the ideals of province-wide culture as a basis of social and economic welfare, and provincial education as the safeguard of national independence; and during the next decade he wrote con-

stantly on social, economic and constitutional reform. He therefore sowed the seed and prepared the soil for Howe's educational ideals and constitutional reforms.

McCulloch also had literary ambitions and a pawky sense of humour. As a relief from his manifold labours he wrote a series of satirical letters—signed *Mephibosheth Stepsure*—which anticipated Haliburton by more than two decades, and did for the Scottish section of the province what Haliburton did for his New England and Loyalist ancestors. He also wrote two novels of pioneer life, *William* and *Melville*, both of which were accurate but rather dull descriptions of economic and cultural conditions at the time. He even attempted in *Auld Eppie's Tales* to counteract Scott's unsympathetic treatment of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality* but these tales were never published. Incidentally, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of Schenectady, New York, in 1821 and from the University of Glasgow in 1822.

Such, in brief, was Dr. McCulloch, the founder of Pictou Academy, the practical exponent of a new social and cultural outlook, a pioneer in the field of scientific instruction, a forerunner of both Howe and Haliburton, the intellectual father of Sir William Dawson of McGill, Principal Ross of Dalhousie, and a score of other distinguished sons of his adopted province.

*D. C. Harvey*

# MARSHALL SPRING BIDWELL

(1799-1872)

MARSHALL SPRING BIDWELL was the recognized leader of the Reform party in Upper Canada from 1829 to 1836, the period when the foundations of liberalism were being laid. He was personally responsible for many of its most progressive measures and advocated policies which were projected into a later and more democratic age. Race memory has a way of laying hold on the exciting and the spectacular. Bidwell was a quiet man, never exciting and seldom excited, who made his way steadily through a noisy and violent period of our history.

He was born at Stockport, Massachusetts, in 1799. His father was Attorney-General of that state. When Marshall was eleven years of age, the Bidwells moved to Upper Canada and he was educated and prepared for the bar at Bath and Kingston. Within a few years he became one of the leading lawyers of the province. He took a scholarly interest in law and said that he found more entertainment in tracing some legal point or principle through the 17th or 18th century than in reading the best novel ever written.

His rise to political leadership was equally rapid, and the result of sheer ability. In 1824, at the age of 25, he became a member of the legislature in Upper Canada. In 1829 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly, and from that time Speaker Bidwell was considered the leader of the Upper Canada Liberals, just as Speaker Papineau was the leader of the Lower Canada Liberals. Such

phrases as "Bidwell's party", "Bidwell and Company", and later "Bidwell's minority" occur frequently in the letters and newspapers of the period. The legislation which permitted dissenting ministers to perform legal marriage ceremonies was almost entirely due to Bidwell's initiative and energy, although he himself, as a Presbyterian, belonged to one of the previously privileged denominations.

In the first year of Bidwell's speakership, Sir John Colborne, the new Governor, was burned in effigy at Hamilton. It was suspected that this was a trick of the Tories to throw discredit on the Reformers and embroil them with the Governor. Two members of the Assembly, Henry Boulton and Allan Macnab, were called upon to tell what they knew of the origin of "the Hamilton outrage" and, on their refusal to do so, were committed by the House for contempt. It fell to Bidwell as Speaker to administer a rebuke to Boulton. The mild and merciful character of it, in view of the fact that there had been a family feud between the Boultons and the Bidwells, was cited for years as an example of Bidwell's magnanimity, although Allan Macnab said that he would rather go to jail—which he did—than be lectured at all. Bidwell's knowledge of parliamentary procedure and his mastery of correct and dignified expression were so remarkable that *The Times* of London described his admonition of Boulton as the finest statement of the privileges of Parliament that had ever been made.

In the election of 1830 the Reformers were defeated and became "Bidwell's minority". But Bidwell's leadership in the House was as effective as ever. Robert Stanton, an ardent Tory, wrote to a friend early in 1831, "The minority are evidently better drilled than the opposite side . . . . Bidwell is assiduous, and now and then, through the want of harmony among his opponents, successfully divides the house".

When Mackenzie's expulsions from the Assembly, with their wild drama, and his repeated and tumultuous elections in York county became the storm-centre of politics, Bidwell in the legislature quietly argued the constitutional points of Mackenzie's case with remarkable acumen. But he was equally alive to the practical issue. If justice were not done to Mackenzie and his constituents, he contended, there was no freedom left for anybody. Even the Tory organ, the *Patriot*, was moved to concede that Bidwell's was "a powerful advocacy".

In January, 1835, the Reformers having recaptured a majority in the Legislature, Bidwell was again elected Speaker. The legislation introduced by the Reformers under Bidwell's leadership, which passed the Assembly but was rejected by the conservative Legislative Council, included bills to improve the common and district schools, to liberalize the charter of King's College in the direction of the ultimate organization of the University of Toronto, to sell the Clergy Reserves and apply the proceeds to secular objects, and as one newspaper expressed it, "to promote the peace, freedom, and independence of elections by adopting the mode of voting by ballot". The need for substituting the ballot for open voting may be illustrated by the fact that the Toronto *Patriot* of July 1, 1836, published a list of those who had voted for Draper, the Tory candidate, and those who had voted for Small, the Reform candidate, with the address and occupation of each voter.

When Sir Francis Bond Head came out as Governor with his intense anti-American prejudice, Bidwell became the especial object of his antipathy. Head was incapable of believing that a man born in the United States of American parents could possibly be a loyal British citizen.

The Governor was a clever demagogue and when he threw himself into the election of 1836 against the

Reformers with his bread and butter appeals and his flamboyant flag-waving, he completely out-manoeuvred them. The camp-followers of the Reformers were as eager for the loaves and fishes as were the satellites of the Family Compact, and the Reform members of the Assembly played into the Governor's hands by voting themselves fat commissionerships; the fact that some of their Reform proposals were American in appearance was skilfully twisted by Head into a charge that they were republicans seeking to undermine the British connection. But it was Bidwell himself who committed the extreme indiscretion in presenting to the Assembly a letter from Papineau which was strongly American in tone and which Head found no difficulty in representing as treasonable in intent. That action of Bidwell called forth an answer in which the Governor's fervid imagination conjured up an American invasion. "The people of Upper Canada detest democracy . . . and are staunch in allegiance to their king . . . In the name of every regiment of militia in Upper Canada I publicly promulgate, 'Let them come if they dare'. " Head, in apologizing for this statement to the Home Government, wrote:- "I know that it is not strictly according to Hoyle".

Head's election appeals were crude and unscrupulous, yet they were effective with an electorate which understood little of politics and was attached to the British connection. The Reformers were routed. Bidwell and Perry were defeated in Lennox and Addington, which they had represented for many years; Mackenzie was snowed under in York county; Rolfe alone of the Reform leaders survived. That defeat drove both Bidwell and Mackenzie to despair in regard to immediate constitutional reform. Bidwell gave up the fight and retired from politics. Mackenzie's mind turned definitely to direct action and the possibility of rebellion. Those reactions expressed a fundamental difference in their

temperaments. Mackenzie was not like Bidwell, a constructive political thinker, but, as I have said of him in my life of Lord Durham, he was of the stuff of which good leaders of revolt are made. He made possible the constructive period which followed.

Bidwell, like most of the Reformers, leaders and followers alike, refused to have anything to do with the rebellion. Apart from his views of political expediency, which were on the side of caution, he was perhaps more timid and certainly less adventurous in temperament than the leaders of the rebellion. He was also so steeped in the law and its history and had such an eminent appreciation of the place of law in human society that it was impossible for him under any circumstances to participate in an illegal act.

Mackenzie's rebels were finally scattered on the 7th of December, 1837. The Governor, according to one of his own flamboyant accounts, when he returned from Gallows Hill that day, flushed with victory, found Bidwell waiting for him at Government House. It could not possibly have been that day and it was certainly the next day, but that would not matter to Head, if it made a better story. Bidwell, according to Head's narrative, stood silent, with pallid countenance, as the Governor showed him a package of his letters seized in the mails and offered to return them to him unopened if he gave a written pledge to leave the country forever. "He wrote out the promise I had dictated and . . . I received it with one hand and with the other . . . . I delivered to him the whole of his letters unopened."

Now for the other side of the story. Bidwell categorically denied that the return of his letters was a condition of his promise to leave Upper Canada and asserted that he urged the Governor to open them. He had the letters opened in the presence of competent witnesses and there was nothing incriminating in them. Attorney-

General Hagerman, Head's close friend and adviser, stated that on the day before the interview with Head, Bidwell had urged Hagerman to carry through a thorough investigation of his conduct. Egerton Ryerson, who at the time was on the other side of politics from Bidwell, sprang to the latter's defence in the interests of truth and justice, and in two letters to the *Upper Canada Herald* exculpated Bidwell to the satisfaction of all reasonable men.

The Government had in its possession two pieces of evidence against Bidwell. One was a letter which he had written to O'Callaghan, one of the Lower Canada Radical leaders in the previous August, a letter of general encouragement, but with no reference to rebellion. The other was a banner seized at Montgomery's tavern. The banner, when Head showed it to Bidwell, bore the words: "Bidwell and the Glorious Minority. 1837 a Good Beginning". It was an old banner used in a procession in December 1831 at the time of Mackenzie's first election after his expulsion. It is described in the newspapers of that earlier date. It referred to the Reform Minority which Bidwell then led, and to the fact that December 1831 closed the first year during which this minority had existed in the Legislature. Obviously someone in 1837 deftly changed the 1 to a 7. Whether it was the rebels in order to secure more support, or the Government to manufacture evidence against Bidwell, one cannot say.

To descend from Head's dramatics to truth, the following passage in an unpublished letter from Bidwell to Robert Baldwin in the Baldwin manuscripts expresses Bidwell's real feelings on the day he left Upper Canada:

I wish you to understand that I am as ignorant of this lamentable affair as yourself. But you will not require to be informed of considerations which oblige me without hesitation and even thankfully to comply

with Sir Francis Head's request that I should expatriate myself. This is not a time when anybody, however innocent, could successfully contend against the expressed wish of the Lieutenant Governor. A flag was found at Montgomery's with the words "Bidwell and the Glorious Minority, 1837." This, of course, would be conclusive evidence of my guilt with many: I should be arrested and plenty would be found to furnish all necessary evidence to support the step thus taken by the government . . . The victim would be offered up without doubt.

Bidwell went to New York where he established himself in legal practice. What he did not know was that some months previously the British Government had instructed Head to appoint him to the Bench, that Head had disobeyed the instructions, the Colonial Secretary had then urged that he be appointed to the next vacant judgeship and Head had replied, "So long as I remain Lieutenant Governor of this province I will *never* raise Bidwell to the Bench". At the same time he tendered his resignation, apparently not expecting it to be accepted. After Bidwell left Canada, a despatch arrived from England accepting Head's resignation. The refusal to appoint Bidwell was not, however, the only cause for Head's practical dismissal. On his way home to England, the deposed Governor met Bidwell in New York, told him that he was the cause of his recall and narrated the whole story of the correspondence about the judgeship. Bidwell suddenly saw a great light, and for once temper flared out. "I now see", he said to Head, "why it was desired that I should leave the province. You wished to be able to say to your superiors, whom you have disobeyed, that the man they had intended to honour, was a rebel and had left the country." With that he left the room, but before he had walked a block he felt ashamed that he had lost his temper and thought of returning and apologizing. He did not do so, but

like the gentleman he was, he tendered every possible courtesy and service to Head until he sailed for England.

In unpublished letters in a number of collections there lies scattered the story of the efforts through the years to induce Bidwell to return to Canada. It was the first matter that Robert Baldwin laid before each of Lord Durham's three immediate successors as Governors-General and they all responded cordially. The pledge was officially declared cancelled, but the negotiations always broke down, partly because the Government did not deem it wise to institute the investigation of 1837 which Bidwell demanded and partly, I surmise, for reasons connected with his wife's health. He frequently indicated in his later correspondence that his heart was in Canada and he congratulated Baldwin heartily on the triumph of those principles for which, as he said in one letter, "I also suffered". He maintained an occasional correspondence also with the ablest of his old opponents, John Beverley Robinson, who was as sincere, as patriotic, and as honest in his conservatism as Bidwell was in his liberalism, a man who would have been an outstanding figure in any parliament in the world.

Bidwell made a new reputation as a great American lawyer and died at the age of 72. It is remarkable that he lived so long. I have said nothing of his precarious health because he said nothing of it. When he was in Canada only his most intimate friends knew that year after year, it was a matter of apprehension whether he would live through the session. Following his death a special meeting of the New York bar was held to pay tribute to his memory. The speeches were published and constitute the only book on Bidwell. They leave the impression of a sincere feeling that a very eminent lawyer had passed from their midst and that they had lost one who had sweetened and enobled life. His contributions to the privileges that we in Canada enjoy today

were substantial. The more one knows of him, the more he is confirmed in his assent to W. S. Wallace's statement in his *Family Compact*,—"Marshall Spring Bidwell was one of the noblest spirits that ever crossed the threshold of Canadian History".

*Chester W. New*

# WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT

(1793-1862)

THE average Canadian of the present generation is apt to take his surroundings for granted. He is aware that not very long ago the land was a wilderness, he knows something of the strides that have been made during his own time, but in thinking of the foundations of this country he very probably does not go beyond a hazy idea that the pioneers were remarkable people and that it is to them that "we owe it all".

The pioneer is not to be disparaged, especially the pioneer farmer. Our debt to him is great. But homage is also due to another class of men who, in their own type of pioneering, contributed more than their share to forging the present structure of Canada. They are only a handful in our whole history, but some have been present in every generation. They are the men who have had some sort of vision of the kind of community to be reared on Canadian soil and who have given their lives to accomplishing that aspect of the task of nation building which they made their own. Such were Canada's great prime minister, John A. Macdonald, or the group centering around George Brown, who saw the necessity for including the West in the Canadian federation. Such also was a man whom fame has for some reason passed by, William Hamilton Merritt. A tribute to him is overdue.

Merritt was born 147 years ago, in 1793, in New York State, of parents who were shortly to leave the revolted colonies for Upper Canada. His father had

fought for the King and he was thus of "Loyalist" descent, if not technically a Loyalist. His family had large interests in the Niagara peninsula, and consequently had to face that question so vital to all the early settlers of Upper Canada: even with fertile land and a good climate, what market were they to find for their produce and how on any reasonable terms were they going to get it out of the centre of the continent to that market? Merritt, no doubt, had heard transportation discussed from his cradle. Small wonder then that, as a man whose mind naturally turned to the large factors in a geographical situation, he should devote his attention to solving the problem of problems, how to get the produce of the lake province down to the sea.

He was spurred on by what was being done in the state in which he had been born. In New York they had begun to build the Erie Canal, which was to take barges drawing as much as four feet of water from Lake Erie through to the Hudson River near Albany. In an age not yet familiar with the railroad, its advantages would be tremendous. Without the canal, New York merchants, faced with numerous loadings and unloadings of their goods, from barge to portage and portage to schooner, to say nothing of the dreadful pioneer roads, found it difficult to compete in western trade. Consequently the Montreal business men, who could send up their goods by the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, in large *bateaux* and in schooners, had great advantages. The Erie Canal took away these advantages and gave New York that command over western trade which she has never since lost and on which she has grown to greatness.

Unfortunately for them, Upper Canadian farmers were prevented from using the Erie Canal by the cumbersome provisions of the Imperial trade system as it existed at that time. It was Merritt who initiated a project that was designed to bring them relief. If New York benefited

so greatly from her Erie Canal, why should Canada not recapture the dominant trading position by canalizing her own magnificent waterway, the St. Lawrence and the lakes? In 1825, in a little province with less than 200,000 scattered inhabitants, no towns of any size and virtually no accumulations of capital, this was a bold thought. It was not the sort of thinking habitual to timid provincials, accustomed to lean on the Imperial Government. But Merritt succeeded in arousing the interest of his neighbours, men of American descent like himself, and apparently well above the provincial average in energy, resources and initiative. Together they embarked on a pioneer project that should lead the way towards the grand design: nothing less than a canal across the Niagara peninsula as the first link in a chain to give unobstructed navigation from Lake Huron to the sea. The miracle is that, almost unaided, they accomplished their task. In five years, or by 1830, they had cut a ditch across the peninsula, and had built a series of locks down the Niagara escarpment. With little capital and no mechanical power at their disposal, only horses, men and shovels, they had worked an engineering miracle. At one point they lead the canal down the side of the Niagara escarpment, a cliff two or three hundred feet in height.

In the early 1830's, with the canal completed, small schooners began to pass between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The result was a rapid opening up of that part of the province to the west of Niagara. Goods could now go up by water to any point on the shores of the upper Lakes and produce could come down. In particular, the magnificent white oak of the western peninsula, around Lake St. Clair, became available and was exported in large quantities.

Yet Merritt could not rest with the Welland alone: the natural advantages of the St. Lawrence could not be restored unless a clear channel existed to the sea.

Consequently he turned to securing the completion of the canalization of the St. Lawrence. This was far too big a task for any private body and Merritt's efforts were directed to getting the provincial governments to undertake it. He was successful in Upper Canada, where he had access to the governing classes and was on the fringe of politics himself, but he did not have much luck in persuading Lower Canada. The Lower Canadian legislature looked with suspicion upon their hustling English fellow-Canadians. Its French majority was lukewarm to commercial progress. The business men of Montreal were inclined to be hostile towards a project that was plainly for their benefit. They took much the same attitude towards it that their successors have taken in recent years towards its logical sequence—the St. Lawrence Seaway. Theirs was not the eye of faith that could see that their city must always be a point of transshipment between the inland waters and the sea. But Upper Canada threw itself into the task with ardour, if not with discretion, and by the time of the rebellion in 1837, had managed to bankrupt itself in the work. In fact, the financial condition of the province was no small factor in causing the disturbances.

Merritt, alarmed at the prospect of failure for the project which he could see would involve failure of the whole British North American experiment sooner or later, was ready with an explanation of the province's ills, which if not a complete explanation, at least probed deeply. In a long series of letters to the authorities of the day, he urged the completion of the canal system upon a uniform scale, to a draft of eight feet, and then—and this was his novel contribution—he argued for turning over to the local authorities the entire question of the regulation of the provincial trade.

A proposal for local control of trade regulation in 1837 was almost as revolutionary a suggestion as anything of Mackenzie's. Merritt's reputation, however, as

a sane and solid citizen, in intimacy with all the best people, was so secure that the cries of "disloyalty", were not heard in his case. The authorities did not accept his views at the time, but he undermined the old position and a few years later (1846, 1859), thanks to this and to more general forces, the principle was conceded and the province of Canada began to make tariffs in what it supposed to be its own best interests, not those of an imaginary mercantile Empire.

By 1849, Merritt's grand project was completed: all the St. Lawrence canals were finished and the local legislature had control of local trade policy. Unfortunately at the very moment a blight seemed to seize on the country. From many causes, the most severe trade depression in our history, with the exception of 1930-34, fell upon the country. The St. Lawrence route was deserted. Montreal was full of empty houses. As a result there arose the political troubles of 1848-1849, the annexation movement among the Tory merchants of Montreal and their rioting against the Rebellion Losses bill.

Once more Merritt had a solution. If Great Britain would not prefer our products, another outlet must be found. That outlet was obviously the United States, with which before 1846, owing to the absurdities of the old colonial system, there had been little trade. Merritt accordingly went off to Washington to sound out the American government on the question of a trade treaty. He was not immediately successful; in fact the treaty was not secured until several years later, 1854. But although he was elbowed aside by abler politicians and men more anxious for the spotlight than he, such as Francis Hincks, his share in securing the Reciprocity Treaty was a large one. He had vast knowledge, he corresponded interminably, he was constantly interviewing, talking and lecturing, he was that necessary

nuisance, the man who gives the politicians their ideas. There is little doubt but that he was a factor of prime importance in securing the Reciprocity Treaty.

When in the 1850's the new means of transport, the railway, was introduced into Canada, Merritt was quick to recognize its advantages. He thought that the railroad would find its place as a complement to the canal, the one carrying expensive or light goods, the other the heavier and bulkier materials. While not so active in Canadian railroad building as in canal building he cordially approved of many of the new schemes and related them to his general conceptions of the geographical and economic nature of the province as he had done the canals.

In his old age, Merritt, saw his youthful dreams begin to come true. The great mid-century depression did not rob the St. Lawrence of its ships forever. Trade picked up again. The river and lakes re-asserted themselves as the basic conditioning factor in the life of the communities on their shores. Into the scheme that nature had designed there fitted the enlarged trading area of the region, which through the Reciprocity Treaty had secured the United States as an outlet in addition to Great Britain. The new railways reinforced and expanded the original fabric. At his death in 1862 Merritt could look back with satisfaction over a long prophetic career. He had divined the essential nature of his province and its conditions of growth. His efforts had gone far towards erecting upon that foundation the active, hopeful community that surrounded him. He had witnessed his country growing up according to his blue print. He deserves well of it.

*A. R. M. Lower*

# THOMAS SIMPSON

(1808-1840)

THE name of Thomas Simpson lives largely in the speculations of historians concerning his strange and lonely death. Rarely is the story told of his almost single-handed exploration in the unknown Arctic. It is a story of one man's strength and skill pitted against wastes of ice and snow that had already swallowed many an imposing and expensive expedition.

Thomas Simpson was born in 1808 in the Highlands of Scotland. He survived poverty and ill health to be graduated a Master of Arts with honours from King's College, Aberdeen, when he was twenty years of age. His widowed mother wanted him to be a minister, but Thomas could not speak the Gaelic and doubted his other qualifications. Meanwhile, the way lay open to a life in the new world. His mother had been a foster-mother to her brother's illegitimate son and this child, grown to manhood, was now well advanced in his great career in the Hudson's Bay Company. George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company Territories, had already brought over to Canada two of Thomas Simpson's brothers. Thomas himself was to follow.

In the spring of 1829, Thomas Simpson arrived at Lachine, near Montreal, to become secretary to his foster-brother. Almost immediately he left with the spring party on the long, hard journey to Norway House. He little dreamed that he was to step quickly into the front rank of Arctic explorers and then suddenly to meet death in the Red River Valley.

Normally, life was long and the tempo slow in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. But for Thomas Simpson destiny moved swiftly. He did not serve long as secretary to the Little Emperor of the fur trade. In his first year with the Company he gave all he had to the difficult task of accompanying the Governor on long tours of inspection by canoe and dog team. He was taught the intricate routine of trading at the Fort Garry headquarters and at Hudson's Bay House, Lachine. His was no sheltered, clerical existence, and he learned quickly in a rough school. When he was barely twenty-three, he commanded a brigade of canoes and troublesome, unruly *voyageurs* on the strenuous journey from Montreal to Fort Garry. The next year he made a formidable winter trek on snowshoes from Fort Garry, seven hundred miles north and east, to York Factory on Hudson Bay. He had ten years of steady conditioning for his great adventure.

Thomas Simpson was a man admirably fitted by the peculiar quality of his work and temperament for the achievement that his times demanded. It was the golden age of Arctic exploration. It had dawned just after the Napoleonic wars and it glowed with astonishing extravagance until the Crimean war. All that was patriotic and romantic in the British character responded to it. Books about the scientific and naval heroes who disappeared for two or three years into the wastes of ice and snow were popular reading. The planting of the flag, the tales of fortitude, and the inevitable two-volume narrative were as stirring as the great international air races or other sporting events of today.

As long ago as 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company had undertaken, in the terms of its magnificent Royal Charter, to search for the North West Passage. All through the stormy years it had searched. The resulting evidence had made fur traders extremely sceptical as to the existence of the North West Passage. But, in spite of

the private views of its officials, the Company was under obligation to keep on looking for the Passage, if anyone was willing to undertake the expeditions.

Thomas Simpson was chosen for the task. In 1836 he was warned to hold himself in readiness to share with Peter Warren Dease the joint command of an exploration party to the western Arctic. He was given elaborate instructions, but his outfit consisted simply of a small party of *voyageurs*.

Alone and in winter he crossed the great interior from Fort Garry to Chipewyan in the Mackenzie river valley. There he met the party which he and Dease were to command, and in the summer of 1837 they descended the Mackenzie river. They turned westward, and by a series of exhausting, forced marches drove themselves along the Arctic coast. The party reached the absolute end of its endurance. But not Thomas Simpson. Single-handed, in an open Eskimo boat, he fought ice and tide along the shore of the Arctic Ocean until he reached Point Barrow. The uttermost tip of Alaska had been reached, and he saw the Pacific Ocean. Simpson had rounded out another of the great blank spaces on Canada's map, and carried forward the work of famous predecessors, Hearne, Mackenzie and Franklin.

It was very gallant, but it was only a beginning. When that winter of 1837-38 came, the party retreated to Great Bear Lake to construct headquarters, which was called Fort Confidence. Names of fur trade forts established in those years echo the qualities of the men who founded them—Fort Reliance, Fort Good Hope, Fort Defiance, Fort Resolution. Through the dark Arctic months, Simpson made maps, and wrote up his journal. For diversion he read Shakespeare, Smollett and Plutarch.

With acute discomfort, and in deep peril, Simpson and Dease descended the Coppermine river in the

summer of '38. This year the Arctic Coast defeated them, and they retreated to Fort Confidence to wait for another year. Twelve months of limited diet, wet clothing, piercing cold and harsh isolation lay ahead of them.

When the summer of 1839 came, and he prepared to take up his expedition again, Simpson was in high spirits. He seemed to have become intoxicated by that strange ecstasy which so often touches explorers on the verge of the unknown. He wrote a final despatch to the Governor, the chief factors, and chief traders of the Northern Department: "Our boats are repaired, our provisions are on the banks of the Coppermine, and as soon as that impetuous stream bursts its icy fetters in June the party will be there with hopes no wise dampened by the hardship and languor of a second Arctic winter." His confidence was well founded; the expedition was a success.

By forcing themselves to the uttermost of human endurance, they outlined for Canada the coastline of the Arctic eastward from the Coppermine river almost as far as Hudson Bay. It was a magnificent effort, demonstrating as other fur traders were later to prove, that it was futile to hope for the discovery of a navigable North West Passage. This achievement was the work of a tiny party, maintained at a trifling expense but commanded by resolute men.

The expedition was conducted on the principles which had governed wilderness travel and Arctic exploration since the boy Kelsey went inland from Hudson Bay in 1690. Simpson and his party took every advantage of the game and natural resources of the country. Without "going native", they adopted those features of native life which best served their objectives. Despite this experience, the lesson was lost on the Admiralty school of exploration, and great wooden sailing ships, manned by stout-hearted Britons who brought their

dress uniforms, swords and silver plate with them, kept groping into the Arctic and into trouble.

Early in 1840 Thomas Simpson was back at Fort Garry. He had completed all the primary objects of his expedition. It was the end of three years and two months of persevering Arctic work. In the last expedition, he had covered 1,900 miles with dogs in 61 days, including all stops. The London press greeted the results of the expedition with the generous and enthusiastic praise it deserved.

Once his reports had been completed, Thomas Simpson became fired with a single idea. He wanted to return to the Arctic and to his career as an explorer. No immediate orders came, and he wrote pleading letters to all his superiors in the Company, begging to be allowed to go north. These letters indicate that he was in an excitable, half mystic frame of mind. Cut off from the world by slow methods of communication, he knew nothing of the praise his work had received in London. He became obsessed with the flag-planting fever. He wrote: "I feel an irresistible presentiment that I am destined to bear the Honourable Company's flag fairly through and out of the Polar Sea." And again he wrote, "Fame I will have—but it must be alone." He was determined not to share the glory of his future work with any joint commander.

While Thomas worked himself into a torture at Fort Garry, George Simpson, Governor of the Company, was at Lachine. No approval for further Arctic exploration had arrived from London headquarters when the express canoes left Lachine for the Red River. Consequently there was no order for Thomas to proceed north. The young man was exasperated and deep in despondency. Letters to his friends revealed utter despair and he made strange suggestions that his destiny had been "settled". In extreme discouragement he decided to

return to England. That August, he started south from Fort Garry across the prairie by the overland route to St. Paul.

It is the bitter tragedy of this story that Simpson never knew that a ship was even then arriving at Hudson Bay from England carrying despatches to authorize his return to the Arctic and the continuance of his work. These messages never reached him. He died not knowing that the Queen's Arctic medal and a life pension of £100 a year had been awarded him.

On the summer day when the mail pouches from the Company ship were coming ashore at York Factory, Thomas Simpson was riding south on the hot Dakota plains with a party of four halfbreeds. They were heavily armed, for they were passing through the Sioux country of the United States.

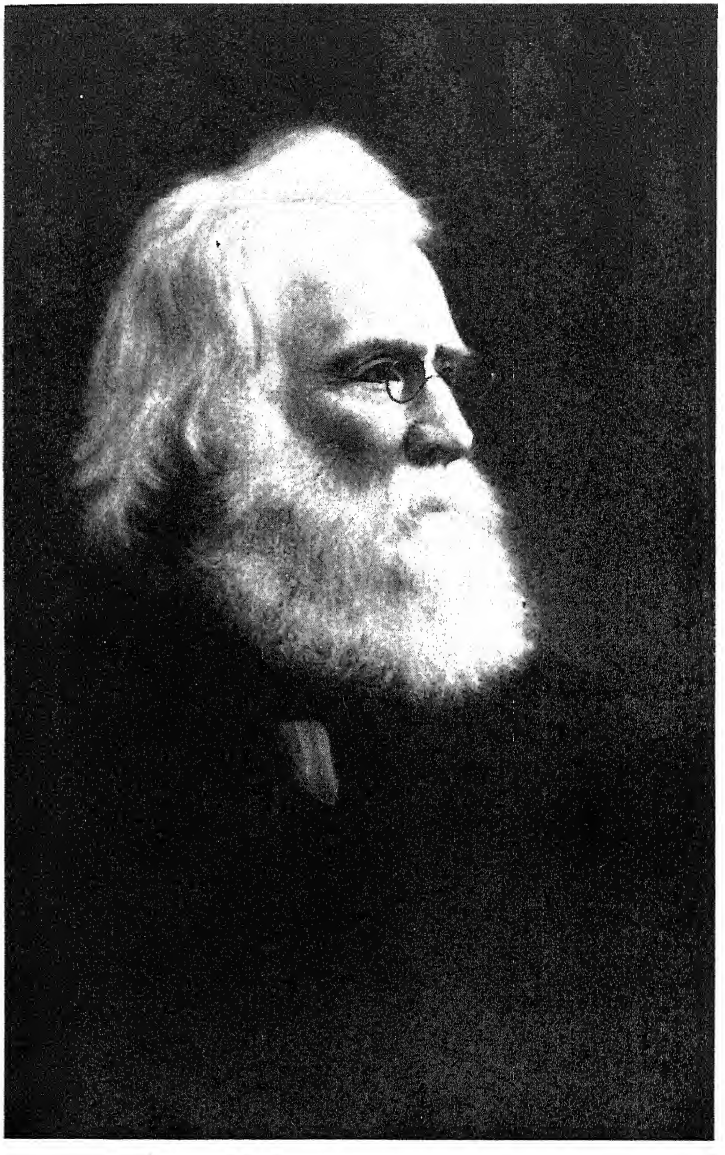
The rest of the story is taken from the evidence of two halfbreeds. They swore before an American justice of the peace that, after eight days' travel, Simpson had said he was sick. While two of the party were putting up the tent, Simpson shot and killed them, declaring they had been plotting to murder him. The other two fled up the trail for help. Hours later they returned with a larger party. They found Thomas Simpson lying dead, his gun beside him, and with gunshot wounds in his head.

The American authorities pronounced it suicide. This verdict was accepted by the government of the Red River Colony, though some suspicion has lain against the halfbreeds. It was a grim chain of circumstances which sent the courageous young fur trader to his death. The blow to his pride, the almost uncontrolled egotism, the delayed mails and perhaps the culmination of lonely Arctic years, probably explain the suicide.

A scholar, a gentleman of unquestioned physical courage, burning patriotism and loyalty to his employers,

Thomas Simpson is worthy of a place in Canadian History. The map of this Dominion, which we have known since our school days, owes its northern outline to him. He was too great an explorer for his name to be forgotten by the people whom he served.

*Douglas MacKay*



SIR WILLIAM LOGAN

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# SIR WILLIAM EDMUND LOGAN

(1798-1875)

On the wall of my office there hangs a picture of a white-haired gentleman. It shows a kindly face, yet with something of the determination and physical energy of the man apparent on every feature. How many of my visitors ever glance at it I do not know. Perhaps not many. For it is likely that few of them are acquainted with the work of Sir William Logan, founder of the Geological Survey of Canada, and its Director and guiding genius from 1842 to 1869. It is partly because we cannot afford to forget the name of one who laboured so long and so successfully to promote the interests of his native land that this rather sketchy account of Sir William and his life's work is presented.

Born of well-to-do Scottish parents in Montreal on April 20, 1798, William Edmund Logan would probably have won distinction in the financial world had he not in his early manhood developed a fondness for the open spaces, which in turn gave rise to a devotion to geology.

He left Canada at the age of sixteen, accompanied by his brother, to attend the Edinburgh High School. From B. J. Harrington's excellent *Life of Logan* we learn that the school was then in the zenith of its reputation. There were no great public schools in Scotland answering to the English type of Eton, Harrow, or Rugby, but the Edinburgh Seminary stood forth above all other schools in the country with a kind of natural distinction. Many of the distinguished Scotsmen of the day had been educated within its walls, among them Sir Walter Scott.

A few years later Logan entered the counting-house of his uncle, Hart Logan, in London. For about ten years, Harrington informs us, the great and busy metropolis was Logan's home. He gave most of his attention during those years to business, society, and travel. The artificial life of the city did not appeal to him, however, and the longer he lived in London the more did he sigh for the freedom of the country.

In 1828 an event occurred that was to pave the way for the fulfilment of his wishes. In that year a process had been discovered in Wales for the extracting of copper from slags, which had previously been abandoned as useless. The inventor communicated the secret for a consideration to certain gentlemen who soon began smelting operations at Swansea in Wales. Logan's uncle became interested in the enterprise and called upon the young man to attend to the accounts of the establishment.

Little did Logan realize that the new assignment was to mark a turning point in his career. Could he have foreseen the hardships that lay ahead, even with his energy and determination he might have paused for reflection. But Logan gave little thought to his personal comfort and indeed, in his love for his tasks, hardships only served to spur him on to greater effort.

For a time he was chiefly engaged in the counting-house, but eventually he had to attend both to the smelting of copper and the mining of coal. "Here I am", he wrote to his brother in June 1833, "out of the world altogether and attending to nothing else but the making of copper and the digging of coal from morning to night".

It was while, as he termed it, at the "digging" of coal that he was led to make an examination of one of the coal fields. It was a masterful effort and was carried out with such precision that the survey was accepted *in toto* by the Geological Survey of England. Logan was

already on the road to fame. In 1837, at the age of thirty-nine, he was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society, and Honorary Secretary and Curator of the Geological Department of the Royal Institute of South Wales.

Logan, however, never lost interest in his native country, and now that geology had become his favourite pursuit, he longed to scan with critical eye the rocks over which he had climbed as a boy. Accordingly, he set sail from Liverpool in August 1840. In July of the following year the Natural History Society of Montreal and the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec petitioned the Government of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada for aid to carry out a geological survey. The matter was eventually taken up and the sum of £1,500 sterling for the purposes of a survey was included in the estimates. Logan's friends in Montreal had already placed his name before the Governor, Sir Charles Bagot, and in the spring of 1842 the position of Director was offered to him. Seeing in Canada a most tempting field for original research, he at once accepted.

Logan undertook his task equipped with little more than his courage, a room that served for office, mapping room, reception room, bedroom, and wardrobe, and the grant of £1,500 sterling. In such manner was the foundation for the Geological Survey of Canada laid.

In a pioneer country such as Canada, little interest was taken in minerals and little was known of geologists or their work. Sometimes, indeed, they were mistaken for lunatics. An amusing instance of this kind is related by the late Robert Bell, an associate of Logan's. It appears that Logan was trying to obtain an idea of the thickness of a section of rocks along the seashore about Percé at the east end of Gaspé peninsula. He was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and he soon attracted attention as he walked along the outcrops muttering the

paces as he went, stopping occasionally to make notes, and carefully to wrap pieces of stone in paper. Doubting his sanity, and fearing that he might wander off to some other locality and come to grief, the inhabitants resolved to send him to the asylum. One day, while he was at work, two men fell upon him and seized him. Logan was greatly surprised at first and then burst into hearty laughter when the men explained their object. Now for the first time since his arrival at Percé he condescended to explain his business.

By the end of 1844 the grant of £1,500 was used up, along with £800 of Logan's own money. However, the Government was well satisfied with what had been accomplished and passed an Act granting him £2,000 sterling annually for the next five years.

Logan from the outset stressed the utilitarian aspects of the Survey's work, the wisdom of which attitude was amply justified in 1854 when the question of renewing financial support had again to be considered. On this occasion a Select Committee appointed to inquire into the operation and usefulness of the Geological Survey reported that "in their opinion in no part of the world has there been a more valuable contribution to geological science for such a small outlay". Accordingly, in 1855 a new bill was passed providing $20,000 annually for five years and a further sum of $8,000 for publishing a report on the geology of Canada and a geological map. Supplies of money were voted annually after the expiration of this renewal Act until 1864, when another Act was passed making provision for the Survey for another five-year period.

Logan appeared to possess almost superhuman energy. No person seemed to know when his day's work began or ended. We are told that if one happened to pass his office at one or two o'clock in the morning he could usually see the gas burning brightly through

the curtainless windows, and Sir William intently at work over a mapping table, or standing at his high desk.

He had many irksome tasks to perform, such as auditing the detailed accounts of petty expenses, every item of which had to be copied in his books. He had also to look after all the correspondence, plot his own surveys, write his reports, and edit those of his assistants, and examine fossils and minerals collected during the year. No satisfactory device for copying letters had yet been developed, and for a number of years Logan was required to write out four manuscript copies of all his reports, including the annual reports of progress, one for the Governor-General, one for the House of Assembly, one for the Legislative Council, and one for the printer.

Logan's field work eventually took him from Lower Canada to the northern shores of Lake Superior. Unquestionably, however, his greatest services to the geology of the country were his earlier investigations. These included the examination of the ancient crystalline rocks, the separation of the Huronian formations from the Laurentian, to which he gave those names, the study of areas of the Laurentian in the Ottawa valley, and the production of a number of admirable maps. These maps gave not only the results of his own explorations and those of his staff in Canada, but included as well the work accomplished by various geologists in the other British Provinces and in parts of the United States. Whereas his assistant, Murray, worked principally in Ontario, Sir William's time was given chiefly to the rocks of Quebec south of the St. Lawrence. Notable among his early efforts were his examinations of parts of the coal fields of Nova Scotia, and of the placer gravels in the Chaudière River Valley, Quebec.

Another excellent piece of work was his collection of specimens for the London Exhibition of 1851. Though

he held the responsible position of juror, yet he toiled early and late in order that Canadian minerals might be displayed to the best advantage. He lost no opportunity of drawing attention to the resources of the country and succeeded both in diffusing much valuable information, and in uprooting some of the erroneous ideas concerning Canada that were prevalent.

Next came the Paris Exposition in 1855 where the Imperial Commission presented him with the gold medal of honour, and where he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor. "There was of course a great crowd at the Exposition", he wrote his brother, "and the whole thing was grand and beautiful, but I have seen no sights, my whole occupation being in connection with the work of the Exhibit." Later he wrote, "I have been intensely occupied colouring a geological map, and am nearly worn out. Last Monday night I did not get to bed until two o'clock and then got up again at four."

On January 29, 1856, Logan was knighted by Queen Victoria at Windsor. About this time also he was informed at a meeting of the Geological Club that the Palladium or Wollaston Medal, "the greatest honour the Geological Society has to bestow", had been awarded to him. On his return to Canada he found that his fame had preceded him. Dinners, addresses, testimonials, and congratulations were in store for him, and again and again he was to go through that ordeal of speech-making which, as Harrington states, his nervousness always made him look forward to with dread. Sir William admitted this dread in a letter to his brother. "I am sorry", he stated, "that I made a poor exhibition in my reply. I was so agitated that I could scarcely speak, and it was with great difficulty that I could bring to my mind what I had prepared to say. After my reply I endeavoured to explain some of the features of my map but I could not

get over my nervousness and almost stuck in my description for the want of a simple word. If speech-making is to become a consequence of distinction I shall soon wish distinction far off."

Logan's interests were not confined to geology, but extended to other branches of natural sciences as well. He was a botanist of more than ordinary ability, as is shown in the admirable drawings of plants in his notebooks. It was his keen interest in natural science that led to the establishment of the present National Museum of Canada. As one of his associates has stated, few men have done as much as Sir William Logan to bring Canada before the outside world. Furthermore, his contributions to the geological knowledge of the North American Continent, and particularly to Canada, are regarded by many as the greatest made by any one individual. He belonged to that school of geologists whose motto is "facts, before theories". As a consequence, he rarely had to retract a statement once made, and it is worthy of note that his theories and deductions made nearly a hundred years ago have never been overthrown by any of those who have followed him in the various fields of his investigations.

Like many of the geologists of his day, Logan had only a limited knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and palaeontology; but he had the good sense to recognize his deficiencies and to supplement them by securing the services of men like Elkanah Billings and Thomas Hunt, who were towers of strength in the departments that they represented. His own special field was that of stratigraphical geology, and he was most at home among the ups and downs of anticlines and synclines. As a close observer and careful delineator of facts he excelled, but his mind was not of the speculative type and he rarely indulged in flights of fancy. From the time that he began the Geological Survey until the day of

his death the great aim that was perpetually before him was thoroughly to elucidate the geology of Canada and to render the knowledge acquired subservient to the practical purposes of life and to the advancement of his native country.

His manner of living was simple as it was solitary. He was a confirmed bachelor, and being rich, clever, kind, and generally eligible, he was often advised by the ladies to marry, or asked why he had not taken a wife already. To one lady who had attractive daughters he said in reply to her question, " I am already wedded to the rocks. Other rocks than 'rock the cradle' take up my whole attention."

Although he was such a devotee to science, he was by no means unsociable. He would occasionally take an evening to dine with friends in whose society he took great pleasure. On such occasions the whole company would listen to his charming stories or to the Scottish songs he sang in a voice of great richness.

When the British North America Act was passed in 1867 Sir William realized that the field of operations of his Survey would be greatly extended and he realized also that it would be too great for the failing powers of a man then nearing seventy. He accordingly resigned in January of 1869, but continued to devote himself, though with pathetically increasing interruptions, to geological studies and writings. He died in June 1875 with the knowledge that under his guidance the Survey had demonstrated its usefulness and was respected both in Canada and abroad. The foundation for permanent existence had been solidly built by public service, industry and disinterested enthusiasm. Most eloquent of the character and work of the man are his maps and reports, and his skill as a scientist and administrator. These, with the passing of time, have proved the foundation for a powerful Survey tradition.

*Charles Camsell*

# SENATOR JOHN B. GLASIER

(1809-1894)

He adjusted the slant of the stovepipe he wore atop his bushy wig and sat down on a stump and took out his pipe. As he pressed the tobacco into the bowl his sharp eyes studied the circle of men around him.

"Well," he said, "who is going to go on the drive?"

In the silence which followed he could hear Grand Falls far off in the distance roaring a song of challenge. And he knew that in the next moment he would win or lose. Through the winter he had gambled his fortune cutting millions of feet of logs above one of the mightiest cataracts on this continent—Grand Falls, on the St. John River, in the Province of New Brunswick. Now the spring had come, and the ice was running free. It was time for the drive.

But his men had been sullen and furtive for days, avoiding him when they could.

John Glasier understood. Nobody had ever driven timber over Grand Falls. People said it couldn't be done—that those who tried would die in that terrible water and even the logs would be ground to pulp on the rocks.

His lumberjacks were afraid with that stark fear inspired by the unknown and the untested. If they deserted him he was beaten. He had called them together for an answer.

"Who", John Glasier repeated, "is going to go on the drive?" Still they held back.

A small, bow-legged, red-haired fellow, who had been listening from the door of the cookhouse, took off

his apron and threw it on the ground and walked over to Glasier.

"I guess it's you and me will be going together, Mr. John, if these scallawags be as scared as they look," he said. "And won't they be the laughing stock along the river!"

"You talking, that never drove a log in your life," growled a black-bearded giant. "Go back to your bean pot, Paddy. Leave men's work to men. If the other lads are afraid, that's their business. I'm not."

"And neither am I," said a second woodsman. "If the Main John says the falls can be drove, then I'll drive them, by the ring-tailed crickey."

"Me too," said a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. So said they all.

"Paddy," John Glasier whispered to his cook that evening, "you acted it out even better than I'd planned. I've a demijohn of Jamaica waiting for you as soon as we get to Fredericton, and I'll pay your fine if it makes you disturb the peace."

Next day the drive started. And for the first time in history tens of thousands of huge pine logs pounded over Grand Falls.

Stovepipe hat on his head, John Glasier was everywhere—now wading hip-deep in the icy water with his coat-tail billowing behind him, now running up the shore shouting orders above the din of the falls, now straining with a peevee or a boathook where a jam might form.

Where danger was, there was Glasier, and he worked harder than any of his men, even though he employed hundreds in his vast woods operations.

Small wonder that this early lumber king was called the "Main John" by his men, to set him above all other "Johns" who ever bit into a tree with double-bladed axe.

As New Brunswick lumberjacks travelled far afield, to work in woods across the continent, they carried his name with them. Perhaps with a touch of homesickness, they fell into a practice of designating all woods bosses as "Main Johns", and the expression was taken up by others. From Atlantic to Pacific, in logging camps, even today you hear the man in charge referred to, more often than not, as the "Main John".

Senator John B. Glasier, as he became after Confederation, did nothing to alter the course of history. The passing years have filed him away in the dim drawers of memory with "colourful character" scrawled across his index card.

He was born to be a legend; and even had this not been so he would have become one as the owner of Bonnie Doone, the great road horse, or as master of Paddy McGarrity, his red-haired Irish cook.

Glasier was born in 1809 at Lincoln, a small village on the Saint John River. He was a nephew of Captain Beamsley Glasier, of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, a veteran of the French and Indian wars who had settled in the St. John River Valley in 1766 with a grant of five townships. John Glasier's father, Benjamin, was the first man to represent his district in the Legislature when New Brunswick, once a county of Nova Scotia, was made a separate province in 1784.

They were wealthy people, the Glasiers—people of culture and breeding, who built large homes and filled them with old mahogany and silver and family portraits they brought with them from Massachusetts. They entertained lavishly. And they were the undisputed masters of all they surveyed. But the Glasier men had little use for the easy life.

There is no record of the age at which John Glasier first went to the lumber woods, but he must have been a mere boy. He was only 17 when he nearly lost his life

stream-driving, and stream-drivers are generally seasoned loggers. He fell into deep water and as he bobbed to the surface a log, sweeping along on the current, struck him on the head. He was unconscious—and full of water—when they got him out.

At 18, he was stricken with typhoid fever, which then, like smallpox, was a common scourge in the woods. The disease left him bald. His baldness he covered until the day of his death with a bushy black wig, invariably surmounted by a stovepipe hat. He was sensitive about his appearance, perhaps as a result of the loss of his hair at an impressionable age, and stubbornly refused either to be painted or photographed, so that no likeness of him exists.

A grand-nephew describes him thus: "He looked like Uncle Sam. He had a long nose that hooked down and a long chin that hooked up and he was never without his lofty beaver hat, not even when he was tramping miles through the woods to visit one of his lumber camps. He was tall and tremendously powerful, all bone and muscle, and as supple as a boy even in his old age."

They acknowledge that by this accomplishment he opened up a vast timber area on the upper part of the river and in the Squattook Lake district—a district through which he was the first white man to travel. But for details you have to fall back upon what has been passed along by word of mouth.

There is another highlight in his career, given only brief notice by historians, for details of which we must similiarly depend on tradition. It is an incident that, on a less peaceful continent than North America, might easily have provoked a war.

It so happened that after he had his logging operations well established in the country above Grand Falls, rival lumbermen in the State of Maine diverted tributary rivers of the St. John for their own purposes,

on their side of the border. This lowered the level of the St. John and made stream driving of logs in the upper reaches almost impossible. It also made the Main John angry.

Glasier called together his lumberjacks, huge, hard-muscled huskies who wore hobnailed boots and mackinaw shirts and pants of bright-colored plaid—the brighter the better—and asked them how they would like to be soldiers for a change. Now there was nothing they enjoyed more than a good fight, so they greeted the suggestion with enthusiasm, and Glasier led them across the border into Maine.

What a picture they must have made! An army clad in mackinaw and armed with axes and peevees, marching behind a general in a stovepipe hat!

Wherever they met lumberjacks in Maine they fought, and wherever they fought they won, and the Main John was always in the thick of things, always fighting the biggest opponent he could find and miraculously managing, somehow or other, not to have his hat knocked from his head. The major encounter came when they reached the Allagash River below Churchill Lake, which was their destination.

There they put a superior number of woodsmen to flight and, with axes, peevees and explosives, destroyed a large dam. The head of water released was sufficient to cause a rise of three feet in the St. John River at Grand Falls, 160 miles distant. Glasier and his men returned to New Brunswick to find that this, as they had planned, had swept stranded logs off the banks and carried them downstream to the booms.

By the 1850's John Glasier's business had undergone an amazing expansion. He had lumbering operations at a dozen different places in New Brunswick and Quebec. He would spend his time going from one to the other with his great mare, Bonnie Doone.

"Get-up there, you devil," he would say to her as she pulled his carriage along, his words spoken quietly, in a tone of affection, and Bonnie Doone would respond by quickening her pace. She was tireless as a machine.

A grand-nephew of the Main John told the writer that Glasier had been staying in the city of Saint John one winter, and had seen Bonnie Doone in a stable. He knew horses. He had bought hundreds of them for his lumber camps. In the mare, in her depth of chest and powerful legs and rippling muscles, he saw something unique—great stamina and great speed combined in a perfect piece of horse-flesh.

"I'll buy her," he said, without asking the price.

"You're getting a good horse," the dealer asserted.

"Yes," said John Glasier, "I am."

And he took out his wallet. Bonnie Doone, according to the story, seemed almost to understand the compliment. She neighed her approval. And after that, for 13 or 14 years, she was the only horse the Main John drove.

He had a habit of talking to her continually when they were on a long trip. He would even ask her opinion of such important matters as the weather and his business problems.

The distance from Saint John to Lincoln is about 65 miles. A horse which could cover it in 10 or 11 hours would be a remarkable animal. John Glasier hoped, when he bought Bonnie Doone, that she would be able to do the trip in nine hours. It was winter. He hitched her to a sleigh and started out for his house at Lincoln.

In five hours and 25 minutes he was at his front door. And his mare wasn't even tired. She had covered the distance in half the time that it would take a much better than average road horse. She made another trip from Saint John to Lincoln in five hours and 30 minutes and another in five hours and 35 minutes.

John Glasier thought nothing of driving to Quebec with her. Even in the depth of winter he would drive her single-team. When she got old and slowed up, he retired her to green pastures and warm barns and when he came home he would go out and stroke her nose.

"Hello, there, you old devil," he would say. "What do you think of the political situation now?" And Bonnie Doone would wiggle her ears and nudge him.

After she died the Main John got himself a steamboat, one of the fastest on the river. A bottle of champagne was broken over the nose of the paddle-wheeler.

"I christen you", said Senator John Glasier, as the boat slid down the ways, "the *Bonnie Doone*, in memory of the greatest horse that ever lived. Get-up there, you old devil."

According to the diary of a nephew, the late Thomas Glasier, John Glasier was in Fredericton when he first laid eyes on Paddy McGarrity, the wild Irish rascal who was to be his cook. He must have blinked when he saw him for Paddy wore red pants and a red shirt and an old straw hat, and his red hair was sticking through the torn crown of the hat. He had obviously been visiting the taverns and he was mounted, a bit unsteadily, on a big horse.

Some soldiers were marching down the centre of the street in their red uniforms.

"Get out of the way," Paddy cried at them. "Get out of the way, you lobster-backs, or I'll run down the whole regiment." He whipped his horse toward them and knocked down three men. And he landed, of course, in the guard room, on a bread and water diet.

The sardonic lumberman chuckled over the incident. And when Paddy came out of the guard room, his face the picture of sorrow, John Glasier was waiting for him.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Well, sor, nowhere that I know, sor."

"What can you do?" John Glasier asked. "I can lay bricks," said Paddy. Lumber camps, of course, are made of logs, not bricks. "What else can you do?" asked the Main John. "Nothing," said Paddy. "But you must be able to do something," said the lumberman. "Can you cook?" Paddy grinned. "Now you're talking, your honor," he said. " 'Tis me that can make an old shoe taste like the tenderest steak, and heaven help me if I can't, sor."

Thus Paddy became John Glasier's cook. He could mix mortar better than he could mix dough. In fact, if he had lived to be a hundred, he would never have learned to cook a decent meal. Cooks are born, not made.

"You'll poison me yet, you devil," John Glasier used to tell him.

"It's the kind of grub you buy," Paddy would counter. "It's me that would do it, could anything be done with it." And the Main John suffered gastronomic abominations with groans and grins. Paddy was that sort of a cook.

One day John Glasier did get around to firing him. Paddy wanted the afternoon off anyway, the tale goes, for he had a date with his girl, a buxom lass as big as a Clydesdale horse. He met her, he in his red pants and shirt and she in her red Sunday-go-to-meeting dress, and they strolled along the river hand in hand. Now at that time Maine and New Brunswick were having the boundary dispute. Troops were drawn up on both sides of the border.

Paddy, so the legend goes, was whispering sweet nothings in the maiden's ear when a shot boomed over their heads. They ducked for cover. Nothing happened for a long time and they emerged from their hiding place. They looked at the fort across on the American side, whence the shot had come, and saw no sign of life.

"Begorra," Paddy said to his girl, "you're so big they thought we were the whole British army. I think they've taken to their heels."

He left her and crossed the river and crept up inch by inch. No shots were fired so he gathered confidence and rose to his feet. Observers on the British side of the river saw him march boldly up and take possession of the deserted fort. He came back and modestly announced that he had captured it single-handed, and was greeted with cheers.

"Paddy," John Glasier told him, "you're a hero."

"Yes, sor," said Paddy, "I am."

"Paddy," said John Glasier, "so am I. Because I'm giving you back your job as cook."

John Glasier, in later life, went into politics and served in the New Brunswick Legislature for a long period. Such was his reputation and standing that one election he received a majority although business had kept him away from his constituency throughout the campaign and he had not made a speech or canvassed a vote.

In 1867, the year of Confederation, he was appointed a senator from New Brunswick. He was in Ottawa when he died in 1894 at the ripe age of 85. His death was sudden. It was preceded by no illness. In fact, up to the end, he seemed as spry as ever.

The editor of a Saint John newspaper wrote a peculiar editorial.

"In spite of his great age," it started, "word of Senator John B. Glasier's death at Ottawa came as a distinct surprise."

Reading between the lines you sense that the editor was surprised that even death could conquer the Main John Glasier.

*Ian Sclanders*

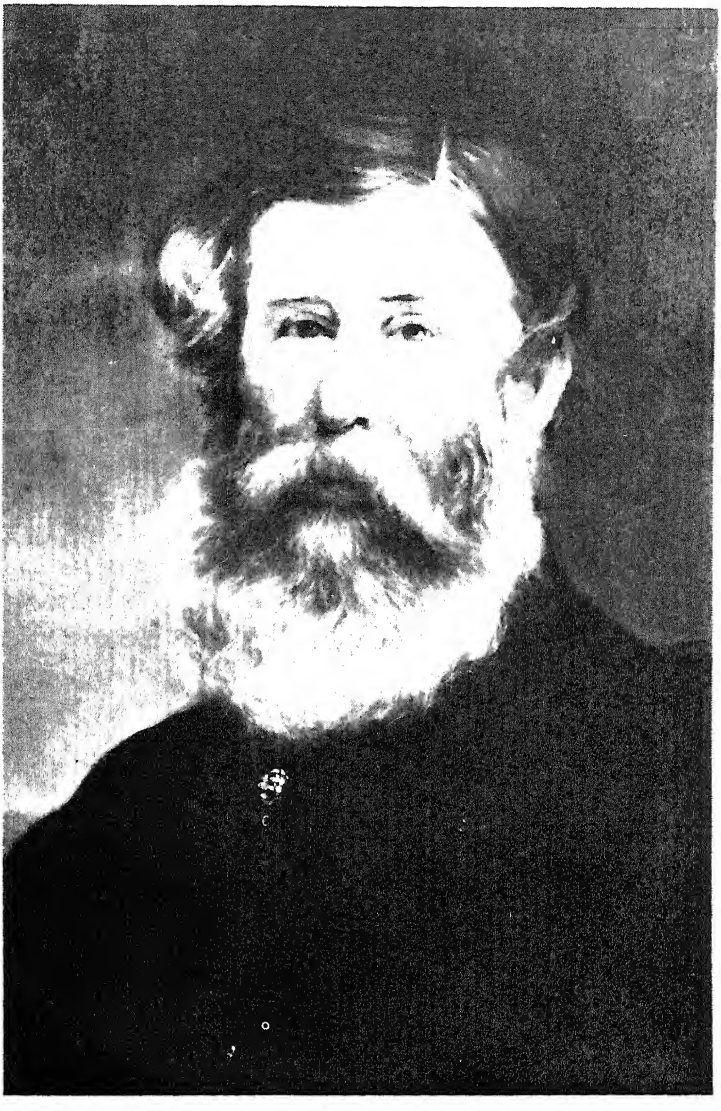
# PAUL KANE

(1810-71)

EAST of Parliament Street, in the noisy industrial city of Toronto, on the slopes that fall gently to the Don Valley, lies St. James' Cemetery, a tranquil park-like place with many lovely trees. In one corner is a simple headstone marking the spot where Paul Kane—sometimes called the father of Canadian art—lies buried. If Kane were alive today, the ravine near his grave is possibly the only place he would recognise as being the York where he spent his boyhood.

Kane was born in Ireland in 1810, but his father came to Canada in 1818 or 1819, bringing his family with him, and young Kane grew up among the Indians whom he later learned to know so well, and among whom he did his life's work. "I was accustomed," he says, "to see hundreds of Indians about my native village, then little York, muddy and dirty, just struggling into existence".

As an artist, Kane was practically self-taught, but when he grew up, he travelled in all parts of the United States, doing whatever job he could lay his hand to, and at length he saved enough money to visit the great galleries of Europe. For four years he painted and travelled, and when he returned to Canada in 1845, he was ready for the great work which he had long held in mind. He wished "to devote whatever talents and proficiency I possessed to the painting of a series of pictures illustrative of North American Indians and scenery . . . . I possessed neither influence nor means for such an undertaking, yet it was with a determined spirit and a



PAUL KANE

This reproduction of a portrait of Paul Kane, understood to be by F. A. Verner, R.A., was made through the kindness of A. H. O'Brien, Esq., Toronto, in whose possession the portrait now is. It was originally owned by Paul Kane's daughter, now deceased.

light heart that I made the few preparations that were in my power for future proceedings."

A light heart and a determined spirit were certainly necessary. For Kane was contemplating a 6000-mile journey to the Pacific coast and back, through trackless wilderness, and in all kinds of weather. The phrase is typical of the man's hardy spirit and courage. In June 1845 he started west, alone, and with the most meagre preparations. Fortunately he had only reached Sault Ste Marie when he met old hands who advised him not to be foolhardy, but to ask help from the Hudson's Bay Company. So Kane returned to Toronto via Green Bay, Sheboygan and Buffalo. Early in 1846 he went down to Lachine, interviewed Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Company, showed him the sketches he had made, and asked for help. Sir George gave the young artist a free passage with the spring brigade to the North West, and commissioned twelve paintings from him as well.

On May 9, 1846, Kane set out again with his portfolio, some paints and brushes, a gun and a few clothes. Mr. George Allan, of Moss Park, Toronto, a patron of the arts, had commissioned one hundred oil paintings of Indian life, so there was no doubt of the trip's being a financial success. Kane at this time was in his middle thirties, somewhat gaunt in appearance, nearly six feet in height, with a hawlike nose and a beard which grew longer and redder as the journey went on.

Kane crossed Lake Huron to Mackinaw, but there, through a piece of bad luck, he missed the brigade by a scant twenty minutes. He showed his mettle by making the trip from Mackinaw to the Sault—a distance of about a hundred miles—in a small skiff, with a crew of three boys, a blanket for sail and one loaf of bread for food. The route was entirely unknown to him, but he reached the Sault safely. "On getting up in the morning", Kane writes, "Sir George Simpson was astonished

at seeing me, and his amazement was not lessened when he learned the mode of my conveyance." It was not the last time that Kane was to astonish Sir George.

They went by schooner to Fort William, thence up the Kaministiquia River and by a series of portages to Rainy Lake, down Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods, and down the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg, where Kane hired some Indians to take him to Fort Garry. All this time he had been sketching. We get a busy picture of him—reaching for his pencil or brushes during a portage, round the camp fire, on the hunt. At any time during the day when there was a spare moment to be filled, his sketch pad would come out.

Near Fort Garry, Kane went on a Buffalo hunt with some half-breeds. In those days buffalo filled the great plains, and Kane gives us a dismal picture of the indiscriminate slaughter he saw on this occasion. Here, too, Kane's passion for sketching nearly cost him his life. He had shot a buffalo, but the beast still remained standing: "I could not resist the desire to make a sketch. I dismounted, and had just commenced, when he made a sudden dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away, leaving my gun and everything else behind."

Kane sailed down Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, up the Saskatchewan to Carlton House, and then made his way by horse to Fort Edmonton, which he reached at the end of September. He noted that it was "a large establishment . . . amounting to about 130 persons". The party then travelled up the Athabasca River by boat, then on horse-back, and eventually on snowshoes to the Rockies, for it was now November and bitterly cold. They traversed the Rockies—through what is now Jasper National Park—by the Athabasca Pass, and descended the far slope to the Columbia River. After this, it was easy going, down river, to Fort

Vancouver—opposite the present city of Portland, Oregon—where they arrived on December 8th.

Kane stayed in Fort Vancouver for about a month, studying the Chinook and Flathead Indians. He observed them closely and tells us some amusing stories. "Their common salutation", he writes, "is Clakhohahyah, originating from their having heard, in the early days, a gentleman named Clark addressed by his friends, 'Clark, how are you?' This salutation is now applied to every white man."

Late in March, 1847, Kane went up the Cowlitz River to Puget Sound, and thence by canoe to Fort Victoria. There he stayed for three months, making side trips up and down Vancouver Island, observing the habits of the Clallums Indians. The reactions of various chiefs to his taking their likeness are illuminating. One Indian insisted on following the artist wherever he went, warning his fellows that Kane would do them harm. "At last I bethought me of looking steadily at himself, paper and pencil in hand. He became greatly alarmed and asked me what I was about. I replied 'I am taking a sketch of you'. He earnestly begged of me to stop and promised never to annoy me again." Another chief thought he would die because Kane had sketched him: "At last, to get rid of him, I made a rough copy, which I tore up in his presence, pretending it was the original."

At length, on July 1, 1847, Kane left Fort Vancouver on the long journey home. Here his troubles began. He decided to take a short cut by way of the Grand Coulee; the only man he could persuade to go with him was a half-breed named Donny, and then only because Kane kept him in ignorance as to where they were going. They travelled through the desert in the blazing July sun; they lost their way repeatedly; they came to water holes only to find them salt or foul; their small stock of salmon went maggotty in the heat, and

at last, more dead than alive, they reached the upper Columbia again early in August.

After recovering, Kane set out with an eastbound Hudson's Bay Company party. But now it was October, and by the time they reached the Athabasca pass once more, they had to face temperatures of 50 and even 60 below zero. "My beard", says Kane, "gave me much trouble, as it became heavy with ice. Even my nostrils became stopped up." Nor was this all. From Jasper's House to Fort Assiniboine on the Athabasca, they suffered over two weeks of terrible hardship. It was deathly cold, they had very little food for themselves, and none for the dogs, many of whom gnawed through their ropes and were lost. They had to clamber over enormous piles of ice, or hack their way through dense bush and undergrowth. On one occasion it took them twelve hours to go three-quarters of a mile. Added to this Kane contracted an excruciatingly painful foot disease—known as *mal de racquet*—from being unused to travel in snowshoes. "It tortured me at every step; the soles of my feet were terribly cut and wounded from the ice, formed by the freezing of perspiration. It breaks in small pieces and is like so much sharp gravel in the shoes. I was weak from want of food . . . and I left a track of blood behind me in the snow at every step." But at last they reached Fort Assiniboine, and eventually Fort Edmonton, where Kane spent Christmas.

From New Year, 1848, till the break up of the ice, Kane studied the Crees at Fort Pitt, and the Blackfeet at Rocky Mountain House, further up the river. Then, at the end of May, the brigade left Fort Edmonton, arrived at Norway House on June 18th, and finally reached the Sault, after an uneventful journey, in October. "Here", says Kane, "I consider that my travels finish, as the rest of my journey home to Toronto

was performed on board steam boats; and the greatest hardship I had to endure was the difficulty in trying to sleep in a civilized bed."

It had been an epic journey, nearly two and a half years in the making. But Kane had 500 sketches to work from, and a diary to turn into manuscript form. George Allan bought the paintings he had commissioned, and in 1851, the Legislative Assembly voted Kane £500 for twelve paintings; these are now in the National Gallery and the Speaker's Chamber at Ottawa. Mr. Allan's pictures are in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, and other works of Kane's are scattered throughout the Dominion.

After such a journey, Kane's later life necessarily seems dull in comparison. Only two events of importance occurred. In 1853 he married Harriet Clench of Cobourg, Ontario, herself a painter; in 1858 he went over to London and succeeded in selling his manuscript to Longmans, who published it in 1859. Kane called it *The Wanderings of an Artist*, and dedicated the book to his patron, George Allan. It was later translated into French and Danish. All the quotations here have been taken from it. It is a plain, modest, but none the less thrilling story of a remarkable adventure, in which Kane showed courage in every hardship, fearlessness before the Indians, and a singleness of purpose in the pursuit of his art, that one can only admire.

What of Kane's art? Can he be called the father of Canadian painting? The best place to see his work is in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Here are over a hundred paintings of Indians and their activities. They give a good idea of his work, and apart from their artistic value, their value as a record is enormous. For the life they depict has vanished, the Indians have lost their picturesque customs, and the buffalo have been almost wiped out.

In this collection you can see Wah-pus, the Owen Sound chieftain who had all his hair pulled out save the scalp-lock; you can see how Fort Garry looked in 1846—a church, a windmill and a few houses; you can see buffalo being hunted and the Walla-Walla Indians spearing salmon; you can see the huge communal house used by the Clallums at Esquimault, and scores of portraits. It is true that the landscapes are seen through European eyes and the Indians are posed; but Kane's attention to detail is astonishing, his color subdued but pleasant, his painting competent. If he lacks Krieghoff's sense of humour, he excels him in accurate reporting of facts. He gives us a unique record of a life now no more.

Kane died in Toronto on February 20th, 1871, and was buried in St. James' churchyard. His own words are his best epitaph: "The object in my undertaking was to sketch pictures of the principal chiefs, and their original costumes, to illustrate their manners and customs, and to represent the scenery of an almost unknown country." He succeeded. No one else, before or since, has done what he did, and set about it in a way that commands so much admiration and respect. Kane was a true pioneer—in art as in life.

*Graham McInnes*

JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHULTZ

From the portrait in the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

# JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHULTZ

(1840-1896)

In the Red River Valley, John Schultz was more admired by his friends, and more hated by his enemies, than any man of his generation, with the possible exception of his arch enemy, Louis Riel. Schultz won the battle against his Métis adversary. He achieved wealth and public office, including the Lieutenant-Governorship of his Province. Yet, to-day, forty years after his death, he is just a name to most Manitobans, and even his name means little outside of his adopted province. The career of his defeated enemy, on the other hand, is known to every Canadian schoolboy. Such are the uncertainties of the conflict with oblivion.

Schultz was born on New Year's Day, 1840, at the village of Amherstburgh, Essex County, Upper Canada. After the usual education of the day at local schools, he attended Oberlin College in Ohio, where he took an Arts course. He then studied medicine at Queen's and Victoria and obtained his doctor of medicine degree in 1861.

Far away fields attracted the young doctor. For a time he considered settling in Mexico, but he soon gave up this project in favour of a trip to Red River. After his arrival at Fort Garry, he began the practice of his profession, but he found the fur trade, a retail store, and land speculation more alluring than medicine. Although he never abandoned his practice altogether, his other interests claimed more and more of his time and energy as the years passed. In fact, his personal

characteristics seemed to fit him better for business than a profession. He also found the former more lucrative than the latter.

Young Schultz travelled widely through the Red River Colony to further his business interests, and to cultivate a hobby—the study of botany. In this connection he frequently addressed local audiences, and on more than one occasion he presented a paper to a learned society in the East. These trips gave him a knowledge, not only of the country, but also of the people, which was to stand him in good stead at a later date.

As a trader, Dr. Schultz was a competitor, and soon an open enemy, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Just about the time he arrived at Fort Garry a profound change was beginning to take place in the status of the settlement. Prior to 1860 the Red River Colony was an island in the wilderness. That is to say, its normal outlet was by Hudson Bay, and the bond of contact with the outside world was through England. As settlement moved westward in the United States, however, communication with the South was established. Fort Garry became an outpost on the frontier of North America, rather than an isolated community. Prior to 1860 fur was the sole commodity which could be produced at a price which enabled it to be transported to the world market and sold at a profit. Hence all economic activity was limited to those products which could be sold to the fur traders. After 1860 a new era was dawning. Products other than furs were soon to be exported over the new route to the south. The Red River Settlement after fifty years of slow progress was about to come into its own.

Dr. Schultz, because of his vigour, his education, and his hostility to the Hudson's Bay Company, became the leader of the Canadian party at Red River. This group was comprised almost exclusively of recent

immigrants from Ontario. These men sought their fortune in agriculture rather than in the fur trade. Schultz and his friends personified the new ideals of the West, just as the great fur trading company was indicative of the old order. The Canadian party was not numerous, but it was noisy. The *Nor-Wester*, founded in 1859, which Schultz acquired in 1864, gave the newcomers a monopoly of the press of the settlement which they used to advantage for their own purposes.

It was soon apparent that the new arrivals, the advance guard of waves of immigrants, would overwhelm the buffalo hunters and the freighters, and the handful of agriculturalists who were directly or indirectly dependent on the Company. The struggle which culminated in the Red River Insurrection was not as much one of race and religion as has usually been supposed. It was rather one of an old civilization against a new one, of a fur trading society against an agricultural one. Not at Red River, but in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, did the issue become one between French and English, and between Catholic and Protestant.

The *Nor-Wester* was the principal weapon of the Canadian party. Its basic policies were opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company and the annexation of the Colony to Canada. Many of its articles were reprinted in the press of Canada, where they proved useful to men, who, like George Brown, were seeking to make Canadians conscious of the potentialities of the lands beyond the Lakes. The general impression was created that the Colony was labouring under the oppressive rule of a great monopolistic company. When Schultz was denied a seat in the Council of Assiniboia, there was a particularly violent outburst from his paper on the injustices which prevailed in the settlement. There was even the suggestion, some years before the name of Riel was known beyond the immediate locality, that

some of the people, Canadian sympathizers, were "openly discussing the propriety of taking the Government from its present hands into their own".

Many of the old settlers, both French and English, were greatly disturbed over the activities of the Canadian party. It is well to remember that these old settlers had practically nothing in common with Canada, and by no means regarded the eventual annexation as either inevitable or desirable. The lawlessness of Schultz and his followers came to a head in 1867-8, two years before the Riel Insurrection, and the older inhabitants became genuinely alarmed.

Schultz openly defied the administration through his resistance to a judgment obtained against his goods. The decision may have been just or unjust, but there was no question of its legality. When the sheriff and special constables arrived at his store, Schultz was arrested, after some scuffling, and taken to the fort. That night his followers affected his release from jail by force. The charges against the doctor were not pressed, and it looked as though he had successfully resisted the authority of the Company and the local Administration.

After this jail-breaking incident, there was an outburst of resentment against the Canadian party in general and against Schultz in particular. A petition was drawn up and signed by some 800 persons protesting against the illegal liberation of Schultz. Hargrave, the Secretary to the Governor of Assiniboia, writing of the outbreak of the Riel Insurrection stated:

The way was prepared for these disorders by a party in the colony, the representative of which was the Nor-Wester newspaper. It was simply a disreputable clique which has in many ways for a long time past excited sedition against existing authority under the pretence of loyalty to Canada.

This cannot be regarded as an impartial view, but it contains more than a grain of truth.

Riel and his Métis supporters did Schultz and his Canadian party a great service when they set up their provisional government in the closing days of 1869. The moment Riel made this move, it became possible for Schultz, who had been dangerously close to insurrection himself, to pose as the defender of law and order while he furthered his primary interest of annexing the Colony to Canada.

When the Insurrection broke out, Schultz was of course one of the strongest opponents of Riel. He openly opposed the provisional government, so that even if the Métis leader had chosen to ignore him, he was not allowed to do so. The Schultz house became the centre of the anti-Riel faction, and soon it was attacked. Schultz and many of his men were captured and imprisoned in the fort. On the 23rd of December Mrs. Schultz smuggled a few tools in to her husband who used them to make a spectacular escape. By cutting up a buffalo hide into strips, he descended the wall of his prison, and in spite of a painful injury to his leg, sustained when the improvised rope broke, he managed to clear the outer barricade unnoticed. He then made his way to a friend's house in Kildonan. An intensive search, extending over several weeks, failed to locate the doctor, who in the meantime was busy organizing a counter-insurrection, which was quite unsuccessful.

In February 1870 Schultz undertook a most amazing journey. Accompanied by a halfbreed, Joseph Monkman, he set out for Canada to put his case before the Government and the people there. He and his companion crossed Lake Winnipeg in weather that ran from twenty to thirty below zero. They made their way up the Winnipeg River, across Lake of the Woods and the intervening territory to Duluth, which they reached

twenty-four days after leaving Kildonan. From there he proceeded to Toronto where he spoke to several mass meetings, stirring up sympathy for his Canadian party in the West.

Once again Riel played into Dr. Schultz's hands. The execution of Thomas Scott early in March gave Schultz exactly the sort of issue he needed to stir up the wrath, and indirectly the interest in the West, of the good people of Ontario. No one seemed to be concerned with Scott's conduct, his previous record, or with the justification Riel may or may not have had for putting him to death. Scott was an Ontario man, an English-speaking citizen and an Orangeman. He was "murdered", so Schultz said, by a French halfbreed, who of course was a Catholic. The latent prejudices of Ontario were fanned into flames, and revenge for Scott's "murder" was demanded.

When the transfer of the Hudson's Bay Company lands to the British Government and hence to the Canadian Government was completed, and when Wolseley's force had made its way to Fort Garry, Schultz had accomplished his purpose. The annexation of the Red River Colony was assured, and it was carried out in the Manitoba Act of 1870. Schultz had been able, thanks to circumstances over which he had very little control, to accomplish his revolution at Red River. He had overthrown the old order and prepared the way for the new, while he himself posed as a defender of law and order. Few indeed have been the revolutionaries who have been so fortunate.

The last twenty-five years of Schultz's career are something of an anticlimax. His greatest accomplishment had been achieved when he was thirty years of age. Riel was four years his junior. Truly, the West was a young man's country in those days.

He remained, however, a prominent figure in public life in Manitoba until the eve of his death. Although beaten by Donald Smith, the future Lord Strathcona, in the first election for the provincial assembly, he was returned by a very large majority for the Lisgar constituency in the first federal election held in the new province. He retained this seat at the next three general elections, and was elevated to the Senate in 1882.

The bitterness of 1869-70 was carried over into Schultz's later political career. He struck hard at his opponents and they replied in kind. His reputation locally being none too savoury, the *Manitoban*, a journal representing the interests of the "old settlers", lost no opportunity to say what it thought about the member for Lisgar.

Schultz, the *Manitoban* claimed, was paid $11,000 by the Dominion Government for losses sustained in the Insurrection. Later, he sold $3,000 worth of bricks, reputed to be bad bricks listed at a high price, for the construction of public buildings in Winnipeg. These two transactions were interpreted as an attempt by the Macdonald Government to buy the support of Schultz, who described himself as an Independent.

The whole case, nevertheless, was not against Schultz. His political standards were no worse, even if they were no better, than the mine run of the day. The trouble came from the vigour with which he applied those standards. He brought suits against various opponents from time to time for perjury, libel, defamation of character, and even for assault, and there is little doubt that he gave as much as he received. Manitoba was a pioneer community in those days; direct action was a normal course; men took their politics seriously; and the personal plane was regarded as fair fighting

ground. Mud, the dirtier and more personal the better, was an accepted missile for political attack. Consequently, what local politicians had to say about one another can hardly be regarded as an impartial presentation of the facts.

In Parliament Schultz was a constant supporter of the interests of the West. He was an advocate of railways and immigration and every other scheme which he thought would hasten the development of the prairies. He was also much concerned over the protection of Indian rights, and warned the Government of its folly and short-sightedness on the eve of the North-West Rebellion.

A typical Schultz speech was made in the Senate in 1885:

> When "Greater Canada" (the West) is bound to us by a railroad, dissatisfaction and threats will cease, and when the last rail shall have been laid, the last spike driven, which binds together this Canada of ours from Sea to Sea, then, and then only, will there be that complete union of interests, political and commercial, which is necessary to build up a nation; and I hope to have in answer to my question that the Government have under consideration the auspicious event by granting to the prairie and western provinces representation in the Cabinet, and to the territories that representation in the Senate and Commons to which their population and great resources and their vigorous and successful work of pioneering so well entitle them.

He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in 1888, and he was knighted at the end of his term of office in 1895. He survived his retirement less than a year, dying at Monterey, Mexico, where he had gone in search of health.

Whatever one may think of the political tactics of Sir John Schultz, and there is room for difference of

opinion, there is no denying the influence which he exerted on the history of western Canada in the most critical years of its development. No man did more to secure the annexation of the Red River Colony by Canada. Few served their country with more vigour and zeal.

*R. O. MacFarlane*

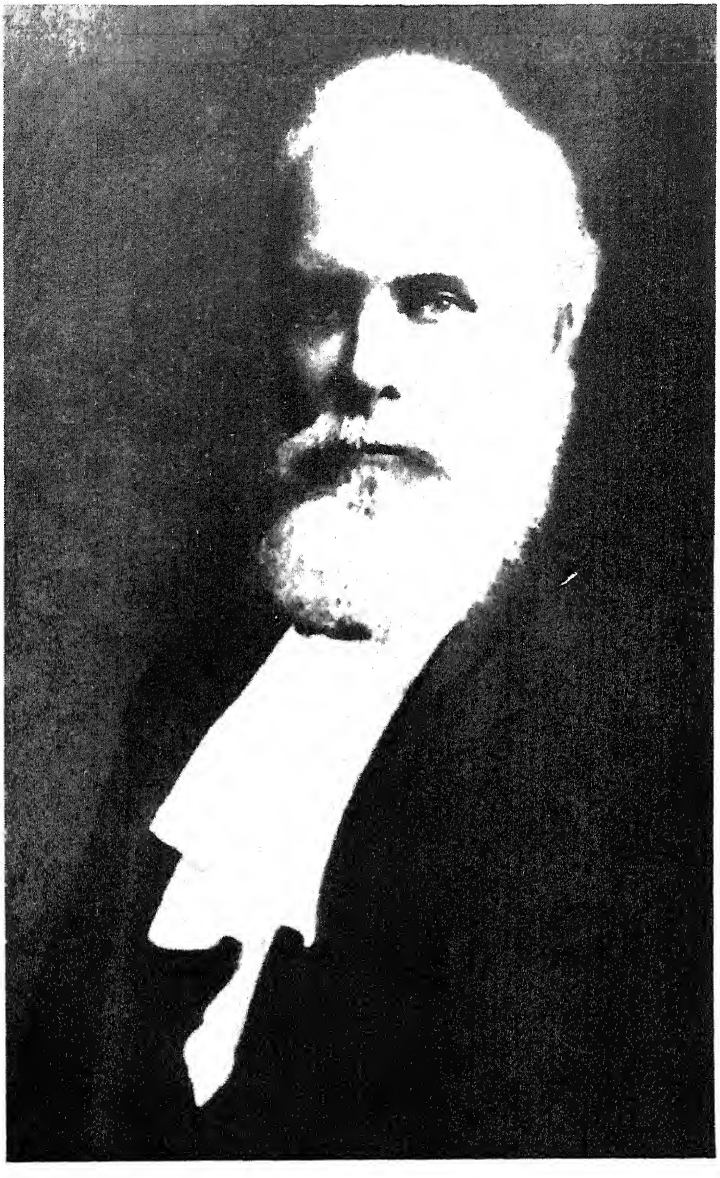
# SIR MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE

(1819-1894)

In 1857 gold was discovered on the Thompson River, and when word of the find reached San Francisco a stampede started northward. Miners by the thousand poured into Victoria, overwhelming the little fur-trading post with their demand for supplies and tools and transportation across the gulf and up the Fraser. Accompanying them were all the parasites that went with mining camps in the forties and fifties. Swindlers, gamblers, hangers-on, adventurers and adventuresses, horse-thieves and murderers joined themselves to the northward-sweeping tide. Sir James Douglas, governor of Vancouver Island, who had no authority whatever over the mainland, assumed the authority he did not have and took steps to regulate the invasion and license the miners.

With all the speed possible—for London was very far away and there was no direct communication—the mainland was organized into the colony of British Columbia, Douglas was appointed governor and Matthew Baillie Begbie was sent out from England to be judge. Begbie was 39 at the time. He had been born in Edinburgh, son of a colonel of foot who had served under Wellington in the Peninsula. He had been educated at Cambridge and called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn.

The day after Begbie's arrival at Victoria, Douglas took him across the gulf to Fort Langley and the two were sworn in there in one of the buildings of the Hudson's Bay fort on November 19, 1858.



SIR MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE
From a portrait in the Provincial Library and Archives, Victoria, B.C.

The period was probably the most critical in the history of British Columbia. It was also one of the most critical in the history of Canada. The whole policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, lords of the wilderness, had been overturned. The order of things had been reversed. The wilderness had become populous. It had become filled with men, all armed, and all engaged in what Begbie later described as the most exciting and most demoralizing pursuit men can follow—the hunt for gold.

There were plenty of good and law-abiding people among the thousands who were crowding in from the South—good and law-abiding, that is, if they were given an opportunity. But there was a very dangerous leaven of the worst elements, and even the most law-abiding had been accustomed to the use of rough and ready methods in the camps on the Sacramento. With no system of government in the Mainland colony, and with an unstable and unorganized population, subject to great temptation and including a liberal sprinkling of crooks and gunmen, there was danger of terrorism and lawlessness such as there had been in California. Practically all the newcomers were Americans who were not disposed to recognize British sovereignty over the new gold diggings, and at first it was feared that the territory would become American, just as Oregon had become so through the influx of American settlers only a short while before. The stern and resourceful Douglas, who had been assistant to Dr. John McLoughlin on the Columbia when the Hudson's Bay Company was supreme there, was fully aware of the danger. By assuming authority where he had none, he kept the country British. Begbie, when he arrived, saw to it that British institutions were established and firmly rooted. Thus was made possible a Canada from sea to sea.

The mining in British Columbia began on the lower Fraser, but the gold dust there was too fine and

flaky and the miners soon abandoned the lower bars, rushing off to the northern creeks and benches in quest of the coarser gold and nuggets. New communities were founded in the almost inaccessible wilderness and the law had to be taken to them. It was Begbie's job to make the Queen's writ run wherever man could penetrate.

A moving picture of the growth and development of British Columbia during the thirty years that followed the coming of the miners would show Begbie appearing and reappearing as one of the principal characters of the drama. Governors came and went. Even Douglas did not tarry long. But Begbie continued.

The picture would show him in all sorts of places and under all manner of circumstances. We see him most often, of course, as judge, holding court in rude chambers or halls on the Lower or Upper Fraser and as far into the Interior as Rock Creek in the Boundary country and Wild Horse Creek in the Kootenay. We see him advising Douglas on affairs of state at Victoria. We see him with Colonel Moody, the lieutenant-governor, frowning upon and at the same time charming away an incipient revolt among the miners at Yale.

An auction sale is held at Langley; Begbie is there buying mules. A sale of horses by private treaty at Yale; Begbie needs mounts and a bargain is struck. A snowstorm on the Lower Fraser; Begbie is pushing his way upward through the ice in an open whaleboat. A mule-train is stuck on a mountain trail; Begbie on his way to the northern mines. A cavalcade emerges from a cloud of dust above Lightening Creek; Begbie is going into Richfield to hold court. A site is wanted for an Anglican church at Lytton; Begbie is deputed to make the selection. A Hudson's Bay steamer drops down the Fraser from Fort Langley to Queenborough. There is a heavy package of gold sovereigns on board to pay the Royal Engineers in camp at Sapperton. Begbie at the

request of the captain lugs the package from the landing stage to Colonel Moody's office and swears he will never do the like again.

To appreciate Begbie's work, one must appreciate his difficulties. The country was almost impenetrable. There were no roads or bridges or marked fords. The trails Begbie himself described as "impossible for any animal except a man a goat or a dog". The traveller had to depend as much on his hands as on his feet.

The mobility of the people also troubled the judge. He found not so much settlements as encampments—hardly a hundred people in any one place and most of these not British subjects, so that it was difficult to impanel a jury.

Another of Begbie's difficulties was the total absence of a legal structure in the colony. English law was in force, but Begbie was instructed to adapt it to circumstances, and that made him a law-maker as well as a judge.

Really, Begbie was a good deal more than law-maker and judge. He was the whole bench. For quite a while he was the whole legal fraternity. A rather pathetic letter to Douglas tells something of the troubles of a jurist who is faced with the necessity of being counsel for both sides and judge at the same time. It was difficult enough to be impartial under the circumstances, the sorely-tried man complains, but next to impossible to convince the losing litigant that his case had been competently handled.

The jails of the country were another source of sore annoyance. They were hardly ever where they were wanted and were at best quite inadequate. There is cold fury in a letter in which the judge, in 1862, informs the colonial secretary that all the principal prisoners at Lillooet, after being kept at the public expense throughout the winter, decamped as soon as the day was fixed

for the spring assizes. Only one Chinaman remained and there was no evidence against him.

Begbie's greatest difficulty, in the early years at any rate, arose from the wide gap between the law and the circumstances. He was sworn to enforce the law, and being a wise and humane judge, he did that, too. commissioned also to suit the law to the circumstances, and being a wise and humane judge, he did that, too. His peculiar position naturally influenced Begbie's methods. It made him interested in substantial justice rather than in forms and technicalities. It made him impatient of fine-spun argument, and when, after a time, lawyers came to the colony and tried to split hairs in his court, Begbie was not kind to them.

A big man, six feet five in height, powerful, handsome, black-bearded, with deep, expressive eyes and a clear-cut mobile countenance, Begbie was in appearance the ideal judge. There was dignity in his carriage, and power, physical and intellectual, seemed to radiate from him. He dominated his court as he dominated any assembly of which he formed a part. "More than any person I have met," says Bancroft, the historian, "he was the incarnation of justice."

The years have made Begbie a sort of legendary character in British Columbia and stories about him are to be picked up in every corner of the province. Some of them, no doubt, are apocryphal, but many are true and most, at least, are characteristic.

Some of these stories paint Begbie as the hanging judge, stern and unrelenting—a sort of nemesis of the wilderness—and there is no doubt he was a terror to the evil-doer of his day. Begbie was fond of walking, and whenever he arrived at a stopping place on his circuit, the first thing he did was to take a stroll to limber his long legs. Rumour soon assigned a grim purpose to these rambles. The judge went out, it was said, to seek out

trees that might be used, if need arose, for purposes of execution. Old-timers at Lillooet are fond of pointing out to visitors a gnarled and wind-twisted bull pine on a bench behind the town. This is known locally as the Hangman's Tree, and legend has it that it was a favourite with Begbie.

An American desperado had been found guilty of murder at the assize in Cariboo, and Begbie asked him, according to the usual formula, if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. The man had a great deal to say, and he said it insolently, finally announcing his intention to appeal to the foot of the throne. Begbie heard him through, promised to transmit his appeal to the colonial secretary and then added: "It will take six months or more for the colonial secretary to deal with the matter and months more before we learn his decision. But you will not be interested in what he decides, for you are to be hanged Monday morning."

Quite different was his attitude toward an Irishman named Cushing who got into a fight at Hill's Bar and was charged with aggravated assault. In his capacity as counsel for the defense, Begbie advised the man to plead not guilty and take a jury trial. That way he would get off. But Cushing was impatient and stubborn. He insisted on pleading guilty and the judge had to accept his plea. The penalty at the time was very severe. It required that the sentence of death be registered and that the prisoner forfeit all his property and be transported for life. Begbie passed the sentence, then exerted all his influence to have it commuted to a couple of months in jail.

There are many stories of Begbie's conflicts with juries. In one of his first cases at Langley, in the winter of 1859, he advised the jury to find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. The jury complied but took five hours to do it. "Had it not been for a member of the panel

who was suffering from toothache," Begbie wrote Douglas, "I should have gone back to the fort and left the obstinate jury all night without coal, food or candle."

There was a somewhat similar case in Cariboo. A man named Gilchrist was found guilty of manslaughter when the evidence clearly indicated murder. "Prisoner," said the judge, "It is far from a pleasant duty for me to sentence you only to imprisonment for life. I feel I am, for some incomprehensible reason, prevented from doing my proper duty. You deserve to be hanged." Then to the jury: "And you, gentlemen of the jury, you are a pack of horse thieves. And permit me to say it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you."

Probably the story most frequently told of Begbie concerns his reply to the drunk who was brought before him. The judge was disposed to be lenient and said:

"I will just fine you five dollars."

But the prisoner was jaunty.

"All right, jedge," he called out, "I have it right here in my pants pocket."

"And a month in jail," the judge went on. "Have you that in your pants pocket?"

Some of Begbie's judgements have a touch of Solomon about them. There was the case at Kamloops of two brothers who quarrelled over the division of the farm bequeathed by their father and brought their case to Begbie. The old judge listened to the story, then called for a map of the farm.

"John," he said, "you divide the farm into two parts—as evenly as you can, remember. And, James, you take your choice."

It was idle to expect, of course, that a man like Begbie would be popular. Too many had felt his heavy hand. He was so unpopular in the Cariboo at one time that a great mass meeting sent a deputation down to

Victoria to have him removed. But he was not removed. Sometimes, as he travelled about, Begbie heard things about himself that were not intended for his ears.

Tramping, one evening, between Antler and Richfield, he was caught in a rainstorm and stopped at a miner's cabin to borrow a coat. The miner, an American deserter, brought out his coat, a Confederate greatcoat. "I'll lend it to you, stranger," he said. "But be careful. That old fool Begbie is at Richfield, and if he catches you with the coat you will get six months."

Begbie had a good many tiffs with the members of the bar, but the legal profession, as a whole, had a very high opinion of the judge's judicial qualities. He had a quick and penetrating mind and could see through an argument even before it was made. It was useless to try to humbug him. But he would not get up his statute law. "The statute books", he once said in open court, "are exceedingly muddled. I seldom look into them."

In private life, Begbie was a kindly, courteous gentleman with a taste for the fine arts. He was a capital hand at sketching and had some fine pictures. He was fond of music and sang in the choir of the Anglican church at New Westminster and at Victoria. At St. John's in Victoria, he had a special chair, his legs being much too long for the ordinary choir stalls. In his later years, it is said, his voice was not by any means under control, and as it was a powerful voice which its owner was not afraid to use, it sometimes made a sad hash of the hymns.

Begbie never married, but kept bachelor hall in Victoria, where he had a small house with a large rose garden and tennis courts. There he delighted to play the host, and it was quite the thing to go up to the judge's for tennis and tea.

A kindly, charitable man, for all his stern exterior and terrifying sense of duty, Begbie gave away much of

his substance, which was never very large. For several years before his death in the summer of 1894, several needy families practically lived on his bounty, and his will provided for legacies and annuities.

A great friend of Begbie's was an Irish soldier named Chartres Brew, who was inspector of police in the stirring gold rush times and commander of the forces in the Chilcotin War. He died at Barkerville in the sixties and lies, with so many of the early forefathers of British Columbia, in the quiet cemetery above Williams Creek at Camerontown. On the wooden slab which marks his grave is the epitaph Begbie wrote for him. With a little emendation it would do excellently for Begbie himself:

A man imperturbable in courage and temper, endowed with a great and varied administrative capacity, a most ready wit, a most pure integrity and a most human heart.

*D. A. McGregor*

# CALIXA LAVALLEE

(1842-1891)

NATIONAL songs, through frequent use, are apt to take on a somewhat impersonal air, and the personalities of their composers are usually obscure. Not often have national tunes been written by the greatest composers: Haydn would seem to be the only composer of first rank who succeeded in this field. Yet the composers of national songs have often been genuine personalities who might easily lay claim to fame on other grounds. Such was Calixa Lavallée, the composer of "O Canada"; his career makes a most interesting study.

Calixa was the son of Augustin Lavallée, a blacksmith of good habitant stock: the family had been established in Canada for nearly two hundred years by the time of Calixa's birth in 1842. The mother was partly of Scottish descent—through one of the many Scottish soldiers who settled down in Quebec after the conquest, marrying French wives and raising families to all intents and purposes French. Augustin Lavallée was no ordinary blacksmith; he was interested in music, for which he had a great love, and he did a good deal of business on musical lines. A circular issued by him in 1853 announces that he "teaches music and repairs musical instruments and fire-arms". The leisure hours in his home at Verchères and later in St. Hyacinthe were largely devoted to music making. One might, in fact, dub him the Harmonious Blacksmith.

Growing up amid musical surroundings Calixa learned the piano, violin, and cornet at an early age. Then the organ claimed his attention, his father being already associated with Joseph Casavant, founder of the famous firm of organ builders, who was at that time constructing experimental instruments. Thus the boy's musical education, if unsystematic, was laid on broad lines and he displayed a remarkable degree of versatility. This stood him in good stead, for in the course of his career he filled posts in nearly every musical capacity from cornetist in a troupe of negro minstrels to cathedral organist.

In 1855 the 13-year-old Calixa was adopted by one Léon Derome and taken to live in Montreal where he studied for a time with the blind musician Paul Letondal. Derome seems to have been a remarkable person—by trade a butcher, and by instinct a patron of the arts, especially music. Discerning unusual talent in Calixa, he determined to give the boy every possible chance to develop his talents, and throughout the composer's life proved a devoted friend. A month or two before Lavallée's death he travelled to Boston to take a last leave of his adopted son.

Calixa was of a roving disposition and after about two years in Montreal he ran away with a theatrical troupe to New Orleans. Here he formed an association with the Spanish violinist Olivera with whom he made a tour, as accompanist, of South America, the West Indies, and the Southern States. Like so many composers who are not virtuosi, he seems to have been an excellent accompanist; some American encyclopædias mention him in this capacity only.

After the tour with Olivera, Lavallée returned to New Orleans and had it not been for the Civil War he might have made that city his home. However, his sympathies being with the North and against slavery,

he found his environment uncongenial and, travelling to Providence, he enlisted in the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment. For some two years he remained with the Northern army, taking part in several notable engagements including Bull Run, and it seems probable that he was wounded at Antietam.

Securing his discharge in 1863 the 21-year-old soldier-musician returned to Montreal and set up as a teacher of music. A combination of poor returns and wanderlust, however, sent him once more on tour—at first with the negro minstrel troupe to which allusion has been made, and then in a variety of activities which took him as far as California, and again to New Orleans. Then we find him in Lowell, Massachusetts, where he married Josephine Gently. Although there is no sign that the couple ever seriously quarrelled, and although four children were born to them, they do not seem to have been very congenial. When, later, they came to live in Canada Mme. Lavallée lived a retired life at St. Jean Port-Joli while her husband divided his time between Montreal and Quebec.

In 1870 prospects began to look brighter and we find Calixa in New York, where he became Musical Director and Superintendent of a theatre once known as "Pyke's Opera House", the home of the Minstrel Show, and re-christened the "Grand Opera House" when it was taken over by the well-known Jim Fiske. For about two years Lavallée made himself useful in a variety of ways and was about to produce a comic opera of his own, when, in 1872, Fiske was killed in a street fight by a rival showman and the theatre was closed. Once more Lavallée found himself turned out into a cold world and once more he returned to Canada where the ever-patient Derome welcomed the prodigal son. Derome, realizing that his adopted son had more than ordinary talent, had long cherished a wish to send him to study

in Paris, and now, in his thirty-second year, Calixa was given his opportunity. Derome managed, by dint of much energetic begging, coupled no doubt with considerable sacrifice on his own part, to assure him some $80 a month as well as his passage money, and to Paris Calixa went.

His studies at the Conservatoire and with Marmontel kept him there two years. Judging by the accounts given of him by his teachers, even though they are somewhat brief, and especially by the very friendly parting letter which Marmontel wrote him, he seems to have been an enthusiastic and apt student. Several piano compositions, including the well known "Papillon" date from this period.

From the time of his return from France in July 1875 until the end of 1880 Lavallée lived in his native country. The Belgian violinist Jéhin-Prume, and his wife, the singer Rosita del Vecchio, were already among his close friends; for a time the three shared a studio and gave concerts together. Words of appreciation from the Press, (especially from that genuine musical personality Guillaume Couture), and a certain measure of public interest were not lacking, but revenues were meagre. The position of Choirmaster at St. James' Cathedral, to which he was presently appointed, was a help in this regard, but one doubts whether his feeling was very responsive to church music of the severer type. He welcomed every outlet for his energies in the secular field, and we find him presently giving up his church position and throwing himself with ardour into preparations for operatic productions.

The production, by Lavallée, of Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc" in 1877 must have been a genuine achievement for the Montreal of that time: it was intended to demonstrate French Canadian talent and justify Lavallée's pet scheme of founding a Conservatoire on the French model with a permanent opera. As a demonstration it

succeeded, and even left a small financial surplus: it did not, however, greatly further the Conservatoire project, and all efforts made to impress public authorities met with the discouraging response so frequent toward musical ventures in Canada. A revival of "Jeanne d'Arc" and a new production of "La Dame Blanche", played in Quebec as well as Montreal, bore much the same results. Lavallée made a passionate, but well-reasoned plea before the Minister of Education, De Boucherville, only to be taken by the arm, guided to the door and told that the Government had no money "for that".

Lavallée was in Quebec at the time of the civic ceremonies of welcome given to the Marquis of Lorne on his first visit as Governor-General to that city. He wrote and conducted for this function a cantata in which the tunes of "God save the King", "Vive la Canadienne", and "Comin' through the Rye" were cleverly interwoven. Doubtless he still hoped that this public service would bring some public support for his pet project, but again he received only words of praise.

It was a little more than a year later, early in the summer of 1880, while he was still a citizen of Quebec, that, at the suggestion of the Lieutenant-Governor, he wrote his setting of Judge Adolphe Routhier's poem "O Canada terre de nos aieux". This song, now sung from coast to coast, seemed to stand little chance at the time of being adopted as a national hymn. English-speaking Canada could know it only in translation, and to this day no translation is both satisfactory in itself and popular in appeal. The Governor-General had moreover written his own national hymn for Canada—one of sixty verses—and had had it set by no less a person than Sir Arthur Sullivan. Anything more banal than the tune which the composer of the Savoy operas produced for this purpose it would be hard to imagine, and

we are fortunate that the weight of officialdom failed to impose it on our country. Nevertheless it is quite probable that Sullivan received for his work a fee considerably in excess of all revenues Lavallée ever derived from "O Canada".

Six months after he had written the hymn, disgusted with the whole situation and troubled by his debts, Lavallée left Canada never to return as a resident. When he left, in December 1880, to take part in a concert in Hartford, Connecticut, with his friend Jéhin-Prume, he may not have intended to stay away for more than a short time. The death of Madame Prume early in January put an end to more than the tour; Lavallée had always depended on her to carry the principal roles in his operatic productions, and this last blow may have seemed to him symbolic of the hopes he must now bury. He fell ill, and on his discharge from the hospital in Hartford, became once more a wanderer. For a short period in 1882 he played the piano on a boat plying between Boston and New York, and for the greater part of a year he toured as accompanist to the well-known Hungarian singer Etelka Gerster, then in America for the first time. Finally, at the end of 1882, he settled in Boston, which remained his home until his death in 1891.

His last years were in one sense happy, in another tragic. The tragic element was supplied by a growing tubercular affliction of the throat which, though variable in its virulence, never left him and in the end brought about his death. On the other hand it must have given him satisfaction, after his chequered career, and after the disappointment of so many hopes for his native country, to settle in a city of culture, where his colleagues treated him with respect and where he was able eventually to make a decent living as teacher, performer, and later as music director in the Catholic Cathedral.

Lavallée was able in a measure to repay American hospitality by pioneering in the cause of American music, giving recitals of American works which included many first performances. It is not surprising, therefore, that during the short period of his residence in Boston he came to occupy a prominent position in local musical circles and was even elected, in 1886, President of the Music Teachers' National Association.

At the end of 1887 Lavallée represented the Association of American Professors of Music at a Congress in London. Londoners were, it is said, surprised to find one of their own "colonials" visiting them in this capacity, and Lavallée's presence at a time when Emma Lajeunesse (better known as Albani) was singing in Covent Garden, must have roused some interest in Canadian music. At any rate the Lord Mayor gave a dinner in his honour and urged him to give a recital of his works, which, however, he does not seem to have done.

Such was the composer of "O Canada"—restless, idealistic, obviously endowed with a valuable talent which his environment and his roving disposition allowed him to realize only in part. With the exception of "O Canada"—certainly one of the most dignified and stately of national songs—his works are not frequently heard, but he should always be remembered as a musician who sought to give his country a genuine musical status and to show how worthy was Canadian musical talent of being developed. We still need such men.

*Ernest MacMillan*

# LOUIS JOBIN

(1845-1928)

THAT the tradition of the Renaissance in wood-carving survived for over two hundred years to the present day in French Canada may be news to my readers. This fact, to which no one paid any attention until the last decade, constitutes a remarkable chapter in the colonial history of America. There are still a number of fine old churches left in the Province of Quebec, despite wholesale destruction and replacement, and there is also a good deal of exquisite woodwork in the traditional style. All this is widely scattered throughout the towns and rural districts. Some of the craftsmen whose work appears in these churches practised their art at various points along the St. Lawrence until quite recently.

One of them, Louis Jobin, sculptor of the Beaupré coast, was an outstanding craftsman of the old Quebec school. The significance of Jobin and his career as a wood-carver extends beyond himself; he belonged to a past age that survived with him to the threshold of our century. And his finest work ranks high as pure sculpture.

The only three years I knew Jobin were those that closed his long and laborious life. I had heard of the old carver of saints of the Beaupré coast; strangers—writers and photographers—used to go and see him in his little shop and publish stories about him. His calling was unusual and picturesque. He seemed bodily to have been transplanted from a mediæval town of Normandy to a French village of Quebec where miracles still happen


LOUIS JOBIN
A sketch from life by Arthur Lismer, A.R.C.A.

under the banner of Sainte Anne. The whole picture was reminiscent of the old world: miracles, relics and saints, and the aged craftsman plying his art in the shadow of a cathedral.

My first visit to him, in 1925, was like a pilgrimage; other pilgrims with me were A. Y. Jackson and Arthur Lismer, two leading painters of the Group of Seven. They had joined me at Ile d'Orléans, opposite Ste. Anne, where I was studying ancient songs and handicrafts. We thought it would be interesting to look at an old-fashioned wood-carver, so, on a bright August morning, we walked down the island cliff to the wharf. The shortest way was to cross the north arm of the St. Lawrence. Before we embarked on a sail-boat we reac' an inscription on a tombstone at the edge of the water; it held a tragic story of drowning; a number of islanders had perished in a storm on the river. Before they had gone down they undoubtedly had made vows to Sainte Anne according to custom, but in vain. Others in peril had been more fortunate; they had been saved miraculously. Indeed, Ste. Anne from the earliest days was a stopping place for sailors, who would bring in *ex votos*, some of which are still preserved. Sainte Anne had long been, in New France as in Brittany, the patron saint that rescued small crafts on stormy seas.

In the little town of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which thrives on pilgrims, it seems as if Jobin himself must be a mystic, a visionary. We sought his workshop and were directed there, down a narrow winding street. Small and poor, it stood at the top of an elevation. We saw two statuettes of apostles on the gable, in the full light of mid-day. Splendid, if weather-beaten, they faced the eastern winds that had brought the early sailors up the St. Lawrence.

As we were led downstairs to the workshop, the wide door of which opened on to the declivity of a small

court, an old man with a fine head and stately presence stopped working with an axe on a large log and greeted us inquisitively. His assistant, axe in hand too, stood in the background. They wondered who we were and what we wanted, for they often received strangers looking for wooden statues. All visitors were welcome; some of them occasionally became customers. Ste. Anne was the right centre for Jobin's art; that is why, years ago, he had moved here from Quebec. Parish priests and other religious persons came to Ste. Anne on pilgrimage with their flock, some of them from as far as Florida and Louisiana, and they need patronymic saints for their churches. Jobin was ready to meet the demand, chisel and mallet in hand, whatever the saint, on the calendar or not.

But we were not the ordinary kind of visitors; there were two artist painters from Toronto, curious to know what his statues looked like; the third, myself, was a museum man. I enquired about all sorts of unusual things, asking with whom he had his training, and whether he carved from nature.

Jobin was not too busy to have a chat with us. At his age, he was glad to sit down for a while; he was tired. Smiling sadly, he showed us his swollen ankles. It was hard on him to stand, wielding a swift axe to rough-hew large statues, and working into them with chisel and mallet. He had to work all day, to keep the wolf from the door. Prices were low, the wood was costly, and his son-in-law, his assistant, had a large family to support.

"Look at this!" exclaimed Jackson, who had been exploring the workshop and its surroundings. We went out to see a statue which he admired. It was a cherub singing to the heavens and holding a lyre in his hands. The face was inspired and angelic, the attitude singularly free, and the drapery of the robe classic and gracefully

flowing. "A fine piece of work!" Jackson commented. "Like a Michel Angelo!" Lismer added. Jackson concluded, "He is not a mere craftsman, but an artist." And we agreed with surprise and admiration.

Would he sell this statue to an art gallery, we wondered? Surely he would; somehow it had failed to satisfy a customer and had been thrown out in disgrace. For some years it had stood under the eaves, playing its aerial melodies to the winds and the tides of the St. Lawrence. It was a bit battered, but still beaming with heavenliness. We hesitated to ask the price. As he spoke and understood only French, we discussed an offer in English. One of us said, "He would give it almost for nothing, since he considers it of no value!"—"That's it," insisted Jackson, smiling. "If those trustees should be asked to pay only a few dollars, they would think nothing of the angel. Find out whether he will take seventy-five!"—"Seventy-five for an angel thrown out of paradise!" He laughed and found it funny. But the trustees were not called upon to give their judgment, as the curator of the Art Gallery of Toronto, Edward Greig, purchased the figure himself and presented it to the gallery. So it was packed up and sent to its new home, away from the rain under the eaves. It now graces the finest court of sculpture in Canada, at Toronto.

Jobin was not a mere *ouvrier* (a workman), as he called himself, but an artist, a great artist. This we realized, as we inspected a number of statues still unsold, and some sketches lying about in his shop. I told him what we thought of his work and he was gratified in his great humility. It was time he should hear of it, for he had come near the end of his long journey. Before the close of that season, I purchased many of his things for the National Museum, the National Gallery, and other institutions; last of all, the two apostles, Saint Mark and Saint John, that stood on his front gable. I wanted

to know where the two others had gone, but he could not tell. Someone had passed in his automobile, had noticed them and bought them. The last two were taken down for me, and the son-in-law closed the front door of the shop, saying, "He has worked long enough!" He died two years later.

That first day in his shop will not soon be forgotten. We had landed bodily into the very middle ages, and the old craftsman answering my questions was no other than one of the last masters of what used to be a guild of wood-carvers long ago. Soon he began to unfold the souvenirs of his long life to me, while Lismer made sketches of his splendid head covered with thick silver hair.

Jobin was not really the peasant carver, untutored and self-taught, whom others had supposed him to be, but a regular master wood carver of the ancient Laurentian school. For he had his training at Quebec under a master carver, Berlinguet, who belonged to the old stock of colonial craftsmen. Berlinguet senior had been an apprentice under Thomas Baillairgé, one of the outstanding architect-carvers of the early nineteenth century, himself a member of the most distinguished family of Canadian artists after the Conquest. Jobin's spiritual filiation linked him with the earliest masters of the Cap Tourmente school founded by Mgr. de Laval in 1675, within a few miles of the place where we stood.

We soon realized, in his humble workshop, that his work had long been unduly overlooked by the museums and the academies, the preferences of these public bodies following the usual standards of academic art. Yet the art of Jobin, in a class by itself, deserved attention. It has since won recognition to an astonishing degree, but his many statues and wood carvings, scattered as they are in many churches over a continent, are still far from being as well known as they might be. Both for quality

and quantity they place him at the front rank of the French Canadian artists and among the most interesting on this continent.

The statues of saints that were left in his shop in 1925 revealed his originality and inspiration. The best were those of angels and apostles. The angels were somehow celestial. The master who carved them must have been a mystic, who had chiselled the features of each with tenderness, and had outlined with grace and purity the shoulders, the bust, the arms, the hands, and the folds of the garments.

The delicate touch of the wood-carver for the angels changed to power and vision when it passed to the evangelists. This was particularly true in the statues of St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. John, who, under his hands, became the standard-bearers of apostolic truth. Their features fit in the traditional frame conferred upon them by the great masters of the Renaissance. These saints, of splendid bearing and size, have stood years on the frontals of churches, in parish gardens, in graveyards or at corner roads throughout Quebec; in the parishes of Rivière-du-Loup and St. Henri de Levis alone I found more than 75 Jobin statues, a number of them eight to ten feet high for niches near the ceiling or in the choir, others only two or three feet, for the decoration of the altars.

The statues and high reliefs of Jobin are too numerous to be all equally interesting; often he had to follow old images provided for him by his prospective customers —which vexed him. "I was not born a copyist," he would say. But he often had to conform to the wishes of his special clientele. His work is not always easy to recognize, as it seldom bears his signature. A fire destroyed all his account books, except that of the last years of his life. The only one I found dates back to 1913, and therefore covers only the last twelve years of his

work. He died at 83, in 1928. In spite of the fact that it covers the period of his old age, this note-book contains 18 pages of fine writing. It itemizes, for the years of 1914, 21 statues; for 1916, there are 30 statues; 1919,17; and 1920, 23. Here is a record which shows his persistent activity even beyond the age of seventy-five.

Jobin was easily induced to speak of his contemporaries, among whom there were not a few talented craftsmen. His recollections, which I took down in shorthand, momentarily brought back to life a period that has ceased to exist. It is true that his memory did not go far beyond his own generation; but it plainly revealed his filiation. His artistic paternity could be traced back from apprentice to master, almost indefinitely.

We know, from other sources, that the founders of this school in Canada, were Leblond de Latour and Le Prévost, the leading masters of Cap Tourmente. Latour had been engaged at Bordeaux, in southern France, by Mgr. de Laval, first bishop of Quebec. The French Renaissance in those early days was closely linked with that of the great popes in Rome. Thus there is but a step, as it were, from Jobin to the fountain-heads of the Renaissance. Masters and apprentices down to Jobin were linked to one another, chain-like, through the centuries. Listening to Jobin's tale was singularly like an experience of long ago, when another might have sat likewise on Leonardo's workbench and listened to the master's great wisdom. They belonged to the same genealogical tree, on the branches of which had matured many masterpieces. Hence there is a direct line of descent leading to Jobin's sketches and statues from the best work of his great predecessors.

*Marius Barbeau*

# DR. WILLIAM TASSIE

(1815-1886)

I AM asked to write of a great schoolmaster, Dr. William Tassie, for twenty-eight years head of my boyhood school, the Galt Grammar School and Collegiate Institute. It is not unfitting that a teacher should be commemorated among the builders of our country. Many of the principals of the early grammar schools and of the collegiate institutes and high schools which succeeded and absorbed them, were men of light and leading in their several communities. They set the local standards of culture, intellectual keenness, and breadth of outlook. Noteworthy in this group was William Tassie of Galt.

Of William Tassie's early life and training we know little. Concerning this subject, he himself was reticent. We know that he was born in Dublin on May 10th, 1815; that his father, James, was an engineer and contractor, of Scottish descent; that at the early age of 19 he married a Dublin girl of 19; that with his bride he came to Canada in 1834 and took up the profession of teaching. His pedagogical equipment consisted only of the ideals and methods of that period as realized and practised in the Motherland.

He taught for a short time at Oakville, and for about fourteen years in the County Grammar School at Hamilton. In 1853 he was called to Galt to take charge of the Grammar School established there in the previous year.

He continued his own studies while he taught, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1856, and Master of Arts in 1858 from the University of Toronto. In 1871 Queen's University bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*. He always seemed to be a "doctor" by divine right.

Galt became an incorporated village in 1850, bearing the honoured name of John Galt, author in Scotland, and founder of settlements in the Canadian bush. Its population was then about 2,000. Within seven years it became a town. Those were prosperous days. Galt was the centre of a fine farming district and soon became the seat of factories and foundries, many of which flourish to this day. The Scottish element in the population was large and the Scottish interest in education soon made itself felt. When Mr. Tassie became head of the Grammar School he was the sole instructor and the pupils numbered twelve. Within a few years the school won a national and international reputation. Boys were attracted to Galt—to "Tassie's School"—from all the provinces of Eastern Canada: from cities of the United States, both in the North and in the South—stoutly contending against each other in the tense days of the Civil War; and from the West Indies—one of whose sons was called Antonio Romogosa of Valencia and afterwards became a prominent lawyer in New York City.

Many of the Canadian boys bore names famous in the political and professional life of Canada—Tupper, Blake, Mowat, Osler, Moss, Keefer, Cronyn, Macbeth, Carling, Boulton, Cayley, Galt, Gamble, and Senkeer. Four out of five boys came from homes outside the town of Galt. The boys of the school were dubbed "The Tassie Apes". Many were the Homeric contests with town boys, nicknamed "Baikie Apes" after the principal of the public school.

The school was at first a small stone building, divided into two class-rooms. This grew into a handsome four-winged structure on its splendid site above the Grand River. This, in turn, in 1903, long after Dr. Tassie's day, was superseded by a large new edifice, the assembly hall of which perpetuates his name. Later still, after the Great War, a vocational wing was added, whose cornerstone I was privileged to lay.

The remarkable personality of Dr. Tassie was the explanation of the growth and effectiveness of the school. On the foundation of his Irish characteristics was built a human structure whose note was force, physical and intellectual.

He had marked intellectual power and amazing physical strength. No man, unless possessed of exceptional bodily health and vigour—no matter how rich his intellectual endowments might be—could have endured the strain of uninterrupted teaching and administering, from early morning till late evening. All social life he sacrificed to his passion for the school. It may be noted in passing that a teacher's health and energy are no inconsiderable factors in achieving success in his profession.

Dr. Tassie was a man of striking personal appearance. One of his old pupils said: "He had the bearing and dignity of a field-marshal and the walk and tread of an emperor." Another very distinguished old pupil, Dr. Beattie Crozier, who died in London, England, has told the story of his mental and moral growth in a book, entitled *My Inner Life*. He gives glimpses of his school days at Galt. He writes: "I have seen emperors, kings, princes, ambassadors, and dukes, but never have I met any one who had so much of what Matthew Arnold called 'the grand air', as Doctor Tassie."

Mr. James E. Kerr of Galt—another of his "old boys"—gives an account of the headmaster's appearance

in the year 1859, when Mr. Tassie was in the zenith of his powers.

A man of medium height, rather stout, he bore himself with the easy grace of one who was conscious of his authority. He walked with head erect and with firm masterful tread. His cane, held lightly by the middle, was carried more as a symbol of power than as a possible means of support. His head was large, his features refined, his forehead wide and high, his face clean-shaven except for small side whiskers under his ears. His hair was brushed well back from his forehead. His nose was well shaped and had a slight Roman curve. His lips were full, and his chin well rounded. His light gray eyes were large and prominent. His clear, mellow, bell-like voice had that ring about it which betokens decision of character. A slight clearing of the throat, which had become a habit, often opportunely betrayed his presence or gave timely warning of his approach. Though often angry, he never lost command of himself. He was a man whom we all feared; though we might call him "Old Bill" behind his back, we felt he was one not to be trifled with. We could not but respect a teacher who had no weak point, and who never gave us a chance for ridicule.

Behind his stately presence and physical grace was the man himself with his sense of essential justice, his untiring toil, his thoroughness, his conscientiousness, his boldness in decision, and his indomitable persistence. He was an autocrat in his own kingdom. But if he required boys to be truthful, thorough, industrious, and manly, he exemplified these qualities in his own life, and craved them for his pupils.

Long experience and keen judgment of character enabled him to understand boy nature. Few loved him; he was not the confidant of his pupils; he seemed to dwell apart on Olympian heights; but all respected him, even stood in awe of him.

If the teacher's personality makes the school, then emphatically Dr. Tassie's personality made the Galt Grammar School and gave to it its special individuality.

The type of school he established was distinctive, and attractive to many parents who desired a well-balanced education for their sons. On the one hand, it was part of the educational system of the Province; it was governed by elected trustees; it was supported by public funds; its teachers must have qualifications acceptable to the central authorities; it was visited by government inspectors. On the other hand, Dr. Tassie sought to stamp upon it the marks of an English public school, such as Eton, Harrow, or Rugby. To him the code of such schools implied belief in the permanent sanctity of honour, self-devotion, and playing the game. These inherited moral and spiritual values he sought to hand on to boys who were likely to be leaders and men of influence in this new land of Canada.

To realize his ideal, he felt that two things were necessary. First, he must admit to the school boys only. His disciplinary methods could be applied solely to boys. In addition he believed that the sexes could best be educated separately, and that the virtues of truth, honour, courage, and manliness could be most effectively inculcated if boys alone were under his guidance. This was felt to be unfair to the girls of the town and in due time the assertion of their right to a better secondary education was one of the factors that led to Dr. Tassie's retirement from Galt. Secondly, he must establish a system of residences or supervised boarding houses. For those, the school trustees assumed no responsibility, nor did Dr. Tassie require his assistants to share in the supervision. He himself carried the full burden of personal visitation and oversight of these houses, and the burden was heavy. In his own house he had over 40 boys, and in each of the other three authorized residences about 25 boys were placed.

At seven in the evening the boys came in from play and sat around the large table to prepare next day's lessons, while Dr. Tassie himself observed everything from his desk in the corner. At nine o'clock the study period was concluded by family prayer, and the Headmaster retired. Then Mrs. Tassie appeared bringing with her something of a homelike atmosphere. To all the boys she was a friend. If they were sick, she nursed them. For every ill she had some old-fashioned, yet efficacious remedy. To cleanse the blood she periodically administered a mixture of sulphur and treacle. When she passed through the rooms at night to turn out the lights, she would often give the boys in bed a stick of candy each. Without such a wife, Dr. Tassie's boarding-house would probably have been a failure. It was not surprising that, after her husband's death, which left her in financial straits, the Old Boys bought her a sufficient annuity for the rest of her life.

Physical training was emphasized and carried out in a gymnasium, which stood apart from the school. Rifle and company drill was directed by a retired army officer. Cricket and football were deemed by Dr. Tassie to be the only games suitable for young gentlemen; and cricket stood on an eminence by itself. He never took part in any games himself; that he should do so would have seemed inconceivable; but at a cricket match he was an interested though silent spectator.

As a disciplinarian Dr. Tassie's fame spread throughout the continent, and to it the reputation of the school was largely due. In no particular is the past so different from the present as in the exercise of discipline. What Dr. Tassie did as a matter of course would be unthinkable to-day and would condemn and discredit the teacher who so acted. However, he had to deal with many boys deemed incorrigible at home and perhaps expelled from some other school. These were wild and restless spirits, with whom the Head dealt faithfully.

He acted on the assumption that even without giving reasons he could expel any boy whose presence in the school seemed to him undesirable. He had an intuitive knowledge of the faults and pranks of boys. What might appear to be a prejudice was really an unconscious inference from experience. He had known boys of all sorts, in all moods, on all occasions. He once thrashed a boy who wore a constant smile, on the general principle that a smile was the mask of mischievous intent.

The instrument of discipline was his strap. This he used with superb liberality in all the forms except the highest. It was of leather, long and doubled, about two inches wide, and by much usage slightly pulpy at the tactual end. He made, I believe, a disciplinary mistake in fitting the penalty to the offence and not to the offender. For all sorts of offences the punishment was the same kind, though differing in degree. Some were punished with many stripes; others with few, but all with some.

If a boy failed to decline a noun or to conjugate a verb correctly, he was strapped; if he was careless in writing in his copybook, he was strapped; if he was late for school, he was strapped; if he was guilty of a moral offence, he was strapped. No effort was made to fit the punishment to the offender. This method of discipline would not be tolerable to-day. Possibly there may be a swing to the opposite extreme; and laxity of discipline or absence of all discipline may weaken character. At any rate, as one looks back, the "old Tassie boys" learned to bear the yoke in youth, to respect authority, and to yield prompt obedience to lawful commands. These qualities help to make strong manhood.

As a teacher, he had both strength and weakness. He made the classics the centre of his curriculum. Thoroughness was the essential note of his teaching, and yet that thoroughness was largely limited to the

mastery of Greek and Latin grammar, of quantity and of scansion, and of the mythological allusions to the parentage, fortunes, and fightings of gods and goddesses and heroes.

He insisted on a knowledge of the rudiments and drilled the boys therein by constant reiteration. An old pupil, Dr. Harbottle, in later years composed this versified recollection of school days in Galt: "Irregular verbs, defective as well, Were conned with an anxious care, Despairing at naught, they'd got to be got, In the days when Tassie was there."

Whatever the strength of this method might be in junior forms, it proved a real weakness when applied to the upper forms. Dr. Beattie Crozier in his book, *My Inner Life*, complains that there was no discussion of the matter of the lesson, no attempt to get the pupil to appreciate it as literature, to note felicities of diction, or to connect the thoughts of Greeks and Romans with the thought of to-day.

Another old pupil, giving his recollections in the *Galt Reformer* claimed that in his classics he got more from the Rev. Mr. Woodruffe (one of the assistant masters) in three months than from Dr. Tassie in three years. Dr. Tassie, he stated, always wanted the bare, bald, literal translation; and there was no continuity in the translation—each day's assignment stood by itself. Be this as it may, many an old Tassie boy remembered with appreciation the grounding he received in grammatical fundamentals and in the extension of his classical vocabulary. Dr. Harbottle puts this remembrance into rhyme:

Precise on his table laid hat and his key,
Methodical, too, with his chair—
Your lessons you knew and knew that you knew
In the days when Tassie was there.

In his teaching of English, he demanded an interest in the derivation of words. Once he asked the class the

derivation of the word *darling*. After many failures one rash boy answered *duck*, to whom Dr. Tassie immediately shot back the answer *goose*. He usually left the boys to find out the correct answers for themselves before the next day's lesson.

On good handwriting he laid special emphasis. Indeed, parents were favourably impressed by the work of the school, when they observed the rapid improvement in their sons' handwriting. Care in calligraphy was fostered by a liberal use of the strap; a boy who was caught holding his pen between the first and second fingers was denounced as a disgrace to the school.

To two text books he used I wish to pay a tribute—Collier's *British History* (abounding in incidents not yet "debunked") and Collier's *History of English Literature* (with appropriate illustrations at the end of each chapter).

And now a word about the last stage of his career at Galt. Tragic indeed was the sudden decline of the school under his rule. Three factors operated against him: The Department of Education established a yearly test, called the Intermediate Examination, by passing which students were qualified to be public school teachers. Payments of school grants were to be made according to examination results. Against this whole system Dr. Tassie rebelled. He refused to admit the new situation thus created; he maintained that his school existed to make strong character and to give a good education for its own sake. Could he have adapted himself to the new conditions, he might still have kept his old ideals and realized them under the new requirements. Many of his pupils presented themselves for the examinations and few passed. As a result, his methods of teaching were criticized as out of date.

Criticism of one point led to criticism of his whole system. The demand for co-education could not be withstood. His natural force was abated, and he could no longer impose his discipline. His reputation began

to wane; the number of pupils from outside grew smaller. In 1881 he resigned. A great career of educational achievement was clouded at the end.

Dr. Tassie removed to Toronto and established a school for boys on Bloor Street East, where now stands a church. Again pupils rallied to him. Among them was Dr. Bruce Macdonald, the famous Headmaster of St. Andrew's College, who still cherishes kindly memories of this thorough though stern teacher of the classics.

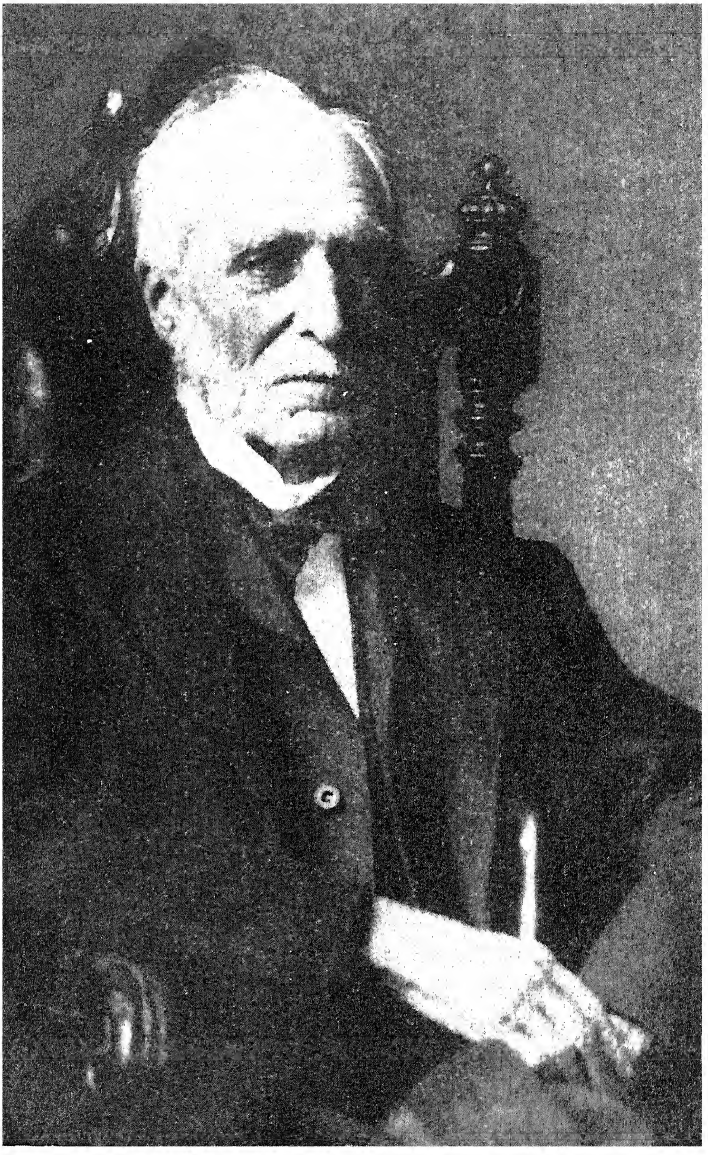
Once more he moved on. He was appointed Principal of Peterborough Collegiate Institute, to improve its discipline; but soon after, towards the end of the year 1886, he rested forever from his labours.

To him St. Paul's words might well be applied: "This one thing I do." He toiled terribly; he took little relaxation; his joy came from accomplishing his purpose. Unhappily, the multitude of his routine duties gave him little opportunity to read, to study, to think. His intellectual growth was stayed.

If a teacher wishes to keep alive and able to stimulate the interest of his pupils, he must extend his knowledge of the subject taught far beyond the compass of the immediate lesson or text-book. He must have an adequate margin of knowledge. To the new educational world, when his physical forcefulness declined, Dr. Tassie was no longer equal.

But he wrought a great work in his generation. His personality created in a famous school an atmosphere of loyalty to the institution, which fostered all the higher loyalties of life; and he sent forth into the broad fields of this Dominion, hundreds of youths imbued with fine ideals of sincerity, thoroughness, perseverance, and public service. This is no mean legacy to leave to any people in any age.

*H. J. Cody*



GOLDWIN SMITH

From a photograph kindly loaned by H. O. Houston, Esq., Toronto.

# GOLDWIN SMITH

(1823-1910)

QUITE a few people would doubt whether it is worth while to attempt a portrait of Goldwin Smith, and many more would deny his right to be called a Canadian. But the present day, when all of us, from Royal Commissioners down to student debaters are worrying about the problems of our Canadian nationality, is not a bad time to recall one of the writers of the past who spent many years thinking and writing about these topics. Most modern Canadians remember Goldwin Smith very vaguely as a bitter old man who had no faith in Canada and who advocated annexation to the United States. Though he was a professor of history he left no great monumental historical work behind him, and nobody today reads what he wrote. For his writing was mostly in the nature of journalism; and though we in Canada have been more successful in producing first class journalists than in producing first-class historians, we have never thought it worth while to remember much about them.

But Goldwin Smith lived amongst us during the first generation of our Canadian Dominion, and watched the first development of all those difficulties in the making of a nation of which we are so acutely conscious today. I think his arguments as to the obstacles in the way of any real national unity, his pessimistic conclusions about the nature of the relations between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, his reflections

upon the fiscal and railway policies of those days, his analysis of our relations with Great Britain and the United States, make interesting reading for any Canadian of these days who is seriously interested in our country. One gets a fresh insight into the Canada of the late 1930's when one learns how similar our worries are to those which oppressed Canadians in the late 1880's. If you read his book, *Canada and the Canadian Question*, which appeared in 1891 and which is probably the most pessimistic work ever written about Canada, you will exclaim on page after page how modern it is and how precisely we are repeating the experiences of our grandfathers. And, according to your temperament, you will reflect, cheerfully, that after all Canada did come through that long hard period of the 70's and 80's and early 90's and will probably come through her present troubles; or else you will reflect, sadly, as one other great Canadian journalist reflected pessimistically at the end of his life, that after every general election and with every new government in Canada we seem to have to be made into a nation over again.

At any rate, if you like pungent incisive writing, you will find it in Goldwin Smith's pages in the *Canadian Monthly* or *The Nation* of the 1870's, in the *Bystander* or the *Week* of the 1880's, in the *Farmers' Sun* of the late 1890's and early 1900's, or in his various booklets and pamphlets, and especially in his *Canada and the Canadian Question*. Most of his writings are now to be found only in our big libraries, but those people who like visiting second-hand book stores can pick up many Goldwin Smith volumes there. He was asked once how he achieved that simple clear terse austere style of his. "Style", he said, "I have no style, I merely wait for the mud to settle." The conditions of modern journalism do not allow our editorial writers time to wait for the mud to settle, which I suppose is one of the reasons why the journalism

of the 1870's and 80's and 90's is so much better reading than the journalism of to-day.

Goldwin Smith was born in Reading, England, in 1823. He went through Eton and Oxford and at the university had a brilliant scholastic career, after graduation winning a fellowship in University College. He quickly became one of the leaders of the little group of liberal reformers in the university. He helped in the investigations of the Royal Commission whose report led to the modernization of Oxford. Then in 1858 he was elected Regius Professor of Modern History; and he appeared to have a great career before him in the university. But two events, one public and one private, interrupted it.

In 1861 the American Civil War broke out. Among the educated upper classes of Oxford and London Smith found himself one of a small minority who took the side of the North. He was already deeply discontented with his own England with its survivals of feudalism, its state church and its hereditary aristocracy, its snobbery and class distinctions. In the democratic northern states fighting against an aristocratic south he discerned the hope of democracy for the English-speaking peoples. He espoused their cause vigorously, joining with Cobden and Bright and the Manchester men in writing pamphlets and addressing great mass meetings in their support. In 1864 he came out on a visit to America, a more or less official emissary to the people of the North from their English sympathizers. What he saw on this side of the ocean, combined with the bitter criticism of everything American which was popular in English Society (with a capital S), convinced him that in America was the future hope of democratic progress and that America was his spiritual home.

While his mind was full of such ideas and enthusiasms there occurred an event in his personal life

which was decisive for his own future. In 1866 his father suffered an injury in a railway accident which produced a mental derangement. Smith, a devoted son, threw up his Oxford professorship to look after him. Two years later his father committed suicide. The shock prostrated the son and made all his old associations in England seem unbearable. In 1868 he met Andrew White who invited him to become professor of history in the newly founded Cornell University. Smith accepted the invitation and moved to America.

But for some reason or other he failed to settle down at Cornell, and in 1871 he moved north to Toronto where he had relatives. In 1875 he married Mrs. Boulton, the mistress of the Grange; and in Toronto he continued to live until his death in 1910.

Before he left England in 1863, Goldwin Smith had published a book called *The Empire*, which was a discussion of the relation of England with her colonies at that time. He had a good deal to say about Canada, the most important colony, and he advocated very strongly the policy of colonial emancipation. For Canada he saw a rosy future as a second great democratic nation in North America if she would only free herself from her dependence upon English aristocracy and feudalism. "We are keeping the colonies", he said, "in a perpetual state of political infancy, and preventing the gristle of their frames from being matured and hardened into bone. We have given them all that we really have to give—our national character, our commercial energy, our aptitude for law and government, our language . . . England is a European aristocracy, Canada is an American democracy. I am against dependencies, when nations are fit to be independent. But grant that Canada cannot stand as a nation by herself, it is with a nation in America, not with a nation in Europe that she must ultimately blend . . . As a province she cannot form the

independent character or assume the clear lineaments of a nation. There is but one way to make Canada impregnable, and that is to fence her round with the majesty of an independent nation."

Smith settled in Canada in 1871 just after Confederation had been achieved. The air was vibrating with enthusiasm for the new nationality, and Goldwin Smith thought he saw his dream coming true already. The famous professor from Oxford was at first welcomed in Toronto and soon his pen found employment. A new literary journal had been launched by a group of enthusiasts to provide a vehicle for the expression of the new national spirit. Smith was invited to contribute to it; and the January 1872 issue of the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* published the first article under the pen-name which was to become so well known during the next thirty years, "Bystander". Just at this time also the Canada First movement had been started and Smith quickly became connected with it. He contributed to its organ, *The Nation*, a weekly which began publication in 1874. This involved him in bitter controversy, and from controversy about Canada's destiny he was never again free. The founders of Canada First meant to advocate a devotion to Canada above devotion to any particular province, above devotion to any party, above devotion to Great Britain, though on this latter point they were not united. But the two Toronto dailies, the *Globe* and the *Mail*, jumped upon them fiercely for their supposed anti-British and annexationist sentiments, and the *Globe* made Goldwin Smith its special target.

The Canada First movement soon died down; its journal, *The Nation*, lasted for less than two years. Edward Blake, to whom its young men had looked as the leader of a new national party, took office in the Grit government of Alexander Mackenzie. Goldwin Smith was discouraged, and the petty partisanship of

most Canadian political controversy disgusted him. However, he did not give up his efforts to support high-class journalism. In 1876 he helped John Ross Robertson to found the Toronto *Telegram* as an independent newspaper. In 1880 he started a little monthly of his own, which he wrote from first to last page himself, *The Bystander*, and which contains probably his best political journalism. In 1883 he was one of the founders of *The Week*, a weekly whose first editor was Charles G. D. Roberts. Most of these ventures were unsuccessful or passed out of his control. Their failure helped him in his growing disenchantment with Canada. But we should remember that, whatever his ideas of our political future, he always paid Canadians the compliment of thinking them capable of reading journalism of the standards of the best productions in England. Finally in 1896 he took over the *Farmers' Sun* of Toronto, feeling that his political philosophy had more of an appeal to Canadian farmers than to city people fattened on industrial protection, and for it he continued to write until just before his death.

Smith's loss of faith in the experiment of Canadian Confederation was due to a combination of circumstances —the steady degradation of our politics, the long economic depression from which we suffered in spite of the National Policy and the building of the C.P.R., the quarrels between Ontario and Quebec, the growth of an ultramontane French Catholic nationalism in the latter province, the failure of the outlying sections of the Dominion to become really united with central Canada. All his life he had dreamed of an eventual reunion of the English-speaking peoples who had been estranged in the 1770's. And with the seeming failure of Canadian Confederation he became more and more convinced that the first step towards this greater reunion was the union of Canada with the United States. No forcible annexa-

tion, however, must be thought of. Union must be by consent, as freely entered into as the union of England and Scotland. Canada's role, in fact, was to be the Scotland of North America. And whenever we feel sore at the bitter things which Goldwin Smith may have said about us we should remember that no one has ever paid Canadians a more extravagant compliment than this.

After the middle nineties, when Canada at last began to enjoy an increasing prosperity, Goldwin Smith's pessimism as to the possibility of a Canadian nationality seemed more and more out of place and his isolation from Canadian sentiment became more complete. The turn of the century brought another development which Canadians at first were not inclined to take very seriously but which profoundly depressed Smith and darkened all his later years. In 1899 Canada joined Great Britain in the Boer War. Just before this the American people had rushed into the Spanish-American war. The two North American peoples, from whom the Oxford professor had once hoped so much, and who he thought might have set such an example to the world of a peaceful democratic civilization, seemed to be plunging into the militaristic imperialism which was the curse of Europe. His last writings in the *Farmers' Sun* were warnings to his Canadian readers against the great European struggle which he saw impending. Perhaps the Bystander was not sorry to leave the world before the catastrophe arrived. At any rate on this problem of Canada's relationship with the outer world as well as on that of the relationship of Canadians with one another Goldwin Smith had a great deal to say which should be of interest to us in Canada today.

*F. H. Underhill*

# JAMES McINTYRE

(1827-1906)

THE little village of Forres, Morayshire, Scotland, is world famous as the scene of Macbeth's slaying of King Duncan; but we Canadians remember it particularly for two lads born in houses opposite each other in the early nineteenth century. The elder, Donald Alexander Smith, became Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, President of the Bank of Montreal, and Canadian High Commissioner in London. He is best known as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The younger, James McIntyre, born in 1827, followed his boyhood chum to Canada, cleared trees from an Ontario pioneer farm, learned carpentry in St. Catharines, and finally became an undertaker and furniture dealer in Ingersoll, in the County of Oxford.

Fame came to him as a poet, and as the decades pass his verses become increasingly precious for their descriptions of and comments on rural life in his time. McIntyre was not literary but belonged to the tradition of local bards, which stretches down from the Middle Ages and now lives only in the outpourings of ancient Celts in such spots as the lovely valleys of Cape Breton. It was the function of these men to hymn happenings round about—weddings and funerals—and to celebrate whatever was locally songworthy. What they lacked in education they made up in fervour and direct appeal to local interests and personalities.

Sophisticated readers find amusement in McIntyre's style and restricted outlook; but the man's verses have really preserved memory of an economic epic in Canadian farming. More writers fail because they have nothing of importance to say than from want of technique.

McIntyre was lucky in stumbling upon a theme deeply rooted in the common life. Wheat mining had ruined that section of Ontario in the 1850's. Mixed farming was introduced to restore the condition of the soil; and in the 1860's dairying produced a cash crop. As the poet artistically phrased the fact:

Then let the farmers justly prize
The cows for land they fertilize,
And let us all with songs and glees
Invoke success into the cheese.

By-products are often romantic in outstripping in importance the original objectives. Cheese, the by-product of a by-product, came to dominate the scene, and McIntyre was thrilled, to his credit, at the sight of a whole countryside turned magically from poverty to riches. His district was presently shipping ten million dollars worth of cheese annually; and the farmers, who were paying off their mortgages, went so wild with delight that they decided to manufacture and send to the Toronto Exhibition the largest cheese in world history. This monstrous lump of edible matter, occupying a whole flat-car, weighed 8,000 pounds. It was a symbol of economic salvation and McIntyre, driven to lyric ecstacy, composed his most quoted poem:

*Ode on the Mammoth Cheese*

We have seen thee, queen of cheese,
Lying quietly at your ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze,
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go
To the great Provincial show,
To be admired by many a beau
In the city of Toronto.

Wert thou suspended from balloon,
You'd cast a shade even at noon,
Folks would think it was the moon,
About to fall and crush them soon.

The strain for rhymes is so obvious here that, as a critic, I believe McIntyre did immeasurably better in his more comprehensive *Oxford Cheese Ode* that, unfortunately, has never been as popular, but is the epitome of his poetic endeavour. Agriculture has been our basic industry, yet no other poet to this day has ever written of these homely matters with such passion.

*Oxford Cheese Ode*

The ancient poets ne'er did dream
That Canada was land of cream,
They ne'er imagined it could flow
In this cold land of ice and snow,
Where everything did solid freeze,
They ne'er hoped or looked for cheese.

A few years since our Oxford farms
Were nearly robbed of all their charms,
O'er cropped the weary land grew poor
And nearly barren as a moor,
But now their owners live at ease
Rejoicing in their crop of cheese.

And since they justly treat the soil,
Are well rewarded for their toil,
The land enriched by goodly cows
Yields plenty now to fill their mows,
Both wheat and barley, oats and peas,
But still, their greatest boast is cheese.

To us it is a glorious theme
To sing of milk and curds and cream,
Were it collected it could float
On its bosom, small steam boat,
Cows numerous as swarm of bees
Are milked in Oxford to make cheese.

McIntyre differed from most poets in his touching humility. He knew he was not writing great poetry; but he was doing his best with praiseworthy sincerity. What he wrote about was real and he himself was profoundly moved by the spectacle of the boom of the 1870's,

which had brought purchasing power to his community, resulting in comfortable homes, fine barns and people as contented as the cows in their pastures. So he sang the cow, the source of wealth, from the beauty of her nose to the usefulness of her manure. It was a thorough job because all this entered into the ordinary domestic life of everybody:

> And the ladies dress in silk
> From the proceeds of the milk,
> But those who buy their butter,
> How dear it is, they mutter.

Perhaps the poet did, at times, allow his enthusiasm to lead him into the prosaic. For example:

> You can buy your hoops and screws,
> And all supplies for dairy use,
> Milk cans and vats, all things like these,
> In Ingersoll great mart for cheese,
> Here buyers all do congregate
> And pay for cheese the highest rate.

Like the thrifty business man he was, McIntyre advised against waste, and suggested in his verses further by-products:

> Grant has here a famous work
> Devoted to the cure of pork,
> For dairymen find it doth pay
> To fatten pigs upon the whey,
> For there is money raising grease
> As well as in the making cheese.
> And it pays best to sell each pig
> Plump and young, not old, fat and big.

Not to exhaust a thrilling subject, but merely to demonstrate this poet's barnyard range, as well as his coy punning, we may include a final quotation:

> And in Ontario the hen
> Is worthy of the poet's pen,
> For she doth well deserve the praise
> Bestowed on her for her fine lays.

Greatly beloved in his community, McIntyre belonged to two fraternal societies; and because it was probably part of his business to rent out chairs, we are indebted to him for a graphic account of an incident during Thomas D'Arcy McGee's visit to Ingersoll in 1859 to make an election speech on behalf of the local candidate. The chairs, probably made in McIntyre's shop, were painted with the cheap varnish that responded too well to the heat of the human body. When the orator rose to speak, "the chair being new stuck to him." Wittily, he remarked that he hoped the people of Montreal would be as anxious as the residents of Ingersoll evidently were for him to retain his seat. This was considered a mighty jest in those days.

Rumour long said that the poet owned a cheese factory and his verses were advertising. This is base calumny. McIntyre's devotion was entirely altruistic. His days were spent making furniture and selling it to the living and burying the dead. No more than other poets did he acquire riches, but "he was always able to pay his debts". He was a good citizen, taking some interest in politics. He admired Gourlay, describing him as "the first to agitate for popular rights in Canada" (1817-20).

*Robert Fleming Gourlay*

There came to Oxford Robert Gourlay,
In his old age his health was poorly:
He was a relic of the past,
In his dotage sinking fast;
Yet he was erect and tall
Like noble ruined castle wall.
In early times they did him impeach
For demanding right of speech,
Now Oxford he wished to represent
In Canadian parliament,
But him the riding did not honour,
But elected Doctor Connor.

Kate Ruttan, McIntyre's daughter, idolized her father. She testified simply, "He was the loveliest man on earth." It is from her that we learn of the misfortunes that clouded his last years. Bankruptcy followed taking into partnership William Watterworth and Sam Crotty; but even Nature, who should have been kinder, dealt a final blow at the poet's finances. A flood of the River Thames washed away the foundations of his establishment. Down the angry stream floated coffins, caskets, card tables, pianos, chairs, beds and the whole stock in trade. After that, "he couldn't pay for a sitting hen". His Masonic and Odd Fellow friends and all the townsmen got together and collected six hundred dollars to meet immediate needs; but he was never again prosperous.

When James McIntyre died at the city of Ingersoll on March 5, 1906, he was seventy-nine years of age. During his lifetime he had contributed notably to the amusement of Canadians, who are apt to be altogether too sober. Yet it would never occur to him that his compositions formed one of the richest jokes in the history of Canadian literature. When Sir John Willison, convulsed over some of the absurdities in McIntyre's lines, printed several of the poems in the *Globe*, the author took the tribute at its face value and was immensely flattered. From long study of his life and work, I have come to have so deep a fondness for him, so sincere an admiration for his fundamental good sense, that I am glad he never realized most of his fame would rest on bathos. This was indeed the reason for the ready sale of the two books he published—*Musings on the Banks of the Canadian Thames* (1884) and the definitive volume, *Poems of James McIntyre* (1889). Few are the poems which, for any reason at all, are read as avidly half a century after publication as we read his.

As the years pass he will acquire quite a different sort of reputation. He was one of the first to predict

accurately the development of the Canadian West. He made other predictions about Canada generally, which seemed wild in his day but are now in the mouths of everybody in prospect of the expansion that will likely follow the present war. He was by no means a fool. He merely lacked the self-critical faculty, and was unaware when he was writing nonsense, or stating sound facts in foolish phrases.

Already the historian would do well to consult his pages for forgotten details about how our ancestors conducted themselves a century ago. He tells of the spinning of wool and the making of homemade garments, of barn raisings and burning stumps, of making snake fences and the song of the frogs. Laugh as we may and should, some of these pictures in words are taking on a quaint dignity. For instance, this from the year 1841:

Our first Canadian job when boy
In the big woods we did enjoy,
Large maple bush we then did tap
And to camp carried maple sap.
Of old we thought our neck was broke
By having on it a neck yoke,
And on each side a heavy pail
Suspended from the yoke by bail.
We waded in the snow and slush
And stumbled o'er the logs in bush,
But no doubt the maple's sweeter
Than any other thing in meter.
Let none at sugar making scoff,
Webster was rocked in a sap trough,
When boiling sap it is quite handy
To pour some in snow to make candy.

Poets of to-day might well remember their environments more than they do, and find as did McIntyre more frequent inspiration in the daily life about them. Mining and hydro-electric power need their poets on much the same terms as McIntyre lauded cheese.

*William Arthur Deacon*

# DR. ANGUS MacKAY

(1840-1931)

THE story of grain growing in the prairie provinces of Western Canada makes a colourful chapter in the history of western agriculture. No word picture of this spectacular development would be complete which failed to bring into focus certain of the pioneers who for many years helped to shape the trend of farming during the formative period. Among the most distinguished of these personages is Dr. Angus Mackay, first Superintendent of the first Dominion Experimental Farm in Western Canada.

It was rare good fortune for Western Canada, and Saskatchewan in particular, that a man of Dr. Mackay's personality and ability should have been selected by the Dominion Government to direct its experimental farm. He was to make the first investigations which were to guide pioneer farmers in their efforts to cope with the untried environment of the new country. The newcomers from the East knew little of the best crops for the West, of moisture conservation, or of the hazards of early fall frosts. They had come from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces where farming conditions were altogether different. Then, as now, the prairie was a treeless plain visited periodically with drought, hot winds, black stem rust and all of the other hazards that have come to be known so well. There was also a disease of wheat called "smut" which was as great a menace to the wheat crop then as "rust" is to-day. But the most

disastrous losses were due to drought and early fall frosts. Seasons of drought are still with us, but the problem of frost, which frequently converted over night the promise of a bounteous harvest into a total crop failure, has happily been solved by earlier maturing wheats.

In common with other settlers, Angus Mackay was quite unaware that such problems existed when he and three associates set out from Whitby, Ontario, in quest of their fortune in the Land of Promise. Mackay had lived at Whitby since the year of his birth in 1840, and received his grammar school education there. Travelling westward from Winnipeg via Canadian Pacific Railway to the end of steel at Oak Lake and thence by wagon, he and his companions arrived at the Indian Head district in June of 1882. Here they located, purchased four sections of land at two dollars per acre, and set about securing the necessary horses and implements to begin operations.

Real work on the land did not begin until the spring of 1883, and during that season 400 acres of virgin sod were turned. In the spring of 1884, the new breaking was seeded to Red Fife wheat, the variety that was grown exclusively at that time because of its excellent milling quality and high yielding ability. Everything seemed propitious that season for a bumper harvest. Mackay thought he had never seen so promising a crop of wheat. But when the time for harvest approached, confidence gave place to anxiety as, day after day, the grain failed to ripen. August passed, and finally on September 7th it was decided that cutting must begin, even if a little prematurely. On that very evening, frost struck. Instead of 15,000 bushels of hard red wheat, this promising crop gave 4,000 bushels, fit only for chicken feed. Thus was brought home to Mackay the imperative need of an earlier maturing variety—the quest for

which he followed diligently during the next twenty-five years.

Drought in 1886 was just as spectacular and just as devastating to struggling farmers in the far-flung prairie settlements as frost had been two years before. But in that year Angus Mackay made a momentous discovery, a discovery that was destined to make wheat farming a success throughout the three prairie provinces. The story of how this discovery was made begins in the previous year.

Before field work commenced in 1885, the Riel Rebellion had broken out far to the north-west. Teams were required to transport equipment and supplies to forces operating in the neighbourhood of Battleford and Prince Albert. Money was scarce and the opportunity to earn ten dollars a day for a man and team was so attractive that all thought of farming was abandoned by most people for the time being. Before the outfits left, however, the new breaking was seeded, but the 400 acres that had produced a frozen crop the previous year could not be prepared or sown that spring. Eventually this land also was plowed and Mackay, using a couple of horses that were not fit to take the trail, harrowed the field periodically to keep down weeds. Unwittingly he was preparing the first "summerfallow" in Western Canada.

The following year, that of 1886, was memorable for the severity of the drought which visited the country. Thirsty fields were mocked by a leaden sky and hot winds seared the grain. Crops were ruined—all except Mackay's summerfallow which, like an oasis in a vast desert, flaunted a waving field of golden grain. This field yielded 35 bushels of wheat per acre.

Always quick to discern the significance of a new discovery and to evaluate the magnitude of its practical importance, Mackay recognized the principle that

drought must be conquered by conserving a portion of the rainfall each season for the use of crops the next year. This he said could be done by leaving systematically a part of the land each year without a crop and keeping it free from weeds.

It so happened that the Honourable John Carling, who was then Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, had entrusted Dr. William Saunders with the task of establishing a chain of experimental farms across Canada. Two of the five original farms were to be on the prairie. At about the same time, the fame of Angus Mackay's success with wheat in the face of drought had come to the Minister's attention. Thus it came about that he was asked to assist in choosing the land for a branch farm and was offered the position of Farm Superintendent. This he accepted, and in 1887, the first Western Experimental Farm was established at Indian Head.

The new Superintendent, with the opportunity and physical equipment to conduct experimental work on land at his disposal, set about solving some of the major agricultural problems that beset farmers on the plains. Experimental fields were laid out, trees were planted in fabulous numbers—23,000 the first year—crops and varieties were tested, and cultural experiments undertaken. In particular Mackay gave his attention to three questions. One was the preparation of a summer-fallow that would conserve the maximum amount of moisture, the second was the development of an earlier maturing wheat, and the third the art of growing trees and shrubs successfully. He considered it very important that prairie homes should be beautified and protected from the wind.

In all of these endeavours Dr. Mackay was ultimately successful. The summerfallow became and still remains the farmers' chief bulwark against drought; Marquis wheat, which first displayed its merits at Indian

Head by maturing ahead of a disastrous frost which destroyed other varieties, has greatly minimized the hazards of fall frosts; and the wealth of trees and horticultural plants which surround the Experimental Farm buildings at Indian Head has never failed to call forth the admiration of visitors.

During the twenty-six years that he was Superintendent, his interests extended to all phases of farming. No inquiry was too trivial to exact a carefully worded reply. Experimental farms were not as well staffed then as they are to-day and few would have guessed the load of work that farmers' correspondence laid upon the Superintendent, who often sat at his desk far into the night answering letters in a neat longhand by the light of a coal-oil lamp.

Visitors to the Farm, who came in thousands each year, likewise received his personal attention. He always seemed glad to show them around, explaining fully the purpose behind each experiment and the significance of differences that were observable in the various tests. It was a special delight to show visitors the results of his horticultural experiments, because he was very proud of the success which he had attained with native trees and shrubs. Many of these were found to be hardy and well adapted to cultivation.

From these few intimate stories of Dr. Mackay and his work as Superintendent of the Experimental Farm, it is possible to derive a fairly clear picture of those qualities which characterized the man. This can be said, that he was kindly, patient and without guile. His outlook on life was optimistic and courageous. He faced problems squarely and without any disposition to exaggerate the importance of the contribution to their solution which he was able to make. Above all he had a strong sense of practical values and a native shrewdness which penetrated to the crux of a problem. Generous

with his time and generous with his knowledge he was revered by thousands who came annually to the Indian Head Experimental Farm to learn by personal observation and went away to practice what they had seen.

When he retired at the age of 73, the Government retained his services in an advisory capacity by making him Inspector of Western Farms, a position he held for 15 years. Ripe with years and honours he continued to reside at Indian Head until his death on June 10, 1931, in his ninety-first year.

The University of Saskatchewan, deeply conscious of Dr. Mackay's services to agriculture, had conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him in May of 1922. A few years later, when the Master Farmers' Award for the province was given to Mr. T. J. Graham of Pennant, Mr. Graham said that he wished to associate with himself in the honour the name of one from whom he had learned a great deal about farming, Saskatchewan's Grand Old Man, Dr. Angus Mackay. Many an old-timer would be glad of the opportunity to express similar sentiments of gratitude.

*L. E. Kirk*

# DR. MICHAEL CLARK

(1861-1926)

We have an unfortunate habit in Canada of waiting too long to honour the great pioneers of our history. We wait until all that is left of them are facts and figures on a dusty page, and the friendly intimate survey of their lives is no longer possible. Only a few people are left now to recall the sound of Michael Clark's voice, the quality of his diction, the force and courage of his speech, the swift flashes of his wit. One has only to read in Hansard some of his more notable speeches in the House of Commons to realize that he takes his place with Joseph Howe, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and D'Arcy McGee, as one of the great orators of Canadian history.

There is a picture of him contained in a short article written at the time of his death, which illustrates better than any other Michael Clark's power on the platform.

After he had been in Canada some years he went back to England, and arrived in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had practised medicine, on the eve of an election battle. This was the old political arena in which, with Lord Morley and Sir Edward Grey, he had fought the battles of Nineteenth Century Liberalism. Unexpectedly and dramatically he walked on to the platform of the Grand Theatre before a great audience of Liberals gathered to wind-up the campaign. He was tanned by the prairie suns, and he wore a coonskin fur coat—an unfamiliar sight in England. But the shock of red hair and the frank open countenance could not be greatly

changed by the prairie suns or by the coonskin coat—it was "Red Michael", and the great audience rose to its feet and with thunderous applause cheered their old friend. It was the finest tribute any man could wish for, that tribute of north country men, who appreciate and never forget. When he spoke he was the same Michael Clark they had known of yore and where could he have come back to such affection as to his own north land.

Michael Clark was born on May 12, 1861, at Belford, Northumberland, of Scots-English parents. After a brilliant career at school, he entered the University of Edinburgh as a medical student at the age of fifteen. In his third year, at the age of eighteen, he made his first attempt at public speaking, when he spoke to more than a thousand of his fellow students in support of Lord Rosebery for the Rectorship of the University. At twenty years of age he was a qualified doctor.

Clark's introduction to Canada was a romantic one. He had become engaged to Elizabeth Smith, the daughter of a Scottish farmer who lived near his native town of Belford. Shortly after his graduation the Smiths moved to Canada and settled near Hamilton, Ontario. Clark soon followed his future wife and they were married in Hamilton in 1882. The young doctor took his bride back to England and settled down to practise medicine in and around the village in which he was born.

Although he worked hard, as a country doctor in England must do to earn a living, he found time to indulge a natural interest in politics. In 1885 he spoke throughout the constituency in which Sir Edward Grey fought his first contest, and in which he was first elected to the House of Commons. During that campaign and in the succeeding one, in which the first Home Rule Bill was defeated, Dr. Clark formed a personal and enduring friendship with Sir Edward Grey, John Morley and other great leaders of British Liberalism.

In 1892 Dr. Clark and his wife and three sons moved to Newcastle-on-Tyne where he very soon became immersed in the public life of the city and was elected a member of the Newcastle Board of Education. In 1902 his health became endangered by overwork, and Clark returned to Canada. He and his eldest son homesteaded fifteen miles northwest of Olds on the banks of the little Red Deer River. The original homestead soon became a farm of one thousand acres and by 1904 Clark and his family had fitted themselves into the life of the country, their main business the raising of cattle.

When Alberta became a Province in 1905, Dr. Clark was a candidate for election to the first legislature. He was defeated on that occasion; but three years later, in 1908, he was elected M.P. for the newly-formed Constituency of Red Deer,—a riding he represented from that time until 1921. It was an enormous constituency of 30,000 square miles, but Clark was a tireless campaigner and in the fourteen years in which he represented that riding he travelled by horseback, wagon and sleigh to every corner of his constituency and was known by every man, woman and child in the district.

Many stories are told of his quick and effective way with hecklers. One story attributed to him illustrates his habit of using Scripture to advantage. Once when he was speaking in a small school-house he was greatly annoyed by an opponent who kept shouting "Louder". Dr. Clark submitted patiently for some time, then, pausing in his speech, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Bible tells us that the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall be in like manner. And on that day, Gabriel will sound his horn, and the righteous will be gathered up into heaven, and the wicked cast into outer darkness. And I have no doubt, at all, friends, that when that day comes, and the trumpet sounds, my diminutive friend back of the stove will shout, 'Louder!' "

Dr. Clark was a politician of the old school. His political philosophy grew out of his association with the giants of British Liberalism—Gladstone, John Morley, Sir Edward Grey—and his study of their principles. Intensely interested as a lad in public questions in Britain in the closing quarter of the last century, he studied eagerly everything that had any bearing on these issues. He took every opportunity of hearing them discussed, and with his natural gifts for public life he imbibed the spirit of the great Liberal leaders of England. Later he became the ablest exponent in the Canadian House of Commons of the basic British Liberal philosophy of free trade.

The repeal of the Corn Laws in the United Kingdom in 1846 and the introduction of Free Trade in his home land he believed, to use his own expression, to be the "greatest economic reforms of the world for all time". That was the basis of all his political views, for he held that in this newer country it should be much easier to lay an assured foundation of Free Trade than it was to tear down the great vested interests which taxed Britain up to the time that Free Trade was introduced there. He counted himself a democrat, a Liberal, a radical. Protectionism to him was a medieval superstition and imposture. It meant taxing the poor for the benefit of the rich, taxing the many for the benefit of the few. "We want to enthrone reason and unselfishness instead of selfishness and greed in the life of this country," he urged. Nor was he without constructive ideas: in his last session in the House of Commons he urged increased trade, especially increased foreign trade; the reduction of the cost of living; and the building up of industries on natural lines of development, instead of on the forced, artificial, unnatural lines of protection.

One searching comment on Dr. Clark's political beliefs comes to me in a letter from a friend who knew

him in the West. "Politics with him was not a choice between various possibly-good convictions, it was the living out of his convictions, which were flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone. To try to get him to be non-partisan, would be like asking him to step out of his skin, for a bit. He couldn't do it.

This comment is further established by a story sent to me by one of Dr. Clark's most intimate friends, Mr. Maybank of Olds, Alberta. Meeting one of the Clark boys in Olds one day, he said to him "How are things out on the farm, Bob?" The boy replied, "Ever since the old man failed to get the nomination in the Red Deer riding he has moved the House of Commons out onto the farm and us boys are the official opposition and we are getting Hell all the time."

It was Dr. Clark who led the way in Parliament for the movement within the Liberal party that resulted in the formation of the Union Government for the more effective prosecution of the War. He was prepared to sacrifice everything else for the sake of complete support of the men in the field; the politics of peace-time counted for nothing with him in the face of a common peril and he broke from the Liberal party in his support of the Military Service Act. Partly as a result of this stand, he was rejected by the Red Deer Liberal convention of 1917, but was chosen as the Unionist candidate and elected over the Liberal nominee in November of that year.

In 1919 Dr. Clark parted company with the Unionist Government because of their tariff plans. For two sessions he supported the Honourable Mr. Crerar in leading a group of Progressives in the House of Commons. In 1921 he broke with Mr. Crerar also, because the Progressive group gave its support to the group government policies of the newly-elected U.F.A. Government in Alberta.

Clark's speech in the House of Commons on the issues raised by this experiment in group government is worthy of brief quotation:- "The House of Lords, the family compact, the manufacturers' association and the Junkers and Militarists of Germany are each and all examples of Group Government, which is as old as the hills; and the progress of humanity has been proportional to its ability to free itself from the domination of these groups. Class consciousness is nonetheless selfishness, and therefore doomed to die, because it suddenly appears in farmer and labour parties. Most obviously the Group is in politics for the express purpose of pressing its own economic interests. After all, there seems to be only one method of working out human affairs in the political sphere. The apostles of progress must unite upon common principles, sincerely held, to resist reaction, which is ever present like a dead weight to drag down the aspirations of the race for freedom, justice and democracy."

He will be remembered for the superb quality of his literary style, the force and clarity of his diction, the richness of his intellectual background. He will be remembered for the sturdy independence of thought which characterized every important political pronouncement or decision he had to face. Over his desk at home was the framed copy of Lincoln's famous motto —"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

But perhaps he will be remembered best for his tolerance and his charity and for the inexhaustible personal kindliness with which he met and talked with friend and foe alike.

The loss of one son in the war and the death of another son as a result of war wounds, were blows from

which Dr. Clark never quite recovered. In the summer of 1926 he suffered the heaviest blow of all in the death of his beloved wife. Four weeks later, July 29, 1926, "Red Michael" followed. His son sends this tribute in the words of Browning to the memory of a father of whom he has every right to be proud:-

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better; sleep to wake.

*E. A. Corbett*

# ROBERT CHAMBERS EDWARDS

(1864-1922)

ROBERT CHAMBERS EDWARDS was born in Edinburgh in 1864. He came honestly by his life-long attachment as an editor to printer's ink and paper, for his mother was a daughter of one of the founders of the firm of W. & R. Chambers; Edwards used to say that if his mother had been a gentleman he would have come to be the head of a publishing house of world renown. Fate however, generously aided by Edwards himself, turned up a different career for him. It was his lot to become known, through a quarter of a century, to a constituency that extended across the Dominion of Canada and far down into the United States as Bob Edwards of the Calgary *Eye-Opener*, and it is as Bob Edwards that this shy, witty, observant, fearless, and incurably casual spirit is still remembered throughout the Canadian west.

Edwards lost both parents when he was still very young. He was educated at Clifton Bank School, St. Andrews, and at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and no one entitled to judge of such matters ever doubted either the calibre of his mind, or his attainment as a student and lover of literature. Even the less literate among his readers discerned, though as in a glass darkly, something in his thought and style that moved them, as literature is supposed to move the hearts of men.

After his student days Edwards was engaged in journalistic work, and spent some time in Paris, Berlin and Rome. He also published a newspaper for summer

ROBERT CHAMBERS EDWARDS

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tourists in Boulogne. Here, it is understood he served his apprenticeship in the lively, personal style of journalism which he afterwards made his own. According to his own entirely credible account it was a lively exercise of his wit, which miscarried sadly, that closed his immediate prospects, and left him free to seek fresh woods and pastures new. He came to America in 1895, and, after a brief but seemingly sufficient trial of farming in the United States, and a short term as proof-reader for the Winnipeg *Free Press*, he moved westwards to Alberta. In that province, where he entered on journalistic ventures of his own, he speedily became a man of note.

His first paper, the Wetaskiwin *Free Lance*, was founded in 1897. It was printed for him in Calgary, since there was then no printing press in any of the towns between Edmonton and Calgary. This was followed by the *Alberta Sun*, published first in Leduc and later in Strathcona. He disliked the name *Strathcona*, and he would at times delicately indicate the pain it gave him by printing it as *Strathcolic*. In the *Sun* he announced his editorial policy thus: "Our object is simply and entirely to amuse. It is the best we can do, with oats at 18c." In 1902 he moved to High River, where he first used the title *Eye-Opener*. In 1904 he carried the title with him to Calgary, where he and the title, with one troubled interlude, lived out the rest of their days.

To this day Edwards's name, wherever it is mentioned, starts a flow of eager reminiscence, and many fragments of his wit and humour still circulate as current coin in the West. No claim can be reasonably made that his is a name which will long survive in the story of Canadian letters. In his time, however, he touched many minds, and the gifts which he possessed were rare enough to arrest wide-spread attention while he lived, and to catch more than our passing interest even now.

Before it is too late we ought to have a modest memoir of him, one which will recall the bright image of the man, and preserve the somewhat small best of his work. His fame, unhappily will run some hazard at the hands of injudicious friends. He wrote much that was not worthy of his gifts, and not a little that gave offence to many of his readers. A friendly hand must needs save him from himself.

It would be a great pity to let Edwards's name be forgotten too quickly, for he has his own light to shed on an interesting day, when all sorts and conditions of men were shaking themselves down into the new life of the West. If this light shone fitfully, and in random flashes, —and sometimes annoyingly, as from a mirror in a mischievous boy's hand—still it is authentic light, and should not be unjustly forgotten.

As an editor, Edwards was in a class by himself. In spite of his strong natural bent towards seriousness, a genial air of levity and casualness hung over everything he did. He made no pretence whatever at supplying news. The typical issue of the *Eye-Opener* consisted of a running commentary on men and affairs, freely interspersed with such varied products of the editor's fertile mind as he deemed to be lively enough to print. He said that he never canvassed for advertisements, or for subscribers, but let each issue look after itself. The editorial policy knew no dead-line; the *Eye-Opener* went to press as and when the editor was ready. Not even he knew just when that would be. In spite of all this the circulation could reach the 30,000 mark. Even the irregularity of Edward's performance became interesting to his readers, who learned to look forward with interest to the next explanation Edwards would give for a long delay in publication. The editorial explanation—it was never an excuse—was expected to be a new variation on the theme of conviviality, and could be attractively

frank. "Every man has his favourite bird," he once told his readers, "mine is the bat." He was very proud of one letter he received. "Dear Sir", wrote a rancher from the foothills, "some months ago I sent you a dollar subscription for the *Eye-Opener*. So far I have only received one. Enclosed is another dollar. Please send me another *Eye-Opener*."

Behind this front of casualness, however, there was something solid and fine. Edwards was a careful and painstaking writer, and himself supervised every detail of an issue. He was held in high regard by the printing-office staff that did his work, and to his newsboys he was a prince among men. He had a wide circle of friends among men of judgement, whose friendship could only be won and held by genuine quality. No westerner was ever more trusted by the unfortunate, or by those who had a just cause to plead. He had more than a little of the crusader's instinct, and pleaded earnestly for the exclusion of party politics from the realm of provincial affairs. Against those whom he believed to be dishonest or inefficient he waged relentless war. He brought to bear on them his satire and his wit, often to the great entertainment of a populace that liked to watch his play with rapier or with bludgeon. More than once he fell into trouble by reason of his vigorous attacks, and paid for his outspokenness. Sometimes he was wrong, or unfair, but the public readily condones the excesses of a man who, after a lively campaign to have certain public transactions reviewed by a court, can announce that this has now been conceded, and that the public can rest assured that the case will be treated by a judge on its demerits. Some part of the lively criticism that Edwards levelled at the public life of his day may be taken to belong to the social history of the West, but it is his wit, mainly, that gave him his place in the public mind.

From the very first Edwards struck his own characteristic gait. The Calgary compositors who set up his manuscript for him were at first puzzled to know what to do with it; it seemed to run them into the danger of being prosecuted. After much hesitation they resolved to cling to the compositor's rule, "Follow the copy, even if it flies out of the window." There is little wonder that they hesitated, for the newcomer Edwards calmly absolved the Bishop by name from complicity in a hold-up, by finding an alibi for him, and also cleared a local financier by name, "in spite of all the probabilities of the case". He also wrote gleefully of a personal friend: "We have never seen a hart in the act of panting after the waterbrooks, but Jimmy H . . . ., with his tongue hanging out, and, his eye on the mayor's chair, is probably a good imitation". In the first issue of the *Eye-Opener* at High River he announced that he had come prepared to supply a good, clean, family newspaper at a dollar and a half a year, but if the people wanted the other kind of paper, it would cost them two dollars and a half. His astonished rural readers, in the outcome, must often have felt that they were getting the superior article at the cheaper rate.

A like air of breezy levity blew through everything that Edwards wrote. Concerning the arrangements made for the Earl of Minto to open a bridge in Edmonton, he wrote that all was in satisfactory order; Donald Ross had given a written promise not to recite any poetry; Matt Macaulay would deliver one of his classic orations, and this was to be taken as a sufficient test of the stability of the bridge; if it stood that test, the C.P.R. would be urged to rush on with further construction. He argued that the proper spot for the Earl's party was the historic place on the edge of the river bank where Sir Charles Tupper and his party had been upset out of a democrat some years before.

When Strathcona—his Strathcolic—was arranging to provide its first cemetery, he argued solemnly that although this was undoubtedly a grave matter, the taxpayers need not be too anxious about the cost, as the town was still small, and had only two doctors. Ten acres should therefore be enough for a start,—five acres for each doctor.

It was doubtless a costly miscalculation on his own part that led to this feeling notice: "On the recommendation of Bishop Pinkham, the Synod of Rupert's Land has adopted resolutions of regret that Corbett did not last two rounds longer in his fight with Jeffries. Most of the dignitaries were Corbett men, and their stuff was up on the proposition that he would last the twenty-five rounds. We may shortly expect a mysterious series of collections for the famine-stricken natives of India. This fight has seriously crippled the church."

If the dignitaries of the church did not escape his wit, neither did anyone else. Social distinction attracted, rather than discouraged, his attention. One very prominent citizen who had been an undertaker in earlier life found the public functions with which he was connected reported in funereal terms, as sad or solemn occasions, and his distinguished guests were dismayed to find that they had "also attended the obsequies". And in prohibition days, Edwards was not the man to miss the possibilities of embalming fluid, considered as liquid refreshment. He did not miss the providential chance.

Edwards invented various devices as vehicles of his humour. He ran various imaginary societies, like *The Independent Order of Interdicted Topers*, and made heavy play with free nominations to membership. He ran an imaginary sub-division, called *Skeezicks*, which was situated vaguely beyond The Pas. He created one famous character, Peter J. McGonigle, editor of the *Midnapore Gazette*, whose imagined columns gave Edwards ample

scope for a lively handling of the humours of small town life. McGonigle was a live enough figure to address the High River Canadian Club on "Graft, Its Uses and Possibilities",—this at a time when Edwards was vigourously pursuing certain politicians—and to end an impassioned oration with these words: "If there is any young man here who is on the verge of committing himself to a life of honest industry, I appeal to him to stop and consider, before binding himself beyond hope to a life of obscurity and poverty". At last some rival tried to adopt the useful Peter J. McGonigle, so Edwards ruthlessly slew him in a barroom.

One of Edward's favourite devices was to have a small cut repeated in the same issue, over different captions. Thus, Sir Sam Hughes would prance through the pages of one issue, on the same very unmilitary horse, or the same little cut showing two small boats would represent the Canadian Navy, then the *Niobe* and the *Rainbow*, rushing to the defence of England, and rushing back again. When the Duke of Connaught came to Canada as Governor-General, Edwards had the *Niobe* and the *Rainbow* steam out a full mile in two lines of battleships to meet him, and afterwards he had the Duke asking the Minister where he got his officers and men for the navy. The Minister answered: "Oh, from the ranks of the party up and down the country!" Then he added that once they found a cook in the navy who was actually a Conservative, so the crew blindfolded him and made him walk the plank. Fortunately for him, they forgot to bind his arms, so he managed to struggle the two miles to shore, where, on recovering, he entered suit for damages. The judge, however, sent him down for thirty days, for obtaining employment under false pretences.

The strange climax of Edwards's career came with his election to the provincial legislature of Alberta in

1921, as an independent member for the City of Calgary. His was a very odd candidature. Apart from one speech of a minute's duration, he refused to do anything to further his prospects. He attended no meetings, and solicited no votes. His friend W. M. Davidson persuaded him to write a daily paragraph for the Calgary *Albertan* in the later days of the campaign. One of these he devoted to an appeal to the electors to forget all about the election until the race week was safely over, and at all costs not to neglect the racing form of Barbarossa. He had prepared an *Eye-Opener* for issue on the eve of the voting, but on looking through it found it was a collection of good reasons for voting for him. To ask his readers to pay their money for such a mass of self-advertisement was more than he could do,—"That's not the way R. C. Edwards does business", he said,—so he scrapped the whole issue. Calgary elected him by a sufficient majority.

As a legislator, Edwards did not fulfil the hopes of those who expected that his wit would greatly enliven the debates of the House. He spoke seldom, and without comfort to himself. The evening before he was to speak on the prohibition issue, then under debate, the present writer was shown in confidence the manuscript which Edwards had, with great care, prepared. It was full of Edwardian wit, honest in personal references to the point of pain, and vibrant with moral earnestness. When he was called on to speak,—feeling, without a doubt, that what the House had schooled itself to expect from him stood forbiddingly between him and what it was in his heart to say,—he discarded all that he had prepared, and spoke briefly and falteringly. The wit, too, may live to learn that he has given hostages to fortune.

Edwards was then in failing health, and in November 1922, before another session had rolled round, he died,

to the sorrow not only of his many friends, but also of thousands who had never seen him.

Here are a few of the things Bob Edwards said:-

Graft is still graft, even if you call it commission.

All politicians agree that one improvement could be made in the human body. It ought to be possible to get both ears to the ground at once.

After hearing a fulsome sermon preached at the funeral of a local politician, he wrote: Now I know what a statesman is. He is a dead politician. We need more statesmen.

One of the good things about a dog fight is that the dogs don't talk for publication after it is all over.

We have come to the conclusion that what this place (Calgary) wants is a boomerang dollar, which, failing to bring down value, will return to the investor.

By the time the average man is able to gratify his tastes, he hasn't any.

The good don't die young at all; they simply outgrow it.

The repartee you think of too late to work off may have saved you a friend.

Some men might just as well be insane, for all the sense they've got.

And this, for a last light on the man:-

Too many people salt away their money in the brine of other people's tears.

It is not surprising that all who knew him or who knew his work, felt, by the instinct of the common man, that here was a fellow human whose heart was in the right place.

*D. E. Cameron*

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