

A CHAPTER IN MEXICAN HISTORY

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DURING the Great War, when the soldiers of the Allies were visiting the city and environs of Brussels, they may, perhaps, have noticed a placque which had been nailed above the gates of a weather-beaten fortress, the Chateau de Bouchout. Had these soldiers stopped to examine the inscription on the placque, placed there by a Prussian officer, they would have read these words:

This castle, the property of the Belgian Crown, is occupied by Her Majesty, the Empress of Mexico, sister-in-law of our revered ally, the Emperor of Austria. German soldiers are ordered to pass by without singing, and to leave this place untouched.

Alas! Carlotta, occupant of the fortress, the so-called Empress of Mexico, had been a deposed sovereign for sixty years, and had been deprived of her sanity the greater portion of that time; in fact, her mind had never been right since her frantic appeal to Napoleon III, Emperor of France, to come to the aid of his former ally, her husband, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, whose puppet throne was fast crumbling to the dust, had met with cold indifference on the part of the Emperor. Spurning her tearful entreaty, Napoleon had made known that he would have no part in settling her husband's difficulties. France had already spent a large sum of money in maintaining an armed force in Mexico, and the United States had declared its strong opposition to the establishment of the new monarchy on the continent of North America. With a realization that all was now lost, helpless and hopeless, the Empress Carlotta suffered a nervous collapse from the effects of which she never fully recovered. Carlotta never returned to Mexico, nor saw her beloved husband again.

Mexico, that country so strangely fascinating to the student of history, whose wonder never ceases as he learns of the marvellous civilization of its ancient inhabitants, the Aztecs, after having been over-run by the Spanish under Cortez, had in the course of time become the foremost colony of Spain in population, material riches, and natural products. Implanting her so-called superior civilization in the Colony, for three hundred years Spain exploited its valuable resources solely for the enrichment of her own coffers.

However, in the year 1821, Mexico had rebelled against the Spanish yoke, and some three years later had established a republican form of government. Through the long years of Spanish occupation, the natural mingling of Spanish and native blood had produced a race of people, hot-headed, unstable, and ever ready to settle a dispute by force of arms; and for the next fifty years, Mexico was the scene of internal discord and civil war, until at length the Republic, verging on bankruptcy, repudiated all payments to foreigners for a period of two years. This act was strongly condemned by the nations of Europe, and a fleet of British, French and Spanish battleships was sent to Mexico to enforce satisfaction for the losses sustained by their subjects residing in the Republic. Great Britain and Spain were able to settle their claims by negotiation, but not France; and, in the year 1862, Emperor Napoleon III of France formally declared war on Mexico. The strife-torn Republic could offer but little resistance, and before long a French army occupied the capital city. Napoleon, now with dreams of bringing about a universal fusion of the Latin races, and of extending his power in America by establishing a monarchy whose sovereign should be his ally, induced a deputation from the Mexican Assembly of Notables to go to Europe and offer the Crown to the younger brother of Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria, the Archduke, Ferdinand Maximilian, who, after a term of service as Governor of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, was now living in retirement at Trieste. At the earnest solicitation of Napoleon, Maximilian accepted the offer of the Crown of Mexico, and with his young wife, the former Carlotta (Charlotte) daughter of Leopold I of Belgium, sailed for Mexico, landing at Vera Cruz in May, 1864. But Mexico did not welcome the strangers, who were soon made to realize that their occupancy of the throne was distasteful to its people. Although well-meaning, Maximilian was not competent to rule over a kingdom so divided by civil strife; and before long it was apparent to all onlookers that Mexico was seething with rebellion led by Juarez, former President, who aimed at the re-establishment of the Republic whose head should be himself.

Neither Maximilian nor Carlotta had had any idea of the impoverished finances of the kingdom, and Carlotta's dreams of a throne of dazzling oriental splendour soon faded away, as she found it necessary to resort to numerous small economies in the conduct of court life. Proud and ambitious, she continued to write home of the splendours surrounding their throne. But, alas, two years of internal strife and guerilla warfare tore their kingdom asunder, and Maximilian found it necessary to make known to

Napoleon the seriousness of the situation, stating that even for a person to disclose the fact that he was a friend of the monarchy made him liable to execution. But Napoleon, under pressure of the United States, had been forced to withdraw the French army which had been left in Mexico to support the cause of Maximilian, and was now little concerned with the fate of its empire. Maximilian, realizing that no help was forthcoming from France, resolved to abdicate, and would have done so had not the ambitious Carlotta urged him to remain on his throne, whilst she would go to Europe and personally solicit the aid of Napoleon and the Pope. But all in vain Carlotta's mission, and whilst pleading her husband's cause with his former European allies, she learned of the cruel execution of the Emperor at the hands of the former republican party. The news of Maximilian's execution on the 19th of June, 1866, shocked the civilized world of our fathers' day. The crowned heads of Europe shuddered, Maximilian's relatives were crushed with grief, and Carlotta, his devoted wife, became hopelessly insane. The world awaited with bated breath some authentic account of the execution, and the following is the story of the tragic event as it appeared in a London newspaper a few weeks later:

THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN

Various accounts, more or less apocryphal, of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian have been published, but the following is the most authentic and circumstantial that has yet appeared. It is compiled from the testimony of Tudos, the Emperor's faithful Hungarian body-servant, who was an eye-witness of the scene, and is corroborated by the priest who attended Maximilian and the officer in command at the door of the prison.

At seven o'clock a.m. on the 19th of June, his Majesty left the room where he had been confined in the convent of the Capuchins, accompanied by two priests, . . . a serjeant, and the guard. Three carriages awaited the prisoners. His Majesty, with the two priests, got into the first, Miramon and Mejia into the two others. The Emperor was very pale, but calm. The procession was headed by thirty rifleros; then came the three carriages, followed by fifteen tiradores, four battalions of infantry, and two squadrons of cavalry. They marched slowly to the Cerro de la Campana, the spot at which his Majesty had surrendered on the 15th of May. On the road people publicly displayed their sympathy and indignation. No men of the upper classes showed themselves. The crowd was composed chiefly of poor Indians, and of ladies who followed the carriage, fearlessly manifesting their sympathy. The Emperor acknowledged these demonstrations by bowing on either side, as was his usual custom.

When they arrived at the foot of the *cerro*, the carriage stood still, and, as the door would not open, the Emperor had to get

out through the window into the arms of his servant Tudos. His Majesty said to him, "Do you really think that they are going to kill me this time?" Tudos answered, "No, I cannot believe it, even yet". The Emperor then had to walk about a hundred paces up the hill, to where the powder magazine had been during the siege. The officer in command of the execution was General Diaz (not Porfirio Diaz); the captain who commanded the firing party was Don Simon Montemayor. For each of the prisoners there had been detailed four soldiers, and one man in reserve; they were placed at five paces distant from the three prisoners, the latter standing three paces from one another. They were not arranged by the officials, but took their places by chance, the Emperor being on the right, Miramon in the middle, and Mejia on the left, facing Queretaro.

When all was ready, his Majesty took off his hat and gave it to Tudos, telling him to convey it to his father as the last he had ever worn; he wiped his face with his handkerchief as the day was very hot, and gave that also to his servant with a request that it might be given to the Empress if alive; if not, to his mother. Behind the prisoners, higher up on the hill, stood the people, nearly all poor Indians. His Majesty gave to each of the four soldiers who were to fire at him an ounce of gold (£3 4s.) and told them to aim well and not shoot at his head, and then turning to those who stood around spoke in Spanish; "*Perdono a todos, y pido que todos me perdonen. Deseo que la sangre mia, que se va a derramar, sea para el bien de este pais. Viva Mejico! Viva la Independencia!*" His Majesty then placed his hand on his breast to show the soldiers where to fire, and opened his arms to receive the shots. The signal was given, and the four men fired. The Emperor looked upwards, and fell slowly, in a sitting position. He was struck by all four balls, by three in the lower part of his waist-coat on the left side and one high up on the right. He moved his eyes and arm, and looked toward Tudos, who had been standing only three paces from him, as if he wished to speak, but he was not able to articulate. One of the priests sprinkled him with holy water. The man held in reserve then came up and gave him the fifth ball, but it only went through the lungs on the right side. The muzzle of the gun was so close that the waist-coat took fire, and Tudos had to pour water on it to put out the flame. The Emperor in his agony pulled at his waist-coat, as if to open it, and tore it at the fifth buttonhole from the bottom. He continued moving, so another soldier was brought up, but his rifle missed fire. General Diaz came up on horseback, and told them to make haste and finish; again a soldier came up and pulled, and again did the piece miss fire. There were no more men ready with their arms loaded, and some moments were lost in finding one; at last one was brought who stepped up close and fired, and this time the shot went through the Emperor's heart, and put an end to his sufferings; he gave a convulsive start, gasped and fell back dead. His dress had again caught fire, and Tudos had to extinguish it with water. The Emperor must have lived about two minutes after he received the first fire.

Four cargadores then brought a rough coffin too short for the body, which was pushed in with the legs hanging over the edge, and in that manner it was carried back to Queretaro, unaccompanied by any officials; it was followed, however, by a great number of poor Indians, weeping loudly. Every drop of blood which fell on the ground was quickly wiped up by the handkerchiefs of these poor people. Mejia did not die until after the Emperor; it took seven balls to kill him. Miramon was the only one of the three who died immediately. All three were fired at the same moment. It was his Majesty's particular wish that in case they were condemned they should all be executed together.

After his execution, the body of Maximilian was surrendered to relatives who had it conveyed to Austria for burial. There in Vienna on January 18th, 1868, the funeral was held with great pomp.

Carlotta, quite insane, was incarcerated in the lonely fortress near Brussels, where she lived for some sixty years the life of a recluse; for the most part in a mental condition in which she yet imagined herself as sovereign of her puppet throne. With grand ways she would give her orders, imagining herself surrounded by her husband, the Emperor, and a retinue of court officials. Occasionally her mind would clear, when it was pitiful to hear her lament the tragic fate which befell Maximilian, who, she would affirm, had sacrificed his life to gratify the ambition of Napoleon. There she lived forgotten by the world, and oblivious of the great economic changes which were daily taking place in the great world to which she had long since been as one dead.

It is quite probable that many of the German soldiers, who in the year 1914 read the inscription on the placque which had been nailed by the Prussian officer over the doorway of her castle-home—the inscription which requested that they pass quietly by the grim fortress—had little or no knowledge of the tragic fate of the former Emperor and Empress of Mexico. Carlotta passed away in January, 1927, her death exciting little interest outside of a small court circle of immediate relatives. However, the cruel fate of Maximilian and Carlotta was called to the public mind when, after the tragic death of Astrid, the young Belgian Queen, a few months ago, it was learned that her little orphaned daughter had been given the name of Charlotte (Carlotta) after the former Empress of Mexico, the great-grand-aunt of Astrid's husband, King Leopold III of Belgium.

THE CENTENARY OF SAM SLICK

D. C. HARVEY.

IT is part of our Puritan heritage that we find it difficult to accept our contemporaries as they are, without wishing to reform them; and that we hesitate to describe historical characters as they were, without passing moral judgments upon them. So, too, if we overcome our own inhibitions and criticize discerningly, without eulogy or censure, we are regarded as lacking in character, or at least lacking in an essential moral fervour. This is particularly true of Canadian biography and literary criticism; but it is a weakness that is sapping our intellectual fibre and, if not corrected, will keep us permanently *in statu pupillari*. The only cure for this sort of malady is a saving sense of humour; but it is difficult for a pioneer people to find and to keep this means of salvation.

In New England and western Nova Scotia, which during the greater part of the eighteenth century was but "New England's outpost," this Puritan tendency to watch over oneself and one's neighbours, particularly one's neighbours, was very marked. This tendency continued to manifest itself strongly for half a century after King's College had been established in Windsor, Nova Scotia, to inculcate saner doctrines and principles in church and state. But out of King's College was to come, in the early part of the nineteenth century, a more or less emancipated Puritan, who clung to that saving sense of humour which he hoped to use as a corrective for the social and economic ills of his day. This humane Puritan was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, creator of Sam Slick, that composite character which won for its author international fame in the world of letters.

Both his college and his province have reason to be proud of the fact that a native Nova Scotian, writing from a little town in an obscure colony, could stamp this figure upon the imagination of the English-speaking world and, in so doing, could reveal something of that struggle which was being waged to manufacture a Nova Scotian from American and British raw material. The secret of his power lies in the fact that he wrote under the spur of local patriotism about matters within the immediate range of his own observation, and set down faithfully his own varying reactions to the conflicting moods and ideas of his own generation. With such a background and such an experience as his, none but a

composite character could have reflected the conflicting ideas and emotions that warred within his own soul; nor, as the range of his observation increased, could even the versatile Sam meet all his needs. Hence he was compelled to adopt other characters and other devices.

Sprung from Loyalist and pre-Loyalist stock, born into the official class, educated at King's College in the days of its most unpopular exclusiveness, representing a constituency that prided itself on the romance and antiquity of its history, living and moving as a judge on circuit amongst a stiff-necked Puritan people who had been transplanted from the four colonies of New England, responsive to the intellectual movement that stirred his native province during his youth, it is little wonder that Haliburton at first became a mirror of many moods and conflicts, and only gradually discovered a central position from which to pour the stream of his humour upon the fires of an ever-present controversy. Naturally, too, he chose his chief mouthpieces from the predominant strain in his immediate environment: the Connecticut Clock-maker for shrewdness in business, and the Connecticut Minister for a compromise between Puritanism and Anglicanism.

The days of Haliburton's years (1796-1865) were scarcely three score years and ten. He commenced his public career as a member of the local assembly, and he died in the imperial parliament. He was a judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for twelve years, and a Justice of the Supreme Court for fifteen. His first publication appeared in 1823 and his last in 1860. His works, apart from pamphlets and speeches that appeared in print, are as follows: *A General Description of Nova Scotia*, 1823; *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, 1829; *The Clock-maker; or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, in three series, 1836, '38, '40; *The Bubbles of Canada*, 1839; *A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham*, 1839; *The Letter-Bag of the Great Western; or, Life in a Steamer*, 1840; *The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England*, two series, 1843, 1844; *The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony*, 1849; *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*, 1851; *Traits of American Humor*, by Native Authors, 1852; *Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or, What he Said, Did, or Invented*, 1853; *The Americans at Home; or, Byeways, Backwoods, and Prairies*, 1854; *Nature and Human Nature*, 1855; *The Season-Ticket*, 1860.

As a young lawyer in Annapolis Royal, Haliburton commenced his literary career with an anonymous sketch of Nova Scotia which he later elaborated in the two historical and statistical volumes

that were published by Howe in 1829. From 1826 to 1829 he sat in the Assembly of Nova Scotia, and took part in some of its most animated debates. In these debates he was generally in line with the Family Compact, although at one time he gave promise of leading in the reform movement, especially when he favoured a Legislative Council distinct from the Executive, when he championed the cause of Catholic Emancipation, and when he favoured provincial support of Pictou Academy; but above all, when he made the oft-quoted attack upon the Council itself, comparing it to "a hospital for invalids" and referring to its members as "twelve, dignified, deep-read, pensioned old ladies, but filled with prejudices and whims like all other antiquated spinsters." But by birth and training Haliburton was predestined to support the Family Compact. Any instances to the contrary, therefore, may be regarded as the impulsive gropings of an ambitious youth, seeking the high-road to preferment. In any event, he soon exchanged his uncertain seat in the Legislature for a permanent seat on the Bench; and later he poked fun at his political career through the Clockmaker's description of his own activity in the Legislature of Connecticut:

He said there were but three days in his life that he could call rael tip-top ones; one was when he was elected into the House of Representatives, and made sure he was to be President of the United States; the second when, after finding his mistake, he ceased to be a member and escaped out of the menagerie; and the third, when he found himself thus publickly honored in his native land.

Haliburton soon grew weary of historical writing also, partly because he did not have access to such sources as are now available, and partly because his temperament was not suited to the task. Moreover, though his historical works brought him honour in his native land and in the United States, they were coldly received in Great Britain where he had hoped to create the greatest interest. He therefore turned from history to social satire, as a means of describing his countrymen and of stimulating them to more becoming effort.

At King's College Haliburton had been well-grounded in the classics; and, if one may judge from his quotations and allusions, he was acquainted with Juvenal, Martial, and Horace. Further, the Loyalist literary group in Nova Scotia had sought in satire relief from the monotony of life in what they called "Nova Scarcity", and had written *longo intervallo* in the style of the English

Augustans. It is not surprising, then, to find that Haliburton chose satire as a vehicle for his ideas.

Now, the great Dryden divided English satirists into two classes: the followers of Horace, men of the world who assailed the enemies of common-sense with the weapons of humour and sarcasm, and the followers of Juvenal, the prophets who assailed vice and crime with passionate indignation and invective. With this classification in mind, it is possible to argue that Haliburton was of the school of Horace and his followers in 18th century England, rather than of the school of Juvenal: but whilst Haliburton was acquainted with both the ancient and the modern Augustans, it is obviously futile to attempt to classify him as one of them. As heir of all the ages, he no doubt found inspiration in many masters; but, though he adorns his pages with verses or couplets from both the Roman and the English classics, he himself hints that his closest literary affinity was with Fielding and Smollett; and the inference is that he learned from these authors not so much a literary form as a literary function. This function was to hold the mirror up to nature, to depict the life and manners of the age. It is in this light, then, as the Fielding and Smollett of America, that he must be considered, or, as Sam said, "You can't measure me by English standards. You must take an American one, and that will give you my length, breadth, height and weight to a hair."

In another respect also he is an advance on the Loyalist tradition. Whereas the Loyalist literary pioneers longed for their old homes in America and saw Nova Scotia only as a sort of Siberian exile, Haliburton loved the little province in which he first drew breath, loved the pretty straggling village of Windsor, its river, its shade and shine, its flowers and its trees, its autumnal beauty and its "silver frost." "Well," said the Clockmaker, at thought of return from England, "then you'll light a cigar, and stroll out to look about the location, for you know every tree, and stone, and brook, and hill, about there, as well as you know beans, and they will talk to the heart as plain as if they was gifted with gab. Oh, home is home, however homely, I can tell you."

The place for the Yankee Clockmaker had been prepared by *The Club* which met regularly in Howe's home, 1828-32, and planned weekly sketches in dialect on local men and movements. When *The Club* was disbanded, owing to diverging views of Howe and Haliburton, the latter aspired to deal with his public in his own way through the Yankee dialect of Sam Slick. In this respect, as in his desire to be anonymous, Haliburton was the child of his

age. In Nova Scotia an earlier reformer, John Young, as *Agricola*, had written a brilliant series of articles on agriculture for which he was publicly recognized by Lord Dalhousie. In justifying his anonymity, Young wrote: "The regular attack upon the prejudices and habits of a people exposed a writer to much resentment. For that reason, I resolved on acting behind the curtain and shutting myself from the gaze of the public." There is more than a chance resemblance between this statement of *Agricola* and the Clockmaker's defence of his incognito: "A satirist, like an Irishman," says Sam, "finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter. Like him, too, he may occasionally miss his shot, and firing with intent to do bodily harm is almost as badly punished as if death had ensued. And, besides, an anonymous book has a mystery about it."

In this passage Haliburton, who is frequently his own interpreter, definitely calls himself a satirist; and on another occasion he playfully compared his satiric function to that of his brother, the doctor, in the words: "You cut up the dead and I cut up the living." But a satirist to be effective must have a central position and a serious purpose; and his merits must be determined as much by the worthiness of his purpose as by the skill with which he handles the peculiar and dangerous vehicle that he has chosen. Haliburton, himself, does not leave even the most casual of his readers in doubt as to the fundamental seriousness of his writing. Apart from the frequent iteration and elucidation of his leading ideas on sound pedagogical principles, an iteration which caused one reviewer to say that he had reached "the poorest of all repetitions, that of repeating himself," Haliburton insists both directly and indirectly that he must not be regarded as a vain trifler. In the *Letter Bag of the Great Western* he says: "Although I am one of the merriest fellows of my age to be found in any country, yet I am a great approver of the old maxim of 'being merry and wise', being, after my own fashion, a sort of laughing philosopher, and . . . I most indulge in that species of humor that has a moral in it." Similar ideas may be found in *The Attaché* and in *Wise Saws*, all of which insist that he never lost sight of his original design, to awaken Nova Scotians to the vast resources and capabilities of their native land, to depict the worst features of the United States in order to show them that they might be better off at home, to vindicate the superiority of British character and institutions, and to stir up Great Britain to a consciousness of the importance of her colonies so that she would blot out the word *colonial*, make Englishmen of the Nova Scotians, incorporate them in her body

of citizens and make them feel that they were an integral part of a great nation. This is the great purpose which Haliburton pursues, however devious his pathway and however faulty his methods.

The first series of *The Clockmaker* deals mainly with local conditions, although Haliburton's ideas of America and Great Britain are introduced occasionally and indirectly. The purpose of the volume is to acquaint the Nova Scotians with their resources and to stimulate them into activity. After introducing the shrewd Yankee pedlar, with his fondness for a horse and his knowledge of the Province and of the world, Haliburton unreservedly delegates to him his function as that of a gad-fly:

"I had heard," he says, "of Yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and bible pedlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (all in English) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a blue-nose would fail to make a sale at all? I will enquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success."

Sam promptly gave several demonstrations of his skill, and then answered this question. "It is done," he said, "by a knowledge of 'soft sawder' and 'human natur',... We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to 'human natur' that they never come out of it."

On "soft sawder" Sam later grows philosophical. "'Soft sawder' by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge. Others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, agin, are more delicater still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away."

Again, in *Wise Saws* he reports a conversation with the great Daniel Webster to whom he explained his theory, with illustrations, as follows: "'Now', sais I, 'Squire Danel, there are two kinds of soft sawder; one is active, and one is passive.'

'How'? sais he.

'Why', sais I, 'here is a case in pint of the active. We had to our house a female help; she was an Irish gall, and ugly enough to frighten children from crying, and turn the milk of a whole

dairy. Well, she warnt very tidy, and mother spoke to her several times about it; but it did no good, she was as slatternly as ever next day, and mother was goin' to give her a walkin' ticket. So, thinks I to myself, I wonder if there is a created critter so ugly as not to think herself decent-looking at any rate. "Well," sais I, 'Nora, I am surprised at you.'

'What for, your honour, Master Sam?' said she. 'Why,' sais I, 'I am surprised that such a nice, fresh, healthy, good-lookin' girl as you be, don't take better care of your appearance.' I saw her eyes twinkle agin with pleasure. 'Not', sais I, 'that your good looks want settin' off, but they ought to have justice done to them. I hate to see so handsome a gall looking so on-tidy.'

'I own, it's wrong', said she, 'and it shan't happen agin', and from that day forth, she was the tidiest and smartest gal we ever had.

That is active soft-sawder, and now what I call passive soft-sawder is this—deference. For instance; if you want to gain a man, don't know more than him: it humiliates a feller to be made inferior to the one he is a talkin' to. If he wants advice, that's another thing, give it to him; but don't put him right in his stories when he is adrift, that's mortifyin'; and don't make any display before him at all. Get him to teach you, for everybody knows something you don't. If he is a fisherman, set him a talkin' about nets and bait, and salt and duties, and so on. If he lives in the woods, ask him how maple-sugar is made; what is the best season of the year to cut timber, so as to presarve it; and if he don't know nothin' of these things, then set him to tell huntin' stories and legends of the woods. You will win that man's heart; for instead of oppressin' him with your superiority, you have made him feel that he is able to give a wrinkle to one that he is willing enough to acknowledge to be his superior. You will win that man for ever, for you have given him the upper seat instead of the second, and made him feel good all over.

This detailed discussion of *soft sawder* reveals both the character of Sam and his technique, his conscious omniscience and his apt, if interminable, story-telling. Such was the mouth-piece that Haliburton had stumbled upon for his congested ideas, and it was this character, well named Slick, that was to bring him international fame despite the extremely local nature of the subjects discussed by him.

In the second and third series of *The Clockmaker*, Haliburton gropes toward a solution of the wider problem: how to prevent the Nova Scotians from imitating the republican institutions of the Americans, and how to awaken the British to a sense of the importance of their colonies. His theory is that the Americans are abandoned to democracy and destined to civil war as a nemesis for the Revolution, and abandoned to atheism through their in-

sistence upon the voluntary system of religion in preference to an established church.

But he finds himself in something of a quandary, because he can hardly expect Sam, who regards his nation as "the greatest nation atween the poles", to become the champion of monarchy and of Anglicanism. Fortunately he had prepared a way out of his difficulty through Sam's tutor, Rev. Joshua Hopewell, who had been educated at Harvard before the Revolution and, though he stayed with his flock from a sense of duty, was a hearty admirer of British institutions. Consequently Sam quotes him when he must criticize American institutions, although he frequently saves his face by saying, "I don't go the whole figur' with Minister, though I opinionate with him in part." In this way Haliburton is able to present British institutions in a more favourable light through Mr. Hopewell, and, as Sam cannot be kept in the background, he is made to boast so outrageously about the virtue of American institutions as to achieve the same effect. Thus while Sam boasts,

"There are no people in the universal world so eloquent as the Americans; they beat the ancients holler;" . . . "We can out-talk thunder, out-run a flash of lightnin', and out-reach all the world—we can whip our weight of wild cats. The British can lick all the world, and we can lick the British."

Mr. Hopewell gently reproves him in the following manner:

Our eagle, that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird, and an aspirin' bird; but he is a bird of prey, Sam,—too fond of blood—too prone to pounce on the weak and unwary. I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but them stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves risin' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is? Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are certainly free. But is that freedom? Is it in havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it in havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt. . . . A colt is free—he is unrestrained,—he acknowledges no master,—no law, but the law of natur'. A man may get his brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse or the wild ass?

But the pessimism of Mr. Hopewell is not half as effective as Sam's naive boasting in pointing out the incongruity of certain elements of the American democracy. As a down-East Yankee,

Sam more or less unconsciously feels himself superior to the raw Westerner who recently had come into prominence as the mainstay of the Jacksonian democracy:

Bein' stumpt is a sure mark of a fool. The only folks among us that's ever nonplushed, is them just caught in the woods, and some o' them, I will say, are as ignorant as a Britisher; but then it's only them as never seed nothin' but bears and Ingians. I mind once a gall we hired as a house help. They was agued out of the west was her family, and them that the Ingians left the fever was doin' for; so they cut and runs and come to Slickville. Well, she stared and pawed at everything a'most, and actilly was the most ongenteelest crittur ever was broughten out from among the rattlesnakes... One time we had a tea-squall to our house, and Susan handed about the tea... She felt equal to any of the company, and so she was, politically speaking, and nothin' darnted her. It tante more nor half convenient always, but it's the effect of our glorious institutions. She felt conscious she might be the mother of a president of our great nation, and it infused a spirit in her above her grade. In fact, no one, male or female, can forget that fact, that their child mought be an Albert Gotha for eight years.

The Clockmaker's message for England was twofold: She must recognize that on the day she loses her colonies she ceases to be a first-rate power, and that in order to retain them the Colonial Office must bestir itself and become acquainted with the true desires and needs of those for whose destinies it is responsible. To the Little Englanders and to the people of England in general he points out, what Chatham had told the King's Friends before the American Revolution, that, although they might not be able to look for direct taxation from the colonies, they drew a large if invisible revenue from the monopoly of their trade. In an elaborate essay called *Snubbing a Snob* Sam points out to a muddle-headed Englishman that "wood, water, stone and airth" are the only things for which the Nova Scotian does not send to England.

On the other hand, Haliburton's remedy for the discontent in the colonies as expressed through Mr. Hopewell was not responsible government, but a career for the ablest colonials in the imperial service:

The restlessness in the colonies proceeds not from grievances, for, with the exception of a total absence of patronage, they do not exist; but it is caused by an uneasiness of position, arising from a want of room to move in. There is no field for ambition, no room for the exercise of distinguished talent in the provinces. The colonists, when comparing their situation with that of their more fortunate brethren in England, find all honour monopolised

at home, and employment, preferments, and titles liberally bestowed on men frequently inferior in intellect and ability to themselves, and this invidious distinction sinks deeper into the heart than they are willing to acknowledge themselves.

But it was Sam who insisted that the Colonial Office must not listen to every colonial who calls himself a patriot, for there are five different kinds of patriots to be found in the colonies: the *rebel patriot*, who talks better than he fights; the *mahogany patriot*, who wants to take his betters' mahogany away from them; the *spooney patriot*, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems; the *place patriot*, who is a rogue; the *true patriot*, who is neither a sycophant to the government nor a tyrant to the people, but manfully opposes either when they are wrong, supports existing institutions as a whole, but is willing to mend or repair any part that is defective.

Here then, as briefly as one can give it, while illustrating both form and matter, was Haliburton's central idea. *The Attaché* is but an elaboration of this main thesis, though showing a little more sympathy with the Americans and some slight development towards a definite remodelling of the Colonial Office, so as to make it a real imperial board comprising experienced colonials or Englishmen with long experience in the colonies. In it he also insists on wiping out the name Colonial and making Englishmen of all. "If you don't make Englishmen of us, the force of circumstances will make Yankees of us." This sentence written in 1843 shows that Haliburton is still haunted by the fear that he expressed in private correspondence nineteen years earlier, the fear of American Annexation.

In *Wise Saws*, written in 1853, Haliburton uses the Clockmaker to disclose the danger of American poaching upon the Nova Scotian fisheries. Though Sam has frequently boasted that Connecticut beats all the world for "geese, gals and onions", when he decides to marry he returns to Nova Scotia for a bluenose gal, a daughter of a Loyalist. Here he learns of American skill in coaxing fish beyond the three mile limit, applies his knowledge of clocks to a noiseless invention for catching fish without bait, and discourses on how to evade customs laws without smuggling.

In *Nature and Human Nature*, which should be read as Haliburton's *apologia pro vita sua*, he explains his ideas once more, defends his methods and in a sense bids Nova Scotia farewell, for he is going to the centre of the Empire to implement his central idea.

In *The Season Ticket*, written in England, when confederation talk was in the air, he interests himself in the resources of Vancouver,

emphasizes the imperial necessity of a transcontinental railway for British North America, and reluctantly drops the idea of imperial federation in favour of Canadian federation. In this he sees the hope that Nova Scotia will find itself part of a nation, its citizens will find room to move in, and the United States will recognize the value of a new experiment in British government in a neighbourly fashion.

On the publication of *The Season Ticket*, Haliburton ceases to write and busies himself in the House of Commons as representative-at-large for the colonies. But here he suffered the bitterness of finding that he was more imperial than the English, and was finally advised by an honorable member "to undertake another edition of *The Rambler*." Windsor had indeed been made a centre of thought, but not of the thoughts that were stirring London.

Though Haliburton worked as an historian, an editor, a political pamphleteer, and a satirist, his international reputation was made on his humour as manifested in Sam Slick. He himself, through the *Clockmaker*, referred to his history of Nova Scotia as "the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen." That judgment is unfair, as it compliments the author while belittling his subject; but neither in this work nor in the *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* did he show much capacity for original research or illuminating comment. Yet *The Old Judge*, which is a cross between the *Historian* and the *Clockmaker*, gives a vivid picture of social life and manners in Nova Scotia in Haliburton's day.

As an editor and compiler, Haliburton produced six volumes of American humour and "tall-stories." These volumes reveal him as a close and persistent student of American life, explain his familiarity with both the Yankee dialect and the democratic rawness and virility of the western states in the mid-nineteenth century, and account for the number and variety of Sam's stories. Perhaps, too, it was this bewildering variety of American citizenship that the *Clockmaker* had in mind when he said, "No two of us look alike, or talk alike; but being free and enlightened citizens, we just talk as we please."

As an avowed political pamphleteer, Haliburton wrote *The Bubbles of Canada* and the *Reply to the Earl of Durham*. The first was a bitter disappointment to his sponsors in England, as by its title it promised sparkling humour, but gave only dull extracts from journals, blue-books, reports and official correspondence. Neither volume is likely to be read now, except by a student who wishes to see with what truculence and vigour the Family Compact could defend its monopoly of place and power when fighting with its back against the wall. To this same class of literature belongs

The Letter-Bag of the Great Western; for, although it purports to be but an illustration of Haliburton's broadening interests in judging mankind by sample and in enforcing the new lessons in communication by steam, its chief purpose is to unfold the Family Compact theory of government by a specially qualified class, born to rule and entitled to protection of its rights and privileges.

By careful elimination, therefore, as well as by casual observation, we are brought back to the Slick series for that quaint combination of Humanism and Puritanism which enabled Haliburton to become an American in the larger sense, to scale the heights of European conventionality, and to win favour there. His Humanism appears in the depth and range of his interest in men as men, and in his capacity for making every man speak for himself. His Puritanism is seen in his desire to remake his countrymen in his own image, to warn them off the political field while playing the political game himself with a clear eye upon the main chance, and in the compensation that he found for his repressions in coarseness of humour.

Through *Samuel Slick of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut*, Haliburton caught the ear of his generation and gave it an illuminating commentary upon the passing events of twenty years throughout the entire English speaking world, at a time when every day threatened some new attack upon the existing order of society. His works ran into many editions and were translated into several languages. In France and Germany critics were uniformly friendly. In Nova Scotia local pride was diminished by the bitterness of the satire. In the United States he was paid the compliment of an attack from the President of Harvard. In England he was received with acclaim, though in a characteristic passage Haliburton makes Sam say that this was due not so much to his merits of authorship as to a freakish interest on the part of the English in their queer transatlantic progeny: "The only reason you warn't shot," says Sam, "was that you was the first colonial bird that flew across the Atlantic, and you was saved as a curiosity, and will be stuffed some day or another and stuck up in a museum. The next one will be pinked, for fear he should cross the breed."

Be that as it may, one hundred years ago Haliburton crashed the literary gates with a new type of character that was to bring him more fame than came to any Canadian author before or since, and for that reason the *Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada* are taking steps to commemorate his achievement by the erection of a memorial in the place of his birth. His body rests beside the Thames in Isleworth, England; but his spirit still hovers over the Avon, in Windsor, Nova Scotia.