

# PERSONALITIES OF THE PAST IN NOVA SCOTIA

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IT has been said that Nova Scotians are brainy because they consume more fish than is consumed in the rest of Canada. On the other hand, a scientist of some repute denies that fish has anything to do with brains; but not, it goes without saying, a Nova Scotian scientist. In a Province that lives so largely by the proceeds of the fishing industry it would indeed be poor business, to say the least, to question the intimate relation between, say, the cod and exceptional mental capacity. It might be suggested that if there is a "codfish aristocracy", there should be also codfish ability. Or, to be more definite, abilities stimulated and developed by fish figuring frequently in one's diet.

Some reason, it is obvious, must be given for the influence which Nova Scotians have exercised in human affairs. Should the fish theory be fallacious, it matters not a very great deal after all. What does matter is a general belief that, in the development of Canada since Confederation, Nova Scotians have been prominent in a ratio somewhat higher than has been shown in other parts of the Dominion. That may be true of the Maritimes as a whole, although the field is rather wide for consideration in this present space. Even Nova Scotia from its first beginnings would be too long a story. My preference is for men with whom I have had personal contacts—first-hand acquaintance, as distinguished from hearsay and records of the past which do not invariably agree.

The historian Freeman laid it down that history is past politics and politics is present history. Nova Scotia's history would thus be largely a record of its politicians. Yet by no means do all politicians leave footprints in the sands of time—not even a cloven hoof! As in other callings, only a few of them enjoy that nameless something which stamps a man as a real personality, while the rest in the long procession of the rank and file go by in the passing show like the ships that pass in the night.

*In Tupper-and-Jones Days:*

Dealing with people is in one respect like dealing with snowflakes—no two are exactly alike. This is even more remarkable than that no two thumbprints are alike, since more snowflakes fall on Halifax in a raging blizzard than there are thumbprints in the world, or in a dozen worlds. Take politicians as a class. In the first place, there may be a fundamental difference between them in their political beliefs and programmes. I have heard Sir Charles Tupper and A. G. Jones speak at the same meeting—one of those full-blooded gatherings of "dyed-in-the-wool partisans"—when one side could see nothing but disaster if the other side should happen to win.

Between the 1880's and the Great War, Tupper and Jones were bright examples of "The Compleat Angler"—anglers for votes, not for the finny tribes which Isaac Walton went after with his 17th century tackle. Tupper was the natural-born politician; Jones rather had politics thrust upon him. With the tameness of the General Election of last March fresh in mind, it sounds incredible, and yet it is positively true, that when Tupper and Jones spoke, or tried to speak, in the old drilled on Spring Garden Road in a General Election of the eighties, the meeting ended in fisticuffs and riot, in which window panes were smashed and chairs and benches reduced to splinters. Although not much more than ten feet from the speakers, I could hear a word only now and then. Political passions ran furiously in the eighties. Many Nova Scotians were still dissatisfied with Confederation.

Tupper senior had personality in a high degree, much more so than Tupper junior (Sir Charles Hibbert), who had strikingly "good looks" and a dashing way with him that would have won the votes of many impressionable ladies, had they been accustomed to cast their ballots in those days. My first contact with Sir Charles Tupper was upon his return from the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. Although he had landed at Halifax at midnight, I sought an interview for the *Herald*. To call at that hour upon a tired traveller was to risk a rebuff. But no man was ever more ready to talk, perhaps because no man knew better than Tupper the value of publicity for himself and his Party. Sir Charles had a lot to say on that occasion, which he said genially and rapidly. The same morning it appeared in the leading dailies in Canada, much to his satisfaction, as I learned later.

*Two Premiers and a Minister of Militia:*

Tupper, by the way, was one of the two Nova Scotians (the other was Sir John S. D. Thompson) who became premiers both of their native Province and of the Dominion: the first in 1864, and the second in 1896. His defeat in Cumberland by Hance Logan (now Senator Logan) was a bitter pill, leading to his retirement and a home in England in which to spend the remaining days of a life well-filled with years and distinguished service to his country and the Empire. To say that few Nova Scotians have had a more vivid and virile personality is to say what friend and foe alike knew to be the truth. I have not known a public man who could, when he wished, be a truer illustration of *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*.

Tupper in the rôle of tub-thumper had a foe worthy of his steel in A. G. Jones, who twice represented Halifax at Ottawa, and was Minister of Militia in Alexander Mackenzie's Government. To leave Jones out of my record of personalities would be an unforgivable omission. Those who are able to recall him in his best days will have in mind as stately a figure as Halifax may have produced in its 191 years. Dignified yet affable, always faultlessly groomed, not an orator and yet a good speaker, invariably courteous, and as well-informed in politics as in his business of a West India merchant—that was "A. G." long years before he became as popular a Lieutenant-Governor as had entertained at Government House at any previous time. How many strangers who met him at the Halifax Club noticed his facial and physical resemblance to Bismarck will never be known, and, be it added, the Halifax man had, I think, the better of the argument.

A contemporary of both Tupper and Jones was Sir John S. D. Thompson, Halifax-born and Halifax-loved, but of quite a different type of personality. Tupper professionally was a doctor, and at one time President of the Canadian Medical Association. Jones was a successful business man, so that Thompson the lawyer clearly had a different training. Possibly "jurist" suited him better than "politician". I always considered him to be properly placed on the Nova Scotia Bench, and later as Minister of Justice in Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet in the eighties. His premiership, following the retirement in 1892 of Sir J. C. C. Abbott, nevertheless seemed to fit him admirably. His sudden and tragic death at Windsor Castle, at the age of 50, deprived Canada of one of her really illustrious sons. Had he lived to the allotted span, his career might easily have been

as brilliant as that of either Macdonald or Laurier, neither of whom had attained greater prominence at 50 years of age than the man who passed over while being honoured under the very roof of Her Majesty, Victoria the Good.

*Nova Scotia's Three Federal Premiers:*

To speak of Sir Robert Borden is to bring into these "personalities" a somewhat later illustration of Nova Scotia's capacity for rearing men of great ability. Yet to bring him into the picture at this point is necessary, as he and Tupper and Thompson were the three Nova Scotians who succeeded in securing control of Canada's Federal Parliament. *Three*, be it noted, out of eight premiers since 1867, although there are nine Provinces in the Union. Ontario is the only other Province that can equal that record. But Ontario is very much larger in size and population, so that Nova Scotia clearly holds first place, relatively, in this particular respect.

Both Sir Robert Borden and Sir John Thompson had eminently judicial minds. If I remember rightly, they both belonged to the same Halifax firm which also had Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper at one time in the partnership, and Sir Joseph Chisholm, Nova Scotia's Chief-Justice in recent years. Is there another firm of lawyers in Canadian history that can boast of having turned out two Prime Ministers, to say nothing of other distinguished members of the legal profession? If there is, I have not heard of it. That Sir Robert will remain for all time on the scroll of Nova Scotia's most capable sons, admits of no argument. When last I saw him in England, soon after he had served in the Empire's War Cabinet of 1914-18, he still wore that modest mien which goes so often and so well with real greatness. As an authority on law, he had few rivals in Parliament. Nor could Borden ever completely get away from the judicial frame of mind. Perhaps John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) was right when he said "Once a lawyer, always a lawyer". For years John Buchan himself—in early life a practising lawyer—read the Law Reports first in the morning papers, probably with the avidity with which nowadays we read the latest war news.

It is a pleasure to write of this trio of Nova Scotian premiers who at Ottawa filled so large a space in the history-making days between Confederation and the Great War. No less a pleasure is it to write of others who were near-premiers, as it were, being either second in command or distinctly in the running for leader-

ship. Mr. C. H. Cahan comes to mind here definitely as well as justly. Many years ago, about the time that Sir Charles Tupper retired, Mr. Cahan's name was on the tongues of many Conservatives. His reputation when he led the Opposition in the Nova Scotia Legislature had reached Ottawa. Youth, vigour, integrity, industry and great intelligence were qualities which gave this Yarmouth man a strong claim to the federal leadership of his Party. Yet, by some untoward turn of the wheel of fortune, the prize did not reach him. At a later date, when voting took place at a Conservative Convention held in Western Canada, it was either Cahan or Bennett for leader. Although the New Brunswick man won, our Nova Scotian became Secretary of State later on, and during the Bennett régime he gave a very creditable display of statesmanship. For he was more of a statesman than a politician, if one may separate the two, just as Borden and Thompson were. When his constituency in Montreal rejected him a few months ago, in Dr. Manion's Waterloo, Ottawa's Parliament lost a man whose abilities and uprightness gave him a most secure place in its counsels. Canada in the present war, and for that matter at all times during its coming great development and international importance, needs the type of man once described by an American author:

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,  
Men who possess opinions and a will,  
Men who have honour, men who will not lie.

Had the lines been descriptive of Mr. Cahan, they would not have had the fault of being fulsome. For one thing, who now will champion at Ottawa the removal of the overlordship of the Privy Council in its occasional dealings with Canadian legislation? I wonder.

#### *A Pictonian and Others:*

To touch, however lightly, on the subject of constitutional law brings up the name of Dr. Weldon, Dean of Dalhousie's Law School in the early part of this 20th century. A strong, striking, scholarly man; probably that is a tribute which would be paid by students who had the good fortune to study constitutional law under that commanding personality. When an M.P. at Ottawa, Dr. Weldon stood almost alone in the breadth of his knowledge on law, literature, and in many of the larger things

which should enlighten the minds of legislators in a young country. There was great honesty of purpose in this giant in body as well as in mind. Was there a place in Canada where men of note foregathered where Dr. Weldon would not have been, if I may be guilty of that old *cliché*, the cynosure of every eye? Yet I never thought that our Federal Parliament got out of Weldon the best that was in him. Innate shyness seemed to hold him back.

Another puissant personality of those days was D. C. Fraser, the Pictou-born M.P. for Guysboro, who could literally shake the rafters of any building when he let his tremendous voice go sky-rocketting on the hustings. When I took him one Sunday morning to hear the Rev. John McMillan in that Halifax stronghold of Presbyterianism, the old Chalmers Church on Barrington Street—later sacrilegiously converted into a cinema—I realized that this towering Pietonian was probably as big a man, physically as well as mentally, as had passed through those doors. Pictou County of course has been famous for its sons. And not the least of them was forceful and gigantic as "D. C.". When in later life he sat on the Supreme Court Bench in Halifax, and from there became enrolled among the Lieut-Governors of the Province, such rewards for outstanding political service were well-earned.

Had Fraser in his prime entered English politics, he would no doubt have succeeded better than Edward Blake. Although one of Canada's most learned lawyers, and at one time leader of the Liberal Party at Ottawa, Blake for some reason did not shine particularly at Westminster. Perhaps it would have been better for him, and for Canada, had he continued on at Ottawa. Wounded pride at his failure to secure the Canadian Premiership drove him to seek the Liberal benches in the Imperial Parliament. Yet his great abilities did not seem to be an open sesame to English political preferment. As Blake was not a Nova Scotian, I must, however, drop him here, although his extremely able speeches in the General Election of 1887 impressed me as equal, for mastery of detail if not for their oratorical quality, to those in the famous Midlothian campaign of a man for whom Blake himself had the greatest admiration—William Ewart Gladstone.

Two Nova Scotians who possessed that indefinable personality of which I am writing—when they sat in the House of Commons—were A. K. McLean and E. M. MacDonald, from Cape Breton and Pictou respectively. Both were trained for

public life in the Provincial Legislature, that school for statesmen which has given so many men (and no doubt will give others) to the wider Federal field. A notable team of contemporaries, McLean and MacDonald. The former has been for some years now Judge of the Exchequer Court at Ottawa; the latter lately died, after a period of retirement in Pictou from the strenuous career of Minister of Militia. As a campaigner, "Ned" MacDonald has never been excelled in his own County. And Mr. Justice McLean's work in parliament was no less conspicuous than the success which has come to him in his present capacity.

*The Career of W. S. Fielding:*

It may not be easy for the generation of to-day to appreciate the political activities of W. S. Fielding over a very long period—nearly forty years. Politics was the life-long profession of this extremely able Haligonian. Soon after his school days he became a junior in the business office of the *Morning Chronicle*. Then, while in his early twenties, he graduated into the reporting department, and by the time he was thirty, he had become the full-fledged Editor of that journal. And in that office there was politics morning, noon and night, all of which inevitably brought young Fielding into the closest touch with his Party. In fact so close that when John Barnstead (father of the present Deputy Provincial Secretary) moved in a Liberal Convention in 1882 that he be a candidate for the Provincial Legislature, the nomination was followed soon after by a success at the polls. Thus from 33 to 78 years of age this man stood steadily on the firing lines of Canadian politics, first in the provincial field and later at Ottawa.

It would therefore appear that no record of Nova Scotia's personalities would be complete which did not contain the name of this man who figured so largely in public affairs. It would indeed be impossible for a man to be Premier of Nova Scotia for twelve years (1884-96) and then fifteen years Finance Minister of Canada (1896-1911), to say nothing of another period at the Ministry of Finance a little later, without possessing personality to an unusual degree. Having worked with him in the *Chronicle* office, and maintained the friendship throughout his life, I can say with truth that he made many friends but few enemies. In Halifax City and County not a few Conservatives voted for him, rather a searching test of the popularity which personality brings.

*The "Repeal" Policy:*

Even when Fielding went to the electors in 1886 with "Repeal" as the issue, his Government was not merely sustained; it practically swept the Province. This I have always regarded as a personal as well as a political triumph. At no time since could Nova Scotians have been persuaded to endeavour to "contract out" of the Union. Take my own case, if I may be allowed. In support of "Repeal" I wrote reams of stuff for the *Chronicle* in the Provincial and Federal campaigns of 1886 and 1887 respectively. I had been mesmerised. And the mesmerist? No other than the Premier of the Province, whom young fellows like myself greatly admired. As for older heads, thousands believed at that time that they would have been better off with an open market in the New England States for the Province's natural products, as in the days—"the good old days" they called them—of the Reciprocity Treaty, 1854-66.

Fielding was upbraided for his Repeal policy. He was charged with disloyalty. But that was not just. He was thoroughly conscientious, and to Nova Scotia thoroughly loyal. It was love for his Province, not a lack of loyalty to it, that made him view it as a victim of Confederation in respect of its prosperity. Having been born and nourished in a pre-Confederation atmosphere, he at first found it difficult to understand that it would be better for Nova Scotia to sink her identity in a Union than to remain independent, with the power to regulate her own customs tariff and to renew, if possible, a trade treaty with the United States. Like hard-core "repealers" generally, he had one inspiring aim, the development and welfare of the Province. To accomplish that, either an independent Nova Scotia or a Union of the Maritimes appeared in the eighties, to a great many other Nova Scotians, to be preferable to joining hands in all things with the Central and Western Provinces.

Had Fielding favoured political absorption by the United States, a charge of disloyalty could have stood. No such thought ever entered his head. Yet thousands of his fellow-provincials could point to a map of the eastern seaboard of North America and maintain, with something stronger than mere chop logic, that geographically the Maritime Provinces, Maine and Massachusetts constitute a group of contiguous territories which originally ought to have been bound together as a *British Colony*, having ties and affinities established by Nature as well as by man.

But striking into that subject opens such a wide vista of pros and cons that I must resolutely pass it by without further

comment, save this: Fielding's contacts with Canada filled him with pride that his own Province should belong to a string of transcontinental territories which must become in course of time one of the great nations of the earth.

The "wider contacts" were experienced at Ottawa, where the personality of this particular Finance Minister—who held that post in more consecutive years than any other man before or since—was recognised and appreciated. Laurier and Fielding made a wonderful combination; the idealist and the realist. When in 1905 the three of us had a chat together in Room 16, in the Parliament Building at Ottawa, I could see that more than politics entered into the alliance. It was a case of "mutual admiration", if ever there was one. "Personality" of course simply oozed from every pore of the Prime Minister's body. Had he been of "bluenose" birth, I would have liked nothing better than to have enlarged here and now on the amazing hold which Laurier had on all classes of people. But to write at any length about a native of Quebec is obviously beyond the range of the present reference.

While Fielding had no lack of personality, he had another priceless attribute of success, the love of work. This, no doubt, may be acquired. With Fielding it was natural. Work was the passion of his life. I cannot recall any man who spent so few idle hours, and all of them in connection with public affairs. When the Editor of *Who's Who* asks for details of his career, a man is expected to state his pastimes as well as his professional pursuits. It may have been a failing that Fielding could say very little on that score. But what he knew he knew well. After one of his great orations in Washington, Daniel Webster said to a friend that everything he had ever known seemed to come to him without effort: it appeared to be all spread out before him on shelves; he had only to reach out and take anything that suited the sentence or the subject. Fielding's grasp of detail was similarly assisted by a retentive, and helpful, memory. In his Budgets at Ottawa he was like Webster, usually; he had only to reach out and take what he wanted. And, generally, in his habits of thought there was little that was loose, discursive or ambiguous. He saw clearly and spoke clearly, probably, too, with a more limited vocabulary than any other politician of his time. He had not burdened his mind with a load of irrelevancies. As such, rhetoric had no place at all in his singularly matter-of-fact mentality. To keep within the Plimsol Line of safety and let others be as brilliant as

they liked—that was Fielding's habitual practice. Nor could verbatim reports of his speeches be easily taken down by the shorthand men. Sometimes he found it necessary to look over the proof galleys of a speech before it was finally committed to the tender mercies of the Press or Hansard.

*Orators too, in those days:*

The man who tried "to skim the earth, to soar above the sky, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow", and all that sort of thing, was Mr. Fielding's most intimate colleague in the Provincial Government—J. Wilberforce Longley, Attorney-General for many years. Another fairly skilful exponent of the "highfalutin" was Otto Weeks. In the Press Gallery on one occasion I noticed the Premier pull Weeks down by the coat-tails when he was soaring too high above the clouds to suit Fielding's more sober tastes. Otto Weeks in this respect was naturally gifted. And in some other respects! His personality to that generation was daringly conspicuous. There was no possibility of mistaking it. Had he confined himself strictly to the business of getting on and on in the world, there was scarcely any mountain which Weeks might not have scaled. But to scorn delights and live laborious days was not exactly that gentleman's idea of enjoying life. Perhaps he believed that Lucretius was right in his Epicurean philosophy.

Longley, however, was a worker as well as a dreamer. That he was not taken quite as seriously as his talents warranted, was one of his misfortunes. For he had abilities of no mean order. Perhaps his personality shone brightest when filling the rôle of after-dinner speaker. To his political enemies he afforded a never failing target. At the head of an editorial column in the *Mail*, one evening I recall this very personal paragraph written by S.D. Scott: "J. Wilberforce Longley is growing a moustache". I don't look for appreciation of that little sally by people who did not know the Attorney-General. But by those who did know him it will be remembered that it was quite the thing to "take a rise" out of Longley!

While Fielding cared little for eulogy, Longley could swallow it hook, line and sinker. True, he did not get fat on it, seeing that he was naturally of the lean and Cassius build. It was food and drink to him, nevertheless. But I should not like here to be misunderstood. Longley was one of the cleverest men in provincial politics for many a day. It was not his fortune to go to the higher sphere at Ottawa. But in Halifax, where he

spent the whole of his life from early manhood, in politics, in society, in literary circles (his book on "Love" can still be read), and on the Bench he was never far from the limelight. Two men more unlike than Fielding and Longley could not have controlled the Provincial Legislature. What a bank manager, or head of a great industrial establishment, one would have made; and what an actor was lost to "the legitimate stage" when the other adopted law and politics as a combined career!

*Murray the Magnanimous:*

To cease consideration of the personalities of Nova Scotia politics without mentioning George H. Murray would be a flagrant and wholly inexcusable omission. A most lovable character was Nova Scotia's Premier for well-nigh a quarter of a century. That record of an unbroken premiership could have been achieved by no ordinary politician. The secret of such remarkable influence over half a million people was personality rather than very exceptional ability. Shrewd, undoubtedly, was Murray, and endowed with an unusual talent for the management of men. Some of Fielding's most devoted supporters predicted that the man who had to succeed that nimble-witted genius would have his hands full. But Fielding's mantle was in a manner too small for Murray, who settled down to the Premiership as though born to sway the Liberal sceptre in that particular field. That personality was the keynote of his unparalleled retention of sovereignty will, I think, be granted by those who intimately knew him. Few indeed could have come into close touch with "George H." without putting partisan politics aside and accepting the man for the real nobility of his nature.

If Murray would have been the last man to lead a revolution, he would have been the first to insist that renown should be based on righteousness. Though not governed by the doctrine of *laissez faire*, at heart he was conservative rather than radical. "So, Sir," said Boswell, "you laugh at schemes of political improvement". "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things". Possibly Premier Murray would have been sympathetic to that view. Where Fielding would have argued, Murray would have smiled, and a smile may carry the day when argument fails to overcome prejudice.

Few of to-day may have known Speaker Power, who presided over the Provincial Parliament in the days when Fielding

was the hero of the hour. Those who do remember him will agree that personality had much to do with putting him on the Speaker's throne. I have seen a number of "Speakers" in Canada, the United States and England, but none whose appearance impressed me more. The dignity of the Legislature seemed somewhat less when Speaker Power had ceased to exercise supreme control. Another Power—the Senator—of that time had considerable influence with his Party. "Larry" (to his intimates) was a frequent visitor to the office of the *Chronicle* in my day, and, at times, contributed to its editorial columns, though perhaps in a style more noted for Victorianism than for its vigour. But then those were Victorian times!

*A famous Scotsman:*

A distinguished scientist, who made Cape Breton his adopted home for a few years, should not be excluded from these notes. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is now remembered only as the inventor of the telephone. But he had other strings to his bow, as I discovered when I visited his mountain home at *Ben Breagh*. The very interesting book, *Baddeck and That Sort of Thing*, had brought that rugged district to the notice of this Edinburgh-born man whom, by the way, they always claimed in the United States as "an American scientist"! As a matter of fact, Dr. Bell did not set foot in the western hemisphere until he had passed his 23rd year, and it was then Canadian soil that received him. It was therefore quite an understandable thing for him to return to Canada after American dollars had filled his pockets to repletion. But being a multi-millionaire did not interest the inventor nearly as much as his own scientific pursuits, which reached away beyond the vocal physiology that had brought him fame and fortune. After inventing what he called the "photophone" and the "graphophone", as well as the "tele-phone", he turned to aviation and the breeding of sheep: by-paths widely apart in which to wander for the benefit of the world at large.

At Baddeck in the late nineties I found Dr. Bell immersed in several departments of scientific research. For that purpose he had built into his magnificent home on the hills a laboratory certainly more complete than any ever before erected in Canada's wilds, where his work-day began at dark and continued till daylight. For *Ben Breagh* is naturally a wildish sort of place, although none the worse for that, to men who love to commune with Nature and with Nature's God, of whom Bell was by no means

the least. The breadth of this man's thinking may be measured by his attempt to increase the fecundity of sheep. I am not aware that any reference to his activities in this connection has ever been made in books about his life. But I do know, from seeing his sheepfolds at *Ben Breagh*, and hearing from him a desire to have two lambs born instead of the usual one, that the mind of this man travelled on tracks for which he has not been given the credit to which he is entitled. Possibly that famous reference to making two blades of grass grow in place of one first inspired the thought that if by selective breeding he could cause mother sheep to bear twins, instead of one-at-a-time, he would be a very real benefactor to mankind.

How far the sheep-breeding experiment went towards a realization of that extremely practical idea, I have never been able to find out. Better results seem to have attended his experiments in aviation, which enabled him actually to fly his novel aeroplane over the Bras d' Or Lakes at any rate, and by so doing to demonstrate that heavier-than-air machines must ultimately issue in that scouring of the skies which Tennyson had spoken of in his prophetic *Locksley Hall*. A great wealth of white hair, a bushy beard and eyebrows, large and lustrous eyes, a strong physical frame, and the modesty which hides so often the greatness of the really great—those were details in Dr. Bell's appearance which struck me most at first sight. No disguising of personality was possible in the case of this famous Scotsman, who preferred Nova Scotia in which to carry on some of his work.

#### *Another Brilliant Personality:*

A Maritime Province man who has ranked high in several spheres, and who for some time lived in Halifax, is Jacob Gould Schurman. In his retirement after a long and active life this Prince Edward Islander had the satisfaction of knowing that he had "filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run". I have never greatly favoured the saying "a self-made man", since more or less every man is that. If it applies to anybody, it might, however, apply to Dr. Schurman, who in his young days won his way by scholarships to an educational eminence to which not many Canadians have risen.

My own early contacts with him were in the classroom, when he taught Dalhousie students—in the old building on the Grand Parade—some of the baffling mysteries and meanderings of metaphysics. I don't remember exactly what other students

of his time thought about it, but for myself this vivid and versatile lecturer on the palaverings of philosophy throughout the ages was a revelation in respect of both physical and mental qualities. To Schurman, philosophy was a subject very close indeed to his heart. He felt, I am sure, that "if it can bake no bread, it can at least give us God, freedom, immortality", as somebody has described it. Following, no doubt, unconsciously the peripatetic school of the ancient Greeks, Schurman would walk up and down in front of the slightly-raised desk of his lecture room while he discoursed, often without notes, on the intricacies of Bishop Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter, on the Pythagorean theory of the melodious harmony of the spheres, or that amazing trio Soerates, Plato and Aristotle, and all the others assured of ample space in the gallery of the world's philosophers.

I was not surprised when Schurman accepted a Chair of Philosophy in Cornell, or when, soon after, he became the head of the university's Department of Philosophy, or still later, when he took complete control of Cornell, one of the largest universities in the world. One word describes him better, it may be, than any other—he was *brilliant* both in scholarship and in the exercise of an exceptionally strong personality. His appointment to be Governor of the Philippines, not long after Admiral Dewey had sunk the Spanish warships then in the Bay of Manila, indicated the influence he had been able to exercise up to that time, in American politics as well as in the "higher education" of the United States. This was shown still further when he became American Ambassador to Germany. Had he been born in the U.S.A., the American Presidency was not beyond his reach: so great was his popularity at the height of his career. I last heard from him when he was in the Embassy in Berlin, when he sent me his photograph and a personal letter referring to the old Halifax days.

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If it must be admitted that personality is not invariably associated with high abilities, in one form or another, let us put away the thought in lavender for the present. It would not be strange if some well-known Nova Scotian had ability without personality, which is more common than a definite combination of the two. Should Lieut-Governors have been amongst them, it is not for me to make invidious distinctions, to use that worn-out tag. Nor does it follow that what I have

said would be entirely agreeable to those concerned who may still be with us. But that is not an unusual experience of reviewers, most of whom are given to act upon the advice of a great man to the artist who was putting him on canvass—"paint me as I am, warts and all".

Elizabeth Barrett Browning said of Samuel Johnson's book, *The Lives of the Poets*, that the author left the poets out. If I have left out "personalities" who ought to have been included, there is thus an illustrious precedent. If so accused, I could say in defence that, in any case, I have not the space to speak of all the men who since Confederation have worn a blue-nose label in Dominion politics. Exactly how many men have gone to Ottawa from Nova Scotia's constituencies in all those seventy-three years, one could not say without a very tiresome thumbing of the records. Yet I am convinced that there was an unusual percentage of "personalities" amongst them—i.e. men who attracted attention by means of their individual magnetism.