

DESIGN AND PURPOSE

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SINCE FEW READERS have seriously considered Susanna Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush* as a work of art, I have had misgivings about my own exploration of the design underlying this work. Moreover, I have had to admit that Mrs. Moodie herself seems oblivious of her own purpose or of the pattern developing within her work. Says she: "It is not my intention to give a regular history of our residence in the bush, but merely to present to my readers such events as may serve to illustrate a life in the woods."¹ A modest intention indeed! All that she seemingly requires of herself is to make her experience real. Notice that she has freed herself from the requirements of a single thesis and from the demands of a single chronology.

As Mrs. Moodie recounts the years of 1836 and 37, her purpose shifts to "illustrate the necessity of a perfect and childlike reliance upon the mercies of God . . ." But after she has descended from her experience of the sublime and from theological speculation, she becomes wholly absorbed in the particulars of pioneer life; her book begins to read more and more like a handyman's guide, a how-to-make-do book. Her purpose now seems that of the seasoned guide who would show potential emigrants how to adapt to the bush. Thus dandelion roots substitute for coffee, and afford this advice to the potential emigrant: "To persons residing in the bush, and to whom tea and coffee are very expensive articles of luxury, the knowledge of this valuable property in a plant scattered so abundantly through the fields, would prove highly beneficial." Again, as the book approaches its close, in "The Walk to Dummer", the author seems to offer practical advice to the would-be colonist. As she describes the qualities required by the successful pioneer, she implies that even a gentleman can be a successful frontiersman:

. . . if this book is regarded not as a work of amusement but one of practical experience, written for the benefit of others, it will not fail to convey some useful hints to those who have contemplated emigration to Canada, the best country in the world for the industrious and well-principled man who really comes out to work, and to better his condition by the labour of his hands; but a gulf of ruin to the vain and idle, who only set foot upon these shores to accelerate their ruin.

In the last chapter, however, after having asserted her own contentment in the bush ("I was contented to live and die in obscurity"), after having nostalgically described the pleasantness of their leavetaking, the cordial hospitality afforded them while on the road, the beauty and good humour of their ride itself — after all this, Mrs. Moodie suddenly ends the story and then reverts to the purpose expressed in her preface:

To the poor, industrious working man it presents many advantages; to the poor gentleman, *none!* The former works hard, puts up with coarse, scanty fare, and submits, with good grace, to hardships that would kill a domesticated animal at home. . . .

In her last words the bush is named a "prison-house" and the life there simply one of "toil" and "suffering".

How is one to read such a contradictory work? Is it best simply to use *Roughing it in the Bush* as a historian might, i.e. by looking through Susanna Moodie's book on to the 1830's of Upper Canada or of the British empire? Is it best, if one is to look at the work itself, simply to touch and go, to point out Mrs. Moodie's ironic narrative voice and then slide away from the book by comparing this voice to Jane Austen's? Or is it best finally, simply to accept *Roughing it in the Bush* as a work roughly hewn, an anecdotal travelogue, a work in which experience is half digested, a work digressive and discontinuous, a work filled with vigorous, humorous but rather pointless character sketches?

To answer these questions, I will argue first that Mrs. Moodie's representation of nature does unify *Roughing it in the Bush*, and secondly that the design of the chapters emphasizes this representation of nature. Even here the book may appear confused: it is easy to construe Susanna Moodie carrying across the Atlantic romantic notions of nature which are inappropriate to her new setting. It becomes clear quickly, however, that her romantic ecstasies are not single-minded, or naive, at least in so far as Moodie-the-writer re-creates her earlier experience. In her first description of the serene and silent beauty of the shores of the St. Lawrence, it is obvious that the writer in retrospect has so framed the

scene that the reader must suspect ironic implication: picturesque beauty, one is led to believe, is not reality. Even before she describes the scene, her dour Scot sees the picturesque white houses in the distance as follows: "Weel, it beats a'! Can thae white clouts be a' houses? They look like claes hung out to drie!" And Mrs. Moodie herself wonders whether "familiarity with the scene has rendered the habitants indifferent to its astonishing beauty." Once the picture itself and her day dreams have been broken by the return of the ship's boat, the skeptical frame again is made apparent: the Captain warns that "many things look well at a distance which are bad enough when near." As the ship's party approaches Grosse Isle, the pastoral view of nature begins to dissipate: "It was four o'clock when we landed on the rocks, which the rays of an intensely scorching sun had rendered so hot that I could scarcely place my foot upon them." Moreover the unpleasant effect of the place upon emigrants is suddenly made clear:

The people who covered the island appeared perfectly destitute of shame, or even a sense of common decency. Many were almost naked, still more but partially clothed. We turned in disgust from the revolting scene, but were unable to leave the spot until the captain had satisfied a noisy group of his people, who were demanding a supply of stores.

The spirit of the place becomes a disease: even Scots "who while on board ship had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, and appeared the most quiet, orderly set of people in the world, no sooner set foot upon the island than they became infected by the same spirit of insubordination and misrule, and were just as insolent and noisy as the rest."

Again, as Mrs. Moodie describes Quebec, the same bursting of the romantic dream occurs. The "grandeur" and the "picture perfect" quality of the landscape, and the sense that this landscape is the work of a "Divine Originator" so affects her that she reports:

my spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears. Yes, regardless of the eager crowds around me, I leant upon the side of the vessel and cried like a child — not tears of sorrow, but a gush from the heart of pure and unalloyed delight. I heard not the many voices murmuring in my ears — I saw not the anxious beings that thronged our narrow deck — my soul at the moment was alone with God.

If this passage is not bathetic, the one following closely upon it is, as Mrs. Moodie chauvinistically prophesies that only a great nation could rise from such a great landscape. Then to make matters worse, after apparently coming back to herself,

she abruptly states: "But I have wandered away from my subject into the regions of thought and must again descend to common workaday realities." On this lower level, what follows is a satirical account of the vainglorious expectations of the working class immigrants. Moreover from the first hand accounts of those who have visited Quebec, Moodie suggests that man destroys the perfection of nature — a view not entirely contrary to the Wordsworthian or romantic notions which she has carried across the Atlantic.

Towards night, most of the steerage passengers returned, greatly dissatisfied with their first visit to the city, which they declared to be a filthy hole, that looked a great deal better from the ship's side than it did from the shore. This I have often been told, is literally the case. Here, as elsewhere, man has marred the magnificent creation of his Maker.

In this passage and in her description of the cholera raging in Quebec, the cynical empiricism of the captain is confirmed: don't trust first appearances.

Romantic anticipation and disenchantment, high style and low, continue to alternate. But this anticipation and high style become a smaller and smaller part of the book. In part, anticipation is replaced by nostalgia for the idyllic British countryside: ". . . I had discoursed sweet words to the tinkling brook, and learned from the melody of the waters and music of natural sounds. In these beloved solitudes all the holy emotions which stir the human heart in its depths had been freely poured forth, and found a response in the harmonious voice of Nature, bearing aloft the choral song of earth to the throne of the Creator." Nature is remembered as the "indulgent mother, holding out her living arms to enfold to her bosom her erring but devoted child." By what seems a sheer effort of will, however, Mrs. Moodie turns from her lament for things past. Still avoiding the present, she prophesies a glorious future for Canada, the land now of her future, her children's future and the land of her children's graves. Typically, however, this chapter falls away from this "high style" to the ludicrous incongruities of Tom Wilson remembered, to the low reality of the crowded immigrant boat, and finally to the droll but foreboding grumbling of Tom Wilson, who has preceded the Moodies to the New World. Says Tom:

I was tired and hungry, my face disfigured and blistered by the unremitting attentions of the black flies that rose in swarms from the river. I thought to get a private room to wash and dress in, but there is no such thing as privacy in this country. In the bush, all things are in common; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping room! Think of that, a public sleeping room — men, women and children, only divided by a paltry

curtain. Oh ye gods! think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, puffing; think of the kicking, elbowing and crowding; the suffocating heat, the mosquitoes with their infernal buzzing — and you will form some idea of the misery I endured the first night of my arrival in the bush.

This alternation of the high and low may lead the reader to assert that Susanna Moodie's vision was contradictory, her style uneven. But as I have said, the low is usually implied in the high or else the low frames the high. Moreover, the high mimetic mode becomes a smaller and smaller part of the book as the story becomes more and more a catalogue of narrowly averted disasters and as the story implies that in Canada, at least, nature is a heartless tyrant who grinds down the fine edges of the British gentleman. The plot itself, (as it moves in circular fashion from British village, to the Lower St. Lawrence, to Lake Ontario, to the deep bush, and finally back to the Canadian counterpart of British civilization, the village) implies surely that the Canadian bush or Canadian nature is not suitable to the Moodie family.

On a smaller scale, the arrangement of chapters, especially the alternation of episodic chapters and chapters of character sketch, again suggest a single significant pattern within *Roughing it in the Bush*: the character sketches may seem at first to have no function, beyond merely presenting interesting personalities, but these chapters act as watersheds between the flows of action, and more importantly they imply failure, if the Moodies stay in the bush. If one sees the book in this way, he finds five sections:

1. *Chapters I and II.* The Moodies travel up-river from Grosse Isle, to Quebec, to Montreal and to Upper Canada. The third chapter, "Tom Wilson", a character sketch, explains the causes for the Moodies' emigrating and foreshadows ominously the events to come.

2. *Chapters IV to X.* Mrs. Moodie describes their first settlement, the low life of the frontier American, and the evils of borrowing. Chapter X, "Brian the Still Hunter", is again a character sketch, a watershed chapter and a warning against the perils of the British gentleman's emigrating to Canada. Chapter XI, "The Charivari", does not fit neatly into my scheme because this section of the book does occasionally seem strictly anecdotal, especially where Mrs. Moodie angrily describes the charivari, a custom whereby newlyweds, ill-matched in age or race, are tormented by the young bucks of the neighbourhood. But the chapter does draw many loose ends together as she begins to generalize about the differences between British customs and Canadian customs. And as in the watershed chapter, "Tom Wilson", Mrs. Moodie fills in the background of the story: why they

emigrated, why she pined away in the new world, why servants brought to the new world became unruly, and why masters and servants must eat at separate tables.²

3. *Chapters XII to XVI.* The Moodies are now farming in the bush proper — clearing the trees and building their own log cabin. Mrs. Moodie's stance seems that of a wide-eyed Gulliver reporting upon an entirely new world; every particular seems a novelty and seems to demand a new digressive anecdote. Like later generations of Canadian school children, she writes what has become the cliché forest fire, a violent story in which the hero or heroine escapes certain death by sheer luck, the *deus ex machina* being a thunderstorm. Her account of the logging bee is boisterous and comical, especially her story of the capering Malichi Chroak, but her viewpoint remains consistently ladylike: she disapproves of drunken abandon and careless accident in the bees.

The series of loosely connected anecdotes is brought to an end by not one chapter but three. J. W. D. Moodie's sketch of Simpson in "The Ould Dragoon" fits into the overall pattern of the book as the "Ould Dragoon's" Crusoe-like isolation and ingenuity bode ill for the Moodies who are slowly approaching Simpson's primitive level of subsistence. The next chapter, XVIII, "Disappointed Hopes", is the watershed chapter of the whole book: the reader finds himself with one foot in the preceding flow of bush anecdotes and with the other foot in a muskeg of complaints. The damp summer's ruining their crops, Moodie's declining steam boat stock, the necessity of Susanna working at last in the fields — these sad events begin the chapter. Admittedly Mrs. Moodie shows herself as having grown as a result of these disappointments, especially as now she can sympathize genuinely with the lower class and she has acquired the lore of making-do — e.g., dandelion roots as coffee substitutes. But the catalogue of affliction continues: their bull is stolen; their hogs are vindictively driven by neighbours into the lake and drowned. But this affliction is surmounted apparently, as Mrs. Moodie's comic voice returns: she describes their more-than-Christian dog, Spot, who won't, even though necessity requires it, eat the flesh of his dead friend, Hector the hog. The chapter ends satirically as she describes the shy courtship of her two young servants.

Chapter XXV, "The Little Stumpy Man" is still part of the watershed and again an ominous character study. Malcolm, the little stumpy man, is a direct threat to Mrs. Moodie. He is depicted as surly, sly, selfish and unprincipled. With his smouldering anger he becomes virtually satanic. Her description of Malcolm, I, at least, find extremely sexual:

He was a strange-looking creature; his features were tolerably regular; his complexion dark, with a good colour; his very broad and round head was covered with a perfect mass of close, black, curling hair, which, in growth, and texture, and hue, resembled the wiry, curly hide of a waterdog. His eyes and mouth were both well shaped, but gave, by their sinister expression, an odious and doubtful meaning to the whole of his physiognomy. The eyes were cold, insolent and cruel, and as green as the eyes of a cat. The mouth bespoke a sullen, determined and sneering disposition, as if it belonged to one brutally obstinate, one who could not by any gentle means be persuaded from his purpose.

Malcolm challenges Mrs. Moodie's rigid sense of propriety by suggesting that it is a hypocrisy that can be dispensed with. The issue of propriety or hypocrisy is raised here as a consequence of her objection to Malcolm's ungentlemanly behaviour toward the family maid. Replies Malcolm:

Ah you are such a prude — so methodistical — you make no allowance for circumstances! Surely, in the woods we may dispense with the hypocritical, conventional forms of society, and speak and act as we please.

Certainly Malcolm is a threat to the Moodies as he attempts to foster discord between man and wife; and as he becomes a burden by refusing to leave or to share the work, he is also a threat to the family economy. This chapter then is an ominous prelude to the final movement of *Roughing it in the Bush*.

4. *Chapters XX to XXIII*. A series of narrowly averted catastrophes increasingly implies failure. The burning of their cabin roof, which could easily have caused the loss of all their possessions; the Rebellion of 1837, which could have meant death for J. W. D. Moodie but which brought unexpected money to the family; the hurricane which narrowly missed the cabin; the ten weeks of sickness and the loss of friends who move away — all these misfortunes imply near failure. Chapter XXIII, "The Walk to Dummer", does not really belong to this catalogue of narrowly averted disasters; nor is the chapter really a character sketch. But this short anecdote, in which Susanna Moodie embarks on a mission of mercy, and the short sketch of the destitute family which she is saving, imply surely that the Moodies themselves may soon come to the same dire straits. Though Moodie, unlike the absent head of this destitute family, is not a drunkard, he is a British gentleman living in the bush and therefore within the terms of this book, a potential failure.

5. *Chapters XXIV to XXV*. One might argue that *Roughing it in the Bush* is nicely rounded off, as in the last two chapters the circle of events is completed: the Moodies have left civilization, settled in the bush and now return to civiliza-

tion; through Mrs. Moodie's plea to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, on behalf of her husband, he is offered the position of sheriff of District V — near Belleville. But the last two chapters move in an uneven fashion, beginning with elevated speculations about intuition and then shifting abruptly to the raw chunks of Mrs. Moodie's undigested experience of the bush. This first paragraph is in her high speculative style:

The holy and mysterious nature of man is yet hidden from himself; he is still a stranger to the movements of that inner life, and knows little of its capabilities and powers. A purer religion, a higher standard of moral and intellectual training, may in time reveal all this. Man still remains a half-reclaimed savage; the leaven of Christianity is slowly and surely working its way, but it has not yet changed the whole lump, or transformed the deformed into the beautiful child of God. Oh, for that glorious day! It is coming. The dark clouds of humanity are already tinged with the golden radiance of the dawn, but the sun of righteousness has not yet arisen upon the world with healing on his wings: the light of truth still struggles in the womb of darkness, and man stumbles on to the fulfilment of his sublime and mysterious destiny.

The very next paragraph reads like the diary of an Ontario farmer totally absorbed in the particulars of his life:

This spring I was not a little puzzled how to get in the crops. I still continued so weak that I was quite unable to assist in the field, and my good old Jenny was sorely troubled with inflamed feet, which required constant care. At this juncture, a neighbouring settler, who had recently come among us, offered to put in my small crop of peas, potatoes, and oats, in all not comprising more than eight acres, if I would lend him my oxen to log-up a large fallow of ten acres and put in his own crops. Trusting to his fair dealing, I consented to this arrangement; but he took advantage of my isolated position, and not only logged-up his fallow, but put in all his spring crops before he sowed an acre of mine. The oxen were worked down so low that they were almost unfit for use, and my crops were put in so late, and with such little care, that they all proved a failure. I should have felt this loss more severely had it happened in any previous year; but I had ceased to feel that deep interest in the affairs of the farm from a sort of conviction in my own mind that it would not long remain my home.

Perhaps this kind of unevenness is to be excused in travel or frontier literature, but as I have already suggested, the very last paragraph of the book follows illogically from the previous paragraphs. Mrs. Moodie warns the emigrant gentleman to avoid settling in the bush, yet just before this, she has been describing the beauty of the winter sleigh ride, the pleasant leavetaking from their neighbours,

and the warm hospitality of the innkeepers who shelter the Moodies on their trip to Belleville. Thus though the reader is perhaps prepared for the closing of a circular plot, he is startled at the sudden and contradictory warning which ends the book.

Recognizing the discontinuity within these last paragraphs, one should not forget the pattern that does integrate the book — the catalogue of narrowly averted disasters which increasingly imply failure for the Moodies if they do not leave the bush, and the cyclical plot (village, bush, village) which suggests that they cannot continue living in the bush. The book is also significantly tied together by those transitional chapters, those watershed chapters, which are comprised of character sketches. Each sketch is an ominous picture of the British gentleman who fails in the bush.

Tom Wilson may be seen merely as a humorous eccentric, but he really serves a larger purpose, for the impractical, absent-minded Tom, a caricature of the British gentleman, is totally incapable of coping with the bush. He fails, and his failure foreshadows Moodie's failure. This is obvious in Chapter II as Tom warns Moodie that he is even more liable to failure than Tom himself :

As to our qualifications, Moodie, I think them pretty equal. I know you think otherwise, but I will explain. Let me see; what was I going to say? — ah, I have it! You go with the intention of clearing land, and working for yourself, and doing a great deal. I have tried that before in New South Wales, and I know that it won't answer. Gentlemen can't work like labourers, and if they could they won't — it is not in them, and that you will find out. You expect, by going to Canada, to make your fortune, or at least to secure a comfortable independence. I anticipate no such results; yet I mean to go partly out of a whim, partly to satisfy my curiosity whether it is a better country than South Wales; and lastly, in the hope of bettering my condition in a small way, which is at present so bad that it can scarcely be worse.

Even the Moodies' literary talents will make them "an object of mistrust and envy to those who cannot appreciate them, and will be a source of constant mortification and disappointment. . . ." Certainly the story bears out Tom Wilson's warning as the Moodies decline to failure and as their neighbours consider Mrs. Moodie a freak. In *Life in The Clearings*, she becomes "the one that writes."

At first reading, Brian the Still Hunter, may appear as no more than an interesting character, a Canadian counterpart of the American Natty Bumppo, the isolated gentleman of the woods who sees the woods as God's temple and who in his theological musings seems as much mystic as woodsman. But Mrs. Moodie's sketch of Brian is not a comforting one. How can one man be so violent and so

gentle? This seems to be the question she is asking. Moreover, in Ned's account of Brian's attempt at suicide, she makes the violence extremely gross:

If I did not find him, upon my landing on the opposite shore, lying wallowing in his blood with his throat cut. 'Is that you, Brian?' says I, giving him a kick with my foot, to see if he was alive or dead. 'What upon earth tempted you to play me and F..... such a dirty, mean trick, as to go and stick yourself like a pig, bringing such a discredit upon the house? — and you so far from home and those who should nurse you!'

I was so mad with him that (saving your presence, ma'am) I swore awfully, and called him names that would be ondacent to repeat here; but he only answered with groans and a horrid gurgling in his throat. 'It's a choking you are,' said I; 'but you shan't have your own way and die so easily either, if I can punish you by keeping you alive.' So I just turned him upon his stomach, with his head down the steep bank; but he still kept choking and growing black in the face.

The indignation exhibited in this grotesque account has its counterpart in the shame exhibited by Brian himself as he explains to Mrs. Moodie that his hunting is both madness itself and a compulsive attempt to purge himself of madness.

'Tis the excitement . . . it drowns thought, and I love to be alone. I am sorry for the creatures, too, for they are free and happy; yet I am led by an instinct I cannot restrain to kill them. Sometimes the sight of their dying agonies recalls painful feelings, and then I lay aside the gun, and do not hunt for days. But 'tis fine to be alone with God in the great woods — to watch the sunbeams stealing through the thick branches, the blue sky breaking in upon you in patches, and to know that all is bright and shiny above you, in spite of the gloom that surrounds you.

In this paragraph it is evident that Brian's hunting and his individualistic nature worship serve the same root purpose, i.e. to purge him of intolerable gloom. On the same page, hunting also becomes a way of purging his sense of degradation, because he has sunk so low in the bush and because of his earlier attempt at suicide. Thus hunting becomes "the stimulant which he lost when he renounced the cursed whiskey bottle." In his eccentricity, Brian is a mad version of the British gentleman who has gone native, who has been swallowed up by the bush, while somehow retaining the courtesy of a gentleman. His madness surely is an extension of Tom Wilson's eccentricity, and his failure a foreshadowing of the Moodies' possible end.

Simpson, the Ould Dragoon, can hardly be called the British gentleman, but he is the British soldier "Crusoeified" by the bush. As Simpson ingeniously "makes do", as he ingeniously employs wood and leather for all his domestic and farm-

ing purposes, as he ingeniously employs one shoe, alternating it from foot to foot to save wear and tear, Mr. Moodie is obviously presenting a humorous caricature, one which seems based upon the isolated, afflicted and ingenious Robinson Crusoe. But there is more than humour here, for as J. W. D. Moodie muses upon the wisdom of Simpson's resigning himself to fate, his thoughts imply surely the possibility of himself and his family being reduced to Simpson's marginal subsistence:

A certain degree of dissatisfaction with our present circumstances is necessary to stimulate us to exertion, and thus to enable us to secure future comfort; but where the delusive prospect of future happiness is too remote for any reasonable hope of ultimate attainment, then, surely it is true wisdom to make the most of the present and to cultivate a spirit of happy contentment with the lot assigned to us by providence.

Thus, despite the unevenness of Susanna Moodie's style, her contradictory set of purposes, and the anecdotal fragmentation of her story, a basic pattern unfolds in *Roughing it in the Bush*. The movement is from romantic anticipation to disillusionment, from nature as beautiful and benevolent to nature as a dangerous taskmaster. The story moves from her experience of the sublime to her catalogue of near disasters. What remains constant is Mrs. Moodie's viewpoint, an ironic and skeptical retrospection, which from the first pages brings into question the heady optimism of the emigrant. The character sketches are constant too as they imply that the British gentleman must fail in the bush. Susanna Moodie's basic fable warns "Beware!"

FOOTNOTES

¹ Susanna Moodie, *Roughing it in the Bush or Forest Life in Canada* (Toronto, 1923), p. 295. This edition is more accessible than the original London edition of 1852 and more complete than the New York edition of 1852 or the Toronto edition of 1966. Minor variations in spelling will be found. The chapter entitled "The Magic Spell" in the original edition becomes "Adieu to the Woods". Two chapters are dropped. See below.

² In the original edition, "The Charivari" is followed by "The Village Hotel" and "The Land Jobber", both chapters written by Mr. Moodie. Here he continues his wife's drawing of loose ends together and continues explaining the basic difference between life in the Old Country and the New. He explains more fully than his forbearing wife why he made such poor investments in land and in steam boat stock. More importantly, he generalizes further than she and explains why the colonist possesses more energy and will than the European:

The knowledge of the causes which promote the rapid settlement of a new country, and of those in general which lead to the improvement of the physical condition of mankind, may be compared to the knowledge of a language. The inhabitant of a civilized and long-settled country may speak and write his own language with the greatest purity; but very few ever reflect on the amount of thought, metaphor, and ingenuity which has been expended by their less civilized ancestors in bringing that language to perfection. The bar-

barian first feels the disadvantage of a limited means of communicating his ideas, and with great labour and ingenuity devises the means, from time to time, to remedy the imperfections of his language. He is compelled to analyse and study it in its first elements, and to augment the modes of expression in order to keep pace with the increasing number of his wants and ideas.

A colony bears the same relation to an old-settled country that a grammar does to a language. In a colony, society is seen in its first elements, the country itself is in its rudest and simplest form. The colonist knows them in this primitive state, and watches their progress step by step. In this manner he acquires an intimate knowledge of the philosophy of improvement, which is almost unattainable by an individual who has lived from his childhood in a highly-complex and artificial state of society, where everything around him was formed and arranged long before he came into the world; he sees the *effects*, the *causes* existed long before his time. His place in society — his portion of the wealth of the country — his prejudices — his religion itself, if he has any, are all more or less hereditary. He is in some measure a mere machine, or rather a part of one. He is a creature of education, rather than of original thought.

The colonist has to create — he has to draw on his own stock of ideas, and to rouse up all his latent energies to meet all his wants in his new position. Thus his thinking principle is strengthened, and he is more energetic.

For a similar discussion of the colonist's energy and ambition, see George Grant's "In Defense of North America", *Technology and Empire*, Toronto, 1969.

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