

sequence of this movement, the isolation of French-Canadians, causing an antagonism of race, provoking retaliation, combats, and disasters. I felt that there was more courage in breasting the current than in drifting with it, and, without failing in my duty, I let pass the misguided crowd who overwhelmed me with the names of traitor and poltroon." The letter then goes on to discuss the whole question in all its bearings, and coming from a statesman, on his defence, who was acquainted with even the most secret details of the controversy, it possesses an intrinsic value which future historians will not overlook. Mr. Chapleau closes with these brave words: "My conscience tells me that I have failed, in this instance, neither to my Maker, nor to my Sovereign, nor to my countrymen. . . . I have served my native land, as a parliamentarian, for eighteen years, with joy and pride. I shall continue to do it on one sole condition: that of keeping my freedom, with no other care than my honour and my dignity."

In other respects, as Minister of the Crown at Ottawa, Mr. Chapleau may be said to have pressed hard the claims of his Province in the Cabinet and in Parliament, and in certain cases he is charged with having done so at the risk of serious dissensions in the ministerial ranks. Here, as elsewhere throughout, the difficulties of the French-Canadian province must be taken into account, and many things, very well meant from that point of view, are quite inexplicable when judged according to Saxon standards.

Very few, if any, among partisan writers, will refuse Mr. Chapleau the quality of statesmanship, however they may differ on the principles that actuate it, or the results which it is likely to accomplish. But on the question of eloquence there can hardly be two opinions. He is a born orator, with almost all the physical gifts which go to the making of the perfect master of speech. A volume of his discourses has just been published, a perusal of which gives the further assurance of solidity, logical reasoning, rhetorical taste, and generous sentiment. To the persons who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, the Secretary of State is the accomplished gentleman, lettered and sociable, full of agreeable information and willing to oblige. Having married a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel King, of Sherbrooke, Mr. Chapleau is thoroughly conversant with our tongue, and, indeed, uses it in public speeches with judgment and fluency. As he is still a young man, there is reason to hope that he may long be spared to serve his country, and while naturally leaning a little to his own Quebec, devote his fine gifts to the welfare of the Dominion at large.

J. TALON-LESPEANCE.

#### MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

WHETHER the writing of impartial history is a thing possible, whether it is even desirable, may be perhaps an open question. Mr. Kinglake at all events does not in the least disguise from us that he loathed, and loathes, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and all his works; that he despised Marshal Canrobert; that he had, and has, a very decided dislike to Sir George Brown; that he has a kind of humorous appreciation of the bluff Pélissier; and though he cautiously avoids any attempt to exalt his proper hero into a great general, he makes us feel the profound admiration which the stately courtesy and happy tact of the high-minded Englishman who commanded our army, a Tory of the Tories, won from the ultra-Radical Member of Parliament who closely watched him then, and, though he himself has passed through such changes as thirty years bring with them, loves his memory now. To every one who writes the Crimean story, no matter of what nation he may be, so long as he has an eye for measuring the moral stature of men, Todleben, as a man, stands out as the central figure. There is nothing therefore peculiar in the fact that, in the two volumes which have just appeared, dealing as they do with the very period of Todleben's most successful work, though not with that of his most masterly decisions, the Colonel of Engineers should tower over all his compatriots and over all his opponents. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether the full effect of all that Todleben did had ever till now been brought so clearly before the eyes of men. Here at least the subject was worthy of the pains bestowed by the careful sculptor, and the effect is what it deserved to be.

One sometimes wonders whether, if these latter volumes could have been written by the Mr. Kinglake of 1854, their tone would have been what it is now. I have spoken of the effect which the personality of Lord Raglan has manifestly exercised upon Mr. Kinglake's mind; but the force, the influence, the power which Mr. Kinglake ascribes to his hero is by no means only that of a man of personally commanding presence influencing other men by his self-possession and his great character. It is quite as much the influence of a man, by habit, by training, by social position, accustomed to exercise and to be worthy of authority. In the gloomiest period of the siege, when the French army had reached a stage of the deepest depression, when Canrobert had completely sunk under it, so that he could not even in the common councils of the allies refrain from giving expression to his despair, Mr. Kinglake records the contrast:

"It is," he says, "amongst men ground down to a state of what the French call equality that panic revels and spreads. The greater the diversity of character, sentiment, habit, and social station between any two men in council the abler will one of them be to allay the other's despondency." "In those times of trial" Lord Raglan "ceased to be equal with other men. Without dissembling facts he would calmly withhold his assent to all gloomy apprehensions, and manfully force attention to the special business in hand, and thus, or rather perhaps by a kind of power that cannot be traced or described in words, he threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature. Men went to him anxious and perturbed; they came away firm."

I quote this passage, part of which is taken by Mr. Kinglake from the words of a personal friend of Lord Raglan, because it seems to me typical of at least one very distinctive characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's power as a writer in dealing with the men he describes. We none of us can forget certain epithets of Carlyle, "the sea-green incorruptible" and the like. The outward presentiment of his characters, very often by the force of caricature and of iteration, are stamped on English minds in a way that probably hardly any other *dramatis personæ* but Shakespeare's are stamped on them. Mr. Kinglake, at least in these later volumes, hardly attempts to force upon us any impression we do not choose to carry away. He describes with the utmost care and with much graphic force the outward appearance of the men whose actions he records, but he gives them once and for all. We have not even repetitions here such as "Marshal St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roi." A notable instance is the carefully drawn sketch of Pélissier with which the concluding volume opens:

"This short, thick-set, resolute Norman had passed his sixtieth year; but the gray, the fast-whitening hair that capped his powerful head, and marked the inroads of Time, wore a strange, wore an alien look, as though utterly out of true fellowship with the keen, fiery vehement eyes, with the still dark and heavy moustache, with all the imperious features that glowed or seemed to be glowing in the prime or fierce mid-day of life. His mighty bull-neck, strongly built upon broad, massive shoulders, gave promise of hard, bloody fights, gave warning of angry moods, and even of furious outbursts."

It is an admirable pen-and-ink sketch. As you read it you can picture the man to yourself—as he stood among his soldiers, or entered the council-chamber of the allies, or received the mischievous despatches of his sovereign. But if you want to have the details of the man's appearance before you, you must recur to the picture again and again. It is not through an effort to press details on you, such as you get in Carlyle's letters, of almost all his contemporaries cut out of stone with a tool dipped in vinegar, that Mr. Kinglake's characters make their mark. You feel throughout his work the impression left on him by living men whom he has known, some of whom he hates, some of whom he loves and admires, but to all of whom he introduces you as a friend introduces you to an acquaintance of his whom, whether for good or ill, he knows well.

Mr. Kinglake himself says that there was a period when Todleben's success seemed so pronounced, and the progress of the besiegers so slow, that men began to look upon the siege of Sebastopol as a kind of siege of Troy, destined to last its ten years at least. In many respects, even as the case stands, the comparison seems not inappropriate. It is a siege which was representative of the contest of forces altogether out of proportion to the direct result attained and the time spent over it. If this story lives it will be due to the power of the artist: Homer, and not his own deeds, will have given immortality to the Crimean Agamemnon. Yet England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia ranged against Russia, represented a power on either side which ought at least to have been the equivalent of the forces employed in the campaigns of 1866 or 1870. Every one now talks as if the wars of Prussia against Austria, or of France against Germany, were so great that the Crimean contest sinks into insignificance. Yet Russia at least put forth the full power she could exert; and even if with the allies it was mainly a question of expenditure, it is well to remember that during that first terrible winter we could not feed the men we had landed, and that therefore no additional numbers would have been of any service to us.

It is by measuring the power which Russia exercised in Europe prior to 1854 that we realize how great the struggle really was. The power ultimately employed against Russia was greater than hers, and forced her to bend to it. Therefore in estimating the real importance of the theme it is useless to reckon the numbers of men engaged, and to judge of the Crimean war as if the sum totals of the combatants fixed the nature of the forces employed on both sides.

In 1870 it was France that struggled against Germany. If a new contest for Elsass-Lothringen is to arise it will be again a struggle between the same mighty opposites. Yet, as Sir Charles Dilke has recently shown with admirable force and clearness, the numbers of men which can now be placed on the French frontier by Germany are just tenfold those which in 1870 France could put in the field. France has similarly been developing her fighting power. The change in the character of the struggle of the armies thus foreshadowed is portentous enough. But behind the armies in each instance stands the nations, and the deep interest of the struggle lies in that fact. So, in the Crimea, the struggle of the allies was against the whole strength which could there be exerted by the mighty empire which had struck down Napoleon in the zenith of his power as the master and the conqueror of Europe. Therefore, to one who looks a little below the surface, the theme does not seem unworthy of any pains that has been bestowed on it. All the hosts of Germany would not in the Crimea, against the will of France or England, enable her even now to use such power as was there employed in 1854. What Mr. Kinglake has here worked out for us, in volume after volume as they have come out, is no mere record of a fight in which, to take the period immediately preceding that covered by these later volumes, just before Inkerman, sixty-five thousand English and French troops represented the whole might on land in the Crimea of the two monarchies; while all the forces which Russia could there gather were one hundred and twenty thousand men. All the circumstances of the Crimean campaign, its very failures, the passionate interest in it of the whole English people, their earnest determination to find out where mistakes had been made, the peculiar effect of the *Times* newspaper on the war, on the nation, on the commanders, on the army, the descent of the ladies and their marvellous effect in saving the lives of