

opularity and in influence. was not then in the of this section, and this ich the editor of the Briver ready to discuss. Naan appreciative audience. of 1859 Governor Douglas irection of restricting the or rather with the object istence the local represenof publications, it was is as a unit were with the

a Canadian first, last, and Cosmos was one of the cause of Confederation, the people, and although ovinces was ultimately acbasis other than that he pioned, he was one of the ncere in the rejoicing at complishment of the nastiny of the British North possessions. Fearless spoken in his discussion of questions, both with pen ce, it was natural that he have been selected, less ve years after his arrival colony—in 1863—as a of the colonial legislathat he should have conas a representative in that the people whose interhad so much at heart ne amalgamation of the with British Columbia, as nland was then termed, Governor Strong. New nster was at this time the but Mr. De Cosmos conhat Victoria by reason of ter population and impormmerce was the more place from which to divincial affairs. He thereitered with zeal into a n for the transfer of the in which he was ulti-Victorians successful. therefore, to thank the statesman whose demise is career into prominence. position which their city today as the executive f Canada's most western

866 his persistent demand lar government led to the ing of the Yale convenich formulated a bill of and called for the extenself-government to the of British Columbia. Sucs not immediately achievthe convention was nevernot without its practical portant bearing in the acment of its desired aim. 866 Mr. De Cosmos paid ortant visit to the Eastern es, his mission being noess than to advocate the ration of the provinces Atlantic to the Pacific. rning to his home in the bent his every energy to endous scheme of buildunited nation. In 1870 inlated project was laid he local legislature, the nent scheme for the achment of the same great inder other conditions behe same time considered. vernment plan prevailed, July, 1871, the province a part of the Dominion. ee years after this Mr. De was chosen premier of vince and president (withlary) of the executive this being upon the resigof the government, led by mier (now Justice) Mc-At the same time he resentative of Victoria in adian House of Commons. city for work appearing to bounds, and his attention needs and opportunities of stituents being generally as unassailable. Upon ition of dual representa-Ir. De Cosmos chose to nt his constituency in the on house, and accordingly the premiership and imself with augmented ism into national affairs. his representation at Otthe city whose interests e his own, he persistently he desirability and necesrst-class graving dock at

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THREE NEW BOOKS OF POEMS

HE London Times thus reviews three new books and poems, the authors being, respectively, Stephen Phillips, Herbert Trench, and Margaret L. Woods:-Each of these three volumes contains a good deal of un-

rhymed verse. English poetry possesses, of course, in its "blank verse" a vehicle for narration, for emotional philosophy, for anything that requires sustained effects, which has never been surpassed. Mr. Stephen Phillips is perfectly right to tell his stories of Endymion" and "The Quest of Edith," and his little tragedy of Iole in blank verse. And, setting blank verse aside, the irregular, rhymeless form adopted by Mrs. Woods for her Nocturne in Westminster Abbey" called "The Builders" does undoubtedly help to convey the effect she desires—a sense of spacious mystery,

Far in their hollow night the glimmer of London Is woven with texture of dreams, phantoms are there, aguely drifting, as pale-winged wandering moths the summer dark out of the abyss.

the "grey ascending arches":-

a sense not so much of vagueness as of things

rather imagined than seen in a darkness where

natural and supernatural may meet. Under

Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands, About the stone clinging, the carven crumbling Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten

Poor blind hands As wan sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges
And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle
Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist And the sullen booming of an unpacified sea, So do the phantoms cling on thy wind-worn ledges And aery heights, thou grey isle of God.

Wail no more, blind ghosts, be comforted, Ye who performed your work and silent withdrew To your grand oblivion; ye who greatly builded, Beyond the hand's achievement, the soul's presage.

There is justification for the form in the impression it conveys. In "The Passing Bell," again, the same mystery is gained by the same means; and the regularly recurring phrase from the psalm which denotes the beat of the bell strikes with all the more force for its surroundings. But we should be sorry to see a fashion for the unrhymed lyric (a fashion due, possibly, to Matthew Arnold, but owing more, we cannot help suspecting, to Walt Whitman) growing into general use. Rhyme, it need hardly be said, is more than an ornament. It is to precious stone mounted in the gold, but pointment of guardians as a result, came the a part of the very shape and identity of the close of his brilliant, remarkable and unquesa part of the very shape, and identity of the jewel. The unrhymed lyric is like a piece of soft metal: it becomes a jewel only when it has been worked upon, and the finishing touch, the final expression of its individuality, is rhyme. Except, in fact, in a very few definite instances, like the two poems by Mrs. Woods, an unrhymed lyric is an unfinished lyric. In excepting "The Builders" and "The Passing Bell," we ought, perhaps, to except Mr. Phillips's "Midnight-31st of December, 1900," though here the poet has no actual dark place, like the inside of the Abbey, of which he wishes to convey the effect. But why should "William Ewart Gladstone" be unrhymed? and why "A Gleam"? and why "Thoughts in a Meadow"? The last two are lyrics, cries from the heart; and, good as they are, they lose much by being, in this manner, unfinished. When Mr. Trench gives us a set of six-line "Stanzas on Poetry" of which the first three lines rhyme together, and the last three rhyme with nothing, we cannot accuse him of want of finish. He has tried an experiment, and it has proved not only unsuccessful but tiresome.

Sing Valour, from the cradle to the pyre! Sing thine own country's glorles, grief and ire; Hear thou the voice of every greening briar; And in thy song let all her woods be temples, Her rude heights and calm headlands clothed in foam Nerve thee, and be within thee fortitudes! Sing Love, and all that counteth not the cost: And many a beautiful and unborn ghost

Steals from the luminous blue gulfs of evening) Softly shall join your ring of auditors outside the sitters round the Tavern-fire!

Does not the ear crave for rhyme? And cheated of it, does it not resent such experiments? If—we scarcely venture the suggestion seriously-Mr. Trench intended by this means to symbolize what his muse tells him ater in the poem—

Thy song shall be imperfect, never fear. Seeing but the half, the half of it is here-

(Even as the ever-widening starry host

the reply must be that it is not the poet's vis-

ion, but his attention that is to blame. Of the three Mr. Phillips is, perhaps, the one who gains the least from unrhymed poetry, because Mr. Phillips is the most certain and most accomplished poetic artist of the three-and not the most courageous thinker. The general level of both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Trench is high on the slopes; neither of them rises to the summit where it can be said that execution and intention are inseparable; and it is possible to draw a distinction between their methods of approach. The best of Mr. Phillips is not his thought nor his emotion, nor the interaction of both; it is his expression. He is content, as a rule, to take a good story or a respectable idea, and tell it with all the resources at his command. Those resources are an honest interest, clear, if limited, vision, a choice, though not very wide, vocabulary, and a mastery over his words and the sounds of his words which is remarkable, and only fails him when he tries to be absolutely simple. Giotto could draw a perfect circle without mechanical aid. When Mr. Phillips tries to do likewise he produces such lines as:

At times indeed it seems to me that I;

And I shall strive for thy white purity

lines which their context does nothing to enoble. On the other hand, when his Iole is to die, like Iphigenia, for the host, he can put into her mouth a master line like-

Now suddenly to leave the purple light And go a ghost unto a birdless grove.

And when Launcelot and Guinevere part he can dare an image like this-a challenge to the sense of incongruity which shrinks abashed before the challengefor he

Swooned in his burning armour to her face Swooned in his ourning armour to her lace And both cried out as the touch of spears:
And as two trees at midnight, when the deeze Comes over them, now to each other bend,
And now withdraw; so mournfully these two Still drooped together and still drew apart.

That Mr. Phillips can tell a story well no one needs to be reminded. The new book, as a whole, gives the impression that the poet has come to a pause in his development. The old

qualities are here, with a finer feeling than before for the point where enough has been said. He has mastered his materials; he can do almost what he pleases with words (for at the opposite extreme from the unrhymed lyric we find the old rhymed couplet used with not a trace of the prim finality which used to attend it); he is waiting now for some intellectual and emotional development that will complete his mastery over his materials and set him to work to adapt them to new pur-

In Mr. Trench's new book (for it must be admitted that the evidence of "Deirdre Wedded" was all the other way) we seem to see that such a development has taken place. Mr. Trench is struggling to make his materials do more than he has been used to attempt with them, because his preoccupation is with nore ardent and daring thought than before.

> Apollo through the woods came down Furred like a merchant fine, And sate with a Sailor at an Inn Sharing a jug of wine.

But he would not stay nor tarry there On the blithe edge of the down To the sea-coast his errand was

ceived his early training at Charlottetown,

Far off he saw its harbours shine And black sea-bastions thronged With masts of the sea-traffickers

Far off he heard the windlass heaved And the creaking of the cranes, Gay barges hailed and poled along, And the rattling fall of chains,

Till by the windows of that Inn He sate and took his ease Where the bowsprits of the swarthy ships Came thrusting to the quays.

Mr. Trench can do that, so to speak, with his left hand. A page or two further on we are deep in theology, philosophy, the life-force, and what not; and the materials are the same. We are still reading a ballad about a ship that went down, or, rather, a ship of which Apollo

> smote the great hull to a ghost And the mighty masts to air;

and at the same time we are learning that personal immortality is an exploded idea, that Heaven and Hell (the masts and the hold of the ship) are abolished and that man has new sailing orders, new duty, new futurity. "The Ancient Mariner" and Coleridge's "fun" blended? To a certain extent. And the struggle to make means meet ends is not wholly successful: how should it be? The allegory,

pose, qualities which not only earned for him

like most allegories, is harassed by the rival claims of the symbol and the thing symbolized. Yet, when Mr. Trench has been the round of the old and the new eschatology and has brought us back to a purely earthly and human little scene at the close, we feel that it has been a noble struggle, and so nearly successful that we may look with confidence for much greater work from the author in the future. He has a high courage; courage to think, and courage (though sometimes, indeed, it becomes the vis consili expers, which suffers its proverbial fate) to stretch his materials to breaking point in the effort to express himself. Let us take a passage from his "Ode to Beauty." Through a half-open door the poet has caught sight of a beautiful arm, with the hand holding

Some eddy of the Infinite

Force on its way
Had caught that arm and moulded it

In mood of play; That curve was of the primal Will

Whose gesture high Waved forth the choir of planets, still In ecstasy; And the rhythm of its dreamed lines

Shall still flood on Through souls beyond today's confines When we are gone, Shall bear to the unborn without name

The inurned light

Secret as life, signal as flame, And in that flight— Vaster than Moon's o'er Apennine's Sepulchral doors

When from the breathless gap of pines Golden she soars—
To the tranced rock, dark-sunken, dumb,

Shall murmur, shall smile,

"Glorious the dance of passions! Come To life awhile!

I, Beauty, travelling heaven on the hoar Faint-phosphur'd wave

Of Being, charge ye to explore And dare the grave!"

That is "grandiose," as a painter would say, without being turgid; it certainly is not pedantic, yet it gives, in its place, a pretty exact idea of Mr. Trench's philosophy of beauty, which is his philosophy of life. Take him, on the other hand, in one of his "Stanzas to Tolstoi," and we find violent dissonance, unexpected and annoying assonance, turgidity, uncertainty, ruggedness, "jumpiness"-all the faults that arise when the struggle becomes too hard-

The Man upraised on the Judacean crag Captains for us the war with death no more. His kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag Over the tomb of a great knight of yore; Nor shall one law to unity restore
Races or souls—no staff of thine can urge
Nor knotted club compel them to converge,

Nor any backward summit lead them up; The world-spring wherein hides Formless the God that forms us, bursts its cup-Is seen a Fountain—breaking like a flower High into light—that at its height divides;

In drops of a trembling diaphaneity—
Dreams the God-breathings momently up-buoy
To melt a myriad ways. Those dreams are we, Chanted from some unfathomable joy.

Changelessly scattering forth-in blaze

From this it is a delight to turn to "Killary," or "In summer time when Mary bathes," or "Almond, wild Almond"—to any of the lyrics that betray Mr. Trench's country of origin and show him at peace with himself; interesting as they are, not solely for their own beauty, but for the width of range and of sympathy which the very contrast shows the poet to possess.

Mrs. Woods we find at her best when she is stirred deeply in mind, as in the two poems we have mentioned above. Her "April," pretty and gay as it is, cannot compare with Mr. Phillips's "After Rain." The mood is the same neither poem aims at more than expressing the joy of the "spring-feeling"; but in such things Mr. Phillips's mastery gives him all the advantage. There is no single phrase, again, in Mrs. Woods's book that can compare with Mr. Phillips's "birdless grove"; nothing that can match his trees at midnight, or Mr. Trench's simile of a cathedral and a ship in "Apollo and the Seaman." But there are passages in "The Builders," unequal as it is, which strike home, and all of it is informed with a largeness of conception and a firm hope which give it greatness. "The May Morning and the Old Man" is a pure delight; "Rest" is exquisite. Yet, after all, we turn back inevitably to a poem which almost persuades us to renounce our plea for rhyme, so perfectly does its rhymelessness express the yearning that gave it birth, in spite of the vividness of the pictures it goes on to paint.

O that I were lying under the olives, Lying alone among the anemones!
Shell-colored blossoms they bloom there and scarlet, Far under stretches of silver woodland. ne in the delicate shade of the olives

O that I were lying under the olives ! Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland, The long low headland, where white in the sunshine The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

Though we end with these unpatriotic thoughts, it is worth noting, and noting with joy, that all three of our poets are poets not of regret, but of courage. They face the present with all its conditions of heritage, nationality, waste, and trouble; they face the future, and they hope for it. Mrs. Woods may long for the olives, Mr. Trench may fly to his "dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees," each seeking awhile a locus refrigerii, lucis et pacis. But there is no shrinking aside, no renunciation of endeavor. The appeal to beauty is the appeal for life at its highest and fullest, not for an "aesthetic" refuge from the shocks of life. So much the better for these poets, and their readers, and the poets and readers to come.

FORMER OCCUPANTS OF THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

(Continued from Page Eight.)

his retirement from federal affairs in 1882. when he was defeated on his return to his constituency, he had the satisfaction of seeing that his work on behalf of the dock had been

The advotacy of the railway ferry project to Westminster was in reality the last question upon which the old "war-horse" came before the people of Victoria, and the failure of the public to accept this scheme as he saw it occasioned him no little annoyance and disappointment. It was in the hope of carrying through this pet project of his declining years that he offered himself as a candidate for the Dominion House, but his brief candidature on that occasion only demonstrated emphatically that his day was over. Subsequently his decline in strength was rapid, and with the failure of mental powers and the necessary aptionably useful career.

Of the part he played in the making of British Columbia's history much might be said. He was not always right, nor was he at all times ready to concede that those who differed from him in opinion were actuated by the same honest motives which, to his credit, undoubtedly actuated him. He was a strong positive writer, and an equally emphatic speaker, making up for what he lacked in oratorical power, in precision of statement and fertility of argument-and these, with his immense fund of information on every public question, constituted him a powerful opponent in any debate. Conscientious, persistent, industrious, he was a man whose individuality would have forced him to the fore in any community. That he was a power for great good to British Columbia none will for a moment

Mr. D. W. Higgins, who assisted very materially in moulding the destinies of The Colonist, is the fourth son of the late Wm. B. Higgins, a native of Manchester, England, who emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1814, and removed in 1836 to Brooklyn, New York. Educated in Brooklyn, Mr. Higgins went to California in 1856, where he soon afterwards founded the Morning Call newspaper. This he continued to publish up to his removal to this province in 1858. In October, 1862, he founded in Victoria the Morning Chronicle, a journal which was subsequently amalgamated with The British Colonist, the new paper taking the name of The Colonist and Chronicle, but reverting afterwards to the older title simply. He remained the owner and editor of The Colonist up to October, 1886, when he disposed of his interest therein and retired from journalism, after an almost unbroken editorial career of 31 years. In addition to his newspaper work, he served the public interest in other directions. He was for some years a member of the Victoria city council, a member of the school board, chairman of the board of education, president of the Victoria fire department, the president of the National Electric Tramway company, of the latter of which he was the chief promoter. Returned to the provincial legislature in 1886 for Esquimalt, he continued to sit therein until some four or five years ago. He was elected Speaker of the Assembly in 1890, again in 1891/ and a third time in 1895. At present his time is fully occupied in looking after his private interests.

The late Mr. Henry Lawson, who was for eight years editor of The Colonist, died at his

and completed his education at Halifax, although as a matter of fact he left school at an early age, and was largely self-educated. As a youth he was a close student, a wide reader, and soon attained to a large measure of educational attainments. He at first chose for his profession that of teaching, in which he continued until appointed to the position of Deputy Collector of Customs at Summerside, P. E. I., during the incumbency of which office he also acted as arbitrator in connection with the purchase of right of way for the Island Railway. His great interest in educational matters, which he retained throughout life, again called him to the teaching profession, and for the period of three or four years he was Principal of the Charlottetown normal school, but a change having taken place in the island government, and a new administration coming into power, which adopted the spoils system of office, Mr. Lawson was, with other officials, removed, after which he turned his attention to journalism. This became his life work, and he pursued it for over forty years. A man of sturdy views and wielding a strong and vigorous pen, he soon became recognized as a writer of conspicuous ability in his native province. He was offered and accepted, prior to Confederation, the position of editor to the Summerside Progress, and later became editor of the Charlottetown Patriot. For a number of years Mr. Lawson spent the sessions at Ottawa as a member of the Parliament press gallery, representing the Patriot, of which he became owner as well as editor. Finally, however, he sold the Patriot and moved westward, where the cities of the larger provinces opened up a broader sphere for his work. He became in turn a leader writer on the Toronto Globe, the Cornwall Freeholder, the Montreal Herald and Montreal Star. The various positions he occupied in the editorial field gave a wide and varied experience in journalism, and brought him into contact with the leading men of Canada, thereby obtaining for him an insight into public affairs and large questions which well qualified him to occupy the editorial chair of The Colonist, a post he

was offered and accepted in the fall of 1888. His conduct of this newspaper and his editorial writings were ever characterized by sound judgment, a dispassionate treatment of public questions, and freedom from vituperation, recrimination and personalities. He was well and favorably known to a large number of Victoria's leading citizens, who felt deep regret at his death. As a man, although somewhat brusque in his manner, he was kind, warm-hearted, and generous. He was a man of strong domestic tastes. Mr. Lawson was married over fifty years ago to Flora McKenzie, of Prince Edward Island, and left, beside his widow, six daughters and three sons.

The Colonist, on the morning following Mr. Lawson's demise, had this editorial referring to that sad event:

"The death of Mr. Henry Lawson, which is announced in another column, removes one of the veterans from the sphere of Canadian journalism. Forty years of continuous and active service in its ranks, always holding an important and influential editorial place, is a record rare in its annals, and represents a life of great labor and usefulness, one that has not failed in moulding public sentiment, and, it is needless to say, always in a right direction. The sum of such a life cannot easily be estimated. Apart from his editorial management of the Colonist, which was conspicuous for its ability, good judgment, and educative value, he did valuable service for Maritime Province papers, the Toronto Globe, and the Montreal Herald and Star. In the province of Prince Edward Island in pre-Confederation days, when he occupied important editorial positions, he was active and prominent in the advocacy of reform in educational matters and in the settlement of the vexed land question.

"Personally, Mr. Lawson was of a sturdy type of manhood, with strong convictions, and characterized by old-fashioned honesty of pur-

the esteem and admiration of his friends, but entered into and dominated his professional duties. He was a man who possessed a wide range of exact information and wrote plainly and forcibly. His reasoning was clear and his conclusions sound. By long association with public men and experience in public affairs he had an intimate knowledge and a comprehensive grasp of Canadian politics in all its phases, and his judgment was rarely at fault in dealing with various and complex issues is they arose. In his relations with those in whose service he wrought he was characterized by strict fidelity and unfailing devotion to their interests, and much of the success of The Colonist during his connection with its editorial management is due to his efforts. He maintained a high standard of journalistic ethics, and never descended to personalities or acrimonious and recriminatory discussion. His death will be generally regretted, and where his personality was not known his loss will be felt as that of one whose services to journalism were valuable. His constituency of readers was a wide and appreciative one.' After the death of Mr. Lawson the present editor of The Colonist was in charge for several years, and upon his retirement, David B. Bogle, a man of British birth, occupied the edi-

torial chair for some time. Mr. Bogle, upon his retirement from The Colonist, left the province, and he is now engaged in an editorial capacity on the Winnipeg Telegram, where his trenchant pen contributes much that is of value to the interests of Manitoba and Canada generally. Mr. Bogle was succeeded by R. E. Gosnel, a native of Ontario, who withdrew in the autumn of 1906. Mr. Gosnell was for several years in the employ of the government, and the British Columbia Year Book is a monument to his industry, his knowledge of the province and his mastery of details. It is generally understood that he had much to do with the preparation of the case for the province in regard to Better Terms. He is the author of an excellent history of British Columbia, and has contributed to other publications. Mr. Gosnell is at present a resident of Victoria, and his many friends look forward to further products of his pen.

THE SCARCITY OF BULL MOOSE

Of more than passing interest is the question raised by one of our contributors in relation to New Brunswick moose, and often brought up in years past about Wyoming elk. The laws of New Brunswick prohibit the killing of cow moose, and the effect of their close observance, our correspondent tells us, is an apparent scarcity of bulls and a corresponding increase in the number of cows.

The acquiring of reliable information on this subject should not be neglected by sportsmen and game protectors, for it is through them that the actual effect of protecting female deer, elk, caribou and moose must be ascertained. There is, however, no occasion for letting the matter go so far as to actually endanger the big game supply, and this does not seem likely to be brought about, for if in any season sportsmen fail to obtain antlered game, they will call loudly for permission to shoot females the following year.

This would not prove a satisfactory remedy. A far better one would be a closed season for a limited period, which would insure the safety of males, whereas an open season for both sexes would result in sweeping out of existence vast numbers of half-tame females and the further depletion of the supply of males.

In regions where deer are abundant it is not unusual to see very many more does than bucks in a day's hunt, and this leads the stranger to believe bucks scarcer than they really are. This is often apparent in states which permit the shooting of deer of both sexes, as well as in those that protect does, but in the latter the does are seen oftener, and are tamer than if hunted in the open season.-Forest and Stream.

residence, Cook street, at 3 o'clock on the morning of January 10, 1897, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, 67 years ago. His father, John Lawson, Q.C., was a well known legal practitioner in Charlottetown, originally from Halifax. His mother was Miss Fowle, an English lady. He re-