



# An Hour with the Editor



## THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

When Napoleon issued his famous decree that the nations of Europe should no longer trade with England, Portugal, which had for many years been on the friendliest terms with the Island Kingdom, refused to obey the mandate. Thereupon Napoleon sent a force to invade Portugal. He also resolved to draw Spain closely to his interests by deposing its monarch and setting his brother, Joseph, on the throne. His intention was to convert the two peninsular kingdoms into one, with Joseph as sovereign. Forthwith England was despatched to the peninsula, one under the command of Sir John Moore and the other under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. By one of those acts of supreme folly, which on so many occasions characterized the administration of Castlereagh, those tried commanders were superseded by Burrard and Dalrymple respectively, who soon exhibited their unfitness for the posts to which they had been appointed. Both of them were soon recalled, but not until Burrard had done mischief that cost England many lives and many months of deep anxiety. Napoleon had entered Spain at the head of an army, and the Spanish Junta, which ruled the country outside of the immediate sphere of the French armies, summoned Moore to aid them in administering a crushing blow to the Emperor. Moore knew that the scheme was doomed to failure, but nevertheless he advanced along the coast, and on the morning of the 19th of November, he was met by the Spanish forces near Corunna, his base, to Salamanca, which is about two-thirds of the distance from Corunna to Madrid, or between 300 and 400 miles from the first-named city. Meanwhile the Spanish forces were meeting with almost daily defeats, and Moore resolved to give them time to recover strength by attracting the attention of Napoleon to the British force. Having done this by a series of skillful manoeuvres, he began his famous retreat. In all the annals of warfare there is no finer record than that of the next few weeks during which the English, under Moore, fought daily and were always successful, retiring after each day to a fresh position. Moore's retirement began on December 13, 1808 and on January 12, he had reached Corunna. He expected to find a fleet there upon which he could embark his well-nigh exhausted army, but it had not arrived. Meanwhile the French, under Soult, were pressing hard upon him and on January 16 he gave them battle for the last time. He was mortally wounded early in the day, but lived to know that he had won a victory.

Wellesley landed in Portugal during the first week in August 1808, and moved promptly against the enemy. After driving the French outposts before him, he came up with the main army at Vimiero, where he administered a severe defeat to the French under Junot. During the battle Sir Harry Burrard arrived to supersede him in his command. Wellington advised the rapid pursuit of the French, but Burrard declined to follow up the victory. The result was that, while the French agreed to evacuate Portugal, they were allowed to do so on terms that permitted the return of Junot with his army to France, whereas if Wellesley's advice had been accepted, the French force would have been annihilated or captured. Wellesley at once returned to England, but after the death of Sir John Moore, he was despatched to Portugal as chief in command of the Peninsular army. His first achievement was to drive Soult out of Oporto. He then advanced on Madrid. The Spanish troops proved a poor support, and the whole burden of the campaign rested upon the English. Wellesley marched to meet Victor, who had just administered a severe defeat upon the Spaniards, and encountered him at Talavera, where on July 27 and 28, 1808, he gained a splendid victory; but Soult advancing with a superior force, and the Spaniards proving unreliable, Wellesley retired to Portugal and placed himself on the defensive. For his victory at Talavera, he was made Viscount Wellington.

Meanwhile Napoleon had made peace with Austria, and Wellington, realizing that a large French army would soon be thrown into Spain, prepared his system of defence known as the lines of Torres Vedras. Advancing beyond these, he awaited the coming of the French under Massena, who had 70,000 veterans of the Austrian war. The battle of Busaco followed, in which the French attack was repulsed, but Wellington, because of the numerical inferiority of his force, retired until the spring of 1811, when reinforcements came from England. He then advanced against the French, his first object being to recapture the fortresses of Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, which the French had taken from the Spaniards. After the defeat of the French at Fuentes d'Oroño, Almeida passed into the possession of the English, who also defeated the French at Albuera. Greatly outnumbered by the enemy, Wellington played a waiting game until his adversaries were obliged to divide their forces because of the difficulty of maintaining so large an army in one place, whereupon he assumed the offensive, and on January 19, 1812, he took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm. He then pressed forward, and realizing that to delay operations until the spring, permitting the French troops to reassemble and overpowering numbers, was to invite defeat, he ordered the assault of Badajoz, which took place on April 6. The loss of life in this struggle was great, but there is no doubt that it was less than it would have been had Wellington waited until Soult had rejoined Massena.

Wellington advanced to cut off the communications between the French at Madrid and France. Marmont had succeeded Massena, and his plan of campaign was to permit Wel-

lington to advance as far as he chose, and then cut off his communications with Portugal. It was a great trial of military skill, each force endeavoring to destroy the connections of the other. Wellington determined to risk everything on the result of a battle, which he precipitated at Salamanca. The result was a brilliant victory. Speaking of this afterwards, Wellington said that he would be content to have his fame as a soldier rest upon his tactics, which led up to this battle. He then advanced on Madrid, which he entered in triumph, King Joseph having hastily retired. On the reappearance of the French with a largely superior force, Wellington again retired to Portugal. He was determined to run no risk of having his force overwhelmed, for he knew that he could not count upon any determined assistance from his Spanish allies.

On May 13 he began a new advance, Napoleon having been compelled by his losses in the Russian campaign to recall a part of his force from Spain. His progress was irresistible. He drove the French from one position to another, until on June 16 he came up with the main army at Vittoria. In the midst of the French force was Joseph, and with him was an immense train, laden with spoils, and accompanied by thousands of French ladies as well as women, who were camp-followers of all grades and all equally disreputable. Wellington's victory was overwhelming. Never was a more tremendous defeat administered. The English were masters of the field with all the vast collection of treasure, with certain priceless exceptions, that the French had wrested from Spain during the years of their occupancy. The exceptions were paintings of the great masters, which were safely by Joseph carried away in the early part of the battle.

On hearing of the result at Vittoria, Napoleon ordered Soult to defend the Pyrenees at all cost, and the summer of 1813 saw much British blood shed on the slopes of that range. But nothing could withstand the skill of Wellington or the courage of his troops; Soult was driven across the frontier and Wellington quartered his forces on French soil. After several weeks' rest, Wellington resumed his advance. He came up with the French at Orthez and defeated them and entered Bordeaux. Soult made one more effort to retrieve his losses and advanced against Toulouse. Wellington met him on April 10, 1814, and administered a severe defeat. Before this battle had been fought Napoleon had abdicated, and the war ended. Wellington returned to England from Bordeaux, to be received with unprecedented honors.

## FORCE

Those who have followed this series of articles on force will, if they have given the matter thought, have realized that, where there are several forces in the Universe or only diverse manifestations of one force, there must be an intelligent directing influence. To suggest that the Universe as we see it today, with its nebulae, its star systems, its planets, its living things, its subtle and occult mysteries, the intelligence of animal life, reason, sympathy and love, is the result of the mechanical operation of unintelligent force is to set at defiance all human experience, and this, in the last analysis, is our only guide in any department of investigation. The doctrine of force, whichever it may be called, of cause and effect seems to preclude the possibility of intelligent results proceeding from an unintelligent cause. The nebular theory of the Universe must presuppose one of two things. Either in these chaotic masses of luminous matter, which we call nebulae there are existent not only all the forces of physical nature, but all the powers of the human mind, all the passions of the human soul, or else these forces and passions can be evolved from physical force. That is to say, that in these whirling masses of matter there is potentially the love of a mother for her child, or else in the process of ages the attraction of gravitation developed that master passion. Surely such a suggestion is too absurd to be accepted; and yet, if you push a materialist back far enough, he must make that contention. The great materialists of the early Victorian era reasoned back a certain distance and guessed the rest. Our modern materialists do not, as a rule, think at all, but are content to accept the guesses.

We seem absolutely compelled to accept the conclusion that there is existent what may be called the Ultimate Force, that is, something of which the physical, the mental, the spiritual force are the emanation. An Omnipotent Intelligence may be beyond our powers of appreciation; but a Universe without Omnipotent Intelligence is unthinkable. Certain philosophers have invented the expression "natural selection" to explain things they know nothing about; but the word "selection" implies intelligence, for it implies fitness for a purpose, and the existence of a purpose necessarily implies intelligent direction. The materialist always demands uncountable ages for the working out of his imaginary processes, but time will not supply the lack of intelligent direction. It may be necessary in order that these processes may be worked out, but it cannot account for the plan along which they work.

As we do not escape the necessity for admitting the existence of an Ultimate Force, which acts intelligently, by supposing that an exceedingly long time has been occupied in the evolution of the Universe as it exists today, so we do not escape it by our efforts to trace living organisms back to the most elementary stages. The difference as organisms between a jelly fish and an elephant is in degree only, and if we go lower and

higher in the scale of being the nature of the difference does not change. When, however, we come to humanity we discover a difference which is not of degree, but of essence. Man has something which neither the jelly fish nor the elephant possesses, and he has always had it. This requires no proof. We are conscious of it ourselves. We know we are essentially different from the lower animals. In point of mere physical organization we may not be; but we are all conscious that there is within us a quality, force, power, or call it what you will, that differentiates us from the brute creation. We know, without the necessity of any inspired writer to tell us so, that we are akin to the Power that is behind the Universe. An argument from universal consciousness is as good as any other argument. It is based upon quite as real a thing as though consciousness were something that could be put in a test tube and held over a spirit lamp. Material science has its limitations. It must of necessity leave untouched what may be the larger part, and the more important part of existing things, for existing things are not bound by what we can see or handle.

We take a microscope and examine physical nature in its minutest forms until we reach a place where the sign of "No ThorOUGHfare" is set up. We go into our laboratories and with all the appliances of chemistry dissect and analyze until we find ourselves surrounded with what cannot be dissected and will not yield to analysis. We pierce the heavens with our telescopes, but search in vain for the Mainspring, which moves star-systems in orderly courses. We give our reason full rein, only to reach a place where we learn that "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud steps be stayed." And so we stand, in the last analysis of things, alone with our own consciousness, which tells us, if we listen to it, that there is an Ultimate Force behind all things, a Force to which we are akin, a Force that is all-wise and all-powerful. The wisdom of mankind in all ages has recognized this, although men in their folly have insisted in creating gods in their own image.

## BEGINNING OF HISTORY

When we speak of prehistoric times, we almost always refer to periods before history was reduced to writing, and in a sense that is a true meaning of the term. But history is more than written record. Everything done by man, that has left a record, is a part of human history. A shell heap on the shore is history, and when from within it we dig up an arrow head or a stone hatchet we learn something of the people who ate the clams, whose broken shells are piled upon many feet in thickness. When we find on the wall of a cave a rude drawing of a mammoth, we know that there was a race of men, who lived contemporaneously with these huge beasts, and as we have no reason for supposing that any race of men has been introduced upon the earth since the first one dwelt in the gorgeous forests of the Tertiary Period, we seem driven to the conclusion that our own ancestors were among these rude peoples, whose fragmentary remains have come down to us.

In almost every country that has been at all thoroughly explored, remains are to be found, which testify to a certain degree of civilization, and among all peoples, however rude, there are traditions, which relate to a long-forgotten past, and may be only distorted history. It is proposed in a series of articles to examine a little into the mysteries of the twilight of history. No definite conclusions need be expected, for the subject is one that escapes definite treatment; but mysteries of all kinds have more or less of a fascination for us all.

There seems to be some reason for believing that about ten thousand years or so ago, some very momentous event occurred, which left its impress upon the whole future of the human race. The investigations of geologists connected with the United States Geological Survey point to the conclusion that about that period the glacial area of the Arctic extended as far south as the site of St. Paul, Minnesota. Most readers have a general idea of the story of Atlantis as told by Plato, who says he received it from Egyptian priests. Very many races preserve the tradition of a Deluge or some catastrophe of that kind. It may be like that of the Jews, which tells of the saving of Noah and his family, or that of certain tribes of Indians, which relate how the race was preserved in a great canoe, or that of other tribes, who tell of their ancestors being driven to the mountains, when the Great Beaver had flooded the valleys, or in some other form; but almost everywhere in the Northern Hemisphere we find traces of this story of a great catastrophe. Everything that bears upon this history, perhaps not in many cases very reliable history, but history just the same. The story of Paradise and the expulsion from Eden has its counterpart in the traditions of many nations. A universal tradition can hardly be anything else than a derivation from some actual occurrence. There is a tendency on the part of some writers to explain away all myths and traditions, but in most cases the conclusion is assumed and the facts are made to fit it.

So in endeavoring to deal in a general way with the dawn of history, we shall have to speak of some things, which may seem unreasonable and out of keeping with our usual conception of things. To most of us the world seems a very substantial place, where century has followed century without any great change since man came to live upon it; but we may discover reasons to think that our race has witnessed many much more remarkable things than have happened since the art of writing,

was discovered, or re-discovered, as the Hindu teachers of old contended. "All knowledge is only a memory revived of what was once known," said a Hindu writer some centuries ago.

## A Century of Fiction

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

Alexandre Dumas, Senior

There stands in Paris today a gigantic monument severely plain in architecture, save for the life-size statue of D'Artagnan which is seated on one of the marble protuberances. D'Artagnan wears the costume of the cavalier, feather-decked hat, flowing cape confined by cord and tassel, lace-trimmed waistcoat and knee-breeches, and loose leather-top boots. He has drawn his sword from its scabbard, his head is erect and his eyes look forth a brave challenge to all enemies. No monument could better represent the heritage of Alexandre Dumas to the literary world. The statue is synonymous of his marvelous stories, which taken with adventure, representing the age of romance and chivalry. Reading them we, too, are imbued with a little of that fearless spirit which distinguished his noble heroes and heroines, and while the spell of the story lasts, feel that if given the opportunity, we could fight bravely for the right, and ask no other reward than to die for the cause we espouse. And so Dumas' heritage is a good one, and his books are good books, inspiring books, books that any and all of us are the bigger and the better for having read.

A portrait of Dumas himself is in direct contrast to that of his most famous hero. It shows him a man of enormous size, his neck altogether lost in the rolls of superfluous fat on cheeks and shoulders. His thick lips, his broad nose, his tightly curling hair are all strong evidences of his negro blood. His eyes are thoughtful and gravely humorous, his whole expression that of a cheerful philosopher.

Dumas was, entitled to the noble name of Pailliterie, as his grandfather was a marquis, but he preferred to use his grandmother's name of Dumas, though his grandparents had been legally married before the marquis' death, whatever their former relations may have been. Dumas' father distinguished himself during the French Revolution. He was a man of enormous stature and strength, and he had all the gentleness and tenderness which usually characterize physically great men. The bloodthirsty Parisian mob used to call him "Monsieur Humanity" and find fault with him for his many deeds of mercy. In all affairs of honour he was above reproach. He died when Alexandre was four years old, and in his autobiography the novelist gives a curious incident relating to his death. The little lad was asleep in bed with his cousin one night, when they were both rudely awakened by a furious knocking upon the bedroom door. It was impossible for anyone to gain access to the door as the house was all locked, and the two were alone. Alexandre sprang from the bed as his cousin lit the night lamp.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked the boy.

"My father is knocking," he answered; "He wants to say 'goodbye' to me."

The woman dragged him back to bed and as he went he called, "Adieu, papa, adieu," and he felt a cold breath on his face and heard a gentle sigh. It was at that time in a house some distance away that his father had died. The author's mother lived for many years to watch over the boy, and her devotion was deeply appreciated and never forgotten by him.

Young Dumas taught himself to read, and chose his own books, preferably those on animals and mythology. He loved the mysterious and occult always, as can easily be traced in his writings. His imagination in childhood ran riot. He was afraid of the dark, peeping the shadows with all sorts of terror-inspiring things. As he grew older history became his favourite study, especially the love-stories and romances of history.

His first literary efforts were in the nature of plays, which for a long time proved total failures. Cheerfully undaunted, Dumas kept at it and finally did meet with a success in his romantic drama Henry III. On the occasion of its production Dumas' mother was stricken with apoplexy, and the evening of his first triumph was passed alternately at the theatre and at the bedside of his parent.

His novels came later, and with them and his plays secured for the author an income closely approaching \$50,000 a year. He built himself a home near Saint Germain, which he called Monte Christo, and as he was always the prince of generosity began to spend his money right and left. No one, man or animal, was ever turned empty from his gates. He was imposed upon in a thousand instances. The richest man in the world could not long stand such promiscuous giving, and the revolution of 1848 robbed him of what he had left. He was obliged to abandon Monte Christo, which he did with his usual cheerfulness, and accompanied Garibaldi on his expedition against the King of Naples.

When he returned to France he found his popularity on the wane, his son Alexandre had to a certain extent taken his father's place, and Dumas senior spent his last days in the household of his son, confessedly hurt at what he termed the world's ingratitude. The most famous of his books is probably the Count of Monte Cristo. It is a voluminous story, but

full of interest to those who love mystery and adventure.

The story opens in Marseilles in the year 1815, just before the "Hundred Days." Young Edmond Danton, the hero, mate of the merchant ship Pharoar, is about to be made her captain and marry his sweetheart, the lovely Calatan Mercedes, when his disappointed rivals, one of whom wants the ship and the other the girl, conspire against him and lodge information with the "Procurator du Roi" that Danton is a dangerous Bonapartist and is carrying letters from the Emperor, exiled in Elba, to his supporters. Although there is circumstantial evidence against him the magistrate knows Danton to be innocent; but he has reasons of his own for wanting him out of the way. He sends him to the gloomy Chateau of If, a fortress built on a rocky ledge in the sea where he suffers an unmerited captivity of nearly twenty years. He escapes in a miraculous manner, with the knowledge, confided to him by a supposed madman, a fellow-prisoner, of an enormous treasure hidden on the barren Island of Monte Cristo, off the Italian coast. Danton discovers the treasure, and starts out anew in life, to dazzle the world as the mysterious Count of Monte Cristo, with the one fixed purpose of avenging himself on his persecutors, all of whom have risen high in the world to wealth and honour. He becomes a private Nemesis for the destruction of the rich banker, the honored general and the distinguished magistrate, each of whom his tireless quest of the "Procurator du Roi" has destroyed. The story of romantic and exciting adventure, the second is in a different key, and not likely to convince anyone that revenge is sweet. But the splendid imagination of Dumas transfigures the whole. Its intensity persuades the reader that the impossible is the actual, and its rush and impetuosity sweep him breathless to the end.

## JACINTH

A Portrait (of a Victorian)

Her face a jewel,  
Pellucid, fine  
Intaglio, cut by master hand,  
Pure in curve and line.

Pallor of alabaster  
On brow of white,  
That ebon tendrils  
Cling like dreams of night.

Night-blue her eyes,  
Stars, to flash or melt,  
Answering emotions  
Deeply felt.

Pale ruby waves  
Pulsing from brow to chin,  
Flames from hidden fires  
Smouldering within.

Proud little head  
Crowned with silky hair,  
White-columned throat  
With regal air.

Shoulders of velvet,  
Arms that taper fine,  
A form softly moulded  
With sweeping line.

Her tiny feet  
Speak pride of race;  
Her every movement,  
Motion's grace.

—John Orford.

## NOVELS THAT SUCCEED

One week after publication, "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," Charles Major's new romance of the youth of Frederick the Great, is well through its second edition. At this rate, it will more than equal the sales of William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," which is fifth now in its large edition, "Stradella," which The Macmillan Company brought out two weeks before "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," is proving as great a favorite as "The White Sister," the other of the two novels published after Mr. Crawford's death. The ninth edition of "The White Sister" is now being printed. Ellen Glasgow's "The Romance of a Plain Man" is in its sixth; "The Bride of the Mistletoe" by James Jane Allen; and "Poppa of the Post Office" by Mabel Osgood Wright in their fifth. Jack London's new novel, "Martin Eden," has reached three editions in as many weeks. This is a remarkable showing for one house's recent novels.

## THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

The study of the art of putting things is to be recommended to everyone who meditates a plunge into print. Even the writing of a death notice involves a certain amount of genius, if the author wishes to keep clear and well defined the fragile line which lies between the serious and the funny.

That this is true is shown by certain quotations from a Liepzig paper, given in Bishop John F. Hurst's "Life and Literature in the Fatherland." Here are a few sentences extracted from these obituary notices:—

"Today death tore away from us for the third time our only child."

"Last night at five thirty the Lord took to Himself during a visit to the grandparents our little daughter Antoinette of teething."

The last speaks better than it knew:—

"Here died Marie Wiegell, who was mother and seamstress of children two."

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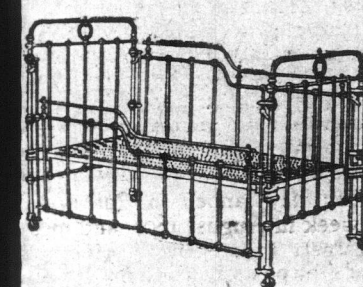
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