

matter of eighteen cents a ton rebate in certain canal tolls! Of course war will be declared out of the question between two Christian nations. Then a settlement by compromise or arbitration must be had. But why, in the name of all that is rational and Christian, not have the compromise or arbitration at the outset? What is to prevent the Canadian Government from approaching the American Government with all self-respect and dignity and saying: "We honestly believe ourselves to have done no wrong in this matter. You believe otherwise. Let us refer the question to some competent and independent tribunal and abide by its decision." No costly or elaborate machinery of arbitration would be necessary. The question at issue is so simple that a body of independent judges would settle it in a few hours. The Washington Government could not refuse such an offer without condemning itself. There need be no loss of dignity on either side. Substantial justice would be done, bad blood prevented, friendship preserved, and a good example set to the world. Let the better class of papers on both sides of the line urge this course upon the respective Governments and the thing may be done.

### THE ARCHIC MAN.—VI.

"NOW, Mr. McKnom," said Madame Lalage, "you must tell us of the weaknesses of the archic man."

McKnom: "That would occupy me until this time next year. The weaknesses to which he is exposed are more manifold than his gifts—hobby horses; pride; love of flattery; superstition; all the forms of self-indulgence; over-confidence; overweening trust; unwise distrust—vacillation."

Gwendolen: "Vacillation! Is the real ruler exposed to vacillation?"

McKnom: "Some ruling spirits undoubtedly. Some men of action are men of thought as well. There is a touch of Hamlet in them. Burke was a great statesman, a ruling spirit. Fox tells us they went to him as to an oracle, and he was the guiding genius of the Rockingham administration. He has had more influence on political thought than any man the three kingdoms produced. Yet I am inclined to think he would have been a less successful Prime Minister than either of the Pitts; than Palmerston, a much inferior man; than even Disraeli, also a far inferior man. Gladstone has nothing like his depth, but there is a great similarity between them. Burke was a man of thought, who preferred to make action his main concern; perhaps he fled to action to kill the pain of thought—the glorious malady of genius."

Irene: "Is that what Goldsmith means by saying he gave up to party what was meant for mankind?"

McKnom: "No; Goldsmith was an artist, who saw that if Burke had not wasted his time in the House of Commons he would have produced great literary works which would have delighted and instructed mankind for all time."

Glaucus: "As it was he did it."

Dr. Facile: "Blake is an instance of a vacillating leader. I wonder how he will do in the Imperial Parliament."

McKnom: "I am surprised at your having a doubt as to your ex-leader's success. He cannot fail to make a great impression on that House in which power of debate such as his will be more appreciated—not more felt as a force, but more appreciated than in our own chamber. All over the three kingdoms he will be more appreciated than ever he was in Canada. One was sorry to see from a few quarters partisan shafts follow him across the Atlantic, when he had removed himself from our arena. In Canada we cannot do justice to intellectual eminence unless it is on our side, and there is no such thing as criticism anywhere. Fangs have long been in the throat of the intellectual life of Canada."

"Don't you think, sir," I ventured to interrupt, "we are travelling away from the point? You were, I think, discussing the Hamlet-leader—the man whose resolution is apt to be 'sickl'd o'er with the pale cast of thought.' In my judgment there is no antagonism between the highest powers of thought and efficient action. It is not thought that makes men vacillate, but want of courage—want of will. The time a man devotes to action will be taken from speculation, and if he wants to be a great speculative thinker he had better specialize himself in that direction."

Glaucus: "Surely the thinker is greater than the man of action. All the great fiscal reforms of Pitt and Gladstone are traceable to Adam Smith. The influence of the man of thought abides, multiplies itself, rolls from soul to soul, goes on forever—that of the man of action often dies with himself."

Helpsam: "Dies with himself! Did the building of the O.P.R. die with Sir John Macdonald? Did the Hellenic conquest of the East, the building of Alexandria, die with Alexander the Great?"

Glaucus: "Who educated Alexander? When did he draw his sanity of intelligence combined with heroic enthusiasm? This from Homer; that from Aristotle. His influence on mankind is small compared with that of either the author of the Iliad or that of the comprehensive genius who still teaches the world to think correctly in

every subject, from poetry to politics. What is the influence of Pericles compared with that of Thucydides, of Herodotus? If Adam Smith taught Pitt political economy, from Thucydides Chatham's son got his mastery of language, and much of Pitt's action, what was it but the utterance of thought? His great speech on the European war fought Napoleon after the worn out frame of him who spake it was laid in the grave.

"That was the quarry whence subsequent orators drew their materials; that was the speech which sent our men to storm Mount St. Jean; that was the speech which gave Wellington that army on whose squares broke the veterans of Napoleon, the picked chivalry of France that never reeled in the shock of war before."

Helpsam: "Don't you remember what Michelet said to Etienne Arago? In his old age Arago looked back with more complacency on his life as a man of letters than on his fighting years as a revolutionist. 'We have,' he said to Michelet one day in the presence of Jules Claretie, 'frittered away existence in a kind of subterranean life, like the moles, whilst you have worked in the bright broad light of the sun.'"

"Do not speak in that way," cried Michelet. "In this world action values more than all else. To write is good; to fight is better. To be a man of action—that is the ideal life," and then, after a pause and in a tone touched with melancholy, "Yes; to be a Garibaldi!"

McKnom: "We are travelling from the subject. The archic man is at more peril, especially in a democratic community, from mental infirmities than from sensual aberrations, prone as he often is to these and dangerous as they are. The papers have lately been informing us that Lord Salisbury drinks a bottle of port wine after dinner. Pitt used to drink two, and Dundas held him in countenance, yet both were able and successful statesmen, and Pitt was a great patriot and a benefactor to mankind. O'Connell was wont, until he was past middle age, to drink two bottles of claret and one bottle of port at and after dinner. Disraeli was too fond of wine, and had at intervals to lie up to cure his gout and bleach the claret out of his nose. He always stimulated before speaking. My friend, Mr. 'Johnny' Doyle, the oldest member of the Parliamentary gallery in England, has often told me how in his younger days in the House, Disraeli, Beaconsfield, Vivian Grey—call him what you will—in a buff waistcoat and snuff-coloured trousers, would, before commencing a speech, order a bottle of port at the table in the lobby, drink half as a preparation, and the second half just the minute before he rose. Phillip, who founded the Macedonian kingdom, used to get drunk before his subjects, yet he was a most capable king. But look at the effect of this vice on his son Alexander, by far the greatest man the world has seen. He conquers a world, shows himself a far-seeing statesman of the highest order, and dies a drunken madman! Napoleon I. showed a tendency to this vice, but only after the eagle was chained to his island rock and his nephew, who was an abler man than Kinglake will admit, was an absinthe drinker. Bismarck has been an heroic drinker, and the other day performed the feat of emptying a gallon at a draught. Other examples might occur, and the moral seems to be that strong men are, as Robertson of Brighton says, 'strong passions and all,' and that, therefore, the man who aspires to rule others should beware of wine. What might Sheridan not have done but for this weakness? And Fox? Lord Dufferin has much of the wit without the bibulous habits of his great ancestor, and he has been phenomenally successful. Mr. Gladstone, with his fiery, excitable temperament, could not be otherwise than abstemious with impunity. The only statesman of the first class I can recall who was a total abstainer is Demosthenes, and the 'water-drinker,' as he was called, was not only the greatest of orators but a very great man. I need not dwell on the follies rulers of men have committed by allowing the deep necessity for the solace of female companionship to take the form not of devotion to one but devotion to many."

Madame Lalage: "O, well, we will not discuss that. It seems to me, however, that where they have erred has been in devotion to one, only she was not the right one. What about the great man's hobby horses?"

McKnom: "Look at Frederick the Great writing worthless poetry as he drives from battle field to battle field; Gladstone's Homeric studies; Lord Derby translating the Iliad; Disraeli scribbling novels; Canning writing verses; Geo. Brown going in for cattle breeding. Bob Lowe wrote poetry, but he never let the world know it until he was raised to the House of Lords, and was practically out of strenuous active life. Some make flirtation a hobby, as, for instance, Gortschakoff, who, even in his old age, thought every woman was fascinated by his glance."

Irene: "But, surely some of these are noble relaxations. I read with great interest that Mr. Gladstone intended to rest his mind after the campaign by going to Paris to look up facts connected with mediæval universities."

McKnom: "I do not condemn them. It is, I admit, a noble way of resting the mind to turn to some literary pursuit. But they are hobby horses all the same, much better, I admit, than indulging in coarse relaxations like Walpole and some other modern statesmen, and they seem to have this advantage, that they tend to humanize the ruler, who, if always thinking of his great game, becomes a kind of unsocial monster like the first Napoleon, who could not rule men, but only crush them. Napoleon had above all the great men history has produced what the

Greeks call *hubris*, that insolence of pride which has its root in want of reverence, want of self-knowledge, want of moral perspective, a pride untempered by a sense of human frailty. Read Madame de Remusat, and you will see that though he was a greater soldier than Louis IV. (who was indeed a carpet knight), he was not as great a ruler. In fact, Napoleon exemplifies all the mental and moral weaknesses to which a ruler of men is liable. Most rulers, however—thank heaven!—will have no temptations to such petty resentments, petty vanities, petty selfishness, execrable social insolence and rudeness, utter want of all kindness, as were in his case associated with towering pride, despotic will and overshadowing genius; a great force, a conqueror, an emperor who had not even an idea of what a gentleman is, much less to be one."

Glaucus: "That is a good story of the Pope's interview with him. The great Emperor moved about in a fascinating style at first and the Pope said: 'Comedian!' at last the hero got angry, and the Pope said: 'Tragedian!' By the way, sir, you say nothing of governing through the weaknesses of others. Sir John Macdonald was said to be a great master of this art."

McKnom: "To bear with men's weaknesses may be a noble thing; to appeal to their worse side may be successful, but the truly great man will not stoop to this; he will appeal to the best that is in them."

Helpsam: "Now you are the philosopher pure and simple. From which side will he get the most ready response? You remember how, when Corporal Flaherty was captured by five Sioux on the warpath, the prisoner entertained his savage captors with the whiskey from his canteen. Thus having operated internally on the fortress of each, he appeared at dress parade the next morning, himself exuberant, with five scalps on his belt won during the overnight festivities. He touched his hat to the commanding officer and said: 'I scalped 'em first, and waked 'em afterwards.' Would not you say this man was a politician of a high order? At least a practical one?"

Glaucus (joining in the laughter): "Surely a statesman was lost to the world. In other days, at least, Flaherty would have been an invaluable whip when divisions had to be affected by keeping members of the opposite side away. Robin Hood, if we may trust, the great ballad dined and wined his victims first and robbed them afterwards."

McKnom: "The modern ruler—to come back to the weaknesses of statesmen—is not, as Napoleon mourned, likely to be able to get himself worshipped. But think of that wonderful Corsican with his oraculum, and Cromwell the Puritan, with his lucky and unlucky days. Look at Macbeth. There is often an infirmity of superstition in these lofty minds. You remember that great Austrian prince and captain—the wonderful soldier of fortune—consulting the stars before he fought, and reading his destiny in the rhythm of the universe and the motions of worlds. And look at personal vanity, as in the case of Disraeli dyeing his hair, and the love of flattery so very common."

"In 1878," I remarked, "Sir John Macdonald, addressing a picnic crowd at Markham, said, half jocularly, half sneeringly, that he could stand a good deal of flattery. He liked praise it may be as the gods of the old world loved incense, or because he knew that under popular government where power lives in the mouths of men laudation swells the tide which floats the statesman's galley. Power has at all times found it easy to evoke flattery from mankind. The Eastern king required not only prostration but the assurance that he would live for ever, and even Western emperors have insisted as you have indicated on religious homage. Not less exacting are the people when the power is with them. In Great Britain, electors, a large percentage of whom were eager for bribes in one form or another, had to be told they were free and independent; let us hope their children in Canada never present a spectacle so false and so ignoble."

Glaucus: "Is that irony? Look at the election courts."

Madame Lalage: "It would seem, Mr. McKnom, your archic man is very human after all."

McKnom (with a sigh): "He is like your sex, Madame. Under analysis the hero and the angel alike disappear?"

Gwendolen: "Too bad!"

Irene: "Shocking."

Madame Lalage: "Could you believe Mr. McKnom capable of so ungallant a speech?"

Glaucus: "Do not be too severe. He knows you are better than angels because you have no wings to fly away with and" (turning to his charming wife with the smile of a happy husband) "you are too substantial to elude our caress."

As we walked down Daly Street the roar of the waterfall rose on the still night with the same measured thunder as when 'John A.' was king; as when the savage ruled ere all this beauty was invaded by the lumberer and his mills; as when this continent was unknown to Europe; as it will roll and roar when we of to-day shall have passed into the land of shadows; as though nature mocked at the schemes and dreams and follies of the fleeting generations of men, rising as they do like waves and like waves gliding rapidly away—the gurgle and murmur and beauty and power of a moment, and the next moment gone for ever!

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

COMPARED to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?—*Thackeray*.