

that his pocket did not absorb all of the large commissions he received, but that the election funds benefited thereby. The famous Mr. Dansereau admitted this frankly as to some transactions carried out by him, where the hypnotic principle of "suggestion" worked like a charm. Electors were "mesmerized by batches" in a famous election, and Mr. Dansereau has evidently availed himself of Grit experience to try the process on contractors. Everything beyond the doings of Senecal, Bronskill and Dansereau is however in the realm of imagination. The actual everyday evidence is not forthcoming to inculpate Mr. Chapleau.

The report in the Baie des Chaleurs Railway matter goes straight to its two points. The Barwick charges are found proved, the Langelier charges disproved. It will be a potent weapon in the hands of Lieutenant-Governor Angers against Mr. Mercier, if the evidence supports in the eyes of outside judges the conclusions, marshalled in a series of salient paragraphs, to which the Committee came. That the evidence is so plain may be inferred from the attitude of the Opposition in the Senate, who contented themselves with a silent vote. The galleries were thereby deprived of a sensational debate, but had an offset in the announcement that the Lieutenant-Governor had sent a communication to the Governor-General, which the latter had submitted to the Cabinet, and which is to be brought down. All sorts of rumours are current as to the Lieutenant-Governor's attitude, but they emanate from Montreal and Quebec and are probably just as reliable as they are contradictory. Here it is accepted as certain that his movements will be carefully guarded from any imputation of unconstitutionality, but will all the more surely result in the downfall of Mr. Mercier. With the Letellier affair so vividly reproduced in his own personal experience, it is felt that no mistake will be made this time.

The probable outcome of the Langevin-McGreevy investigation has been so much and so long discounted that it is hardly any news, now that the two draft reports have been prepared, to learn their contents. The choice between being dubbed fool or knave is the Hobson's choice which Sir Hector has for his only consolation. To bring about the former verdict has involved the condemnation of all other parties to the transaction, especially Mr. Thomas McGreevy, whom both friend and foe unite in finding guilty. The majority report may be briefly summed up as finding that a conspiracy existed to defraud the Government, that Thomas McGreevy materially aided this, that Mr. Perley, Mr. Boyd and other officers were to blame to a certain extent for its success, and that Sir Hector had too much confidence in their skill and integrity, but that the evidence does not lead to the conclusion that he either knew of the conspiracy or lent himself to its furtherance. The charges of receiving direct payments of money are reported to be unfounded. As for the minority report it is a strong and skilful arrangement of the evidence in its most damaging form. With the prevalent desire to get away as soon as possible, it is not likely that there will be much discussion of the merits of these conflicting reports in the Committee. That will be relegated to the House, and once that much expected debate begins the end of the Session will have arrived in sight.

The Estimates are all but through now, the House having worked away at them steadily last week. The Supplementary Estimates have to contain something very objectionable to Opposition feelings in order to provoke much debate. It is not likely they will do so this time.

The immigration item gave Sir Richard another chance at the Government, and Mr. Davin one more at Mr. Dewdney. The result was a night's talk on the old lines, and the contribution to *Hansard* of facts and figures to prove any argument. The discussion passed off without any such outbreak as characterized the debate on Mr. Paterson's proposal to amend the sugar duties, which, after extremely able and instructive speeches by Mr. Paterson and Mr. Charlton on the one side and Messrs. Stairs and Kenny on the other, finished with an encounter between Mr. Casey and Mr. Chapleau, in which the tones of both were far from honeyed, and the Deputy Speaker had a hard task to keep order.

The Toronto Harbour Works and the West Indian line of steamers gave Mr. Foster a busy evening on the defensive against Messrs. Mulock and Mills. Sir John Thompson came to his support against the personal attack in the latter matter. As no answer was made to Mr. Foster's bold challenge of his accusers to formulate the charge in the House or in such a way that he could meet it by a suit for libel, he may justly be credited with being able to defend himself on his own merits and not merely by his colleagues' power of advocacy.

One of the portents of the times is the great attention given to the Dominion Elections Act and the Controverted Elections Act last week. Incidentally, the outsider, without that practical interest which a Member of Parliament has in these statutes, is led to remark how hard it seems to be to keep the ballot secret and elections pure. Some of the amendments made, notably that of Mr. Ouimet punishing the briber as well as the bribed, are substantial and much needed reforms. It is wonderful, however, to see what an infinity of detail both these Acts have become in the endeavour to meet the ingenuity and inventiveness of "practical politics." The bye-elections for which all these preparations are being made are, by consent of both parties, to be deferred till the new voters' lists are completed—a welcome respite to many an insecure member. Happy now is the man whose seat is not contested. Over him even hangs the chance of a general election long before

the end of the four or five years of which, in the good "old days"—the qualifying adjective is left to choice—before Sir John died he was sure.

The Senate loses a good speaker, but the Queen's Bench of Quebec is strengthened by a sound lawyer in Chief Justice Lacoste. His successor in the chair, Mr. Ross, comes with the experience of two terms as President of the Quebec Legislative Council, and of long service in both the Parliament and Legislature, besides that of a Minister and Premier of his Province. His appointment will have a steady effect upon many French-Canadians who might be inclined to be led away by the outcry against the Senate's asserted invasion of Provincial autonomy. Personally he is popular among his colleagues, and will do justice to the position.

In finding for the first time in weeks a topic outside the walls of Parliament, it is not pleasant to have to chronicle such a serious strike as that of the hands employed in the saw mills and timber yards threatens to be. At first it was orderly enough, perhaps because the force displayed in over-awing non-strikers was so resolute that resistance was useless. It has now reached the stage of menaces against property, and already minor assaults have been committed. The military have been called out, and that for Ottawa is unprecedented. The mill owners are quite as determined as the men, and, having the inducement of a bad season and low profits to close their mills, the probable result will be the throwing out of work of several thousands of men, and the utter destitution of as many families throughout the rigour of a Canadian winter.

X.

WOLFE'S CHARACTER AS SHOWN BY HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have all read in our school days with more than ordinary interest of the gallant capture of Quebec, and the tragic death of the two brave generals who led the contending armies to battle on the Plains of Abraham. Our Canadian poet, Charles Roberts, sings:—

Wolfe and Montcalm, Montcalm and Wolfe,
Quebec! thy storied citadel
Attests with burning hymn and psalm
How, here, thy heroes fell.

History has forever associated General Wolfe with the memorable words uttered with his dying breath as he was told the French ran: "Now, God be praised, I die happy." The great majority of people are content with the knowledge that he was a great soldier and died the death of a hero. To Mr. Parkman it is largely due that a closer insight into the inner life of the man himself throws a lustre about the character of James Wolfe not generally discerned. Thackeray, in "The Virginians," does, indeed, give what would appear to be a clever picture of Wolfe, though, perhaps, he makes him somewhat stiffer and more puritanical than he really was. To thoroughly arrive at the nature of a man one cannot do better than read his correspondence. A life of Wolfe, made up almost entirely of copies of letters written to his parents and friends from the time he entered the army—a mere boy—until a day or two before his death, by a great admirer, Robert Wright, is in many well-furnished libraries. The work is voluminous, and some of the letters are not of special interest. In this article some of the most interesting letters are given in full, extracts are taken from others, and it is hoped the selections made will answer the double purpose of showing that Wolfe's was a more than ordinary character and that he was not lacking in literary ability.

James Wolfe was born at the Vicarage of Westerham, in the County of Kent, England, January 2nd, 1727. He was the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. (afterwards Major-General) Wolfe, an efficient, but not altogether a fortunate, officer. He had a brother, Edward, two years his junior, and both boys entered the army early and were in action in the celebrated battle of Dettingen. This was in 1743. Wolfe was then but fourteen and yet he writes home that "he had been doing the duty of Adjutant." In giving an account of the battle of Dettingen he tells his father: "I sometimes thought I had seen the last of poor Ned when I saw arms, legs and heads beat off around him; he is called 'the old soldier,' and very deservedly." Both the boys, however, came out of this fight unscathed. "The old soldier" died from disease occasioned by exposure soon after in camp. His brother was kept from his bedside by the call of duty, and in a letter to his mother in October, 1744, the latter writes: "Poor Ned wanted nothing but the satisfaction of seeing his dearest friends to leave the world with the greatest tranquillity. He was an honest lad, had lived well and always discharged his duty with the cheerfulness becoming a good officer. He lived and died as a son you two should, which, I think, is asking all I can. . . . There was no part of his life that makes him dearer to than that where you have mentioned 'he pined after me.'" Further, he reproaches himself with not thinking of Ned "every hour of the day."

Wolfe was in the campaign in Scotland against the pretender, and held the rank of Major at the battle of Culloden. Later on we find him with the army in the Netherlands, and at the siege of Maestricht he received his first wound and was recommended for bravery.

After this comes a period of trying probation. His was a restless, active, energetic spirit, to whom nothing could be more irksome than to stand and wait. Yet this is just what he had to do. He was attached to a regiment

kept in Scotland to drive away sympathizers with "Charlie over the sea." Sometimes he was in Stirling, sometimes in Inverness and again in Glasgow. He was impatient and, as his letters show at times, nearly disheartened. He longed for active service, and again and again was his desire thwarted. Yet it was here, no doubt, that he acquired that wonderful mastery of self which gave him power to overcome well-nigh inseparable obstacles at a later day. He imagined that he was capable of doing great things, and as Walpole remarked: "England could not demand from him more than he thought himself capable of doing."

Among the many letters which he writes from Scotland is one dated March 25, 1749, addressed to his mother, in which he makes the first reference to the continent in which he was to play so prominent a part, by mentioning that his friend, Colonel Cornwallis, is "going to Nova Scotia to be absent for two years, and his duty will fall upon me," adding: "I am everything but what the surgeons call a subject for anatomy."

The reference to his health was well justified. From childhood he was delicate, and it was only by great care in diet and constant exercise that he was enabled to keep up even the appearance of moderate health. From the same letter is taken the following quaint extract: "Rather than avoid the word of God, I got the reputation of a very good Presbyterian by frequenting the Kirk of Scotland till our chaplain appeared. I am now come back to the old fold and stick close to our communion. I am every Sunday at Kirk, an example justly to be admired. I would not lose two hours of the day if it did not answer some end. When I say 'lose two hours,' I must explain to you that the generality of the Scotch preachers are excessive blockheads, so thoroughly and positively dull that they seem to shut out knowledge at the very entrance. They are not like our good folk. Ours are priests, and, though friends to 'venison,' they are friends to sense." Prior to his going to Scotland, Wolfe had been at home some time after his career on the continent. Here he fell in love with a Miss Lawson, one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess of Wales. His family were opposed to the affair, and the young lady herself does not appear to have smiled on his addresses. Nothing came of it, but the young officer was evidently very much in love. Though not a prude, he does not seem to have had much conceit of the virtues of the court. He writes: "It is a mistake for a woman to have anything to do with that office." Later on he is a little severe on his late innamorita, and says: "It is possible for a lady to be even a *Maid of Honour* too long." Wolfe's personal appearance was not such as to attract a fashionable beauty. In figure, he is described as tall and lanky. His hair was short and red. In a letter to his mother he tells her that when he gets home "she may make as much fun of his red hair as she likes," and Thackeray makes Jack Morris ask Esmond as Wolfe passes: "Who is that tallow-faced 'put' with the carrotty hair?" There was a stage in the life of Wolfe in which, for a time, he gave way to dissipation, something which appears to have been opposed to his better sense. The following letter to his mother shows that she had found it necessary to give her son some good advice. Mrs. Wolfe appears to have been a woman of a somewhat peculiar temperament, very sensitive, but a most virtuous and consistent Christian. Wolfe writes her in Sept., 1751: "It would be a kind of miracle for one of my age and complexion to get through life without stumbling. Friendly aid and counsel are great and timely supports, and reproof is most effectual when it carries with it a concern for the person to whom it is addressed. . . . You certainly advise me well, and you have pointed out the only way where there can be no disappointment, and comfort that will never fail us, carrying men steadily and cheerfully in their journey to a place of rest at the end. Nobody can be more persuaded of it than I am, but constitution, example, the current of things and our natural weakness, draw me away with the herd, and only leave me just strength enough to resist the worst degrees of our iniquities. . . . Where there is the most employment and least vice, there one should wish to be. There is a meanness and a baseness not to endure with patience the little inconveniences we are subject to, and to know no happiness but in one spot, and that in ease, in luxury, in idleness seems to deserve our contempt," adding: "I have a mind to burn this letter. You will think it too grave, unreasonably so; or you may suspect I play the hypocrite, with design to lead you into the opinion of our reformation." In a fit of vexation he writes: "Better be a savage of some sort than a gentle amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world."

In November of the same year writing to his mother from Inverness, he says: "For my part while I am young and in health all the world is my garden and my dwelling; and when I begin to decline I hope my services by that time may fairly ask some little retreat and a provision so moderate that I may possess it unenvied. I demand no more. Though not of the most melting compassion I am sometimes touched with other people's distress and participate in their grief. Men whose tenderness is not often called upon obtain by degrees, as you may particularly observe in old bachelors, an insensibility about the misfortunes which befall others. There is no more tender-hearted person than the father or mother who has or has had many children."

The happy faculty of making friends is said to have been a characteristic of the family. Among the intimate friends of the hero of Quebec was Guy Carleton, at this time a subaltern. In later days his name became very