

CRITICISM AND PERSONALITY.

"Cesar and Pompey very much alike, 'specially Pompey.'"

This is truly a most ungrateful world! In our last number we charitably assumed the office of monitor, and in a spirit of paternal discipline endeavoured to correct the style of one of the "talented young gentlemen," who contributes to the columns of the *Quebec Mercury*. Smarting under the reproof, the naughty boy, and his companion on the same form, not only call us names, which we don't mind, but tell fibs, for which he and his chum deserve a whipping, which we administer accordingly.

We have examined the article complained of, (that headed *style* in the last number of the *Military Gazette*, and we fail to perceive the personalities of which the *Mercury* complains. Bantering criticism is not *personality*. If a "member of an honorable and liberal profession, the son of an English barrister, the grandson of a Colonel in the English army, whose family long resident in Lower Canada has for four generations held offices of high honor under the British Crown," or even if "the Light of the world, the Brother of the Sun, and Cousin of the Moon," will condescend to contribute editorially, with vast pretension, he must also condescend to write *Grammar*. If we are compelled now to introduce them, it is because we have no other way of repelling statements which are absolutely false, which Mr. G. T. Cary, the *Editor* of the *Mercury*, knows to be so, and which would imply that Mr. Kirk, the Editor of the *Military Gazette*, had refused an offer of the "usual satisfaction" made by any gentleman of Quebec.

We presume that Mr. G. T. Cary alludes to a circumstance which occurred some time ago, when a Mr. J. Henry Willan, in a brutal state of intoxication accosted Mr. Kirk in the street graciously intimating, "I would shoot you like a dog." Mr. G. T. Cary and his contributing associate, may consider this an offer of the "usual satisfaction" for *insult*; but Mr. Kirk cannot recognize the possibility of any *insult* being offered to him by such an individual, though he may be a "member of an honorable and liberal profession, the son of an English barrister, the grandson of a Colonel in the English army, whose family long resident in Lower Canada has for four generations held offices of high honor under the British Crown," as well might the *Mercury* twit those who declined to honor with the "usual satisfaction," the Lord de Ros, the premier Baron of England who, convicted of having practised at cards the trick called "*sauter le coup*," was ignominiously expelled from his club. Even were this Mr. John Henry Willan a suitable object for the "usual satisfaction" of a gentleman, it by no means follows that "satisfaction" should be granted to him in a perfectly groundless quarrel, which as Mr. Kirk has before said, might with equal propriety have been fixed on His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec, or *Monsieur l'Archevêque*. But that he is not so, is proved by the fact that the man is not recognized by any of his family, and that sneaking and worthless fellow Mr. G. T. Cary is himself Mr. Kirk's authority for saying that he is "the greatest ruffian in Quebec." In fact Mr. Kirk's knowledge of the man's character is almost entirely derived from the information of Mr. G. T. Cary, for he has had no relations with him which could give an insight into character. And if there be any mistake as to his connection with the *Morning Chronicle* of Quebec, the fault is not Mr. Kirk's, but Mr. G. T. Cary's, who himself informed Mr. Kirk, (then what Mr. Cary calls a *contributor* to the *Mercury* Newspaper) that he be-

lieved Mr. John Henry Willan to be the writer of the article in that paper, which, besides libelling Mr. Kirk most grossly, stigmatized Mr. G. T. Cary as a *Nin compoop*.

"We are authorised to say that the gentleman referred to never had any connection with the *Chronicle*" does the *Mercury* mean by that that he did not contribute to the *Chronicle*? for if so it utters an impudent lie.

"It is not surprising to find personalities of this kind forming the staple of a print whose prospectus promised an avoidance of that sin, and read a lecture to the press of Canada which some strangers appealing to the patronage of the community would have thought it more modest and more graceful to suppress."

We accept no reproach under this head. The licentiousness of the Press of Canada is no new theme. It has been constantly descanted on by writers in and out of Canada, whether or not belonging to the Press. Each newspaper as it has started in Quebec, has touched the subject in a similar strain, for every one recognizes and deprecates the disgraceful position occupied by the English portion of the Press of this city, a degraded position and character almost entirely attributable to the "talented young gentlemen" who formed the vilest clique of literary scribblers and slanderers which has ever disgraced the newspaper literature of any community.

That the main author of all this, the prime mover in everything scandalous, dialoical and disgusting in the press of Quebec should be permitted to be a *contributor* to the editorial columns of the *Quebec Mercury*, a paper which, owing entirely to its former respectability, circulates among so many families in this city, is a gross outrage on public decency an insult to the virtuous feelings of its inhabitants. M. G. T. Cary may himself be lost to all sense of self respect, but as the proprietor of a public print he has no right to intrude on its readers the lucubrations of a man who at this instant stands charged in the Law Courts with the utterance of a libel of a most atrocious and cowardly character against his own Uncle!

We hold it to be quite intolerable that we should be compelled to write and our subscribers to read, articles of this kind. This miserable man Mr. John Henry Willan, will however persist in intruding himself in our path, and his still more worthless associate and pander Mr. G. T. Cary has afforded him the only channel by which he could hope to do so in print. As the latter has however had the folly to boast openly that he has hired this "literary bravo," "to write down Mr. Kirk and his friends," it is not improbable that Mr. Kirk may be enabled to use more efficacious means for checking such a nuisance. Meantime we think it simply an act of duty to apprise the *Mercury's* Reverend contributors of the agreeable companionship which Mr. G. T. Cary has prepared for them. Their elegant disquisitions, their epistolary controversies, and their appeals to the moral sense of their flock, will shine by contrast alongside columns filled with ribald buffoonery, obscene allusions, and vile calumniation. We leave them, the Quebec public and the readers of the *Mercury* to judge, after what we have above stated, which of the two individuals concerned in this unjustifiable course, is the most reputable. We think they must conclude that

"Cesar and Pompey very much alike specially Pompey!"

The *Victor Emmanuel*, 91, is to be fitted out forthwith at this port for the spg of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles H. Fremont, K.C.B., to command the Channel fleet.

Literature.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SURGEON.

(Continued from our last).

The question whether any individual official person, high or low, is blamable for the dark side of this statement, is entirely sunk in the much greater question, whether any system is to blame? Routine has got a deal of obloquy for it, but there must be routine in the public service. It is the only way in which the great bulk of public servants can work with any kind of satisfaction to their employers; and the military department is far from being exempt from this necessity. The men of routine, indeed, are the ordinary machinery with which statesmen and generals work. The routine, in ordinary times, goes on like clockwork, of itself, merely requiring periodical winding up and occasional clearing; and it does its business in a far more satisfactory manner to all concerned, than erratic genius could accomplish it. But when confusions and convulsions cross it, then some strong hand must take its management—directing, reconstructing, or breaking it down, if need be, as a general in battle deals with the well-trained troops who may have paraded for many an unvarying year of peace in their several regiments, companies, and squads. That such a great strong hand does not come when it is called for, is not chargeable on routine; without it matters would be still worse.

Brother to routine in usefulness and obloquy is professional etiquette, professional pedantry, or professional pride, as people may like to name it. It goes through all human nature, high and low. It may be called a grand enthusiasm when it is developed in some gifted intellect, devoting its whole energies to one object of goodness or duty, which it deems to be its own special mission. It passes down through lower grades of labour, until it becomes the conventional or even mechanical pursuit. Perhaps its humblest known development was detected by a friend of ours in overhearing two members of the despised class who devote themselves to the sweeping of the streets, pronouncing on the merits of a departed brother of the broom. One of them was clear that the deceased had been, in every sense of the term, a great workman; the other, with critical discrimination, pronounced him "capital at the thick, but nothing, at all at the thin"—this latter being, it seems, the department which exacted the greatest quickness of discrimination and agility of hand.

It is needless to ask why; it is sufficient to know that this spirit is in constant activity throughout the working and doing part of mankind. It is in itself a useful spirit, speaking merely of its humbler shapes; and indeed it is difficult to see how the world could get on without it. It puts us all into those separate grooves of action by which we are carried to the objects of our special aspirations and desires—to the achievements we would wish to perform, and the honours we would fain reap. Newton would not have cared for a colonelcy in the Guards as the reward of his discoveries; Nelson would have had very little estimation of a bishopric; Samuel Johnson would not have been very proud of the illustrious office of Lord Mayor of London. The hurrahs, and encores, and floral wreaths, which are blood and breath to the ambitious actress, would annihilate the ambitious woman of the world who toils for fashionable leadership. The genial Soyer, who might have distinguished himself in some department of literature, scorns all repute that does not rest on the legitimate honours of the taster and steward; and, standing by his order, demands that cookery shall be admitted high in the ranks of the liberal arts. The patriarch of his school, the venerable Eustace Ude, was still more supreme in his claims. He stated in his introduction to *The French Cook*, that he had found it necessary to acquire the English language, and become his own interpreter, since he had been translated by one who may indeed have known some thing of his own profession, being a general officer in the army, but knew nothing whatever of his, Eustace Ude's, with which he had so audaciously meddled. All this has the spirit of cheerful endeavour, of effective la-

bour, and of general public usefulness in it. Annihilate it, or shift it from its natural place to some other, we cannot; and the object that remains is to adjust it to thorough co-operative usefulness.

No doubt that entire isolation from the ordinary citizen, of the soldier, when embodied for service, to which we have already alluded, renders many adjustments of professional functions to army purposes necessary, and renders them all difficult. A knot of men-at-arms, with the usual swarm of billmen, archers, and pikemen, on an expedition across the English border, or scouring the Flemish homesteads, would have felt a following of quartermaster commissaries, purveyors, and evens surgeons, to be thorough *Impedimenta*. The functions of all but the surgeon they could do better for themselves. Of the surgeon, almost the only representative would be the friar, or other religious person who visited the field, to impart to the wounded what medical skill he possessed, along with the consolations of religion. But a hierarchy of medical officers, from a director-general, through divers grades of inspectors, to the regimental surgeons and their assistants, would have astonished Douglas or Hotspur about as thoroughly, perhaps, as a proposal to establish an army sanitary staff.

There is no doubt that it is extremely difficult—and, in fact, this difficulty is at the root of the whole of the other difficulties of our army service—to get persons whose pursuits are not combative to co-operate in military operations. The command and obedience, to which our citizens are so little accustomed, is the vital spirit of an army. It is sometimes necessary and oftener natural, that it should extend beyond the pure military body to whatever other class comes in collateral connection with it. The propensity of the military commander is to brigade everything over which he has power. It is sometimes as difficult to impress on an old soldier the existence of possible duties which consists neither in command nor obedience, but in separate co-operation and individual action, as it was to demonstrate to the Persian ambassador that the Emperor of Hindostan was a company with a Board Directors, and a chairman and a deputy chairman. Perhaps the most flagrant instance on record of the collateral application of military organisation was exhibited by the Duke of Alva, who, in his campaign in the Netherlands, embodied the liberal damsels who, from time immemorial, have accompanied armies, so that, as Sir James Turner describes it, "They had their several captainesses and alferas, or she cornets, or other officers, who kept among them an exact discipline in all points that concerned their profession; they were divided into several squadrons according to their quality and that was distinguished no otherwise but by the difference of their beauties, faces, and features." This was a caricature of a practice, inveterate but to some extent necessary. In despotic countries, where every man's position is adjusted by royal warrant, it is no doubt more easily dealt with than among us.

The position and functions of the medical staff from the most important of all the matters to be adjusted between the combative and noncombative portion of our armaments, and to these alone shall we limit the few remarks we have to offer. There has been, no doubt, a sluggish tardiness in the mind of the world to acknowledge the true grandeur of the medical profession, when dutifully and honestly pursued: alas! we are all of us sufficiently conscious of the physician's power over us, when he cautiously closes the door of the sick room, and we watch the glance of his eye or the wrinkles of his mouth for the faintest reflection of those inner thoughts, in which the issues of life and death may be already prejudged. But the careless and the healthy world is apt, perhaps to forget the true elevation of the untitled and unrobed master of science.

As to the army medical man, perhaps, the earliest notice of his estimation is in Homer, who tells of the kind anxiety of the Greek host when they found that Esculapius's son, Machaon, was wounded by a random dart, and of his careful removal on ship-board—

Setras gar aner autaxios allon

Passing to later incidents not far from same place, we have no doubt that the feeling of the poor sufferers in the Crimea towards