

first Reform Bill. Galt repeated in "The Member" a Defoe-like and highly amusing piece of fiction, the style and manner of "The Provost." Neither of these works, however, achieved any sale in England; they were translated into French and succeeded better on the Continent, where they were valued as faithful transcripts of English political life. Except for several short stories, two novels, "Stanley Buxton" and "Eben Erskine," published in 1833, are Galt's last attempts in the realm of fiction. Both were unequal in performance and fell dead upon the market.

Galt's literary work was now nearly at an end. A nervous affection, supposed to have been some form of paralysis, no doubt a breaking down of the nervous system, caused by relentless brain work, was gradually taking possession of him. He was really five years in dying. From 1834 to 1839 he suffered great physical pain. Unable to walk, he still sat at his desk and wrote articles and stories and his autobiography; when confined to his bed he dictated his "Literary Life," which was dedicated to William IV., and for which he received the sum of £200 from that generous monarch, which helped him to tide over the last three years of his life without appealing to his friends for financial help. Galt died in Greenock at the home of his sister, Mrs. Macfie, on April 11th, 1839.

The best tribute we have to the character of Galt is from the pen of an anonymous friend in the *Leisure Hour*. He is praised for mildness of disposition and unfailing cheerfulness and patience in the midst of great trials. The writer had never witnessed nor heard of any human being surviving so many severe and quickly repeated shocks. Suffering more than ten or eleven attacks of paralysis, he was resigned with Christian humility to his melancholy lot. In all his sickness he displayed a

wonderful equanimity of temper. He was modest, unaffected, and not in the least opinionated. In view of the fact that his work had been so ill-requited and that he was a defeated man, his friends wondered greatly at his sweetness of disposition. We are informed by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, from which publication we have taken the pen and ink sketch of Galt which illustrates this article, that Galt stood six feet, three, and had a stoop in his shoulders. The writer comments facetiously on "the Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trowsers worn by the celebrated novelist. It seemed as if they had been made by an axe or by the saw of a Canadian backwoodsman." Our picture of Galt comes from that greatest of all portrait-painters of the XIXth century, Thomas Carlyle. Here is the graphic sketch from his journal, which resulted from a meeting of the two famous Scotchmen at a dinner party given by the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1832:

"Galt looks old, is deafish, has the air of a sedate Greenock burgher, mouth indicating sly humour and self-satisfaction; the eyes, old and without lashes, gave me a sort of wae interest in him. He wears specs and is hard of hearing; a very large man, and eats and drinks with a certain west-country gusto and research. Said little, but that little peaceable, clear and gutmuthig. Wish to see him again."

Later Carlyle speaks of him as "a broad gawsie Greenock man, old, growing, lovable with pity."

It has been estimated that Galt published in all about sixty works (seven or eight in three volumes), ranging from the epic through history, drama (farce, comedy and tragedy), biography, novel, travel, and pamphlet. At least a score of his publications are in the form of the novel, and of this number we would recommend eleven as worthy examples of Galt's art as a maker of fiction. These eleven novels might be classified more or less arbitrarily as follows: