

EVENTS

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The Campaign.

THE candidate who pays for a picture and complimentary sketch of himself in a local paper sometimes gets a cold brow-down. For instance in the last issue of the Montreal Sunday Sun there appeared a fine halftone portrait of an alleged independent candidate in the St. Lawrence division, one Geo. W. Parent, to wit., accompanied by a complimentary description of his qualifications. He described himself as possessed of "honesty, social qualities, integrity, and proverbial hospitality." Doubtless he wrote "hospitality" but the printer must have had the proverbial capital for independent candidates in his mind when he set up the matter.

Those who thought that the Hon. "Jim" O'Riordan was out of the ring must have been surprised to read of his re-nomination in North Oxford where he was enthusiastically received by a large audience. The minister of public works is well trusted for many fights. In North Oxford of course opposition to him is fruitless. There are to be many pretty fights on in various constituencies. In West Northumberland, Mr. McColl, the late member, has

against him Mr. Armour, a young man who strongly supported Mr. McColl last time. He is a son of the late Chief Justice Armour. It is said that his sister, Mrs. Hayter Reed, is going to enter the campaign in her brother's behalf and canvass for him. This, if true, will be a new feature in Canadian politics, though it is not an uncommon thing in Great Britain, where in the old days they say a duchess kissed a butcher for his vote. In Canada we have not got beyond the time-honored custom of the candidate kissing the babies. Another interesting contest is going to be that for the county of Montmorency in the province of Quebec. A Liberal has never been elected there at a general election but once since Confederation, and then, in 1887, Charles Laberge got in by just one majority. This time the Liberals have put up a son of Premier Parent, and confidently predict victory. On the other hand Mr. T. Charles Casgrain, the Conservative candidate, who carried the seat at the last two elections by about 50 each time, is a man well liked and a shrewd clever lawyer who held office once in the

Quebec government and is one of the chief lieutenants of Mr. R. L. Borden.

Mr. Sifton has opened the campaign in the West. It was thought that the local member, Mr. McInnes, would be his opponent in Brandon, but it seems that Mr. R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P. for Lisgar is anxious to try a fall with the Young Napoleon and has had himself nominated as an independent farmers' candidate with the expectation that the Conservatives will refrain from nominating a candidate and throw their organization over to him. That was the game which enabled him to be elected for Lisgar in 1900 but it so disorganized the Conservative party in Lisgar that it is not at all likely to succeed in Brandon which has usually been a safe Conservative seat until it was wrested from them first by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy in 1896, and afterwards by Mr. Sifton, who is believed to be now impregnable. The man who defeated the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, backed up as he was by the Tappers and an unlimited supply of the needful, is not likely to wish for anything easier than a discredited political fakir

like R. L. Richardson. One of the youngest candidates in the Dominion is Mr. Norman Wilson, who has received the Liberal nomination in Russell county, Ont. His opponent is considered to be such a weak man that Mr. Wilson's election is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., received and accepted the Liberal nomination for the county of Durham, Mr. Beith the late member retiring in his favor on account of ill health. Mr. B. Robert Beith has made many a stern fight for the Liberal party and the House of Commons will not seem quite the same without his genial presence. In securing Mr. Aylesworth as their candidate the Liberals of Durham are extremely fortunate as he is certain to reflect credit on them and the county. His opponent is Col. H. A. Ward who represented East Durham in the last parliament.

Mr. Thomas Greenway, ex-premier of Manitoba, has accented the Liberal nomination for Lisgar, and in Argenteuil, Que. Mr. Geo. Perley will again be the Conservative standard bearer.



The King and the little Princes at Braemar

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The Ottawa Free Press.

THAT "Liberal" anamorphosis, the Ottawa Free Press, resents any comment on its political blunders, judging by a petulant paragraph concerning "Events" which appeared the other day, apropos of our directing attention to its extraordinary power of damaging its professed political friends. As a fair specimen of the lucidity which attends the cheap editorial of the Free Press we are tempted to reproduce in full the reference to Events, as follows:—

"The Citizen is to be congratulated upon having secured, in its attempt to damage the Liberal cause in Ottawa, the lowly and obscure alliance of an eccentric little weekly, whose extraordinary freaks on the borderland of the uncanny have for some time provoked the amusement that one may feel where there is the sense of security that can be enjoyed by those who contemplate the contortions of a monstrosity which lacks the power, although it possesses the will to do harm."

Ye gods! what a sentence! To draw attention to the flagrant blunders of the Free Press in its hopeless efforts to speak for the Liberals of Ottawa is to form an alliance with the Conservative organ. Then we must not speak of the absurdity of an immigrant from Europe endorsing Imperialism and Chamberlainism and claiming to speak for the Liberal party of Canada. We must not allude to the last municipal campaign which forced hundreds of thorough Liberals to vote for the secretary of the Conservative association. We must not refer to the idiotic attack on a member of the Ross government or to the sneers at one of the most respected clergymen in the city of Ottawa. Neither dare we allude to the idiosyncrasy of reproducing in full with prominent headlines a column article from the Citizen, the Opposition

organ, setting forth dissensions among the Ottawa Liberals and, in particular, how the Free Press was making a fool of itself. And least of all must we speak of the break made by the Free Press on the Tuesday before the Liberal convention by which in all probability the Liberals have lost one seat in Ontario where it was very desirable that they should do the very best possible. The monstrosity moved the Liberal association to indignation when it met that same night, or rather it would have if the feeling of perfect disgust had left any room for indignation. It was demonstrated that any candidate for public office endorsed by the present management of the Free Press might as well save his money. The paper has the presumption to criticize in its elephantine fashion, the tried friends of the Liberal party, which leads us to enquire the name of a Liberal responsible for the management of that paper? There is not a man in Ottawa who can name a Liberal connected with the Ottawa Free Press in any responsible position. It is simply ludicrous for the sheet to pose as a Liberal party paper when it is notoriously repudiated by every real Liberal in the city of Ottawa. It's all very well to charge Events, which has an influential Dominion circulation, with being obscure, but that is an endurable thing compared with being pernicious. The Free Press is the only daily or for that matter, weekly paper in the Capital that is not edited by a Canadian and in consequence it is out of all touch either with Canada or the Canadians who form the bulk of the population of Ottawa. It may have been flattering to the youth who fired the Ephesian dome to thereby become notorious but the edifice remained destroyed.

The North Renfrew Election

DURING a warm political campaign it is a safe rule to believe nothing that appears in the daily prints. Last Friday furnished an illustration of the campaign methods of unscrupulous persons who wish to deceive the public. In the local election for the Ontario Legislature several months ago Mr. Hale was the Liberal candidate. There were several after the Liberal nomination because at that time it was considered a sure thing for the Liberals, though as a matter of fact they lost the seat, partly because it was purchased by the expenditure of \$60,000. The Ottawa Evening Journal, a strong Conservative paper, placed the expenditure of Mr. Dunlop the successful Conservative candidate at \$75,000 but we have reason to believe that it did not go above \$60,000.

Now, what has happened? Mr. Hale has been sued for something like \$3,000 of a livery bill, and says that he is not responsible for it inasmuch as a member of the Ross government and the Liberal organizer, Mr. Vance, promised him that his election expenses, outside of his personal expenses, would be provided for from Toronto. He paid his personal expenses promptly and it is said that he says they amounted altogether to about \$10,000. It is said further that there are outstanding unpaid bills amounting to \$8,000. These, Mr. Hale says, should be paid from Toronto according to promise. There is not in connection with this affair another single material fact, yet a portion of the daily press have garnished the affair with much verbosity and inflated it with headlines such as the following:—"Mr. Hale Swears to Grit Corruption Fund" "North Renfrew Campaign Cost Liberals \$4,000."

The Montreal Gazette puts it "Ontario Machine Again Exposed." "Defeated Liberal Candidate in North Renfrew Springs a Sensation." "His Campaign Cost \$40,000." There is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Hale's campaign cost \$40,000 any more than Mr. Dunlop's cost \$60,000 (except Mr. Dunlop's refusal to let the court try the petition, and his resigning the seat as having been improperly obtained).

Mr. Stratton, the member of the Ross government referred to, and Mr. Vance both deny that there was any guarantee of the election expenses. But suppose there was, what of it? It would have been a perfectly proper thing for any person in Toronto to have guaranteed Mr. Hale's election expenses. There is many a candidate on both sides of politics who could be elected to parliament but who has not the means to carry on the necessary campaign. Some wealthy person, or the party organization, guarantees him his expenses and provides the money. Anything wrong about that? Its simply nonsense for one political party to pretend through its press that a common, ordinary incident of an election campaign is a sensation or a scandal when that same party does that same thing all the time in scores of cases. Everybody knows that the money necessary for an election is furnished by the party. The candidate may furnish a share, but he is a representative man in the contest and the party he represents should and does furnish the bulk of the money.

In England the campaign fund amounts to millions of pounds, but the nauseating cry of corruption is not therefore raised. That fouling of the nest is left to the dirty birds of the Conservative press in Canada.

Society in the Highlands.

THE prospect of the Braemar Gathering and the Northern Meeting brought Society with a rush to Scotland, back from Doncaster, from foreign watering-places and from the southern English counties. It was once feared that the King might not prove himself as fond of Scotland as did the late Sovereign, but now these fears have been allayed, and Balmoral can claim to be one of the favorite homes of both

doubted whether there is at the present moment any more picturesque sight in the world than that which takes place within sound of Dee waters each September. Thanks in a great measure to our Royal Family, the fine and distinctive Highland dress is still worn by Scottish gentlemen, and at the gathering each clan is headed by its chief.

The fact that Invercauld is let does not



Mr. W. D. Mackenzie of Farr.



Mr. E. G. Fraser Tytler of Aldourie.

their Majesties, while at Abergeldie the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children now spend a portion of each autumn

The Braemar Gathering took place two weeks ago at Clunie, on a picturesque stretch of land which belongs to Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, and it may be

deter Mr. Farquharson being present at the gathering, and he and his clan present a striking appearance as they march by, each Highlander sporting a sprig of fox-glove and carrying white banners. Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld was Miss Zoe Musgrave, a sister of the present owner of Eden Hall. She acts as hostess to the Royal

party, and dispenses hospitality to most of the smart folk present.

Another of the great Deeside chieftains is Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glen Muick and Bracklev. Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie often entertain the King, and both their Majesties are much attached to the daughter of the house, young lady Kilmarnock.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife when on Deeside live very quiet lives, but they have a few intimate friends staying with them, and the Duke always organizes at least one great deer drive in honor of his Royal father-in-law.

was recently married to the eldest son of Sir William Walrond. Braemar Castle is let this year to Lord and Lady Normanton.

The great feature of the Braemar Gathering, once the march past has taken place, are the games, which include the dancing of Highland reels to the hornpipes. The sight of the games and dancing gives the greatest delight to the Royal children, as also to the older and more grave onlookers. But it must be admitted that the games and sports seen at the Braemar Gathering do not compare with those witnessed at the larger and later Northern Meeting, for the



Lord Lovat.



Lord Burton.

Many of the most noted strongholds on Deeside are let each year to Southern millionaires; this is notably the case with splendid Invercauld, which has now been tenanted for some years each autumn by Mr. and Mrs. Neumann. The rent of Invercauld is said to be £5,000, but this includes the famous deer forests, grouse moors, and salmon fishings.

Glen Tana is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Coats, who have now become great folk on Deeside, one of their daughters being the future Lady Aberdeen, while the other

Deeside function is essentially a social function, and relies much on Royal patronage and favor.

The Inverness Gathering, as the Northern Meeting has come to be called of late years, is the chief among the great festivals of the kind; and though the meeting is attended by crowds of tourists and Southerners, it remains each year typically Scottish, and typically old-world in its composition.

Next week Inverness will be brilliant with the tartans and the quaint, pictur-

esque garments of the Highland lassies who will stream in from the surrounding country to be present at the games. The great Highland chieftains do not appear at the head of their clans, but as they stride about the famous town they are hailed and recognized by their own men—aye, and women too.



Lady Kilmarnock. Sir Allan Mackenzie.

In the Highlands loyalty to the head of a clan is a very real thing, and there might still be found among the Campbells, descendants of the old lady who on the wedding-day of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne was heard to remark, "Queen Victoria must be a proud woman this day!"



Captain John
Sinclair, M.P.

Lady Marjorie
Sinclair.

As to who are the great Highland chiefs, perhaps the most interesting man of them all is young Lord Lovat, who looks well in the dark hunting tartan of the Fraser clan. Owing to the loyalty of his race in years when to follow the Stuart was to

court misfortune, Lord Lovat is one of the poorer Scottish chieftains; and his beautiful home, Beaufort Castle, is now let.

Another popular Highland chief is the Mackintosh of Mackintosh. He often acts as judge of the Highland games, and no one has a better right than himself to be conspicuous at the Northern Meeting, for he is the Captain and Chief of the Clan Chattan. In his picturesque Highland home, Mayhall, he has a unique collection of Jacobite relics. The Macleod of Macleod is the great chieftain of Skye, and other popular figures at the Northern Meeting are the Brodie of Brodie, Fraser Tytler of Aldourie, Macpherson of Clunie, Mackenzie of Farr. These are much more important to the Highlander than the



The Duchess of Fife.

Dukes and Earls that figure so much in London papers.

The gathering is held in the Northern Meeting Park at Inverness, and there may be seen some of the finest dancing in the world; while the Strength Tests give a splendid idea of Highland might and power; the champions of sport famed in history and romance being pitted against one another.

The great feature of the Northern Gathering from the point of view of the Society dame and damsel, is the ball which takes place on each night.

The sight presented is one of extraordinary splendor, for the majority of the men

present wear full Highland costume or military uniform, and the gorgeousness of the former quite outshone the brilliancy of the latter, for few schemes of color can compare in brightness with the dress tartan of the leading clans. On such an occasion the wise woman wears a black or white ball dress, relieved perhaps by a sash of clan tartan or a few fine jewels. Till comparatively lately admission to these balls was extremely difficult to obtain, far more so, for instance, than the Royal enclosure at Ascot, and it used to be said that large

shootings were sometimes taken simply in order that the tenant's wife and daughters might obtain an introduction to the Committee through the Chieftain who was also their landlord.

Now, however, money counts quite as much as rank, and many American heiresses first meet their fate at a Meeting ball. But it is significant that the applications for admission have so increased of late years that now the Committee spend close on a fortnight in considering the applications.

How the Blood May be Washed.

THE search for a physical process which would act directly on the circulating blood in cases of intoxication in order to extract the poison which it may contain is not a new thing, two methods up to the present time having been tried, transfusion of the blood and washing of the blood. The transfusion has given proof of its worth, but the difficulties are such that the application of the method is necessarily restricted. There has been little success hitherto with the washing method on account of the difficulty of adjusting the speed of injection to the narrow limits of cardiac tolerance. The chief difficulty has been, however, that the simple dilution of the blood does not render the renal filter permeable to the poisonous substances. Mr. Ch. Repin has just constructed an appa-

ratus with which he has experimented on animals, the method being to extract a large quantity of blood from the organism and to mix it with eight or ten times its volume of an isotonic saline solution. This mixture—sufficiently incoagulable for the needs of the experiment, is sent into a centrifugal separator, which is combined in such a way that all the blood globules are united almost instantly at a single point, where they are passed into a pump which injects them into the animal. The working of the apparatus is automatic and continuous, the result being to extract the plasma with all the matter dissolved therein, and to replace it with artificial serum; and this without injuring the blood globules, for which a short passage outside of the organism is not injurious.

At It Again.

"**S**HALL we treat the British across the seas better than the stranger outside our gates?" That was the question put by Mr. Chamberlain in a speech with which he opened what they call in England the fall campaign, at Luton, Oct. 5. That this sort of talk is, in his case mere gammon can be proved by the statement of a few facts. The question we desire to ask Mr. Chamberlain is why the British across the seas have invariably been treated by the British government much worse than the stranger outside the gates? Mr. Chamberlain is himself one of the most guilty, and until he explains his own conduct while in office he may well spare us such buncombe as he talked at Luton. Of course there is this to be said in extenuation of Mr. Chamberlain's shabby treatment of Canada that it had become an established tradition in London. We were treated badly as far back as 1842 when the establishment of the Maine boundary converted what was undoubtedly British territory into foreign soil, and made a direct line of communication from one part of this country to another almost an impossibility. Nearly three hundred thousand square miles of the ElDorado of the Northern Pacific, which should now be part of the Dominion of Canada, was transferred to the United States by the terms of the Oregon treaty in 1846. Mr. Chamberlain was a member of a government, and more directly responsible than any other member of it, which attempted to make a treaty with the United States behind Canada's back, and which finally forced us to agree to a reference in which Canadian territory was again sacrificed on this same Northern Pacific. In the Treaty of Washington more British territory situated in Canada was

awarded to the United States, and the Canadian representative, Sir John Macdonald placed on record in writing that he had to spend most of his time fighting the British commissioners to keep them from giving away to the Americans more than they actually did give. There was no preference at all for "the British across the seas." The concessions by the United States were so few and unimportant that it reminded an American writer of "a Glauco's swap", as Moses puts it in the Vicar of Wakefield—the gold of Glauco's against the brass of Diomedes.

We are not charging Mr. Chamberlain with the old deals. Heaven forbid! He has enough to answer for along the same lines. He refused to agree to grant to Canada home rule in the matter of copyright but allowed British publishers to sell in the United States the right to the Canadian market. The "British over the seas" had, before Mr. Chamberlain took office, the valuable right or privilege to market their live stock on the hoof in Great Britain. But, when he had the power, Mr. Chamberlain did not believe in treating us better than the stranger outside the gates. That privilege was taken away from Canada and we were placed on the same schedule as the United States. Repeated appeals to Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues failed to induce them to treat us better than the stranger. That is why we say it is buncombe now when he has no power to stand on a platform and pretend that he is a particular friend of Canada and prepared to give us a preference. History both old and new shows that it is the United States that always gets the preference, as the fur seal and other questions, cited amply prove.

Books of Biography.

THE rare publication of a really good book that will take a high place in one of the most select departments of literature—biography—suggests some observations on that branch of book-making. We refer of course to Mr. John Morley's "Life of Mr. William Ewart Gladstone." Never was there a man born into the nation whose work was so much discussed as that of Mr. Gladstone. During a quarter of a century he was the most lionised and most dispraised of mankind. Loved and hated, half worshipped and bitterly reviled, even yet his is not sufficiently far removed from us to be regarded with absolute impartiality; but at least it may be said, that no Englishman of any age has had his life more adequately put into a book. There is but one opinion respecting the skill and tone and completeness of Mr. Morley's biographical sketch—it will be ranked with the rarest biographical successes.

Now this is very striking, for biography is one of the most difficult forms of literature. At first one is inclined to regard biography as a particularly easy literary task. Almost every human life is worth a record, provided it could be read and depicted with absolute fidelity. We may infer that from our interest in the commonest characters in tales. But who is to read the inmost working of the commonplace and depict them so as to preserve their elemental human interest? Men cannot read themselves and tell the story. Autobiographies are usually the dulllest and least profitable of books, for the writer is either a babbling egotist or a self-conscious posturer. Still less can the average writer of memoirs put his subject before his readers judiciously yet with interest. Only the practised and habitual reviewer knows how appalling are the compilations put before the public as "lives" in a majority of

instances. One reason is that biographies are written by the wrong people in three cases out of four. A relative or devoted friend is usually quite incapable of seeing the deceased hero in his just proportions, though there are notable exceptions to the rule. A stranger of course cannot expect to give a full or true portrait. The net result is that, though one might expect such a very tangible literary task as biography, dealing with facts ascertainable at once as a rule, would be skilfully carried out in most cases, the number of conspicuously successful "lives" is exceedingly small.

But if biography generally is difficult, as is proved by the practical results, how well-nigh insuperable must have been the perplexity of writing a biography of a man like Gladstone! For considerably over sixty years he was in the very centre of the political life of the nation. But, more than that, he was intensely interested in an almost unaccountable number of subjects. Religion and all ecclesiastical questions were to him perhaps more fascinating than politics. He was a lover of every form of literature, old and new. He was a financier with an unexampled grasp of figures on the grand scale, and never tired of looking at shops and asking the prices of the most ordinary articles. He knew everybody best worth knowing for half a century, had thousands of correspondents, kept all the memoranda he thought important and all his letters, and at the end had about him material for a biography that might have reached the length of a hundred volumes. The condensation of so much history and personality into three volumes—though they contain nearly two thousand pages—is a marvel of industry and compression; and Mr. Morley has not only done that, but has so balanced the whole that comment and

story, letters and sayings and characteristics, all become merged into the book's swift current, and there is no pause or dulness or disproportion anywhere. Just where any writer might have failed, without reproach, before a task of insurmountable magnitude, Mr. Morley has brilliantly succeeded and so a new book has to be written about by anyone who would essay to examine the general subject of biography.

It is a rather curious fact that nearly the whole of the biographies of the highest order written in the English tongue have had literary men for their subjects. The men of action of all time have in recent years had their lives summarized ably for publication, but extended biographies are rarely permanently successful unless they are by writers about writers. It is not easy to see why the life of the successful author is more likely to attract and retain public attention than the life of the statesman, painter, engineer, or man of the world. Yet somehow it does. The explanation is probably partly due to the fact that authors are known by authors and so have the stories of their lives skilfully told, whereas the writing of biographies of unliterary persons does not attract the artist in words. Look at the biographies that are universally admitted to be great successes! They are Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Bowsell's "Johnson," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Bronte," and if we want to make up an indisputable half dozen we must perhaps add Southey's "Nelson," and John Morley's "Gladstone." Here four out of the six people were authors, and were interesting chiefly because of their authorship. If we were to pursue the subject further in search of examples we should find a corresponding result, as, for instance, Forster's "Dickens," Fronde's "Carlyle," Tennyson's "Life," and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Life and Letters." In truth, a list of the best dozen biographies in the English language would show that seventy five per cent of them dealt with literary men. This no doubt is partly due to skill in the narration, because fine writers have been busy in writing about fine writers,

and partly it is due to our desire—generally gratified—for discoveries of fresh thoughts from those whom we had accounted as dead, but who live a second and illuminating life for us in their biographies.

It is true that all the writers who have biographies of a permanent kind were people of far more than average individuality and romantic interest. Take Scott as an illustration. One hardly knows which feature of his varied life is most attractive in his biography. Assuredly it is not his writing alone that gives him such a hold on our imaginations. It is the whole man that captivates us. He is a living story. To see him with his neighbors and hinds is to see him in quite as essential a situation as to see him seated at his desk in the morning in top boots, doing his set amount of writing. Then of course in the case of Samuel Johnson the incident of the life is of scarcely any account but we are all the while assisting at the establishment of a standard of conversation which men afterwards may aim at but never reach. "Johnson" can hardly be reckoned a biography at all. It is more a book of talk though at last it serves to give us perhaps the most complete and satisfactory picture of a man ever attained. We know Doctor Samuel Johnson better than we know half our living friends. Trevelyan's "Macaulay" reveals to us one who lived a singularly varied life—a politician and traveller as well as a writer of almost the first rank. And Charlotte Bronte, though a woman with a most uneventful career, not in the least more exciting than the lives of three women out of every four, was such a marvellous compression of character, so original, so strange; that her personality once made manifest was enough to enliven many volumes. The two men who were not authors whose names come into our first list of half a dozen biographies—Nelson and Gladstone—we are singularly fortunate in falling into the hand of writers of the stamp of Southey and Mr. John Morley; but apart from that each was among the most striking of human spirits—Nelson for romantic intensity and Glad-

stone for breadth of experience and mingled idealism and caution.

It is curious to note to what an extent the biography of a man has sometimes changed the public estimate of his character. All the while people thought they knew the man, but when his life comes to be authoritatively written they find that they were mistaken in their notions of him or had quite inadequate conceptions of some phase of his character. No doubt there were many people who thought they knew Charlotte Brontë personally but never discovered in her a tittle of the qualities revealed in Mrs. Gaskell's reading of her character. Perhaps the most curious reversal of judgment brought about through a written life of the man followed the publication of Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." Almost all of us had judged the historian solely by his style as a writer and his methods of controversy and delineation. Somehow we came to judge him as hard and formal. If you were against the cause he was advocating—and Macaulay was always an advocate—you looked upon him as a "foe in shining armour" glittering, stern, and bound to ride you down at a gallop. He was on the popular side always and yet seemed deficient in deep sympathy. But Sir George Trevelyan's life disclosed to a wondering, reading public one of the most lovable men imaginable—the boundlessly popular playmate of children, happier when acting the part of a bear in a corner behind the sofa even than when lacerating Land or giving Strafford an eternal scowl. It will probably be found that the "Life of Gladstone" has considerably modified the public view of the statesman, though he lived half a century in the fullest blaze of publicity. For example, he was a more religious man than he was supposed to be, and his private diary abounds with the kind of self-exhortation that one might expect in a mediæval saint. He

was more pure-minded and habitually noble in reflection than even his admirers knew. "I think," says his biographer, speaking from intimate personal knowledge after a holiday spent together, "that he has a thorough dislike of anything that has a cynical or sardonic flavour about it. Am always feeling how strong is his aversion to seeing more than he can help of what is sordid, mean, ignoble. He won't linger a minute longer than he must in the dingy places of life and character." Then too, it has often been held of Gladstone that he was autocratic and ruled the men who associated with him. On the contrary, he seems to have been too compliant unless some principle was involved which he regarded as fundamental. We never seem to know some great men till they are dead, and the clamour of faction is silenced, and Justice with her unfaltering accents forces us to listen to her.

Some men may be said to have been writing their own lives in all that they ever penned, while others make no self-revelation whatsoever. One of the most interesting examples of the former class is Robert Louis Stevenson, who was scarcely ever clear from the autobiographic note, whether he was writing essay, tale or verse, and whether he was mentioning himself or not. Shakspeare of course is the most conspicuous instance of the writer who scarcely ever brought his own personality into notice. Some men who have done great service to mankind by their thought or effort are yet so exceedingly plain and simple in character and rest so contentedly in the uneventful that their life's story cannot be made interesting except in so far as it has a bearing on their work. Wordsworth is the best instance of this. It is inconceivable that the most skilful biographer would be able to make Wordsworth's life interesting except in broadest outline.