SOME NEW BOOKS.

Sir Donald Smith.

The memorial biography in two volumes by BECKLES WILLSON is properly entitled *The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal* (Houghton Mifflin Company), for it is only the later years of his long career, those during which he was High Commissioner for Canada and was elevated to the peerage, that the author has chosen to treat with adequate fulness and clearness. For the earlier years, the span of life allotted to most men, we must be content with detached episodes, for Mr. Willson makes little effort to lift the "mystery" from Donald Smith's life and does not deign to throw any light on how he obtained his financial start. Yet the story he has to tell is one of unfailing interest, that of a boy who, starting with nothing, engaged in a romantic business, grasped the opportunity for fortune at the right moment, did good service to his adopted country and remained active to a very advanced age, honored as the "Grand Old Man of Canada." However great his reticence about himself, the facts about his career were known to others, and many of them were of public notoriety.

I.

Donald Alexander Smith was born in 1820 in Forres in Morayshire and was brought up in the habits of Scottish frugality common to the period and the people. He attended school and worked in a lawyer's office till he was 18, and then after the fashion of his countrymen went out into the world to see what he could earn. An uncle, who had served the Hudson's Bay Company, gave him advice and letters of introduction. He sailed for Canada in 1838 and, after trying for other openings in Montreal, entered the company's service. He was stationed at posts on the St. Lawrence for nine years and then was sent overland to Hamilton Inlet in Labrador, where he remained for twenty years, rising to be chief factor. When he was 33 he married the daughter of his predecessor and lived happily with her for sixty years. Mr. Willson hints that there was some irregularity about the marriage, a point that he should have made clear. For this portion of Smith's life he draws on letters, which give life and interest to the somewhat conventional tale of a Hudson Bay factor's routine life: stories of the fur trade, of the hardships and perils of the Labrador life, of Smith's remarkable achievements in raising crops and his careful and successful administration. He saved a great deal from his earnings and invested it safely, as he did the savings of some of his associates. At 48 he had done well in his profession, the best of his life seemed behind him, and he was not to be distinguished from the many other canny Scotsmen who had risen in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the last years of his tenure of the Labrador post Donald Smith took his first vacation and revisited England. It was a critical time, for the provinces were being amalgamated into the Dominion of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company was about to be transformed. Mr. Willson has a great deal to say about troubles between the "wintering partners," the chief employees in America, and the stockholders in London, troubles in which Donald Smith shared, standing out in later years for the rights of his former associates as far as he could. Mr. Willson seems strongly interested in the question and publishes in both volumes a mass of material relating to it, which has very little to do with the subject of his memoir and leaves the reader in confusion as regards the merits and the outcome of the conflict. The point seems to be that the value of the land soon surpassed that of the fur trade on which the employees had counted. At all events Donald Smith made a favorable impression on the English officials and in 1868 was put in charge of the head office in Montreal. From that time, apparently, his relations with the Hudson's Bay Company, though they continued, became subordinate to the financial operations which he entered upon in conjunction with his cousin, George Stephen, the Bank of Montreal and Canadian and American capitalists.

Hardly had Smith entered upon his new duties when he was called upon by the new Dominion Government to help it out of its difficulties with the Red River settlement. The question involved was the transfer of the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories in the Northwest to the Dominion of Canada. According to Mr. Willson it brought about a succession of incredible bungles resulting in Louis Riel's rebellion. There is reason to believe that the resistance of the company's officers to the new authority was more serious than he makes out: the racial and religious susceptibilities of the French speaking population were certainly not considered and the officials sent out acted illegally. It surely seemed reasonable to send the highest company's officer available, who happened to be Donald Smith, to try to settle matters, and it hardly seems probable that Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues should have been ingnorant of the fact that his service had been in Labrador and that he had never been in the Northwest before, as Mr. Willson asserts. He acted with spirit and with discretion, and the episode is the most interesting in the book. He also used his eyes to good purpose, saw what the possibilities of the land were and determined to connect it with the rest of Canada by railroad as soon as possible. When the rising was suppressed he was elected to the Dominion Parliament.

II.

The account of Donald A. Smith's conduct in the first stages of the Red River rising and particularly after the settlement gives some idea of the man's courage, sagacity and tact. He fully mastered the situation and after the withdrawal of the military forces was able to appease the halfbreeds and to secure the confidence of the official fur traders till he gave up the chief commissionership of the company a few years later. The effect on his own private fortunes was even more important. To the man whose patience and energy had forced the soil of Labrador to yield yearly crops the possibilities of the Northwest country seemed boundless; he saw limitless areas of land that could be cultivated and that must enrich those who made it accessible. He therefore turned all his energies toward opening railroad connections with the outer world and particularly with the settled portions of Canada. He was a Conservative in politics, intensely Canadian and to the end of his life suspicious of, if not hostile to, the United States. At the beginning he found it difficult to make the Canadians, and especially the politicians, see his vision of the Northwest, and when the plans for a Pacific railroad across Canada hung fire he turned to what seemed immediately feasible, a connection of the Red River country with civilization through a line from St. Paul.

Of the first attempts to form a Pacific railroad company, promoted by Sir Hugh Allan and opposed by the Grand Trunk Railroad, with the scandals involving Sir John Macdonald and the politicians of both parties, Mr. Willson gives a diplomatically confused account. That Donald Smith was involved in the transaction, though probably not as a bribe taker, he intimates clearly enough. He takes occasion here to again praise Smith's reticence and taciturnity and ascribes to that the dramatic scene by which he overthrew the Government. Smith had apparently been hand in glove with Macdonald and his associates and they had good reason to believe that he would vote for them. On the seventh day of the debate on censuring the Government Smith arose and made a speech: "He had preserved till then a sphinxlike silence. He was known as a stanch supporter of the Government and his silence was construed into loyalty to his chief. His opening remarks were complimentary to Sir John and his great service to Canada." He ended with: "With respect to the transaction between the Government and Sir Hugh Allan he did not consider that the First Minister took the money with any corrupt motive. He felt that the leader of the Government was incapable of taking money from Sir Hugh Allan for corrupt purposes. He would be most willing to vote confidence in the Government [loud cheers from the Government side] could he do so conscientiously [great Opposition cheers]," and Mr. Willson adds exultingly: "Donald Smith was used to trapping foxes in Labrador and the Northwest—his speech did the trick." He appends the report of a violent scene in Parliament a few years later, in which Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper and others nearly came to blows with Smith, as evidence of how strongly they felt about his turning against them. But both Sir John and Sir Donald were politicians and they made up in after years.

III.

The scandal put the Pacific railroad project off for a time and Donald Smith immediately entered into a combination with J. J. Hill and Commodore Kittson to build the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad to Winnipeg. He interested his cousin, George Stephen, president of the Bank of Montreal, in the plan. There is no hint given by Mr. Willson of what means Donald Smith possessed when he entered upon this venture or on what capital and assistance he could count; the railroad evidently passed through financial storms before it was held secure by Smith and his associates. By 1880 he was a very rich man and immigrants were pouring into Manitoba.

He was now in a position, with his Montreal associates, to take up seriously the undertaking of building the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He was an important member of the syndicate which secured the cooperation of the Canadian Government, of which George Stephen was the head, but his name did not appear because Sir John Macdonald's animosity against him was still strong. He secured the services of Sir William Van Horne, who had distinguished himself on the St. Paul system, to construct the new road, and the work was pushed through so quickly and efficiently that the road was open to the Pacific in less than five years, half the time called for by the contract. The members of the syndicate had to overcome financial obstacles as great as the engineering difficulties and risked all they had, till Stephen secured the assistance of the Barings in London. When the road was completed Stephen was made a baronet and Donald Smith was made a knight. Their pecuniary reward was great and in proportion to the risks they had taken. The cousins jointly gave a million dollars to establish the Victoria Hospital in Montreal and later endowed it with $800,000 more, and Smith by himself gave $120,000 to McGill University to start a woman's college. He had become the chief shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company and was therefore made governor of the company, a title which he held till his death, but the old company was practically dead, and all that was left to do was to wind up the remnants of the business it had once.

IV.

For some years after the Canadian Pacific was built Sir Donald Smith took a subordinate share in political life. His influence was due to his wealth, to the undertakings he had carried through and to his age and experience. He was respected in Parliament and outside, was a man to be reckoned with, but from the fragments of political history Mr. Willson gives he was satisfied to support his party and to occasionally undertake a useful piece of public work, without letting public life interfere with his affairs. His appointment as High Commissioner for Canada in 1896 when he was 76 years old was clearly intended as a graceful tribute and final honor to a man who had done much for his country and whose career was ended. That he would hold the office for sixteen years and use it as it had never been used before, with a young man's vigor, nobody could have anticipated.

Of this period Mr. Willson writes with great enthusiasm. Sir Donald began at once a businesslike campaign to interest people in Canada and to hasten immigration, particularly to the Northwest. This coincided with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's imperialistic propaganda and brought the men together. The following year, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, Sir Donald was raised to the peerage. He wished to take Glencoe as his title, but decided on the equivalent form Strathcona, and as Montreal was already appropriated he used the English form Mount Royal to complete the title. When the Boer war was undertaken the next year, he gave over $1,000,000 to raise and equip a body of mounted Canadians, and "Strathcona's Horse" not only made his title known to all Englishmen but served as a splendid advertisement for the Canadian interests he was promoting. With the backing of the imperialist press it gave him for a dozen years a political influence in England and in Canada such as few Canadians have had. He had his full share in altering the relations between England and her great, almost independent, colonies, which marks the new century.

In Scotland he rivalled Mr. Carnegie in popularity and took in Aberdeen University the place that the other returned Scot took at St. Andrews. He also made large public benefactions: $2,000,000 to McGill University, $1,000,000 to the Victoria College for Women at Montreal, $1,000,000 to King Edward's Hospital fund, $500,000 to Yale, besides the gifts already mentioned and smaller sums to other institutions. He left millions to his daughter. He was active and vigorous in mind to the last, dying in his ninety-fourth year, only a few weeks after his wife.

We could have wished that Mr. Willson had described the other important periods of Donald Smith's life as fully as he has the last years; it would have been interesting, for instance, to know just what he did to alleviate the difficulties of his former associates, the factors and the fur traders, in the declining years of the Hudson's Bay Company, on which the mass of letters he prints throws little light. With all its many defects, this record of a remarkable career, which may be paralleled even in this generation in Scotland, is very interesting and the author is at his best in the glimpses he gives occasionally of the man himself.

Turkey During the Last 40 Years.

The present day reader will find the closing chapters of *Forty Years in Constantinople** by Sir EDWIN PEARS (Appletons) the most interesting of the book, since they deal intimately with the events preceding and immediately following Turkey's declaration of war against the allied Powers. But future readers will find the chief value of the volume in the account of the period following the revolution of 1908, of the results attained by the Young Turk reformers and the reason for the practical failure of the movement.

Sir Edwin Pears went to Constantinople in 1873 and remained there, engaged in the practice of law, until December, 1914, when the pressure of events, coupled with the advice of his friends, made it expedient for him to return to England. Stirring things happened in Constantinople during those forty and more years, things of which Sir Edwin was a cool and intelligent observer, and of the importance of which he had a just and well balanced appreciation. The reader will find and forgive an occasional bit of naivete in his estimate of incidents in which he himself figured, and in his evident pleasure in any official or unofficial recognition of his accomplishments.

Although the letters of the American correspondent, MacGahen, finally aroused England to action in the matter of the Bulgarian massacres of 1876, Sir Edwin claims, no doubt rightfully, the credit of first collecting and sending home the dark and ugly rumors that came out of Bulgaria in the spring of '76. His interest in and appreciation of the Bulgarians awakened at this time seems to have persisted throughout all the later years. His account of the sufferings of Bulgaria at the hands of the Turks and her debt to England incurred at that time make interesting reading in the light of present events, and call forth pessimistic comments on the gratitude of nations and their shortness of memory.

During the Russo-Turkish war Constantinople was by no means a place of unmixed pleasure in which to live. The city was filled with Moslem refugees, destitute and diseased, bringing with them the plunder from the Christian villages sacked in their flight. They encamped wherever they could in the city, and offered their booty for sale. Sir Edwin had a commendable impulse to attempt to restore the stolen church property to its rightful owners, but this seeming impossible he did the sensible thing. "I purchased a silver chalice for its weight in that metal," he says. "A handsomely embroidered altar frontal, so purchased, decorated my wife's drawing room for many years."

The reputed statesmanship of Abdul Hamid finds little sympathy from the author. He refuses to admit that the Sultan at any time showed wisdom or sagacity in dealing with the foreign Powers, or in meeting the crises of internal politics. "He had no sense of proportion. Small matters were to him as important as large ones. The delay of ten hours in quitting Egyptian territory he regarded as a triumph. From the earliest period of his reign to his last years as Sultan this pettiness marked him."

The Berlin Congress of 1878 appointed a mixed commission to draw up a scheme of reforms for European Turkey. The work was well done, but by the time it was finished the Sultan no longer felt any awe of the Berlin Congress and treated the report like a "scrap of paper." But as the years went on the physical situation of Macedonia and the changed political condition of her neighbors had their effect on the spirit of the people. Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria had obtained their freedom and now offered their sympathy and assistance to their brethren still under the yoke. The small body of intelligent Turks who had eyes to see realized that Turkish rule would be lost unless reforms were accomplished.

The preparations for the revolution of 1908 were accomplished with such secrecy and executed with such efficiency that the outstanding impression left in the memory of Sir Edwin seems to have been utter amazement that the coup should have succeeded without either himself or Abdul Hamid knowing anything about it. "We Europeans in Constantinople knew of the existence of the committee but knew nothing of its ramifications. I myself asserted in the British press that though the disaffection was general there was apparently no organization among the disaffected that gave any prospect of success."

The flag of the revolution was first raised in Salonica on July 5, 1908. Events moved rapidly through July until on the evening of July 22 the Sultan published an irade declaring that Parliament would be convoked. The old Midhat constitution of 1876 was assumed to be in force. During the nine months following a delirium of joy pervaded Constantinople. Absolutism had been crushed. The hideous hostility between Moslems and Christians had ceased. Satisfaction and hope were everywhere present. The lower classes were happy without knowing exactly why, since for the most part they did not know whether a constitution was a dignitary or a new building. The revolution had been a brilliant success. It had promulgated a constitution, got rid of a corrupt Ministry, abolished spies and censorship. All this had been brought about by a committee, mostly secret, acting with splendid moderation, and without a single case of bloodshed.

Once rid of the old Sultan and sufficiently safeguarded against any repetition of the coup of April 13, the committee once more set about its work of reform. The gendarmerie was improved and developed, much was accomplished in reorganization of the customs, insurance was regulated, sanitation improved, and the movement for the education and enlightenment of Turkish women received much needed encouragement. But against these things must be counted many and costly blunders, most of which had their source in the determination of the Young Turks to Turkify everything and everybody in the empire. Albania was alienated by the ban put on her own language, a quarrel was precipitated with the Greek subjects of the empire, while the obvious introduction of political methods into the deliberations of the committee tended to weaken its prestige.

The definite loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the final severing by Ferdinand of Bulgaria of the ties that bound him to the empire increased the agitation and distrust of the Turks, though the war with Italy in the autumn of 1911 soon gave them something more important to think about. The Turks had been so occupied with internal dissensions that they had largely neglected their army organization. Beyond pouring into Tripoli as many men as they could they made a poor showing against the Italians. The disaffection in Albania became more pronounced. The dangers of the Young Turk party steadily increased and its Ministry became steadily weaker. The Italian war dragged on. At length the Porte became aware of the mobilization of the armies of the Balkanic League, and a peace with Italy was patched up.

Approaching the momentous summer of 1914, Sir Edwin is once again amazed that events of such tremendous import should have been in the wind without his knowing anything about them. Herein he seems to have shared the condition of the British diplomatic staff at Constantinople, which placidly accepted diplomatic assurances and ignored the logic of passing events.

In the spring of 1914 there were many signs in Constantinople that, viewed from a later standpoint, were highly significant. Among these was a considerable increase of German officers with the army and a general stiffening in military organization and discipline. The declaration of Austria against Serbia and the events that followed in quick succession came, however, as a complete surprise to the entire city, except probably to the German officers and to Enver Pasha. Until the end of August the impression prevailed that Turkey would remain neutral. The Ministry in power was hostile neither to England nor to France. Repeatedly until the middle of October the Grand Vizier gave assurances of continued neutrality, asking only that England and France should guarantee the integrity of the empire. Meantime the German Ambassador, Baron von Wangenheim, and the commander of the Goeben and the Breslau, Admiral Suchon, were showing the greatest energy, resourcefulness and ability in arming Turkey and driving her into war. International rules were defied, and the Porte was treated almost as negligible.

The failure of British diplomacy in Constantinople the author attributes quite frankly to the personnel of the embassy. Sir Louis Mallet had never had any experience in Turkey and did not speak a word of Turkish. Mr. Beaumont, the counsellor, was busily engaged on shipping cases. He also knew nothing of Turkish and had never become acquainted with the people. The first and second secretaries were similarly ignorant, and one of them was ill. Nine months before the outbreak of the war the British Embassy had had an excellent official dragoman in the person of Mr. Fitzmaurice, but he was called to England, and his failure to return Sir Edwin calls "a national misfortune."

By the middle of October it was perfectly evident that Turkey was drifting rapidly into war. A splendidly organized propaganda against England had inflamed the Turks. War preparations were rapidly pushed forward. But even then the embassy refused to believe that the preparations were against England and blandly continued to accept the assurances of the Turks. The preemption by the British of the two dreadnoughts building in England for Turkey was probably the most powerful weapon which the German party possessed in Constantinople against the British Government. Up to the very last the inertia of the Turks and their reluctance to join in war with Germany might have prevented a definite break had the British Embassy had on its staff any men able to understand and estimate the situation. "The policy of the Entente in Turkey seemed to us to be one of quiet confidence in Turkish assurances. That of the war party at the instigation of Germany was one of unscrupulous pushfulness."

Even now faith in the sincerity of these Turkish assurances still persists with the author, for he details the circumstances of the receipt in Constantinople of the bombardment of Odessa by the Goeben and the Breslau, and gives evidence to show that the consternation of the Turkish officials at this coup was genuine.

Forty years residence among them has not endeared the Turks to Sir Edwin Pears, nor given him any confidence in their capacity for greatness. He sees only a steady deterioration of the stock. The modern Turk he says is no longer the fighting man his ancestor was. He fights well under discipline, but he has lost the barbaric delight in fighting, the passionate love of war for war's sake. Whatever may be the results of the present war Sir Edwin can see nothing at the end but a weaker Turkey, a Turkey that can never again be considered one of the great Powers.

R. L. Stevenson in America.

Pilgrimages to "the homes and haunts" of famous authors are in many cases nothing but sentimental pilgrimages, says CLAYTON HAMILTON in *On the Trail of Stevenson* (Doubleday, Page and Company), because the works of those writers are not manifestly influenced by the places in which they were planned and written. Poe is named as "an extreme example" of this type and Stevenson as an extreme example of its opposite. Stratford-on-Avon is said to receive some 25,000 American visitors each year, but "these pilgrims are no nearer to Shakespeare in his birthplace than they were in New York or New Haven, Kankakee or Kokomo." The plays do not gain anything by the reader's visit to the house in Henley street or to Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery or to the grammar school or to "the lovely little church beside the Avon which became the ultimate repository of Shakespeare's bones." In "As You Like It" there are evidences of an early and lasting love for rural Warwickshire, but the pilgrims to Avon seldom take that stroll 'cross country which a deeper than sentimental curiosity would prescribe.

But there have been famous writers of another temperament, "whose slightest work takes color" from their immediate environment or an earlier one vividly remembered, and of such was Stevenson. He is in this respect like Burns and not like Southey; you do not know Southey better from visiting his birthplace in Bristol, but you do increase your understanding of Burns by seeing the cottage where he lived. Stevenson was a wanderer and had many "homes and haunts"; he had a keen sense for the character of places and a rare power of recollection, recreation of the genius loci. He put these places into his writings, and the author has looked them all up, in Edinburgh, "the rest of Scotland," England, France, "the rest of Europe" and America.

On Stevenson's first visit to this country he landed at New York on Sunday evening, August 18, 1879, an unheralded, unknown visitor, coming second cabin on the Devonia, out of the Clyde eleven days before. His goal was the West: New York seemed to have "an air of Liverpool" and did not win him, and he stayed in the city only one day and night. But short as the visit was, it is not without interest to the tracer of literary trails. In "The Amateur Emigrant" we have this record of Stevenson's impression of the greatest American city:

> Jones [a fellow traveller] and I issued into West street, sitting on some straw in the bottom of an open baggage wagon. It rained miraculously, and from that moment till on the following night I left New York there was scarce a lull and no cessation of the downpour. * * * It took us but a few minutes, though it cost a good deal of money, to be rattled along West street to our destination: "Reunion House, No. 10 West street, one minute's walk from Castle Garden, the Steamboat Landings, California Steamers and Liverpool Ships; Board and Lodging per day 1 dollar, single meals, 25 cents; no charge for storage or baggage; satisfaction guaranteed to all persons. Michael Mitchell, Proprietor."
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> Reunion House was, I may go the length of saying, a humble hostelry. You entered through a long bar room, thence passed into a little dining room and thence into a still smaller kitchen. The furniture was of the plainest, but the bar was hung in the American taste, with encouraging and hospitable mottoes. * * *
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> I suppose we had one of the "private rooms for families" at Reunion House. It was very small, furnished with a bed, a chair and some clothes pegs; and it derived all that was necessary for the life of the human animal through two borrowed lights, one looking into the passage and the second opening, without sash, into another apartment where three men fitfully snored. * * * You had to pass through the rain, which still fell thick and resonant, to reach a lavatory on the other side of the court. There were three basin stands and a few crumpled towels and pieces of wet soap, white and slippery like fish; nor should I forget a looking glass and a pair of questionable combs. * * * Those who are out of pocket may go safely to Reunion House, where they will get decent meals and find an honest and obliging landlord.

In the spring of 1895 a friend of the author's visited the luxurious hotel in West street and wrote a magazine article about it. But since then the building has been demolished, and the Whitehall Building now occupies the site. However, there are still in lower West street buildings that stood there at the time of Stevenson's visit; the nearest is the little red brick tenement adjoining the skyscraper on the north. That one day sojourn was given up not to sightseeing or exploration, but calls at "banks, post offices, railway offices, restaurants, publishers, book sellers, money changers"—so Stevenson records—"and wherever I went a pool would gather about my feet, and those who were careful of their floors would look on me with an unfriendly eye."

Stevenson's second arrival in America was in complete contrast to this. It was in the early fall of 1887. Again he stayed in town only over night, but instead of "nightmare wanderings" he was now besieged by reporters, and lionized as the author of "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island" and "Jekyll and Hyde." He went to Newport, and "after a journey like fairyland for the most engaging beauties," "marvelled why American authors had been so unjust to their country." At this time Richard Mansfield gave his first performance in New York of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but Stevenson was not able to attend. He never saw a performance nor even a rehearsal of any of the four plays which he wrote in collaboration with W. E. Henley.

In October, 1887, Stevenson began his stay with Dr. Trudeau at Saranac Lake. Here he wrote a series of twelve articles for *Scribner's*, receiving $3,500 for the series. This was far in excess of the rates paid for the best work at that time; in modern measure it was five cents a word. From the Saranac scenery Stevenson got inspiration for the closing chapters of "Ballantrae." As was his habit, he did not write of it while he was in it, but afterward, at Honolulu. It was, however, at Saranac that the book was planned. In a letter to Edmund Gosse written from the Trudeau resort he said: "We have a house in the eye of many winds, with a view of a piece of running water—Highland, all but the dear hue of peat—and of many hills—Highland also but for the lack of heather."

In the winter of 1911 the author made an unsentimental pilgrimage to Saranac, "on the trail," to interview persons who might remember "R. L. S." in his stay there. Stevenson had lived at Baker's, a frame cottage on a hilltop north of the village. Stevenson had been attracted to the place by its wide mountain view. When he rented the cottage the owner, Mrs. Baker, had retained a room for her own use. She had therefore seen the writer every day for months when he was writing some of his greatest essays. An interview with Mrs. Baker was not very productive:

> In answer to my first question concerning Stevenson's habits at that period, the worthy Mrs. Baker told me that he always smoked cigarettes in bed and burned holes in the sheets. For two hours I continued to talk in my most engaging manner, endeavoring every now and then to surprise Mrs. Baker into some other spontaneous and unconscious revelation; but every time that I paused for a reply she merely told me once again that Louis *would* burn holes in the sheets and that nothing could be done about it. He liked to stay in bed; he never stayed in bed without smoking cigarettes; he dropped the ashes on the sheets; the sheets were full of holes; and—that was all she remembered of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Stevenson "rolled his own," Dr. Trudeau told the interviewer; and smoked the more of them because it was against orders that he smoked any. The living room of the Baker cottage was the scene of many a long talk and warm debate. Once, Dr. Trudeau said, they argued the respective merits of the systems of transporting luggage on British and American railways. The doctor reminded his patient that while in England the traveller had personally to take charge of his impedimenta whenever he changed cars, in America he could check his things through, all the way across the continent. "Checks," said Stevenson, unwilling to acknowledge defeat; "checks! An American can do nothing without them; he cannot even die without passing in his checks."

Stevenson, who so bravely refused to let the illness of his body conquer his spirit, would never let himself be persuaded to visit Dr. Trudeau's sanitarium. Shortly after he had finished "The Lantern Bearers" he did, however, inspect the doctor's laboratory, where he saw cultures of the tuberculosis bacillus. The doctor talked of his ambition to be conqueror of the disease. Stevenson was disgusted. "Trudeau," he said, "you are carrying a lantern at your belt—but the oil has a most objectionable smell." Mr. Hamilton's incidental sketch of Dr. Trudeau is particularly interesting in view of the recent death of this scientific student of the disease which killed him, after he had made the burden of it lighter for many other sufferers.

In his other papers the author links more definitely the scenes in Stevenson's life with those in his writings. The book will please Stevenson collectors and will delight those who have a less professional but not less genuine interest in his life and works. The illustrations by Walter Hale are appropriate and beautiful.

The Invincible Conspiracy.

Thirty-three years have passed since the "Phœnix Park murders," and, says JOHN ADYE CURRAN, K. C., in his *Reminiscences* (Longmans, Green), in all that time no one of the many who have tried has told correctly the facts about the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke. As conductor of the investigation into the Invincible Conspiracy, "Head Inquisitor of Dublin Castle" he was scornfully called at the time by those who held the same political views as the assassins, the author finds it proper, now that he is retired from political office, to give his, in effect, official account of the disorders.

In 1881 and 1882 Ireland was hungry. It was in those days that Parnell made his "bread and lead" speech:

> The Americans sent me back with this message—that for the future you must not expect one cent for charity, but millions to break the land system. And now before I go I will tell you a little incident that happened at one of our Land League meetings in America. A gentleman came on the platform and handed me £25, and said, "Here's £5 for bread and £20 for lead."

In the spring of 1880 good will toward the Irish people was expressed as follows in the Queen's address to Parliament:

> The Peace Preservation act for Ireland expires with the 1st of June. You will not be asked to renew it. My desire to avoid the evils of exceptional legislation in abridgment of liberty would not induce me to forgo in any degree the first duty of every Government in providing for the security of life and property. But, while determined to fulfil this sacred obligation, I am persuaded that the loyalty and good sense of my Irish subjects will justify me in relying on the provisions of the ordinary law, firmly administered, for the maintenance of peace and order.

Reviewing swiftly the events of those months of cumulative bitterness, the author—who is, by the way, the sole survivor of counsel for the defence in The Queen vs. Parnell—makes very clear the difficulties of the situation which, on May 6, 1882, Lord Lieutenant Cowper and Chief Secretary Forster turned over to their successors, Earl Spencer and Lord Frederick Cavendish. On that date, he says, "happy were the auguries of nature for the new men and the new departure." It was a perfect day; the city was en fete, cheering crowds lined the route of the procession. About the time that the viceregal party arrived at the Castle, Michael Davitt was released from Portland prison—"another event which gave earnest of the conciliatory attitude of England." It was in the evening of that day, after the ceremony of swearing in, and while they were on their way to the Secretary's home in Phœnix Park, that he and the Under Secretary were waylaid and murdered.

At the coroner's inquest the next day no useful evidence was brought out. Although a reward of £10,000 was offered for the apprehension of the assassins, and free pardon promised to an informer, the extended inquiries by the police were fruitless. It was through appointment to investigate an attempt upon the life of Mr. Denis J. Field that the author came to be entrusted with the conduct of a secret investigation of the conspiracy; and it was through a curious coincidence that he came to request the extension of his inquisitorial commission. He was questioning Mr. Field himself when the victim of the atrocious assault made the statement that the man who had stabbed him from behind exclaimed: "Ah! You villain!" The examiner remembered that he had recently heard these same words in connection with some criminal matter, but could not recall what it was. The phrase stuck in his mind with vexatious persistence; and not without momentous result, for at last he discovered it in the report of a passerby at the time of the assassinations, who declared he had heard some one exclaim in the scuffle, "Ah! You villain!" Upon so slight a clue hinged the suspicion, adopted as a starting point for the investigation, that the same man had been engaged in both crimes. The author's account of his proceedings, not unattended by great personal risk, and of his complete renunciation of the police theory that it was a Fenian job, and his final exposure of the Invincibles, is full but succinct. Evidence by James Carey is given at length. Carey was a member of the Dublin Corporation, and earned in the inquisitor's opinion the right to the title of "prince of informers." After the trials the author received a telegram from the Attorney-General offering him the position of Chief Justice in Jamaica, but refused the appointment in favor of one to a vacancy on the county court bench. After a few years of service in the Midland counties the Government sent him to Kerry county to restore order.

In the main the book is just what is expected in a volume of reminiscences: in the author's own prefatory words, an endeavor "to 'save and recover from the deluge of time' some stories and recollections of those men who have passed into the shadows, and of the little customs and institutions which with them have also faded." Many of the author's anecdotes, and those which he tells with the most lingering affection for the scenes and people involved, have to do with the old Home Circuit, which he joined in 1862, and which has been now nearly thirty years defunct. Its epitaph might be composed after this fashion: "May 1, 1885. Died on this date, the Home Circuit, aged 103 years, from exhaustion, and the result of an operation by the Dublin *Gazette*." Its membership was small enough to give it something the character of a professional club. Once the author defended a prisoner charged with assault of a young girl. Baron Dowse was the Judge. In his plea the author aimed at the common sense and knowledge of the jurors. The Judge laughed at his argument, and "almost in words" told the jury it was bound to convict. When the verdict "not guilty" was brought in the Baron was provoked and told the foreman of the jury that its conclusion was against the evidence: the facts were clear, and he had explained the law in the case. "Well, your Lordship," was the foreman's reply, "the jury preferred Mr. Curran's human nature to your Lordship's law."

In the old circuit there was the strictest understanding that the privileges of the Bar were never to be disregarded by the Bench. To such an extent was this commendable tradition carried that once when a Justice refused to hear a plea through, a resolution was passed binding the members of the bar not to appear in court before that Justice unless and until he apologized to the gentleman in whose person the whole bar had been offended, the Justice made an "ample" apology next day in open court.

One member of the circuit, John Hickey, boasted at a dinner about his running ability. Mr. Curran had been athletic, and kept himself always physically fit. He challenged Hickey to a race for a stake of £2. The distance was to be 100 yards, the course in Phœnix Park. The news spread, and quite a crowd gathered to see the sport. Hickey came a bit late, carrying a pair of spiked running shoes. Curran objected; Hickey insisted, and sat down and began to put the shoes on. As he was lacing one his opponent took the other and began to put it on, saying that they would be evenly matched with one spiked shoe apiece. In the end Hickey wore the spikes, but Curran won the race. At page 76 there is an anecdote which will remind some readers of "Handy Andy" and the trick whereby the memorable Mr. Furlong was made to vote against his intention by having his words accepted without regard to the emphasis that changed the literal declarative sense of the sequence of vocables into a negative protestation. "*I* burned the place?" an innocent man exclaimed in response to the direct query of an excited constable. "He said he burned the place" was the officer's report to the court.

WOMAN MASTER BOOKBINDER.

Miss Lahey Spent Years at Study in M. Mercier's Atelier.

A woman who spent ten years and all the money she had in the world to become a skilled bookbinder is Marguerite Duprez Lahey. After studying with the most skilled tooler in Paris, says the *American Magazine*, Miss Lahey went to the world's greatest craftsman, M. Mercier.

M. Mercier was a man of large wealth and broad culture. He tooled for the love of it, in his beautiful Paris home. His only pupil was his only son, now fighting at the front. No one in the Latin quarter had dared to penetrate M. Mercier's atelier. Undaunted, this American girl, armed with the "Life of Fragonard, by Pierre de Nolac," the toil of years, and which had earned M. Domont's praise, went to M. Mercier's home.

The master was at his country seat.

"Is this your work?" cried his son, when Miss Lahey had disclosed the volume. "Leave it with me. I will show it to father. It will please him to see such strong work."

"And now what do you want of me?" asked the master, when tremulously she called later for the book and Mercier had spent his praise.

"To work with you."

"Good! I take you!"

Three times a week, for two summers, she worked under Mercier's supervision, the master tactfully refusing the pupil's proffered money.

"Perfect!" he said, when she had finished Prosper Merimee's "Chronicle of Charles IX."

Before this triumph her gold tooling on a volume of Frederick Masson's "Napoleon and Women" procured for her the work of the J. P. Morgan library. This was in 1908—the turning point of her unique career. Hers is the distinction of having designed, tooled and bound the cover of Mr. Morgan's personal copy of the catalogue of his world famous Chinese porcelain collection.

WELLINGTON MODEST HERO.

Said That He Felt That He Was "Only a Man."

The Duke of Wellington, says Dr. W. H. Fitchett in the *Cornhill Magazine*, once described his feelings after Waterloo, and explained how he mentally compared himself with other men.

Lady Salisbury had asked Wellington whether he felt sure of victory at Waterloo when he saw the defeat of the Old Guard. "What was your feeling at the moment?" she added. "Did it not surpass all that one can imagine?"

The Duke replied: "It is very singular, but I have no recollection of any feeling of satisfaction. I was by no means secure of the victory until long afterward. I can recollect no sensation of delight on that day. My thoughts were so entirely occupied with what was to be done to improve the victory, to replace the officers that were lost, to put everything in proper order, that I had not leisure for another idea. I remember our supper that night very well, and then I went to bed and was called about three in the morning by Hume to go and see poor Gordon; but he was dead before I got there. Then I came back and had a cup of tea and some toast, wrote my despatch, and then rode into Brussels."

Lady Salisbury then asked, "But while you were riding there, did it never occur to you that you had placed yourself on a pinnacle of glory?"

"No," answered the Duke, "I was entirely occupied with what was necessary to be done. At the door of my own hotel I met Creevey; they had no certain accounts at Brussels, and he called out to me, "'What news?' I said, 'Why, I think we've done for 'em this time.' * * * I left Brussels the next morning at 4 o'clock: the second night I slept at Malplaquet; the third, I took Peronne; the fifth day I joined the Prussians before Paris. But it was not till ten or twelve days after the battle that I began to reflect on what I had done and to feel it."

"But the feeling of satisfaction must have come at last," said Lady Salisbury. "I can conceive that it did not take possession of your mind immediately—that you did not think that you had raised your name above every other."

The Duke replied, "That is a feeling of vanity; a man's first thought is for the public service."

"But there must be a lasting satisfaction in that feeling of superiority you always enjoy," Lady Salisbury said. "It is not in human nature that it should be otherwise."

"True," admitted Wellington. "Still I come constantly into contact with other persons on equal or inferior terms. Perhaps there is no man now existing who would like to meet me on a field of battle; in that line I am superior. But when the war is over and the troops disbanded, what is your great general more than any one else? * * * I am necessarily inferior to every man in his own line, although I may excel him in others. I cannot saw and plane like a carpenter, or make shoes like a shoemaker, or understand cultivation like a farmer. Each of them, on his own ground, meets me on terms of superiority. I feel I am only a man."

LITERARY EPITAPHS.

Some Famous Authors Were Fond of Writing Them.

"It needs scarcely be said," observed Wordsworth, "that an epitaph presupposes a monument." So it would seem, but how often we accept as a logical demonstration what is merely an association of ideas! On second thought, however, if Wordsworth recognized that a monument, for epitaphing purposes, may be an imaginary one, there is no further criticism to offer of his sapient remarks. No stone had been reared, says the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*, on which to put the celebrated epitaph composed by Garrick on "the late Mr. Goldsmith." Mr. Goldsmith had been so often late at the club that the circumstance always excited wit rather than surprise. Many a modern student, by the way, is of opinion that Garrick's lines were principally witty:

Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

Wordsworth's "Essay on Epitaphs" is a serious discourse on the immortality of the soul, and it may be doubted, therefore, if he had in mind any of those imaginary monuments of which we have spoken. Comic relief is absent. Wordsworth would have considered it unworthy of his subject, and, indeed, outside of his subject, to have paid attention to the epitaph scribbled by a gay courtier on the bedroom door of Charles II.:

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

There was John Hill, an apothecary. He fathered the tincture of Bardana, warranted as a specific for gout, of which disease he died. And then the wags composed his epitaph:

"Poor Doctor Hill is dead! Good lack!"
"Of what disorder?" "An attack
Of gout." "Indeed! I thought that he
Had found a wondrous remedy."
"Why, so he had, and when he tried
He found it true—the doctor died."

But epitaphs seem to have gone out of fashion, both the kind which were literary exercises and the kind inscribed on solid stone. The causes are doubtless many, but one may be the increased facilities of communication which have worked so many changes in the world. A monument now suffices, or rather, a man's life speaks for him, after he is gone, and no epitaph can sufficiently contradict the world's knowledge. It is a matter of the increase of criticism. It used to be that if you saw a thing in a book it was so, and perhaps it was the same way with the epitaphs.

Pope studied the art of epitaph writing as a literary field worthy of cultivation. Some products of his pen along this line were carved on tombstones; the rest may be found in his collected writings. An interesting sentimental tale is connected with one of these compositions. On the same occasion Pope composed two or three other epitaphs; but, as he wrote to Lady Mary Montagu, the "most pious" one was selected for use. On the monument on which it appears is also this inscription:

Near this place lie the bodies
Of John Hewit and Sarah Drew,
An industrious young man
And virtuous young maiden of this parish;
Who, being at harvest work
(With several others),
Were in one instant killed by lightning
The last day of July, 1718.

Pope's epitaph follows:

Think not, by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in eternal fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls victims to the grave
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike, to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Pope wrote to Lady Mary, telling her the story of the loving pair and desiring that she try her skill at making an epitaph. The clever lady, it seems, could not read Pope's handwriting well enough to get the name of the young hero correctly, but responded as follows:

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end, no doubt)
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

R. F. D. LIBRARY SERVICE.

Woman's Plan to Carry Books Into Remote Sections.

In the *Woman's Home Companion* is the story of a Maryland woman named Mary Dewitt Titcomb who has extended the field of the Washington County Free Library until it supplies the loneliest, inaugurating an R. F. D. library service.

Miss Titcomb felt that it was necessary for the library to go to those who were not able to come to the library. So, with the consent of the trustees, she built her first "library wagon." It was, according to her own description, "most like a sublimated laundry wagon." There were side doors opening outward, and each side was fitted with shelves full of books. Between the shelves and in the space below were boxes holding more books.

Drawn by two dapper mules, the wagon started on its mission of carrying good books to every little crossroads settlement, every hillside farm. An auto has now taken the place of the wagon, and it carries a visiting librarian, who helps farm families and the teachers of remote schools in their selection of books and pictures. It makes two trips a week on sixteen routes, covering the entire county.

The county has fifty thousand inhabitants, and last year the circulation of books from the travelling library alone was sixty thousand. Its clients demand less fiction than do the town people, showing a keen interest in works devoted to travel, biography, history, sociology and poetry. Appreciating the value of their librarian, the trustees have built a charming residence, attached to the library just as a manse is to its church, in which Miss Titcomb now lives.