

upon the races and languages of the Pacific coast, but he has assisted in the publication of many excellent monographs by missionaries resident among the western tribes.

I must not close without mention of the Rev. Prof. Campbell. His large work on the Hittites is well known. His contributions on Phœnician, Egyptian, Mexican, and Indian ethnology and philology will be found in many Canadian transactions and periodicals.

I ought not to speak of Canadian literature without mention of Dr. Goldwin Smith. He is not a product of our society. He does not think as we do; but neither does he think as anybody else does. He is *sui generis*—a product of the severest Oxford University culture mitigated by a quarter of a century's residence in Canada. It is not from Canadian springs that he draws the pure, pellucid English that reflects his thought like the still water of a forest lake. It is not from us that he derives that condensation of style—terse without obscurity—revealing great stretches of historic landscape in a few vivid phrases. These are not our gifts—but he could never have written his incomparable "History of the United States" had it not been for the constant attrition of twenty-five years of Canadian society. No unmitigated Oxford professor could have, or rather would have, understood the subject; and so we may claim some little share in that almost faultless history, which, if any man read, it will make him well and truly informed upon a subject above all others overlaid with falsehood and bombast. For edification and reproof has Dr. Smith been sent to us by a happy fortune, and though we hit back at times we must be grateful to a man who, in addition to the benefit we have derived from his literary labors, has out of his own private resources stimulated Canadian letters by the es-

tablishment or support of such publications as the "Nation," the "Week," the "Canadian Monthly," and the "By-stander."

You will scarcely be surprised if I say that the soil of Canada has not proved productive of writers upon metaphysics and logic. I can remember only two,—Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill, and Prof. Watson, of Queen's University. Their works have been published in England and in the United States, and their contributions to leading reviews in those countries, as well as to Canadian periodicals of the higher class, have been frequent. Dr. Murray has written an "Exposition of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," published in Boston, and a "Handbook of Psychology," published in London, and he has translated from the German "The Autobiography of Solomon Maimon"—a pessimistic philosopher who preceded Schopenhauer by more than one hundred years. Prof. Watson has written "Kant and his English Critics" (Glasgow, 1881); an "Exposition of Schelling" (Chicago, 1882); and the "Philosophy of Kant" (Glasgow and New York, 1892). Why commercial cities like Chicago, St. Louis, and Glasgow should be centres of philosophical speculation, and Montreal and Toronto be impervious to metaphysics, is a question worth consideration.

While no very remarkable work in mathematics and physics has yet been done among us, in the natural sciences Canadian writers are known and esteemed all over the world. Every standard book on geology, in America or in Europe, will be found to contain frequent references to Canadian writers and illustrations reproduced from their drawings. McGill University and the Geological Survey were the two centres of this strong eddy toward the study of natural his-

tory, and the dominant personalities of the principal of one, Sir William Dawson, and the first director of the other, Sir William Logan, were the chief moving springs. Sir William Logan was not a writer of books, beyond his reports, although he was a contributor to learned transactions and reviews; but Sir William Dawson, during all his lifetime, was a most industrious writer of books, monographs, and occasional articles. His writings cover the whole area of geology, botany, and zoology and, beyond these, the relations between natural science and religion were constantly the subject of his ready pen. I cannot begin to give you the names, even, of his works; but I have counted 107 important contributions to transactions of learned societies and reviews, and twenty separate volumes of notes. These are but a portion of the total mass of his writings, and his accurate and extensive knowledge and easy style made his works popular throughout the English-speaking world. The results of his laborious and self-sacrificing life are around you. Wherever you turn you will see them—and his influence for all that is wise and good and noble will endure in Canada for generations to come.

Other workers in this field are not to be forgotten. The pioneer, Abraham Gesner, of Nova Scotia, published a volume on the geology of that Province as early as 1836. Prof. Henry Youle Hind published, in 1860, the scientific results of the expedition of 1857 sent to find a practicable immigrant route from Canada to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, on the Red River. Three years later he published two volumes of "Explorations in Labrador." He has been a very frequent contributor to the "Canadian Journal," and to other scientific reviews here and in Europe. Nor should Elkanah Billings be forgotten, whose labors in palæontology are met with

in every text-book; nor G. F. Matthew, of St. John, nor Prof. Bailey, of Fredericton. The officers of the Geological Survey are among our leading prose-writers—the present director, Dr. George M. Dawson, is known throughout Europe and America as the writer of important works on the geography, geology, and natural history of the Dominion, and he, as well as Dr. Robert Bell, Dr. Whiteaves, Prof. Macoun, and others, have enriched Canadian literature by numerous contributions to scientific publications.

The set toward the study of the natural sciences was not so dominant in the other cities of Canada, but Prof. Chapman and Dr. Coleman, of Toronto, are among our writers on chemistry and geology, and Dr. James Douglas, now of New York, is a writer of authority on all questions of metallurgy and mining. We must count among our writers, though now connected with Harvard University, Dr. Montagu Chamberlain, a New Brunswicker who has written extensively on the ornithology of Canada and on the Abenaki and Malicete Indians of his native Province; and Ernest Seton Thompson, born in Toronto, but now residing in New York, who has written for the government of Manitoba upon the ornithology and mammalia of that Province. Sir James Lemoine and C. E. Dionne have published studies of the ornithology of Quebec; and the late A. N. Montpetit's work, "Les Poissons d'Eau Douce," is an illustrated octavo volume of ichthyology of the same Province.

Any notice of the prose-writers of Canada would be very imperfect without mention of Dr. Sterry Hunt, who was not only a chemist, geologist, and mineralogist of wide reputation, but a graceful and accurate master of English style. His contributions to these sciences extend over the transactions of learned societies in Europe and America, and many

of them were translated into French, German, and Italian. He was born in Connecticut, and the last few years of his life were spent in New York, but all the strength of his manhood was spent in Canada and devoted to Canadian subjects. His chief works are "Mineral Physiology and Physiography," "Mineralogy According to a Natural System," "A New Basis for Chemistry," and a volume of "Chemical and Geological Essays." His life-work is stamped with rare originality and has left its impress on the sciences he followed.

Almost while I write, a Canadian, well known for his contributions to scientific periodicals and as the leader in the movement for the appraisal of literature has stepped into the front rank of popular expositors of science. The handsome volume, "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," by George Iles, is not merely a vivid exposition—it is an original explanation of the *rationale* of the rapid progress of science during the last years of the century, and of the causes of the accelerating speed of its advance.

I had hoped to say a few words about some of those strong prose-writers who in the greater newspapers wield more influence over the Canadian mind than most of the writers of books; but time will not permit. Not all our newspapers have succumbed to the scrappiness of newsmanship. Thoughtful and finished editorials in dignified style may yet be found in number sufficient to send a note of sweeter reason through the din of political strife. It is in Canada as elsewhere; the sands are strewn with the wreck of ventures of purely "literary papers free from the ties of party or sect." Such were the "Week" and the "Nation," and many others; but, although it is abundantly clear that literature alone cannot support a newspaper, the greater newspapers have depart-

ments, sacred from intrusion, where reviews are faithfully given and questions of pure literature are discussed.

And here let me pause to regret the loss of the excellent literature which lies dead in our dead magazines. From 1824 literature has never been without a witness in our land. Some magazine, French or English, has stood as a living witness that we are not made to live by bread alone, and afterward fallen as a dead witness that bread also is necessary in order to live. This is a subject by itself and would require a separate paper to elucidate it fully.

Finally we reach the region of belles lettres, sometimes called "pure literature," and here we encounter a strong contrast between the English and French sides of our community. There are many volumes of *causeries*, *mélanges*, *revues*, *essais*, in French. Buies, Routhier, Marchand, Chauveau, and all the French writers of note are represented in this class. Such writing in English has seldom been published in the form of books.

I remember a book called "Trifles from my Portfolio," by Dr. Walter Henry, a retired army surgeon, published at Quebec by Neilson in 1839. The doctor had been stationed at St. Helena while Napoleon Bonaparte was confined there, and he had some interesting things to say about that. There were other army experiences, but his experiences in salmon-fishing took up a good share of the two volumes. Writing of this class will, however, be found abundantly in the contributions to the Saturday editions of the leading newspapers of the large cities. Much of it is exceedingly good, and while we read with pleasure the weekly contributions of Martin Griffin, John Reade, Bernard McEvoy, or George Murray, we feel regret that so much learning and cleverness should be in so ephemeral a form. I am glad, however, to recall in this

connection Dr. Alexander's "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." For critical insight and appreciation the volume is worthy of remark.

One name must always be remembered when we take account of Canadian letters, and that is the creator of the inimitable Yankee peddler, "Sam Slick." Judge Haliburton unconsciously created a type to be as well known as Sam Weller, and while he was intent only upon quizzing his fellow Nova Scotians in the columns of a Halifax newspaper he woke up to find himself a favorite among the literary people of London.

But literature, in the opinion of the majority of the present day, consists mainly of fiction. More than three fourths of the books taken out from the public libraries are novels, and the world in its old age is going back to the story-tellers. Nor are we able to endure the long novels which held our parents in rapt attention. The stories must be shorter, and the more pictures the better. This last phase of literature is cultivated by all our younger writers, and, while the task is too extensive for anything but most imperfect performance, a few words on this branch of my subject are necessary.

One remark only I venture to make in the way of criticism, that, while in science we have produced some few men who stand in the very front of their respective subjects, we cannot boast yet of a novelist who has taken rank with the great masters of the craft, and none, perhaps, who have attained to the very forefront of the second class; but then it is only a few years since we made a beginning.

We cannot commence our review of Canadian fiction with the "History of Emily Montague," published in 1769. Even if it was written at Quebec the authoress was an Englishwoman not a permanent resident; nor even with "St. Ursula's Con-

vent," for, although that story was published at Kingston in 1824, no one seems to know who wrote it, nor does there appear to be a copy now in existence.¹

We must commence with Major Richardson's "Écarté," published in New York in 1829. In 1833 he published "Wacousta," a tale of Pontiac's war. It is really a good novel and contains an excellent picture of the siege of Detroit. The same author published at Montreal "The Canadian Brothers," in 1840, and afterward four or five other novels in New York. In 1833 two members of the Strickland family, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill, came to Canada and settled near Peterborough. They kept up their literary activity during their lives. Mrs. Moodie wrote many books, and from 1852 to 1860 she produced a number of fair novels. At the same time Mrs. Leprohon was writing stories. Her first novel appeared in the "Literary Garland" in 1848, and she followed it with a number of others.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, in 1852, led the way in French novel-writing with "Charles Guérin," and was followed in 1863, in "Les Anciens Canadiens," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, which has recently been translated and published in New York. It is thought to be the best French-Canadian novel, although it was its author's first book and was written when he was past seventy. Then followed Bourassa, Marmette, Beaugrand, Gérin-Lajoie, and others, but no important work was produced.

I do not recall anything in English of note until 1877, when William Kirby published "Le Chien d'Or." This was

¹ Kingsford ("Early Bibliography," p. 30) observes that "it is stated" that Miss Julia Beckwith, of Fredericton, wrote this book. The same statement has been repeated as a certainty in a recent issue of the "Montreal Star." No evidence of this has, however, been adduced. Dr. Kingsford never saw a copy of the book, and I have never met anyone who has seen it. Our knowledge of it is derived from a contemporary review.

long thought to be the best Canadian novel. It has met with much favor outside of Canada. The story, as given in the legend, is intrinsically of very exceptional interest, and it is told with considerable literary skill.

Since then writers of stories have become numerous in Canada. It will be impossible to mention more than a few. Miss Machar, of Kingston, has written some capital novels of Canadian life. Mr. James Macdonald Oxley is fully equal to the best writers of books of adventure for boys. Since 1877 he has produced a surprising number of books, published usually out of Canada, though all upon Canadian life and history.

Gilbert Parker is the chief name among Canadian writers of fiction, and he has won high position in the mother land. Although he now resides in England his subjects are Canadian and his books abound with local color and incident. He stands now among the leading novelists of the day.

During the last few years William McLennan has made a reputation far beyond the limits of Canada, not only by his dialect stories, but by his charming book, "Spanish John," a novel without a woman and yet full of interest. This book is remarkable for its singularly pure English style. "The Span o' Life," which he wrote in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith (a Hamilton lady well known as a contributor of bright essays and stories in British and American magazines) is a novel of the same period as the "Chien d'Or." It is written with the same charm of style as Mr. McLennan's other books. The plot is original and there is a very loveable heroine in it. The setting is historically true and the local color is faithful.

Miss Lily Dougall, not long ago, surprised the English public by a strong novel in an original vein, "Beggars All,"

published by Longmans. The subject was not Canadian, but her later books deal with more familiar scenes. Nor should we omit to count Miss Blanche Macdonald and Mrs. Harrison in the number of our novelists. We must not forget to make mention also of William Lighthall, whose two novels "The Young Seigneur" and "The False Repentigny" have met with much acceptance. Within the last few weeks Miss Agnes Laut, of Ottawa, has published "The Lords of the North," a novel upon the struggle between the two great fur companies which entitles her to an assured place among Canadian writers of fiction.

Mrs. Coates, now of Calcutta, formerly Sara Jeannette Duncan, of one of our Canadian cities, has written books, not only bright and interesting, but with a vein of most charming humor. One was a volume of travels around the world, another "The American Girl in London," an exceedingly clever story which appeared first in the "Illustrated London News," and the third "A Voyage of Consolation." She has written other books, but these are her best.

Robert Barr is a Canadian, now well established in England as a popular writer, whose first success was in Canadian story-writing. He has recently chosen other themes, and two of his later books, "Tekla" and "The Strong Arm," are historical novels of the Holy Roman Empire at the period of Rodolph of Hapsburg. His writings are sparkling and clever, but he has much to learn before he begins to understand anything of that complex institution, the Holy Roman Empire.

It is a far cry to Rodolph of Hapsburg, and the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg (better known as Ralph Connor), has had the insight to find, among devoted missionaries on the outskirts of civilization, heroes who are fighting

among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains as real a battle for civil order and righteousness as Rodolph ever fought. In "Black Rock" and the "Sky Pilot" are vivid pictures of life on the western plains and mountains. In that grand and solemn world which he describes with loving power his heroes labor and struggle and endure—true Galahads fighting the ceaseless battle of good against the evil and recklessness and profanity of border life. Stories these are—and good stories—but they are more, they are tonics for enfeebled faith, full of literary vigor, and instinct with highest truth.

The latest development of modern literature is the short story, and E. W. Thompson now on the staff of the "Youth's Companion" is a master in that art. There are many others, well known in the popular American magazines, among them Duncan Campbell Scott, better known as a poet, W. A. Fraser, and Dr. Frechette (whose French poetry was crowned by the Academy of France), who has achieved the success of writing a book of capital short stories in English and so of winning laurels in two languages.

Ernest Seton Thompson occupies a place by himself in his books "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Sand-Hill Stag," and "The Biography of a Grizzly." The sympathetic naturalist tells these stories from the animal's own point of view—a method which imparts much freshness into the narration. Mr. Thompson's skill as an artist adds charm to his books, and his wife, accomplished not only in the art of getting up pretty books, but also in the unconventional art of taking care of herself on the western prairies, has contributed another volume, "A Woman Tenderfoot," to our open-air literature.

Mr. W. A. Fraser has gone further in this direction, and his "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries" makes the wild

animals talk as they do in Kipling's "Jungle Book." His hero is a moose whose moral character has developed beyond that of the usual run of the Christians who hunt and trap in the spruce forests of the upper Athabasca. Our natural history is leading us back to Æsop and the dawn of literature, but our wild animals have not the keen wit and didactic brevity of the Greek creatures. They tend toward diffuseness and to the northwest superfluity of expletives.

Canadian history and scenery are beginning to make their appearance in novels by outside writers who, having no real knowledge of either, seek it in the pages of Francis Parkman with indifferent success. We may read with amused wonder (in a very successful American novel) of Daulac's wife—a Laval-Montmorenci—starting from Montreal in the year 1660 for Carillon on the Ottawa, with one Indian girl attendant, making a raft at Ste. Anne's with knives, and floating up the current to the north shore. We may follow her there to the seven chapels on the mountain where she and her attendant sleep and find food convenient for them in the bread and roasted birds which a pious devotee is accustomed to place upon the altar. It is only eighteen years since Maisonneuve landed, but Daulac has on Isle St. Bernard, at the mouth of the Chateaugay, a strong baronial castle built of stone with lancet windows, and we follow him also with wonder as he steps into his canoe at midnight and goes down to Montreal by the Lachine rapids, evidently his usual route to town; but this was his last trip down, for he was preparing for his fight at the Long Sault.

In like manner Dr. Conan Doyle, in the "Refugees," with much ingenuity rescues some Huguenots at Quebec from imprisonment for their faith. A fanatical Franciscan friar tracks them up the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers until

they find refuge from persecution in the English colonies. This is hard to bear; for New France is the only region where there has never been persecution for the sake of religion. The only law relating to Huguenots was that they could not winter in the country without permission, or assemble for public worship. From such absurdities as these we must look to our native writers to protect us. It is enough for Edwin and Angelina to harrow our feelings with their woes without harrowing our geography and history also.

Apart from the choice of subject-matter the prospect for a distinctive Canadian school of literature is not bright; and in truth any provincial narrowness of style or language is not desirable. Our writers can reflect lustre on their country only when they venture into the broad world of our language and conquer recognition in the great realm of Anglo-Saxon letters. The great centres of our race, where are to be won the great prizes of life, must always attract the brightest and most ambitious spirits. One of our own people—a successful author now in London—writes in the "Canadian Magazine" to reproach us for underestimating ourselves. It is a good fault, even if uncommon among English speakers. Our youth are unlearning it; but they will not grow great by self-assertion, only by performance.

I have tried to set forth in detail the reasons of our retarded commencement—our growth of late years has been rapid. We have to guard against materialism and to watch lest literature be oppressed by the pursuit of practical science. We see the workers toiling and we hear the din, but the world is saved by the dreamers who keep the intellect of mankind sane and sweet by communion with the ideal. Canada must not regret her children if they achieve fame in other lands. John Bonner and William G. Sewell left Quebec long ago

for the "Herald," and "Harper's," and the "New York Times." Lanigan wrote "The Akhound of Swat" one night waiting for telegrams in the "World" office. Nova Scotia lost John Foster Kirk, who completed Prescott's great task, and Simon Newcomb, of the United States Navy Department, astronomer and mathematician. From New Brunswick went Professor De Mille, the brilliant author of the "Dodge Club;" George Teall, the archivist and leading writer of South Africa; and May Agnes Fleming, a story-writer who for many years earned with her pen in New York an income as large as that of a cabinet minister at Ottawa. From Kingston went Grant Allen and Professor George Romanes—the latter a star of intellect in the regions of the higher science where it touches the realm of metaphysics. His premature death was lamented as a loss to Cambridge University. I could tell of many others if there were time—but I must close.

We read that in remote ages the followers of Pythagoras, and in mediæval times the adepts of the Rosy Cross had the power of separating at will their souls from their bodies, and then their spirits would travel away with the speed of thought and hover in the semblance of stars over far-off lands, but always a long trail of faint phosphorescent light connected the shining spirit with the quiet body in which its light was born.

So it is with us—we follow with interest the fortunes of our countrymen—we rejoice in their advancement, and star after star may leave us, but still we feel that their success is ours, and some faint lustre of their brilliance quickens with pride the heart of their motherland.