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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY AUGUST 25, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

*"I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind—
To blow on whom I please."*

A RECENT Toronto *Empire* contains a somewhat lengthy legal disquisition on a case which is now before the eastern courts. It appears that in London township, a swarm of grasshoppers settled on a Mr. McRobert's crops, and that gentleman, calling his neighbors to his assistance, set about driving the intruders from his fields by beating tin pans to dinner horn accompaniments. Terrified at the din, the grasshoppers gathered up their legs and moved to an adjoining farm, where, their appetites whetted by their travels, they cleaned up everything but the barbed wire fence and brought famine in the land. The farmer who owned the demolished crop was not so much enraged at the grasshoppers as he was at McRoberts. Grasshoppers have not had the advantages of higher education and are not responsible for their actions, but it is different with a rational farmer. He should have known better, and now Mr. McRoberts finds himself defendant in a suit for damages incurred by the other man because Mr. McRoberts drove into his fields a ravenous pest, to the great detriment of the plaintiff, his heirs and assigns and against the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. The *Empire* thinks this case should afford full scope for the lawyers expert in the niceties of the law. The plaintiff will have to know that the grasshoppers that ate his crop were the grasshoppers

which Mr. McRoberts drove from his fields; that they left the McRoberts place because of intimidation practised by that gentleman, and not of their own free will and in response to the migratory instinct which prompts winged insects of this species to erratic movement. It is known that when in flight a darkening of the sun, the drifting of a cloud across the solar rays, so as to obscure their light, will cause locusts and grasshoppers to immediately descend to the ground. It will have to be shown that there were no obscurations at the hour when the swarm settled upon plaintiff's crops, and it will also have to be shown that there was a crop actually in existence before the predatory wanderers settled. So it looks as if the case will present many legal nuts, the cracking of which will be attended with much concern to an interested public. If a farmer cannot chase a grasshopper off his lot without incurring a suit at law, in which the farmer gets the verdict and the lawyer gets the homestead, the Patron movement in Ontario is a failure.

"Songs, Poems and Verses" by Helen Lady Dufferin, edited by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava (John Murray) will be read with interest by Canadians. The work is a tribute by the most distinguished of Britain's diplomatists to his justly celebrated mother—a woman who united noble gifts with a personality of surpassing sweetness. The late Lady Dufferin, one of the three granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, shared with her sisters, the Hon. Caroline Norton (Mrs. Stirling Maxwell of Keir) and Georgina, Duchess of Somerset, a full measure of the gifts and charms of the Sheridans. In her beauty and wit were exemplified in remarkable degree, and these all conquering sources of attraction were combined with others which, if they could not increase the brilliancy of that beauty and wit, were potent allies in producing the sweet attractive grace which all who knew Lady Dufferin acknowledged and found abiding.

Lady Dufferin's grandmother was that celebrated Bath singer, Miss Linley (heroine of Ned Sothorn's late comedy, "Sheridan: or the Maid of Bath"), whose marriage with Sheridan forms so beautiful a page in the romance of his life. Her father, Tom Sheridan, was no mean wit, while other distinguished mem-

bers of the same house were Joseph Sheridan le Fanu, who wrote "The House of the Church-yard," and "Uncle Silas," as well as "The Ballad of Shamus O'Brien;" and Sheridan Knowles, the author of "Hunchback" and "Virginius," together with other works and poems. Lady Dufferin was married first to a descendant of the Ulster Blackwoods, a man who was a kinsman of sailors and military officers; and then to Lord Gifford, whom she married on his deathbed at his urgent entreaty.

The story of Lady Dufferin's second marriage is sufficiently romantic. When Lord Gifford first made her acquaintance she was considerably older than he. In fact he was but a lad reading with a tutor before going up to Cambridge. Being at the time in a morbid condition he was impressed with an unfounded distrust of his own capacity. She cheered him and made him believe in himself, and, as he was in reality a man of exceptional power, he soon gave a promise of considerable distinction. Naturally he fell in love, like many other men, with the beautiful widow, and on more than one occasion pressed her to marry him. His career was cut short by an accident.

The present au' hcr, her son by the former marriage, says he was a boy when his father died. That father pressed a wish that the heir of Blackwoods should reside a good deal in Ireland. Lady Dufferin, though a beautiful woman, who delighted in social intercourse, for her son's sake, spent many of her best years in his company in the solitude of an Irish country house. "The gain to me," says Lord Dufferin, "was incalculable. The period between 17 and 21 is perhaps the most critical in any man's life. My mother, in spite of the gayety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was imbued with a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice and unflinching faith in God's mercy. In spite of her sensitive taste, keen sense of humor, involuntary appreciation of the ridiculous and exquisite critical faculty, her natural impulse was to admire and see the good in everything, and to shut her eyes to what was base, vile or cruel. * * But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. Generally speaking, persons who love intensely are seen to concentrate their love upon a single object, while in my mother's case,