

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A TRIP TO BOSTON.

DEAR CRITIC.—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old adage which time has stamped as true. It might be suggested that possibly Jack would be dull in any case, and experience might prove that true; but whether acute or dull John does not dislike a holiday. If he can mingle the *utile* with the *dulce*, refresh his pocket coincidentally with his mind, he is doubly happy, as he well may be.

As the gallant steamer *Worcester* steamed out of Halifax harbour on Saturday, the 10th of May, your good friend the writer was on board, bound for the classic shades and the teeming marts of Boston. The voyage was smooth and uneventful. Pleasant companions, genial officers, and delightful weather, beguiled the monotony of ocean's face, and whiled away the hours in speculations on the policy of Big Bear, and his more august brother the Bigger Bear of Russia. The great warriors and statesmen of the day went down like nine-pins before our trenchant criticisms, and having triumphantly proved to our own satisfaction what ought to have been done as each emergency arose, but which of course was not done, we smoked our wise pipe, or retired to our virtuous couch, conscious of having done *our duty* at least, and feeling that we had perchance been born for higher things.

The sea has ever been the poets' theme. When you are out of sight of land, however, one spot of sea is curiously like another. Standing on deck and watching the dashing foam of the scow, or the placid waste of waters, you might as easily fancy yourself in the Bight of Lenin, as in the Bay of Fundy, and thus in the course of a few hours make an inexpensive voyage round the world. But I freely confess my thoughts were chiefly dwelling on the city of cities I was for the first time now to visit—Boston! Hub of the Universe! Now should my dull English heart be stirred to admiration of thy culture, thy enterprise, thy progress, thy perfect adjustment of thy self to thy 19th century environment. Now should I indeed gaze on the typical man, list to the only speech and song, and feel that here at last my soul had found its true ideal, and that now, if ever here below, the light of nature had been gained by the genius of Art!

We approached the harbour, early morn found me at my accustomed watch tower, and each spot as we glided by was instinctively recognized. The forts which frowned on either hand, and which suggested that Boston in the event of war was not very safe, were named for me by an appreciative officer, who pointed out with native pride the islands and buoys, the historic landmarks which make Boston harbour a classic scene. But here arose my first disappointment. They could not point out where the tea was spilt. I had almost expected to see some of that oriental herb still floating proudly on the crest of the wave, as if to keep over before the minds of aspiring foreigners the danger of provoking a free people. Disappointed I was; where was the monument of so grand a deed? On my right I saw in the distance a tall obelisk, remarkable for nothing save as a memorial of what never happened. Bunker Hill perpetuates that. But where, oh where, in the harbor itself, is the monster figure of Liberty with a tea-chest in its grasp, ten thousand feet higher than all creation besides, which should advertise for evermore the patriotism of a great nation and the inevitable results of a tea party? Echo sadly answered, Where?

But for all that, Boston is a fine city. Very English in its appearance. Statues of its great men stud its streets and squares; magnificent halls and libraries, temples of religion and art, refinements of cultivated taste, hospitals and schools, private mansions and public institutions, vie with each other in attesting at once the energy and the good taste of its fortunate inhabitants. From the Dome of the State House towering grandly over the city, visible from every point of vantage, the last object on which the eye rests in going to sea again; to the last residence erected on Back Bay, the learned haunts of Harvard, the picturesque hills of Brookline, and the pleasant homes of Newton or Chelsea, the eye and mind are satisfied with the evidences of education and thought, which convince the stranger that he is among men and things which leave their mark on history. Everywhere one found oneself saying, "These people do nothing by halves." "Thorough" is their principle, and if the will of the majority fail of its object, it is only because Circumstance is too strong for it. Truly there is a God that ruleth the earth.

I was much interested ecclesiastically. I found my way to the real Old South. "House of God!" I cried; "let me enter Thy quiet courts, and there pour out my soul in adoration as I recognize the Hand of my God in History!" But on my approach, I found that 25 cents would let me in to worship, not God, but Pride. I entered; instead of an altar, I found Washington's saddle; instead of the Bible, I found a quotation from—Washington; instead of a minister of God to welcome me, I found a courtly and pleasant maiden who hoped I was interested in the ancient objects which she pointed out to me. Ah I mused, if they only had a few teeth of some old saint, or an elbow joint of some devoted martyr, how well would the mixture of antique and modern relics prove that human nature is the same worshipper of the mysterious and unknown that it ever was; and that the religion of the multitude is but a more or less civilized idolatry!

Then I went to the New Old South; and as I gazed I wondered greatly what style of architecture, ancient or modern, human or angelic, that might be. Finally I concluded it must be Bostonian Gothic. I drew near, thinking again I might pass a quiet five minutes in meditation, and look upon the shrine of the Eternal. Over the principal entrance of the imposing building, stood out in large cut capitals "BEHOLD, I SET BEFORE THEE AN OPEN DOOR." "Come," I said, "that is encouraging, let me enter." But no door of prison cell could be more closely guarded by bolt and lock than was the vaunted open door. I felt iconoclastic. I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, "Truly these churches are for a Fetish; neither for the worship

of God nor the wants of man; proud boast is falsified by fact—and Bunker Hill is re-echoed in Berkeley Street. Take down in shame those false words from o'er your portals." I tried then as I passed every door of church I came to—Baptist, Universalist, King's Chapel, Park Street, every one save the two branches of the Catholic Church, found I "fast bound in misery and iron." But in a little quiet church on Temple Street I first was able to worship in peace and welcome. Cannot Boston remove this reproach?

I was unfortunate in my visit as regards music. But I was able to attend a popular orchestral concert on Friday afternoon, conducted by Ad. Nourissier. "Now," thought I, "I can compare London and Boston, and see what the music here really is." In music I am an enthusiast. I entered the Music Hall, totally unworthy of Boston and of the genius supposed to preside there. But that is a small matter. Let us hear the deity speak. The orchestra took their places and began. The selections were good; slightly severe on the whole, for a popular concert. The overture to *Phedra* afforded plenty of scope for good and artistic interpretation. The conductor was equal to his work. Not so his players. Nothing could be more painful than the want of sympathy during the first two or three pieces between the leader and the led. He worked hard, but they refused to be dragged along. The music was technically correct, but there was no soul. The band had evidently not practiced together, and had to look after their music. A symphony, more difficult, by Liszt, fared as badly or worse. Then came a little melody, accompanied; sweet and musical. Then a symphony, by the conductor himself, which received a well deserved *encore*. And now he was gaining 'em all of them. Some of his magnetism was being imparted to them; and by the time they reached the well known and over popular overture to William Tell, they were afire with his glow. After that there was no more to complain of; and I enjoyed the concert much. The technique was faultless throughout, and I came away favorably impressed on the whole.

I cannot stay to relate my impressions of the various institutions visited. In one I was disappointed. I went to the Historical Society interested in searching for some memoranda relating to the early history of Nova Scotia. The Librarian it is true was not in. I stated that I was a stranger, and what I desired; gave in my card; but the tutelary goddess went calmly on cutting the pages of a magazine, and paid me no attention whatsoever. I searched about for awhile in vain, I finally shook off the dust of my feet and left. I met with much more polite treatment at the Public Library and at the General Theological Library, where the brotherhood of letters was nobly recognized.

I have returned, the better physically and mentally for my trip; and if Boston friends come this way I shall be delighted to honor them.

F. P.

OFFICERS and men of the "composite" attention! You are hereby directed to parade as ordered, having equipments as follows:—One box of Smith's Sharpshooters, *clius* anti-billious pills; one box Smith's Tooth Powder, one bottle Smith's Arnica Liniment; one bottle Smith's Cough Liniment; one box Smith's Seidlitz Powders; one bottle Smith's Iodized Sarsaparilla; one bottle Smith's Concentrated Ginger; one bottle Smith's Carbolic Salve; one pair Smith's Military Hair Brushes; one bottle Smith's Scalp Protector; one Pocket Filter, by which you can draw clear water from stagnant pools, and although not wishing to pile too much into your haversacks, yet it may be a necessary requisite in consequence of having to sit down in the cold jungle, one box of Smith's Compound Pile Ointment. Knowing you are already embittered against the foe, one bottle Smith's Tonic Bitters will be found useful. That you may be far sighted, and see the enemy in Ambush, wear one pair Laurence's Shooting Goggles. For sale at the Agency, London Drug Store, 147 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor.

## PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

Chemical Laboratory, Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., Jan'y 30th, 1885.

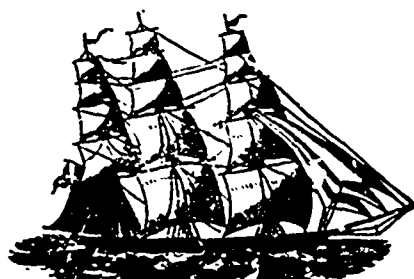
I have made analysis of samples of the Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, prepared by the Puttner Emulsion Co., and they have explained to me the details of their process. The ingredients used, and the mechanical processes to which they are successively subjected, enables this Company to prepare a permanent Emulsion, without the use of acids or alkalies. This preparation has been known to me for many years, and when carefully prepared, is certainly a great improvement upon the Crude Cod Liver Oil, not only being milder, but having the more substantial advantage of being in the best form for digestion or assimilation.

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph.D. LL.D.,

Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry

Of Great Britain and Ireland, Professor of Chemistry.

Send to your Druggist or to the Puttner Emulsion Co., Halifax, for a pamphlet showing some of the cures made by the use of Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.



## ROOFING ORDERS

Promptly attended to by experienced workmen at Lowest possible Prices.

The Highest Price Paid for Old Junk, Old Iron, etc., etc. Second-Hand Sails, Rigging and Chains, For Sale at CONNOR'S WHARF ADJOINING ORDNANCE WHARF.

Wm. McFatridge,

DEALER IN

STOVES,  
LAMPS, OIL, ETC.

224 HOLLIS STREET.

