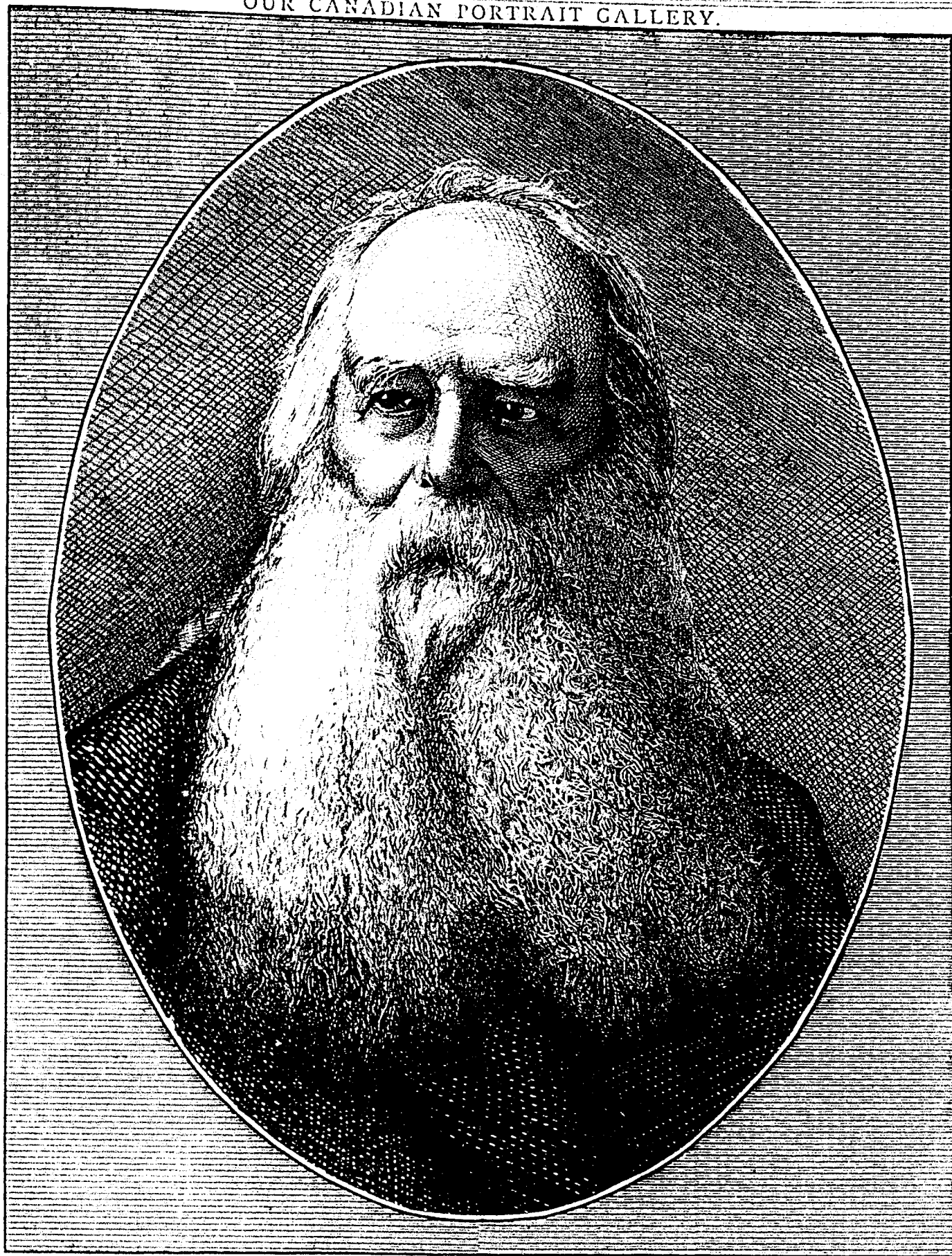


W. H. LEE, Esq.

LATE CLERK OF THE
PRIVY COUNCIL.

Those who have had had business during the last fifty years with the Executive Council of the former Province of Upper Canada, or that of the old Province of Canada, or with the Privy Council of the Dominion, must have frequently met Mr. Lee, the greater part of whose life has been passed in the public service of this country. His father, Dr. Wm. Lee, of Ennis-cortly, Ireland, was long connected with the military medical staff in Canada, and served during the war of 1812-14 at York, and on the Niagara frontier. Mr. Lee, the subject of this sketch, and whose likeness we give in this issue, was born at Three Rivers on the 26th of June, 1799, and at the age of 22 entered the Executive Council Office at York, now Toronto, and continued therein till the confederation of the Provinces in 1867, when he was sworn in as "Clerk of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada." In 1872, Mr. Lee having then attained the age of 72 years, the Council adopted a minute stating that the time had arrived when Mr. Lee should be relieved from the labours of an office the delicate and important duties of which he had discharged with great ability and unimpeachable fidelity for the long period of 51 years. Mr. Lee was accordingly superannuated on the 1st July of that year. On his retirement he was presented by the Government with a piece of plate made in London, Eng., which bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Government of Canada to William Henry Lee, Esquire, Clerk of the Queen's Privy Council, on his retirement, after 51 years of faithful and distinguished services."



No. 235.—WILLIAM HENRY LEE ESQ.; EX-CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

KAISER WILHELM.

Victor Tissot publishes some curious details of the home life of the Emperor William, who, as is known, inhabits in his capital a house of no great pretension, and to which no one would ever think of giving the name of palace if it were not the dwelling of a monarch. On entering his study, the Emperor approaches that second window where is suspended an almanac for his personal use. Every leaf has, at the top, a verse from the Bible, proverb, or sentiment extracted from some German poet or philosopher; then, underneath the date, in large print, are set down the marking events of the reign, the publication of certain ordinances, the reviews held, journeys undertaken, visits received, &c. The Emperor likes to add remarks in pencil on those pages, and often sums up his day in a line or a phrase. Those manuscript notes will be valuable for the history of his life. His Majesty next receives his doctor, who, according to his observation, permits the Sovereign to go out, or orders him to keep his room. The cook then appears with two or three different menus, which William I. studies with as much care as a report from Prince Bismarck. The *cordon-bleu* in question is a Frenchman, named Urbain Dubois. After the war he abandoned his kitchen, but his master soon recalled him. Not that the old Emperor's repasts are very exquisite; on the contrary, the dinners which he used to give as Prince-Royal are of legendary fame: "People ate there beef and potatoes, and guests blessed with good appetites never ventured to the princely table without having dined well beforehand." Further on M. Tissot reminds his readers that during the war of 1870 the Empress Augusta made every effort to mitigate the sufferings of

the French soldiers in captivity:—"She went so far as to contract personal debts in order to provide small comforts for the men. The resources of her allowance have always been very limited, and her meagre revenue is doled out to her every month, exactly as the ladies of the Court are paid. The King has thus found means to economise every year, at the expense of his consort, enough to cast a new cannon. Those who went to Baden in its palmy days relate that Her Majesty, being desirous one day to give a memorial of regard to Madame Viardot, handed to that lady her own brooch, adding in a gentle but saddened voice, 'You see that I have worn it.' A nature so good and generous was fatally destined to clash with the proud, cold, and calculating character of Prince Bismarck. The Queen has always been in a state of antagonism to the Chancellor, and is said to have frequently been able to keep him in check."

SHAKESPEARE'S TRADES AND CRAFTS.

It may be interesting to trace what Shakespeare says of the traders and craftsmen, his contemporaries. And first we will take the mercer, one Master Dumbleton, who very prudently declines to give credit to that reckless knight Falstaff for the satin for his "short cloak and slop." He requires better security than the bond of Sir John and his dependent Bardolph; and the fat knight is naturally indignant, and rails at the "smooth pates," who "wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles," and "stand upon security." We may here remark, that the "bond"—a legal instrument binding the parties to it to the payment of a heavy pen-

alty, generally double the principal, as a forfeit on the non-payment of the actual debt—was a favourite security with traders of the time of Shakespeare, and indeed has not long become obsolete, driven out by the more handy promissory note and bill of exchange. The haberdasher and the tailor are *dramatis personæ* in the "Taming of the Shrew." The haberdasher shows the cap he has made for Katharina, and departs without more words; but the tailor has more to say. He makes gowns and kirtles, the tailor of those days, as well as doublets and hose, and he is just as glib with his tongue as his modern representative. The tailor has ever been reproached with his insignificance, and Petruchio does not spare the conventional abuse: "Thou thread, thou thimble, . . . thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!" The yard measure is the emblem of the tailor as the last is of the shoemaker ("Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 2). In one of those charming scenes between Hotspur and his wife that occur in the First Part of "Henry IV.," the gallant young Percy justifies her when she refuses to sing to the company: "Tis the next" (nearest) "way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher." The village tailor is to this day usually the foremost in a carol or a glee; and this might open to us many curious speculations as to the idiosyncrasies of trade; but we forbear. From the tailor and shoemaker to the cobbler is no great descent, but Shakespeare marks it with his usual adroitness: "Cobbler. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." The cobbler, you will observe, is no tradesman, but an artisan, as is the carpenter, who ("Julius Cæsar," act i. sc. 1) is reproved by the tribune Flavius that, being mechanical, he walks "upon a labouring

day without the sign" of his "profession"; namely the leather apron and the rule. One might well conclude, and the bust and portraits of our poet bear out the inference, that Shakespeare meddled not much with razors. No merry Figaro appears in his dramas, and we have few allusions to the barber. We may cite "the barber's chair that fits" everybody ("All's Well That Ends Well," act ii. sc. 2), and "the forfeits in a barber's shop," that stand "as much in mock as mark." These forfeits are the penalties frolicsomenly enforced from customers who meddle with the razors or implements of the barber that are displayed about his shop. Forby, in his "East Anglican Vocabulary," says that this exaction of forfeits existed in his day (1830), and we have no doubt the custom might yet be traced in out-of-the-way country districts. The barber naturally brings us to the surgeon, of whom—and we may take the fact as an indication that Shakespeare had "no regular medical attendant"—little is said by our dramatist. Portia adjures Shylock to have one present when he exacts the forfeiture of his pound of flesh from Antonio; but the prudent Jew—who has had experience of doctors' bills, no doubt—cannot see the necessity of incurring such a charge.

THAT BOY.

There he is again—rip, tear, slam, bang! What a jumbled, tumbled, muddled-up mess of humanity is that boy. Hear the cat! That boy is pulling his whiskers.—What a cackling! That boy is teaching the chickens to swim. Here he is! No, there he is! No, that's him scudding along under full sail after the dog.

What a boy! Everybody says he will amount to nothing

in this world or any other world. Who placed a pin on the teacher's chair? That boy. Who drew a map of the pond, ducks and all, on the black-board? That boy. Who filled the sugar bowl with salt, hung his sister's best hat on the tallest tree, and then sat demurely in the corner with the book upside down, foot at cat's tail and grandmother's spectacles above his nose? You might know that it was that boy.

"I can't do anything with him," says mother. "A useless concomitant of humanity," says teacher. "A lad whose baneful influence is being felt in a pernicious manner by all his associates," says the pastor.

But wait. Who brings the first of everything good to the mother? Who is always on hand when the schoolmaster asks a favor? Who tumbles heels over head that he may obtain a geological specimen for the minister? Oh, it is that boy, is it? Well, then, just look into his heart and you will find it different from what you imagined. His soul is full, and it bubbles up and over every time he moves.

Mischiefous actions, lively pranks, and sharp sayings are only the gateway through which escape the superfluous floods of his nature. The trouble is that his body is too small for his big soul.

Let him laugh, and frolic and play. Yes, help him to do all this, and more too. Remember that our moral and intellectual giants were once such boys, helped along by love. Also bear in mind that pressure on and abuse to such natures will make them fiends in human form.

Take them by the hand, and you can lead them up to the loftiest pinnacles of thought and action. Drive them, and they become the devil's strongest allies.