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"Barbaric Ywp" has really done any good, or accomplished any purpose, but we think that those who have looked into the "good gray poet's" work will acknowledge that it was not in vain. His writing will never please the popular mind, but there is a sublimity about some of his grand, rough-hewn lines never reached by any other American poet. Whitman deserves the credit for introducing something absolutely distinctive and original in American poetry, and for that reason, if no other, he should have the grateful recognition of his countrymen. He died peacefully, full of years, at Philadelphia on Saturday last, and his remains will be laid to rest in the beautiful tomb of his own design in Harleigh Cemetery, on the outskirts of Camden City. Walt Whitman was born on May 31st, 1819, at West Hills, not far from New York. Harper's Magazine for March contains a beautiful portrait of him taken from a painting by J. W. Alexander, which with the poem on "Death's Valley," also published in the same periodical, will be treasured by his admirers.

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The editor of THE CRITIC is responsible for the views expressed in Editorial Notes and Articles, and for such only; but the editor is not to be understood as endorsing the sentiments expressed in the articles contributed to this journal. Our readers are capable of approving or disapproving of any part of an article or contents of the paper; and after exercising due care as to what is to appear in our columns, we shall leave the rest to their intelligent judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ratification of the Bering Sea Arbitration Treaty by the U. S. Senate has removed one cause of anxiety. War is extremely unlikely, although at times considerable anxiety is awakened by strained situations. We can only hope that collisions between the U. S. cruisers and British warships in the Bering Sea may be avoided, but if both the Americans and the British obey present instructions there will be difficulties. Perhaps the sealers may manage to keep out of the way of the Yankers, and the British gunboats will not have to protect them.

Scurrilous literature is not usually regarded as one of the products of Canada, and yet the Queen City of the West—Toronto—has been having some trouble over the publication of a libellous and offensively dirty book entitled "The Social Scourge," which, it has been elicited, was written by M. R. Chissold, a reporter of that city. The book contained statements which if true should place a man holding an official position in Toronto in the penitentiary, but if untrue the libellor should be forthwith consigned to duance vile. The book has been withdrawn from publication, and the writer has departed for the land of the free. It is said he was engaged to write the book just as a carpenter might be engaged to make a door, and he did not expect to have his name appear. Writers of low fiction should take warning by this example and not attempt to sow their evil thoughts in Canadian soil.

Everybody has been thinking (as if that improved matters) about the Mansion House assault case, in which a young officer of the Halifax Garrison Artillery figured recently. It is strange, but to say the least, why the ability to disburse a satisfying amount of money should be the cause of effecting a change of accusation from criminal to common assault. In strict justice, we cannot see why a private trial should be given to one person more than another, and it is incomprehensible why the charge should be changed. Unless we accept the theory of blackmail, which is given some credence—and which does not better the young man's case much—we must perforce consider the affair the most disgraceful that has blackened the reputation of our city for many a day. The strict path of virtue is the only safe one to follow, and wanderers from it may expect to pay the full debt some time.

Students of literature will hear with regret of the death of Walt Whitman, the most unique figure among American men of letters. It has been asked in all seriousness by a contemporary writer whether Whitman's

Some of our merchants are highly indignant, and justly so, over the conspiracy to defraud them, concocted by Philip Gough, a Gottingen Street grocer, and others. The modus operandi was this: Gough was in a tight position financially, and he and his co-conspirators originated a plan by which he was to get a large amount of stock on credit, assign to one of his friends, making another preferred creditor, and clear out of the country by the aid of funds provided by the friends. This was done, but Gough, troubled by conscience, has returned and confessed the whole nefarious business, one result of which was the arrest last week of Charles Creelman, Assistant City Assessor, on a warrant charging him with unlawfully appropriating with intent to defraud, certain property obtained through Philip E. Gough. Should the facts as alleged turn out to be facts, a most ingenious piece of roguery will have been unearthed; and there is little doubt that some people have been very diligent in wrong doing. Mr. Creelman denies the accusation against him, and says he does not intend resigning his official position with the city. The assignment of Gough took place about three months ago, and he returned to this city after his stay in Boston only a few weeks since. H. B. Zwicker is the assignee and third party to the agreement. On top of this scandal comes a revelation regarding the business methods of W. L. Temple, formerly a tea merchant of Halifax, which will tend to make people think this city has been particularly unfortunate in some of her merchants. Temple ran up debts to the amount of \$20,000, for which a relative of his has become liable. This is bad enough, but the story of his cheating the poor cabby who drove him to Rockingham when he "made tracks" is worse. He wrote an order on W. L. Temple for the amount, which the son of Jehu accepted—of course it is worthless. Such behavior as is shown in these two cases is enough to wreck all confidence in our business life, and the commercial atmosphere needs purifying very badly.

We are much grieved to see how little notice Provincial journalists have taken of the death of Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, a gentleman who did a vast amount for the interest of science in Nova Scotia. This omission is not creditable to our press, which is too frequently ready to give half a column to an obituary of some pettifogging ward politician or similar nonentity, and passes over the death of a most enthusiastic man, who devoted the prime of his life to a varied and thorough research into almost every branch of natural history as represented in this region. Nova Scotians want to be awakened to an appreciation of such of our dead as have worked earnestly and with more or less distinction in their various lives. If we do not do so, the cry of shame! will be only too well merited. Titus Smith, Valentine, and others—the rising generation hardly know who they were, and yet they surely deserve some posthumous bounty for the part they played so well. Intellectual worth, when at our doors, seems to carry little weight, and excites scant interest with us Nova Scotians; for, as the saying goes, all large-horned cattle are in distant countries. This spirit is an everlasting discredit to our country, and is a bitter discouragement to those who are working with patience in some loved intellectual pursuit. To be forgotten and unacknowledged after death is a saddening thought to anyone, and especially to him who has labored with all his might to advance any art or science in his native land. We are doing next to nothing to promote the higher and more refined aims of such as are not of the common herd. This hard-working handful is handicapped enough by want of means; do not add to this impediment the disheartening want of kindly appreciation. Dr. Gilpin was formerly one of the most voluminous and valued contributors to the venerable N. S. Institute of Natural Science, of which he was a founder and for seven years president. He was a zoologist *par excellence*, and a series of his sketches of indigenous animals are preserved in the Provincial museum. Some years ago he retired from active life and has since been residing in Annapolis County, where his death occurred on March 12th.