

THE CRITIC.

The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law.

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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 his 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 outlook for the success of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 is not very promising, seeing that most of the monarchies of Europe have refused to participate in this celebration of the great revolution.

Doctoring may be a hard business, but it must be a paying one to judge from the army of physicians that is kept actively employed in the United States to keep down the rebel diseases and check the ravages of death. Eighty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-one registered physicians are detailed to keep the Americans up to the average health, and still dyspepsia baffles their skill. The ills of hot pastry outbalance the wells of drugs.

Tichbornes are now turning up in every country. The latest claimant is a Frenchman, who has been absent from his family for thirty-five years and now awkwardly turns up to claim the estates of his father, said to be worth \$4,000,000. It is surprising to note how many of these avowed sons of wealthy men have been proved to have been living for years in obscurity, if not in abject poverty. Messrs. Tichborne & Bogus are evidently first cousins.

As a rule we have many warm days in May, but this is no reason why the janitors of public buildings and the sextons in churches should imagine that summer has come, and that audiences and congregations can sit comfortably in halls or churches, the temperature of the air in which ranges between 40 and 50 above zero. Under such circumstances good music finds an unappreciative audience, and eloquent and impressive sermons, listless congregations. Perhaps, however, the janitors are not so much to blame, seeing that housekeepers, with few exceptions, choose this season to turn their homes inside out, thus adding additional discomforts to those consequent upon wretched weather.

The dangers of oil lamps are probably known to most of those who are obliged to use them, but it is time than an agitation was started in this country against the Molock of paraffine and petroleum lamps. Oil lamps with glass, china or breakable reservoirs, are a constant source of danger, and although their cheapness may recommend them to public favor, the destruction by fire and the loss of life which are occasioned by their use, are such as to warrant the prohibition of their sale. The Defries' lamp of sixty-two candle-power has a metal reservoir, and the light can be extinguished by blowing down the chimney. Surely such a lamp which reduces the chances of explosion and those of fire to nil, is cheap at three dollars as compared with the twenty-five or fifty cent glass lamp, which is the Molock of domestic life.

With the improvement in diet among the poorer classes, leprosy is gradually disappearing in the civilized world, but society still has an instinctive dread of this terrible scourge. The government of New Brunswick, with commendable forethought, has for many years maintained a lazaretto, or hospital, at Tracadie, in which those afflicted find a comfortable asylum. From the report of Dr Smith, recently issued, it appears that nineteen persons, eleven males and eight females, are now in the lazaretto, five having died during the past year. Three Sisters of Charity, with characteristic self-sacrifice, volunteered a little more than a year ago to act as nurses, and for a time did good work, but Dr. Smith reports that all three have since died. The doctor pays a well merited tribute to these deserving women.

The Boston *Globe* says:—"Henry Ward Beecher's desire that his relatives should not wear mourning for him, which was faithfully carried out, has started a discussion as to whether the great preacher's view of the subject is not the most sensible. Dickens expressed himself strongly about it in his will, when he directed that those who attended his funeral 'wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band, or other such revolting absurdity.' Those who remember his description of the funeral of Anthony Chuzzlewit, with its 'walking attendants dressed in the first style of funeral fashion,' or of Mrs. Joe Gargery's burial, in 'Great Expectations,' will see how thoroughly he disapproved not only of the black cloaks and the long black hat-bands, but also of the hired mutes, the wands, plumes and other trappings which were so long considered as a necessary part of an English funeral.

On the 15th April died Lt-Colonel Jas. Fynmore, Royal Marines, in his ninety-fourth year. Born in 1793, he entered the navy in 1803—so early in those days were boys sometimes sent to sea—and was signal-midshipman of the "Africa," 64, at Trafalgar. That ship was hotly engaged with the "Santissima Trinadada," and was so knocked about as to be in imminent danger of foundering in the gale which followed the great battle. Col. Fynmore was also present at Algiers, under Exmouth in 1816, and was the inventor of the "tubes" which have since been, in some form or other, adopted by all nations in gunnery. At Algiers they were found of great service. Col. Fynmore, who joined the Marines in 1808, retired in 1848, and amused himself in his retirement with sketching and painting up to about two years ago, his sight being wonderful and his health good to the last. At eighty-two he painted a picture of a Trafalgar episode, of which the *Graphic* published an engraving. Col. Fynmore had an aunt who died at the age of 104. He was the last surviving officer—perhaps the last survivor of any rank—of the great fight which cost England her greatest sea captain, and, incidentally, much besides: for the crowning victory begot a negligence and security, the Nemesis of which overtook her seven years later in the American War of 1812-13.

Mr. Ryder Haggard makes the following explanation as to the disputed poem, "If I Should Die To-night." "The history of these lines, so far as I am concerned, is as follows.—They were, as I believed, an original composition, written and sent me as such some years ago by a friend who wrote some very beautiful poetry, and as that friend's work I have at different times read and shown them to various people. That friend is now dead, but I believe that I still have the original copy of verses, with alternative endings, among my papers in England. I put the lines, or rather some of them, into the mouth of Jess, because I knew that my dead friend would have been pleased at my doing so. I have, however, never claimed the authorship of them, and I should have acknowledged it in the book, only to do so would have been to spoil the *raisonnableness* of the scene. Whether or no my friend was the true author of these lines, I do not now know. If not, I owe a most humble apology for my mistake to their unknown producer. Putting aside all higher considerations, it will be obvious even to those who are by nature, or from other causes, prone to put the worst interpretation on such matters, that I should not have resorted to so clumsy a device—for no object—as the bodily appropriation of lines which I knew to have been published elsewhere. To do so would have been to court certain detection."

WE ALL AIM AT SUCCESS.

We all have our place to fill in this world, and we are all working for a more or less definite object; but at the same time we are all too apt to regard the prosperity, the pleasures, the adversity or pains of to-day, as attributable to our good or ill fortune, whereas these are generally the result of our own actions, or our own want of action. In the man who is satisfied with mere existence, with the supplying of his body with that food which is required to nourish it, and with the participation in pleasures as a mere pastime, the candle of ambition has been extinguished, and he rests content with what has been and what is, and apparently careless of what is to come. But most of us have a higher ambition than the mere living the lives of dullards. Success is what we aim at, and whether it be in the accumulation of wealth, the attaining of an honorable name in the fields of letters or politics, or in the building up of a profitable business as merchants, manufacturers, miners or farmers, we keep our object steadily in view, and move forward upon the lines which we have laid down. Wealth may not bring