

GREAT GRANDSON OF BYRON.

The career of a great grandson of Lord Byron, the particulars of which are now given for the first time, contains many romantic episodes. The daughter of the great poet, Ada, it may be remembered, married in 1835 William Lord King, afterwards Lord Lovelace. Her eldest son, therefore the grandson, by direct descent, of Lord Byron, was Byron Noel, Baron Wentworth, usually known as Viscount Ockham. In 1839 a second son was born, Ralph Gordon Noel, who, in 1861, took by royal license the name of Milbanke, and who is the present Baron Wentworth.

In 1852 the elder brother of this boy was a pupil at the Botolph Grammar School in the city of the same name. Ockham, as he was called, is described by an old schoolfellow, a gentleman now resident in Harford, as having at that time been a tall, stoutly-built boy, with a big moonish face and an awkward manner, always conceiving mischief and carrying his freaks out at any risk. Within the limits of the school his pranks assumed an even more serious character, and all the authority of Dr. Fry, the principal, and of his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Noel, curate of Kirkby, failed to curb his wilfulness. Nothing but the strenuous efforts of his uncle and his sworn promises of amendment saved him from expulsion, and even they failed of their power when, some seven months after he had donned the student's gown, he was detected in an attempt to fire the school buildings and inconspicuously dismissed.

Mr. Noel was at the head of an experimental model school in the village, at which he exercised his clerical capacity, and thither he removed his scapegrace charge. Under his strict rule young Ockham was for a time remarkably docile and quiet; but the old mischievous craze broke out in him again upon the occasion of a short absence of his uncle. This time it led to so flagrant an act that his guardian resigned all further efforts for his improvement. A midshipman's commission was procured and the ungovernable lad packed off to sea in the bread-nought *mon-of-war*. A remarkable trait of the boy's character was his uncomprehending aversion to the element of which his famous progenitor had been so inordinately fond—the sea. It required absolute violence to embark him on the vessel, and he took the first opportunity of deserting that presented itself. It was not until three weeks after his escape that search instituted for him resulted in his capture. He was scarcely on board once more than he effected an arrangement with some of the sailors by which he was stowed away snugly, so that search for him proved entirely vain, and he was set down as having been either voluntarily or accidentally drowned. The breadnought was on its way from Portsmouth to Gibraltar at the time, and upon arriving at the latter place Ockham made his way ashore and disappeared. Three years later Lord Lovelace learned that a youth calling himself Ockham and answering the description of his intractable son, was working as a common laborer in the employ of a bricklayer of Limehouse, named Hopkins. Inquiry established the identity of the party, but as he refused either to return home or to accept pecuniary assistance from his family, he was allowed to do as he chose. He soon after married the daughter of his employer, by whom he had one child, a boy. His marriage, however, made but little alteration in his working life, which he proclaimed his intention of continuing until the death of his father should entitle him to his estates. Before the termination of this period of waiting, on September 1, 1862, he died. His father-in-law failed in business a short time before, and after Ockham's death the widow, reduced by her parent's misfortune to the act, applied to her husband's family for relief. The Earl of Lovelace, making the mother a paltry allowance, placed the son, his grandson, George Ockham, as he was called, at a Yorkshire school. In 1872 the boy, then twelve years of age, maddened by the harsh treatment of his preceptor, fled the place, made his way to Leeds, and there embarked upon a collier to work his passage to London. The child, alone, friendless, and penniless, wandered starving through the streets which, two generations before, had witnessed the extravagant madness of his famous ancestor.

Six months of this life wore the child to a mere shadow of his former self. During this time he subsisted by begging, slept everywhere, oftener in the streets than indoors, and at whatever came into his hands. Such bed as he found at best was at some waterside hotel, where for three pence he slept in common with a miscellaneous herd of tramps, drunken sailors, beggars and riff-raff generally, in a noisome room whose very echoes bore the taint of wickedness and crime. Before he had been six months in London he was detected, as alleged, by the captain of a West Indian trading bark in an attempt to pick his pockets. The good-hearted sailor, affected by his story, refrained from giving him into custody, however, and after some consideration determined to assume charge of him. So George Ockham came to sail on the bark *Cyane* for the Bermudas. Of four letters addressed to his grandfather, both by himself and Captain Beauvais, none were answered. The first the boy had written to his mother, telling her that he was in London, but concealing the fact that he was starving with a touch of the determination that he had inherited from his father, had been replied to by the poor woman. Two others remained unanswered. It was not until 1874 that the lad learned the reason. In the interval

between the receipt of his first and second letters his mother, by marriage the daughter of one of the proudest and wealthiest of nobles in Great Britain, had died of want.

The West Indian voyage of the *Cyane* was a disastrous one, and, caught in a hurricane, in the Caribbean, she was so badly injured that the captain determined to run for the Bermudas to refit. Off the Bahamas the unfortunate vessel caught one of those wintry gales that sweep the Atlantic with such deadly force, and went down with all but the second mate, two sailors, and George Ockham, the cabin-boy, who had managed to free the long-boat from its lashings and float off in it when the vessel foundered. Without oars or sails these miscreants were tossed about, the playthings of the elements, for three days, when they were picked up by the schooner *Ocean Pearl*, of New York, and carried into Bermuda, where the *Pearl* was going to repair damages that were received off Martinique in the same hurricane which had heralded the *Cyane's* doom. The schooner was the property of a gentleman of this city, and sailed in a miscellaneous West Indian trade. After refitting and receiving a fresh cargo she was despatched to Jamaica, and thence to Port Limon, Costa Rica, the eastern terminus of the Costa Rica Railroad, then in course of construction. There Captain Blanchard proposed erecting a store for the sale of general stores to the laborers on the road. He had scarcely done so, and installed George as salesman behind the rough pine counter, than the jealousy of a native woman, with whom he had become involved, caused his death by poison.

His property was seized by creditors, and the great-grandson of Lord Byron was once more cast upon the world, for in the troubles consequent on Captain Blanchard's death the *Ocean Pearl*, which had been threatened with seizure on account of the fifth share that the late captain owned in her, had weighed anchor and sailed under command of the mate, Robert B. Miller. It was the height of the rainy season. All work on the railroad was suspended, and the little town was in a great measure deserted. Poor Ockham, after a month of dreary life, pervaded by more or less privation, was glad to accept a proposition from the officer in command of the Guatemalan filibustering expedition, whose vessel, the General Sherman, put into Port Limon for supplies. The lad, although but fifteen years of age, had grown to be a fine specimen of adolescent manhood, with a graceful and powerful figure and a face singularly like that of his poet ancestor. In the expedition which the party with which he had united himself made against Omoa he proved himself a lion in courage, and carried off two bad wounds as his share of the honors. The steamer returning to Aspinwall was there seized by the United States man-of-war *Kansas* for illegally flying the American flag and her crew and passengers disarmed. Ockham, whose illness in consequence of the defective treatment of his wounds necessitated his admission into the hospital, became, after his recovery, an employee of the Panama Railroad Company, which post he holds to-day. His story is well known to his fellow-employees, although he is by no means proud to speak of it. Since his meeting with the relative from whom the above information is derived, and who came upon him in the course of a journey from San Francisco to New York some months ago, he has entertained an idea of laying claim to at least a portion of his father's lawful inheritance at present in possession of the Earl of Lovelace.

REV. JAMES ROY, M. A.

The subject of this sketch was born in Montreal, on the 12th of November, 1834. His early education was chiefly obtained, first, at the school of the late Mr. John Bruce, and afterwards, at that of Mr. (now Rev.) Chas. E. Harris. He subsequently became assistant teacher in the school he last attended; and, at a later period, he became the successor, in another school, of a gentleman who is now a prominent alderman of the city. In spare hours, he privately studied Greek, and continued the study of Latin, which he had commenced at school. In very early life he loved God; but, in boyhood, he lost his religious enjoyments, until, through the instrumentality of a companion, a relation of Gideon Onseley, he was induced to attend a Methodist class-meeting. Here he received such instruction as led him to obtain anew the religious life of his childhood. Having connected himself with the Methodist Church he began privately the study of theology. He entered the ministry on probation in 1854, and was ordained in 1858. After preaching for a few years, he formed the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a University training, an advantage he had previously been offered, but which he had, from ecclesiastical conditions attached to the offer, refused. He made arrangements to study in connection with Toronto University, but found his circuit work too heavy to admit of this, and was forced to abandon his design. He was subsequently admitted as a student of Bishop's College, pursuing a great part of his studies, including all his Euclid, on horseback and in the carriage or sleigh, while he was visiting his people. Becoming a "Supernumerary," he removed to Cobourg, where, in 1868, he graduated as B. A. and Valedictorian of his class. He was then appointed Classical master in the Cobourg Grammar School, of which he subsequently became Principal, taking as his share of the teaching chiefly French, German, and part of the classics. Under him that institution became successively a High School and a Collegiate

Institute, a department for ladies being added to it. He took his M. A. in 1871. He was afterwards appointed French examiner to Toronto University, a position he still holds. In addition to his other work, Mr. Roy has conducted the French and elocution classes in Victoria College. In 1874, he gave himself again to the regular work of the ministry, receiving from his students, assistant teachers and other friends, on his removal from Cobourg, several valuable presents, including a silver tea-service. Mr. Roy is now pastor of the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church in this city, and has won the esteem and love of his congregation in no small degree. His preaching is clear, vigorous and practical, while his rich culture and scholarship, and great skill in exegesis, render his sermons most instructive and edifying to all who sit under his ministry. To these excellencies, he adds a zealous devotedness to his Master, united with an admirable Catholicity of spirit. We predict for him a useful and honorable career, and an eminent position in the church to which he belongs.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children are children, as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there, in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

NATURALNESS.—Naturalness in any character removes the fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, mounting sometimes into enthusiasm.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will cure you of false notions, and eradicate unprofitable ideas, and in time make you better men and women. You will thus gain from surroundings, you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family.

THE FAMILY.—Fathers were before kings, and the patriarchal staff before the sceptre of royalty, and the simple majesty of parental rule before the oldest thrones. Kingly and imperial sway are mere ephemera in comparison with the family. The first rude domestic tent of palm leaves ever spread by the Euphrates was the emblem of a power more enduring and pervading than that of the Caesars. No other human relation is comparable to that. Whatever changes may yet take place in earthly governments, and whatever the form that shall ultimately prevail, the permanence of the family is assured to the end of time.

THE SPREAD OF EVIL.—The person who corrupts the faith, or taints the morals of another, may commit such an injury as the whole world could not compensate; and, if he draws his brother into evil, it is hardly to be conceived, much less to be expressed, how wide this vice may extend, and what numbers it may be the cause of corrupting and ruining hereafter. Thus, not only witty authors, or loose companions, may do great mischief, but also all other authors and all other companions who entice and ensnare, and who insinuate the poison of vice by the wit and mirth, the agreeableness and pleasantness, with which they know how to disguise and set it off.

BREAKING DOWN.—Men often have their hands full, are overcrowded with business and drive hurriedly along at it, but they may not be overworked. We cannot always tell when we are overworked. A man does not always know himself, no more than he knows the strain on the mainspring of his watch that will break it. But there comes a time when it breaks—a click, a snap, and the watch stops. Men break down in this way. They go on, day after day, the pressure being harder each successive day, until the vital force gives out, and the machine stops. It is a great pity that the indications of this state of things cannot be seen beforehand, and, if seen, regarded. It is one of the last things that men will admit to themselves, much less to others. They flatter themselves that it is only a little weariness of the flesh, which will pass off with a few hours rest, when, in fact, every nerve, power and resource is exhausted, and the system is driven to work by sheer force of the will. When the oil on the shaft or in the oil-box is exhausted, every revolution of the wheel wears on the revolving part, and soon will ruin it. The same is true of the human body.

SUNDRIES.—Into well kept household accounts the item "sundries" is never admitted. No one who has not tried it would believe what a check it is upon personal expenditure to keep a thorough account of money spent, and not only a check, but a help; for prices may be compared and thus lessons learned from experience. Generally speaking, whenever large savings have

been made, they have been effected in little sums. Very few persons of ordinary honesty deliberately set to work to make large purchases which they cannot afford; and yet numbers spend just as much in the long run in little things that they scarcely think worthy of notice. It is very difficult to realize fully the value of small sums; but it is just these little savings in personal expenditure that in the end amount to something. What is spent over the household is generally needed, but the small personal luxuries, which cost so little, are not. And when any saving is made in this way, the money should be put aside as saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as frequently as possible; that will make you understand as soon as anything what small economies amount to. When money is put aside to be saved, it should be put in some place where it cannot be directly got at—a bank, for instance. The very fact that a little trouble and formula has to be gone through before it can be obtained prevents it being spent many a time when it most certainly would be if it were close at hand.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

There is no use talking. True art always makes its way. Perfection in details always sells. Look at the Mendelssohn Club. You enjoy their playing though you understand nothing about "classical" music. Eye, ear—the whole being is absorbed in them. Women—the dear creatures—forget to inspect their neighbor's toilet. Men forget to look at the women. Music is Queen.

I shall not go over the programme. I need not tell how all the instruments were as one voice, the attack being spontaneous, the *sostenuto* literally homogeneous, and the combined effect that of palpable weight.

"Can't we really get up such a quartette in Montreal?" I asked of one who knows.

"No," was the emphatic reply.

"But with time?"

"We won't take time, and besides, it requires more than time. It requires artists."

The oftener Mr. DeZouche brings the club to Montreal the better. One concert was plainly not enough.

The truth must be told about Sothorn and I am proud to see that at least one of our papers had the pluck to say it. He disappointed many both in his Dundreary and his David Garrick. There seemed to be no "go" about him. He was mechanical. And indeed, I do not wonder he should be after playing the same character for fifteen years. And a restricted light comedy part at that. At no time was there any enthusiasm in the audience, though there were hundreds present who had seen him in the old country and would swear by Ned Sothorn.

HOFFNUNG.

THE GLEANER.

Two years ago only forty riders could be got together for a bicycle race in London. Now there are seventy clubs, who sent 400 members to the last gathering.

THE 2,629th anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus was celebrated in that city on the 23rd of April, with an illumination of the antique monuments and relics.

THE members of the British Royal Institute have resolved to present a piece of plate and a purse of 300 guineas to Prof. Tyndall, with their congratulations upon his recent marriage.

THE rigorous enforcement of sanitary laws in London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small pox being recorded in the week before last out of a population of 3,000,000.

SIXTEEN hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tipping habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow.

DURING the past year 699,000 persons visited the Zoological Gardens in London. The society is now in its forty-eighth year, and the directors propose to enlarge the Gardens if the Government will grant additional space.

It is generally conceded in diplomatic circles that the centre of political gravity, which six years ago was at Paris, has been transferred to St. Petersburg, and that Russia holds the key of the modern temple of Janus.

As an instance of the influence of popular usage with respect to royal or imperial titles, it is curious to notice what has happened in Germany. In 1871 the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, not Emperor of Germany, for the obvious reason that the other German Sovereigns should not feel themselves prematurely mediatised. The title "German Emperor" appeared, however, so uncouth, that it became at once the usage in all foreign countries to designate the Emperor as "Emperor of Germany."

THE increasing demand for chignons, curls, wigs, &c., promises to extend the trade in human hair over the whole globe. Marseilles last year imported 75,000 kilograms from Asia Minor, Egypt, India, China, Italy and Spain; while France exported false hair, beautifully got up in different shapes, to the amount of 130 tons, worth nearly 2,000,000 francs. Nearly the whole of this went to England and America. The Paris chiffonniers now carefully collect all small paper parcels with hair combings which ladies and servants daily throw out of the windows, and obtain five francs per kilogram for the combings.