

Leeds and Grenville were as well known as the difficulties which confronted the early settlers or the war-whoop of the Indians. . . . The Joneses were people who did not fear the war-whoop or any other whoop of the Indians, for they came from the Mohawk Valley, the original home of the chiefest tribe of the Six Nation Indians in the State of New York, then a British Province. The first immigrants of this branch of the Jones family which came to America, like many others of that day, had Biblical and Puritan names. I do not know that they had any other characteristic of the Puritan than that indomitable spirit of independence which was the mainspring of Puritan action." So much for the stock from which Judge Jones sprung.

The future Judge was born in a memorable year, the year 1791, in which the Bill was passed in the British Houses setting off this Province as a separate Legislative, and sending as its first Governor, the wise, patriotic and just John Graves Simcoe.

Jonas Jones' early education was received of Dr. Strachan at Cornwall, and among his schoolmates were two eminent Chief Justices to be, John Beverley Robinson and Archibald McLean.

In Easter term, 1808, he was entered as a student of the law, and studied at Brockville until the breaking out of the war of 1812. At that date he was twenty-one years old, and was given his first commission in the militia as lieutenant of cavalry on the 22nd of June, 1812, (signed by General Sir Isaac Brock). He was attached to the 1st Regiment of Leeds militia, and was at the attack on Ogdensburg under Lieutenant Colonel McDonell on the 22nd of February, 1813. Lieutenant Jones and Duncan Frazer bore the flag of truce demanding the unconditional surrender of the garrison, to which the American commander, Forsyth, replied: "Tell Colonel McDonell there will be more fighting."

On the conclusion of the war, Mr. Jones proceeded to York to continue his legal studies, and in Hilary term, 1815, was called to the Bar. Returning to Brockville, Mr. Jones opened an office, and succeeded in establishing a successful practice.

In politics he was a decided Tory, and in 1821, the electors of Leeds and Grenville returned him as their member to the eighth Provincial Parliament. He was also returned in 1825 and 1826. Being a man of recognized principle and capacity, Mr. Jones was placed in responsible positions on many occasions. The matters of the collection of customs at the Port of Quebec as it affected this Province, and the consideration of the Sedition Laws were two notable instances of the regard in which his colleagues held his judgment. On the formation of an Emigrant Society, upon the recommendation of Sir John Colborne, Mr. Jones was one of a company of notable men who espoused the question in opposition to certain others who objected on narrow and selfish grounds.

The two stormiest sessions of the Upper Canada Legislature, those of 1836 and 1837, saw Mr. Jones again representing his old constituency, and by his position in the House he must have become well acquainted with the question that formed the points of much heated discussion in the House, and were at length fretted into the fire of armed rebellion.

It was early in the year 1837 that Mr. Jones was made a Puisne Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench. He alludes to this fact in the charge now reproduced, when he says: "My official connection with the administration of justice has not been long; but," he proceeds, "I have for more than four and twenty years been engaged in the practice of the profession." Moreover, Mr. Read says of him: "When appointed to the Supreme Court Bench, Mr. Justice Jones had had a great deal of experience of judicial duty as Judge of the District Court, and so brought to the Bench a mind well-trained, with a discernment which well fitted him for his position. He was eminently a practical man, and well acquainted with the ways of the country."

A little joke is also told of him. It was very much his custom to interrupt counsel in their argument by putting to them a suppositious case, "Now, Mr. —, suppose it was the case of a horse," and the old counsel knew the Judge's peculiarity so well that they always put "the case of a horse" into their argument as sure to win them the Judge's ear.

A famous horse case, *Gorham v. Boulton*, in which the stakes of a race were involved, and which has formed a notable example, was among the first cases of importance Judge Jones had to decide, and his judgment in it added to his fame.

Another case of absorbing interest, because dealing with a disputed land-claim in days when land-claims had come to be of the first importance, and were not altogether as well defined as they have since become, the case of *Doe v. Irvine*. Webster also won for Judge Jones the esteem as well of his colleagues, some of whose opinions on the case he could not agree with, as of the outside public, whose future interests were of course greatly governed by judicial decisions of this nature. The case is given fully in the "Lives of the Judges," to which the reader is referred.

The able author of the "Lives" concludes in words deserving reproduction here: "The Honourable Jonas Jones will long be remembered by those who knew him. The active life he led before being promoted to the Bench he retained after his promotion. His ambition was to keep up with the other judges, his *contrères* on the Bench. He would often in early morning wend his way to the judge's

library at the hall to be armed at every point for a conference with his brother judges.

"It is to be feared he taxed his strength too severely in the performance of duty. . . . He was suddenly struck by apoplexy in Toronto in 1848, when away from his own house. He never recovered from the stroke—died, and was buried in St. James Cemetery. He left a large family of children, several of whom are still living."

"I have read," concludes Mr. Read, "a historical memoir of him, written by a Brockville gentleman in 1879, which I think but expresses the truth as I knew him." The memoir says:—

"His great knowledge of the way and manner of the people caused his judgment in the District Court and in the Queen's Bench to give great satisfaction. His manliness of character and honesty of purpose caused him to be beloved by the people of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, and his removal from Brockville was much regretted by all classes. His advice and assistance to the early settlers of Leeds and Grenville are not yet forgotten."

It is pleasant to have to record the memory of a wise, good and generous man, and such has been my pleasure in preparing the paper now concluded. S. A. CURZON.

A SECOND-HAND BOOK.

THERE it lies before me—a volume of the work of a mighty mind. I remember well how I bought it, for long had I desired it, yet never seen it come within the reach of my all too limited means. And at last one day I was in a second-hand book shop, a tranquil refuge from the hurry and the materialism and the business that surged outside in the streets of the great American city. A mild owner and a gentle-faced woman were there to sell the goods—none of your smart clerks, desperately bound to sell you something; there were books in cases on the counter and books on the wall behind it; books on the wall opposite the counter and books on a long table between the two; books piled mountain high on another table in the rear. I firmly believe there were more books and yet more books in hidden recess beyond hidden recess, for there was an atmosphere of books abroad. It is a pleasant place to loiter in. For one thing, there are the books, the silent company of the ages shoulder to shoulder with the madding crowd of to-day, all reposing in like quiet now. Here on the counter are ponderous folios—such as this Sir William Temple's works, printed two hundred years ago; and again, from that table in the back I fished a paper-bound Kipling. And then, too, it is a quiet place. The good people suppose you know what you want, and let you browse and rummage and handle to your heart's content; ready to sell you what you select, and not grudging you your pleasure if you buy nothing. And there it was I bought this book—"Poems by Matthew Arnold. New York: Macmillan and Company, MDCCCLXXX." Quite uninjured, it was a "haul," and gladly I paid the price for it, and gladly I bore it off. I put my name in it, for it was to be mine now, mine indissolubly, for the term of my natural life; there was something sacred in that ceremony of inscription. Not until to-day did I see that another pen had been before mine. In a pensive mood I took it down, and fingered each leaf over. On the first white page was my own name, as I wrote it a few months ago. And on the second, the title page, above the lettering, faded ink caught my eye. It is a light brown now—I suppose it once was black enough; the letters are small, yet there they stand, clear to a patient eye:—

H. P. W.

FROM M. C. W.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

It was the first time that I realized that it once had been another's. Who was that other, and how did he like it, and why was it sold? How it was got is plain enough: it was a present. A present! a memorial of friendship, more like of love, for the final letter in each set of initials is the same; and now in strangers' hands. And what was it to its owner? The handwriting is small and neat; someone who was used to writing and found time to do it well, yet devoid of the sickening grace of the copybook's ideal; neither finical nor rough. A person who would be likely to appreciate the author—such is my conclusion about the author. If he then would like the book, what about him to whom the gift was made? Least inclined of all to cast pearls before swine are those whose pearls are books. Books are not tools to be used and cast away; they are sacred. 'Twas in that glove her hand lay when—never mind; but don't you value that little glove? 'Twas between these covers came that message to your soul—see that you reverence the covers. It is in that tomb the mighty dead lie hidden—be not sacrilegious in your handling. No, he who knows books reverences them far too well to bestow them on inappreciative hands. For the friends of his mind he has the books he loves himself; for the other friends of his life or heart other gifts, other memorials. The book again is well kept, there has been no rough usage; did it fall, then, into loving hands, by whom it was tenderly cared for, respectfully handled? At all events, one or two marks on the covers hint it was not submitted to the shame, the degradation of paper covers, smothering out its life and hiding its face from him who should know its every line. Or did it find the dead, chilling admiration of the centre table, where a new book looks well? Perish the thought!

And then, how came it in that shop? What tale is hinted at in that? Ah, I fear, a sad history enough. Was it a relic of bygone comfort, reluctantly disposed of when the crash came and the old days were the better days? Or had there ever been a struggle, was this one spot of intellectual land snatched from the surrounding waste ocean of common wants, on which the restless mind might drop and find refreshment? If so, still sadder is it to think of the want which wrung this last from the home where it had been one of a small and very slowly growing group—a group now decreasing as the wolf presses hard and harder, and the door gives more and more. A calmer, nay, a happier thought—had the owner read his last page, thought his last thought, and departed to try the secrets of the after-mystery, and was the second-hand shop the cemetery of his mind? Let me hope so; that haunt of the student, refuge of the bookworm, is sacred to book-lovers, and for no reason more than because is it the last resting place of noble libraries, the shells of thoughtful minds. There is comfort in this last fancy of a solemn kind, and a pathos more agreeable than the harshness of my first imaginings of the cause for its presence in the shop.

CHARLES FREDERICK HAMILTON.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Société des Agriculteurs de France, which includes 10,000 members, and is the central representative of nearly 400 Farmers' Syndicates, is now holding its annual session, which is attended by 2,000 agriculturists from all points of France. The latter are a type of the country gentleman and the strong farmer; highly intellectual-looking, rather grave and resolutely independent, as they are their own landlords. The Marquis de Dampierre, belonging to the upper crust of the old French nobility, presides over the discussions on the reports of the several technical sections. The debates are practical, pointed, and brief. I was anxious to note the discussion on the new tariffs, for it is needless to remark the farmers are ultra-protectionist. Woe betide any free trader that would take the floor and advocate the cheap admission of foreign products into the country. Well the impression left on my mind was that the protectionists feel anything but certain that the new tariff will see length of days; they denounced the retailers for their scandalous conduct in running up prices, and laying the cause at the door of protection; they have indulged in Hannibal oaths that they will never allow the Cabinet to abate by one jot or one tittle the rates of the minimum tariff in the negotiation of international reciprocal treaties. But what seemed to puzzle the farmers was the fact that they receive no higher price for their out-puts under the new fiscal regime, while intermediaries and retailers are coining. The latter have the plums of the pie.

There appears to be little interest, and certainly no enthusiasm, felt in the proposed Bill for founding arbitration courts. If workmen and employers desire reconciliation, they can improvise arbiters; so long as there is no machinery to enforce the decision the proceedings can only be ranked with peace societies and remain on the head-roll of good intentions. Senator Tolain, by trade a stone cutter, attributes the misery of the French workmen to their intellectual and economic cross ignorance of all that affects their condition, while M. Grosclaude, another eminent authority from the ranks, asserts that drink and a love for—oysters compromise the *ouvriers*; he knows cases where the latter earn 1½ frs. per hour, during ten to twelve hours, yet who are constantly going and coming on nip excursions between their employment and the dram shop. This is a true bill: as for the oysters, the consumption of these must be regarded as a food necessary, not a luxury; the Portuguese oysters, which are good and cheap, many artisans have told me they prefer to the india rubber beef-steaks of the *gargote*; they fortify and refresh the system.

Hardly has smokeless powder been adopted by the nations armed to the teeth than the military art is studying the creation of artificial clouds—no connection with artificial rain-making, to mark the whereabouts of artillery and cavalry. After inventing powder without smoke, scientists demand smoke without powder. The abolitionists of London fog ought to be able to strike in here. It is quite common in the south of France during May, when the vines are sending forth their tender shoots, to create smoke by burning weeds, etc., which, hanging over the ground during the clear, cold, and calm nights, keep off the white frosts. In the experiments just made at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, cylinders of resin were ignited, when they gave off volumes of black smoke, like that vomited from a towing steamer when furnaces are newly coaled. The smoke ended in—clearness, thanks to passing zephyrs, and passed across a pond, the home of some seals, that roared out, perhaps, a kind of fire! fire! and plunged for refuge into the lowest depths of their basin. The war office sent delegates, who did not think the experiment would frighten the triple alliance.

La Maréchale Booth-Clibborn has just won her spurs in French journalism. She has contributed a leader to a very important newspaper respecting her late tour in the United States. It is a high honour for a woman to occupy such a prominent place in a daily print, but doubly so that her Salvation Army article was selected. She has done her work well and simply in twenty-three out of the eighty-seven departments. She has camps commanded by four hundred and forty officers, of whom only twenty-five