

enjoyed, who saw the dinner given by General MacDougall through "a narrow aperture in the screen," by the kindness no doubt of the "genteel waiters" who were "darting to and fro in wild excitement" under perfect control, nevertheless, of "full-informed director-general's, with the left gloved hand on the hilt of a sword and the right waving with gestures not unlike a musical director" who controlled all this wild excitement, which it seems after all was but "the studied movement of the subordinates." This favoured reporter had the chance of admiring "the beautiful diadem which sits upon the most luxuriant hair ever seen," and which we suppose was covered with "diamonds sparkling to the value of many thousand dollars" more than that of another lady "whose presence charmed every social aspect of the reception," and her back hair—the reporter looking through the key-hole. It is a pity that after such unrivalled opportunities of judging we have no such subtle analysis of the Princess's character as of that of the Marquis. He, everybody will be glad to know, "is not the person we expected." But then "our own reporter" had thought of him "only as a person of rank," though charitably enough to prevent "our preconceived opinions" from being unfavourable. Still there is a sense of relief in knowing that our Governor-General is not after all a mere "miserable, grovelling Earl," though we are still left in the dark as to whether his "clothes are only silver and his underclothing pewter," a subject we should have thought that would hardly have escaped such an observant critic. However, the Marquis is "a nobleman of tact," another point in which we might reasonably expect a valuable opinion. At this "banquet," notwithstanding its resemblance to the "stage of a theatre" and the distraction of the senses by "bouquets, ornaments, crests and monograms, plate and viands" of the choicest kind, "all mixed up together in a most refreshing sight," there was "order everywhere, and no restraint." The guests seem perfectly at home and are chatting freely. Strangest of all, "General Sir Patrick is in the best of spirits." And this is at a dinner where "all the guests are of distinguished rank"! Verily we feel grateful for this glimpse of a world where people are at their ease, and should be thankful that the waiters were more "genteel" to this correspondent than was a bluff Sergeant of Engineers to the reporter of another paper. This ignorant non-commissioned officer had never heard of the power of the press nor the weight of the formula, "the public demands information," and actually ordered the "pressman" to get out of the way. The glories of the trip to Montreal, when the reporters travelled in the same train with the "Vice-Regal party," and discovered that the Princess liked mutton chops; the rhapsodies and wild medley of words called forth by the proceedings here, we must reluctantly pass over.

We have taken one correspondent as a type; for it is only fair to say that the *confrères* of the gentleman who peeped through the screen at Halifax were by no means behind him in the absurdities which a love of fine writing, united to an imperfect social and literary education, is sure to beget.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. IV.—SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

DUKE. Whom have ye here?
WATCH. A grey old man, my lord.
DUKE. What hath he done?
WATCH. Why he hath cracked the crowns
Of these dull-pated clods; whom now we found
Withstanding him with fists and shrieking words:
While he had caught him up a three-legged stool
And, swaying it around his head, had laid
A brace of clumsy numskulls prone.
DUKE. Ave, ave!
The grey old man hath vigor in his arm:
And Ætna's pent-up fires with n his eye.
Mark ye how, even now, their blaze shoots out?
Ware ye your handling of this caged lion!
WATCH. Shall we not clap him in the pillory?
Men swear he is not honest: that he loves
To filch their lawful gains of usury,
To filch them in his own fat, greasy pouch.
And fob them with they falsely swear. That face
DUKE. I dare be sworn they falsely swear. That face
Is not the visage of a huckstering knave.
They do but envy him his sharper eye
And keener Lombard touch. An' ye do stock
This grey old man for fools to gaze upon,
See that none stone the hoary head; or mire
The clear white face: and if the vulgar mob
Would egg him, as he stocked and helpless stands,
See that their eggs be sweet:—not rottened.
Do him but small despite. It well may be
That they who loudest howl should places change.
[Exit.]

[Old play: 'Ye knyghte and ye Graff' :—1578.]

Grey as he is—a veteran of over seventy years, Sir Francis Hincks is still a prominent public man. His portly form and fine white head still fill and grace the chair at a festival, or face the public from the lecturer's desk. Few living men have been more than he interwoven with the political history of Canada, although for a long time he was absent from her shores. And few living men have come in for a larger share of popular odium, although there is singularly little of act or fact upon which the odium can attach itself, beyond the usual stock charges of corruption which are flung about so recklessly upon the Canadian air. Sir Francis seems to have been fated to form the exception to the proverbial rule that "men will praise thee when thou doest good unto thyself." He has done well for himself; by shrewdness and tact, by business knowledge and enterprise, by sagacious forecasting of political events, and—may have been—by a judicious utilization of special sources of information. But for all this, men do not speak well of Sir Francis Hincks. Even now, when the busy life which has been spent hither and thither in two hemispheres, drawing towards a close, he finds not abundantly the *otium* or the *dignitas* which should mark the declining days of an active and serviceable public life. This is undoubtedly largely due to himself; in that he does not altogether withdraw into the quiet and privacy of public life; but continually re-descends into

the arena of controversy and action. The old "brave" cannot contentedly lay down the tomahawk, or cease the war-whoop. Now and again his cry rings out amid the shoutings of the Canadian tribes: and, not content to sit in his wigwam and count the scalps taken in his youth, his still active hand lifts the knife ever and anon, and the old warrior "goes for" another trophy to add to the string at his belt.

Like his great contemporary—Mr. Gladstone—inaction is impossible to Sir Francis Hincks; while everything else seems possible. From the presidency of an Art Association, he hastens to take the chair in the bank board-room, or ventures into the stormier precincts of a joint-stock company's business meeting to defend or enforce some vigorous policy. Or we see him take the platform; and with equal energy present at length a historical retrospect, from which he proceeds to draw an unpalatable inference which runs directly counter to the popular passions of the day. Or he rushes into print; to tilt with a foe who has set pen in rest to unhorse him. No matter how young or vigorous that foe may be, the first blast of defiance brings as its instant echo the answering horn of the aged knight, who rushes to the fray to do or die. Anon, he is called to counsel on the finances of a nation: anon, he is found presiding jovially at a public dinner. Ready, apt, quick, courageous, the strong old man is not to be despaired.

Some one has said that Genius is a capacity for hard work. If this definition were entirely and exactly true, Sir Francis Hincks would be a Genius. But it is not the whole truth. Genius is that: but it is something more. And the lack of this other quality keeps Sir Francis below the rank of Genius. A genius is a man who is larger than his own self. When the iron casket which contains his soul is once unlocked, the MAN evolves and enlarges. He bulks and spreads beyond the petty confines of himself. Alas! for him, if he be by any cajoling narrowed down to shut himself again within himself! The lock will soon be turned upon the Genius: and the smallest mortal will not be afraid to dance upon the lid of the chest. That noble subordination of self to the whole breadth of humanity, which is the constituent and sign of Genius, Sir Francis has hardly attained.

The retrospect of the life of Sir Francis Hincks carries us back to the middle ground of Canadian history: when this century was in its greenest youth. Of an old family—originally from Yorkshire, but settled in Ireland— young Hincks was well and practically educated. An elder brother had entered the church; but Francis already shewed the busy restlessness which was foreign to the pursuits of his father and brother. He signed articles with a merchant: thus serving an apprenticeship to trade and finance which has served him well in after life. Desiring to find a field for his talents, the young Irish merchant sailed away to the West; passing enquiringly from point to point. The West Indies were visited: Demarara also: but none of these would do; so he turned North and took a survey of Canada. His preliminary voyage is significant as having mapped out the whole after-life of the future Sir Francis Hincks. He was afterwards to govern in those very Indies; in that very Demarara; in that very Canada: and these places were to comprise the scene of his many wanderings. But the time was not yet. He returned to Belfast; was married; and having doubtless laid his plans while abroad, came out to Toronto, and at once entered into business in a shrewd and business-like way. Educated men who were also apt to speak and apt in affairs, were not too plentiful in the early days of Little York; and Hincks soon established a reputation which placed him in high commercial positions connected with Banking and Insurance. But he must also be an Editor! Can no man succeed in Canada without a Newspaper? Francis Hincks had an object in starting the *Examiner*. It was not editing for its own sake, but to help him into Parliament: into which he stepped in 1841; and after that not much was heard of the paper. A few years later another round is reached, and we see Mr. Hincks Inspector General of Upper Canada: and on Baldwin's withdrawal from office, who so fit for Premier as the rising Financier? There was plenty of scope for business ability in those days in the Government: not wisely or too well had the finances of the country been administered; and the Hon. Francis Hincks by the exercise of his acknowledged ability, made his administration a success. His views were large, but his methods circumspect. A ready debater, he yet said only as much as he wished to say. This was the palmy period of Hincks's connection with Canada. His course was wise and patriotic, though it did not pass without criticism and abuse. The charges which are the reproach of our Canadian life were abundantly poured out upon him. He was said to have used his office for personal profit; Mayor Bowes's name was mixed with his in a property-selling scandal; other transactions at Point Levis were denounced; and his popularity waned and waned. Different classes were aggrieved in different ways: some disapproved of the Municipal Loan Fund under which a large indebtedness had accrued. True, the country had been developed and improved in roads, bridges and harbour facilities; but these things did not pay an immediate dividend in tangible cash. Others did not like Mr. Hincks for his action in regard to the Clergy Reserves. At first he favoured the restriction of the Fund to the Church of England. Further on he allowed this, but withstood the secularization of the Fund, and its application to education. Then, wise with time, he sailed with the irresistible current of popular feeling, but too late; for "it swept him to the bottom." Yet, says the historian, "happy if every colony had as wise and patriotic a governor."

Hincks resigned: and, following the even more unpopular Lord Elgin, returned to England: turning his back on the ungrateful colony. But Lord Palmerston had balm and wine for his wounds; and from the inhospitable North sent him to govern—first the Windward Islands, and later—British Guiana. Behold him now at the top of the tree! "Sir (Francis) now, he lives like other folks." But wonderful to relate, he did not satisfy everybody, even in the sultry easy-going sugar country. Perhaps he was too energetic for the planters. Perhaps he was 'down upon' some of their little games with the revenue. Perhaps he had a mercantile side to his life still; and became in some sort a rival. Certain it is that although Sir Francis did some useful things, the press of Georgetown has not even yet ceased its attacks upon him.

The year 1864 witnessed the return of Sir Francis Hincks to Canada where he has since resided, with short intervals of visits to Britain. Great changes had passed upon Canada, and greater were to come. The stirring events of

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