

to me. But my wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

Gallant Samuel Pepys! On that day there was no earthly Queen or Princess comparable to the sovereign of your own heart and home! Would that this had been so on every other day of your wedded life. How comparatively spotless the pages of your diary then would have been, despite your thirsty soul and the minor peccadilloes therein recorded!

The fourth volume brings the diary down to a little later than the date of the victory over the Dutch of June 3rd, 1665, of which the enthusiastic Pepys declares: "A great[er] victory never known in the world. They are all fled, some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home, and to my office a little; then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I with my Lady Pen's people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the streets. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry. So home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

The last entry recorded in this volume is of June 28th, 1665, in which Pepys writes: "To supper and to bed. Thus this book of two years ends." And here may we leave our incomparable diarist for the present, only adding that this latest edition seems to leave nothing further to be desired, save the remaining volumes which will complete it. Portraits, most beautifully engraved, of Pepys and some noted men of his day will be found in the volumes noticed, and doubtless others will be included in those yet to come. The notes, like the diary itself, are more complete and satisfactory than any that have yet appeared, and the edition on the whole merits our most hearty approbation.

ONTARIAN FAMILIES.*

It cannot be doubted that a fair and impartial record of families whose members have done good service to the state is of use in many ways. The details included in such records are particularly serviceable to the historian and biographer. The novelist may find in them suggestions for stories. Here and there the poetic fancy may be stirred into action. The tragic humorous and pathetic sides of life alike contribute to their unfolding and even vainly stands not idly by.

It was a happy thought which led Mr. Chadwick to undertake the compilation of this by no means unimportant work above mentioned. It is desirable, and commendable that some such record should be made of the United-Empire-Loyalist and Pioneer families. "No people," the compiler justly remarks in his preface, "can look back to a more honorable commencement from which to date their family histories than those whose ancestors were United Empire

Loyalists, or the later immigrants who came to Upper Canada as pioneers to take their part in constructing a prosperous country out of wilderness." Again in the preface the compiler says, "It is, or should be, a matter of interest to every one to know something of those who have borne his name before him—no matter whether they have been earls or blacksmiths; and more especially so if they (whether earls or blacksmiths) have served their country well and faithfully, either in peace or in war, in great things or in small."

This sentiment is most praiseworthy but in all honesty let the blacksmith's descendants not be permitted to disavow their ancestor, or if a barber be the progenitor, like Lord Lyndhurst (if our memory serves us right), be always ready to take their children and show them the shop where their grandfather shaved people at a penny a head.

We must also see to it in such records that wealth, sometimes ill-gotten, and its not infrequent adjunct, snobbery, be deservedly kept in the shady background. We readily admit that the persistence of some ambitious people will at times sap the virtue of the most resolute biographer and names, curious names, will be forced into company all too good for them. But we suppose so long as the world lasts this shall be, and good wheat must *volens volens* rub shoulders with chaff. It is, however, none the less regrettable. In such cases the old maxim obtains *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and a memory that reaches back for a quarter, not to say a half a century supplies ample food for humorous reflection. On such occasions one cannot help recalling the words of the brooding Danne "Look here, upon this picture, and on this," or the quaint couplet of good George Herbert:—

Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sore displeasure.

In glancing at the list of 75 families "expected to be included in 'Ontarian Families' there are names of historical note and individual merit which are at once noticeable; well-known names of recognized worth and standing, but one is tempted to look dubiously at some names which appear and ask that cause be shown for their presence and what service they have rendered to the state, or for what deeds of intellectual or moral achievement, if not valour, their names appear. Are these 75 families really the very cream and choice of Ontarian chivalry, and are all others doomed to company with the great unwashed? We cannot help thinking, and we say it with all deference, that their still may be good Canadian families of United Empire or Pioneer descent whose names and records do not appear in this list of 75.

Disraeli said that in order to obtain social recognition a man must either have blood, a million, or genius—granted, but pray don't let us mix the material. Let there be a scientific adjustment of the social particles for it needs no "rule of three" to prove that not even a million can buy blood that is "blue" or brains that are priceless. The Spartan simplicity of the honest, self-made man is beyond praise, while the sycophancy of the snob is despicable.

It is worth bearing in mind that the very refinement and modesty which are inseparable from good breeding deter the possessor of a good name and ancestry from seeking public notice. Wordsworth truly tells us: "The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly." The smell of some of our most gaudy social flowers is in all conscience none of the sweetest.

One of the curious features of the social development of our neighbours, the people of the United States, during the past quarter of a century, has been the craze for heraldry and genealogies, productive in some instances of ignorant and grotesque blunders—as where a family named Salisbury appropriated the arms and crest of the Marquis of Salisbury, utterly oblivious of the not unimportant fact that Lord Salisbury's surname is Cecil. The lists already published in the States number not hundreds but thousands. Few families in the older settled portions of the country being without information as to the names and succession of those of their own surname, carried back in most cases to known families in Britain, France, Holland or other countries. Burkes' Peerage has become the Boston Bible and every library of standing prides itself on its collection of genealogies, its sets of the new English Genealogical Register, Harleian Society, Colonel Chester's and other reprints of Registers, not to speak of the well-known heraldries of Berry, Burke, Collins, Debrett, Douglas and Gwilym.

Much of this is amusing for Republican America, but at the same time one cannot help respecting the feeling which prompts a man to seek to know what manner of men his forbears were. In a land where wealth alone fails to afford distinction, it is necessary for fashionable people to find progenitors even when history fails to record their names. The pen of the satirist and the pencil of the caricaturist have failed to impress Mrs. Snigglesby, whose father, the worthy pork packer, had no recollection of father or mother, and whose earliest days were spent in the streets, with the fact that because her name is Snigglesby, therefore the connection with a county family in England called Snaglesby is rather doubtful. But this good lady is satisfied that the twenty-five dollars paid to the seal engraver for finding a satisfactory family connection and a crest is only a fair business transaction.

A further step has been reached in the publication of *America Heraldica*, emblazoned with the coats of arms of American families claiming this distinction, and no doubt succeeding editors will find good and profitable grounds for continuing the series. Meanwhile both Burke and Debrett have begun the publication of a colonial peerage which bids fair to be as interesting in this country as the parent volumes are in England and the United States. While we notice names included in them which make us pause it cannot be denied that Canada, as part of the Empires, has preserved a certain number of inherited and created titles which are worthy of being recorded.

Mr. Chadwick's book, the first two numbers of which have recently appeared, contains admirable fac-similes of the coats of arms of some of our old Ontario families, which are beautifully emblazoned. The Genealogies appear to be carefully traced and are clearly set out. The work

* Ontarian Families, Genealogies of United-Empire-Loyalist and other Pioneer families of Upper Canada. By Edward Marion Chadwick. Toronto: Rolph, Smith & Co., 1894. Parts I and II.