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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 this 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 following unique advertisement recently appeared in an English paper:—"A young professional man and his fiancée devoid of means—desire to communicate with a lady or gentleman with capital who would adopt them and enable them to marry and start in practice." Who will say that there was not an opportunity for the exercise of philanthropy by some old money-bags!

Mr. Goldwin Smith made what he announced is to be his last political utterance before the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto on the evening of Nov. 9th. His subject was "Jingoism," and the following is the origin the learned Professor ascribes to the term. "Jingoism, I suppose, is a word now naturalized in our language. It is the only word we have corresponding to the French 'Chauvinism.' It seems that Chauvinism is derived from the name of Colonel Chauvin, a fire-eating patriot in a French comedy. Jingoism is derived, as you know, from the words of the stave sung in the London music halls when Great Britain was quarrelling with Russia:

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too.'

which, when Lord Beaconsfield brought the Sepoys to Malta, was parodied thus:

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the mild Hindoo.'

That is just what the warriors of the music hall do. Glorious with the excitement of the beer and fiddling, they send other men by their votes to the field of slaughter, and again swell with pride as they read the tale of carnage in the newspaper. Yet if they could once see the wreck of a battlefield or the contents of a field hospital the spectacle might counteract the effects of the beer and fiddles." We are far from being in accord with Prof. Smith's notions regarding Canada, but his scholarly attainments and admirable literary style render what he utters of interest to many. His address was directed against Canadian Jingoism or hatred of the United States, which, to put it on the lowest ground, will not pay, because our geographical position is irrevocably fixed, no matter what our political destiny may be. In fact the whole tenor of his remarks was that annexation to the United States is desirable. These sentiments do not go down with loyal Canadians, despite the delightful English in which they were couched, and to hear our institutions and our Mother Country attacked is never pleasant to those who take a natural pride in them. Professor Goldwin Smith in abandoning the roll of public lecturer on political subjects is doing the country more benefit than even his most polished utterances have done.

With regard to Professor Smith's lecture, we think *Grip's* representation of specimens of the "Jingo" microbe greatly, magnified, is very funny. Professor Smith stands on the platform before an audience, pointing out what he doubtless considers to be dangerous specimens of the microbe, and says:—"These little critters, when they get into the blood of a community, cause an irritation that may be attended by serious results. Canada is suffering from them at the present time, and it seems to be the duty of every good citizen to do all he can to overcome them. For this purpose there is nothing more effective than the Koch Lymph of Ridicule," etc., etc. This is, of course, according to Goldwin Smith's ideas.

For the information of such of our readers as have sporting tastes, we give the following account of Viscount Jocelyn's ride to Windsor, which we think will be found more correct than that given in a recent lecture before the Historical Society. The facts are according to contemporaneous accounts of the wonderful feat.—Robert, Viscount Jocelyn, was a Second-Lieutenant in the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, then stationed at Halifax, and like most of the officers of that period, was a manly, dashing fellow, a mere lad of eighteen, but as fine a horseman as ever threw leg over a saddle. A notice dated at Halifax, 23rd October, 1834, announced that the young Viscount had undertaken a match against time for seventy-five guineas, and on or before Thursday, October 30th, 1834, would ride from Halifax to Windsor and back, in seven hours, on two horses, and it was further arranged (a bye bet) that he should walk eight miles, both feats to be accomplished within ten hours. Lieut. R. H. FitzHerbert and Capt. J. Alex. Henderson, both of the Rifles, were umpires; and Hon. C. Norton, referee and time-keeper. The conditions were unfavorable, for he had to obtain his horses for the purpose and ride them without preliminary training; and besides, for nearly three days previous to the match, rain had fallen continuously and the Windsor Road, at best but of a very poor condition in those days, was in an exceedingly bad state. His Lordship rode fourteen stone, and was tall but not heavily built. The horses he chose for his purpose were *Naughty Tommy* and *Swap*. On the morning of October 30th, a fine mild autumn day, the last allowed him, Jocelyn easily accomplished seven miles on foot in an hour and thirty-two minutes; then, having mounted *Naughty Tommy*, at the word "off," given at a quarter-to-nine o'clock in the forenoon, he started from the north corner of the Pavilion Barracks, at the gate post, at the entrance of the road leading to the old military hospital. He proceeded along the road across the Common and at last turned in at Mrs. Pence's inn—about twenty five miles from Halifax—at the end of an hour and thirty-seven minutes. It was here that he had arranged to change horses, and where *Swap* had been previously sent to await him. Jocelyn remained three minutes while he washed his mouth with a little brandy and water, and then throwing himself on *Swap*, who was to bear the most arduous part of the undertaking, he set out at a slapping pace for Windsor. Lieut. FitzHerbert, one of the umpires, with relays of horses, accompanied him to Mrs. Wilcox's inn, which was the turning point at Windsor. Here FitzHerbert was relieved by a Mr. Mellish, doubtless Lieut. W. L. Mellish of the Rifles, with fresh horses. Jocelyn had well known the stuff that *Swap* was made of, and the horse accomplished his portion of the work (forty miles) in three hours and three minutes. When once more at Pence's, his Lordship found that *Naughty Tommy* was not ready, and so he was forced to wait six minutes, during which he took a glass somewhat stiffer than the last. When his horse was ready he went on to Halifax. Between the old Rockingham Inn and Halifax (five and a half miles) it is said he had an hour and five minutes to spare, but towards the end the whip and Lathfords were freely used. His Lordship came in by the Kempt Road, and when seen on what is now Cunard Street, near the corner of that street and Kempt Road, he was on foot leading his horse. The winning-post was reached at nineteen minutes to four o'clock in the afternoon. The riding part of the match was thus won by four minutes, and the whole feat was accomplished in nine hours. But for the heaviness of the roads, the undertaking would have been comparatively easy. *Swap* of course deserves far more praise for his hardiness than *Naughty Tommy*. Viscount Jocelyn was the eldest son of Robert, 3rd Earl of Roden. He was born on February 20, 1816, and therefore was but eighteen years of age when he accomplished the extraordinary feat which has just been related. He purchased his rank of Cornet in May, 1833, and after leaving the Rifles was in the 15th Light Dragoons. He was at one time a member of parliament and also Sheriff of Louth County. In 1841 he married Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper, and the fourth Earl of Roden was their son. Viscount Jocelyn would himself have succeeded to the title but that his death occurred in 1854, before that of his father.