

Confucianism and Buddhism, and confessed how he was struck with the grave politeness of Japan and how clumsy he found himself in trying to attain to it.

Sir Edwin had been at a fancy dress party for children the day before, at which most of the foreign Ministers were present, and, after the children had done, the spirit suddenly moved all the big wigs to plunge into their games, such as ring and rope, at which they behaved much worse than the children had done.

We had, among other dishes, copper pheasant, and Sir Edwin sent into the drawing-room for a vase of its tail feathers to show us how curiously they imitated the joints of the bamboo groves, in which the bird makes its habitation, bearing out the Darwinian theory of defenceless creatures assimilating their appearance to their surroundings.

Henry Landor, with old Walter Savage's spirit, took exception to Sir Edwin's theory that one should not wear boots in the house. He didn't see the use of a floor one could not use, and I said that I had concluded to wait for wings before I gave up boots. Then, with the ladies still at the table, Sir Edwin brought cigars, and feeling the soothing influence of the magic weed, he remarked:

"Japan is to me a soft tonic. Fancy the delight of finding a place where they have never heard of the Irish question." This drew from Landor the suggestion that perhaps Gladstone might find a fresh tonic in Japan in cutting down houses instead of trees—perfectly feasible where they are made of wood and paper as they are in Japan. "They call this the heathenish East," he said, "and yet they can do without doors or furniture, and do not make streets of their homes."

"The music of the Tom Tom is by no means to be despised," retorted the irrepressible heir of the genius of the Florentine Diogenes.

Sir Edwin parried it with a good-humoured smile, and, perhaps, a veiled sarcasm. "Japan is so infinitely replete for lovers of good manners. The Japanese peasant lives in an atmosphere of Buddhism without thinking about it, just as the American workingman lives in an atmosphere of science, travelling in electric cars along streets lit with electric light, and using complicated machinery in his work, often without any knowledge of any of them beyond the mechanical part of his own work;" and getting on to the subject of Buddhism, Sir Edwin said that the most Buddhistic book in the world was the New Testament, as instances citing the texts, "Are not three sparrows sold for one farthing, etc.," and "The Kingdom of Heaven is near unto you, near unto your very souls."

Before we took our leave he allowed me to copy his very latest poem, which has never before been published. It is a translation of the little Japanese dodoitsa:

"Kadomatsu wa  
Meido no tabi no  
Ichi re zuka  
Medeto no ari  
Medeto no nashi."

Sir Edwin Arnold's translation is as follows:

"The gateway pines we place  
Are milestones of life's road,  
Marking the stages past  
And glad the way for some  
And sad for some the way."

I am glad to be able to give it to the world in the columns of this journal.

How sorry we were to take leave of this great poet and fascinating personality, as happy, to use his own phrase, as a bird escaped from its cage, in his Japanese home, leading the lotus-life of Japan with no effort except that of learning how to lead it in the native way. Here was the spectacle of the man who acclimatised Buddhism in England by his great poems and his teachings and speakings, revelling in that wondrous Eastern Garden, in the land of the Rising Sun, where Buddhism has acclimatised itself so strikingly. If I can only impart to your readers one tithe of the pleasure I found in renewing my acquaintance with Arnold in his new home, these notes will not have been written in vain.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

The past week has been crowded with fashionable weddings, a couple of which in different parts of the Province attracted exceptionally brilliant gatherings to witness them.

At St. Luke's church, Toronto, the high contracting parties were Mr. Arthur H. S. Van Koughnet and Miss Edith Smith, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, who is a sister of Mrs. J. B. Morrison, of this city. Only intimate friends of the respective families were present, but their numbers crowded the church. Mr. Charles Walker, of the Dominion Bank, was the groomsmen. One of the most lovely women in the church was Mrs. George McKinnon, of Montreal, who was the last of the Van Koughnet girls to be married. The family of the late Salter Van Koughnet, Q.C., meaning especially the girls, were famous in society for their beauty. All the weddings in the family were highly fashionable events.

At Guelph was celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Thomas A. Lenfestey, of Cairo, Ill., and Fanny F. Dixon, daughter of Archdeacon Dixon, of the Royal City. Miss Kate Clarke, of St. Catharines, acted as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride.

At All Saints' Church, Hamilton, Mr. Frederick Clarence Jarvis, son of the late Sheriff Jarvis, of Toronto, and

Miss Mary Ethel Stewart, daughter of the late C. E. Stewart, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rural Dean Forneret, assisted by Very Rev. Deap Geddes and Rev. Mr. Bridges, of Lakewood, N.J., brother-in-law of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Stewart, sister of the bride; Miss Atkinson, of Chatham; Miss Amy Mason, of Toronto; Miss Kate Mills and Miss Annie Lindsay, of Toronto.

At Guelph took place the wedding of Mr. James Scott, jr., and Miss Jennie Guthrie, daughter of Donald Guthrie, Q.C., M.P.P. The event came off in Chalmers church. The guests came from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Woodstock and other places. The bridesmaids were Miss Scott and Miss Brodie, of Toronto; Miss Hobson, Hamilton; Miss Evelyn Guthrie, of Guelph. The groomsmen were Mr. George R. Hoffee, of Wilmington, Delaware. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., uncle of the bride. A grand reception was subsequently held at the Guthrie residence.

A commendable movement has just been started by some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists, the object of which is to have a permanent gallery and sort of club room for the society. It is possible that an arrangement will be made with Mr. J. Enoch Thompson either to join his gallery with that of the O. S. A., or to take it over altogether for and in the name of the society. The benefits which this would bring can be estimated from the results of what have come from the gallery in connection with the exhibition closing this week. The artists were united in their effort to make their control fruitful of success, and they succeeded beyond their expectations. Some of the pictures already exhibited attracted as much notice as if they were new and had never been talked of before. Among these were Mr. Bell-Smith's "Dulse Gatherers" and "Cape Trinity," and his patriotic pictures of Rocky Mountain views, and George A. Reid's "Mortgaging the Old Homestead" and "The Other Side of the Question," as well as several of Mr. Sherwood's, Mr. Revell's, Mr. Vermer's, Mr. Homer Watson's, Mr. Matthew's and Miss Mary McConnell's. Mr. J. W. L. Forster exhibited two portraits. Mr. Robert D. Gagen would do well to take his cue from Mr. Bell-Smith and lean more towards patriotism in his art. Mr. M. Hannaford showed several praiseworthy landscapes, one or two of which were not up to his high standard. Miss Mary McConnell, who is a devotee at the shrine of art, has met with unequivocal success. Her portraits are excellent. She will yet do great things.

Rev. Edward Lloyd, the new professor of classics in Trinity, is a gentleman who has already won popularity in the university. He is endowed with a great many social graces; he is, as a scholar eminently suited to the position; being an apostle of muscular Christianity, he is more than a favourite with the students; in short, Trinity likes him as well as he seems to like Trinity. Mr. Lloyd is a first-class honours man of Cambridge, and has been engaged in educational work in Japan.

The recent judgment of Mr Justice Rose on the St. George's bridge accident case of Knight and others against the Grand Trunk Railway created, it is safe to say, more public interest than any judicial decision delivered in Osgoode Hall within several years. Usually the press is the medium for the conveyance of important legal news to the people; but here, when the judgment was delivered in the morning, its effect was known and talked about on the street and even at the fair grounds an hour later. While the decision is a great disappointment to many, since it almost inevitably means a second performance of the most tedious and wearisome trial known to the majority of Toronto lawyers, still the clearness of the learned Judge's analysis of the evidence, or rather of the answers of the jury to the questions which, after his charge, he left them to solve, the concise form of the judgment itself, all combined to stamp this judgment as a celebrated and remarkably able deliverance.

The fall meet of the Hamilton Bicycle Club was largely and fashionably attended. An excellent programme was well contested. The prizes were distributed by the Countess of Aberdeen.

On Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the return visit of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to the Industrial Exhibition, Sir David and Lady MacPherson gave an "At Home" at Chestnut Park, the beautiful family mansion. Mrs. Banks, the daughter of the house, assisted Lady MacPherson to receive. This is the first hospitality at Chestnut Park since the return of the family from England.

The general public and the graduates of Toronto University throughout the Dominion will be glad to learn positively that the University building is to be restored without any change in the general external appearance.

The extremely impressive ceremony known as "taking the veil" is always of the greatest interest to Catholics. Last week at Loretto Abbey this ceremony was witnessed by a large assemblage of clergy and lay spectators. The Archbishop of Toronto delivered a touching address to the young ladies before they assumed the religious garb. The candidates were Miss Long, of Collingwood, Sister Mary Irene; Miss Ulm, Chicago, Sister Mary Agnes; Miss Gumprecht, Germany, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Farrelly, Lindsay, Sister Mary Pulcharia; Miss Barry, Ottawa, Sister Mary Dorothea; Miss Lacy, Egansville, Sister Mary Benigna; Miss Phelan, Walkerville, Sister Mary Felicitia.

The Penwell murder trial is now the absorbing topic in Ontario. The newspapers of this country, the United States and England have made special and elaborate preparations for reports of the evidence. The admissions

issued to the court room are few, almost confined to the jurors, the lawyers and the reporters. Birchall, the prisoner, is looking cheerful and well, and his lawyers say that he has no fear but that his innocence will be established. The defence will rely largely on the incomplete testimony which the prosecution is expected to bring forward. Since the arrest of Birchall his friends have had private detectives at work on the case testing the strength of every link in the evidence brought forward before the commitment for trial. The preliminary expenses of the defence even up to the present time have been enormous, but it is said that Burchell's relatives in England are wealthy enough to stand it.

The famous Toronto yacht Aileen on Saturday last met a mishap which almost proved disastrous. Mr. G. T. Blackstock and Mr. T. G. Blackstock were returning with her from Port Dalhousie when they were struck by a squall. Mr. G. T. Blackstock's skill averted a capsizing, but the mast and boom were broken off short, and all the rigging and canvass went overboard. The dismantled Aileen was towed to Toronto by a passing steamer.

The Ontario Cabinet has been reconstructed, and the reconstruction is neither a surprise nor a disappointment. Though the party papers said not a word on the subject till the proper time had arrived, yet the public had more than a suggestion as to who the men would be. The Montreal Gazette a month ago named correctly every man in this Cabinet. Mr. Bronson, of Ottawa, Mr. Richard Harcourt and Mr. John Dryden are all strong men, and their acceptability was well tested before Mr. Mowat positively declared the selections. The fact that Mr. Bronson is invited to a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio shows, in the general opinion, that his selection was publicly expected.

## Ripple, Ripple, Little Brook

Ripple, ripple, little brook,  
Ever and anon,  
In and out each shady nook  
Thy gravely banks upon,  
Through the yellow lily beds  
Onward to the glen,  
Where water-cresses raise their heads  
And drop them in again;  
Ripple 'mong the waving reeds  
And tender lichens green,  
Sparkle 'mid the flowery meads  
That crimson berries screen,—  
Babble out by pleasant fells,  
And verdant fields along,  
Where sloping hills and shady dells  
Repeat thy rippling song.  
Onward by a ruined wall,  
A garden gate before,  
And o'er a tiny waterfall  
In crystal grandeur pour.  
Shout to a lattice ivy hung,  
Sing to a face most fair,  
In ripplings of thy silver tongue  
A humble message bear;  
And if a stranger should be near,  
Steal through the broken pane  
And chant it lowly in her ear,  
And ripple back again.  
Tell her, gentle little brook,  
My pleasures all are flown;  
No more for happiness I look,  
But wander on alone,  
And sadly view the hidden path  
Where oft in infancy  
We watched the robins take their bath  
Beneath yon spreading tree—  
When all was bright and fresh and fair,  
And happiness and bliss,  
And I gathered roses for her hair  
As forfeits for a kiss,  
And the cricket in the hollow  
And the honey-laden bee  
Joined with the twittering swallow  
In congratulating me.  
Adieu—and still it is not night,  
The farmer's at the plough.  
Yet something hides thee from my sight,  
I cannot see thee now.  
But ripple, ripple, dash along  
Thy sunlit pebbles o'er,  
And through the pane thy babbling song  
Into her chamber pour,  
And sing a psalm soft and low  
Of love that lives in vain,  
A ruined life and broken vow,  
And ripple back again.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE.

HAIR POWDER.—On February 23, 1795, Mr. Pitt proposed a tax on persons wearing hair powder, which he estimated would bring to the revenue £210,000 annually, but was the death blow to the custom, for its use was immediately discontinued. Those persons who continued to wear it were termed guinea pigs, because 1 guinea was the amount per head of the tax.—Notes and Queries.