

and brother. The monument consists merely of a roof of thatch, supported by four wooden columns, the inscription being, "Expecto donec veniat immutatio meam"

A famous place of public resort in London is about to be destroyed. The blinds of the Old Hummums Hotel in Covent-garden Market are drawn down, and cabs are busy at the door taking away the luggage and lumber absent guests. The landlord has advertised his thanks to old customers, and informs them that, as the Duke of Bedford requires the ground to extend his root and flower market, his house must come down, and he will not resume business again. As most of our readers know, "Hummums" is merely a corruption of, and took its rise from, "Hamman," the Arabic word for "bagnio," or bath, which in the last century was conducted here by a Mr. Small. There were sweating-rooms, hot-baths, and cold-baths, and the prices ranged from 2s. to 6s., including the fees to rubbers-down. The Turkish baths, recently so popular with us, are nothing but the old London bagnios revived and improved. The Hummums, however, will be remembered more from its having been the favourite haunt of literary men than from its association with the old sweating-baths. It was in this house that Parson Ford, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," died. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" we read:—"Boswell. Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? Johnson. Sir, it was believed a waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there; they told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some woman, from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered it, and the woman exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone,' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of the story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and her behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word,—and there it remains."

Mr. J. Henrage Jesse, whose pleasant volumes relating to the Stuart and Hanoverian courts of England are the best specimens we have that answer to the popular French semi-historical and biographical memoirs, has in press a new book, "Memoirs of George the Third and his Times." It is said to be enriched with many curious anecdotes from unpublished documents of the noble families of the time, and, in connection with his former works, will bring down the thread of narrative from James 1st, to the days of our Fathers and the early remembrances of those yet flourishing amongst us.

The courage that deserves success, if not the merit that commands it, is unquestionably the attribute of Mr. M. F. Tupper. A serious five-act play, by the "Proverbial Philosopher," to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, was the "coming event" of the last week's dramatic annuals in London, and, with singular absence of reticence, it was stated to have been originally produced in Manchester a few years since, without success. If, in spite of such a forewarning, Mr. Tupper gains a favourable verdict from the public, he will be a fortunate man; but the author whose books have been bought by some two hundred thousand purchasers, must enjoy a solid sense of satisfaction proof against many trifling annoyances. His play is entitled "Alfred." We notice by the book lists that he has changed

his publisher, and has joined in the "nest of singing birds" whose notes echo from Messrs. Moxon's establishment, instead of continuing with Messrs. Hatchard, of "serious" fame, by whom his books were first given to the world.

Dr. Pusey, whose "Lectures on the Prophet Daniel" have been received by all parties and denominations of Christians as a noble vindication of revealed truth, quits temporarily the paths of Scriptural exegesis for the more exciting themes of polemic warfare. He has now in press a "Reply" to the letter recently addressed to him by Archbishop Manning on behalf of Anglo-Romanism. It is expected to form a work as remarkable as Dr. Newman's "Apology" for his own life, and will vindicate and defend the catholicity of the English Church, while explaining the position and policy of the writer, whose influence on a numerous and devoted band of followers more resembles what we read of in the ages of faith than the ordinary relations of a modern Protestant clergyman to the community. To avoid the appearance of personal controversy with the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Pusey's letter will be addressed formally to Rev. J. Keble.

It is proposed to purchase by subscription, and to preserve, as a memorial of Chaucer, the Talbot Inn, in the Borough High Street. The testimony of admiration thus proposed would be so far imperfect that it would be hard to prove any portion of the structure in question to be so old as the time of Chaucer.

M. Gerald Massey has a new work just ready for the press, entitled "Shakspeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted: with a Re-touched Portrait of the Man Shakspeare." It contains a new theory of the Sonnets, the first brief hints of which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1864. According to Mr. Massey's reading, the greater portion of the Sonnets, personal or dramatic, was written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakspeare keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air.

The grave has now closed over the last of a poet's household. The widow of Moore rests by her husband's side. The voice of song had long been silenced in the little bower at Sloperston, where she who once listened lived on the memories of the old sweet echoes:

—In future hours, some bard will say  
Of her who heard and him who sang the lay,  
They are gone! They both are gone!

The papers which have announced the death of Mrs. Moore, have agreed in misstating her age, which they set down at sixty-eight. As she married Moore in 1811, this would imply that she was only fourteen when she married the bard, who was then in his thirty-third year! The difference between their ages was by no means so great. Another, and a graver mistake, is the repetition of the malignant assertion of "the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," made by him almost before Moore was buried, that the poet was a husband who cared little for his wife! This assertion gave great pain to Mrs. Moore, and was resented by Lord John Russell. The "Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," however, only aggravated his unmanly offence by sneering at Moore's widow as "Lord John's interesting victim." All this malignity was the fruit of well-nursed wrath, which was excited by the fact that fifty years before Moore had omitted to name Mr. Croker in the Notes to *Anacreon*. Setting aside the terrible affliction of the loss of all their children, the home of Tom Moore and Bessy was a happy one. Because his journal only records his flittings abroad, and barely alludes to his home except in notice of some labour there, and thankfulness that he had leisure to perform it;—because he sang lightly of

Brilliant short pleasure that flashes and dies,—

men are apt to forget that the poet was a solid scholar, and that his knowledge of patristic literature was more real than his acquaintance with Fanny of Timmol. It has also been said that Moore seldom or never alludes to his wife in his poetry. He was not publicly uxorious, but all his allusions are in exquisite taste, and a hundred passages in his diary are testimonies to the worth

of his admirable wife, and to the high estimation in which he held her. "Then come," he says, in his metrical invitation to Lord Landdowne to dine at Sloperston,—

Then come—if a board so untempting hath power  
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine:  
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy  
bower,  
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with  
mine.

## DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JÉSUITES.

THIERE was an English Puritan, master of the great ship, who was more malicious than all the others; a dissimulator, nevertheless, for he was making the finest professions in the world; but the other English warned the Jesuits not to trust him, forasmuch as he was bitterly envenomed against them. This man, then, seeing his opportunity, was persuading the Captain and Lieutenant, whom he saw excited, to abandon the Jesuit on shore, saying he was unworthy to receive food from the English, because he had wished to prevent them from having it.

But the Jesuit found that he had enemies among his own countrymen, for while he was supplicating Argal to have compassion on the fugitives from Port Royal, and to leave them some provisions, their sloop, and provide them with some other means of passing the winter, a Frenchman was crying out that the captain ought to put Père Biard to death.

Now Argal, who had a noble heart (page 54) seeing so much sincere affection on the part of the Jesuit, and so much savage vindictiveness on the side of this Frenchman, considered that it would be always a reproach to himself, if, without having heard all parties, he should abandon him to whom he had given his promise; and for this reason rejected both the suggestion of the Englishman and the violent entreaty of the Frenchman; and became the more appeased towards the Jesuit the more he was seeing him assailed.

Captain Argal having removed from Port Royal all that seemed useful to him, even planks, bolts, locks, and nails, set fire to the settlement. He placed on a large and massive stone the names of the Sieur de Monts and other captains, as well as the *fleur de lys*; after which he lifted anchor to sail away, but bad weather detained him at the entrance of the port for the space of three or four days.

While he was remaining at anchor, a Frenchman of Port Royal asked to speak with him; the request was granted. The man said to Argal that he was very much astonished that the latter had not already rid the world of the pernicious Jesuit who was on board his ship. If this had not been done it was perhaps because bad luck had preserved him, in order to destroy the French by some act of black treason, a thing the Jesuit would do when the opportunity should present itself. That he was a true and natural Spaniard, who, having committed many crimes in France, on account of which he was a fugitive from the country; yet had he given them much scandal at Port Royal, and that it ought not to be doubted but he would again work evil to the English. Captain Argal having heard that Father Biard was a natural Spaniard, was unable to believe the assertion, but gave him this accusation in writing, and signed by five or six persons. The captain was urged to put the Jesuit ashore and abandon him there; but the more they entreated the less he consented. But as to his nationality, the Jesuit was a Frenchman; had been known in Port Royal as such; had never been in Spain, neither had his father, his mother, or any of his relations.

On the nineteenth of November, 1613, the English left Port Royal, with the intention of returning to Virginia. Now from this time Lieutenant Turnel looked upon Father Biard as nothing but an abominable rogue; he detested him still more when he reflected on the past, for he had esteemed and admired him for his artlessness and candour. But having seen the written testimony of so many Frenchmen, who asserted