# Men I Have Seen and Heard.

For some time I have been dealing with the lives and works of men of a comparatively recent period, but like the thermometer, during the past month or so. I am inclined and liable to take very lengthy leaps—up and down. I purpose, this week, going back again to the seventies, for I detect, away off in that period. like the thermometer, during the past month of so. I am inclined and liable to take very lengthy leaps—up and down I purpose, this week going back again to the seventies, for I detect, away off in that period, a form that cannot be easily forgotten and a personage whose presence for a brief hour left a lasting impression upon me. About four weeks ago I told of a "reading" given by the exactor "loe Lee;" I now wish to tell of a real "reading"—for he actually read from a book—given by the once famous clocutionst Bellew. When I say that he did read, I mean that he had all the actor of reading, although I believe that he had the words of each piece perfectly by heart, and that the action of glancing at the page and turning the leaves of a book, was merely a "trick of the trade."

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I will make no attempt to describe the "reading." Beliew was a master in the art, he had all the action and a personage whose cidents of vice, entountion, facial expression, and gesture (naturally subdued in reading.) to constitute a model of clocutionary power. He seemed to Richow that he possessed such power, for he displayed an unbounded confidence in himself; which, by the way, served to create confidence and enthusiasm in his hearers. This was also partly due to the fact that he was hedged in from all the dangers that beset the path of the action of reading, although I believe that he had the words of each piece perfectly by heart, and that the action of glancing at the page and turning the leaves of a book, was merely a "trick of the trade."

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I am not aware of any of my friends to-day who heard Bellew, nor do I know whether he is yet in the land of the living or not. It was through a mere accident that I chanced to hear him read, but it was one of those peculiar incidents in life which, insignificant as they may seem at the time, are destined to remain in the memory long after far more important matters have gone down to oblivion. It came about in this way. I had a companion in those days; he was a few years older than I was, but equally as young in spirit and tastes. He died last April, after a few months lingering illness, and "sleeps his last sleep" in the historic cemetery of Baltimore. He was a noble, fellow! So full of inspiration, of fervid Celtic eloquence, of vibrating sympathies, of true poetic talent. He had a fund of original wit; he could see the humorous where other men could not detect even the incongruous. Then his conversation was as a limpid stream bubbling from its source and dancing along between banks of rugged grandeur and alternate flower-clad glens. In the days still earlier he enchanted the readers of the old "True Witness" with the reminiscences of "Tir-na-oge;" and from the backwood \*settlements of the upper Ottawa, to the historic halls of Laval, he had preached, in glowing language, the evanged of Irish Home Rule. Whenever there was aught to be learned he was always, ready to lay aside pleasures, amusements, and even serious occupations to go glean for his treasure-house of literary lone. He was so intensely Irish, and so fervently Catholic, that, methinks, his association had not a little to do in the moulding of my own ideas.

One evening, in September,—a glo-rious evening it was—we were walk-ing up and down the old terrace, then the Dufferin Terrace, in Quebec. then the Dufferin Terrace, in Quebec. A copy of the evening paper was handed to him by a lad; we sat down on a rustic bench to learn what the world had been doing all day, and to comment upon it. The first item that attracted his attention was a notice that the famous Bellew would give a "reading" that evening in the (old) Music Hall. "Let us go hear him," was his first remark. I agreed. We atranged to meet at the St. Louis Hotel—next door to the Music Hall—at half-past seven. So far neither of us had any idea of what we were going to hear.

At the hour appointed we met, and as we took our seats in the hall and awaited the 'Tise of the curtain,' we continued our conversation that had been interrupted at supper time. A few minutes after eight the curtain did rise. This seemed peculiar, as in the cases of lectures and such like, as a rule, no curtain is ever lowered. On the stage was a small, flat table, with a low-backed chair behind it. Near the chair, and to the left, was a smaller table with a pitcher and a glass upon it. There were no other decorations or scenery. Without any introduction, without the usual chairman, all alone, the elocutionist walked out. He held a book in his left hand, and carried a white handkerchief in his right one. He bowed, placed the book on the table, laid the handkerchief beside it, raised his coat-tails slowly, and seated himself—each movement being done with regularity and precision of a piece of machinery. When comfortably seated, he rested his left arm on the table, opened the book, laid his left hand upon it, and while playing, as if he were touching a piano with the dingers of the right land, he glanced slowly around the lail, and finally bringing his gaze back to the centre of the audience, he spoke.

As well as I can remember, these At the hour appointed we met, and

perfectly at ease and he consequently set every one else at perfect ease.

Many times before I had read the "Lay of Horatius," and my companion had the entire poem by heart. Vet I never before had the faintest idea of Macaulhy's conception: it needed the interpretation of Bellew to fling upon the mind's canvas a photographic picture of the author's vision while penning that delightfully descriptive poem. For half an hour we sat there—in body, at least, but our minds were away in Rome, and in Rome of the earliest days. We saw the gathering of the Etruscan armies, we beheld them flecking to Col'seum from "tower and town and cottage," we watched the deserted stags champing undisturbed the bows on the hill-tops, the wildfowl dip in the lake, the old men reaping the harvests, the boys plunging the sheep, and the stalwart youth marching off to Rome. We could hear the din and clatter as the crowds of peasants flocked wildly to Rohe, leaving their homes all over the country to the mercy—of the conquerors. We could see

"The line of blazing villages, Red in the mid-night sky."

Scene after scene, in panoranic Scene after scene, in panoranic succession swept before us. The advance of the victorious army, the twang of the bugle, the flutter of the standards, the desolation along the whole campagna, and finally the fall of Janiculum. Then the terror that possessed the hearts of the City Fathers. The offer of Horatius, with two to help him, to keep the bridge until it was cut down. The activity of fathers and commons, as they

"Seized hatchet, bar and crow, And smote upon the planks above, And loosed the props below."

And loosed the props below."

Then came the hand to hand struggle, the fall of the three great Tuscan warriors, the rushing on of three others, their immediate destruction, the cries for Astur, the approach of that giant of the four-fold shield, his death at the hands of Horatius, and the consternation in the ranks of Tuscany. Then came the tottering of the bridge, the swift return over its quivering planks af Spurius Lartius and Hermenius, and at last its fall. Possibly the most realistic scene, drawn for our imaginations to contemplate, was that of the whirling off the chattered bridge, as

"Battlement, and plank, and pier.

"Battlement, and plank, and pier, Rush'd headlong to the sea.

By this time the reader had long since vanished; his table, and book, and handkerchief were of no longer any consequence. It was the populace of Rome that thronged the stage to welcome back Horatius. Then they gave him, of the public property "as much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till night." and they made a statue to his honor that still tells how well Horatius kept the bridge "in the brave days of old." Finally the picture of rural simplicity and biss which followed was as effective as human words could make it. We could see the peasants' cottage in the winter, when the storm was abroad on the hills, and "When the old man mends his arm-

the winter, when the storm was abroad on the hills, and
"When the old man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet-plume,
And the good wife's shuttle merrily Goes flashing through the loom."

It was a revelation when the "reading" was over, the applause told plainly how intensely interested each one had been. "He had better stop now," said my friend. "Why?" I asked. "Because he has given us more than the worth of our money, and he can never read anything to equal that were he to read for a year." But this was an error.

Bellew arose, went over to the second table, took a sup of water, and returned to his book. It was just long enough to break the spell he had cast upon us, and to propare us for anything that might serve later on. When he felt that we had all recovered from the effects o his inimitable rendering of the poem, he announced that he would read. Poe's "Bells." Could poor Poe have returned to listen to that reading. I believe that he would have gone mad, for, in his wildest flights of fancy, he never could have conceived the. Bells "as we heard them that night. The jingling of the minute-gun-at-sea, the "land alarm bells"

## THE STANDARD OF WEALTH.

Since millionaires have taken buying up entire industries, estab-lishing free libraries, endowing universities, purchasing islands and en-tire countries, it is not very surprising that writers, who have noth-

prising that writers, who have nothing more serious to think about, should amuse themselves calculating and speculating upon standards of wealth. The following couple of items may interest those who care to be interested in that which is not likely to ever afflict their own material prosperity, either one way of the other—

"Wealth begins with £20,000 a year; says the "Spectator," discoursing on The New Standard of Wealth. About a half century ago, Disraeli, who, to be sure, seldom kept his heroes on short allowance, said that on any basis of good management a man was wealthy at £8,000 a year. In America, where the formation of a moneyed aristocracy has taken place almost in our own time, the changes in standards of living have been fairly sensational. In the memory of many a principal of \$100,000 constituted great wealth. But this sum was, it is now declared, the annual personal cypenditure—virtually the pin-money—of a late New Yorker who, on the whole, avoided lavish expenditure, and hated anything like a gratuitous display of wealth."

tended to; then when a matter is taken up, the red tape begins.

About the cost of living in the Russian capital the same writer gives some very interesting information. He says—

"The cost of living in St. Petersburg is very high, and here, where one expects to find the finest hotels in Russis—they are poor as well as high priced. There is more comfort to be found at some of the hotels at Moscow and other places in the interior. The real Russian living is very good, the food itself is excellent, and the cooking often equal to the French, from whom much of it is borrowed, while a number of purely Russian dishes, many of them delicious, are added. In St. Petersburg the cost of many of these Russian dishies is very great; fresh caviar, for instance, which foreigners imagine is universally eaten throughout the Russian dominions, is here worth almost its weight in gold, and therefore seldom eaten except at the swell restaurants or in well-to-do households.

"The high price of dwelling houses adds very largely to the cost of living. Only the members of the imperial family and the nobility who are possessed of large means can afford to live in houses, though these should more properly be called palaces; all the rest of the inhabitants, including many of the rich and very well-to-do, live in large apartment houses, in what are called 'logements.'

"Perhaps the most primitive institutions of St. Petersburg are the trancars. Thoune lectric lights are

positions on account of powering positions on account of powering positions on account of powering contentions make scarced a profession of design anything at all. Toward noon they street when the position is a street of the content their offices, inch of which a last horse office of the content their offices, inch of the papers, sincke a few cigardates, then take a long recess for dejuence. The position of 150 link-born priests assume that a grant of the analytic of the link-born priests assume that a position of the power at the best conducted ministries on business is ever done quickly. Papers may wait weeks on an official's deak before they are attended to; then when a matter is taken up, the red tape begins.

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