

"Jacula Prudentum" were first printed as a separate volume in 1640; and this curious and interesting collection was undoubtedly the mine from which subsequent writers dug much of what their friends claim to be the product of their own imagination.

Let me now endeavour to point the moral and adorn this tale of dry facts; which tale I have unfolded in order to have justice done to "the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts."

What is the meaning of the ejaculation, "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." It is generally printed under the heading "Retribution;" but in my humble opinion it is of broader import than evil justly befalling the perpetrators of evil. What, according to me, Herbert meant, was that God, to speak reverently, had roughly sketched out his scheme with regard to this planet and its inhabitants, but had left the details to be filled up by mankind, first intimating to them what His plans were. The Mill was started. Occasionally nations, tribes, families and individuals appear to have a harder husk than others, and strike out independently in their own course of good or evil. They wantonly defy the mill-stones, and seem to prosper in doing so; but in the end they are ground to fine powder and harmonized with the general plan; their very eccentricity, rebellion and resistance but proved the accuracy of the machinery and the wisdom of the Head Miller.

Such is my unaided interpretation. I have never seen another. Would some nobler intellect correct me if wrong; or if right, encourage me by saying so.

RICHARD J. WICKSTED.

Ottawa, October, 1894.

#### THE SPECTATOR'S CANADIAN INDIANS

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Carlyle's famous generalization regarding the twenty-seven millions of the British Islands is commonly regarded as both hasty and unkind. But every now and then, something occurs to show that the sage of Chelsea knew whereof he affirmed. For instance, it is plain, from *The Spectator* of Oct. 13th, that one of the majority occasionally does a review for that most respectable periodical. A certain C. J. Johnstone has committed a book upon this distressful country of ours, called, "Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada." Many of his facts are extremely curious and duly impress the plastic mind of *The Spectator's* reviewer. For example:

"It is noteworthy," he writes, "that of the existing five millions, about three are of pure or mixed Indian blood." p. 498 b.

"Noteworthy" is the word. Now, Mr. Johnstone has unmasked us, and further deception is useless. Three millions of us are Indians; but we are peaceful now; we have buried the hatchet; we smoke the pipe of peace. In our winter excursions, we move along the trail from snow hut to snow hut, but during the summer we don the mild tepee. We track the proud bison through the Place d'Armes, and trap the wary beaver in the wilds of the Queen's Park. At our schools, we learn the English language. I, myself, never spoke anything but Ojibway on my reservation till I was fourteen. Even now, I often find myself relapsing into my mother tongue. The truth will out. It is well known that the Countess of Aberdeen has to get down on her hands and knees and crawl in at the door of the igloo, known as Rideau Hall. The report industriously circulated by our perfidious satchmen of the Big-Talk Lodge, at Ottawa, that we have railways and steamers is a pure fabrication. It is notorious that when their excellencies visited Halifax last midsummer, they came from the interior on skates and snow-shoes, where they were not drawn on dog-sledges. The really intelligent foreigner never thinks of coming to Canada except in July, and after having provided himself with fur-clothing and such a sleeping-bag as Mr. Kennan used in Siberia. In that rigorous month we

natives invariably nail the "thermometer to the flue and cover it with wood" to keep it warm. Otherwise we would perish. English soldiers in the garrison here who neglect this wise precaution and are "insufficiently provided with clothing" often freeze to death in August. This year, the average was low, only four per week, as shown by the mortality returns. But then the season was mild.

Of course. Why should England care to know anything of her greatest colony? Why should a single one of those "prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true-born Englishman" be ever disturbed? Why should *The Spectator* entrust its reviews to children above fourteen years of age?

KAH-NAY-JAN.

Halifax, N.S., Oct. 30th, 1894.

#### THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.\*

Pepys' diary seems to have a perennial popularity and deservedly so. The fondness for social gossip will obtain so long as there are people to be talked about and people to talk. Lord Braybrooke's is the great edition of this noted work and the noble compiler has done his work, so well, so diligently, and with such spirit and discernment, that his notes may, from time to time, as in the instance of this edition by Mr. Wheatley, be supplimented. They cannot well be supplanted.

The first edition, that of Lord Braybrooke, was published in 1825. In 1828 the second edition appeared in five volumes. An enlarged edition came out in 1848 and 1849. The fourth edition, revised and corrected, was made public in 1854, and as late as 1875 and 1879, the Rev. Mynors Bright put forth another edition with additional notes, the new matter amounting to about a third of the whole. It has remained for the present editor to give to the world the full diary with the, no doubt judicious, reservation "of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." It will be observed, however, that where such passages do not appear their omission is sufficiently indicated.

The leading facts in the life of Pepys are so generally well-known that it is almost unnecessary to recapitulate them. Suffice to say that he was born at Bampton in Huntingdonshire, and educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalen College, Cambridge. The Earl of Sandwich became his patron, and, as his secretary, Pepys accompanied him in the fleet which brought back Charles II. He held the office of secretary to the Admiralty and proved a most efficient and progressive officer. His memoirs relating to naval affairs is an important work. In 1684 he was elected president of the Royal Society. In addition to his special knowledge of naval matters, Pepys was a man of considerable attainments and in architecture, history, music, sculpture and painting he was no mean authority. He died in 1703.

By far the most important and lasting monument of Pepys is his Diary, and we question whether the English language contains such another. It is a marvellous and minute picture of his own life and time. The faithful hand of Boswell has portrayed for us the portly doctor who bulks so largely in the field of literature; no less faithfully has the shrewd, yet candid, Pepys, painted for the reading world, his own life and time, all unconsciously,

\*The Diary of Samuel Pepys M.A., F.R.S., with Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vols. I. to IV. London: George Bell and Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1893-4.

in the pages of his diary. With vivacity, naivete, competent literary skill, and most minute detail, the varied aspects of the life of the period are unfolded before the reader with startling distinctness.

Turn where you will there is not a dull page. Take for instance that of the first volume, lying open as we write, and not inappropriately or unseasonably, let us read what our diarist has recorded of Nov. 20th, 1660. "About two o'clock my wife wakes me and comes to bed, and so both to sleep and the wench to wash. I rose, and with Will to my Lord's by land, it being a very hard frost, the first we have had this year. There I staid with my Lord and Mr. Shepley, looking over my Lord's accounts and to see matters right between him and Shepley, and he did commit the viewing of these accounts to me, which was a great joy to me to see that my Lord do look upon me as one to put trust in. Hence to the organ, where Mr. Child and one, Mr. Mackworth (who plays finely upon the violin), were playing; and so we played till dinner and then dined, where my Lord in a very good humour and kind to me. After dinner to the temple, where I met Mr. Moore and discoursed with him about the business of putting out my Lord's £3,000, and that done, Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's Tennis Court), where the play of 'Beggars Bush' was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it; it was well acted. And here I saw the first time, one, Moore, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and, indeed, it is the finest play-house. I believe, that ever was in England. From thence, after a pot of ale with Mr. Shepley at a house hard by, I went, by link, home, calling a little by the way at my father's and my uncle Fenner's, where all pretty well and so home where I found the house in a washing pickle, and my wife in a very joyful condition. When I told her that she is to see the Queen next Thursday, which puts me in mind to say that this morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen and Princess at the cock-pit all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper, a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique, he bidding them stop, and bade the French musique play, which my Lord says do much outdo all ours. But while my Lord was rising, I went to Mr. Fox's and there did leave the gilt tankard for Mrs. Fox, and then to the counting-house to him, who hath invited me and my wife to dine with them on Thursday next, and so to see the Queen and Princesses."

What happened on the following Thursday lovers of Pepys will, of course, well remember, but for the benefit of those of our lady readers, in whose memories the record may have grown dim; and also to show what a gallant lover of his wife our diarist was, despite their occasional minor differences, we shall quote part of it: "The Queen, a very plain little old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less