ESTABLISHED 1873.

**The Weekly Monitor**

IS PUBLISHED

*Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1882. NO. 26.

**Job Work!**

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

**Weekly Monitor**

**Advertising Rates.**

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

**DIPHTHERIA!**

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

**Buckley & Allen,**

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

**NEW RICH BLOOD!**

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

**Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,**

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

**BRIDGETOWN,**

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

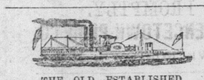
Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.



THE OLD ESTABLISHED

First-Class Route

BETWEEN

Nova Scotia and the United States

Via the Splendid

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

Between St. John Digby Annapolis.

And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the

International Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

| | 1st Class Limited to Passage. | 1st Class Unlimited to Portland. | 1st Class Unlimited to Boston. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Windsor to Boston | $6.50 | $8.00 | $8.50 |
| Kentville to Boston or Portland, | 6.00 | 7.25 | 7.70 |
| Annapolis to Boston or Portland, | 5.00 | 5.70 | 6.20 |

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

*After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train* from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Trains, Western Counties Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reid's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Doke St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED PER Steamship "SECRET."

**Two Bales American Cotton Warp,**

AND A VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

LATEST FANCY DRY GOODS, HOOP SKIRTS, BUSTLES, &C.

I also beg to announce that my

**FALL Importations of DRY GOODS,**

Comprising Full and Complete Lines in Every Department are now open and ready for inspection.

Extra Inducements and Low Prices Leading Features,

**J. W. Beckwith.**

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1882.

**THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Parlor and Church Organs.**

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the Insruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

**W. B. Almon Ritchie**

BARRISTER, &C.,

Annapolis, - - N. S.

n13 3m

ARE YOU GOING TO

PAINT?

We call your attention to the

**Averill Paint**

FOR

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter. may28

**NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO.**

(LIMITED.)

Shortest and most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

1882-YARMOUTH LINE-1882.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

Yarmouth and Boston.

(Commencing Saturday, June 3rd, 1882.)

THE splendid sea-going, Side-wheel Steamer "New Brunswick," will leave Yarmouth for Boston every SATURDAY, p. m., after arrival of the Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth.

Returning, will leave Battery Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, every TUESDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with the Western Counties Railway for Halifax and all intermediate stations, and steamer "Dominion" for St. John, Eastport and Grand Manan.

Yarmouth & Portland.

Steamer "New Brunswick" will leave Yarmouth for Portland every WEDNESDAY, p. m., after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth, connecting at Portland with Eastern and Boston and Maine Railways for Boston, and Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Returning, will leave Portland for Yarmouth every FRIDAY p. m., after arrival of Eastern and Boston and Maine trains from Boston, (Express train leaves Boston at 8.30 a. m.,) and Grand Trunk Express train for Montreal, connecting at Yarmouth Saturday morning with Express train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

YARMOUTH, WESTPORT, ST. JOHN, EASTPORT & GRAND MANAN.

Steamer "Dominion" will leave Yarmouth for St. John, calling at Westport every WEDNESDAY, after arrival of steamer "New Brunswick" from Boston; and St. John for Grand Manan, calling at Eastport, every THURSDAY morning at 6 o'clock. Returning, will leave Grand Manan every FRIDAY morning at 6 o'clock for St. John, calling at Eastport; and will leave St. John for Yarmouth, calling at Westport, every SATURDAY morning at 6 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with steamer "New Brunswick," for Boston.

Steamer "Dominion" connects at Eastport with steamer to and from Calais, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

Rates of Passage as Cheap as by any other route.

CONNECTIONS—Boston, Portland and St. John, with all Railway and Steamship Lines; Yarmouth, with Fishwick's Steamer for Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg, and with Patten's Coaches for Argyle, Pubnico, Barrington, etc.

E. F. CLEMENTS,
General Manager.

Sep. 5th, '82—tf

**BANKS & MERLIN,**

Produce Commission Agents,

COLONIAL MARKET, ARGYLE ST., HALIFAX.

WE the undersigned have leased the above named Market where we carry on a Commission Business in the Produce Line. Ample room for Storage of Goods. Consignments carefully handled; Returns promptly remitted. Consigners will be kept well posted in Market Prices.

H. HAVELOCK BANKS.
WM. H. MERLIN.

n8 6m]

**Middleton Hotel,**

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "late and hearty."

He thinks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporarily.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

**Good Stabling,**

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

**Photograph Gallery**

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice. VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

**Enlarging.**

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

**New Store,**

**New Goods.**

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate—also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

**Miss E. M. Bonnett**

WILL be prepared by the middle of May to give instructions on the

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN,

to those who may desire them.

Bridgetown, May 1st, 1882.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

JOB WORK of every description executed at the office of this paper. NO SLOP WORK DONE.

THE "PERFECT" SPRING BED!

The only reliable bed in the market.

A new supply of the above just received and for sale by

THOS. KELLY, Sole agent.

Bridgetown, June 28th, 1882.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

**Flour and Meal.**

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

**Edmund Bent**

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

TESTIMONY OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.—The proofs which authenticated the claims of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES to be regarded as the finest pulmonic in use, emanate in many instances from physicians of eminence. Dr. J. Corlis, of St. Thomas, writes as follows:—

"During ten years of active practice. I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since your preparation came under my notice I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction and it is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system.

What can be more convincing than this. Here is a professional man of long practice and high reputation bearing direct and positive testimony to the value of a remedy which he has thoroughly tested. Who can read and doubt? Assuredly no one of common sense.

This matchless specific for throat and lung disease is also most servicable in scrofulous cases. Purchasers should be careful to observe that each wrapper has a *fac simile* of the firm's signature upon it. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Canada.

## Poetry.

Mr. Charles G. Whiting, of the Springfield *Republican*, does not often indulge in verse, but when he does it is to same purpose. We find the following little estray blowing about with his initial attached. Having said that we have said all we know:

"By homely haunts he oft would stray
Where children swarmed around the door;
More earnest them the work their play,
And than his work he thought it more.

For in his mind there brooded deep
The sense of wasted force and fire,
Of waking wants far into their sleep,
Of sullen embers that expire.

To him all that he wrought upon
Was drear with failure, dulled with lack,
His purposed meaning never won,
His chosen path still turning back.

The old fields paced to find a straw,
The old mines delved to get a stone,
The jewel found despoiled by flaw,
The comrade lost, the songster flown.

And thus the youngsters in their sport,
Eager to win mimic fray,
Waging their utmost skill to court
The coy success that fills their day.

Rebuked his hollow circumstance,
Reproached his soul's unfruitful time—
The puppet of a mocking dance,
The tuner of a shallow rhyme.

He would be much, yet such a spell
Envapes his limbs, he can but move
Within the limits of a cell,
Within the order of a groove.

Yet if he were the careless boy
Whose game of marbles is enough,
How thin and vacant were his joy,
How all his fine were turned to rough!

Better to feel the lift of soul
That drinks the glories of the earth;
Better to see the noble goal
That gives to emulation worth.

Than in the comfort of the hour
To sink the heart, depress the eye,
And seize the pretty moment's flower,
Because the nobler fruit hangs high."

## Select Literature.

### Perseverance.

On a certain day, in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable widow, and a chubby faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town.

She opened her business at once,

'Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace; his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there, I not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors, who might be called types; the old-established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the alter of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it, and opening his mouth for the windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No 2.

But these sharp practitioners are often very good-natured, and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; 'and, indeed, if I had he is too young; why, he is a mere child!'

'I am twelve next so and so,' said the boy, giving the mouth and day.

'You don't look it, then,' said Mr. Chitty incredulously. 'Indeed, but he is, sir,' said the widow; 'he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand.' 'But I tell you I have no vacancy' said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

'Well, thank you, all the same,' said the widow with the patience of her sex. 'Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman.'

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially. Then Mr. Chitty said in a hesitating way: 'To be sure there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you.'

'What is it, sir, if you please?' asked the widow.

'Well, we want an office boy.'

'An office boy? What do you say, Robert?'

'I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?'

'Why, sweep the floor, run errands, carry papers, and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye of his fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office, is not the stepping stone to that.' He added wearily, 'At least there is no precedent reported.'

'La! sir,' said the widow, 'he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers.' 'Aye, aye, to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em!'

'For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office, than bide at home with me.' 'And so I would,' said young master, stoutly, endorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind, which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

'Then I say no more,' observed Mr. Chitty, only mind, it is half a crown a week, that is all.' The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering, and pushing; in less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course, he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed, and persevered till at last, he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for perseverance. He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employer and respected too; for besides his special gifts, as a Law-clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade. In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it our by private practice.

Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorney's. Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down for once in a way, and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he said he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would Mr. Chitty oblige him, and part with this young man?

Chitty made rather a wry face, and said, that young man is a pearl. 'I don't know what I shall do without him; why he is my *alter ego*.'

However, he ended by saying generously, that he would not stand in the young man's way. Then they had the clerk in and put the question to him.

'Sir,' said he, 'it is the ambition of my heart to go to London.'

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's-inns-fields, remembers him well at this period, and to have met him sometimes in his own chambers, and sometimes in Judge's chambers; my brother says he could not help noticing him, for he brimmed with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterwards turned out to be four years older than the solicitor, who took him for a boy.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law, whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received or evaded it. He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside and said: 'I have only £200 in the world; I have saved it a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter £100, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folk call breakfast, but they called it dinner, and so it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said: "I am sorry to leave you, but I have a practical business to attend to; it will take me just one hour."

Of course there was a look or two inter changed, especially by every female there present; but the confidence was too great to be disturbed, and this was the first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's inn, put down his name as a student for the bar; paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour. Next day the married couple were at the office as usual, and entered on a two-fold life. He worked as a clerk till five, dined in the hall of Gray's inn, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience, he became a writer, and produced a master-piece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel and judges.

The author, though his book was entitled "Practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislature and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's inn, supposed to be picking up in that inn a smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. All this did not in his inn qualify him to be a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, and was a pauper for an afternoon.

But work, that has been long and tediously prepared, can be executed quickly, and adverse circumstances, when perseverance conquers them, turn round and becomes allies. The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sown with such pains and pains and labor, that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the managing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw, and motions to make. His book, too, brought him clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader.

Senior counsel, too, found that they could rely on his zeal, accuracy and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the Bar; and so much for perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and, a silk gown was at his disposal. A popular junior counsel cannot always afford to take silk, as they called it. Indeed, if he is learned, but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man, whose career I am epitomising, did not hesitate; he still pushed onward, and so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of her Majesty's counsel learned in the law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors and took his seat within the bar. So much for perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is well known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly. I knew him as Queen's Council, I had him against me once, but often for me, because my brother thought him—even then—the best lawyer, and the most zealous at the bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally, Mr. Lush had stiff a plump unwrinkled face, and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*. Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts; an argument by Lush enchanted the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid, that he grew conviction in the mind. *Tantum series nexuraque pollent.* He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me. But to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer, who knew him well as counsel and judge, will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But, after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We cannot all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which, from an office boy, made this man a clerk, a counsel, and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business with the difficulty of rising in any art, profession or honorable work; and down with despondency's whining and the groans of self-deceiving laziness. You who have youth and health never give quail

At those twin gaolers of the daring heart, Low birth and iron fortune.

See what becomes of those two bug-bears when the stout champion Single-heart and the giant Perseverence takes them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's inn in fees, and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right or left, but went straight on and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds—but to the power of single-hearted perseverance there is no known limit.

*Non omnis mortuus est*; the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his *dicta* will outlive him in our English courts; his *gesta* are for mankind.

Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance and proportionate success, in spite of odds, is not for one narrow island but the globe; an old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment. If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush and rample on them. If impossibilities encounter you, up hearts and at 'em. One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though impregnated from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of prosperity which have hurt the soul fattener than "low birth and iron fortune." He flourished in a sceptical age; yet he lived and died fearing God.—*Charles Reade, in London Freeman.*

### Remniscences of Garibaldi.

Amongst the personal reminiscences of Giuseppe Garibaldi, just published by Franz Pulozky, the deceased Liberator's fellow-revolutionist and intimate friend, are the following interesting passages:

Some eight-and-twenty years ago Garibaldi purchased a third part of Caprera, a rocky and hitherto uninhabited island on the Sardinian coast, and there set up his household upon a very small scale. It is the most uninhabitable island with which I am acquainted. The scorching African sirocco sweeps over it as fiercely as the chilly Eora does over the Karst. Every tree that is not sheltered by a cliff or a built wall is blighted—its leaves wither wherever they are touched by the desert wind. The whole surface of Caprera is a wilderness of granite blocks. Prickly cactuses grow luxuriantly in the rock-clefts. Some patches of soil are to be found in the larger interstices of this class, upon which a few vegetables may be grown; and there is enough vegetation in the whole island, perhaps, to keep ten or twelve exceptionally active and persevering goats alive. In this retreat I used to visit Garibaldi three or four times a year. A steamer from Genoa touched at Maddalena on its way to Sardinia once a week, and again, three days later, on the return voyage. One was therefore obliged to remain at least seventy-two hours at Maddelena, inhabited by fishermen, where, however, there is a hotel. At this house of entertainment there was as a rule, nothing to eat but goat's flesh and eggs—sometimes, but very rarely, a solitary hen, condemned to death because she had survived her egg-laying capabilities. Making this my headquarters, I visited Garibaldi daily at Caprera; and as his guests were numerous, and he liked to invite them to stay to dinner, it was an understood thing that visitors should take over provisions with them to the other island—chiefly oranges, maccaroni, preserved fruits, and vegetables of all kinds, for the General was a vegetarian. He never touched meat, and once, when Lex pressed my astonishment thereat, he observed, "If you, like I, had had nothing else to eat, year after year, in the *llanos* of South America but meat, either half raw or dried hard, you would entertain as vehement an aversion to meat as I do."

Once I had brought him a real English plum-pudding; when it was put upon the table at dinner-time he ordered it to be removed at once. "Do not you like it, General?" I asked. "On the contrary," he replied, "but these gentlemen here (pointing to his other guests) do not understand anything about such matters, so I mean to keep the plum-pudding for my own personal consumption."

"He led an extremely regular life at Caprera. At four a. m. he got up, took a bath, and contrived to be working in his garden at the latest by five. Whilst he was manipulating his beans and potatoes he could not bear to be disturbed; indeed, he liked to be let alone until ten of the forenoon. Once, I remember, a very smart Frenchman, elegantly gloved and booted, hunted him up in his garden about eight o'clock, and began to talk to him. The General answered him with all imaginable courtesy, and presently asked to whether he would not lend him a hand at his gardening work." Of course the Frenchman replied in the affirmative; whereupon Garibaldi begged him to pump up the wherewithal for watering the garden, explaining to him that the climate of Caprera rendered it necessary to moisten the earth much more frequently and copiously than in France. The Frechman took up position by the well, and set to pumping with a will. After half an hour of this exercise he became exceedingly weary, and let off; whereupon Garibaldi, who had kept his eye upon him, approached him, saying, "I see you are tired—obviously you are not accustomed to manual labor." This put the Frenchman on his mettle. He pulled himself together and resumed pumping with redoubled vigor, until the General's back was turned, when he glided out of the garden into the house, to be greeted by as with shouts of laughter and much chaff on the subject of his fine kid gloves, rent to tatters.

At ten a. m. Garibaldi was wont to settle down in his study and there receive his visitors in due order of rotation—mostly old comrades from Monte Video, his officers in Sicily and Naples, inquisitive Frenchmen, and elderly Englishwomen, his devout admirers. Everybody wanted something from him. Many solicited his patronage—more still, his autograph. He seemed never to get weary of them or their requests, but readily accorded the warmest recommendations to persons conspicuously undeserving, merely in order to get rid of them. It was much the same with his correspondence. He was overwhelmed with letters, to an extent that almost drove him to despair; but he invariably answered them with two or three lines apiece. His political followers used immediately to print his replies in some newspaper, thereby injuring his literary reputation abroad, where people are accustomed to an elegant style of diction. He has no great opinion of himself as a politician; but nobody understood the Italian people better than he did. His appearance in public never failed to arouse the wildest enthusiasm.

As far as their religious beliefs are concerned, the Sicilians have faith in St. Rosalia and the devil. These two supernatural beings, they allege, are the protectors of their island. After Garibaldi had beaten the Neapolitan forces in 1860, a legend arose in Sicily to the effect that he was, in reality, the son of the island's patrons, terrible in battle, like his fiendish father; gracious and tender toward the people, like his sainted mother. I myself have been assured, scores of times, in Sicily, by men who had served him, and were ready to take their oath to what they told me, that his was a charmed life—that he was bullet proof, and, indeed, invulnerable by any lethal weapon—and that they had seen him, at the battle of Melazzo, shake the bullets out of his gray cloak by dozens. Even amongst the upper classes of society, his personal influence was so paramount that ladies of the aristocracy thought themselves lucky if they could contrive to take him unawares and press their lips upon his hand—a homage he never wittingly permitted. Nothing, indeed, was more repugnant to him than a servile demeanor. What he chiefly liked and respected in men and women was that proper pride of which self-respect, even in outward seeming, is the offspring.

It is worthy of note, as a supplement to Pulnzky's description of Garibaldi's epistolary obligations, that the last document dictated by the deceased hero was a telegram addressed to the Mayor of Palermo, on the anniversary (May 27) of the Garibaldian entry into that city in 1860, and ran as follows:

Twenty-two years to-day the valiant Sicilians—at their head the Thousand of Marsala—threw themselves upon Palermo; on Palermo the oppressed but writhing, but ever ready to cast out her tyrants. The beauteous capital, as though by magic, bristled with barricades, and after several days of bloody fighting the numerous hostile hordes begged for mercy and entreated permission to quit a soil that burned the soles of their feet. On that very day the Bourbon's amnesty arrived; and it was my task to communicate it to the people assembled in the Pretorium. A dreadful roar, which thunders still in my soul, was the answer to the tyrant's pardon, "Rather death!" And that same roar decided the fate of the Vesper City, of Sicily—aye, of Italy herself. "Unable to attend the notable celebrations of the 27th May, I greet my fellow-citizens of Palermo from the bottom of my heart!"

Such was Garibaldi's last public utterance.

### Oscar Wilde and the Maidens.

When Oscar Wilde went up to see Beecher at Peekskill, it is said that he encountered a set-back which was rather rude, but it had its amusing side. After a hearty meal he and Mr. Beecher took a stroll in the woods, and suddenly they came upon a bevy of Brooklyn girls who were about to seat themselves at a luncheon spread upon a table-cloth on the ground. They were plump and pleasing beauties, dressed in white and pink and daisies, with embroidered hose peeping out from low French slippers, and Oscar rivetted his gaze upon them, crossed his legs, leaned upon a cane and smiled—a Rhode Island clambake smile. The girls twittered and tittered and looked around as though half horrified, but by a sudden inspiration they all dropped upon the grass in half reclining attitudes, and when one rattled a knife on a plate as a signal all of them began to chant:

Twenty love-sick maidens we;
Love-sick all against our will;
Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still.

Oscar made a bolt for the wildwood and was soon out of sight behind some underbrush, while Parson Beecher stood still and roared with laughter, looking like the monk in the picture.