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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Hardly had he been laid away beneath the sod before the voice of petty hostility became audible.

"Nil Nisi Bonum"

"Have you noticed," whispers Mr. Snigger, "how insistently his publishers are emphasising a recent decision by the courts about the ownership of letters written by celebrated persons? This decision vests the right of publication of such letters in the man himself when living, and in his heirs when deceased, and explicitly says that all others, even the people to whom the letters are written, are debarred from publishing them, except by consent of the executors. Why should the publishers be iterating and re-iterating? I tell you, my dear sir, there are reasons. There are letters that he did not want published, and that his executors don't want published now; letters that would show him in a very different light. Did you ever hear, for example"—and Mr. Snigger goes on to give all the details of the probably apocryphal yarn. With it we have no serious concern. You will hear it very likely. You certainly will if Mr. Snigger button-holes you. Before you give it credence, take down from the shelf the old, and (we hope) well-thumbed volume, and reread Thackeray's noble paper, written after the deaths of Irving and Macaulay, entitled "Nil Nisi Bonum."

The will of the late Samuel Langhorne Clemens was filed for probate in Redding, Connecticut, on May 3d. The home of the writer was valued at thirty thousand dollars, and his other property, exclusive of the literary assets, of which no estimate was

made, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This, as Anthony Trollope said of his own literary earnings, is respectable, but not magnificent. Charles Dickens, for example, left at his death an estate valued at more than a hundred thousand pounds.

The death of King Edward VII has naturally called up a host of memories, some of which relate to his visit to this country in 1860 when he was Prince of Wales, and

In 1860

was only in his nineteenth year. He had first travelled in Canada, but on the invitation of President Buchanan he came to the United States *incognito* under the name of Lord Renfrew. It is most likely that the youth, who was then rather stout and phlegmatic, was most tremendously bored, for we were then at the acme of our national crudity. We had really nothing to show a foreigner—no fine buildings, no works of art, no parks, and not even any theatres that were of much consequence. Therefore, the unlucky Prince was escorted to jails and poor-houses and blind asylums, and in New York it was felt that he must have been very much impressed when he was taken for a drive to Greenwood Cemetery. Peter Cooper and some middle-aged merchants of the town got up a ball and reception for him in the old Academy of Music; and although the scaffoldings broke down and a number of people were pitched into the midst of things, the New York papers of the next morning rather guessed that his Royal Highness had never seen anything quite so magnificent before. Nobody had paid the slightest attention to his *incognito*, and probably

very few Americans at that time understood what an *incognito* really means. There were some awful moments for the Prince, as, for example, when he was taken to a home for orphans, the superintendent of which gathered his flock in a large hall and then grouped the Prince and his suite on the stage. No one knew exactly what was going to happen until the superintendent leaped on the scaffolding carrying in his hand a long blackboard pointer. "Now, children," said he, "this is Albert Ed'ard, Prince of Wales!" and with his blackboard pointer he was about to poke the Prince very much as he would have poked a woolly horse, or any other curiosity. Lord Grey, who was in charge of "Albert Ed'ard," hastily intervened and averted the indignity.

The Prince happened to be in Philadelphia on election day—the most momentous election day of our history—when Lincoln, Douglas, Breckinridge and Bell were splitting the old parties into slivers. Excitement ran very high from the moment when the polls were opened. As evening came on, the streets around the Continental Hotel afforded a scene which might have been most easily paralleled in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Men, women and children shrieked, yelled and howled. Wild horns were blown. Rude torches flamed and flared as far as the eye could see. A hundred brass bands tortured the ear, while guns and pistols were discharged a dozen times a minute. The Prince had never seen anything like this before. He lost his nerve, and rushing to Lord Grey he cried out: "This is a revolution! Let us get away as fast as possible." He was quieted to some extent; but he sat up until after midnight, and it was later still when he fell asleep. His astonishment was great when morning came and Philadelphia was more than ever the Quaker City—streets empty, and only a few shopmen going about on their ordinary vocations. The Prince had learned just a little concerning the nature of an American election.

In Washington the Prince and his attendants were entertained by President

Buchanan at the White House. He was not entirely easy to control. A great display of fireworks was arranged on the White House lawn, but a drizzling rain set in, which spoiled the effect completely. Had he been older and more tactful he would have watched the sputtering "pieces"; but at nineteen he was enough of a boy to refuse to go out upon the balcony at all. He really did enjoy going about with Miss Harriet Lane, the President's niece. With her he visited a boarding-school for young ladies, and there he was innocently diverted by rolling nine-pins with the pretty girls. There are many legends about what he did in Canada, but these legends are best left for Canadians to tell.

Mr. Alfred Austen, the English Poet Laureate, has written "The Truce of God" with the subtitle "The Truce of God" "A King's Bequest" on the occasion of King Edward's death. "The Truce of God" is quite harmless.

What darkness deep as wintry gloom
O'ershadows joyous spring?
In vain the vernal orchards bloom,
Vainly the woodlands sing.
'Round royal shroud
A mournful crowd
Is all now left of one but yesterday a King.

Thrones have there been of hateful fame,
Reared upon wanton war;
He we have lost still linked his name
With peace at home, afar.
For peace he wrought,
His constant thought
Being how to shield his realm against
strife's baleful star.

So let us now all seek to wrest
From fateful feuds release
And, mindful of his wise bequest,
From factious clamours cease;
Treading the path he trod,
The sacred truths of God,
The path that points and leads to patriotic
peace.

We are waiting to hear from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.