

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE THREE TROOPERS.

INTO the Devil Tavern

Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
Into each of their cups they dropped a crust
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,
The host turned pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the toping squires
Grew white at the wild men's shout.
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The gambler dropped his dog-eared cards,
The waiting woman screamed,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
On the wild men's sabres gleamed.
Then into their cups they splashed their crusts,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leaped on the table and roared a toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse.
The eldest muttered, between his teeth,
Hot curses, deep and coarse.
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spurred through the town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free;
Their scabbards clashed; each back-piece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cup that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

—George Walter Thornbury.

MR. SWINBURNE ON THE BRONTES.

I WILL venture to avow my humble conviction that they may, with no great show of unreason, be expected to outlive the works of some few, at least, among the female immortals of whom the happy present hour is so more than seasonably prolific; to be read with delight and wonder, and re-read with reverence and admiration, when darkness everlasting has long since fallen upon all human memory of their chief scientific, their vulgar erotic, and their voluminous domestic schools; when even "Daniel Deronda" has gone the way of all waxwork, when even Miss Broughton no longer cometh up as a flower, and even Mrs. Oliphant is at length cut down like the grass. It is under the rash and reckless impulse of this unfashionable belief that I would offer a superfluous word or two of remark of the twin-born genius of the less mortal sisters who left with us for ever the legacies of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." . . . Perhaps we may reasonably divide all imaginative work into three classes—the lowest, which leaves us in a complacent mood of acquiescence with the graceful or natural inventions and fancies of an honest and ingenious workman, and in no mind to question or dispute the accuracy of his transcript from life or the fidelity of his design to the modesty or livelihood of Nature; the second of high enough quality to engage our judgment in its service, and make direct demand on our grave attention for deliberate assent or dissent; the third, which in the exercise of its highest faculties at their best neither solicits, nor seduces, nor provokes us to acquiescence or demur, but compels us without question to positive acceptance and belief. Of the first class it would be superfluous to cite instances from among writers of our own day, not undeserving of serious respect, and of genuine gratitude for much honest work done and honest pleasure conferred on us. Of the second order our literature has no more apt and brilliant examples than George Eliot and George Meredith. Of the third, if in such a matter as this I may trust my own instinct—that last resource and ultimate reason of all critics in every case and on every question—there is no clearer and more positive instance in the whole world of letters than that supplied by the genius of Charlotte Brontë. . . . The final expression in verse of Billy's passionate and inspired intelligence was to be uttered from lips already whitened, though not yet chilled, by the present shadow of unterrifying death. No last words of poet, or hero, or sage, or saint were ever worthy of longer and more reverend remembrance than that appeal, which is so far above and beyond a prayer to the indestructible God, within herself: a psalm of trust so strangely (as it seems) compounded of personal and pantheistic faith, at once fiery and solemn, full alike of resignation and of rapture, far alike from the convictions of vulgar piety and the complacencies of scientific limitation; as utterly disdainful of doctrines as of doubt, as contemptuous of heresy as reverent of itself, as wholly stripped and cleared and lightened from all burdens or bandages and all ministrations of creed, as it is utterly pervaded and possessed by the sublime and irrefutable passion of belief.—Algernon Swinburne in "A Note on Charlotte Brontë."

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

THE intellectual quality in which woman is strongest is undoubtedly the intellectual quality nearest allied to the emotions, namely, intuition. And this is also the quality most peculiarly present in those high and exceptionally valuable individual organisms that we call geniuses. The genius is akin to the woman in this, that what he guesses and jumps at is almost more important than what he deliberately reasons and sees. His very *differentia* as a genius, indeed, is most often this: that he clears at a bound what other men would take long marches to get over. Laplace's mind cleared at a bound the "obvious" intervening steps, which genius of a somewhat less exalted type could only slowly and cautiously creep over. That is exactly what we call intuition—the power of seeing implications, one knows not how. And it is this sort of intuition, coupled of course with high masculine qualities—knowledge, application, logical power, hard work—that gives us the masterpieces of the world's progress; that gives us steam engines and locomotives, telegraphs and telephones, Hamlets and Richard Feverels, Newton's "Principia" and Spencer's "First Principles." Whence does humanity derive this extremely important and especially progressive gift? To a large extent, I believe, from its feminine half. The most averagely masculine men are not remarkable in any way for intuition. On the contrary, the common male way of going about anything—the safe, ordinary, business-like way—is the way of direct observation and strict reasoning, the matter-of-fact way, the way that proceeds wholly upon known methods, a step at a time, and arrives at comparatively familiar results. It is as far removed as possible from the feminine intuitive way—an unsafe, precarious, unsatisfactory way, when ill-employed in incompetent hands; but a fruitful and sometimes almost miraculous way, when guided by competent knowledge, balanced judgment, logical ability, and critical acumen. And why have women this gift of intuition at all? Well, its origins are not single or simple; they go down a long way into the past of our species, and depend upon many converging factors. In the first place, woman's intuition is a variety of instinct; and instinct is the common endowment of all animals possessing nervous systems at all. From a certain point of view, we may regard it as a survival in humanity—a partially one-sided survival, affecting chiefly a single sex, though extending in its outlying modes to a portion of the other. Intuition in women is the instinctive, immediate, and unreasoned apprehension of certain implications of the facts presented. But it is not necessarily unreasoning because unreasoned, any more than the born mathematician's faculty is unreasoning because it proceeds by great bounds where slower thinkers in that particular direction proceed by cautious steps and inferences. On the contrary, intuition, when you can get it, is better than reasoning. Nor is it perforce low because woman shares it with the lower animals; on the contrary, it is rather a noble common endowment that man, as male, has largely lost through the gradual evolution, training, and discipline of his logical faculties. It is well known that "counting boys," if they learn the accepted arithmetical methods, lose thereby their extraordinary natural and instinctive power of arriving at the solution of problems intuitively. In the same way, man, the male sex of humanity, in acquiring his high intellectual development, has lost to a great extent his instinctive intuition. But this is not necessarily all gain; quite otherwise; we may compare it to that short-sightedness which comes with too much "poring over miserable books"—a thing that nevertheless is no real advance upon the keen vision and quick perception of the bookless savage. The second main root, I take it, is to be looked for in the domestic affections. Woman leads, and has always led, an almost wholly social life. Hence this prime endowment, dwarfed and shrivelled in man, has expanded in her with use and exercise till its extreme manifestations sometimes strike the cumbrous and slow-going male intelligence dumb with astonishment. Man has specialized himself on logical intelligence and practical handicraft; woman has specialized herself upon the emotions and intuitions, the home and the family. To say this is no more to belittle woman, than saying that a man is a sculptor or a poet is putting him on a lower rank than a manufacturer or an engineer. Furthermore, I believe that in the highest minds a certain intermixture of this feminine element of intuition with the masculine element of pure reason is always present. Great wits jump; that is to say, they are essentially intuitive. They see at a glance what plodders take years and years to arrive at; they catch instinctively at principles or generalizations that the solid business man could never compass. And this ability, it seems probable, comes to them largely from the female side of their ancestry. There is, indeed, in all genius, however virile, a certain undercurrent of the best feminine characteristics. I am thinking now, not merely of the Raphaels, the Shelleys, and the Mendelssohns, but also even of the Newtons, the Gladstones, and the Edisons. They have in them something of the womanly, though not of the womanish. In one word, the man of genius is comprehensively human. As he always results from a convergence of many fine stocks upon a single point, so also, it seems to me, he often results from a convergence of male and female quality.—Grant Allen, in *The Forum for May*.

RIVER water was substituted for spring water in one of the quarters of Paris several times last summer. In every instance, according to the *Semaine Medicale*, an increase of typhoid fever was observed.

QUEBEC BANK.

Proceedings of the Seventy-second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Quebec Bank held at the Banking House, Quebec, on Monday, 2nd June, 1890.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their usual Statement of Assets and Liabilities of the Bank as at the close of its financial year on the 14th May last, also Statement of Profit and Loss account. They report that the net profits of the past year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and after deducting all charges connected with the management,

Amount to	\$223,009 66
The balance of profits from last year is brought over	48,580 30
	\$271,589 96

The half-yearly dividend of 3½ per cent. paid in December last amounted to	\$87,500 00
And a half-yearly dividend at same rate is payable on 2nd of June	87,500 00
	175,000 00

Leaving a balance at credit of Profit and Loss	\$96,589 96
The Rest remains unchanged at \$500,000 00.	

The business of the bank, since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders, has been prosperous, and although the Statement of Profit Account shows a less amount of earnings, as compared with the Statement of last year, the difference is more in appearance than in reality, inasmuch as the existing loans, payable with interest, on demand, are in excess of those of the previous year.

Our merchants engaged in the timber trade disposed of their stocks last year to advantage; but this year, although the arrival of deep sea tonnage is larger than it was last year, the prospects of disposing of the stocks now held are not so good as they were in 1889. An unusually backward spring season has retarded agricultural operations, and all descriptions of produce are firm with a tendency towards a rise in price.

Business at the several branches has not been marked by any manifest change. The custom throughout has been well maintained and the Directors are not apprehensive of any falling off in the general business of the bank.

The charter of this bank under "The Bank Act," R. S., chap. 120, Vic. 49, terminates on July 1, 1891. In view of this event, a new Act was passed during the last session of the Dominion Parliament, which will come into force on that day, continuing the Charter of this bank for another period of ten years. The provisions of the new Act are sufficiently liberal to admit of the business of banking being carried on with advantage to the shareholders and the commercial community throughout the Dominion.

The Head Office and all the Branches have been duly inspected by Mr. Dean, the Inspector of the bank, and found in order.

The Directors have pleasure in expressing their satisfaction with the manner in which the several officers of the bank have discharged their respective duties.

All which is respectfully submitted.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ROBERT H. SMITH, *President*.

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 14TH MAY, 1890.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 15th May, 1889	\$48,580 30
Profits for the year ending 14th May, 1890, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts	223,009 66
	\$271,589 96

Dividend 3½ per cent. paid 2nd Dec., 1889	\$87,500 00
" " payable 2nd June, 1890	87,500 00
	175,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$96,589 96
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REST ACCOUNT.

Amount of credit	\$500,000 00
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GENERAL STATEMENT, 14TH MAY, 1890.

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$2,500,000 00
Rest	\$500,000 00
Reserved for interest due depositors, &c.	97,606 75
Balance of profits carried forward	96,589 96

Unclaimed dividends	\$694,196 71
Half-yearly dividend, No. 136, payable 2nd June, 1890	4,219 26
	87,500 00
	785,915 97

Notes in circulation	\$615,255 50
Deposits not bearing interest	496,256 73
Deposits bearing interest	4,461,563 46
Balances due to other banks in Canada	51,896 89
" " Agts. in the United Kingdom	130,306 20
	5,755,278 78

	\$9,041,194 75
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ASSETS.

Gold and silver coin current	\$70,580 07
Government demand notes	432,183 00
Balances due from other banks in Canada	12,238 31
" " Agts. in foreign countries	46 059 53
Notes of and cheques on other banks	148,932 86
	\$709,993 77

Loans and bills discounted, securities and other assets	\$7,998,017 30
Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise	99,190 42
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for)	13,490 04
Real estate (not bank premises) and mortgages on real estate	50,669 44
	8,161,367 20

Bank premises and furniture in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario	169,833 78
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	\$9,041,194 75
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JAMES STEVENSON, *General Manager*.

Quebec Bank, Quebec, 14th May, 1890.

The scrutineers subsequently reported as the result of the ballot the following gentlemen elected as Directors for the ensuing year:—Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G., and Messrs. R. H. Smith, W. Withall, J. R. Young, G. R. Renfrew, S. J. Shaw and John T. Ross.

Moved by John Laird, Esq., seconded by W. R. Dean, and resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are hereby given to the scrutineers for their services. Carried.