

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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Electric Light v. Scaffold.

Whether the scaffold or the electric battery is the best instrument of death for the murderer is a very much argued point. Across the sea, "electrocution," as the new system of capital punishment is called, is very severely condemned. That eminent medical authority the London *Lancet*, remarks: "A word of barbarous sound has this week been added to our language, a word as barbarous as the deed it expressed. It means taking human life by violence through the action of electricity. Salmon, with his brazen thunder, is now out-heroded. His thunder was a mere terror. This is fatal. Four human beings have been 'electrocuted' in New York on the 7th day of July, in this year of what is ironically called human redemption. About some of the reports of this deed of horror there is a sound of actual exultation, as if some wonderful discovery had been made or some great triumph of human skill had been perfected." It is difficult to understand why all this hubbub should be made about the execution of criminals who have neither pity nor consideration for their miserable victims. The scaffold was in every way good enough and quite as humane. If swiftness and painlessness are the sole aims of those who advocate a change from the ancient cross-tree, why not give the condemned five cents worth of some deadly poison and be done with it? Such a drug as the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* speaks of when he says:

Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off: and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you
straight.

If it is worth while to be so tender, as these philanthropists and scientists pretend to be, about a foul murderer, it is surely worth the while to count the cost to the unoffending tax-payer. And poison is to be had equally as swift and deadly in effect as electricity, for a two hundred thousandth part of what the latter would cost, and with this additional advantage, that the apparently desired secrecy could be better observed and there need be no potter or potter at all.

The Month of Battles.

The distinctive appellation as the month of battles has been given to June, because some of the most important battles have been fought during this month. On the 1st we have a record of Van Tromp's defeat in 1666, and overthrow of the French fleet in 1794. On the 2nd, 1653, Van Tromp was defeated, while in 1780 the civil wars and riots connected with Lord George Gordon took place. On the 3rd there was the defeat of the Dutch fleet in 1655, and on the 10th of the same month, twelve years later, the Dutch entered the Medway and destroyed some of the English vessels. Going back to before the Christian era, it was the 11th of June, 1184 that Troy was assaulted and taken by the Greeks, after the historical ten years' siege. On the 12th, 1381 (A. D.) Wat Tyler commenced his rebellious movement: on the 14th, Cromwell conquered the Royal forces at Naseby, and on the 17th, 1775 the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, while the following day, 1815, the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo decided the fortunes of Napoleon the Great. It was on the 22nd of June, 1476, that the famous battle of Morat was fought, in which the heroic Swiss all but annihilated the army of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. Edward III. fought his victorious battle of Sluys against the French, on the 24th of June, 1340, taking 230 vessels and killing 30,000 of the enemy, including the two admirals. It was on the 25th, twenty-six years before, that the English, under Edward II., suffered defeat with heavy loss, from the hands of Bruce of Scotland, at Bannockburn. There have also been many other smaller conflicts and skirmishes during the same month.

Though truthful utterance is worthy of the highest commendation, it cannot be denied that a lying tongue would be better still.

Ways of Salmon.

During my annual salmon fishing excursion last summer to the rivers on the Labrador coast flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, says Alexander Dennistoun in the *Field*, a discovery was made by me which seems to be an important contribution to the natural history of salmon frequenting these waters. Notwithstanding my having made some twenty fishing excursions to these magnificent rivers, landing on an average not less than five clean fish for every day's fishing during these years, I only last summer accidentally learned a very interesting fact, which I record for the information of all who are interested in the subject.

In the first week of last July we left the River Mingan, my fishing headquarters for the season, to examine and explore a small river named Tupitagan, and to test its fly-fishing capabilities. The Indians at the Hudson Bay Company post of Mingan had informed me that this never was frequented by salmon. On it were a number of good looking pools. From its small size and rather out-of-the-way situation fly-fishing there had never been tried, though all the larger and better known rivers of the coast had been successfully fished for many seasons. The weather during the previous fortnight having been dry and hot, we found the water low and warm. Under these circumstances it was only tried for one day, without success.

The government lessee of the net fishing for salmon in the tidal waters near the mouth of the river was a very intelligent French Canadian named Girard, who came to my tent near his house to have the usual chat about fishing matters. During our discussion as to the fact whether salmon which had once entered the fresh water of the river often returned to the salt water again before making their final ascent to their spawning grounds, he asserted that such was undoubtedly the case; that he had completely proved the correctness of this statement, judging not only by the color and general appearance of the fish, but by a far more efficient test. He stated that as soon as they entered fresh water they began to loose their teeth, and when they had been some time in it, they had lost all of them. He said if he had fifty salmon handed to him in a dark room, some from the river and some from the sea, he could easily separate them into two lots—those without teeth from the river, and those with teeth from the sea, and that the color and general look of the fish when examined by daylight, would confirm his selection.

Having caught with the fly more than 2,000 salmon on that coast; having previously known or met most of the gentlemen who for the last twenty years had fished various rivers of that territory; having come in contact with many lessees for net fishing salmon, and read most of the books on the natural history of this fish, without hearing or reading any statement to this effect, I thought the man was chaffing me, and probably intimated as much to him. He then good naturedly called one of his children from the adjacent house and told him to bring from his salmon store-house the two fish they had that morning taken from his nets. This was done, and, when examined, one, bright as silver, evidently from the sea, had a formidable mouth full of sharp teeth; the other, which had lost much of its brightness and had all the signs of having been in the river, had scarcely a tooth in its head—a few quite loose odd teeth being all that were visible.

My next question to him was, naturally, "How did you make this discovery?" His answer was curious, showing in how simple a manner such problems are often found out. His statement was this:

"One Saturday afternoon, some three years ago, I went to tie up my nets for the weekly close time, and found in them two salmon, just such as are lying there before us. I gave one of them to my ten-year-old girl, who had accompanied me, to carry to the fish house. Presently she remarked, 'Dad, this fish has no teeth!' This led me to examine it carefully: it was evidently, by the color, a fish that it had been some time in the river, and it was toothless. Since that time I have carefully examined all fish caught in my nets, and found the result always the same."

The following day we left the river for the mouth of the St. John, and after a delay of two days, ascended it in canoes some twenty miles to its noted pools. We had at this time twenty-four hours of welcome heavy rain, which raised the river two feet and brought down the temperature of the water, giving us a splendid chance for the next ten days, during which my nephew and self landed 160 fish and hooked and lost some forty or fifty additional ones. All of these were most carefully examined, with the re-

sult that nearly all were quite toothless. A few of them, evidently later from the sea, had some straggling loose teeth.

These pools we fished were between twenty-five and thirty miles from the sea, and salmon had begun to reach them five or six weeks before the date of our visit. Some of those we caught had therefore been a long time out of the sea. We then returned to the Mingan River and caught some forty more fish. A careful examination of them gave the same result as on the St. John. Before leaving Mingan for the Tapitagan we had caught there some fifty fish, in addition to some half-dozen kelts, but being then ignorant of the toothless problem, the mouths of none of them were examined, and as we were at that latter season unable to obtain any kelts, could get no evidence as to the regrowth of their teeth.

At the Mingan post of the Hudson Bay Company there was an opportunity of examining a number of the hunters of the Montagnais Indian tribe, who all confirmed the statement that salmon lose their teeth soon after entering fresh water. When cross-questioned on the subject they answered: "It is just the same as deer lose their horns, bears, martens, and other animals their fur, and lobsters change their shells every year." It seems almost incredible that this fact, of which we obtained such ample evidence, and which a slight amount of observation would have easily detected, has been overlooked by so many experienced professional and amateur fishermen. I have conversed with many of both classes on the coast and since my return, but none were aware of this peculiarity. This in the case of fly fishermen may in some measure be accounted for; when a fish has been gaffed or landed by a net they leave the detaching of the hook to the gaffer, and, therefore, do not see the mouth of the fish.

My visits to Labrador during the summers of 1889 and 1890 proved that there is a great diversity during a whole season in the freedom with which salmon will take an artificial fly. In both these years the salmon in all these rivers seemed to be equally numerous, but the season of 1889 was probably the worst on record, while 1890 was one of the best. Take the three following rivers as examples: The Goulbourn was fished by the same three rods both seasons and for about twenty days on each occasion; the first-named year the score was about 230 fish, the last year 503. I partially fished the Mingan River both years, and certainly three fish could have been taken in 1890 for one in 1889. The river Romaine gave a still more marked difference. In 1889 it was fished by two gentlemen from the north of England; both were skillful, experienced, and enthusiastic fishermen. Their score only reached some forty-five fish. Several, however, weighed over forty pounds.

Last summer the river was leased and fished by an American gentleman—the only rod on it, except for two days, when he was absent. His score for some fifteen days' fishing was 103 fish landed, and many large salmon lost. During his two days' absence two friends of his caught forty fish. The report made to me by the guardian of the river was that during 1889, time after time, five, ten, or fifteen rises would be made at the fly without one fish being hooked, while in 1890, during all the season, they took the fly freely.

The Romaine is a large, noble stream, probably the most sporting river in the world. Upon it I have had many red letter days in years gone by, the score on one of which I may here mention. I landed at the river about noon on one of the early days of July some eight years ago. No one had finished in that season, and before dark I had landed one of thirty-six pounds, one of twenty-six pounds, two of twenty-four pounds, and four of twelve pounds. On that day every fish that rose was hooked and landed—a wonderful piece of luck. There was not a minute's rest from almost the first cast till the last fish was landed, when, very dark; then I was obliged to return to our steam yacht, quite exhausted, and very sad at having to leave the river.

Remains of Roman London are continually being turned up in the city. For a month or so men have been employed at a site in Cornhill, which is to be the headquarters of a bank; and here, some eighteen feet below the surface, portions of Roman pavement have been found, though not of sufficient beauty to preserve. At a depth of about twenty-five feet two distinct portions of Roman wall were discovered, joining in a V-shaped angle, and some Roman pottery was unearthed. Perhaps, the most curious find was traces of the bed of a stream, though a good many centuries have passed since water actually flowed there.

An Adjutant's Monument.

In a field on the outskirts of New Haven, Conn., the remains of a young British officer have, for more than 112 years, reposed in a lonely grave unmarked except by a small stone erected about fifty years ago, which had long since succumbed to the relic hunters, combined with the elements. The young officer was Adjutant William Campbell of his Majesty's forces, and unless he had possessed noble characteristics, which have commanded the respect and admiration of men in all generations, his bones even now would probably be unmarked.

About 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, July 4, 1779, the booming of a signal gun startled the inhabitants of the village, and the alarming tidings that the British fleet was off the harbor soon spread. The news that the fleet was bound eastward had previously been communicated by Gen. Wooster. Mr. N. G. Pond of Milford has in his collection the original paper conveying the information. Beacon Hill was soon ablaze with its warning signals, and all was bustle and excitement. Old flocks were taken down and examined, jewels were hidden away, and every preparation was made to resist attack. The British fleet numbered about forty vessels, which were soon anchored in the lower bay, and in the early dawn the boats were manned and the redcoats landed on the western shore of the harbor. About 1,400 men, commanded by Gen. Garth, began the march to the West Haven Green, where they were halted for about two hours. After the forces under Gen. Tryon had been landed on the eastern shore, the march to the town was begun. The troops under Gen. Garth were soon met by a small company under command of Capt. Hillhouse, that had marched out over West River bridge, but the latter, after a brief skirmish, took to their heels. An intermittent fire was kept up from behind fences and stone walls, and by a small force gathered on Milford Hill, where Adj. Campbell rescued the Rev. Noah Williston, the village rector of West Haven. The latter, in hurrying over a stone wall, fell and was unable to rise. He was immediately surrounded by some Hessians, when young Campbell ordered the drawn bayonets lifted and Williston's life was saved. After learning that the rector's leg was broken Campbell ordered the limb set by the regimental surgeon. During the halt at West Haven some Hessians began the destruction of valuable furniture in one of the houses on the green, but they were promptly ordered by Campbell to desist.

The march into New Haven was byway of Westville, as the West River bridge was partly destroyed, and the troops were met by small detachments. Among those gathered to oppose the march into the town were three men, named Beecher, Ailing, and Johnson, and, when near the Milford turnpike, the latter found himself unable to proceed further. When he was approached by an officer from the enemy's column, he raised his musket and fired at the British officer, who fell mortally wounded. It was ascertained afterward that the officer was Adjutant Campbell. He was tenderly carried to the nearest house, where he died. His last moments were marked by kind words to those about him, who although enemies, were admirers of his noble conduct.

Late at night the body was wrapped in a blanket and laid in a grave which had been dug near the edge of the woods. It is said that a poor colored woman kept the mound in shape for many years and often placed flowers on it. Campbell's dressing case is an object of interest in the building of the Historical Society.

The land on which the handsome monument was recently erected was donated by Dr. I. Mitchell Prudden of New York and Thomas P. Prudden of Chicago, and Miss Mary E. Ailing of this city gave the plot containing the grave. The monument was erected through the efforts of the Historical Society, and the donors are Americans and Englishmen, members of the British-American Association, the Caledonian Club, the Clan McLeod, and the Sons of St. George.

When the royal family of England received their royal relatives, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, they kissed as affectionately as if they were ordinary people. Kissing is a noticeable feature of the reign of Victoria the Good. And the custom is marked by a sad fact—the death of the Princess Alice, daughter of the queen, who could not deny the request of her child dying of diphtheria and kissed him, inhaling the poison and dying herself in a few days.

Satan is busiest when other people are resting.