

was wont to yield to the wildest outbursts of passion if opposed or thwarted; and appears to have thought none the worse of him for these outbreaks. How constantly do we read of death or injury inflicted on their nearest and dearest by men incapable of self-control, and how leniently their age judged these fits of Berserker fury. They were equally outspoken in their repentance. To walk in procession publicly acknowledging his crimes was as little humiliating to a king as to fall into fits of mad passion. Mail-clad warriors embraced in public; to shed tears readily was looked upon as a mark of sanctity, the "*donum lachrymarum*" coveted by pious monks. The strangest vows were made, the wildest projects undertaken by acute and talented men, in an age when enthusiasm was respected and encouraged. There is a dark side to the enthusiasm of our ancestors. It frequently led them into acts of cruelty and bigotry. Godfrey de Bouillon, that pearl of chivalry, permitted an indiscriminate massacre of women and children at the taking of Jerusalem, in 1099, which would have eternally sullied the fame of a modern general; but which was considered praiseworthy in his age, because the victims were Paynims. Pious men sent their religious opponents to the stake. The same enthusiasm that prompted men to sacrifice themselves for a cause, a principle, made them pitiless regarding their adversaries. To be tolerant was to be an infidel at heart.

Occasionally, even in the Middle Ages, we come across instances of the calmly practical temperament that is not to be disturbed from the steady pursuit of self-interest by any gusts of enthusiasm. When Bertrand du Guesclin led a sort of crusade against the King of Granada in 1365, he applied to Urban V. (then residing at Avignon) for money to pay his troops. The Pope, aware that Du Guesclin's army had been recruited from the dregs of the community, sent word that he was too poor to give gold, but would bestow a far more valuable gift—full absolution from all their sins. Du Guesclin's reply is amusing in its candour. "I tell you there are many here who care nothing about absolution; they would far rather have silver. I am making them honest against their will, and leading them where they can rightfully pillage. Say this to the Pope. I must have money. I cannot manage them otherwise." The Pope sent a cardinal, who confesses "he had rather been chanting mass at home," to mediate with the too practical-minded soldiers; but his Eminence found them obdurate, and was irreverent enough to cry, "I would the Pope were here himself, in his jaunty cape, I believe he would soon enough be stripped of it." Eventually a contribution in coin was sent from the Papal treasury. Enthusiasm the world over is strangely infectious. Enthusiasts in any subject are generally honest in their devotion to it, and hence the secret of their influence over the minds of others. The leaders of the many wild enthusiastic movements of the past firmly believed in the righteousness of the causes they advocated. It is melancholy to think how much sincere devotion has often been wasted on very unworthy objects; how some of the best of men have given their lives to prop up crumbling abuses, to perpetuate mistakes, to encourage acts of cruelty and persecution. But however we may differ from the enthusiast in his views of right, we cannot, in many cases, doubt his sincerity. His listeners believed his teaching because they saw he so firmly believed it himself.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The event of last week has of course been the celebration of the Queen's birthday, of which we speak more fully in another place. Our front page contains a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty surrounded by suggestions of the various incidents of her reign: the coronation in 1836, the Royal wedding in 1840, in 1851, the Great Exhibition, in 1854 the Crimea; with the invention of Telegraphy, the introduction of Steam and the many other strides which civilization has made during the most prosperous reign which England has ever known. It had been our intention to present this week some illustrations of the review at Kingston, but owing to a press of other matter we have been compelled to defer their production until next week.

SATURDAY was an eventful day in the annals of 1882—a day of strange and startling contrasts. In the afternoon of sunshine after rain, the "ethereal mildness" of which was a rebuke to those who are prone to disparage the English climate, her Majesty was present at the formal dedication of Epping Forest to the use and enjoyment of the public for all time. The ceremonial was as simple as the event was auspicious. That the Queen, so soon after the deplorable attempt on her life and the excitement of the Royal marriage should have consented to appear in the midst of her subjects was a gracious and courageous act worthy of herself. This attractive and gigantic pleasure-garden, once "a hunting-ground for the Sovereign of this kingdom," and in our time the favourite resort of East-End holiday-makers, was being gradually inclosed by neighbouring squatters and invaded by irrepressible builders, till its area had become seriously restricted and its characteristic features were threatened with destruction. By a happy inspiration the City Corporation, which had some kind of *locus standi* in the case was induced to become the champion of popular rights. Its powerful influence and resources, backed by a number of favorable legal decisions, arrested invidious aggressions. Considerable tracts of for-

est land were recovered from the hand of the spoiler, and the entire forest was formally placed under the protection of our Civic Parliament, with the Duke of Connaught as its Ranger. Epping Forest is now secured as "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" for the benefit of her Majesty's subjects; or, as the Corporation address more precisely puts it, "an open space of nearly six thousand acres, extending from the confines of the metropolis for a distance of thirteen miles, is now available for public health and recreation." Our illustrations of the event will be found on page 340.

FROM the Northwest we have received a photograph of the Artillery detachment of the Northwest mounted police, whose head quarters are at Fort Walsh. This photograph we have engraved on page 341.

MASONIC FANCY BAZAAR AT DUBLIN.—In aid of the fund required for completing and furnishing the new building of the Masonic Female Orphan School, in Merrion road, Dublin, to which the Freemasons of Ireland have already subscribed a large sum, a Bazaar and Fancy Fair was held in the Dublin Exhibition Palace. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and her Excellency the Countess Cowper, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, were patronesses of this Bazaar, and many ladies of good position consented to preside at the stalls. The bazaar, or fancy fair presented some remarkable features, which are partly shown in our illustration. The Leinster Hall of the Exhibition Palace was converted into a picturesque "old street," with "Shakespeare's House" at the upper end. All the quaint and beautiful buildings were sketched from originals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Mr. Birmingham McGuinness, President of the Dublin Sketching Club; and the whole was constructed and decorated in the highest style of scenic art by Mr. Farrar and other artists of the Dublin Gaiety Theatre. A portion of the design occupied by the Belfast and Midland Counties Stall, near the corner of the Leinster Hall, opposite to the Shakespeare House and Pupil's Stall, was suggested by sketches from the "Old Tabard Inn," pulled down a few years ago in Southwark, where it had remained in actual use from the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, till its demolition in the course of some building improvements. The recesses and rude balconies under the roof are very interesting, and the general effect of the old house was carefully studied. The timbered houses brought together in this street represent the prevailing character of the dwellings and shops of the merchant and trader burghers. They were built with large, heavy timber framing, the interspaces of which were filled in with bricks, lath and plaster, or weather boardings. The gables ornamented with "barge boards" and casements, and the roofs were covered with red tiles, and ornamented with dormer windows to admit light and air to the rooms in the fine large roofs.

THE sad story of the death of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke is already an old tale, but its painful interest is revived by the arrival of the English mails with fuller accounts of the tragedy. We do not propose to relate the whole story, which is probably familiar to most of our readers. On the evening of the sixth of May the unfortunate gentlemen were walking together in the Phoenix Park in sight of the Vice-Regal lodge when they were attacked by four men who had driven up in an outside car, and stabbed to the heart, the assassins driving off as they came. Mr. Burke, "handsome Tom Burke" as he was known to his intimates has been for years in the permanent position of under secretary, and has devoted his whole official life to working for the country in whose cause he has now lost his life. He was about forty years of age and unmarried. Lord Frederick Cavendish was the son of the Duke of Devonshire and brother of the Marquis of Huntingdon. His recent appointment as Chief Secretary was considered as a conciliatory one, and his mission was a mission of peace. Even so did Nana Sahib shoot down the bearers of the flag of truce in the mutiny. On another page we give portraits of both these gentlemen and illustrations of the residences of the Chief Secretary and the under secretary in the Phoenix Park. The funeral of Mr. Thomas Burke took place on Tuesday, in the Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, and was attended by a representative of the Lord Lieutenant, the Judges, barristers, merchants and others, the members of the Dublin Corn Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Council of the Home Rule League, and other public bodies and organisations in Dublin, and throughout Ireland, met and passed resolutions denouncing the assassinations, and expressing sympathy with the bereaved friends. The body of Lord Frederick Cavendish was removed from the Vice-regal lodge, Dublin, to the North Wall Wharf, on a gun-carriage, and put on board the Steam-boat for England.

EARLY PIETY.

BY NED P. MAH.

There is a small wise woman of some eight summers whose normal place of residence, through rain or shine, is a ditch by the side of the road that leads to the cemetery, of whose acquaintance I have the honor, and whose profession it is to manufacture and sell garlands for the adornment of graves. She observed at our last interview that I was rapidly turning grey, and that it was worthy of remark, inasmuch as her

grandmother who was far up in the sixties was not grey as yet. To which I replied, explanatorily, that it was only wicked people who turned grey early. Whereupon she shook the little wise head gravely, and smote a smile of sympathy and pity.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. No, but while he is still young he may. Clergymen's sons, who may reasonably be supposed to have a strict bringing up, are proverbially the worst. Too tight a bearing rein is good for neither man nor beast. Give a boy his head in all reason, but let him have all the advice he seeks and encourage him to seek it. Lead but don't drive. A mother's influence is the best for this, and a mother's words will sink into the heart and be remembered when sermons and canings are alike long since forgotten.

Of course there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a young man must have his fling, and it depends partly on the sort of head he has, but a good deal also on the sort of company his pursuits force him into, how long or how short that fling must be—and the worst of it is that where, perhaps, not so much native inclination as the exigencies of the "good fellowship" of business connections demand that this fling shall last for many years, this prolonged period of early piety will lay the foundation of a miserable old age in which the spirit, still young, is embittered by the growing infirmities of the body, and bald, toothless, and rheumatic, the old bachelor lingers amid the memories of pleasures, in which he can no longer indulge with impunity, awaiting the tardy coming of that end, which will be a happy release to himself and to his friends.

Therefore, O young man, be wise; and by a somewhat niggardly economy of strength, prepare yourself to enjoy a green old age, which shall be able to indulge with a reasonable moderation in the pleasures which we are not intended to exhaust in our youth—an old age not rendered hideous by a premature decay, but comely in the good preservation of teeth and locks, and unwrinkled skin; and happy in the consequent good temper and comfort, that are the reward and the witness bearers of a discreetly husbanded youth.

SUCCESSFUL AUDACITY.

An unemployed actor, disinclined to rust in idleness, to say nothing of starving, determined to "do the provinces" as an entertainer. The provinces, however, did not prove the happy hunting-ground he expected, and when he arrived at a certain small town in the north, his funds and his spirits were equally low. The latter were not raised by the worthy who had the letting of the "hall" informing him a theatrical exhibition would be "nae gude at a' there; but that if he gave a lecture on chemistry the place would be crowded. At this straw our desperate actor clutched. He would turn scientific lecturer, and chance it being discovered that he knew nothing of his subject. The hall was engaged, the bills distributed, his last coppers spent on red fire, brickdust, iron filings, and some innocent powders; the time came, and the lecturer stood before a crowded audience without any clear idea of what he was to say or do, save that he was going to perform the old experiment of producing hydrogen, and a new one of his own invention, which he hoped would bring the performance to a sudden end. The friendly hallkeeper had borrowed a pestle and mortar, a Leyden jar, and two or three retorts, which, with a few physis bottles filled with bright-colored waters, gave the table quite a scientific appearance. The pseudo-savant commenced by reading a few pages of a popular treatise on chemistry, by way of introduction, and then, closing the book, trusted to impudence to pull him through; and pull him through it did. He said—"I explained, with many mispronounced words, the hydrogen experiment; and then it occurred to me to arrange a little accident, which would perhaps make them nervous, and prepare them for what was to follow. This I did by thrusting a retort, neck downwards, into the fire; th' few drops of water vaporised, and burst it with a loud report. I then proceeded to explain the dangerous nature of the chemicals, dwelt on gun cotton, sudden death of experimentalists by fumes, &c., meanwhile filling my mortar with brickdust and other harmless ingredients. Having worked the audience up to the required pitch of nervousness, I dilated on the dangerous and uncertain nature of the compound I was mixing. I spoke of my bad health, and wound up by saying: 'Startling and marvellous as the announcement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that were I to leave off stirring this mixture for one single second, the whole of this building and everyone therein would be blown into unrecognizable atoms!' In less than two minutes there was not a soul left in the place but Mr. MacTaggart and myself, who pitched the stuff away, and cheerfully divided the profits."

A NEAR SHAVE.

"What I am about to relate," writes a traveller, "happened in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch of Whiskey Jack, a well known character in the 'diggings,' and the elite of the district responded to the call in full force. The party was held in a rickety old barn belonging to the host, and, with a few red strips of flannel, a

grotesque accumulation of mountain roses, and a row of dripping candles, the appointments of the place were perfect. My first partner in the giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmaster because he refused him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner was the daughter of this charming pair, a young girl just bursting into the loveliness of womanhood; she was badly freckled, and sported a wart on her nose. My next partner was a blooming grass-widow, a fresh arrival; and then I reeled. I began to comment on new faces in the room. My companion in this pleasant pastime was a heavy-bearded miner, uncouth, roughly dressed, tobacco-slobbered, and very profane. This was our first meeting, and I hoped it would be the last.

"There goes a hard-looking case," I whispered, as the wife of the man who killed the postmaster sailed by; 'she's a bad 'un'."

"Yes," replied the man, "I'd hate to have the critter step on me. What an elegant target she would make for a poor marksman!"

"Yes," I said, and turned my eyes on a tall raw-boned creature sailing towards us, supported by a little man with sandy whiskers and red-top boots.

"Here comes the boss."

"How?"

"The boss, I say; ain't she a lovely chimpanzee?"

"A what?"

"Chimpanzee!"

He glared at me a moment and then reached for his revolver.

"What is a chimpanzee?" he growled fiercely, his red eyes growing large.

I saw that I had made some mistake, and hastened to explain.

"Why—why," I stammered, backing off, "a chimpanzee is a lovely creature found in Africa—nothing so gorgeously beautiful as a chimpanzee! That is the highest compliment a lady can receive."

"Oh!"—and the man looked relieved. "Yes, I think so myself, stranger; she is a lovely chimpanzee. She's my wife."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Hudson Valley peach crop will be a total failure.

THE Parnellites have still 200 amendments to move to the Repeal Bill.

THE Madrid Cabinet is deliberating on the reduction of the Customs duties.

"Shotover" won the Derby on Wednesday, "Quicklime" second, "Sachem" third.

THE Mexican Government is offering \$300 for each scalp of hostile Apache Indians.

OF one thousand inhabitants of Iquique, Peru, six hundred are sick with tertiary fever.

CANON ERNEST WILBERFORCE has been appointed Bishop of the new diocese of Newcastle, England.

THE Russian Committee of Ministers has issued a series of stringent regulations concerning the Jews.

THE rumored engagement between Princess Beatrice and a son of the Landgrave of Hesse is denied.

HON. MR. WALKER, Premier of British Columbia, has received a judgeship of the B. C. Supreme Court.

A LONDONABLE announces the death of Sir John Holker, late Lord Justice of the High Court of Appeal.

THE Princess Louise sailed from Liverpool for Quebec per Allan Line steamship *Sarmatian* on Thursday.

SIR CHARLES BOWEN, Judge of the Queen's Bench, will succeed the late Sir John Holker in the High Court of Appeal.

ALBERT YOUNG, the man who wrote a threatening letter to the Queen's secretary, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

THE Pennsylvania iron manufacturers have decided to resist the demands of the men, and the strike has commenced in earnest.

THE island of Fayal, Azores, has been visited by an earthquake which destroyed churches, public buildings, and many houses.

THE official list places the number of lives lost by the *Mantoulin* disaster at eleven, of whom eight were passengers and three deck hands.

ONE hundred and twenty Herefordshire farmers sailed by the *Sarmatian* for Quebec. They are sent out by Mr. James Rankin, M. P., to settle on Canadian farms.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by enclosing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.