

Some Mistakes we Make

False Impressions Gathered From One Source or Another

There are certain fallacies which are so generally believed that in time they come to be regarded as truths, and this is more particularly the case in regard to history. Here are a few errors, historical and otherwise, which are easily corrected:

Scott Makes In Sir Walter Scott's a Mistake. "Kenilworth," one of the chief points of interest in the novel, is the capture of the castle of Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester. But in connecting the unfortunate Amy with that splendid ruler, Sir Walter Scott has given it an importance which is mere fiction. It is often very doubtful whether Amy ever saw the place; at any rate, Kenilworth was never given to Leicester until three years after her death (1569).

Rizzio's Bloodstains. Six years after Amy's murder, the blood of Rizzio, the Italian secretary of Mary Stuart, was shed on the floor of Holyrood by certain Protestant leaders, aided by the Queen's husband, James VI. The story is a conscious imagination of the general public; the stains have not yet quite disappeared. But what is seen there is a dash of red paint, occasionally renewed with as much skill as necessity may demand. The superstition, still rife, that bloodstains cannot be washed out, is probably the real imposition, and gains considerable support from Sir Walter Scott, who declares, in "Pals of a Grandfather," that the bloodstains of Rizzio are still to be seen.

And Queen Mary's Bed. Of equal consequence to the conflicting sight-seeer, no less to his guide's frame of mind, is the well-attested disclosure that "Queen Mary's bed, also at Holyrood, is of the last century, and her room at Edinburgh is in a house which was not erected till after her death," at Edinburgh (1587).

Bruno. In this year, the philosopher, Giordano Bruno, was lecturing at the University of Wittenberg. About his death there is a very common error: "popular," perhaps one should say, when such a work as Flammarion's still further spreads it. The reproduction is that Bruno was burned alive at Rome before the terrified people, because he asserted the stars to be the centers of other systems.

The fact is that the charge laid against Bruno was not the one mentioned, and it is extremely doubtful whether he met with scientific martyrdom at all, the sole evidence of his execution being a letter of Scapula, the general, in which of which has been seriously called to question by Prof. Desdoutz.

However, whether this be genuine or not, it is certain that he left Italy to avoid the consequences of publicly denouncing the doctrines of transubstantiation and of the immaculate conception, and that on his return to Naples, some years later, he was arrested by order of the inquisition, but, according to the more reliable authorities, as an unbeliever, and especially as being the author of Spaccio della città di Trifurcata. (The Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast.)

The Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Fathers of the days of James I. were they now alive would want to know why they are so often referred to in terms which lead one to suppose that they emigrated straight from England to America. We can only reply, because they did not. It was, of course, to Leyden, in Holland, that the little band of Lincolnshire Puritans at first fled, and some years later departed for Delft, where, after a farewell parting-meeting in the church, they embarked for New England, calling for friends at Southampton and Plymouth on their way.

The Execution of Charles I. The fact in history most constantly present to many minds is, perhaps, the execution of Charles I. by the first of his sons, by James his head on the block, and at once the conventional conception of the historic scene at Whitehall (January 30, 1649), makes it positive that Charles knelt down and laid his head upon a block several feet high, like the one preserved at the Tower, as the original block on which Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were executed, the one in 1746, the other in 1747.

This is altogether a mistake. There was no such block, and Charles never knelt. He simply lay flat down full length upon the scaffold, and his head was cut off as it lay over a little piece of wood, not more than two or three inches high. Among many who suffered in this way was Lady Jane Grey (1554), and, therefore, not on the Tower block, as often supposed.

Amie Cromwell. The notion of beheading in Tudor and Cromwellian times necessitated the victim laying flat down on the scaffold, which was found in the Times' correspondence commenced by Sir Reginald Palgrave, May 10, 1890.

The Puritans Were Not So Bad. From the overthrow of Charles the First we naturally drift to the prevalent idea of Cromwellian Puritanism—the bigotry of "stomach fanatics." That it was another name for dullness consequent upon the assumption of a too elevated standard of moral conduct is proved by the enthusiasm with which Charles the Second was welcomed back to the throne. But to suppose that the Puritans were harsh and sour, and tried to crush out all forms of pleasure and amusement is a gross error. In a poem even Cromwell himself was very

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fond of outdoor games and sport, and like horses, although it is not true that he kept race-horses.

Again, it is all nonsense to say that nobody was allowed to dance, for the Temple gave a great dance in their hall in 1651, and the additional fact that the exercise was inaugurated by singing a psalm eloquently declares the ideal of Puritanism to be not in the present debased meaning of the word "Puritanical," but rather of God-fearing restraint.

Moreover, magnificent state dinners were accompanied by music, which was an innovation at that time, and Sabbatarianism will be horrified when they discover that Cromwell opened his last parliament on Sunday, with a magnificent ceremonial. "The better the day the better the deed" was obviously Cromwell's maxim.

The Tree Charles Did Not Hide In. Scattering of Charles II.'s army at Worcester (1651), and hundreds of pious tourists every year visit Boscombe Oak, which is reputed to possess historic interest of having concealed Charles for a whole day after the battle, while he watched through its leafy screen Oliver's soldiers searching for him. Scientific evidence shows that the tree, being only 11 feet 10 inches in girth, could not have been the place of concealment of a man and a half centuries ago.

Now for the historical. In 1817, an inscription afterwards removed, expressly intimated "the present tree" to have sprung up from the royal oak. Actually it has been ascertained that the original tree, whether deserving of the celebrity attaching to it or not, would not care to say, disappeared after 1787, the oak long before that date having been almost cut away by relic hunters who came to see it.

Now, boys and others gather oak leaves on May 29 to commemorate the king's mode of concealment. They are, however, mistakes, because the king hid himself early in September. What they do really celebrate, and perhaps, combine with the former event, is his restoration in 1660, when his route through London was strewn with oak branches. Besides, had he climbed on the oak, he would have been seen, for he had been sufficiently desirous to conceal him.—Pearson's Weekly.

For Boys And Girls

Billy's Angel

By Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttie.

It was New Year's morning. Large flakes of snow came down slowly and softly, like white-winged messengers from the other world. Some of them fell on the upturned face of little Billy—dirty and freckled and hunger-pinched as it was.

He had been sitting a long time very quietly on the edge of the sidewalk, till his scrawny hands were blue with cold and his ragged coat was covered with downy flakes.

Evidently Billy was thinking—yes, and thoughts that had never before, during his seven or eight years of life, entered his tiny head.

For, Billy had been to the mission Sabbath school. A kind lady had led him there, which, as Billy hadn't a home, and was pleased to go, would it was "warm," she had no difficulty in doing.

For the first time in his short life he had heard of the good angels, and that they were always ready to help little children just when they needed it most.

Billy had thought about it every day since, and beautiful dreams of light and warmth and food, in all of which the "angels" bore a prominent part, visited him at night when he was curled up in some dark alley or under a box, with his scanty rags closely drawn about him.

"She said them that angels 'ud allers 'elp a feller," he soliloquized, "and I want 'em, 'cause I'm so cold, and I want a pair of shoes—don't zactly 'member when I did get these," carefully wiping the snow from the little blue toes that protruded from what he had found his angel.

With a new light in his eyes, and a big resolve never to stop till he had found his "angel," the child, which with cold, hungry and so hungry, started out on his strange errand. He seemed to think it quite impossible to find the angel, as the angel was found in such a place as Green Alley, anyway he didn't believe an angel would stay there long enough for him to speak to him, so he quickened his steps towards a better part of the city.

This, of itself, was a great undertaking for Billy, who thought there was no place for him uptown among the grand ones, ever since the big policeman had roughly ordered him to "move on" once when he had stopped to feast his eyes on the tempting-looking buns and cakes in a bakery window.

But now he resolutely set his face for uptown. The gorgeous shop windows were almost too much for Billy's resolutions, but he bravely passed them by, for it might take him a long time to find his "angel," and he was so tired already. Once he asked a tall, gruff man if he would please to tell him "where the angels lived," but the man only stared at him, though Billy thought he saw him hastily wipe away a tear; and poor Billy took that as a sure indication that he wasn't on the right road.

He was just making up his mind to turn back, when he saw a lady, a beautiful lady, leading a little child much smaller than he, hastily across the street. Presently the lady paused to speak with some one. In a moment the child was upon the track of the street car. Billy's heart stood still. The car was almost upon the tiny form.

He forgot all about his angel, all about his hunger and cold and wretchedness, all about everything. He had but one thought—he must save that baby!

With a shriek of agony the lady turned; she had seen the danger. Too

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HAMILTON.

I, Mrs. Isabel Sullivan, residing at 65 Walnut Street South, in the City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, do solemnly declare: That last fall my little boy, aged five and a half years, was attacked with rheumatism and also pains in his arms and knees. He was unable to stand and could not get out of bed without assistance. His suffering was terrible, and although he had medical treatment he got no better. The pain was so severe at times that he would almost faint. His appetite left him and he grew very weak. About this time we heard of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure," and commenced giving it to him, with what results I am pleased to tell you. Since taking this

first bottle of medicine he has not had a pain, never complains, and is as healthy a boy as one could wish for. He has gained flesh and plays hard all day, and in my opinion is completely cured. Young as he is the boy himself appreciates the medicine, and I heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble.

ISABEL SULLIVAN.

Sworn to before Notary T. F. LYALL.

25th day of August, 1896.

LONDON.

I, C. B. HAMILTON, of the City of London, County of Middlesex, do solemnly declare that I reside at 183 Sydenham Street in said city and that I had rheumatism for over seven years. I was so bad that at times I was unable to satisfactorily use my limbs. I was employed by I. D. Samby, Black Friars Mill, as head miller, and it was while working for him that I was so severely afflicted. I am now a well man and was cured by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which I recommend to all rheumatic sufferers. In connection with this I may add that my wife gratefully endorses my recommendation of Kootenay Cure, as she also has good cause to speak highly of it as a tonic and blood purifier.

C. B. HAMILTON.

Sworn to before Notary C. G. JARVIS.

15th day of August, 1896.

OTTAWA.

I, MARTIN WARREN, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, do solemnly declare that I live at 112 Cathcart Street, in the City of Ottawa. That I am thirty years of age and a member by trade, I was severely afflicted with rheumatism, and so bad was my case that I was confined to my bed for two months. In June, 1895, I began taking "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure." I used two bottles and am now entirely cured and free from rheumatism. I have since been exposed to wet weather which has had no effect on me. I consider Kootenay a great cure for rheumatism. I have also gained 27 pounds in weight. It is a grand tonic and a wonderful blood purifier. I attribute my cure solely to the use of Kootenay Cure.

MARTIN WARREN.

Sworn to before Notary DANIEL O'CONNOR.

19th day of February, 1896.

TORONTO.

I, GEORGE BAKER, of the City of Toronto, County of York, do solemnly declare that I am a fur dyer, and reside at 14 Stayner Street in the said City. That I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism in the knees for over a year and was barely able to walk the short distance from my home to my work and then only with great pain. After taking two bottles of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure" I am an all round healthy man, have a good appetite and sleep well. I frequently walk six to ten miles at a time and feel no fatigue whatever from this exertion. Am free from all pain and attribute my present wholesome and sound condition of body to "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure."

GEORGE BAKER.

Sworn to before Notary J. W. SEYMOUR.

CORLEY, 10th day of July, A.D. 1896.

INGERSOLL.

I, CHARLES BRITAIN, of the Town of Ingersoll, County of Oxford, do solemnly declare that I am forty-five years of age, and I live in said town, and was formerly employed by the Ingersoll Pork Packing Company, that I suffered severely with rheumatism for six years. I tried several kinds of patent medicines and was under the care of a physician for some time without relief. I was so bad that I was unable to hold up my arms; in fact I could not raise my hand to my head. I have taken two bottles of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure" and am now entirely free from rheumatism, and I attribute my recovery solely to the use of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure," and I recommend the remedy to all sufferers from rheumatism.

CHARLES BRITAIN.

Sworn to before Notary J. F. MONROE.

21st day of August, A.D. 1896.

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