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V. P. JOURNAL.

VOL. II.]

MAY, 1885.

[NO. 11.

AN AGNOSTIC.

A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
And he said: "This world it consists of but ME;
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
Since the highest reach we can boast of—sight,
Is only the vaguest sense of light,
And we've got for the final test of things
To trust to the news which one feeling brings.
Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the part of my feelings viewed as such;
But to think these have an external cause
Is an inference clear against logical laws.
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
Is a poor assumption that can't be backed
By a jot of truth or a single fact.
In short, like *Fichte*, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without;
And so I come to the plain conclusion,
If the question be only set free from confusion,
That the universe centres solely in me,
And if I were not, then nothing would be."
Just then a shark, who was passing by,
Gobbled him up in the twink of an eye,
And he died with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow, the universe still exists.

SPANISH MOSS.

NOTHING more dismal, more melancholy, more woebegone, in the way of plant life, can be imagined than the so-called moss of Southern swamps. It hangs in long, gray rags and tatters and streamers from the whitened skeleton branches of dead trees, like the weather-beaten fragments of clothing half torn from their mouldering limbs; or it swings shadowy wreaths and drapings under the gloom of the live oak's dingy evergreen foliage, as though the latter had its soiled and shabby undergarments perpetually out to wash, but never clean. In daylight it droops and sways in the hot, tired breezes like an embodiment of southern listlessness and despondency. In the dusk its shadowy, trailing masses might be ghastly victims of the Ku Klux, strung up causelessly long years ago, storm-beaten and torn by buzzards ever since, and even yet finding no friendly hand to cut them down. At night one could take its forms writhing in the wind for any sort of uncanny visitant of earth—ghosts of the departed glories of slave-holding times, or spirits of disease and fever brooding over the pestilent waters of the swamps.

Southerners put this plant to use. If the grey outer coating is rotted off a tough, black fibre remains, looking very much like crinkled horsehair, and used for the same purposes. Many a Northern visitor in New Orleans during the past winter has found his bed not exactly one of down,—it was stuffed with moss.

It is really no moss at all, but a flowering plant though a leafless parasite. Botanists, curiously enough, put this dried up, thready plant in the same family with the succulent pine-apple, and flank it on each side with the banana and amaryllis families. This doleful inhabitant of southern swamps is a degenerate member of a generous race, a sad example of retrograde development, attenuated and ugly from its useless life as a blood-thirsty parasite.

EARTHQUAKES.

IN the earthquakings, landslides and other disturbances that occurred in southern Spain during the last Christmas holidays over 2,000 persons are known to have been killed, several towns completely demolished, and over thirty-five sadly shaken. France and Spain are at present actively and earnestly working out, through their geologists, the cause of these destructive events. In Switzerland, also, seismological commissions are at work. English professors at the Royal College of Japan are taking advantage of their favorable situation to complete the work already there begun: while in England, Scotland and Ireland pursuits are now being followed out, though on a smaller scale, in order to determine more accurately the origin and nature of the movements of the earth's crust generally included under the comprehensive title, Earthquakes. In Canada the tremblings felt of late have been but feeble, though not altogether wanting. The subject, however, is one of world-wide importance, and the fact that we have not been favored with these luxuries should not arouse any selfish congratulations for future safety. The fact is that the quakings of the American continent are becoming quite extensive, and Canada may suddenly, one of these days, be shaken out of a state of disinterested apathy. It will doubtless require a small earthquake and a vigorous shaking up, or down perhaps, to rouse Canadians to the importance of the inquiries now being vigorously prosecuted in so many parts of the world.

Until late years all such disturbances were attributed to one cause—volcanic action, or the same cause as that of volcanic action. The fact that earthquakes occur in regions where volcanoes are not found is sufficient to overthrow the universality of that theory. The second theory is that they are similar to dynamitic shocks, resulting from the explosion and expansion of large volumes of gases that have been collected in subterranean caverns. This second theory is very closely related to the first.

Scheuchzer, who studied the subject in Switzerland, attributed the cause to the formation of immense caverns beneath the surface by the dissolving out of gypsum and other salts by water. A collapse of the cavern would certainly result in an earthquake, though doubtless rather limited in extent and intensity.

Alexis Perry, a student of physics, conceived the interior of the earth to be a molten mass upon which the sun and moon would produce tides similar to, but smaller in size than, the tides upon the ocean or in the atmosphere. The rolling around of these tidal waves would force up liquid matter through volcanic apertures, or, where projecting rocks or thin crust interposed, would produce shakings and jars of the interior crust, causing a far-extending earthquake.

The theory now being elaborated and receiving much support is called the "orogenic theory"—the mountain-growth theory. The earth is cooling gradually, but continually; as it cools it contracts; as it contracts it shrivels like the rind of an orange or any other dried fruit. By this shrivelling mountains are pushed up, or rather valleys are depressed, and the whole surface becomes broken and irregular. Thus there goes on a continual settling and shifting, a shoving and shrinking, that makes new mountains and new valleys, and sends tremors through the crust in all directions. The contraction may be interrupted or resisted for a time, until the contraction becomes greater than the resistance; then there is a giving way, re-settling of the forces, and it is this re-settling that is the earthquake.

M. Fouquet, of the Collège de France, says: "As in medicine, when there are many remedies for one disease, it is really the case that none is really good; so in geology, in terrestrial physics, when many theories are put forward to explain a phenomenon, it is necessary to cast aside each, and say that none is absolutely sufficient." Yet it may be that all are necessary, and that these all combined are too limited to comprehend all the phenomena. The fault with Fouquet's compari-

son is that all earthquakes are not of the same kind. A Swiss earthquake may be different from a Spanish, and a Japanese different from a Canadian. The settling of mountains, the general contraction of the cooling crust, the upheaval of subterranean explosions, the inter-terrestrial tides, if such there be, the accumulation of water deposits—all these, and many others besides, may be necessary to fully explain all occurring under the general name, Earthquakes. May Canadians long be spared to study the subject in other lands.

SIGN LANGUAGES.

COMPARATIVE philology has been so eagerly pursued of late, and has led to such interesting results, that I wonder no one has taken up the related subject of gestures. Speech and gestures are the two chief means of communication among races to whom writing is unknown. They are sister arts which usually work together and supplement one another. Speech is far the more pliant and perfect of the two, but is perhaps, after all, the younger sister. To my mind it is not unlikely that gestures formed man's primitive language, eked out, of course, with exclamations of joy, surprise and pain, as in the lower animals.

To us who speak English the language of gestures seems altogether unimportant, for we, of all races, are the least adept in their use. Whoever has watched the conversation and public speaking of Frenchmen or Italians knows how much their gesticulation helps out the sense, so that even a foreigner, ignorant of the language, often catches something of the idea. The eloquent shrug of the shoulder, the spreading of the hands with the palms outward, and a dozen other motions, serve to round out the meaning of the words spoken, and save whole sentences of description. There is no doubt that our English stiffness in this respect robs conversation of much of its vivacity.

If gestures are so valuable among races with the copious

languages of civilization, much more is it so among savages, where sometimes the vocabulary is so poor as to be almost unintelligible without them.

Perhaps no race has a more highly developed and useful gesture language than our own Indian, especially in the West. Their signs do not stand for sounds or letters out of which words may be built up, as is the case with our highly artificial deaf and dumb alphabets; they are rather related to hieroglyphics which express a word by a single symbol, and originally pictured the thing referred to. The Indian gestures are in reality pictures of a thought, not of a word or sound.

It is well known that the Indian languages are almost endless in number, and sometimes as distinct from one another as English from French, or even Hebrew. Many dialects are spoken by only small bands or tribes: while others, like Cree, are widely understood. In such a shifting population this must be very inconvenient. The Hudson's Bay Company even found it necessary to invent a language, the Chinook, to avoid the babel of tongues on the Pacific coast. An Indian, however, is at no loss to make himself understood in any tribe, whether he knows the language or not. He takes refuge in the full and expressive sign language which seems common to them all.

An intelligent Indian trader tells me that on commencing his life among the Western tribes, he determined to learn every language and dialect he met with. After mastering two or three, however, he saw the attempt was hopeless, and took up the sign language, which answers all his purposes in travelling and trading.

Reaching Bow River alone, one day last summer, I wanted to cross, but found no boat, though there was one lying on the other side. I shouted to some children playing on the other bank, but they seemed not to understand. At last two picturesque Indians came cantering down on their ponies, so I shouted again and made the motions of rowing a boat. Presently one of them stripped off his moccasins and leggins, and urging his pony down the steep bank, half swam half forded over to

me. He could talk no English and I no Stoney or Cree, but we soon came to an understanding. He pointed to the boat on the opposite shore and showed me that there was a hole in its bottom. He then explained in signs that there was another boat a little way down which he would bring and row me over if I would give him two quarters (a quarter of a dollar is the Stoney's basis of calculation in money matters). He made all this clear without a word except the indispensable Indian grunt. He pointed down towards the boat, made a motion like holding a tow-line, then showed with downward dabs of his finger how he must walk in the water to tow her up. A peculiar gesture showed that I was to get into the boat, a bending of the wrist as in feathering an oar indicated the row across, then closing his hand all but the index finger he pointed toward me with a downward sweep, and then toward the landing on the other shore. The conversation, which was mostly on his side, closed by his pointing to my pocket and holding up two fingers, to which I responded by producing two twenty-five cent pieces. He soon splashed along through the shallow water, towing the boat up to the easiest crossing. He was a well-made fellow, and every motion was graceful and striking, though I am well aware that my description gives only the feeblest shadow of his lively gestures.

Whole narrations may be given in this sign language; for instance, of a hunting party setting out on horseback, the shooting of buffaloes, how many there were, how their skins were taken and their tongues, and finally of the return to camp. Some of the signs are very graphic, *e.g.*, the putting of the fingers of one hand astride the other to indicate a man on horseback, and the imitation of the rocking lope of the pony; or the placing of the two hands together, as in the attitude of prayer, with the finger tips close together and pointed upwards, to indicate the teepee tent with poles arranged to support the conical covering of canvas or skins. Other signs, such as the peculiar downward pointing of the hand, closed except the index finger, to represent "you," seem more symbolic and less imitative.

Is it not possible that a careful comparison of the sign languages of different parts of America, especially of the tribes of our Pacific coast and Alaska, with those of Asia would give hints that might aid in settling the vexed question of the relation of the Indians to other races of the world? Some gestures, such as the holding up of fingers and the hand to indicate numbers, seem to be very wide spread; but others, it seems to me, may prove good racial characteristics, far better than spoken language in such a linguistic chaos as we find among the tribes of British Columbia.

VOTES AND VOTERS.

THE man who has never cast a ballot, or recorded a vote, feels himself lacking in the elements of a true citizen; the first vote forms a division line between minority and majority. The late action of the legislature of Ontario in widening the franchise suggests to us a thought or two on this subject. There are three standards by which a man can be judged—the moral, the intellectual, the financial or material. Citizenship, however, is recognized by the law only on the last consideration. A citizen in this somewhat restricted sense we consider to be a person permitted to vote in the election of persons who either make or enforce the laws of the state. A man may possess the purity of the highest moral teaching, and yet not be permitted to exercise the franchise; in fact our most moral class, the ministers, do not as a rule cast their votes. The intellectual development of a Socrates or a Plato gives us no claim to use these rights. Professors in colleges stand aloof, and in the lower ranks even school teachers cast but few glances at the ballot box. No, votes are not given for morality or learning. But let a man, the most depraved and immoral in the country, able to hold a pencil stub between his fingers, possess a small piece of property or pay a few dollars' yearly rent, and the privilege is conferred upon him of deciding who shall make the

the laws. Property qualifications or financial standing will of course include most of the other qualifications, as the moral and intellectual men will in most cases be possessed of the requisite amount of property; but that does not alter the fact that the standard or basis of vote qualification is wrong. Laws are made to protect and improve property, therefore those who own the property should elect the law makers; but laws are of more importance as they are directed toward the moral and intellectual improvement of the citizens. Morality and intelligence are of more importance in a country than national wealth; the development of the latter must necessarily follow upon the development of the former. Laws should first be considered in their influence upon the *life* of the citizen, afterwards upon his wealth. If our laws are, then, to be directed toward the welfare of our citizens as men, the regulations of elections should be based on those characteristics which are most important in the life of men. Wealth does not make a man, let alone making him a loyal citizen; morality and intelligence do, and the more fully they are developed the truer and more loyal will he become. Wealth tends to make men selfish, and to it as a basis of qualification can be traced all the bribery, the corruption, the immorality of our system of party government. The patriots of Canada have been men who have built their patriotism upon morality and intelligence, sacrificing wealth and its selfish, unsatisfying comforts. The principle at the foundation being wrong, no wonder that the superstructure at times appears so frail and unsteady. Not until the prevailing ideas of wealth are materially changed will corruption and narrow selfishness disappear from our halls. A man must be judged, not by the coat that covers him, but by the heart that beats under it and the mind that thinks within him. The voter now may be an animal of the *genus homo* and little more; he should be a man understanding what he is voting about, and willing to obey the laws enacted.

In striving for popular favor and the voices of the courted lower classes, the tendency is toward universal suffrage,

whether wisely or not is worthy of discussion at another time. The accomplishment of this would of necessity do away with wealth as the basis of election, from which some good results would follow in time. But in the steps so far taken there is room for criticism. Let us put the case in a few statements—Wealth is inherited; morality and intelligence are to a great extent acquired—that is, votes may now be handed down from father to son, which is aristocracy on a lower but more widely diffused scale. If morality and intelligence were recognized, men would *make themselves* voters, not be made such simply by birth. A young man who spends his money toward acquiring an average education invests his money more permanently and to more profitable benefit to the state than the miser who lays by his hoards, or the monopolist who screws down overpressed tenants. In two years' independent study beyond the age of sixteen a young man will invest money sufficient to have secured him a vote if he had it laid out in property. Why should the man with \$400 in land have a vote and the student with \$400 in extra brains have none? Which is the better qualified to exercise the franchise? The man who continually breaks the laws should have no voice in their making—repeated immorality should deprive a man of voting; but the law does not recognize it thus. Ignorance should debar a citizen from voting; but the law now looks at the clothes, not the man. There are in Ontario over one thousand students at the colleges past twenty-one years of age, each having spent at least six years investing his means in brains, and yet they have no votes. Are they not capable of judging rightly? Where will be found one thousand others of one class, ten years their seniors, who are as deserving of the suffrage? They have the interests of the country at heart, are intelligent, moral, working for the future interests of their land, investing yearly at least \$200 each, and yet they are not considered as worthy as the men who scrape the streets. We do not disparage the working classes, but we do claim equal rights for others. Then there are the law students, a host of them, and many others equally capable, who will in almost every case

be denied this privilege lately conferred on such a large additional section of the populace. We contend that every man who, at or beyond the age of twenty-one years, is engaged in intellectual pursuits in college, in law office, or elsewhere, deserves the privilege of voting at all elections. In enlarging the franchise we believe justice has not been meted out to all deserving.

THE *New York Christian Advocate* of October 9th says:— One of the great mistakes a new student is apt to make is that the whole course is not necessary. Charles Francis Adams' tirade against Greek in college has been wonderfully well received by lazy students. The craze for specialties is on the increase. We have even heard of students who have chosen the sacred language, Hebrew, because it happened to be one of the studies that served as a crutch, when they could have been using their muscle in the old college course. The college course—the whole of it—is a good thing, and ought to be taken by every young man who expects to enter one of the professions. He may not like the mathematics, or the languages may seem useless to one who is to minister to the sick all his life. But never mind; he should find no fault, but go right to work, and neglect no part of his course. He will find, twenty years later, that nothing in college was wasted. It will all come in and serve grandly for success to the very end of life. We have no sympathy with the student who skips from one thing to another and is never through anything, and comes out of college a mere dabbler in all sorts of subjects. The butterfly of the college campus will be the butterfly in the great ordeal of life; but the young man who subjects himself to discipline, and respects the regulations of the school which he attends, and waits and works, and works and waits, is sure to win in the end. He has gained equipoise, and no tempest can disturb him. He has learned that he can master things, and all later obstacles move out of his path.

COLLEGE SONGS.

A STUDENT is an animal, a singing animal, and a singer of peculiar songs in a most peculiar manner. Italian operas, Scotch airs, Irish ballads, Negro melodies, all blend their harmonies for his amusement; but as you hear them swelling from the powerful lungs, or snatched into all conceivable shapes and forms, you at once perceive a new element, a different characteristic, added to them. Students study and sing, play and sing, sleep and sing, and when tired of this relieve themselves by another song. And what a queer collection of songs they do sing! Nothing of the sad and sorrowful about them, except here and there a querulous complaint such as

“O barber, spare those hairs,
Which sport from both my cheeks,
A solace for my cares;
I've cherished them for weeks.”

The memory of “Old Grimes” grows greener than ever; and though a little levity is at times added to his remembrance, yet to students he is ever “a fine old gentleman.” Have you never heard the pathetic lament, “It was my last cigar?” If not, peace to its ashes. So much for the dark side of student song, and a rather bright side it is after all.

The rollicking student gives vent to his overflowing feelings in “Vive L'Amour,” “Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,” “There is a tavern in the town.” Even theological brethren have been known to find solace in these—the songs we mean.

The vindictive student howls forth his anathemas and revenge.

“In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no Faculty there!
But down below, where all is woe,
Our Faculty they'll be there!”

At such times it is generally the student, not the professor, whose “course” is “below”—the percentage. Such a howl, of course, will be a howl and nothing more. As a rule, the student will stand by his professor through thick and thin, and

is ever ready to salute him with, "Here's to our professor," or "For he's a jolly good fellow." It may seem undignified, but it is genuine.

The amorous student, like all other members of the race similarly afflicted, must trill and warble his affections, and his songs would need a volume simply for reference. Love seems to bring all mortals to the same level of song and foolishness. Perhaps you have been in such a state of revelry; if so, you know the student's songs of love.

Days of childhood and nursery tales are revived in the soul-stirring strains of "Mary had a little lamb," "Mother Hubbard," and the like, adapted and improved to suit the more advanced state of mental development. Nor are the great poets forgotten, for dressed in new scholastic fashion we recognize "Upidee" (Excelsior), "Rule Britannia," and many others with ringing choruses.

Loyal songs to *alma mater* are very common, and, sung to popular airs, inspire no little of the feelings of patriotism and *esprit de corps*.

"Old college rises where free winds sport their will,
Dear Alma Mater standing half-way up the hill;
Loved of our boyhood, we love, we love her still
And shout her jubilee."

In the average student song words count for but little—the air, the chorus, is everything—loud, full, free, jovial and inspiring. The matter is lost in the manner, and the frivolous, seeming silliness of many songs is atoned for by the earnest strains. Worry and sorrows are drowned in song, plucks are forgotten, and ambition strengthened by the genuine restorative of nature.

A college without song is dead or dying; a student is but half a student, and less a man, if he cannot join the ringing glees. McGill and Queen's have their special collections, and now Victoria has hers—a neat little book of eighty pages, embodying a varied collection. Many old alumni will be glad to revive old memories, though they will miss "B-a, Ba, B-e, Be,"

"I-eel," "Tobias and Cuancus," and many others that in days of old rang through the halls. We append a verse of the first :

"B-a, Ba, B-e, Be, B-i, Bi, B-o, Bo, B-u, Bu,
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu."

There is certainly nothing of a highly intellectual stamp about it, but its rousing strains made it one of the choicest choruses. It is easily remembered, and its variations are limited only by the alphabet.

We miss many of the local songs, the prize songs, some of which would compare favorably with productions of any American college.

We recall the first and last verses of old Tobias :

"There was a man, he had a son ;
This son he had a brother ;
Tobias was the name of one,
Cuancus of the other.

"Thus these two sons the world went through,
But now they've gone to rest—
Tobias of the cholera died,
Cuancus *by request*."

Students' songs are not perfect. Judged from the words alone, they will be condemned by the staid and steady ; but when heard bursting from the throats of a hundred or more students the verdict will be more favorable. Before condemning them and their songs let them be heard in self-defence. If you have sung them in ye olden time, come back and hear them once again.

"When these days are over, and out in world,
Our fortunes to seek, we shall roam ;
O, then we'll remember the times we have spent
At this, our old college home."

"SECRETS," says Josh Billings, "are poor property, enny how ; if yew circulate them yew lose them, and if yew keep them yew lose the interest on the investment."

NOTES.

IN last month's JOURNAL our contributor on "The Hopkins Trust" intimated that the subject of astronomy is neglected at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. We have been informed that special attention is now being directed to this department under the supervision of Prof. Newcombe.

MORE MEN ARE WANTED.—We have a letter from the Rev. James Smith, accompanying the communication which is found elsewhere, in which he says that he still needs a man to help in his college work. There is quite a demand for men for foreign fields. The Canadian Methodists are looking for a science teacher for their lately founded college in Tokio, Japan. The school has started under favorable auspices, and, under Dr. Cochrane's supervision, we hope it will have a grand success in its work.

ONTARIO is the home of three flourishing educational journals—the *Educational Weekly*, the *Educational Monthly*, and the *Canada School Journal* (weekly). The *School Supplement* also disputes the territory, though partially a foreigner. The competition has improved the pages of all three and stimulated to greater vigor. We wish all success, though it would seem that there is hardly room for all at present. Their life rests with themselves, however. We hope they may all survive, and grow and develop.

THE month of May brings around the Convocations of our various colleges, and we would stir up the memory of any who, in the rush and bustle of business, have forgotten to red-letter the days of reunion at their *alma maters*. Recall old times by a day or two at your former home. Never has there been a more important period in the history of college work. Wherever you are, be sure to return. If you cannot go back to your own college, be sure and find your way to some sister institution. It will do you good, and your presence will enliven the

occasion for your younger brethren. We hope that some of these pages will be interesting at this time to those who have walked the college halls, as well as to those whose steps have not been turned in that direction.

“TECHNICAL EDUCATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS,” by Prof. T. H. Huxley. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 20 Lafayette Place, New York. “This latest number of the ‘Library of Science’ is one of the most valuable and interesting in that popular series. Besides the essay on Technical Education, which by itself is worth more than the price of the whole number, there are four other essays, namely, on Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen; on the Connection of the Biological Sciences with Medicine; on Sensation and the Sensiferous Organs; and on Certain Errors respecting the Structure of the Heart attributed to Aristotle.”

THE *Dalhousie Gazette* contains an interesting sketch of the history of the Gilchrist scholarship, which has been all but withdrawn from competition in Canada. Seventeen persons have enjoyed the benefits of this fund for one, two or three years. Of these, Drs. MacGregor, Schurman and Alexander are now at Dalhousie; Dr. Goodwin is at Queen’s; and Prof. Hunter is at Mount Alison, N.B. Five died abroad or resigned through ill-health; four others are at present studying in England or Scotland; three are now in professional life in Canada. As the competition has been greater down by the sea, the scholarship will be continued every third year at Halifax and Fredericton.

“MAN is a harp, whose chords elude the sight—
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed,
Ten thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost till returned are all their powers and use.”

LETTER FROM INDIA.

AHMEDNAGAR, *February 12, 1885.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—From all I hear of Japan and the progress of Christianity there, I am convinced that Japan will be a Christian nation long before India knows there is anything wrong with her. No man need come to India as a missionary who has not faith enough to work a lifetime and see no results. And results are especially hard to attain among the higher classes of society. It is now pretty well agreed among missionaries that the one way of reaching the higher classes is through our schools. We have an opportunity, then, of giving a vast amount of gospel truth from day to day when the mind is retentive. This truth may not at first bear fruit, and in some cases never may; but a deep and lasting impression is made upon many, and something will, sometime or other, cause the seed to germinate and bring forth the desired fruit. To illustrate the aims of our schools and the difficulties in our way, I will relate my own experience with one of my present pupils.

He was brought to me about four years ago by a friend, with a petition for help to get an education, as he was very poor. He had no father, and was living with his aunt. I put him into a Christian school with purely Christian boys. He remained there for two or three weeks until his friends understood the character of the school where he was studying, when they removed him and forbade his coming to see me at all. Still he used to come secretly, but would not come into the house, because, as I afterwards learned, they had told him that I would seize him and make him a Christian *by force*.

After some time I sent the lad to a government school taught by Hindus, paid his fees and supplied him with books. This to disarm prejudice and get the confidence of himself and friends. When our own school was opened he entered it along with many Hindu pupils. He was not afraid now, nor even his friends, as this school was for *all*, and was an English school, under government inspection. The Scriptures were taught

regularly, and our friend Bhaskar was perhaps a little more attentive than the average boy in his class. Still he was full of prejudice and superstition; and while ready, like thousands of Hindus, to admit Christ into their Pantheon, and the Bible among the Shastras, yet, whenever Hinduism and Christianity came into conflict, Christianity had to go to the wall in his estimation. In order to help some of the lads on with their studies, I have been in the habit of inviting many of them to come to me at night for study. Then we have many opportunities for discussion, and on one of these evenings I saw the first fruits of an English education in the mind of my hero. His uncle had, during the day, been reading a portion of the Purans to him where a Rakshas (Hindu Titan) is said to have "opened his mouth and swallowed the world at a gulp." Here Bhaskar interposed by asking his credulous uncle what the Titan had to stand on when he had the world in his stomach. The poor boy, however, got a beating for his irreverence, and at the same time probably made up his mind, like many a boy before him, that religion must be a very bad thing when it makes old people so snappish.

Time wore on, and gradually one could see that Bhaskar was thinking. Hinduism is like Popery. If a man thinks, he is lost to the priests. The Salvation Army came here on a visit, and Bhaskar, in company with several others, attracted by the novelty, went to hear them preach in their tent. One day a brother missionary dropped in while the service was going on and took the opportunity to speak, as he had often done before. At the close he appealed to those who felt they were sinners and needed salvation to stand up. The first one on his feet was our poor pupil. For this he got a terrible beating and was carefully watched. Still he used to go for a walk occasionally with the Christian boys of the school, and when they got to a secret place they used to pray together. At last he got bold enough to tell me all about his feelings; and a few days ago, when the Christian boy, who had done more for him than anyone else, was buried, he came to me with a very sad face and said that he

wanted to pray and be prayed for. We prayed with him and he prayed for himself very earnestly, as well as for those who had persecuted him and tormented him for his sobriety and interest in Christ and Christianity. Though now a firm believer and a loving disciple, he is afraid of the consequences when his friends learn the truth. He must be baptized some day and break caste. They care but little what he believes or does so long as he does not break caste by eating what we or a Christian has touched. This is the unpardonable sin of India, and I look forward with great anxiety to the result of the struggle. He will be cut off—killed were it not for the English government. He will be disowned and thrust out to wander where he can get a living. This is the reason why so many converts are thrown on the missionaries, and are so often called "rice Christians" in contempt by their former friends. On another occasion I shall give you an account of education as it now is in India.

Yours ever truly, JAMES SMITH.

A RITE suite little buoy, the sun of a great kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pear a pair, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed would knot weight. But, when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?" "Know," he said, "I am feint to the corps." She boar him in her arms, as she aught, to a rheum where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave hymn some suite drachms from a voil, till at last he came fourth hail as a young horse. His I shown, his cheek was as read as a flour, and he gambled for a hole hour.—*American Journal of Education.*

NOVA VICTORIA.

SEE by the April JOURNAL that Esau's hand is turned against Jacob, as of olden time; and by a perusal of his article I conclude that he is once more ready to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

Esau says, "Is it not a fact that the general conviction of the Methodist people is that such buildings should not be erected in Cobourg, with which most of the alumni agree?"

How does he know "it is a fact?" I deny that it is a fact. Has Esau consulted the "majority of the Methodist people?" He has not. They have not yet spoken. Let the Conferences get their hands on the question, and handle it for a time, and perhaps Esau will conclude that they see through his special pretence of vast stores of knowledge concerning the majority.

Again, how has Esau found out that "most of the alumni agree" that the new buildings should not be erected in Cobourg? So far the alumni have not spoken. Does Esau read their secret thoughts afar off? He asks, "Has not Methodism had an independent university for nearly forty years?" Any man may ask this question. It is not a hard one to answer. We say, *Yes*, and what of it?

Esau then interrogates, "Have adequate endowments and appliances been furnished?" etc. This great question involves nothing more difficult than the plain answer *No*; and again, what of it? I would ask him, Does any other independent university in Canada claim that it has been "furnished with adequate endowments and appliances?" etc. Does even our provincial university make such a claim? Not a bit of it. Do the great American universities make any such foolish claim? They do not. Why? Always why? *Because the education of mankind works in the direction of infinite knowledge. To acquire this needs infinite time and expense. Therefore, no university in the hands of sane men would dare to claim an adequacy of appliances.* All men know that Victoria, like every other university, needs more money, buildings and men. But

this in itself argues only one fact, viz., that what is needed should be forthcoming as far as possible, and in the best possible way.

He asks, "Has this inadequate support been because Methodists lacked knowledge of the actual wants of their university?" We say, *No* and *Yes*. *No*, because it is, as shown above, a necessity that all universities must always find room ahead—room for men, money, appliances, etc. *Yes*, because hosts of our Methodist people scarcely ever hear tell of Victoria unless through the *Globe* and *Mail*. Very little comes from the *Guardian* office of any great value in favor of the university.

Moreover, Drs. Nelles and Burwash have not seen more than a fraction of the people. There are towns and villages in Ontario in which their names are seldom heard or mentioned. Why? It is impossible for these gentlemen to do their work in the university and visit all the rural districts at the same time. Further, all over Ontario, in almost every county, I have met with Methodists who have imagined that Victoria is only a training school for young ministers! Therefore, the Methodists have not had anything like an accurate knowledge of either the aims or needs of Victoria.

Esau asks again, "Have not the people a right to demand that the work for the Church be done upon sound business principles, and not to gratify *mere* sentiments and denominational pride?" Why, of course. So says Jacob, Esau's shrewd business-like brother. Let Esau remember the "mess of pottage," and say *who* acted like a financial master.

But to the question. Who wants to gratify "mere sentiment?" Esau is not a man of sentiment! He enters the list with Jacob and taunts him with "mere sentiment."

All who read Jacob's writings will discover that *religious* conviction or sentiment is called *mere sentiment*. The truly honest man is a man full of holy and worthy sentiment. The man of a different character is infused with a different sentiment. Methodists are not the people who will be ensnared by this pet cry of "sentiment." Esau fails to grasp the vastness

of the question at issue if he imagines that without sentiment a single human being can stand firm in the carrying out of the greatest undertakings of life, whether it be of individuals, communities, or nations.

"The general *consensus* of Methodism is against new build-ings in Cobourg." "Consensus" is a good word, but how did Esau find this consensus? The feelings of his inner consciousness evolved it; therefore it is "mere sentiment," which *even he* condemns as unworthy of acceptance.

The man who gets his living by the chase says, "We unite with the state to form a new, strong provincial university." Do we? Not a bit of it. We are not going back to suit whimsical notions, or men. We won't have a monopoly in education any more than of anything else, if we can help it. The unifying or centralizing tendency, if developed according to the notion of Esau, would put us under a tyranny of the most cruel kind.

A few men in Toronto desire to control the university life of Ontario. An intellectual tyranny follows, necessarily, an educational monopoly. Is England asking for any such a phantasy as federation of all her universities into one? Is Scotland moving in that direction? Does Germany operate on any such a stultifying line of action? Not in any wise. Perhaps Esau, or some of his friends, would rush in and say what we ask for in Ontario is the same as what they have in England. We then smile and ask, How is that? Esau answers by one of his questions, Does not Cambridge exist as *one* university having a federation of affiliated colleges? True, we answer, but what then? Give Victoria and Queen's and Trinity time, and each one of them will have a number of federated colleges. There is room in the future Ontario for several independent universities with federated colleges.

Esau, in the early days of Cambridge and Oxford, said, Let us *federate*, and unite our forces and resources, and become great. But the far-seeing majority said No—a thousand times No; and prudence prevailed. As then, so now, the smoke and noise

are doomed to vanish and pass away as the morning dew ; but the solid earth will remain.

Esau, in the early days of France, said, Let us federate, federate, federate. And they obeyed his voice. History shows the dire results. About thirty-five years ago the great historian Ungewitter wrote, "Of the means of education in France it may be said that there is much ado about nothing. All schools are under the special direction of a supreme board at Paris, styled *the university*, which has nothing to do with teaching or instructing, like other institutions bearing this name. It is a characteristic evidence of the system of centralization prevailing in France, that just as 27 tribunals are subjected to the control of the Court of Cassation (or Supreme Court), so 27 academies are subjected to the control of the university. . . . France has no universities like those of Germany. . . . The University of Paris, so renowned in the middle ages, has now three faculties (of theology, of jurisprudence, and medicine). . . . Under the academies are 358 colleges." Look at some of the results of the one-man regulating power. The same writer says, "The common schools of Germany are annually frequented by more than 6,000,000 children, while those of France are attended by only 2,000,000. In France, during 1857, there were 7682 communities without schools; and in Germany even the smallest parish is supplied with a school."

The impatient Esau may feel inclined to ask what this has to do with our question. Simply this: it shows there is something out of joint in France with its *one university*.

Why so few at the French schools? There the system drives teachers out of the profession. Where a few men rule the education of a country, corruption follows. Favorite hangers-on are supplied with positions, whether fit or unfit; all the officers of the mighty officials in higher rank must learn to cringe for position, and, in turn, know how to make inferiors cringe to them. The result of this is a host of small-spirited and poorly paid teachers.

Let the French statistician speak concerning the results of

the one university system. Legoyt, in his "France Statistique," says, "Out of every one thousand French 405 can neither read nor write. In 1843 there were, out of 50,352 school-masters, not less than 23,048 who had only an annual salary of forty dollars (\$40), while that of the remainder amounted to no more than \$60. Now, the sum for the sustenance of a galley-slave in Toulon, Rochefort, and Lorient is fixed at between \$60 and \$70 annually. Thus the wants of the culprits are better provided for than those of teachers of the public schools." So says the French statistician.

From this we see that spirited and qualified teachers leave the profession. In fact it would pay them financially to become galley-slaves.

This will inevitably result in Canada if federation become a working institution, or rather an acting principle. By *this* I mean the debasing of teachers.

What else has the system produced in France? To save words and space I shall answer briefly: It has produced a nation of infidels who pooh-pooh "mere sentiment." They want nothing but solid reason. They have it with a vengeance, and with it periodical revolutions. The underlying principle in France, in the hue and cry of "one university depending on the state," is irreligion, infidelity, and godlessness. How can a state, which in all its acts disregards the presence and acting individuality of God, link its one university to our common Father? It never was, is not now, and never will be done. As it has been in France so it would be in Canada in this respect.

Let us look a moment at Esau's vast conception of the federation. He says, "We will place Haanel, Bain and Coleman alongside Loudon, Pike, Wright and Chapman in the school of practical science in the new university." We will? I am not so sure of it. Just think of the plan! Victoria science men and those of Toronto University are to be the professors of science in the new institution! Why not give the science men of Queen's and Trinity a chance? Or do Queen's and Trinity admit they have no science professors suitable for the new and

exalted position? Perhaps the "We will," etc., was only an illustration. Esau would improve it by saying Queen's and Trinity shall be dealt with fairly by *us*. Yes, oh yes, it is plain. Here it is: "We will" put into the new science professoriate four from Toronto, three from Victoria, three from Queen's, and three from Trinity. Just think of thirteen science professors, and a proportionate number of able and qualified professors in all the other departments, and then try and make yourself believe that Esau desires to do away with expense.

Esau talks of the "vastly increased resources" under the new system. How can these vast resources come without more money? Vast resources demand much money; but Esau pretends to take away the *present intolerable* burden. He would have us believe that the way to lessen our burden is to "*vastly* increase our resources."

This is not unlike the sentiments expressed at the public meeting in Cobourg, where it was advanced that our country cannot afford to have four universities on Lake Ontario, and then advocated that four colleges be placed in Toronto, each one much better equipped than at present. Listen to Esau with his teachers. Here is their argument. Four universities at different points on Lake Ontario cause too much outlay, and to lessen this burden let us move them all to Toronto and increase their several resources by \$200,000 each at the least. Not only would they greatly increase the working power of each college, at a "vastly increased" expense, but, to make the burden lighter, they would have new, fine, grand, imposing and costly buildings in Toronto.

Faraday Hall, Victoria Hall, and Queen's buildings may be turned to the moles and bats, but let us decrease our burdens by "vastly increased resources."

Esau asks, "Should not Methodism view this matter from a national rather than from a denominational standpoint?" How some men delight to harp on the popular term of an antithesis! They are sure to prefer "sound reason" to "mere sentiment," and "national" to "denominational" considerations. This plan

has the appearance of being liberal. But let us look at the fallacy in the "national standpoint" cry, as we did in the other.

Esau asks a denomination to consider a denominational matter from a national standpoint. This request is as reasonable as his other propositions. Again, can the Methodists consider the question from the denominational standpoint without considering it from the national as well? Esau ought to know that it is impossible, because it is necessarily a national question as much as a denominational one. For this very reason, if for no other, the Methodists are determined to prevent innovators from strangling to death, or even jeopardizing the life of, Victoria, which, with Queen's, has been a national bulwark of safety and a tower of religious strength to the people. As she has been so will she be, only more so.

One would suppose Esau is quite excited with the prospect when he breaks out with, "What grander moral power for the future life of this country than all the Churches combined in the direct spiritual oversight of her youth during the time of their collegiate education?" The idea, in plain, is this: Victoria can look better after the moral training of her young men in Toronto than she can in Cobourg. In Toronto, where there are gambling hells, immoral theatres, and low grog-shops by the score, Victoria could watch over her young men better than at Cobourg, where there is scarcely any need for more than a single policeman!

Esau says, Lessen the people's burden by vastly increasing their expenses; and adds, that the more numerous the temptations to evil the more easily can young men grow up pure. Save money by forsaking the present buildings and erecting others at a larger cost. Send young men into the presence of vice to improve their morals.

Esau blandly informs the world that Victoria will become "better than the best university in the Dominion, if she become a working part of a great provincial university. What will Toronto think of this presumption? And Queen's? And Trinity? Hear all ye patriarchs of olden times! Esau says

let there be *one*, and only one, university for the Province, and let Victoria cease to be a university and become a college, and she will become "better than the best university in the Dominion." Yes, even better than himself. This is good indeed. I shall now close by quoting from the Reformers of France as follows: "*We demand the destruction of the University of France, and the creation of separate universities.*"

ISAAC.

DEPTHS OF GENIUS.

AN undesired reduction of wood—ashes.

CHINAMEN sometimes conceal their curiosity.

AN idle man never labors, even under mistake.

A MAN, like a gun, when over-charged, always kicks.

If you cannot catch up to the man who has the start of you, do not run him down.

ITALIANS strive to do nothing; Germans clearly are abstruse; French are great for trifles.

"MENNY a phool haz passed thru life with fair sucksess by taking a back seat and sticking to it."

"EVERY now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions."

If you would be wealthy get upon a mule; you will soon find you are better off. Elevation and assistance will come from all quarters.

AN inventor claims to have discovered an auger that bores a *square* hole. We hope it will square us up with the bores that have always been 'round.

IN some rural churches in Holland the Dutchmen smoke their pipes while listening to the service. Even the pastor has been known to indulge in the weed while a brother preacher has supplied his place in the pulpit.

AGNOSTICS—"People who make-believe they do not believe anything." Their creed is as follows:—

"Article I.—Ego.
Article II.—Nego."

BEATIFIC osculation: "Up the perfume-swept avenue of love, and under the roseate archway of hymen, they had passed into the joy-lit realms of that higher and holier existence where soul meets soul on limpid waves of ecstatic feeling, and hearts touch hearts through the blended channel of lips in rapture linked." They kissed.

AN Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman is at peace only when he is fighting. In a similar way we may say that an American is never at rest except when he is at work. To the above may we add that a Canadian is never satisfied except when striving to improve?

WHY is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through, and easily shut up. Why is a Sophomore like a microscope? Because, when seen through, small things are revealed. Why is a Junior like a kaleidoscope? Because every time you look at him you perceive some new beauty. Why is a Senior like a spectroscope? *Give it up.*

JOSH BILLINGS was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second: while an invitation tew get up in the morning I have known to be 3 quarters uv an hour goin' 2 pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

SCIENCE has calculated the vibrations of the musical chord, and measured the oscillations of a ray of light, but has not estimated the vibrations of the living intellectual nerve-cell, nor analyzed its aura which waits incessantly and instantly upon its will. It has furnished no means, therefore, of determining mathematically when the mysterious organ of the mind is out of tune, or why its notes are discordant.

THERE'S nothing like leather—except imitations. Last reports foot up favorably. Kip waxes firm. Union crop is sew-sew. Hides are off (from cattle). Hemlock sole seems better. Findings men feel awl right. Calfskin men veal encouraged. Shoe-manufacturers are pegging along. Kids are lively. Uppers are up. Some kinds of soles are not holding their own. Heels are running down.

“EVOLUTION is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations.” The above is Herbert Spencer's famous but mystifying definition, and it is satirically translated by Professor Tait as follows: “Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalk-aboutable all-alikeness to a somehowish and in general talk-aboutable not-all-alikeness, by continuous something-else-ifications and stick-togetherations!”

THE *Lancet* says that appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from the evils of dyspepsia, or, on the other hand, a tendency to over-increase in weight.

PUBLIC OPINION is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinions; what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.—*Thoreau*.

AMERICANS PAST AND PRESENT.

Abstract of an Address by Dr. Tylor, at British Science Association.

THE term "prehistoric" stretches back from times just outside the range of written history into the remotest ages where human relics justify the opinion that man existed. Far back in these prehistoric periods, the problem of quaternary man turns on the presence of his rude stone implements in the drift-gravels and in caves, associated with the remains of what may be called the mammoth fauna. Not to recapitulate details, the point to be insisted on is, how the effect of a quarter of a century's research and criticism has been to give quaternary man a more and more real position. It is generally admitted that about the close of the glacial period savage man killed the huge maned elephants or fled from the great lions, on what was then forest-clad valley-bottom, in ages before the later water-flow had cut out the present wide valleys, fifty or a hundred feet or more lower, leaving the remains of the ancient drift-beds exposed high on what are now the slopes. The evidence of caverns such as those of Devonshire and Périgord, with their revelations of early European life and art, has been supplemented by many new explanations, without shaking the conclusion arrived at as to the age known as the reindeer period of the northern half of Europe, when the mammoth and cave bear and their contemporary mammals had not yet disappeared; but the close of the glacial period was merging into the times when, in England and France, savages hunted the reindeer for food, as the arctic tribes of America do still.

The evidence increases as to the wide range of paleolithic man. He extended far into Asia, where his characteristic rude stone implements are plentifully found in the caves of Syria and the foot-hills of Madras. The question with which this section may have especial means of dealing is, Whether man likewise inhabited America with the great extinct animals of the quaternary period, if not earlier—a question which leads at once into the interesting argument, how far any existing

people are the descendants and representatives of man of the post-glacial period. The problem, whether the present Eskimos are such a remnant of an early race, is one which Professor Boyd Dawkins has long worked at. Since he started this view in his work on cave-hunting, it has continually been cited, whether by way of affirmation or denial, but always with that gain to the subject which arises from a theory based on distinct facts. To be mentioned as preliminary are the questions, Were the natives met with by the Scandinavian sea-farers of the eleventh century Eskimos? and, Whereabouts on the coast were they actually found? When the race of bold sea-rovers who ruled Normandy and invaded England, turned their prows into the northern and western sea, they passed from Iceland to yet more inclement Greenland; and thence, according to Icelandic records, which are too consistent to be refused belief as to main facts, they sailed some way down the American coast. But where are we to look for the most southerly points which the sagas mention as reached in Vineland? Rafu confidently maps out these places about the promontory of Cape Cod, in Massachusetts; and this has been repeated since, from book to book. Mr. Tylor pleaded guilty to having cited Rafu's map, but now felt bound to say that the voyages of the Northmen ought to be reduced to more modern limits. It appears that they crossed from Greenland to Labrador (Helluland), and thence, sailing more or less south and west, in two stretches of two days each, they came to a place near where wild grapes grew, whence they called the country Vine-land. This would, therefore, seem to have been somewhere about the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and it would be an interesting object for a yachting-cruise to try, down from the east coast of Labrador, a fair four-days' sail of a viking ship, and identify, if possible, the sound between the island and the ness, the river running out of the lake into the sea, the long stretches of sand, and the other local features mentioned in the sagas, thus throwing light on the southern limit of the Eskimos. The *skrálings*, who came on the sea in skin canoes (*huddhkeipr*), and hurled their spears

with slings (*valslongva*), seem by these very facts to have been probably Eskimos; and the mention of their being swarthy, with great eyes and broad cheeks, agrees tolerably with this. If we may take it that Eskimos, eight hundred years ago, before they had ever found their way to Greenland, were hunting seals on the coast of Newfoundland, and cariboo in the forest, their life need not have been very unlike what it is now in their arctic home. Some day, perhaps, the St. Lawrence and Newfoundland shores will be searched for relics of Eskimo life, as has been done with such success in the Aleutian Islands by Mr. W. H. Hall; though on this side of the continent we can hardly expect to find, as he does, traces of long residence, and rise from a still lower condition.

Surveying, now, the vast series of so-called native or indigenous tribes of North and South America, we may admit that the fundamental notion on which American anthropology has to be treated is its relation to Asiatic.

This kind of research is, as we know, quite old; but the recent advance of zoology and geology have given it new breadth, as well as facility. The theories which account for the wide-lying American tribes, disconnected by language as they are, as all descended from ancestors who came by sea in boats, or across Behring Strait on the ice, may be felt somewhat to strain the probabilities of migration, and are likely to be remodelled under the information now supplied by geology as to the distribution of animals. It has become a familiar fact, that the equidæ, or horse-like animals, belong even more remarkably to the new than to the old world. There was plainly land connection between America and Asia, for the horses whose remains are fossil in America appear to have been genetically connected with the horses re-introduced from Europe. To realize this ancient land-juncture of Asia and America—this “tertiary-bridge,” to use Professor Marsh’s expression—it is instructive to look at Mr. Wallace’s chart of the present soundings, observing that an elevation of under two hundred feet would make Behring Strait land, while moderately shallow

sea extends southward to about the line of the Aleutian Islands, below which comes the plunge into the ocean depths. If, then, we are to consider America as having received its human population by ordinary migration of successive tribes along this highway, the importance is obvious of deciding how old man is in America, and how long the continent remained united with Asia, as well as how these two difficult questions are bound up together in their bearing on anthropology.

To clear the obscurity of race-problems, as viewed from the anatomical standpoint, we naturally seek the help of language. Of late years the anthropology of the old world has had ever-increasing help from comparative philology. Within America the philologist uses with success the strong method of combining dictionary and grammar in order to define his great language-groups, such as the Algonquin, extending from Hudson's Bay to Virginia; the Athabaskan, from Hudson's Bay to New Mexico; both crossing Canada in their vast range. But attempts to trace analogies between lists of words in Asiatic and American languages, though they may have shown some similarities deserving further inquiry, have hardly proved an amount of correspondence beyond what chance coincidence would be capable of producing. Thus, when it comes to judging of affinities between the great American language-families, or of any of them, with the Asiatic, there is only the weaker method of structure to fall back on. Here the Eskimo analogy seems to be with North Asiatic languages, presenting in an exaggerated form the characteristic structure of the vast Ural-Altai or Turanian group of Asiatic languages.

The comparison of peoples according to their social framework of family and tribe has been assuming more and more importance since it was brought forward by Bachofen, McLennan, and Morgan. One of its broadest distinctions comes into view within the Dominion of Canada. The Eskimos are patriarchal, the father being head of the family, and descent and inheritance following the male line. But the Indian tribes farther south are largely matriarchal, reckoning descent, not on the father's

but the mother's side. In fact, it was through becoming an adopted Iroquois that Morgan became aware of this system, so foreign to European ideas, and which he supposed at first to be an isolated peculiarity. No less a person than Herodotus had fallen into the same mistake over two thousand years ago, when he thought the Lykians, in taking their names from their mothers, were unlike all other men. It is now, however, an accepted matter of anthropology, that, in Herodotus' time, nations of the civilized world had passed through this matriarchal stage, as appears from the survivals of it retained in the midst of their newer patriarchal institutions. For instance, among the Arabs, to this day, strongly patriarchal as their society is in most respects, there survives that most matriarchal idea that one's nearest relative is not one's father but one's maternal uncle. He is bound to his sister's children by a "closer and holier tie" than paternity, as Tacitus says of the same conception among the ancient Germans. Obviously, great interest attaches to any accounts of existing tribes which preserve for us the explanation of such social phenomena. Some of the most instructive of these are too new to have yet found their way into our treatises on early institutions—they are accounts lately published by Dutch officials among the now Islamized clans of Sumatra and Java. Among the Malays of the Padang Highlands of Mid-Sumatra, who are known to represent an early Malay population, not only kinship but habitation follows absolutely the female line; so that the numerous dwellers in one great house are all connected from one mother, one generation above another—children, then mothers and maternal uncles and aunts, then grandmothers and maternal great-uncles and great-aunts, etc. There are in each district several *suku*, or mother-clans, between persons born in which marriage is forbidden. Here, then, appear the two well-known rules of female descent and exogamy; but now we come into view of the remarkable state of society, that, though marriage exists, it does not form the household. The woman remains in the maternal house she was born in, and the man remains in his.

His position is that of an authorized visitor; if he will he may come over and help her in the rice-field, but he need not. Over the children he has no control whatever; and, were he to presume to order or chastise them, their natural guardian, the mother's brother (*mamak*), would resent it as an affront. The law of female descent, and its connected rules, have as yet been mostly studied among the native Americans and Australians, where they have evidently undergone much modification. Thus, one hundred and fifty years ago Father Lafitau mentions that the husband and wife, while, in fact, moving into one another's hut, or setting up a new one, still kept up the matriarchal idea by the fiction that neither he nor she quitted their own maternal house. But, in the Sumatra district just referred to, the matriarchal system may still be seen in actual existence, in a most extreme and probably early form. If, led by such new evidence, we look at the map of the world from this point of view, there discloses itself a remarkable fact of social geography. It is seen that matriarchal exogamous society (that is, society with female descent, and prohibition of marriage within the clan) does not crop up here and there, as if it were an isolated invention, but characterizes a whole vast region of the world. If the Malay district be taken as a centre, the system of intermarrying mother-clans may be followed westward into Asia, among the Goss, and other hill-tribes of India. Eastward from the Indian Archipelago it pervades the Melanesian islands, with remains in Polynesia; it prevails widely in Australia, and stretches north and south in the Americas. This immense district represents an area of lower culture, where matriarchalism has only in places yielded to the patriarchal system, which develops with the idea of property, and which, in the other and more civilized half of the globe, has carried all before it, only showing in isolated spots, and by relics of custom, the former existence of matriarchal society. Such a geographical view of the matriarchal region makes intelligible facts which, while not thus seen together, were most puzzling. Though it is only of late that this problem of ancient society has received

the attention it deserves, it is but fair to mention that its scientific study began long ago, in the part of the world where we are assembled. It is remarkable to find Father Lafitau already pointing out in 1724 how the idea of the husband being an intruder in his wife's house bears on the pretence of surreptitiousness in marriage among the Spartans. He even rationally interprets in this way a custom which to us seems fantastic, but which is a most serious observance among rude tribes widely spread over the world. A usual form of this custom is, that the husband and his parents-in-law, especially his mother-in-law, consider it shameful to speak to or look at one another, hiding themselves, or getting out of the way, at least in pretence, if they meet. The comic absurdity of these scenes, such as Tanner describes among the Assiniboines, disappears if they are to be understood as a legal ceremony, implying that the husband has nothing to do with his wife's family.

It is obvious that in this speculation, as in other problems now presenting themselves in anthropology, the question of the antiquity of man lies at the basis. Of late no great progress has been made toward fixing a scale of calculation of the human period; but the arguments as to time required for alterations in valley-levels, changes of fauna, evolution of races, language, and culture, seem to converge more conclusively than ever toward a human period, short, indeed, as a fraction of geological time, but long as compared with historical or chronological time. While, however, it is felt that length of time need not debar the anthropologist from hypotheses of development and migration, there is more caution as to assumptions of millions of years where no arithmetical basis exists, and less tendency to treat everything prehistoric as necessarily of extreme antiquity; such as, for instance, the Swiss lake-dwellings and the central American temples. There are certain problems of American anthropology which are not the less interesting for involving no considerations of high antiquity; indeed, they have the advantage of being within the check of history, though not

themselves belonging to it. A brief account may now be given of the present state of information as to movements of civilization within the double continent of America. Conspicuous among these is what may be called the northward drift of civilization, which comes well into view in the evidence of botanists as to cultivated plants. To see how closely the two continents are connected in civilization, one need only look at the distribution on both of maize, tobacco, and cocoa. It is admitted as probable that, from the Mexican and Central American region, agriculture travelled northward, and became established among the native tribes. This direction may be clearly traced in a sketch of their agriculture. The same staple cultivation passed on from place to place. Agriculture, among the Indians of the great lakes, is plainly seen to have been an imported craft by the way in which it had spread to some tribes but not to others.

The distribution of the potter's art is similarly partial. With this northward drift of civilization other facts harmonize. Now that the idea of the mound-builders being a separate race of high antiquity has died out, and their earth-works, with the implements and ornaments found among them, are brought into comparison with those of other tribes of the country, they have settled into representatives of one of the most notable stages of the northward drift of culture among the indigenes of America.

"I DOUBT if there can be found in all the realms of eccentricity an individuality more absolute, an oddity more original, an author who has given vent to more common sense, clothed in taking and interesting garb, than this same Josh Billings. If he were to stand erect he would be about six feet tall, well proportioned and very fine looking. He has a very heavy, large head, thick, black hair, which falls upon his stooping shoulders. He carries his head well forward, and elevates his back so that an ordinary camel would grow green with envy."
—*Joseph Howard, Boston Herald.*

HOW THE ANCIENTS RODE HORSES.

THE Greeks and Romans did not know stirrups. The ancients had no saddles like ours, although a Monsieur Ginzrot tries to make out from Julius Cæsar and other Roman writers that they did sometimes employ a kind of frame like a saddle-tree, which was stuffed with wool or cloth, and then covered over with a thick, pliable cloth, and the whole was fastened on with a *cingulum* or *zona*, which answered to our surcingle or girth. But I have failed, writes the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, in the *Evangelist*, after examining several hundred equestrian statues and statuettes in bronze, marble, and terra cotta, and after examining also many ancient vases and paintings, to find anything that answers exactly to a modern saddle. That they had saddles of some sort there is no doubt, but they were entirely unlike ours. They were cloths either of a single piece woven thick like a carpet, or were doubled, and even quadrupled, and sometimes wadded. Such saddles would not be convenient for sustaining stirrups.

Among the thousands of bronze remains of harness, bridle-bits, buckles, and other horse-paraphernalia in the department of the "small bronzes" in the Naples Museum, there is not a stirrup, not a spur, not a horse-shoe. Among the equestrian statues and statuettes in bronze, marble and terra cotta, the saddle, such as I have described, is rarely to be found as a companion to those equestrian statues. The greater part are without even a simple cloth. The full life-size equestrian statues in marble of the Balbi (father and son), found in the Basilica (not in the theatre, as most ciceroni and guides tell the traveller) at Herculaneum, are without saddles, and, of course, without stirrups. The Balbi ride bare-back. The full-size equestrian statue in bronze of Nero, discovered only half a century ago in Pompeii, represents the emperor riding without saddle or stirrups. The wonderful bronze statuette group of Alexander and Bucephalus gives us the pose of the great Macedonian seated upon his bareback steed, and he appears riding calmly and fear-

lessly into battle, dealing heavy blows with his sword with as much force as if he had stirrups to stand up in. All these are in the Museum at Naples, and photographs and engravings of them are to be found everywhere, so that any reader of this article can examine for himself.

WIRE.

NO wire of consequence was made in England until late in the 15th century, and the art of drawing it was not introduced until the 16th was well-nigh half ended. The growth of the industry in that country was rapid, and in Cromwell's time had attained considerable importance. One of the earliest mills for wire-making was built at Nuremberg about 1660, and a hundred years later the first English mill was put in operation at Mortlake. The idea of the drawplate came from the East, but to whom the credit of its invention is due is not known. It was brought to France by Archal, and to England by Schultz. Its form has not materially changed, and is that of a cylinder flattened on one side and bored with holes of graduated size, through which the wire is drawn in succession by means of a wheel and crank until it has reached the requisite size.

For very fine gold and silver wire a perforated ruby is used. The holes taper to the side where the wire first enters. Small fine wires are drawn cold, being frequently annealed during the process. All wires in drawing require constant lubrication. The rapidity of drawing varies with the size of the wire and the ductility of the metal, the speed increasing to as much as 75 inches per second in very fine gold wire. Iron and brass wires range from 12 to 50 feet per second.

Single silver wires have been drawn to a length of 205 miles.—*Ex.*

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.—*Dwight.*

THE CHARM OF CHANGEFUL WEATHER.

THE many vicissitudes of the climate of the United States—particularly in their north-eastern quarter—are a fashionable subject of repining. Rapid changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, frequently annoy us, and are doubtless occasionally hurtful to health. They are not altogether evil in their effects, nevertheless; and if for no other reason they should be prized for the great dower of beauty they bring. “They give us,” says Washington Irving, “the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe with the fresh verdure of the North. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and thrilling frosts and whirling snow-storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance—and then the joyous outbreak of our spring bursting at once into leaf and bloom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life—and the splendors of our summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds, piled up on a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate ‘the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night uttereth knowledge.’”—*Ex.*

THE MICROSCOPE AND ASTRONOMY.

THE application of the microscope to astronomy is due to two French savants, Messrs. Drago and Boquet de la Grege. These two astronomers having been in Mexico studying the last transit of Venus, which occurred December 6th, 1882, took several instantaneous photographs of that planet. Since their return to France they have studied with much care, with the aid of the microscope, the impressions thus obtained, and they have succeeded in perceiving the details of the surface and outline of this star with great exactness. As this exactness is far superior to what has been obtained thus far in the description of the configuration of the earth itself, it has been proposed to make an application of this new method to the study of our globe. To achieve this result a very ingenious means is employed. By taking advantage of the movement when an eclipse of the moon occurs, the shadow of the earth on that body is photographed. A large number of copies are made and these are studied with the microscope, thus securing an accuracy of outline otherwise unattainable. Whatever may be the results of this new method of furthering astronomical science, we cannot but admire the ingenuity of its inventors.—*Canadian Scientific Monthly.*

THE DEVIL FISH.—An octopus was caught recently with fish hooks, near Portland, in Oregon. There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat, and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about three hundred feet of water. As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion, when the devil fish dropped off of its own accord. One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to a jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were four feet long, and its purse-shaped body was about one foot in diameter.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDMUND GOSSE lately said :—" Walt Whitman is a wonderful old man, so serene and lovely, so unaffected and beautiful, with his long white hair. You know his rhapsodies—for I must not call them poems—have always had a larger audience in England than with you."

JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, lives at Albany with his eldest and only remaining son. For more than a year past he has not left his bed-chamber, where he is confined by the sufferings of an accident received some years since. The poet receives no visitors, and no one is permitted to converse with him save his son and the faithful house-keeper who has been with him for a score of years.

ARISTOTLE gives a beautiful though not complete definition of poetry when he says: The historian and the poet differ, not because one writes in prose and the other in verse, but because the historian narrates what has happened, and the poet writes of that which can or should happen. Poetry is therefore more grave and moral than history, because it treats of generalities, while history relates particular facts.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is an athlete and a sportsman, fond of long walks and out-doors. He talks in low tones, both on the lyceum platform and off of it. "His manners," says the *Portland Transcript*, "are private and reserved, without shyness or affectation. He is about five feet eleven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His friends say that he can prepare more 'copy,' and feel less tired over it, than any other American author."

M. DARYLL, the French critic, expresses the following opinion of Anthony Trollope: "A good father, a good husband, a good post-office official, a great fox hunter, and, moreover, a man of letters. He does not leave behind him the name of a great author, but that of a man who succeeded in the business of

writing as he would have succeeded in that of a grocer ; and if he has left no great work as a mark of his fame, of how many men of letters can even as much as this be said ?”

TENNYSON has been offered one thousand dollars for a four-verse poem. George Eliot's *Life* has already returned forty thousand dollars' profit. Emile Zola's income is over sixty thousand dollars a year. Mark Twain is worth over a million. Some Canadian editors are rich in *prospectu*, but as the latter is not now current, we advise deliberation before entering into competition with Tennyson, Twain *et al.* Coleridge gave a piece of advice : “ Never enter literature as a trade.” The great successes of literature are paraded before our eyes, while the failures have neither a sympathetic bankruptcy act nor a warning press to state the whole literary life and death fairly and squarely.

“ BRYANT, Whittier, Holmes and Longfellow were all personal friends, long time singing together in different keys. Like the poets of the field and forest, no discordant notes ever vexed the harmony of their anthems. Bryant was the staid robin on the tall treetop, with breast illumined by the twilight gleam, singing in plaintive tones the elegy of day. Whittier, the timid whippoorwill, throwing his weird staccato notes out from the secret shadows of the night. Holmes, the joyous bobolink, following us as we walk the land, from post to post, from bush to bush till we catch the laughter of his rollicking song. Longfellow, the cosmopolitan mocking-bird, master of all languages and tuneful in all keys—warbling and watching for the dawn, and making all nature glad that the morning is coming.”—*Orient*.

CHARLES LAMB.—One morning in the year 1792 a young clerk took his place in the office of the East India Company, in London, and there, day after day, for thirty-three years, he might have been seen at his post. He was a timid, thoughtful man, rendered more timid by incurable stuttering. This

clerk was Charles Lamb. He was seventeen years old when he took his place in the East India Company's office. When he was twenty-one he began a life of cheerful, loving self-sacrifice. His sister Mary had become insane, and one day had snatched a knife from the dinner-table, and had given her mother a blow with it which killed her. After his father's death Charles took his poor sister from the asylum in which she had been placed, made a home for her, and devoted his life to her comfort. She recovered her reason, but she was insane several times again during her life. Charles watched over her with the tenderest care. I do not know whether Lamb had any Oriental blood in his veins, but certainly the most marked complexional characteristic of his head was a Jewish look, which pervaded every portion of it, even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and the black and crispy hair standing off loosely from the head as if every single hair was independent from the rest. The nose, too, was large and slightly hooked, and the chin rounded and elevated to correspond. There was altogether a Rabbinical look about Lamb's head which was at once striking and impressive. His head might have belonged to a full-sized person, but it was set on a figure so *petite* that it took an appearance of inappropriate largeness by comparison. This was the only striking peculiarity in the *ensemble* of his figure; in other respects it was pleasing and well formed, but so slight and delicate as to bear the appearance of extreme spareness, as if of a man air-fed, instead of one rejoicing in the proverbial predilection for "roast pig." The only defect of the figure was that the legs were too slight even for the slight body."—*From Personal Traits of British Authors.*

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.—The envious or jealous man can throw his vitriol in the dark and slip away unperceived—he can write an anonymous letter. Has the reader ever really tried to picture to himself the state of that man's or woman's mind (for women write these things also) who can sit down, take a sheet of paper, make a rough draft of any anonymous letter,

copy it out in a very legible yet carefully disguised hand, and make arrangements for having it posted at a distance from the place where it was written? Such things are constantly done. At this minute there are a certain number of men and women in the world who are vile enough to do all that simply in order to spoil the happiness of some person whom they regard with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." I see in my mind's eye the *gentleman*—the man having all the apparent delicacy and refinement of a gentleman—who is writing a letter intended to blast the character of an acquaintance. Perhaps he meets that acquaintance in society, and shakes hands with him, and pretends to take an interest in his health. Meanwhile he secretly reflects upon the particular sort of calumny that will have the greatest degree of verisimilitude. Everything depends upon his talent in devising the most credible sort of calumny—not the calumny most likely to meet general credence—but that which is most likely to be believed by the person to whom it is addressed, and most likely to do injury when believed. The anonymous calumniator has the immense advantage on his side that most people are prone to believe evil, and that good people are unfortunately the most prone, as they hate evil so intensely that even the very phantom of it arouses their anger, and they too frequently do not stop to inquire whether it is a phantom or a reality. The clever calumniator is careful not to go too far; he will advance something that might be or that might have been; he does not love *le vrai*, but he is a careful student of *le vraisemblable*. He will assume an appearance of reluctance; he will drop hints more terrible than assertions, because they are vague, mysterious, disquieting. When he thinks he has done enough he stops in time; he has inoculated the drops of poison, and can wait till it takes effect.—*Hammerton*.

WHATEVER you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—*Sprat*.

SELECTIONS.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—*Shakespeare*.

HE lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived but lost.—*Fuller*.

“THE day of monuments, in the shape of useless piles of stones, has gone by forever. The monuments of the future will be hospitals, sanitariums, libraries, colleges—the infinite means of culture and of human comfort.”—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*.

IN the course of his articles Prof. Tyndall characterizes earnest, honest teaching as the noblest of employments; protests against the “cramming” process so common in schools; alludes to Fichte, Emerson and Carlyle as great and noble men; says that Bunsen, the chemist, was the nearest approach to his ideal of a university teacher; and asserts that “hard thinking and fleet talking do not run together.”

UNIVERSITIES have often been the means of national regeneration when all other political and social agencies had apparently exhausted themselves. The unification and extraordinary development of the new German empire has been traced by many directly to the influence of its universities. At the present moment the despotic government of Russia shows its fear of the intelligent, patriotic spirit which is developed in her universities, by drafting hundreds of students into penal regiments for military service in remote quarters of the empire. Whatever we may think of the chances of the ultimate success of the Russian student nationalist movement, all will agree as to the justice of their cause. In our own hemisphere, a notable instance of the direct influence of universities upon the public welfare is the achievement of the independence of Brazil. The agitation which finally resulted in the overthrow of Portuguese domination in that country began in a small coterie of university students.—*Varsity*.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a lubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So, sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And, no longer tearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We'll find life has much that's worth living for yet.

Is it, or is it not, clear that the average graduate—to speak *more American*—of the Ontario public or high school, is superior in intelligence, thinking power, versatility of mind, and facility in the correct use of his own mother tongue, to the average graduate of a Nova Scotian, New England or Western school? Is it clear that, judged by these same tests, the average graduate of Toronto University is so immeasurably the superior of him from even some of our own “petty,” “one-horse” colleges? We are not denying the fact, but merely suggesting the query. “To see ourselves as others see us,” is often helpful; and there *are* those who are ready to say that our public and high schools are so hampered by machinery and compulsory cram that teachers cannot do their best in the way of true education, and that even in University College, with one or two grand exceptions, the learned professors have not learned to be scientific educators, and that some departments of the very

highest importance, to which special attention is wisely given in many of the smaller colleges, such, for instance, as original writing and independent criticism by students, are almost wholly neglected.—*Canada School Journal*.

NAMES.—“Not many months ago,” says Mr. Edward Whitaker, in *Good Words*, “a little maiden, born at West Derby, Liverpool, to the surname *Pepper*, was registered in the following personal names, five-and-twenty in number, viz.: *Ann, Bertha, Cecelia, Diana, Emily, Fanny, Gertrude, Hypatia, Inez, Jane, Kate, Louise, Maud, Nora, Ophelia, Quince, Rebecca, Sturkey, Teresa, Ulysses, Venus, Winifred, Xenophon, Yetty, and Zeus*. *William* came to England, as a baptismal appellation, with the Conqueror, eight hundred years ago. It was pre-eminently unlikely, considering the conditions of its introduction, to secure popular approval; but in time personal association won for it a victory as decisive as its ducal bearer had won for Normandy at Hastings. The many leading men who bore the Conqueror’s name passed it on largely to those of lower rank, who loved their service. The same went on in humbler circles still, until by repetition *William* became so common that it originated more surnames than any other baptismal appellation. There are *Williams* and *Williamson*, to begin with. Then the abbreviation *Will*’s produced *Willes, Willis, Wills, Willson* and *Wilson*. The diminutive *Guillemot* or *Gwillot*, has led to *Gillet, Gilliat, Gillot, Gillott* and other forms; while *Williamot*, the more English version of that diminutive, has given *Willatt, Willet, Willert, Willott, Wilmot, Wilmott*. Again, in connection with the pet shapes of the name, are the surnames *Bill, Billson, Bilson, Weeks, Wickens, Wickenson, Wickerson, Wickeson, Wilcock, Wilcockson, Wilcox, Wilcoxon, Wilkins, Wilkinson, Wilks, Willcocks, Willey, Willy* and *Woolcock*. Indeed, *Williams*, the chief surname-derivative of *William*, stands third in point of commonness among English cognomina—*Smith* (which comes from that occupation) and *Jones* (which comes from *John*) only exceeding it in frequency of occurrence.