

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Editorial Notes.

### THE PARISIAN HORROR.

THE fearful loss of life consequent on the burning of the Opera Comique at Paris should read us a lesson we are by no means too ready to learn. The French authorities are doing just as we often do—shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. They are shutting up other theatres upon the ground that they are as deficient in means of exit as was the burned building, and they will probably be content with economical half-measures, like our own ruling powers, and allow these theatres to be re-opened before they are safe. Both here and in France we want a touch of paternal socialism to leaven the ancient institutions of stiff bureaucracy and unchecked individualism under which we respectively suffer. The public is not able to take care of itself, though vanity will not allow the public to acknowledge so much, and the powers that be are quite willing to evade a responsibility which is not forced upon them. But the public has enough intelligence to take care of itself, and this assertion does not contradict the last. Public intelligence needs organization, and as the brain directs the body, so should the best intelligence of the country be devoted to the country's service. The brain does not contain all the nerve-matter, nor even all the will-power, of the body; yet as the most intelligent portion of our being it assumes the responsibility of directing all the rest. So in the body politic the minds of leading and intellect should take the responsibility of directing all individual acts which tend to humanity. It is not enough for the law to restrain all actions individually hurtful. It should also regulate such individual acts as are liable to become dangerous by mere number, and among those specially liable to dangerous consequences are the assemblage of great crowds in public buildings. Our theatres are probably safer than the Opera Comique, which was old and badly built, but we need go no

farther than any of our great hotels to see that hundreds of travellers are nightly exposed to dangers greater than those threatening lovers of the Thespian muse. When a great fire occurs, like the one at Buffalo lately, public attention awakens for a moment, but quickly drops again, for it is nobody's business in particular to examine the means of exit from hotels, and "nobody's business" is proverbially ill attended to. We are far from wishing for the French bureaucratic system, which renders official authorization necessary for many of the most ordinary acts of private business; but we wish to see a recognition of the principle that means of public amusement or of public accommodation which are sure to bring large masses of humanity into close contact, or even into similar conditions, are fit subjects for legislative care and supervision. Next to theatres and public halls come public conveyances and hotels, and if we profit by the misfortunes of others we shall find none of them the worse for stricter supervision and regulation in the public interest. Legislation could do nothing to help one sad and disgraceful incident of the fire, but fortunately we are not likely to see such an incident in Canada. "The bodies of eighteen ladies, all in full dress, were found lying at the bottom of a staircase. These ladies all had escorts to the theatre, but no remains of men were found anywhere near where the women were burned to death." It seems as if all Parisian husbands were as selfish and unloving as the average French novel or play depicts them, and that these unfortunate ladies were all married—and deserted.

### REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

WE are really tired of the O'Brien controversy as still pursued by both American and Canadian papers, pro and con. Mr. O'Brien did not beard the Governor-General in his den, nor did he hunt him ignominiously out of Canada. When an admission fee was charged he had a good meeting, consisting entirely of friends, who came to listen and get the worth of their money; while in open meetings the crowd was divided, and at the largest meeting refused to hear him at all. He went out without police protection, though he must have known it was needed, and suffered slightly at the hands of a few roughs in Toronto and Kingston, but no attempt was made to murder him, or it would certainly have succeeded. We know now that Mr. O'Brien is not personally popular in Toronto or Kingston, and also that there are a few tough citizens in each place who think that the word should entail personally disagreeable consequences, though the majority of citizens do not agree with them. All these facts are undisputed, and the rant about free speech and attempts to murder is too silly to be dis-

cussed seriously. The accusations against those who spoke at the Toronto meeting, and recommended peace and moderation, are simply disgusting. They can hardly be called silly, for the writers are presumably not children.

#### SPOTS ON THE SUN.

OUR American cousins are of course more liberal in their legislation than an effete and corrupt monarchy like that under which we have the misfortune to groan. Having made this admission we would wish to point out one or two spots on the sun that lights this hemisphere—in short the American Constitution. Its almost immaculate system of jurisprudence has not yet abolished the truck system prohibited in England about 40 years ago, and American employers are still allowed to pay their workmen with store orders (the store being kept by the employer) for goods priced at fifty per cent. above their real value. The workman is thus reduced to a condition of actual slavery, and his freedom of body is as much gone as if he were bound by a chain. Overcharges soon get him in debt to the store, and he cannot leave his employer without sacrificing the poor little sticks of furniture that make up his Lares and Penates. The Hazelbrook coal-mine in Pennsylvania has a record that could not be surpassed by the worst employers in England before the passing of the Truck Act. On another point the American law—and we are sorry to say the Canadian too—lacks at least consistency, if not justice. Eviction for non-payment of rent is practised in most of the States of the Union and the Provinces of Canada, even in those whose legislatures have passed strong resolutions in favour of the party which in Ireland is fighting the Plan of Campaign. In America, too, the tenant has no bill to secure him the Ulster privileges. He has no Compensation for Disturbance Bill to fall back upon, and he has no Land Court to fix the amount of his rent.

#### THE DISALLOWANCE QUESTION.

THE Manitobans seem determined not to submit to the disallowance of their often-projected railways. They insist that the failure of their Province to grow as rapidly as Dakota is due to the want of sufficient railway accommodation. But they have failed to prove their case. The Government refuses to budge an inch, and the House of Commons has defeated Mr. Watson's motion by a majority of 48—a majority which the Government could not get on a straight party vote. The most definite grievance the Prairie Province can claim is that of high freights, for it is clear that they pay more, in some cases very much more, for freight carried by the C.P.R. than their neighbours pay to the Northern Pacific. If the Government persist in their policy of disallowing lines across the boundary, they should at least give the North-West the benefit of rates which will allow them to compete on fair terms with Dakota and Minnesota wheat-growers. The stand taken by the C.P.R. authorities is by no means likely to enhance the popularity of the line, for they threaten to shut up the car-shops at Winnipeg—a mere bit of bluster which they cannot legally put in force—and they threaten to shut up the direct line north of Lake Superior. The latter would be a direct slap

in the face to the Government which has done so much for them, the great expense of constructing that section having been undertaken expressly to make the C.P.R. a truly national work, built entirely on Canadian soil. The Company may do this as soon as they have built their line from Sault Ste. Marie to Chicago, but it would be poor policy for them to kill the goose that has laid them so many golden eggs.

#### THE GAME OF GRAB.

THE meeting of Provincial premiers may turn out to be as harmless as a Quaker gun. There is little doubt that the meeting will be conducted harmoniously, that good sense will be manifest in its counsels, and that the result will be the adoption of resolutions tending to maintain the interests of individual Provinces against any possible encroachments by the Dominion legislature. But what will be the results? History relates that the rats once hatched a notable scheme to outwit their ancient enemy, the cat, by fastening a bell to her collar, and the felicitous idea only failed of accomplishment because no one was able to fix on the bell. Even if seven rats had been found to volunteer for the dangerous service, would they ever have fixed the warning alarm in position? Probably not; and the seven premiers, bold as they may be, will probably fail to out-general the big cat at Ottawa. The secession cry in Nova Scotia and the provincial rights issue in Ontario seem to work well at Provincial elections, but when a general election comes on, where are they? It is the strongest proof of the strength of our Confederation and the growth of a national feeling among Canadians, that general elections are carried exclusively on Dominion issues, and that sectional issues have no appreciable weight. The hope of securing extra plunder from the general treasury is so general that it cannot be called sectional, nor indeed can it be called national. The principle is as wide as human nature, and almost as old, for the Talmud tells that one of the sons of Adam was called by the name of Grab or its Hebrew equivalent.

#### THE IRON DUTIES.

IT is not surprising that the British iron-masters and their employees are indignant with the new protective duties levied by our Minister of Finance; for there will be an appreciable and damaging effect upon the British iron trade, although not to the extent prophesied by some of the Midland papers. The experiment of building up a large iron industry in Canada, however, may not prove so thoroughly successful as Sir Charles Tupper anticipates. The natural advantages of the old country with regard to this particular business are considerably greater than are possessed in Canada at present, and the qualities of the iron that may be manufactured here will have to be fully equal to those of Great Britain, or the article will fail to become established as a native product. In the growth of a community the essays towards "doing for itself" are not always crowned with success any more than are the ventures.

#### THE FERGUS RESURRECTION CASE.

IT is to be hoped that no effort will be spared to discover the perpetrators of the foul outrage committed in Fergus

Cemetery a fortnight since, and that an exemplary punishment will be meted out to them. It has already been alleged as an exonerating excuse for the stealing of Mrs. Gardiner's body that the provisions of the Anatomy Act are not complied with by the Superintendents of Public Institutions, whereby the authorized dissecting rooms are not able to obtain a sufficient number of subjects for their requirements. In the training of medical students it is necessary that human anatomy be practised, and, considering the number of students, a corresponding number of subjects is needful. If these bodies can be obtained by legal methods, members of the profession of Galen will not trouble to desecrate the resting places of the dead; but if by authorized means subjects are not forthcoming, the zeal for scientific research will speedily prevail over scruples of sentiment, and body-snatching must be expected. Before the law provided facilities for obtaining bodies for anatomical purposes in England, a certain class of men carried on a regular business with medical men and schools by providing subjects. These illegal purveyors of corpses were numerous in London, and many curious tales of their practices are on record. What is wanted is a proper carrying out of the Anatomy Act. There are many people who die without friends in this Dominion, and in the interest of humanity their remains should be handed over to our doctors, as the bodies of the dead gladiators were given to the old Roman physicians.

#### THE AGE OF STONE.

THE undoubted discoveries of native stone implements of the pre-historic period in Africa establishes the fact that the whole human race have passed through the lithic stage of development, just as the remarks of certain old classical writers indicated. Hesiod referred to the Stone Age of human existence. Three quarters of a century before the Christian era, Lucretius said, "Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails, and stones, and fragments from the branching woods." Horace, a little later, asserted that men were originally savage and little removed from the brutes, "fighting for acorns and hiding places with nails and fists; then with clubs, and lastly with arms." So that even the paleolithic remains of man, which seem to our civilized minds so primitive, were probably the result of a long process of the growth of reason in humanity. At any rate the mythical theories of Oriental religions must be treated as allegorical stories or be absolutely discarded. Modern discovery has found out too much to permit the human mind to be blinded by the hallucinations of ignorance. Fifty years ago, to doubt that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours per diem, or that man came upon the scene of his remarkable history exactly in the year 4004 B.C. was to be guilty of heresy, and to be regarded with social aversion. But the researches of scientists and philologists during the last half century has rendered Bishop Ussher's carefully calculated date for the beginning of the world's actuality a mere instance of human error, and 4004 B.C. is not recognized to-day as representing anything but a big mistake. A more critical knowledge of

the Hebrew language has also made it clear that in the Biblical account of the Creation of Man, the story is twice told, and with some difference in the telling. *Ex pede Herculem.*

#### CHANGES IN THE TARIFF.

AMONG the various changes in the tariff which the Dominion Government have seen fit to bring into operation within the past month, there is one calling for especial notice on the part of a journal which specially addresses itself to the literary portion of the community. The change consists of the imposition of fifteen per cent. by way of import duty on all books not hitherto subject to such conditions. As most readers of these columns are aware, the importation of books into Canada was until a few years ago untrammelled by any question of import duties. The latest issues of the British and foreign press could be bought in this country at prices little, if at all, higher than in the land of their publication, and were promptly and regularly imported by the principal dealers. The Canadian reader was not handicapped in his love of literature, and the Canadian bookseller was not handicapped in his endeavours to cater to a taste which certainly deserves encouragement rather than repression. Several years ago a change was brought about by the imposition of a duty of fifteen per cent. on all books published within seven years of the date of importation. This was a blow to the book-trade, as it rendered necessary an addition of fifteen per cent. to the price of all modern books. It was a blow to the reading public in general, as it compelled them either to pay this additional price, or to forego their inclination to buy books and to form libraries. It bore with especial hardness on the poor student, to whom the buying of books is a necessity, and whose purse is seldom in a state of repletion. Still, we had all become accustomed to the burden, and had ceased to murmur at it.

#### AN ADDITIONAL TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

BUT now we are subjected to an additional load. The fifteen per cent. duty has been extended to all books whatsoever, irrespective of their date of publication. This provision strikes a serious blow at the second-hand book-trade. It will doubtless lead to the closing of not a few of the second-hand book-stores, and, by reducing competition, will still further increase the cost of books to the purchaser. We regard this new imposition as singularly inopportune and ill-advised; not only because it imposes an additional tax on knowledge, but because it places unnecessary restrictions upon a business which deserves encouragement rather than discouragement. The burden is one specially grievous to be borne, for it will very largely fall upon a class ill able to bear it. So far as to the point of view of the bookseller and his customers. But on the other hand, it will produce no material addition to the revenue, and will thus rob Peter without paying Paul. The booksellers—and more especially the second-hand booksellers—ought to rise up as one man to protest against this blow to their interests. It is probable that a vigorous representation of the facts to the Minister would bring about a reconsideration and repeal of the obnoxious clause.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

## ADOPTED IMMIGRANTS.

CERTAIN amiable personages who fancy themselves to be philanthropists have been writing to the English and Canadian papers to protest against the inhumanity of sending orphans and other waifs out to Canada for distribution among farmers and others needing children for adoption. Their complaints appear to establish the facts that the unfortunate waifs are separated from their relatives and their native land, and that in Canada they have to work hard and do not have silver forks at table. These complaints are all founded on indisputable facts, but why should any one be so foolish as to complain of a work at which every lover of humanity should be glad to assist? It is true that the children leave their country, and it is well for them that they do. In England they would be placed in workhouses, where they would be as well fed as in Canada and better clothed. They would have less work to do, go more steadily to school and be put out to work at the proper age. After a few years they would be found to have gone the way of other workhouse children in cases where their future has been watched. Three-fourths of the boys "go wrong"—that is become thieves or vagabonds—and more than three-fourths of the girls. The workhouse system, which separates the sexes and drills the young into as close a resemblance to machinery as God's image can be made to assume, is the curse of the English poor, and the inhumanity of shutting up such schools would be open to question. The workhouse school feeds the prison and the brothel, for it fails to teach the only things which the poor *must* learn or perish—industry and family affection. An adopted child, even if ill-treated, as most of our poor little immigrant waifs are not, learns more of these indispensables than the best-trained workhouse child; and it is certain that as few of our adopted children "go wrong" as if they were the actual children of their adopters. It is not simply foolish, but wicked, for ignorant busybodies to attempt interference with the plans of those who are trying to provide homes for those whose natural protectors are dead, or worse than dead, as far as their children are concerned. The Scotch system of farming out pauper children is far better than the English workhouse system, but far inferior to the emigration plan, and as long as Canadian farmers want children to adopt, they are not likely to lack help in procuring them.

## Correspondence.

*The Irish in Canada.*

Editor ARCTURUS:

THE visit of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Kilbride, and its object, may not be without benefit, if they turn the minds of Canadians to the consideration of certain questions which bear closely on the best interests of our country. In stating these, it may be said, at the outset, that there is no intention of running amuck at the Irish population, or of advocating any ideas of Know-nothingism either in regard to that or any other nationality of which the somewhat mixed population of Canada is composed. We are all living under one system of laws, in which, theoretically at least, there is no distinction of nationality, class, or creed. All are equal in the eye of the law, and, so far as the laws of the land are concerned, there are no privileged classes.

But when we turn to the practical working of the law, it is undeniable that a certain portion of the population demands rights and privileges denied to Canadians as such. It seems absolutely necessary to repeat—to prevent, so far as that is possible—either misunderstanding or misrepresentation that there is no intention to attack the Irish as such, for among that population, there are as fair-minded, honourable, and law-abiding men as can be found in any part of the community. These remarks do not apply in the slightest degree to them. There is no prejudice against Irishmen as Irishmen, when they become Canadians, with all that that implies—namely, that they are satisfied to share all the benefits to be derived from being a constituent part of the community, entitled to receive fair play at the hands of their fellow-citizens, and to aspire to such distinction as their merits deserve.

But there is a class of Irishmen which refuses to become Canadian, or to stand on an equal footing with the Canadian people. This class insists on being recognized as a separate nationality, holds itself aloof from everything tending to the general good of Canada, insists on proclaiming itself alien in the land, yet demands, on this very ground, to receive exceptional privileges, to have the highest honours of the State bestowed on its members and to have offices of emolument reserved for them, to which the Canadians have no right or title. It is not long since the whole Province of Ontario was agitated over the squabble for an appointment at Ottawa in the gift of Mr. Mowat's Government. So far as the two candidates individually were concerned it is not likely that any human being beyond their friends cared whether one or the other of the two men received the appointment; but the principle was coolly assured that this special office could only be given to an Irish Roman Catholic, no matter how unfit he might be for the position. In like manner Irish Roman Catholics must be foisted into the Cabinets, Federal and Provincial, on the simple ground of their nationality and creed, not because of their fitness. Were there exceptional laws, the danger of oppression or of persecution, any single thing necessitating the presence of these men to guard the interests of their fellow-countrymen, there might be some justification for this policy—for it is now a policy—but if they refuse to become absorbed in the common citizenship of Canada, what possible ground can there be for fostering and encouraging by premiums and rewards the continuance of a danger to the country, which stirs up a feeling of irritation, that may smoulder sullenly, and some unhappy day burst into a destructive flame?

The boast has been made in some of the American papers that O'Brien was accompanied by a band of armed ruffians, ready to shoot down our own people on the slightest provocation. The statement may be true or false—probably the latter—but it is the statement of the Irish themselves, and shows at least the disposition, if not the ability to import hired assassins to carry out the behests of the leaders in carrying into Canada the faction fights with which we have no concern. The ludicrously false reports in the American papers of the enthusiastic reception of O'Brien and the middleman Kilbride, ought to teach, and probably will teach us a lesson, to distrust the reports of the outrages committed in Ireland, received by telegraph through the Associated

Press-despatches; and the accounts being spiced to suit the Irish American palate. But this visit should teach practically the duty of Canadians to put an end to the existence of a privileged class, whose rule is worse than that of the old Family Compact, bad as that was in many respects. D.

Ottawa.

## Poetry.

### CASTING FLOWERETS ON THE STREAM.

CASTING flowerets on the stream,  
In the Maytime's merry weather,  
Fred and Phyllis, in a dream,  
Tied a bud and spray together.

They were children both, at play,  
Startled, as the silent river  
Bore the little bud and spray  
Onward from their sight forever.

Phyllis sighed to see them go—  
"Gone!" she said, and tears had started;

"Will they on together flow?  
"Will the bud and spray be parted?"

"Yes or no," said Fred, and smiled  
Lightly in a sage endeavour  
To console the weeping child,  
Gazing sadly down the river.

Answers she by falling tears,  
And by silent lips that tremble;  
Telling tales the coming years  
Will have taught her to dissemble.

"Back," said Fred; "we to the hill,  
Where are other flowers in waiting;  
We may pluck them at our will,  
Bud and spray together mating."

Phyllis, dreamy little maid,  
While their hands were lock'd together,  
Look'd from dewy eyes and said,  
"Fred, I do not wish another."

"To-day whatever songs we sing:  
With whatever flowers we deck us:  
Back the coming day will bring  
But the faded leaves and echoes!"

"I cast the little bud away,  
Heeding nought if it should leave me;  
It can never more be May—  
Fred, it was the first you gave me!"

"Life's deep tide has not the power  
Back a single joy to give us;  
We have pluck'd our spray and flower,  
All but mem'ry's dream must leave us!"

Rockwood, Ont.

D. McCue.

### FISHERIES FALLACIES.

(From the N. Y. Nation.)

It was stated not long since in the *London Times* that the Earl of Rosebery declared, when resigning office, that the most serious question he left behind him was the dispute between the United States and Great Britain respecting the fisheries. Lord Iddlesleigh is reported to have made, shortly before his death, a similar declaration as to the gravity of the controversy. Both these statesmen betrayed, by these expressions of opinion, an intelligent apprehension of the character of the dispute, and of the consequences not unlikely to result from its continuance. A prolonged controversy between nations, while always fraught with danger, is peculiarly liable to end in hostilities when waged, as the fisheries dispute actually is, between contiguous countries and in a spirit of exasperation on both sides. The history of the oyster fisheries in the Chesapeake Bay is a strong domestic illustration of the difficulty of maintaining good relations between the hardy champions of rival fishing interests, even when they belong to friendly communities under one central government, with no questions of tariff or of rival nurseries for seamen to excite cupidity or inflame national pride and resentment.

Three modes of settling the fisheries dispute have been suggested. One is that recently made by Lord Salisbury, as at least a temporary expedient, of an exchange of free fishing in Canadian waters—with the same privileges and regulations for American as for British fishing vessels—for a free market for Canadian fish in the United States. Another mode is that proposed by Mr. Bayard, of a permanent settlement on the lines of the treaty of 1818, by a definition of the limits of the exclusive and common fishing grounds under that convention, a joint system of police by the two Governments, and the admission of American fishing vessels into Canadian ports for the purchase of bait and other supplies, etc. A third mode of settlement which has been proposed, is to abrogate the Treaty of 1818 and fall back on the Treaty of 1783.

It is to the last mode that we wish to direct attention, for, while it is not a new idea, it has lately been accepted in certain quarters with not a little favour, and has received at the hands of Mr. John Jay, late Minister to Vienna, a very thorough and deliberate exposition, published in the form of a letter to Mr. Evarts. An examination of Mr. Jay's pamphlet will lead to the disclosure of fundamental fallacies in his position, and throw not a little light on the general aspects of the dispute.

Under the Treaty of Peace in 1783, between the United States and Great Britain the fishermen of the United States had, as is generally known, the right to take, dry, and cure fish in the territorial waters and on the coasts of British North America. The enjoyment of this right was suspended by the war of 1812; and when, after the close of that conflict, the American fishermen sought to resume their rights under the Treaty of 1783, the British Government objected, on the ground that the war had put an end to the treaty. This was denied by the United States, which contended that the Treaty of 1783, being a treaty of separation and settlement, for the division of common property, and not a grant of rights and privileges by the mother country to the United States, was permanent in its character and not affected by war.

The Treaty of Ghent, concluded December 23, 1814, for the purpose of ending the war of 1812, contains no mention of the fisheries. It is known, however, that they formed a frequent topic of discussion between the negotiators of that convention, and that the British Commissioners unequivocally declared that they would not thereafter "grant" the liberty of fishing, and drying and curing fish, within exclusive British jurisdiction without an equivalent. (Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, vol. iii., p. 119 *et seq.*, December 22, 1814.) The American Commissioners maintained the position that the rights of the American fishermen were not affected by the war, and thus the issue was made. The disagreement was complete.

The controversy thus begun continued until the conclusion of the Treaty of 1818. The intervening period was one of great irritation, and the two countries were continually on the verge of a hostile outbreak. Mr. Adams gives in vol. iii. (p. 265 *et seq.*) of his Diary an account of an interview with Lord Bathurst, in London, in September, 1815, in which his Lordship declared that American vessels could not be permitted to fish in British territorial waters; to which Mr. Adams replied, maintaining the American position, and promising soon to address his Lordship a note on the subject. In volume iv. of the Diary we find an account of a conversation between Mr. Adams and the British Minister at Washington, on the 18th of March, 1818, in which the latter stated that Admiral Milne, commanding the Jamaica station, had issued orders, like those of the preceding year, to seize all American vessels which might

be found fishing within the British jurisdiction. Mr. Adams replied at length, and closed by saying that the United States would probably have to fight for the matter in the end. The Minister replied that Great Britain had gone as far in the direction of accommodation as she could go.

The orders issued by the British Admiralty from 1815 to 1818 to seize American vessels found fishing in British waters were not continuously enforced, but were at various times, and for various periods, generally with a view to negotiations, suspended. But the Diary of Mr. Adams, as well as other contemporaneous records, shows that many seizures were actually made.

Such was the condition of things when, on the 20th of October, Messrs. Gallatin and Rush concluded the Treaty of 1818. By that convention the United States "renounced forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed by the inhabitants thereof to fish within three marine miles of any of the "coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours" of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within certain limits, in which the right of fishing was expressly reserved to American fishermen by the Treaty. This in terms constituted a permanent settlement of the boundaries between the common and exclusive fishing grounds.

We are now prepared to consider the proposition, as advocated by Mr. Jay, to settle the present dispute by abrogating the convention of 1818, and resting on that of 1783. In support of the right of the United States to abrogate the Treaty of 1818, he cites the annulment by Congress in 1798 of the treaties of 1778 with France, for the reason, among others, that those treaties had been repeatedly violated by the French Government. He also cites the opinions of several publicists to show that the violation of a treaty by one contracting party releases the other. This proposition no one will controvert.

But when he comes to apply this doctrine, Mr. Jay is not so fortunate. After saying that the violation of the Treaty of 1818 by the Canadians has given us a right to abrogate it, he declares "that its abrogation would restore to force article 3 of the Treaty of Peace in 1783, the operation of which was suspended by the Treaty of 1818, but which would revive in its original force were the Treaty of 1818 abrogated; precisely as the latter treaty, after being suspended by the adoption of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, was revived by its termination in 1866, and, after being again suspended by the Treaty of 1871, was again restored by its termination in 1885."

The fundamental fallacy of this deduction is the singularly erroneous assumption that the treaties of 1854 and 1871 "suspended" the Treaty of 1818. The Treaty of 1818 has, in fact, remained in force from the moment of its ratification to the present time. Both the Treaty of 1854 and that of 1871 provided, in terms, that "in addition to the liberty secured to the United States fishermen" by the convention of 1818, they should enjoy for a certain time a common right of fishing with her Britannic Majesty's subjects on certain other coasts than those to which such right was confined by that convention. In a word, the treaties of 1854 and 1871 temporarily restored what the Treaty of 1818 had renounced. They did not supplant nor suspend a single right enjoyed under it. The Treaty of 1818 was made as a permanent settlement of the whole subject; and, if its abrogation, instead of restoring to American fishermen the enjoyment of the rights and liberties defined in the Treaty of 1783 merely remitted us to the disputes of 1815-1818, the practical side of the suggestion advocated by Mr. Jay could not be regarded as of more value than its argumentative basis.

Another prevalent fallacy is the criticism of the negotiators of the Treaty of 1818 for having yielded without cause

the rights of the United States in the fisheries. However sound may have been the American position as to the permanency of the fishing articles of the Treaty of 1783, we have seen, from the review of the situation between 1815 and 1818, how little the argument availed the American fishermen in practice. Nevertheless, Mr. Blain declares, in his *Twenty Years of Congress* (p. 617, vol. ii.)—and his views have been widely spread—that the Treaty of 1818 was "altogether the most inexplicable in our diplomatic history." He says that "neither in the minute and important Diary of Mr. Adams, nor in the private letters, as published, of Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Rush, is there the slightest indication of any reason for recommending, or any necessity for conceding, the treaty." And, to complete the case against the negotiators, he finally states (p. 619, vol. ii.) that "of this extraordinary renunciation Mr. Rush wrote many years after: 'We (Mr. Gallatin and himself) inserted the clause of renunciation; the British plenipotentiaries did not desire it.'"

We have already seen what the Diary of Mr. Adams has to say on the subject, and that in March, 1818, he expressed to the British Minister the opinion that the matter would probably have to be settled by war. Such was doubtless the apprehension of Messrs. Gallatin and Rush; and the latter, in an appendix to his *Residence at the Court of London*, giving an account of the negotiations, expressly so declares. "Neither side," says Mr. Rush, "yielded its convictions to the reasoning of the other. This being exhausted, there was no resource left with nations disposed to peace but a compromise. Great Britain grew willing to give up something. The United States consented to take less than the whole." The compromise having been agreed upon, the question of phraseology arose. The American plenipotentiaries inserted and insisted upon the word *renounce*, not, as Mr. Blain would lead us to suppose, for the purpose of giving up something the British plenipotentiaries did not wish them to yield, but for the following reasons, stated by Mr. Rush in the appendix above quoted: "(1) To exclude the implication of the fisheries secured to us being a new grant; (2) to place the rights secured and renounced on the same footing of permanency; (3) that it might expressly appear that our renunciation was limited to three miles from the coasts." It thus appears that the *renunciation* was a final reassertion by the American plenipotentiaries of the permanency of the fishing articles of the Treaty of 1783. Compelled, as they believed, to yield something for the sake of peace, they *renounced* what they gave up, so as to preclude the supposition that in making the compromise they had abandoned the principle.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—In a leading restaurant in St. Petersburg six officers of the Imperial Horse Guards sat recently, it is stated, drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man, with a shabby coat and unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By and by, as they became more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, the cheapness of what he was drinking, etc., he called the waiter and said; "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Do you hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away, and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. It was brought. "A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid £10 on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt upon the officers, strutted out of the room.



## “WEARING OF THE GREEN.”

“So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?”

“Yes. Why not?”

“Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage.”

“Stuff! There are no Fenians.”

“Oh aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!”

“Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him, hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it.”

“Well, he says there are Fenians no end.”

“Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this one.”

“Misguided young man, farewell! If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!”

“Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!”

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison, Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the “Devil's own.”

Laurence Spalding was a tall athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege—new, strange and dear to young lawyers—of wearing the moustache. He it was who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland; and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumours of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, south-western county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatterbox and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home, he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavour of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the “boys” of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighbourhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very jocosely in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected “risings” of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

“Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighbourhood they say things are beginning to look very bad.”

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt bold scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

“I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald,” observed the driver.

“So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?”

“Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!”

“Thru for you, boy!” growled the postillion, in assent.

“The whole side of the country is up, I'm tould,” said the driver.

“More power to 'em!” growled the postillion.

“What nonsense!” laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore. “Do you really believe such talk as this?”

“My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience.”

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

“If we were through this,” said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, “I think we should be safe for this day.”

“Are there highway robbers about?” asked Spalding.

“Highway robbers here? Oh no!”

“What else, then?”

“The Fenians!” said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough?" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding!" said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic!" was the reply.

"Look at our flag!" One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men, I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a night-mare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *cavaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "He understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined

castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at once," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airy, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep blue lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the

cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonour on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honourable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone—

“In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that we have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!”

“The court is against me,” thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

“Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honour to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor.”

“On my word, Gerald,” exclaimed Laurence, “I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause.”

“The Englishman,” said the lady, with a sweet smile, “is an honourable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name?—you will do me the honour of dining with me. In my father’s absence I am host and commandant.”

“Much honoured, I am sure,” faltered Laurence; “but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?”

“My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven.”

She bowed; one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o’clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess’s women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence’s susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

“I declare to you,” said Laurence, “if I were to go back to-morrow, and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!”

“Extraordinary and infatuated people!” said the lady. “You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavour to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you.”

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence’s soul.

“Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!” he pleaded. “In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better.”

“To-morrow,” said the lady, with another half-sigh, “we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!”

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the

cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death sentence.

“No, Mr. Spalding,” said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. “You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!”

“Never!” exclaimed Laurence, passionately. “I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!”

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

“Three cheers,” cried Barrymore, “for the Fenian volunteer!” and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the French Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence’s feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green!—*Justin McCarthy.*

### BEN BLOWER’S STORY; OR, HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

“Are you sure that’s the *Flame* over by the shore?”

“Certain, manny! I could tell her pipes across the Mazoura.”

“And you will overhaul her?”

“Won’t we though! I tell ye, stranger, so sure as my name’s Ben Blower, that that last tar-bar! I hove in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off the *Flame* from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come.”

“The devil!” exclaimed a bystander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room. “I’ve chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder-barrel.”

"Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Cert'ing! Don't folks sometimes go into boilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't: but wait till we get through this brush with the old *Flame* and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

"You have seen the *Flame* then afore, stranger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the *Go-liar*. You've heern, mahap, of the blow-up by which we lost it. They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler-plate or two, and let out a thin spurting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the *Go-liar* took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenters' work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out *new*. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole' (I think this was the name he gavo to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler), through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effect, and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer I would have had all that man could desire; as it was I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farthest end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather, much worse—men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in

their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world; and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet-looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *carankierankerous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you and I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd a *swounded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. Yes, I slept; I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke: there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting-place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open, and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before that they now reached the whole length of the boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought, that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I lay upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored at last my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint when I first discovered how I was entombed gave way to a livelier though less overpowering emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have tenfold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—implorely—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries, till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened, my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up, and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I *could* meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not, nor does it matter if I could compute it. There *was* a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Heaven! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet mid-leg deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder. It was hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear? No! though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there forever, still I *knew*! I was too hoarse—too hopeless—from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who *must* hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope—hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did; but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities made more noise within the steaming cauldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro; lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something; it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had; but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death. Yes; when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this. I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it? No; the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view; it must trickle down upon the decks, before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished, so hot had become that which remained; should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet? \* \* \*

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire? why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger; it can never regain its natural size; but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. *Sir, that hole would have been*

*plugged up on the instant unless I had jammed my finger through!*

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold-water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bedside arterwards, *AND that julep!*"

"Cooling, was it?"

"STRANNGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no more.—  
*Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

### SHAKING HANDS.

THERE are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them; and although I find frequently such phrases as *jungero dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbersome iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the chronicles, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without therefore availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equal, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon when you meet with a person who has been educated to the pump-handle shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two acquaintances, both

estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the pump-handle shake, and another had brought home the pendulum from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was, at last, a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal—in which line they ever after shook. But it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by claspng the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as nearly reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Greivous touch* is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsidiary motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch even then only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the forefinger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a list, of the *gripe*

*royal*, the *saw-mill shake*, and the shake *with malice prepense*; but these are only incoherent combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the pump-handle, the pendulum, and the *tourniquet*; as the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, Peter Greivous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble the reader with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the pump-handle. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.—Edward Everett.

#### A Curious Will.

THE remarkable will of Lord Gifford, a distinguished Scotch jurist, lately deceased, is attracting much attention in England. It provides generous bequests to the four Scotch universities for the foundation and endowment of chairs of "Natural Theology," the lectures to be open to the general public without matriculation, and the fees to be as low as possible. Lord Gifford thus states his purpose: "Having been for many years deeply and firmly convinced that the true knowledge of God—that is, of the Being, Nature and Attributes of the Infinite, of the All, of the First and only cause—that is, the One and Only Substance and Being, and the true and felt knowledge (not mere nominal knowledge) of the revelations of man and of the true foundations of all ethics and morals—being, I say, convinced, that the knowledge, when really felt and acted on, is the means of man's highest well-being and the security of his upward progress. I have resolved, from the residue of my estate as aforesaid, to institute and found, in connection, if possible, with the Scottish universities, lecture-ships or classes for the promotion of the study of said subjects, and for the teaching and diffusion of sound views regarding them among the whole population of Scotland."

The most curious feature of the will is that the "Natural Theology" may be taught by individuals of any Church or of no Church, of any creed or of no creed. As, however, the choice will rest in each case in the hands of the University Senate, there is not much ground for fear on this account.

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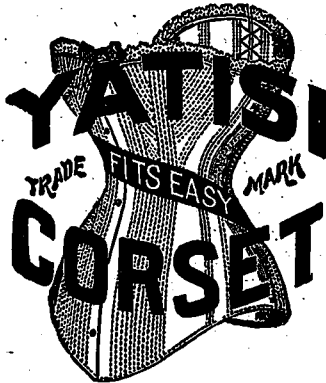
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