

Poetry.

TWO BOYS.

Two boys in whose warm brother-blood,
 A tribute stream from mine
 Has mingled with the alien flood
 Of their parental line;
 In one the red tide leaps like flame
 At moving act or word;
 But John is grave of mood, not tame,
 By no swift impulse stirred.
 All marvels he is keen to hear;
 The lore of earth and sky
 Fills with delight his listening ear,
 Absorbs his kindling eye.
 He loves old tales of giant men
 Who strode from fight to feast;
 And wonders told by modern pen,
 Of fish, and bird, and beast.
 He sees that stars and planets shine
 Upon this world of ours,
 And knows that sun and rain combine
 With God, to paint the flowers.
 And questions none can solve, perplex
 His little groping brain;
 The germ of problems dark, that vex
 The hoary head in vain.
 He is not cast in gracious mould,
 His flatteries are few;
 His childish heart is somewhat cold,
 But it is staunch and true.
 Not his that sparkling mirth and glee,
 His brother's natural charm;
 And beauty is to him less free
 Of gifts that win and warm.
 But Charlie's dark revealing eyes,
 His soft cheek, rosy-brown,
 His sudden smiles, and transient sighs,
 And momentary frown;
 The sweet heart-wisdom of his speech,
 Its eager generous glow;
 The stern and worldly soul can reach
 And melt the hardest brow.
 Yet watchful Nature will provide
 For John a larger share
 In hearts with manna pure supplied,
 Loves hoard of daily fare.
 That mother knows affection thrives
 By spending all its store,
 And owns that he who little gives
 Will ever need the more.
 Twelve moons just filled their golden round
 Between each day of birth;
 And truer comrades are not found
 Upon the pleasant earth.
 Each to his goal in Life's wide plan—
 Bright Charlie presses on,
 A loved and loving little man;
 But John is always—John.

Montreal.

MILETA.

THE poet Saxe wrote this sentiment one day:

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my boy—
 Of the terrible snake in the grass:
 But now you must know,
 Man's deadliest foe
 Is a snake of a different class,
 Alas!
 'Tis the venomous snake in the glass!

P. GAGNON, of 53 Rue Du Pont, St. Roch, Quebec, sends us his latest catalogue of second-hand books, which contains 306 lots. Many of the works here offered are more or less rare and sought after. To many receivers of this catalogue the most interesting portion will be the page of *Desiderata*, from which it will be seen that, as to certain Canadian books, the demand is greater than the supply. Among the numerous works which M. Gagnon seems to be much more anxious to buy than to sell may be enumerated Smith's *History of Canada* (Quebec, 1815); Christie's *History of Canada* (first edition); Garneau's *History of Canada* (first edition); Haliburton's *Nova Scotia*; Hawkins's *Picture of Quebec*; *Report of the State Trials in Montreal in 1888-89*; Knox's *Journal*; Henry's *Travels*, etc., and various odd volumes of old directories and Historical Society Transactions.

AN ODD CHAPTER OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

PERSONS familiar with the history of the French Revolution are not unacquainted with the name of Théroigne de Méricourt—the woman of easy morals, who for a single day was elevated by the fickle populace to the rank of Goddess of Reason, and borne aloft through the streets, the observed of all observers. Carlyle gives one or two hints as to certain dark passages of her subsequent life. But it has been reserved for Augusto Tebaldi, an Italian physician, to follow that passionate personality to its close. The following translation of an article from his pen appeared not long since in the *American Journal of Insanity*, published at Utica, New York:—

Paris is the heart of a great country, and when its beatings become tumultuous, the surging pulse-wave flows through the gates of the Charenton, the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, and the dozen other public and private asylums, leaving indelible traces of memorable names.

These thoughts flitted through my head one morning as I entered one of those isolated cabins, within the court of the Salpêtrière.

They were ugly huts, scattered here and there, in which the more turbulent patients had been lodged. There was a time when the light, broken by strong iron bars, entered through a little window; the narrow door, strengthened by cross beams, showed at the bottom a hole, through which food and water were passed in. In the interior there was a board, sloping towards a corner, to which filth was directed; along the side opposite the window, was a sort of bench, about the length of a man, and half as broad as it was long, supported at the four corners by square feet, about a foot high. At one end of this lair there stood, about its middle, an iron bar on which there was a strong ring, at the ends of two chains that terminated in strong manacles which in better times were lined with leather. At the present day these contrivances have been relegated to the historical museums of asylums, and one of these huts has been preserved at the Salpêtrière, just as it was, as an historic curiosity. I determined to visit it, and on entering it, I saw on the grey wall a sort of arabesque, of reddish colour, dashed off convulsively, which on inspecting with closer attention, I recognized as a name, and probably that of an old inhabitant of the place; the plaster had been somewhat injured by the dampness, which had obliterated some of the characters, but not so far as to prevent me from making out the name *Lambertine*, and below it *September, 1807*. That name was not new to me, and that date brought back to me a certain remembrance; but, as so often happens, it was obscured by the gloom of clouded recollection; yet that name excited in me a strong desire to know something more about it. I therefore went at once to search the archives of the establishment, where I ransacked the clinical records of that year, until I succeeded in reaching, at the head of the entry: *Lambertine Théroigne de Méricourt*.

Here was my heroine. At the instant, my old intimacy with the name re-appeared, only in indistinct, but strange, terrible and pitiable lines. I ran rapidly through the few pages, and a sensation as of a cold knife blade ran over me from head to feet, and restored back the memories of her times.

Having, without fear of indiscretion, taken some notes, I added these, after my arrival at home, to some others which I found in my scrap books, and I now transcribe them faithfully.

Théroigne Lambertine was born at Méricourt, in the vicinity of Liège; at the date recorded in the clinical record, 1807, she was 40 years of age. This was her second admission into the Salpêtrière; her first was in 1800, but she was subsequently transferred to the asylum called *des Petites Maisons*.

She had been known in Paris as *la belle Liégeoise*, and she must indeed have been very beautiful, to have been called the "Queen of all the daughters of Eve in the district of Luxembourg," the designation under which she was afterwards known.

There stood on the banks of the Rhine an old ivy-clad castle, hidden among linden trees; Lambertine often wandered towards