

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. 1.
No. 12.

Saturday, April 2nd, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

J. FRASER BRYCE,
Photographer,
107 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MACDOUGALL & BEAUMONT,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

EQUITY CHAMBERS, 20 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO, R. B. BEAUMONT.
ALFRED MACDOUGALL.

ROLPH & BROWN,
Barristers, &c.
T. T. ROLPH. EDWARD B. BROWN.
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS (next Post Office),
30 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO.

L. MCFARLANE, M.D.
No. 16 GERRARD ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

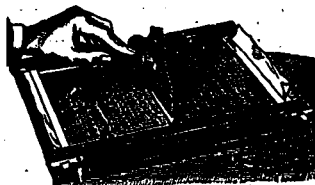
EDMUND E. KING, M.D.
L. R. C. P., London,
COR. QUEEN AND BOND STS., TORONTO.

DR. HELEN E. REYNOLDS,
72 GERRARD STREET EAST,
Diseases of Women and Children
A SPECIALTY.

DR. HENNING,
Sixteen years in general practice and an
extensive experience in the Hospitals of New
York, under PROFS. MUNDE, SIMS, HUDSON,
WYLLIE, T. GAYLORD, THOMAS, HUNTER, PAGE.
Midwifery & Diseases of Women & Children.
252. WELLESLEY STREET.

ELLIOTT & SON,
Decorators and Dealers
IN
Wall Papers, Stained Glass,
Hand-Painted Tiles, Parquetry,
Flooring, etc.

ELLIOTT & SON,
94 BAY STREET, NEAR KING.



TRYPOGRAPH.

5,000 from one writing. Send for beautiful Samples
GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent Remington
36 King St. East, Toronto. Type-Writer.

GEO. H. JARVIS,
Barrister,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Office, 10 Building and Loan Chambers, 15 Toronto Street,
TORONTO, CANADA.
Ascend by Elevator.

SAMUEL L. BECKETT,
Florist,
322-4-6 Ontario Street.
Choice Plants for the Conservatory and Lawn.
ROSES AND CUT FLOWERS. FLORAL DESIGNS A
SPECIALTY.

J. BRUCE, Most Artistic.
ART Most Stylish.
PHOTOGRAPHER, Most Finished.
118 King Street West. MODERATE PRICES.

A. G. BROWN,
Stock & Financial Broker.
30 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.
MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN F. McRAE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
156 YONGE STREET.
TORONTO.

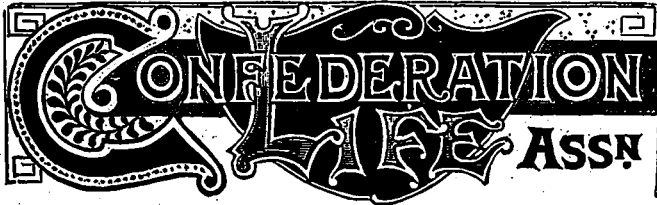
If going or sending for friends in any
part of Europe call and get Low Rates
by First-class Lines.

H. W. VAN-EVERY,
Railway, Steamship and Excursion
TICKET AGENT,
14 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

A. ELVINS,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 9 ARCADE, - - TORONTO.

MURDOCH & WILSON,
LAND, LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
Valuators, etc.
Office—No. 3 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

FOR ALL THE NEWEST
ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ETC.
—GO TO—
MATTHEWS BROS. & CO. { 98 Yonge St.
Picture Framing and Room Mouldings in the very
Latest Styles.



GUARANTEE CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT. A HOME COMPANY.

President—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND C.B., K.C.M.G.

Vice-Presidents—HON. WM. McMASTER, WM. ELGAR, Esq.,

HON. CHIEF JUSTICE MACDONALD,
W. H. BEATTY, Esq.,
EDWARD HOOPER, Esq.,
J. HERBERT MASON, Esq.,
HON. JAMES YOUNG,
M. P. RYAN, Esq.,

Directors.

S. NORDHEIMER, Esq.,
W. H. GIBBS, Esq.,
A. MOLAN, HOWARD, Esq.,
J. D. EDGAR, Esq.,
WALTER S. LEE, Esq.,
A. L. GOODERHAM, Esq.,

Managing Director—J. K. MACDONALD.

The Association has been fifteen years in operation, during which time \$915,000 has been returned to the Policy Holders.

This year (1886) closes the third Quinquennial Period. It is expected there will be a surplus of over \$350,000. The surplus at December 31st, 1885, being \$282,190.

Guarantee Capital and Assets now over \$2,800,000. Policies in force over \$14,000,000.

Policies Non-Forfeitable after two years, and after three years Indefeasible.

Sun Life Assurance Comp'y of Canada.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following statement:—

	Income.	Assets.	Life Assurance in Force.
1874	\$64,073 82	\$621,362 81	\$1,786,302 00
1876	162,822 14	715,944 04	2,214,093 00
1878	127,508 87	773,895 71	3,374,083 43
1880	141,492 81	911,182 03	5,881,479 14
1882	254,841 78	1,073,577 04	5,819,589 19
1884	278,370 05	1,274,507 24	6,344,504 04
1885	319,087 05	1,411,004 33	7,950,878 77

The only Company issuing absolutely Unconditional Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN,

R. MACAULAY.

President.

Managing Director.

A. H. GILBERT, Manager for Western Ontario, Toronto.

THE RESERVE FUND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

AGENTS WANTED TO REPRESENT.

HEAD OFFICE: 10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A new star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of ARCTURUS. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *litterateur* are a guarantee of excellence. ARCTURUS promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, ARCTURUS will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail.*

ARCTURUS is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian.*



And at London, Eng.

REAL ESTATE and EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

I buy, sell or exchange Farms and City property. I also furnish Railroad Contractors, Saw-millers and others with men.

Situations of all kinds obtained for men, boys and girls in the City and Country.

JOS. TUER, 101 York St., Toronto.

ROSES. BEST QUALITY TREES. SEEDS.

H. SLIGHT

THE FLORIST

WEDDING FLOWERS

407 YONGE ST.

SECOND-HAND and RARE BOOKS FROM ENGLAND.

About 20,000 volumes of miscellaneous second-hand and rare books always on hand. Catalogue of new arrivals now ready.

GRATIS and POST-FREE.

BRITNELL'S, TORONTO.

The Nobbiest Yet!

IS THE VERDICT ON OUR

TWEED WALKING JACKETS

300 STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

ALL PERFECT FITTING AND SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR US.

PRICES TO-SUIT EVERYBODY.

FROM

\$2.50 TO \$20.00.

FRENCH AND GERMAN PATTERN MANTLES

NOW ON EXHIBITION.

Dress and Mantle Making an art with us.



218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert Street, Toronto.

159 and 161 Queen St. West.

QUEEN CITY LIVERY,

OPPOSITE QUEEN STREET AVENUE.

Telephone 358. First-class Rigs Always Ready.

TURNBULL SMITH.

MISS HOLLAND,

99 YONGE STREET.

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking.

NOURNING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

MRS. A. W. MILLER,

100 YONGE ST.

MILLINERY & AMERICAN DRESSMAKING

Fancy Laces a Specialty.

CHARLES P. LENNOX,

Dentist,

Yonge St. Arcade, Rooms A and B, UP-STAIRS.

Special attention given to Artificial Crowns, Filling, etc. Artificial Sets from \$6.00 up. Hurd's System of Vitalized Air for extracting teeth.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Vol. 1. }
No. 12. }

Saturday, April 2nd, 1887.

{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

CONTENTS OF NO. 12.

EDITORIAL NOTES.	PAGE	PAGE	
Political Pulpiters.....	179	Presentation to Mr. T. Wemyss Reid.....	182
The Irish Coercion Bill.....	179	Spelling of Russian Names.....	183
Mr. Gladstone and the Cloture.....	179	POETRY.	
Our Governor-General as a Landlord.....	180	Not a Poet.....	183
Mr. McDougall on the Fisheries.....	180	THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.	
The Salvation Army in India.....	180	The Attitude of Science to Literature.....	183
A Season of Prosperity.....	180	Distressing Proclivity for Fiction.....	183
EDITORIAL.		How Much to Spend on Books.....	184
Canadian Antiquities.....	181	Born Incapacity for Reading.....	184
BOOK NOTICES.		Read With a Pen in Your Hand.....	184
The Tale of Troy.....	181	About the Hundred Best Books.....	184
Four Winds Farm.....	181	THE CIRCUUS HORSE.....	184
Winter Songs and Sketches.....	182	ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.....	185
In Divers Tones.....	182	AN EDITOR'S PLEASANT LIFE.....	185
CORRESPONDENCE.		THE EAGLE'S NEST, OR THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE—Continued.....	186
Modern Massacre.....	182		
LITERARY NOTES.			
Importation of New Books.....	182		

Editorial Notes.

POLITICAL PULPITERS.

It is to be regretted that no definite result was arrived at on Monday of last week, when the Ministerial Association discussed the limits of a minister's legitimate interference in politics. There seemed to be a general feeling that ministers should not identify themselves with any political party. This is undoubtedly a sound and sensible doctrine, which should be far more rigidly adhered to by our spiritual pastors and masters than it is. Party politics are preached, under thin disguises, from many Canadian pulpits, particularly about election time. Congregations, being composed of persons of mixed opinions, are set at loggerheads upon the substance of political sermons, and instead of being one in Christ they become houses divided against themselves. With moral and social questions ministers of the Gospel have assuredly the right to deal, and that vigorously; but such questions are not of any party, nor should they be made the means of pulpit canvassing. It is a pity some restraining resolution was not placed on record by the Ministerial Association.

THE IRISH COERCION BILL.

THE measure now before the Imperial House of Commons relative to the government of Ireland is one the spirit of which there is no possibility of mistaking. It is an out-and-out coercion bill, more repressive in its scope than any measure which has been submitted to Parliament during the present agitation. With respect to certain classes of crime it contemplates a virtual abolition of the jury system, and practically places the press under the censorship and control of the local magistracy. In cases of the gravest character it proposes to change the venue from Ireland to England. Purely political offences are excluded from the operation of the bill, which moreover is only intended to apply to proclaimed districts; but these districts are precisely those where the feeling of hostility to the union is

greatest, and where any attempt to remove an Irish prisoner to England for trial would meet with the most stubborn and determined resistance. The bill has set the Parnellite members fairly aflame. They pronounce it to be a measure of unparalleled atrocity, and pledge themselves to fight it clause-by clause to the bitter end. The Government, with the aid of the Liberal Unionists, will almost certainly be able to carry it intact, but its passage will provoke such a storm in Ireland and among the Irish in America as has not yet been heard. It really seems as though hammer and anvil were likely to come into collision at last. There can of course be no doubt as to the immediate effect of such a collision, but it is discouraging to know that all the negotiations and parleyings of the past nine years should have no better issue than this.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CLOTURE.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly tempting his fate to the uttermost in these latter years. His speech on the cloture in the House of Commons the other night must have taken most of the members of that body by surprise. He for the first time posed in the rôle of leader of the combined Liberals and Parnellites, and some of his remarks were of such a character as would hardly have been tolerated from any other member of the House without a reprimand from the Speaker. It is unquestionable that many who have sympathized with him in his change of base on the Irish question, and who were prepared to follow him almost anywhere, will think it time to pause when they perceive the anomalous position in which he has placed himself by his latest utterances. It may be conceded that the stand he has taken of late years with respect to Ireland has been due to a sincere change of opinion, brought about by a fuller acquaintance with the subject, and by a statesmanlike and philanthropic desire to render justice to a long-suffering and much-enduring people. His public repudiation of the self-same doctrines which he was wont to uphold with all the power of his eloquence in the days when he was in office—even this may be accepted as springing from more matured thought and profound intensity of conviction. But it is positively astounding to hear him give open and direct encouragement to the obstruction of public business—nay, to hear him indirectly threaten the Government and the Speaker of the House if they dare to follow the bent of the majority. This from Mr. Gladstone! One would as soon expect to hear a sermon from His Grace the R. C. Archbishop of Toronto in favour of divorce. We refuse to believe that the exact words of the ex-Premier's speech have been reported, and we patiently await further developments before coming to a conclusion.

OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL AS A LANDLORD.

DOUBTLESS there are two sides to this story about the Marquis of Lansdowne and his Irish tenantry, but the *ex parte* statement for the prosecution discloses a dark case against Her Majesty's representative in this Dominion. It appears that William O'Brien is to come over here to explain the true inwardness of the situation to the Canadian people. The representatives of the League will of course yield him a cordial greeting, and it is safe to assume that his lectures will be attended by large audiences. He is a voluble and effective speaker, full of enthusiasm and highly charged with electric sentiment about the wrongs of Ireland; so that we may expect to have one side of the story painted for us in vivid colours. His Excellency will probably feel it incumbent upon him to make some more comprehensive statement on the subject than the one which has just been put forth in his behalf. Should he fail to do so, there are a good many Canadians who will pronounce judgment against him by default.

MR. McDUGALL ON THE FISHERIES.

THE Hon. William McDougall has been delivering himself on the subject of the fisheries. His opinion should carry weight, for the subject is one which he years ago made his own, and which he probably understands about as thoroughly as any man in Canada. His conclusions, however, as recently given to a reporter at Ottawa, seem to have been arrived at on general principles rather than as the result of special study or investigation. They are, in brief, that the United States, with a population of sixty millions, and with interests fully commensurate with her population, will not submit to be coerced by this Canada of ours, with a population of less than five millions. This may be, and probably is, the gist of the whole matter; but the obvious remark presents itself: Can a great nation like the United States afford, in the interests of her future, to do less than justice in the premises? In other words, are there no such things as inherent rights and inherent wrongs, which nations and individuals alike are bound to recognize? It seems to us that there are, and that no nation ever existed upon which such recognition was more imperative than the United States.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

THE Rev. Mr. Ellison, Harbour Chaplain in Bombay, in a letter addressed to the father of a Salvation Army missionary from Toronto, who was left at death's door in that city, points out the futility and inhumanity of sending out untrained missionaries to such a country as India. To the class of zealous devotees who give themselves wholly to the cause of salvation, as mapped out by General Booth, the opportunity of visiting a vast stronghold of heathenism is no doubt attractive. The possibilities of personal sacrifice and self-abnegation are considered in the abstract before they start; but the numerous difficulties that are to be encountered at every turn in dealing with the natives of Hindustan cannot present themselves to the uneducated minds that march against millions armed only with the Gospel.

The Hindoos (by which we mean all natives of that most remarkable Asiatic Empire, which is nameless among its own many races) are not an unreflecting people, and of all conservatism, perhaps that of caste and religion as practised by them is the most conservative. It is scarcely to be expected that the believers in the Sacred Vedas, which can parallel the oldest Jewish records in antiquity, will give up the faith of some fifty centuries at the bidding of a Salvation Army missionary, or that a follower of Gautama's doctrines will be terrified into Christian salvation by the loud beating of tambourines and the constant shouting of Alleluiahs. Most truly has it been said that "God works in a mysterious way"; but in religious as well as other conditions of human existence, there is to be found a harmony between faith and human capacity. There is no point of agreement between the Hindus, Buddhists or Mahometans on the one hand and the proselyting Salvationist on the other. The Jesuits have found India a hard region to sow the seed in. Other sects are still making slow headway against the accumulated religious ideas of centuries, and it is not to be expected that the emissaries of any army formed to convert the lowest of the unconverted dwellers in professedly Christian cities can cope with the remnants of the strongest natural religion known. The effort is not noble, but misdirected, and the poor creatures who go forth to fight are to be pitied rather than admired.

A SEASON OF PROSPERITY.

VARIOUS indications of a season of commercial prosperity are apparent at the present time, both in Canada and the United States. The mercantile condition of affairs in the adjoining republic is always sure to reflect itself on this side of the boundary, and there, at least, the improved prospects in certain lines of industry are so perceptible as to be pretty generally admitted. There is no scarcity of money, which is easily procurable at moderate rates, and for this, the most important of all mercantile commodities, there is more than a fair demand. The railways are doing an exceptionally large business in freights, and branch lines and extensions are projected all over the country. Old capitalists of large experience, who are reputed to be wise in discerning the face of the commercial sky, attach a good deal of importance to the failure of the great labour strikes in New York, Boston, and other business centres. While it cannot be said that labour has sustained any crushing defeat, or that capital has achieved any signal triumph at the expense of the workingman, the opposing forces have in many cases arrived at a practical solution of their differences, and there is a general feeling that for the present no further serious industrial disturbance is to be looked for. This of itself will necessarily do much to help along the revival. We in Canada have waited long and patiently for the "good times" which we have been told were "coming." It is beyond measure gratifying to feel that there is now some prospect of the prediction being realized. It goes without saying that advocates of the N.P. will claim all the credit for the incoming wave. Well, give us first the result, and then let whomsoever can establish a claim have the credit.

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

CANADIAN ANTIQUITIES.

ALTHOUGH many Canadians have some knowledge of the history of their native land, our national antiquities have not received at the hands of our scientists the attention which they deserve. These antiquities are of course the earliest remains of the Indians. The most important researches that have up to the present been made in this field of anthropological enquiry have emanated nearly altogether from outside of Canada. It may be said indeed that outsiders know more of prehistoric America than the inhabitants of the American continent. There is nothing in Canadian literature to compare with the contributions of Markham, Virchow, or Powell. There is not even a recognized handbook upon the subject. There is not a first-class collection of remains, as one would expect to find in a country filled with the debris of aboriginal history. Yet there cannot be a more deeply interesting study than this savage archæology, if patiently and properly pursued. It is almost safe to assume that more is known of the Belgian cave-dwellers of the paleolithic ages than of the prehistoric dwellers in Canada. Perhaps half a million of years separate their respective periods of vitality. It might be that some light would be thrown upon the genesis of the North American Indian, still a *verata questio* among ethnologists, who do not all agree with the theory of the Hittites in America as once propounded by an ingenious but also illused philologist of Montreal. At any rate, if only from the mere desire to preserve from destruction the relics of ancient days when the red men ruled the land, some organized attempt should be made to collect for the nation these objects of archæological value and interest. They tell a great story in a little compass, and should not be lost. The majority of finds are undoubtedly of the neolithic order; but there are probably many far older relics of early life on what is now Canadian soil. The Canadian Institute should take up this work, and in no hap-hazard manner. As many specimens of pottery, shell, bone, horn and stone utensils, weapons and ornaments should be secured as is possible, with a view to forming a national collection of Canadian antiquities accessible to the public. The necessity for speedy and thorough action in this matter is absolute and apparent, for the monuments of ancient savagery are not of the large and lasting nature that pertain to ancient civilization. They are devoid of the historic associations connected with temples, coins, bronzes, etc., belonging to classi-

cal archæology it is true; but there is nevertheless a great interest attaching to the rude implements and utensils of a more primitive life. These are still plentiful in Canada. They are ploughed up every spring and fall, and flung aside by the laborious but unsympathetic agriculturist, in whose eyes the only yield is that of a good harvest of golden grain. It is not to be expected that he will waste his time over the buried remains of other days, and certainly it is not his business; but by this time there should be sufficient spirit and energy among the many savants of this Dominion to seriously undertake a *thorough* research in the direction of Canadian antiquities. No doubt there exist many private collections of such relics; but these are inaccessible alike to the student and to the public. What is wanted is a national collection, and it is to be hoped steps will soon be taken to supply the need. Then we may expect to find some Canadian Evans among us capable of writing an accurate and interesting description of aboriginal reliquia.

E. G. G.

Book Notices.

THE TALE OF TROY. Done into English by Aubrey Stewart, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and New York, Macmillan & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

In this work Mr. Stewart has given us "the tale of Troy divine" in prose form, in admirable English, and in the very spirit and style of Homer. He begins with the old-fashioned "Once upon a time," and the sequel is of the adventurous and romantic character to which the story everywhere lends itself. The book is doubtless chiefly intended for the use of young persons, but it may be read with pleasure and profit by persons of any age—even by students of Homer. The following brief extract will show how thoroughly the author has imbued himself with the spirit of the Father of Greek poetry:—

"As when a strong west wind blows, the waves first rear their crests far out at sea, and then, growing ever longer and heavier as they draw nigher to the land, break with a thunderous roar upon the beach, and toss the spray high above the tall cliffs of the shore, even so did the Greeks that day roll unceasingly onward against the hosts of Troy. Man to man and lance to lance they fought; and dread was the clash of shield against shield, the shouts of the warriors and the groans of the fallen, while beneath their feet the plain of Troy ran red with blood."

FOUR WINDS FARM. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London, Macmillan & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

This is another book written for the entertainment of young people, but possessing merits which may well recommend it to children of a larger growth. "This," says the author, towards the close of the last chapter, "is only the story of the very opening of the life of a boy who lived to make his mark among men." It tells how little Gratian Conyfer, the godchild of the Four Winds, meets with and successfully withstands the first great temptation which assails him. The narrative is clearly and beautifully told, and its little hero gains a strong hold upon the reader's affections. Mrs. Molesworth inscribes the volume to her "youngest daughter Olive," because, as she says, they thought of it together. The spiritual truths conveyed are however the work of no "youngest daughter," and the text is that of a

clever and practised writer. Walter Crane's illustrations are in his best style, and add not a little to the charm of a book which would be delightful even without such artistic adjuncts.

WINTER SONGS AND SKETCHES. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

Here is a truly beautiful little quarto, which may be bought at a price not much more than nominal, and which nevertheless contains pictorial effects such as, a very few years ago, all the wealth of the Rothschilds would not have sufficed to purchase. The literary contents are charming in themselves, and include verses by Shakspeare, Herrick, Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, Tennyson, Austin Dobson and others. In this respect, however, the volume has nothing to specially distinguish it from other collections of verses by eminent poets. It is in the matter of pictorial illustration that it presents exceptional claims to notice. The style of art is altogether novel and striking, combining all the finest effects of the rarest wood engraving with a softness and warmth of tint which no wood engraving can even distantly approach. The process, which is understood to emanate from Germany, appears to be a dexterous adaptation of oleo-lithography, and seems admirably adapted to the illustration of poetry and works of fiction. What a pleasure would it be to possess an edition of one's favourite author, illustrated after this artistic and delightful fashion.

IN DIVERS TONES. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Author of *Orion*, and *Other Poems*, Professor of English Literature in the University of King's College, Windsor, N.S. Montreal, Dawson Brothers. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

Professor Roberts, it is to be presumed, has adopted the title of this little volume from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The contents, however, are adapted from nobody, and are in the author's happiest manner. Those readers who welcomed *Orion* several years ago will receive this contribution from the same source with full acceptance. Mr. Roberts's strong point is perhaps rather in treatment than in conception, but one or two of the pieces in this volume indicate that he can invent as well as describe. Some of the softer warblings fall soothingly and gratefully upon the soul. The invocation to Canada, forming the second poem in the collection, breathes forth the true spirit of independence. It is suggestive just at the present time, as being a veritable voice from the Maritime Provinces. The following fine stanza gives a faithful idea of the pervading spirit of the whole :—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own ;
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone !

Professor Roberts's Montreal publishers have done him justice in the matter of mechanical details. A neater or more tasty little volume is not often seen. In respect of paper, typography and binding, Messrs. Dawson Brothers have fully maintained the reputation which they long ago acquired, and which they seem determined to maintain.

MR. T. WENYUS REID, late editor of *The Leeds Mercury*, on leaving Leeds to take the position of general manager for Messrs. Cassell & Co., has been presented by some of the inhabitants with a cheque for 425 guineas and a gold watch of the value of 75 guineas. Several other presents have also been given to Mr. Reid, including a silver inkstand from the members of the Leeds Liberal Club, and an English oak writing cabinet from the staff of the paper.

Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS : *Modern Massacre.*

DEAR SIR,—I read an editorial in your last issue commenting strongly on the railway disasters occasioned by derailment and fire, which appears to me is but an echo of a generally arising public sentiment on that matter. Lives and limbs are being sacrificed at a shocking rate of late. The succession of horrors which have occurred is sufficient to wake up the most soulless of corporations—railway companies—to the duty of the hour. These latter cannot excuse themselves on the score of inability to avoid such disasters. First, there appears to be palpable negligence as to the condition of the road-bed ; secondly, a criminal refusal to accept those appliances which inventors have brought to their notice, intended, and practically proved, to prevent disasters. We know that hundreds of couplers have been invented, any one of which would spare the lives of the poor brakemen. There has been an invention patented for several years, both here and in the United States, and tested on all leading railways, which practically renders derailment under ordinary circumstances impossible, *i.e.*, in cases of sharp curves, broken rails, open switches, spreading of rails, etc. There have been many other inventions brought to the notice of railway corporations and their practicability proved beyond question, but railway magnates are above all things conservative in their method of doing business. Nothing but compulsion, or the strongest incentive to self-interest, will cause them to move in the forward march of greater security to life and property, or even the economical utilization of their own resources.

What I deem to be the duty of the press, our public men, Boards of Trade, and all beneficial institutions is to start an agitation which will crystallize itself in a law compelling railway companies to adopt all reasonable appliances and all reasonable means of securing to the travelling public the greatest possible safety. And here comes in a strong argument for the existence of a railway commission, whereby railway companies might be made amenable to some power, greater than their own, looking to the public interests.

And let me remark that the government, controlling as it does several lines of railway in the Dominion, should set an example by adapting such safeguards as are available and practicable. But governments, like other corporative bodies, do not usually act until compelled to, and there is little hope, even here, until the compulsion come from the people in an unmistakable demand that they have rights to protection, while travelling, which railways and governments are bound to respect. The safe way is the better way. If railway companies but counted the cost of wreck-ages, compensation of claims, etc., etc., they would find they could afford to be generous in providing for the safety of passengers.

Yours very truly,

Chatham, Ont., March 21st, 1887.

R. E. GOSNELL.

Literary Notes.

MESSRS. R. W. DOUGLAS & Co., of 250 Yonge St., have just passed through the custom house and placed upon their shelves a huge importation of English and American books. The collection is a miscellaneous one, including all the staples suitable for Mechanics' Institutes and public libraries. Among these are cheap editions of all the leading poets, historians and novelists, works of travel and adventure, and a large number of illustrated juveniles. Several of the most noticeable of the latter are particularly referred to in the current number under the head of "Book Notices." Among the more expensive works may be mentioned a huge folio of choice *Etchings by American Artists* ; a splendidly-bound set of Black's 25-vol. edition of the *Waverley Novels* ; and several copies of Tennyson's *Complete Works*, beautifully bound and tooled by Tout, whose name is well known to bibliophiles as belonging to one of the foremost bookbinders in the world. Book-lovers who have a spare hour at their disposal can spend it very pleasantly in inspecting these and other literary treasures to be found on the premises.

THE spelling of Russian names is a constant difficulty. Miss Isabel F. Hapgood writes to *The New York Independent* on the subject as follows: "*Tourguénief* is the way he used to spell it himself when he wrote letters in French. It represents the sound well, but it is Frenchified. I always spell it *Turgeneff*. That substitutes one letter in English for one in Russian, and is, therefore, I think, the best. But you must always remember that the *e* is something like *ie—gay*—in fact, but as delicate as the *i* which people west of the western boundary line of New England introduce into such words as earth—ear(i)th; bird—bi(i)rd; worth—wor(i)th, and so on; also that the *u* is like *ou*. No one—myself included—spells Russian *quite* consistently in English. For instance, I spell *Dostoevsky* thus. It is pronounced *Dastayévskiy*, since an *o* is only *o* when the accent falls on it; and in other cases it is *a*. But no one would know of whom I was writing if I were consistent. So I do as in the case of *Turgeneff*. On the whole, that is the best plan, especially as an actual reproduction of the sound would entail an enormous number of letters in some names where the sibilants occur, as *iy, ichtsch!* The result in such cases reminds me, in the effect on the visionary reader of Lowell's lines—

'She nerved her larynx for the dreadful thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.'

Poetry.

NOT A POET.

Nor a Poet? no, he sings not;
Are not poets sometimes mute?
Is he greater, he whose bosom
Feels the thrill or plays the lute?
Is the blare of brazen trumpet
Sounded in the ear of Aré
Strong as silver chord that vibrates
Through the chambers of the heart?
Is the voice of Alpine thunder,
Calling from its cloud retreat,
Stronger than the brook that murmurs
All its music at our feet?
Is the sigh from wave of ocean,
Beating 'gainst life's hither shore,
Stronger as it sinks to silence,
Or amid the tempest's roar?
Thrills not all life's solemn music
Through the soul's strange woof and warp;
From the monotonies of Nature.
On her great Eolian harp?
And the Poet—he who gathers
All the sad and solemn strain;
Though the why and whence of being,
Still but *why* and *whence* remain;
Stands he by the Caves of Silence,
Where the night-winds come and go;
Asking still that awful question,
Answering winds, "We do not know."
Waits he still, in time-bound fetters,
Gazing through his prison bars;
Calling out in helpless pleading
To the cold and voiceless stars.
Thus adown the cycling ages,
Kneels he at some heathen throne;
Hands upraised to Baal or Moloch,
Reaching to the Great Unknown.
But the awful *if*, that meets him,
Drifting hopeless from the shore;
Into utter outer darkness,
Ir 'tis darkness, evermore!
But do not the wings of morning
Wait upon the darkest night?
Is there not a sun still shining
Always on the shores of light?
Judge him kindly, if he wanders
From the line so plain to thee.
What to some is truth unquestioned,
He may strangely fail to see.
You may stand where others left you,
He has on and onward trod,
Till no chart will show his bearing—
Is he farther, then, from God?

Rockwood, Out.

D. McCARG.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

THE annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching was delivered this year on the last Saturday in February, by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., who took for his subject, "The Study of Literature." In the course of his remarks he thus referred to

THE ATTITUDE OF SCIENCE TO LITERATURE.

After the severity with which science was for so many ages treated by literature, I cannot wonder that science now retaliates and treats literature somewhat with contempt. I only have to say on the relative claims of science and literature what the great Dr. Arnold said: "If I had to choose, I would rather that a son of mine believed that the sun went round the earth than that he should be entirely deficient in knowledge of beauty, of poetry, and of moral truth." I am glad to think that one may know something of these things and yet not believe that the sun goes round the earth. But of the two I, for one, am not prepared to accept the rather enormous pretensions that are nowadays made sometimes for physical science as the be-all and end-all of education. Next to this we know that there is a great stir on behalf of technical and commercial education. The special needs of our time and country compel us to pay a particular attention to this subject. Here knowledge is business, and we shall never hold our industrial pre-eminence, with all that hangs upon it, unless we push on scientific, technical and commercial education with all our might. But there is—and now I come to my subject—a third kind of knowledge which, too, in its way is business. There is the cultivation of the sympathies and imagination, the quickening of the moral sensibilities and the enlargement of the moral vision. That is, I take it, the business and function of literature. Literature alone will not make a good citizen; it will not alone make a good man. History affords too many proofs that scholarship and learning by no means purge men of acrimony, of vanity, of arrogance, and of a murderous tenacity about trifles. Mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not by any means arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system. Nor would I pretend for a moment that literature can be any substitute for life and action: A great man, Edmund Burke, said: "What is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice—these are what form the education of the world." That is profoundly true; it is life that is the great educator. But the parcel of books, if they are well chosen, reconcile us to this discipline; they interpret this virtue and justice; and they awaken within us the diviner man, and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.

DISTRESSING PROCLIVITY FOR FICTION.

As a matter of fact, there is much to make us question whether the spread of literature, as now understood, does awaken the diviner man—the figures of the books that are taken out from public libraries are not at all that we could wish. I am not going to inflict many figures on you, but there is one set of figures which distresses booklovers, and that is the enormous place which fiction occupies in the books taken out. In one great town in the North prose fiction forms 76 per cent. of the books taken out. In another great town prose fiction is 82 per cent.; in another, 84 per cent.; and in another, 67 per cent. I had the curiosity to see what happens in the libraries of the United States; and there—supposing the system of cataloguing and enumeration to be the same—they are a trifle more serious in their taste than we are; and where our average is about 70 per cent., at a place like Chicago it is only about 60 per cent. In Scotland, too, it ought to be said that there they have what I call a better average in respect to prose fiction. There is there a larger demand for books called serious than in England. And I suspect, but do not know, that the reason that there is in Scotland a greater demand for the more serious class of literature than fiction is that in the Scotch Universities there are what we have not in England—well-attended chairs of literature systematically and methodically studied. And do not let it be supposed that I at all underrate the value of fiction. On the contrary, I think when a man has

done a hard day's work he can do nothing better than fall to and read the novels of Walter Scott or Miss Austen, or some of our later writers. I am a voracious reader of fiction myself. I do not, therefore, point to it as a reproach or as a source of discouragement that fiction takes so large a place in the objects of literary interest. I only point out that it is rather large, and I should be better pleased if it sank to about 40 per cent., and what is classified as general literature rose from 13 to 25 per cent.

HOW MUCH TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

There are other complaints of literature as an object of interest in this country. I was reading the other day an essay by the late head of my old college at Oxford—a very learned and remarkable man, Mr. Mark Pattison, who was a booklover if ever there was one. He complained that the bookseller's bill in the ordinary English middle-class family is shamefully small. He thought it monstrous that a man who is earning £1,000 a year should spend less than £1 a week on books—that is to say 1s. in the pound per annum. Well, I know that Chancellors of the Exchequer take from us 8s. and 6d. in the pound, and I am not sure that they always use it as wisely as if they left us to spend it on books. Still, 1s. in the pound to be spent on books by a clerk who earns £200 a year, or by a workman who earns a quarter of that sum is rather more, I think, than can be reasonably expected. And I do not think, for my part, that a man does want to have a very great many books. Mr. Pattison said that nobody who respected himself could have less than 1,000 volumes, and he pointed out that you can stand 1,000 octavo volumes in a bookcase that shall be 13ft. wide by 10ft. 6in. deep, and that everybody has that space at disposal. But the point is not that men should have a great many books, but that they should have the right ones, and that they should use those that they have. We may all agree in lamenting that there are so many houses—and some of considerable social pretension—where you will not find a good atlas, a good dictionary and a good cyclopædia of reference. And, what is still more lamentable, in a good many more houses where these books are they are never referred to or opened. That is a very serious and very discouraging fact, because I defy anybody to take up a copy of *The Times* newspaper—and I speak in the presence of gentlemen well up in all that is going on in the world—and not come upon something in it upon which they would be wise to consult an atlas, dictionary or cyclopædia of reference.

BORN INCAPACITY FOR READING.

Now, I do not think that everybody is born with the ability for using books, and reading and studying literature. Certainly not everybody is born with the capacity of being a great scholar. All people are no more born great scholars like Gibbon and Bentley than they are born great musicians like Handel and Beethoven. But some people are born with the incapacity of reading, as some are with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another, and to them I have nothing to say. Even the morning paper is too much for them to get more than a skimming from. I go further, and I frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension and memory, all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues. What I do submit to you and press upon you with great earnestness, is that it requires no preterhuman force of will in man or woman—unless household circumstances are unusually unfavourable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy-day for good and disinterested reading. Now, in half an hour, I fancy, you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke, or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say, the lines on Tintern—or more than half—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. I am not filling the half hour too full; try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime. I will not take up your time by explaining the various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study. They are not to be despised by those who would extract the most from books. Many people think of knowledge as of money. They would like it, but

cannot face the perseverance and self denial that go to the acquisition of it, as money.

READ WITH A PEN IN YOUR HAND.

The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is reading. Some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Strafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be answered in it; and the conditions to be made for their answer, and whither it would take them. I have sometimes tried that studied and guarded attention, and I have never done so without advantage; and I commend it to you. I need not tell you that I think that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice, and the masterpieces of literature—and this is a very important fact—are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, that you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life. Another practice which I commend to you is that of keeping a common-place book, and transcribing into it all that is striking and interesting and suggestive, or that seems to lead anywhere. And if you keep it wisely and well, as Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head division and sub-division, which is excellent practice for concentrating your thought on the passage, and making you alive to its real point and significance.

ABOUT THE "HUNDRED BEST BOOKS"

I have been asked to say something about those lists of a hundred books that have been circulating through this universe within the last few months. I have examined some of these lists with considerable care, and whatever else may be said of them—and I speak of them with great deference and modesty, because men for whom I have a great regard compiled them—they do not seem to me to be calculated to either create or satisfy wise taste for literature in any very worthy sense. To fill a man with a hundred parcels of heterogeneous scraps from the *Mahabharata* down to *Pickwick* and *White's Selborne*, may pass the time, but I don't think it would strengthen or instruct or delight. I agree with others that the steady working down one of these lists would end in the manufacture of that obnoxious creature, the prig. A prig has been defined as an animal who is overfed for its size; and I think that this precise amount would lead to an immense quantity of that overfeeding for size. The object of reading is not to dip into everything that wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the purest writers of English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address and expression. These are the objects of that intellectual performance which a literary education is destined to give. I will not give you a list of a hundred books, but will recommend you to one book well worthy of your attention. Those who are curious as to what they should read in the region of pure literature will do well to peruse my friend Frederic Harrison's volume called *The Choice of Books*. You will find there as much wise thought, elegantly and brilliantly put, as in any volume of its size, whether it be in the list of a hundred or not.

THE CIRCUS HORSE.

PEOPLE who go to the circus and see horses, elephants, monkeys and the like perform wonderful tricks must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A writer in the *Matin*, having interviewed several circus celebrities, undertakes to satisfy their curiosity. M. Loyal, who has been ringmaster of the leading Paris circus for 32 years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, "contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. You must teach him his exercises with the cavesson and the long whip. Having forced them into his head, you

must use the short whip when he resists, and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from 5 to 7 years old; before that age he is too spirited; after it his muscles are not elastic enough."

The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse; in his right hand he holds a long whip. Behind the animal an assistant with a stout, short whip is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and cracking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also; if he is obedient, he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant, with his short whip, throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained.

M. Loyal tells us that "the horse has a great deal of objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving, makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets."

As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it:—"I first get a carrot," says M. Loyal. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day, before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran. He takes it and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief with the bran in the box. He takes it out and I reward him with a carrot. I decrease the amount of bran in the handkerchief every day, until in the end I put merely the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief in the hope of getting the carrot."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.

THE question of the authorship of certain popular works has given rise to a great deal of speculation. A few months ago the Americans were puzzling their brains to discover the name of the author of *The Bread Winners*. Among other stinging charges against him, to induce him to break the silence, was that it was a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously! "My motive in withholding my name is simple enough," he said to his furious critics. "I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised were it known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act, but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote *The Bread Winners*."

A far more serious dispute followed the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation*, forty years ago. The theologians of Scotland were wild with rage at the audacity of the author. In scientific circles Mr. Robert Chambers was credited with the authorship; and Henry Greville seems to have had no doubt upon the matter. In *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, there is an entry under the date December 28th, 1847, as follows: "I have been reading a novel called *Jane Eyre*, which is just now making a great sensation, and which absorbed and interested me more than any novel I can recollect having read. The author is unknown. Mrs. Butler—Miss Fanny Kemble—

who is greatly struck by the talent of the book, fancies it is written by Chambers—who is author of the *Vestiges of Creation*—because she thinks that whoever wrote it must, from its language, be a Scotchman; and from its sentiments be a Unitarian; and Chambers, besides answering to all these peculiarities, has an intimate friend who believes in supernatural agencies, such as are described in the last volume of the book."

Nobody knew Charlotte Brontë; but she was unable to keep the secret very long. The late R. H. Horne was present at that first dinner party given by Mr. George Smith, the publisher, when Currer Bell, then in the first flush of her fame, made her earliest appearance in a London dining-room. She was anxious to preserve the anonymity of her literary character, and was introduced by her true name. Horne, however, who sat next to her, was so fortunate as to discover her identity. Just previously he had sent to the new author, under cover of her publisher, a copy of his *Orion*. In an unguarded moment Charlotte Brontë turned to him and said:

"I was so obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me you——" But she checked herself with an inward start, having thus exploded her Currer Bell secret by identifying herself with the author of *Jane Eyre*.

The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man! After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: "Will you, by such round-about ways and methods as may present themselves, convey this note of thanks to the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, whose two first-stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable? But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."—*All the Year Round*.

AN EDITOR'S PLEASANT LIFE.

THERE are but very few people who are aware of the pleasant life a newspaper man leads. His pathway is strewn with the brightest of flowers, and upon a downy couch he reposes. His daily life is one continued round of unalloyed happiness. This is why so many young men aspire to become editors. There is no end to the fun there is in the business, as will be learned from reading the following of an editor, whose style of writing was calculated to arouse people to deeds of gore. Being himself not much on his muscle, he found it necessary to keep a fighting editor, and he had a speaking-tube connected with the peeler's room, to call him when danger required.

One day a gentleman, whom the editor had referred to as a "cross-eyed dromedary," came in to request a correction, and as the fighting editor was out, he didn't respond to the signal of distress; and, while the editor and his visitor were on the floor under his desk, the former agreed to correct his mistake, and the irate man left. Pretty-soon a gentleman from the rural districts came in to give the editor a big squash and get a notice, and about that time the fighting editor returned, and a boy in his room told him that the boss wanted help. The man of war was quick to respond, and dashing into his chief's room, and seeing the latter in a somewhat disordered condition, the result of his previous visitor, he thought the countryman was the cause of it, and clinched him; and, after staving up some furniture, ran the victim across the street to where an empty hearse was standing in front of an undertaker's shop. Into the vehicle he jammed the farmer and shut the door. The commotion he had created scared the horses attached to the hearse, and they started off on a dead run. People soon noticed the runaway and ran after it, and were shocked at beholding the hearse collide with a post and become a complete wreck, and their horror at seeing a human body precipitated to the sidewalk was only equalled by their amazement at seeing it spring nimbly to its feet and take off across the country yelling "murder!"

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

SEBASTIAN, to whom the proclivities of the rascals were well known, had remarked their furtive glances; and, being ever solicitous for my father's welfare, his suspicions had been aroused, and he had stolen round the corner of the barn with the cat-like secrecy in which only an Indian is a thorough adept. He had heard sufficient of their colloquy to acquaint him with their purpose, and with the particular spot where they intended to carry it out. By this time my father had started for the Ford, whither the half-breed forthwith followed him. When he had unfolded the design of the ruffians to my father, the latter was more than half disposed to regard the intelligence as a mere freak of the Bald Eagle's mad fancy, and not wishing to alarm my mother, he had said nothing about it to her. It was not until long after that she knew what an unpleasant adventure we had escaped. The rascals, who would not have hesitated to attack us had we been protected by my father alone, knew better than to attempt anything of the kind in the presence of the Bald Eagle, whose prodigious strength and regard for my father were matters of notoriety. My father thought it better to keep silence on the subject, as no overt act had been committed, and it would have been impossible to convict them on the unsupported testimony of such a witness as Sebastian Gee. He moreover did not wish to incur their vengeance, or that of their villainous comrades at the Landing. Friction matches were cheap, and the rapparees would not have hesitated to fire the house or barn of anyone who had given them cause of offence. As a precautionary measure, my father slept with his loaded rifle suspended over his bed, and waited until the Bald Eagle should think proper to call and relate the sequel of the adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

THE mellow autumn season glided by almost imperceptibly to us youngsters of the House of Wilford. Everything about us was so novel and strange, and so busily were we occupied in wandering about, and seeing whatever was to be seen, that we were only passively conscious of the flight of time. The Indian summer of that year was of somewhat longer duration than usual, and lasted for a fortnight. It was succeeded by a few wet, dreary days toward the end of November; and these ushered in the rigours of a Canadian winter of unusual severity—a severity unexampled in the experience of any white settler in the district. Frozen toes, ears, and noses, were matters of frequent occurrence, and there was scarcely a family but had some frost-bitten member to exhibit for the sympathy of occasional visitors. On many days the atmosphere was so keen that out-of-door occupations had to be altogether abandoned. Sometimes intelligence would reach us of persons being frozen to death while driving home from market. On one long-remembered day in January the mercury fell to thirty-seven degrees below zero. Such a portentous state of things was alarming to some of the new colonists; but cold weather was to us an affair of comparatively little moment. We had abundance of fuel, in the shape of cordwood, piled up in long rows in the kitchen-yard, at the end of the house; and there was neither necessity nor inclination for economy in using it; for in those far-away times the market value of the best hickory, beech, and maple, was little more than nominal. So we piled high the logs in the wide-mouthed fireplace, and made ourselves cosy and comfortable in spite of the howling blasts that raged without.

I frequently look back upon that time, and wonder if it was

not really the happiest period of my life. There was a bracing healthfulness in the atmosphere which seemed to impart spirit and vigour alike to young and old. My mother's health, which since my birth had never been very robust, rapidly recovered its natural tone, and there was nothing to mar our contentment. In spite of the novel associations by which we were surrounded—perhaps in consequence of them—I do not think that any one of us ever had a moment's homesickness. We had delightful sleigh-rides almost every day, except when the temperature was absolutely Arctic, or when the roads were so drifted with snow as to be impassable. And when the long winter nights came on apace we had an endless round of amusements. The great desire of my father's heart was to see us all happy, and he never wearied in his efforts for our diversion. He was at heart almost as much a child as I myself was, and the evening's performance was generally inaugurated by a game of romps, in which he took an active part. Then we used to gather round the bright, cheerful blaze, while supper was preparing. What a panorama that fireplace used to unfold to my never-tiring curiosity! How I loved to gaze into its recesses, at the hickory coals, resplendent in their white jackets, and construct all sorts of fairy landscapes and palaces out of the fantastic shapes which they assumed to my childish fancy! These visions were always most brilliant after supper, as I sat on a little stool at my father's feet, while he told us wondrous legends of the Seven Champions of Christendom, or perchance read aloud for our edification from some well-thumbed volume of thrilling adventure. Our library embraced only about a score of volumes, very few of which were adapted for juvenile reading. Baxter's *Call*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and Hervey's *Meditations* were never opened except by my mother—and not very often, even by her. Several odd volumes of *The Penny Magazine* were chiefly attractive by reason of the numerous wood-cuts which they contained. But *Cook's Voyages*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Bligh's Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty* were a host in themselves. They were read and re-read over and over again; and though I was too young to be able to read them for myself, I came in process of time to know their most salient passages almost by heart. There was one huge volume which was kept under lock and key in a chest of drawers in the bedroom occupied by my parents. It was a ponderous tome bound in sheepskin, and called "Parliamentary Debates." It contained a number of the most notable speeches made in the British House of Commons upon the subject of the American War of Independence. There were no illustrations in it, and as the subject-matter was not one in which any member of our family took much interest, the book was never opened for the sake of its printed contents. But in addition to its printed contents it held a certain sheet of blue foolscap paper, upon which was written an agreement between my father and Elder Redpath respecting all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises called "The Crofts," containing by admeasurement four hundred acres, be the same more or less, situate, lying and being, etc., etc., etc. This document was kept between the leaves of the volume of debates, and was read aloud by my father in my presence not many days after our arrival. I was too young to take any interest in its contents, but I remember that my mother listened to them with rapt attention. The general purport of the document, as understood by her, was to place my father in the place of his predecessor, Giles Hartley. He was to receive a deed in fee-simple of the farm so soon as the Elder should be in a position to grant such a title. The stipulated price was twenty-eight hundred dollars; being at the rate of seven dollars an acre; and the agreement embodied a receipt in full for that amount. This document had been drawn by the Elder himself, and signed both by him and my father in the presence of Mrs. Hartley, whose name was subscribed as a witness, and to whom the sum of one thousand dollars had been paid by way of compensation for improvements effected by her late husband. On another part of the same sheet was a written acknowledgment by the Elder that he had received from Robert Wilford a further sum of two thousand dollars, to be accounted for on demand, with interest thereon after the rate of seven per centum per annum. This acknowledgment was also witnessed by Mrs. Hartley. The rest of my

father's capital had, as he informed my mother, been expended in the erection of the house and barn, in the purchase of household furniture, stock, and implements, and in various minor improvements about the farm.

Our circle of visiting acquaintance was necessarily somewhat restricted, but the Elder and his wife would frequently drop in of an evening for an hour's chat; and, more rarely, some other of our Jehusical neighbours would favour us with their company. On Sundays we regularly spent the day at chapel, no matter how tempestuous the weather might be; but our Sunday evenings were as cheerful as were those of any other day in the week. The customary romps were omitted; but were there not the histories of Joseph, Moses, and Samson, and the episodes of Abraham and Isaac, of the Infant Samuel, of David and Goliath, to be recounted? And my father was a rare hand at oral narration. He knew how to extract the telling points from a story, and how to place them in the light most acceptable to a child's understanding. He imposed no catechisms upon us, and was never purposely didactic. He did not consider it an unpardonable sin when we were unable to remember the day's texts; nor did he take us seriously to task when we forgot—as we generally did—the most obvious deductions therefrom, as set forth in the discourses to which we had listened at Peartree Chapel.

During the whole of that long winter we neither saw nor heard anything of the Bald Eagle. My father made frequent enquiries about him, but could not learn that he had ever been seen or heard of in the haunts of men since the day of our arrival. He had frequently been known to withdraw himself from the public gaze, however, for longer or shorter periods; and his absence did not excite any wonder or remark in the community.

And thus the even tenor of our lives glided by, until beautiful spring came, with its buds and bright flowers.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCTOR KING.

I HAVE more than once incidentally mentioned the name which stands as the head of this chapter; and as the owner of that name is destined to play a prominent part in the story of my life, it is high time that I should give the reader some account of him.

Towards the close of the last century, an English gentleman, travelling in America for his pleasure, paid a visit to Fort George—now called Niagara—at which place a British regiment was stationed. He was delighted to find, in the person of the colonel of the regiment, an old college-friend between whom and himself a close intimacy had once subsisted; and the two derived so much pleasure from this renewal of intercourse among such novel associations that the traveller prolonged his visit far beyond the time he had originally intended to devote to it. Not long after his arrival, in the course of his peregrinations about the adjoining country, he accidentally formed the acquaintance of a beautiful young squaw, the daughter of an Indian chief whose wigwam was pitched, for the nonce, in the neighbourhood of the fort. The staid traveller, who had pertinaciously resisted the blandishments of the fair dames of every capital in Europe, became violently enamoured of the charms of this dark-skinned western beauty; and I suspect that his *penchant* for her was a much greater inducement to his protracted stay than was his friendship for his old college-chum. At any rate, the *penchant* was mutual. "Her heart confessed a kindred flame;" and its result was the birth of a son, who was ushered into the world with the stain of illegitimacy upon his birth. True, the parents had been married, after a fashion; but then it was after an Indian fashion. No priest officiated at the nuptials, and the ceremony of marriage consisted merely of a few barbarous and unmeaning rites which many members of the Six Nations do this day regard as the only requisite preliminaries to a union for life between persons of opposite sexes. The ceremony, of course, was no valid marriage by the law of the colony; and not long after the birth of his son, Lionel Wentworth King returned to England, leaving his wild western flower behind him, with a promise of one day returning to cherish it in his bosom for the remainder of his life. At the time of his

departure from Canada it is not probable that he had any serious intention of making his promise good. There must have been something particularly winning about the young Indian damsel, however; for after his return to London and fashionable life his former pleasures palled upon him, and he pined for the tender glances of the dark-eyed Mohawk maiden who had certainly loved him well, whether wisely or not. He found town and country alike intolerable, and had not been at home many months before he resolved to hurl conventionality to the winds, and seek in the western wilderness a renewal of those tender love-passages, the memory whereof haunted him by night and by day. No sooner was this resolution formed than he proceeded to carry it out. He disposed of his estates, bade farewell to Piccadilly and "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," and returned to Canada, where he sought out his innamorata, marched her off to the nearest settlement where a clergyman was to be found, and married her after the orthodox fashion. Her son, however—called Lionel Wentworth, after his father—had been born more than a year before, and the marriage had no effect to remove the stain from his birth. Under the less rigorous ordinances of the civil and canon laws—which ordinances have been adopted into the jurisprudence of Scotland, France, Germany and Holland—a contrary result would have followed; but the English marriage-laws do not permit a father to do justice to his ante-nuptial offspring in this matter, and a son born out of wedlock remains *nullius filius* to the end of the chapter. The father made the only reparation in his power by executing a will in favour of his child, who was thus amply provided for.

The newly-wedded pair settled down in one of the most solitary and picturesque regions to be found in the Province. The proceeds of the sale of the English estates were called into requisition. A tract of land was purchased from the local government, and the castellated building called "The Eyrie" arose on the peak of a cliff overhanging the Grand River. And there the strangely-assorted couple whiled away the rosy hours, living for themselves and their little son alone. No other issue came to bless the union, and the father devoted himself, in his retirement, to the education of his wife and child. It was neither politic nor possible entirely to sever all connection with the Indians, but the white settlers in their immediate vicinity were few, and during the early years of his life it was but seldom that the little fellow heard the English language correctly spoken by any lips save his father's.

The bride did not come to her lord empty-handed. She was, as has been said, a chief's daughter. She was, moreover, an *only* daughter, and her son would in process of time succeed to all the dignities of his tawny grandsire. The canons governing the descent of the chieftaincy of the Six Nations recognize, in a somewhat modified form, the doctrine of primogeniture; but the inheritance descends through the female line. The eldest son of the eldest daughter of the line royal is the legitimate successor to the chieftaincy, and is certain to stand in the shoes of his royal ancestor, unless his own conduct is such as to render him unpopular or contemptible in the great councils of the tribes. Provided he gives evidences of prowess, courage, resolution and sagacity, his succession is certain to be approved by the unanimous voice of his people. With the Six Nations, moreover, an admixture of foreign blood is no disqualification, as it is with some of the Red tribes; and no sooner was young Lionel born than a council of wise men was convened, at which he was formally recognized as heir-apparent to the native sovereignty. They bestowed upon him a name which in the English language signifies *The Young Weasel*. An area of land was set apart (from the reserve granted by government to the Indians) for the especial behoof of his mother, and each tribe was pledged to furnish periodical contributions for the support of herself and her little son in a manner befitting their exalted rank. This latter proceeding was of course rendered unnecessary upon the return from England of the child's father, whose fortune was ample for the maintenance of his household, and more than he could possibly spend in a lifetime in such a primitive community. He was wise enough to know, however, that his peace and comfort would be most effectually promoted by preserving amicable

relations with his dingy connexions, who would have been very ready to take umbrage if their friendly advances had been repelled, or their contributions spurned. Accordingly, there were more or less frequent visitations to the Eyrie of delegates from the various tribes, who brought with them gifts of venison, furs, belts of wampum, porcupine quills, and other commodities which are precious in the eyes of the untutored aborigines. The delegates were always entertained with a lavish hospitality, and the most kindly feelings were maintained between the Six Nations and the father of their future chief.

So far as such a thing was possible, the quondam loungee of Bond Street seems to have preserved, in his solitary fastness, the state and habits of a gentleman. He had a house full of Indian servants who were initiated by him into the more easily-acquired mysteries of culinary and domestic economy. He reduced several acres of land to a state of cultivation, and raised his own vegetables; but the bulk of his territorial possessions were allowed to remain in the condition in which he had found them. He had brought with him many of the accompaniments of civilization, including a tolerably comprehensive library, and did what in him lay to make a gentleman of his son. As to how far he succeeded in his endeavour the reader will shortly be in a position to judge for himself. It is certain that by the time the boy had completed his fifteenth year, he was, for his age, a prodigy of learning. He knew everything that his father could teach him, and had read and digested a great many books into which his father had never even so much as dipped. He was usually fond of study, and when in the humour, no amount of severe intellectual effort seemed to daunt him. For such a state of things he was doubtless in a great measure indebted to a more judicious system of training than might have been expected, added to the fact of his having inherited a magnificent constitution. His father took care that the physical progress of his son should keep pace with his mental advancement. To secure such a result, the prime requisites were fresh air and exercise; commodities not difficult of attainment in that wild region. It would have been strange, however, if, with Indian blood coursing through his veins he had not had in his composition a tinge of the *genus vagabond*. He was at times wayward, capricious and self-willed. His nomadic ancestry would now and then reveal itself in the shape of an apparently uncontrollable longing to escape from the trammels of everything connected with civilized life. During these periods his sire's influence and teachings were utterly disregarded. He would not unfrequently absent himself without leave for weeks together. He was adored by his barbarous kindred, not less for his mother's sake than for his own, and was as much at home in their wigwams as in his father's library. He learned to paddle a canoe in the face of the most treacherous undercurrent; to dance the Indian waltz; to bring down a fat buck at an amazing distance; to track the wild beast to its lair, and cleave its skull with his brain-biting tomahawk at the precise moment when miscalculation would have been failure, and failure would have been death; and generally to comport himself in a manner which promised well for the popularity of his future administration of the affairs of the Six Nations who were to acknowledge his sway.

Fortunately, these periodical fits of insubordination were not of long duration, and spent themselves in a few weeks; at the expiration of which he would return to his home, and resume his studies with unwearied perseverance. Such occasional excursions had one good effect: they developed in him an early and lusty manhood. At sixteen years of age his height was not much less than six feet, and it was evident that he had not nearly reached his full stature. He had the thews of an athlete, and, thanks to his father's lessons, could spar like a prize-fighter. His stern old maternal grandfather, on those rare occasions when he honoured the Eyrie with his presence, contemplated the stalwart proportions of the young Hercules with grim admiration, and prophesied that the latter would give a good account of himself when the time came for him to go out on his first war-path.

That time proved to be near at hand. In the year 1812, war broke out between the United States and Great Britain, and the forces of the republic made their ill-starred descent upon Canadian territory. The Kings, father and son, took the field as vol-

unteers, and bore themselves gallantly, side by side, at the battle of Queenston Heights, where the former received a mortal wound from a musket-ball, and breathed his last a few hours afterwards in the arms of his son. This calamity aroused all the inherent fierceness of the youth's nature, and transformed him, for a time, to something very much like a wild beast. From that moment until the close of the war, his one object was to avenge his father's death. Denuing himself of his ordinary habiliments, he donned the native garb of the Mohawks, smeared his face with the pigments familiar to his tribe, and led his fellow-savages to the charge in several closely-contested fields. Wherever bullets were thickest, the glittering tomahawk of the Young Weasel might be seen descending upon the skulls of the invaders, while his terrific war-whoop was heard above the din of strife. During the two years which succeeded the day of Queenston Heights he fought in nearly every engagement which took place along the Niagara frontier; and if the traditions of his tribe are to be credited, no fewer than forty-two of his foes fell by his hand before peace was proclaimed. When the struggle was over, he returned to the Eyrie, to find that his Indian mother had died in his absence, and that he was

“Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.”

His grandsire, old Winnisimmit, had also fallen in the conflict; so that the Young Weasel was now chief in *presenti* of all the tribes of the Six Nations.

He was at this time eighteen years of age. One of his first acts, after the close of hostilities, was to seek the spot where the body of his father had been hastily interred, and convey the bones to the Eyrie, where he buried them in a little plot of ground near the house, which had long before been set apart by his father for a place of burial, and where his mother's body had already been interred. His next proceeding was to abdicate his sovereignty in favour of a son of one of his maternal uncles. The wise men of the Six Nations, before accepting his abdication, used every effort to dissuade him from this step, but without effect. He continued to live upon the most friendly terms with his kindred, but took no active part in the councils of the tribes, and for several years led a very secluded life at the Eyrie, where his only attendant was an old Indian woman who had formerly waited upon his mother.

The surrounding country gradually began to give evidences of settlement. The Eyrie property, which embraced about a thousand acres of land, was left uncleared and uncultivated, but the clearings and dwellings of the pale-faces began to spring up in every direction, and considerable numbers of emigrants were continually arriving. Great changes were meanwhile taking place among the native tribes. They had undergone great demoralization from the effects of the war, and still more from the effects of strong drink. The administration of the new successor to the sovereignty proved to be a very feeble one, and was not of long duration. The children of the Six Nations rapidly deteriorated under his rule, and finally cast off all allegiance to him. Many of them abandoned the district, and removed to the far-west, where they allied themselves to other tribes. Those who remained seemed to have entirely lost the energy and vigour for which their ancestors had always been conspicuous. They became more and more scattered every year. The race seemed insensibly to dwindle away, and before many years had elapsed few except the most abject representatives remained, to gain a hand-to-mouth subsistence in the manner indicated in a previous chapter.

Shortly after attaining his majority, Lionel Wentworth King the Second betook himself to Montreal, where he studied medicine, and took a regular medical degree. Returning to his home, which he had left in charge of the old Indian woman, he found that colonization had made still further progress in his absence, and that the nucleus of a village had formed at Johnson's Ford. He had had no definite object in view in studying medicine, except to beguile his thoughts from the sad memories which oppressed him; but he soon began to find that he would by no means be permitted to hide his acquirements under a bushel, and that he might relieve the tedium of his existence by frequent exercises of his professional skill. There was no medical practitioner nearer than Ancaster, a village fifteen miles distant; and

no sooner did it become known that the proprietor of the Eyrie was a duly qualified physician and surgeon than the colonists in his neighbourhood began to solicit his services whenever there was any illness in their families. Their solicitations were responded to, and having once commenced practice in this manner it would not have been easy to discontinue it. His circle of patients grew wider and wider, and ere long it became necessary for him to set up his gig and pay his round of visits with as much regularity as though his livelihood had depended upon his exertions. He became a popular and useful man. The colonists, both far and near, flocked to him for counsel in all their difficulties, and never sought his assistance in vain.

But this state of things was not to last. He had not been engaged in the practice of his profession more than two years when the old Indian woman who had officiated as his housekeeper took her departure to (let us hope) a better world. The Eyrie was thus deprived of one of the most essential incidents of domestic comfort, and it became necessary for its owner to remedy the defect. He locked up his house, put the key in his pocket, left his patients to take care of themselves, and departed, no one knew whither. At the end of a fortnight he returned, bringing home with him a flashily-attired damsel apparently about twenty years of age. So far, all was well. But I regret to say that he did not bring her home with him as his wife.

He resumed the practice of his profession as assiduously as ever. A few weeks afterwards, a benevolent old clergyman from Ancaster, who had heard of the old squaw's death, but who had not heard of the young person who had been imported as a substitute, called at the Eyrie to procure the situation of housekeeper for an elderly and most respectable matron who attended his little church. Imagine the surprise and indignation which the venerable ecclesiastic experienced when his host informed him in what manner he had supplied the place left vacant by the death of his former housekeeper. The doctor hinted, however, that the clergyman's protégé might still find employment in the house in a subordinate capacity, inasmuch as a young stranger was confidently looked for at the Eyrie in about eight months from that time, when the services of a handy and experienced female would be very acceptable. The Reverend Mr. Longmyer, scandalized and insulted, shook the dust of the place from his feet, and was never seen there again.

Sparsely settled as was the district, the story that Dr. King had a young woman to whom he was not married living with him as his wife began to be noised abroad to the injury of his reputation. A man who evidently had so utter a contempt for the proprieties could scarcely expect to be regarded as one whose acquaintance it was desirable to cultivate, even in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world as that was; and the more decorous of the colonists began to withdraw their patronage, and look coldly upon him. It came to be known, too, that he was at times addicted to excessive indulgence in the contents of the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates; and this knowledge did not tend to raise him in popular estimation. Still, when sober, he was marvellously skilful in both branches of his profession; and as he cared not a straw whether he received any recompense for his services or not, he was never wholly without patients.

He proved to be a true prophet, and at the time predicted a child was born to him. It was a fine, healthy boy, but the frail mother only survived its birth a few days. No respectable nurse could be found willing to take up her abode in a house with such an ill reputation, and the infant was consigned to the care of the wife of a labourer at the Ford, with whom it remained until the completion of its third year. The doctor's intemperate habits meanwhile underwent no change for the better, but he did not further violate decency by setting up another housekeeper. He lived alone in his solitary Eyrie, which he never quitted except upon professional business.

When the little son was three years old his father took him home to the Eyrie, and for some time afterwards he lived a life of sobriety, attending to all the child's wants himself; and certainly the little fellow presented the appearance of being well cared for. The doctor seemed to have not the remotest idea that the mere fact of this child's existence was a standing reproach to himself.

He daily showed his disregard for public opinion by taking his son with him in his gig wherever he went, and exhibiting the little fellow to his patients with all the pride of a fond and virtuous father. "Look at my brave boy;" he would say: "Isn't he the very image of his father? Won't he play the devil among the girls in a few years?" To be sure, a child of that age could not be left at home to take care of himself, but it was thought that the father might at least have made some arrangement which would have rendered it unnecessary for him to constantly parade the fruits of his misconduct before the public eye. Of the sentiment which gave rise to this feeling Doctor King seemed to be utterly unconscious. He dearly loved his little boy, and almost any day in the week the pair might have been seen riding about the country from house to house: the gigantic father, with his vast expanse of chest, and almost abnormal length of limb, contemplating the pigmy by his side with a complacent satisfaction, as who should say: "Never mind, boy—let the world look askance at us if it will. What care we for the world? Are we not sufficient for each other; and cannot we afford to snap our fingers at the world and everybody in it?"

And thus matters went on for several years, until the doctor's self-sufficiency received a sudden check. His child fell ill, and died. When the little body had been consigned to earth, the occupation of the survivor seemed to have departed. There seemed to be nothing left to him worth living for. He could hardly be said to have reached the prime of life, and had his energies been properly directed he might still have made a career for himself. But he was absolutely devoid of ambition, and could not see that his past life, from first to last, had been a huge mistake. He had a clinging fondness, too, for the wild spot where the happy days of his boyhood had been passed, and could not summon up resolution to leave it. He felt no inclination to form new ties, and saw a solitary, bleak and comfortless old age looming before him in the far distance. A cheerless prospect enough; and for a time he abandoned himself to abject despair. But such a sentiment could not long prevail in the breast of a man with such a tremendous physical organization, and by degrees he resumed, to some extent, his professional avocations. From that time until the period of our arrival in Canada his life was a dull round of eating, drinking, sleeping, prescribing and studying. His *beté noir*, strong drink, occasionally resumed its sway over him, and at such times his custom was to lock himself up in his house, and admit no one upon any pretence whatever. Was it any wonder if his naturally rugged intellect grew stagnant under such a regimen.

It must be understood that up to the period at which the narrative has arrived I had never seen him, and that all my impressions of him were derived from such remarks as had been made about him in my hearing. Those remarks, however, did not in the least resemble angel's visits, inasmuch as they were neither few nor far between. He often formed a topic of conversation in our circle, and scarcely a day elapsed during which his characteristics were not animadverted upon in my presence. He was a thorn in the flesh to Elder Redpath, and indeed to the Jebusitical fraternity generally; and unless their reports did him grievous injustice, he certainly richly merited the character which I had heard bestowed upon him by the Elder—that of "a very wicked man." He was pronounced by the Jebusites, one and all, to be a reckless drunkard, a reviler of religion, and a blasphemous scoffer at everything which godly people are wont to revere. They regarded him not merely as a man to be shunned, but as one to be dreaded—a sort of moral leper. They felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that it would be useless, if not impious, even to pray for him. They literally *gauged* at the mere mention of his name. He was admitted to be the possessor of consummate parts and learning, but it was said that he was a Man of Belial; that he feared not God, neither regarded man; that he prostituted his gifts in the vilest manner, and put forth the whole strength of his intellect to shipwreck the faith and ensnare the souls of all who came within the scope of his influence. And it was undeniable that, notwithstanding his character and antecedents, his influence among a certain portion of the community was considerable—far greater than Elder Redpath could pretend to possess. He was beyond all comparison the best surgeon in

the district, and had moreover effected some miraculous cures in medicine. His wide and various reading had made him a perambulating encyclopedia of multifarious knowledge. Such a man, no matter how pernicious his personal example might be, could not fail to exert an influence either for good or evil; and there was one specific instance wherein Elder Redpath did not hesitate to aver that this Man of Belial had directly brought about the eternal perdition of an immortal soul.

The facts, as stated, were briefly these. A young colonist who had for some months regularly attended the preaching of the Word at Peartree Chapel, became impressed with an overwhelming conviction of his sinfulness and depravity. He sought counsel of the Elder, who strove valiantly for the erring one's salvation, and with apparent success. The young man, after undergoing a severe mental conflict, felt that the curse had been removed from him, and that he had found acceptance at the mercy-seat. He was strictly examined in the articles of his belief, and being found worthy, was admitted as a member of the fraternity. Thenceforward for more than a year, he was every Sunday to be seen in his place at chapel; and he as regularly partook, with his spiritual brethren and sisters, of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At length he fell ill, of a painful and mortal disease. Doctor King was called in to attend upon him, but professional skill was unavailing; and when the young man found that his days were numbered, he began to be oppressed by great misgivings as to whether his hopes of salvation were built upon a solid foundation. The doctor called upon him daily, and put forth all the powers of his sophistry to still further pervert the wavering faith of his patient. For some time he only succeeded in torturing the unhappy man's mind by harassing doubts; but when the last moment came, the teachings of the doctor prevailed. The sick man died; and almost with his latest breath he cursed Elder Redpath and his creed, declaring that he contemplated the momentous change before him as "a leap in the dark." No sooner was the breath fairly out of his body than Doctor King rubbed his hands with fenish glee, and rode away from the house with a triumphant smile upon his face.

Young as I was, this fearful story, which I heard recounted by the Elder, sank deep into my mind, and inspired me with a vague terror of the heinous blasphemer. I often found myself thinking about him and his misdeeds. I used to try and picture that godless man as a pure and sinless little child. I wondered if he had ever been accustomed to say his prayers at bedtime, kneeling at his mother's feet. By some occult process of reasoning, I at length brought myself to the conclusion that he hadn't: that he had never been a child at all, but had always been the unsanctified scoffer that I daily heard him proclaimed. I sincerely hoped that I might never see him; and felt that, upon the whole, I would rather prefer to come in contact with the Author of Evil in person.

The reader now knows more of Doctor King than I myself knew for years afterwards. I have been thus particular in my account of him because he was destined to exert a great influence upon my after life, and this seemed the most fitting place to sketch his history. I shall now be able to get on with my narrative somewhat faster than I have hitherto done.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

On a bright and lovely morning all in the month of May, When the air was filled with music, And all was blithe and gay, brother Norman and I obtained permission to indulge ourselves in a ramble over the fields. It was not customary for us to walk abroad except in our father's company, but on that particular morning he had been compelled to start at an early hour for the Ford, and was not expected back until noon. It was washing-day at home, and our mother, on household cares intent, was not unwilling to be rid of us for a while. In granting us permission, she specially enjoined upon us that we should not stray far from the house; and above all things that we should not go near the woods. We readily promised compliance; and no sooner was the morning meal dispatched than away we started.

It was the first real spring day of the season; and, as if to compensate for the rigours of the preceding winter, Nature had put on her most smiling aspect. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun shed its bright cheery warmth upon the landscape. The robins carolled joyously from every bush, and the chipmonks and red-squirrels chirruped merrily from every fence and tree. A strain of twittering melody was borne across to us from the neighbouring forest, which seemed to be literally alive with the jocund little warblers that sojourned there. The weather exercises a potent influence alike upon the young and upon those of mature age, and our spirits were correspondent to the jovial aspect of the day. We bounded sportively over the new green grass in the Crofts until we reached the side of the paddock most remote from the house, when we determined to extend our explorations a little farther. Climbing the fence, we found ourselves in a newly-ploughed field, where we sank ankle-deep at every step. We wandered about over the freshly-upturned soil, anon picking up fragments of flint arrowheads, and other relics of prehistoric Indian warfare. In a few instances we found the heads entire, and in an excellent state of preservation; and in one place, where the ploughshare had cut a deeper furrow than usual, we chanced upon a well-shaped little stone hatchet. The haft had long since decayed and crumbled to dust, but the weapon itself was without a flaw. We regarded this last as a most precious acquisition. These relics of the aborigines were not strange to us, as our father had frequently brought in similar specimens, and we had quite a miniature museum of such curiosities in our play-room, to which this would form a most attractive addition, by reason of its being so well preserved. We stowed away our treasure-trove in the pockets of our pinafores, and on we went from field to field, getting our clothes bedaubed with loamy mud, and our hands and faces shockingly dirty. It must be confessed that we were somewhat unmindful of our promise not to go far, for we wandered hither and thither at our own sweet wills, scaling fence after fence, until we were a considerable distance from home. At length we emerged upon the road to the Landing, about half a mile west of the gate leading down from that road to our house. We had by this time been away several hours, and certain inward monitors began to suggest to us that it was not far from dinner-time, and that it was expedient for us to return. We accordingly concluded to go round by the gate, and thence home. We further concluded to lose no time on our homeward progress, as we knew that mother would be anxious about us, and would probably admonish us for our disobedience to her command.

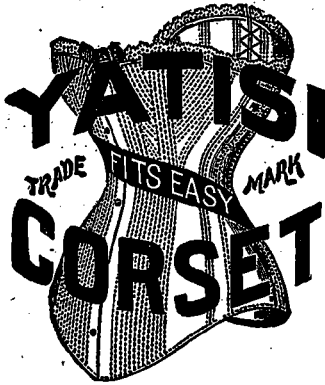
We began to ascend the hill leading to the gate, feeling a little tired, and more than a little doubtful as to the warmth of our reception upon our arrival. We had not gone far ere we became aware that we were not the only wayfarers on the road, for two outlandish-looking women were coming down the hill in our direction, and must soon meet us. As they approached nearer we perceived that they were squaws. The discovery was somewhat disturbing to my equanimity, as I had heard tales about children who had been kidnapped by these people, and carried away into remote captivity where the little pale-faces were never seen or heard of again by those to whom they belonged. My disturbance was not lessened when I perceived that the women were crossing over from their side of the road to that on which we were, as though they meant to address us.

I proposed to my brother that we should give these creatures a wide berth by climbing back over the fence, and finding our way home as we had come, across the fields. Norman, however, was a brave little fellow, and declared that he was not to be frightened in broad daylight by a couple of vagabond squaws. There was no time for further discussion, for in another moment they met us face to face.

(Continued next week.)

It is now stated that Mr. Rider Haggard's new book will deal with some portion of the story of Antony and Cleopatra.

An official report states that 449 persons were killed by railroad accidents in England during the first six months of 1886 and 1,686 wounded.



THE YATISI CORSET is modelled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian Makers. It gives the wearer that Ease and Grace so much admired in French Ladies.

THE YATISI CORSET owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style or form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensable.

THE YATISI CORSET does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer it will outlast any of the old style rigid corsets.

THE YATISI CORSET is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs) is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

MANUFACTURED BY

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.

J. YOUNG,
The Leading Undertaker.
347 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 679.

H. STONE,
THE OLDEST
Undertaker and Embalmer,
239 Yonge St., Toronto.

CHARLES A. WALTON,
Architect and Constructive Engineer,
19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.
Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

J. N. BLAKE,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Conveyancer, etc.
MORTGAGES PURCHASED.
No. 56 CHURCH ST., TORONTO (OPP. CATHEDRAL).

**THE
"EMPRESS"**

IS THE
MACHINE TO BUY.

Light Running,
Noiseless, Durable,
Convenient.

It possesses absolutely new
and special features which are not
found on any other machine.

No trouble is experienced in
sewing the heaviest goods, and it

ECLIPSES ALL OTHERS

in the finer grades.

The Attachments are the very
best in the market.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

Whether the Lightest Running and Quietest
Sewing Machine is not the one you
should use above all others.

Empress Sewing Machine Co.

Offices, 49 King St. West,

TORONTO, ONT.



**ELECTRO-
THERAPEUTIC
INSTITUTION,**
197 JARVIS STREET,
TORONTO.

This new Battery invention, with opened or closed cell, for medical use, is more convenient and easier to manage than any other in the market. The price of this Standard Family Battery, as improved, is \$25, and good for a life-time. A valuable book is supplied teaching how to treat diseases generally. Every family should have one. We can produce Batteries for any price, from \$5 up to \$100. Do not fail to see them before you purchase.

See testimonials and references from Dr. John H. Castle, President McMaster Hall; John R. Barber, Esq., Georgetown; Barber & Ellis, Dr. Potts, Toronto.

The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
July 26th, 1883.

PROF. S. VERNON, TORONTO,

Dear Sir,—I have not slept for years so soundly as I have done since taking the treatment, and never have I done my work with such comfort and energy as during the past year. The tonic effects of the Electrical applications have been of great benefit to me. I believe every person, whatever his health may be, would find himself benefitted by a greater or less use of Electricity. Very gratefully yours,
GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

S. VERNON, Esq.,

Sept. 10th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I consider it my duty to the public to give the following statement:—I suffered neuralgia of the most excruciating character, in both temples, the pain shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, and, having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapeutist in Ontario, I obtained your services. Through your instructions as to the use of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, I am now in very good health.

I remain, thankfully yours,
Malvern, P.O. L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

PROF. VERNON,

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that after six weeks' treatment with your improved Family Battery, my wife's health is much improved, the neuralgia and pain in her head having entirely subsided. I would not be without it for three times the price. Will recommend it to others.

JOHN HUDSON, Lumber Merchant.

Mr. G. R. Howard, Barrister, Winnipeg, says:—
"The Battery has been of great service to us this winter. I would not be without it for \$1,000 if I could not get another."

The following are a few of the references we are permitted to give:—William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, T. G. Foster, Esq., Sam Osborne, Esq., Rev. S. H. Kellogg, B. D. Foster, St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, W. B. McMurrich, Esq., M.A., Barrister, Hon. T. B. Pardee, Toronto, D. D. Hay, Esq., M.P., Listowel, Thos. Ballantyne, Esq., M.P., Stratford, Rev. John Curry, Middleville, Robt. H. Henry, Esq., Winnipeg, J. J. Hoyt, M.D., Ingersoll, H. Covert, Esq., Port Hope, W. H. Storey, Esq., Acton, Wm. Forsee, Esq., Princeton, J. Lister, Esq., Hamilton, Thos. Simpson, Esq., Barrie, F. W. Eastbrooke, Esq., P.M., Nassagaweya, William Peers, Esq., Woodstock, C.O., Job, M.D., Peterboro', Rev. Dr. Wilson, Clergy House, 205 E. 17th St., New York City (late of Kingston), Wm. Hall, Esq., Morrisburg, W. S. Clark, M.D., Toronto, Thos. Benough, Esq., D. A. McMichael, Esq., Toronto.

The cures by Electricity are not limited to any particular class of diseases, acute or chronic. Call or send for circular, and learn what can be done through science and art. Address

PROF. VERNON,

197 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO.

**"MAMMOTH
BOOK EMPORIUM."**

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.

(Successors to A. PIDDINGTON),

*New and Old
Booksellers*

Carry the Largest and Best Assortment of
Standard, Miscellaneous and Holiday
Books in Canada.

Standard Books in Fine Binding a Specialty.

They have also thousands of volumes of Rare
and Curious Books at reasonable prices,
many of them not for sale elsewhere.
Special attention given to
books relating to

Canadian History and Americana.

Directors of Mechanics' Institutes and Li-
brarians of Public Libraries could not
find in Canada a better selection
of Books for their purposes in
good strong bindings.

Prompt attention given to the execution of all
orders. Catalogues and quotations
furnished on application.

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.
250 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. RINGER,
General Grocer,
Crosse & Blackwell's Goods a Specialty.
201 WELLESLEY STREET, TORONTO.

Electricity

And life are identical; Drugs are
not, nor can they renew the
life's forces.

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS

AND OTHER TREATMENT

Charge the blood and nerves with that
life force that sustains all nature.
Therefore, the blood so charged takes
to all parts of the body its revivifying
influence, and rebuilds it with sound
material, and carries off all worn out
and effete substances, and renews the
nerve fluid to such an extent that the
whole body is renewed in vigour.

Consultation and Catalogue Free.

A. NORMAN, M.E.
4 Queen Street East, - - Toronto.

JAFFRAY & RYAN

244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

TRY OUR

NEW FOOD—GLUTENA.

Wholesome, Nutritious and Palatable.

It supplies food for the brain and nerves to those
who, from the use of food lacking these qualities,
have become nervous and dyspeptic.

OUR PURE IMPORTED WHITE PORT WINE.

This wine is very old and recommended by the
medical faculty for invalids.

Our Eureka Club Old Rye,
(7 years old), is the Finest Whiskey in Canada.

We have a full and well-assorted stock of
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEAS,
Also the very finest Moyune Young Hysons
and Gunpowders.

We have something new in JAPAN TEA, put
up in very handsome 2 lb. caddies.

Orders from the country receive prompt atten-
tion, and delivered free at Station or Express
Office here. Send for price list.

Telephone No. 556.

JAFFRAY & RYAN,
244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

HISTORY BY A NEW METHOD.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

With Bibliographical and De-
scriptive Essays on its Historical Sources
and Authorities.

ILLUSTRATED.

Edited by Justin Winsor,
Librarian of Harvard University.

Under the above title Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
propose to publish by subscription a complete
and exhaustive History of the American Con-
tinent, from prehistoric times to the middle
of the present century.

The work when completed will include eight
royal octavo volumes, of about 600 pages
each, profusely illustrated with maps, views,
portraits, and fac-simile reproductions of his-
torical documents.

A circular giving full particulars of this great
work sent free on application.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

GEORGE VIRTUE, Toronto,

Sole Publishers' Agent for Canada.

JAS. STEWART,
Furniture Warehouse,
341 YONGE STREET, COR. GOULD STREET,
TORONTO.

Purchasers from the Country will find this a re-
liable house with which to deal.

THE FINEST

TOILET SOAPS

EVER PRODUCED IN CANADA.

MORSE'S

Cashmere Bouquet, Heliotrope, Carnation,
Sweet Briar, Royal Standard, Pure Bath,
and Princess Louise.

HEALING TO THE SKIN

AND HIGHLY PERFUMED.