

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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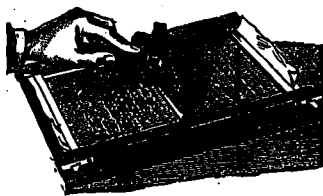
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ARCTURUS:

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As a non-partisan journal, it is not our business to take sides in the present political contest; and in the utter absence of any question of principle on either side it is not our inclination to do so. The campaign is merely a rather unseemly struggle for the spoils of office, with scarcely any reference to what is best either for the present or the future of the country. The old tactics are being resorted to again, and each province is fighting for what, in a short-sighted way, is considered best for its own immediate interest, without any care whatever for the common good. Thus, both Grits and Conservatives are vying with each other to see who can offer the highest price for votes. In one district it is a tunnel, in another a railway, and in another such alteration of the tariff as is supposed to affect local exigencies. This, of course, is to be deplored. We do not expect, on the other hand, human nature to be other than it is. In a vast country like this, with little or no history; with provinces wide apart, and at best loosely connected with each other; with a mixed population, the predominating elements whereof are composed of two races of diverse religion and language, and in all other things as dissimilar as it is possible for them to be, there is much to be said in palliation of the want of unity and patriotism around us. At the same time, it is humiliating to have to admit that the election in which we are engaged is only a rough-and-tumble fight for the control of the national purse.

WHAT is Protection: is it right or wrong? This is a question much debated among us now, and one that cannot be answered off-hand. Unquestionably the free trade doctrine is right in theory, and would be so in practice if universally applied. But free trade, as it was proclaimed in England half a century back, and the lopsided practice of it at the present time, are two very different things. The one great argument of Peronnet Thompson, Richard Cobden and George Wilson—the fathers of the free trade movement—was that as soon as England inaugurated free trade its manifold advantages would be so apparent that it would be at once followed by all the nations of the world.

Now nearly half a century has passed away, and not only have the nations of the earth very decidedly declined to follow the example thus set them, but there is in England now a party numerically not contemptible, and possessing in its ranks some able men, who are demanding, not a return to the old system, but what they term Reciprocity. Whether Reciprocity is right or wrong is not the question here, but the existence of the demand is extremely significant, arising as it has in the country where the free trade idea was carried into effect, and where free trade principles were for a long time accepted as one of those self-evident truths that require no demonstration. In these circumstances Canadians may well be cautious in reversing their present fiscal policy. Maintaining our National Policy now does not mean maintaining it forever; but no change of importance can be made but by arrangement with the United States; and it is only too evident, in the present rather excited tone of our neighbours, that for anything like equitable reciprocity the time is not yet.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, who has long since made his way to the front rank on the periodical press of London, is a Canadian by birth and early training. By his numerous contributions to the various magazines he is doing a good deal of late to attract attention to his native land. ARCTURUS recently contained some account of his article on "Calabogie," in the January number of the *Cornhill*. *Longman's* has another article from his pen, in which he speaks out with the utmost plainness regarding the future of Canada. He refers to annexation as "the manifest destiny and only natural future of the Canadian Dominion." A writer in the *Montreal Gazette* waxed indignant at this deliverance, and only half in jest declares that were it not for personal friendship he would rush at Mr. Allen and stone him. The writer of this pugnacious rejoinder is understood to be Martin J. Griffin, formerly editor of the *Toronto Mail*, and now joint librarian of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. It is all very well for Mr. Griffin and other Government officials to try to stifle free discussion. All their interests lie in preserving the *status quo*. Doth Job serve God for naught? It may be that the annexation of Canada to the United States would be a very bad thing for the former. It may be that a movement in that direction would be unwise and unpopular. So far as we are aware, no such movement is afoot, or likely to be so in the near future. But the subject is at least a legitimate one for intelligent people to talk about, or even to write about if they please, and the holders of fat berths under the present regime must not suppose that they will be

permitted to burke discussion upon it. Moreover, while English journalists of great ability and high repute do not hesitate to discuss the question from all points of view, the same privilege may surely be accorded to native Canadians, who ought not to be threatened, even in jest, with the fate of St. Stephen, for daring to express their honest opinions on the subject.

NOT only on this continent is the status of the Romish Church fast becoming the burning question of the day. A manifesto has just appeared in Berlin signed by over two hundred Evangelical dignitaries, University professors and other persons of note in literature and science from all parts of Germany, urging the formation of an anti-Catholic league. Protestantism, it is said, has always suffered the heaviest losses when the hierarchy has succeeded in coming to an understanding with the State; and the settlement of all party quarrels within the Protestant Church is suggested as absolutely necessary to combat "the aggressive and increasing power of Rome." It really seems as though a time of trial were in store in the near future for the Catholic Church all over the world. In France the direct political power of Rome may be said to be very nearly annihilated. In the German States everywhere any open attempt of ecclesiastics to control the political action of the people raises a storm of indignant denunciation. In Spain and Italy—the least educated portions, perhaps, of Europe—the feeling against clerical dictation is strong, and rapidly growing in force. That the matter is beginning to attract serious attention in the United States is apparent to any one reading the American papers. The Catholic journals especially are getting angry and alarmed at what they consider the menacing tone of public opinion. We in Canada know to our cost what a bone of contention this has been and will be. Not at all too soon is the question made one of practical politics with us. Without any reference to the necessities of party politicians, it is time to declare that on this free Canadian soil "no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

WE are now able to form a more correct estimate of the political situation in England, and we see no reason to alter the opinions hitherto expressed. The tragic death of Lord Iddesleigh and the secession of Lord Churchill for the moment shook the Government severely. But there is no doubt the accession of Mr. Goschen has more than compensated for the retirement of the spoiled child of the Primrose League, and that whether Lord Churchill's action arose from personal pique, or vanity, or ambition—or, as is most probable, a combination of all three—he has, in the opinion of his most sincere devotees, damaged himself much more than he has harmed the Government. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain's conference has missed fire. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Chamberlain individually is not a strong political force, and though he is awkward as an opponent, he is not very valuable as an ally. Mr. Goschen will act as a bond of union between the Government and the Hartington party, who are in truth not only unionists but minister-

ialists. Mr. Gladstone has but little chance of returning to office, for the simple reason that a considerable number of Liberals, outside the Unionist party, are quite resolved that he shall not. In fact, as far as outsiders can form an opinion, there appears at present no reason why the Marquis of Salisbury should not, barring accidents, pull through the session with tolerable ease.

IT is to be hoped that the session of the Ontario Legislature now opened will be more fruitful of reformatory legislation than the sessions of the last few years. One of the most urgently required measures is a comprehensive reform of the municipal law. Innumerable acts tinkering with the existing system in minor points of detail have been introduced. What is needed is a thorough revision of the system, to adapt it to changed conditions. The present law, however well suited to the Ontario of a generation ago, has been outgrown. The existing basis of representation in our city and county councils makes them large and unwieldy bodies. The growth of large urban populations renders the extension of civic powers of government desirable. There is no reason why the property qualification long since abolished for parliamentary representatives should be retained in municipal affairs. It serves no good purpose, as a colourable qualification is easily acquired by the ambitious and unscrupulous aspirant, while it may exclude men well qualified in every other respect.

THE fashion of prominent politicians contesting more than one constituency, which has for some time been practised in Britain, is gradually being introduced into Canada. At the last election Sir John Macdonald was elected for two constituencies. On this occasion he has also received a double nomination, and has intimated that in the interests of his party he may contest other ridings. His example has been followed by the Minister of Militia and Mr. Blake. As a consequence, whatever the result may be, we shall have a supplementary election campaign in three or more constituencies, entailing additional and altogether unnecessary expense and inconvenience upon the country. Dual candidatures ought not to be permitted, and as the practice bids fair to extend until it becomes a serious evil, legislation should be invoked against it.

THE exultation of the Conservatives over the re-accession of Sir Charles Tupper to their fighting forces will be somewhat dashed by the tidings of the campaign in Nova Scotia, where that stalwart campaigner was expected to bear down all opposition by the impetuosity of his attack. Making all due allowance for partisan misrepresentation, it is evident that Sir Charles is meeting with much more strenuous antagonism than was expected, and that his personal influence with the Nova Scotians has been over-estimated. Should the result prove adverse to the Government the Finance Minister's reputation as an available man will suffer a similar disparagement to that which attends the failure of a Presidential candidate to "carry his own state." But it can hardly damage Tupper, who is the Hobson's choice of Conservatism.

ARCTURUS:

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JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE first instalment of

LITERARY EXPERIENCES

will appear in the number for Saturday, February 26th.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CANADIAN PARTIES.

THE tone of independence which has characterized the utterances of a number of Canadian journals of late is received with misgiving by the adherents of party, and with hope by the well-wishers of an impartial press. After years of obedience to the party leaders, and of automatic subserviency to the dictates of "the machine," this change can hardly be considered a moral revulsion caused by a sudden perception of truth. There are few indications of remorse, and the new professions are more easily explained on the supposition of an intellectual conversion to new views. The tendency has been discussed by the party press in the usual manner, and with the superficial charges of hypocrisy which might have been expected from such sources. It is possible that the change of front may be a political manoeuvre; but it seems more probable that the course of events in Canada during the past few years has convinced the *Mail* and other journals that the articles of their late creed will not stand the test of these trying times.

The personal influence of Sir John Macdonald has hitherto been powerful enough to unite alien political forces, and to shape them to the furtherance of his designs. His urbanity of manner and fertility of resource have often laughed the seemingly inevitable in the face, and sported with contradictions which seemed about to undo him. But this unique personality cannot sway our political destinies much longer, and the saying "after me, the deluge," conveys a truth as flattering to the Canadian Premier as it is suggestive of reconstructed parties and opinions. Is it probable that things will go on in the old way? I think not, because the old way has been that of artificiality and constraint. If, in the political awakening near at hand, the real wishes of a large number of Canadians are shaped into a definite body of opinion, there will be an important addition to the list of questions now known to divide the parties. Probably the *Mail's* assertion that Canadians are not to be prevented from discussing their political future originated in a shrewd perception that a departure from the old lines of thought is at hand. If we regard the main object of Confederation as the building up of a united and prosperous nation, that object has not been attained. There is a disintegrating element which it is impossible to remove without shattering the political framework. The growth and solid predominance of Quebec are facts which the most adroit politicians are unable to reduce to an equitable share of influence in the

working of the Federative scheme. This is not so because of exceptional advantages conferred by Confederation. The mischief was done much further back. When by the Quebec Act the conquered race was, among other privileges, allowed to retain its code of civil law, and the use of its language in Courts of Justice and in Parliament, the French spirit was given free course to run and be glorified. It was generous, but unwise, if the rule of English ideas is to be considered desirable. From that day to this, Quebec has been fossilizing its race peculiarities and the aversion to English rule, until it is able to dictate terms to the party which courts its aid. What hope can there be for the harmonious working of Confederation, if the chief aim of each political party is the propitiation of the French Moloch? The future will only tighten its grip on the necessities of the party politicians. If Canada is to be for the Canadians, in the true sense of the term, French interference must not mar the symmetry of its development. The recognition of this truth by a political leader would gain him numerous adherents.

Another opinion which is gaining wide prevalence has reference to our commercial relations with the United States. Free trade with a wealthy contiguous nation may be thought beneficial or harmful according to political considerations, independent of commerce altogether. Differences of race and opposing political aims are of a piece with the exclusive commercial regulations with which the powers of Europe confront one another. But there can be no such considerations when two adjoining nations are allied in blood, language, and institutions, with no real causes of hostility latent in the career of either. Especially is this true when geography plainly shows that the centres of commercial interchange for the two countries invite the closest trade relations. The shape and situation of Canadian territory are such that trade between the different provinces is naturally less advantageous than with the adjoining States. In the light of economical convenience, Ontario looks upon the markets of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as foreign. The electoral verdict in favour of the Nova Scotian Repealers is a confirmation of this view. It was a protest against the folly of diverting trade from the nearer markets of New England, and also against the general scheme which tries to make distant provinces trade with one another to the exclusion of the cheapest and nearest markets. Viewed in such a light, it is impossible to believe that protection, as embodied in the Canadian tariff, had the intelligent assent of the Maritime Provinces. But the idea occurred when a party cry was needed, and it agreed with the opinion of those who deprecate closer relations with the United States. This latter opinion was emphasized by the rapid construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is supposed to free us from the unpatriotic use of American lines, and is to be such a valuable military aid to England. These two experiments have resulted in the commercial discontent of the Maritime Provinces, and in the growth of a national debt enormously disproportionate to the resources of the country.

In the attempt to solve these problems, there must be the indispensable aid of independent journals and independent public men. It is true enough that there may be a widespread conviction waiting for the voice of a leader, without many of the noisy signs which often attend the discussion of lesser matters, for reason works without clamour, and its power is often veiled by the silence of assent. Yet it seems to me that if some able advocate of annexation were to appear, and state forcibly the arguments

in its favour, there would soon be proof how widespread is the conviction of its truth. There is still a feeble survival of the hereditary dislike of American institutions. There is still a residuum of devotion which would urge, in favour of our political connection with England, the maudlin analogy of family ties. A colonial feeling still taints the air of healthful and inevitable change, and if it were proved beyond cavil that a dependent state will always have a provincial mind, apologists for the filial regard of English interests would be found. Yet loyalty is not creditable to any man or nation without regard to the conditions which make it honourable; and loyalty to the British name and traditions is quite consistent with a severance of our political connection. The former inheres in the race, and will not depart while the glorious memories of the race shall last; but the latter will be determined by our interests, and not by our loyalty.

The opposition to annexation hitherto has been founded chiefly on unreasoning sentiments. Henceforth it must stand or fall by the test of harmony with Canadian interests, and in the solution it may afford of difficulties which neither of the Canadian parties has attempted to cope with. It is reasonable to believe, for example, that in case of annexation, the race feeling of Quebec would be comparatively harmless, because its influence on the federal affairs of so vast a nation would be small; and if the impolitic concessions made in the earlier history of the province have given an indefeasible foothold to unprogressive ideas, surely their influence would nullify itself if restricted to a small sphere. Local questions and prejudices might work out their own salvation in the new state of Quebec without any disturbance of its neighbours. The other provinces of the Dominion would then be in commercial union with the United States, and participate in the inter-state freedom of trade which has built up the industrial greatness of the Republic.

If it be said that the annexation movement is not a stirring one, it may be replied that, although party exigencies have not combined to make it so, yet these latter are too often mere surface indications which fail to reveal the force of opinion in its deeper currents. Are we to infer that the reasons which, thirty-eight years ago, led prominent Canadian statesmen to sign the Annexation Manifesto, have not since then become the property of a large constituency of thinking men? Certain it is that among our merchants there is a strong annexation feeling, and that most of those who hail the prospect of a national party, do so with the belief that annexation is our goal. It is no less certain that some of the most prominent writers on the Liberal press, and an increasing number on the Conservative press, would declare in favour of a change which the tactics of party exclude at present from its programme. It is for this reason—the loosening of the old party bonds—that the approaching elections may prove momentous in their issues. If, after the turmoil is over, no new question of importance should arise, it will be an additional proof that Canadian partyism has survived its usefulness, and that the discussion of great living issues which, in the wide historic sense, are the reason of its being, has become less important than the forms under which its warfare is carried on.

There are evidences, it is true, which suggest an impartial readiness of the public mind for the consideration of the question of annexation. The recent Nova Scotian vote sweeps away the objection that it is premature, and there can be little doubt that the Repealers have their political counterparts in the other pro-

vinces. The question is now within the range of our practical politics, and on this issue the political contests of the future will be fought. J. W. R.

THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(From the Desk of a *Hansard* Reporter.)

A *Hansard* reporter's strictly professional opinion of a Parliamentary speaker is likely to differ very considerably from that of any ordinary listener equally sound in judgment and equally free from prejudice. Hamlet's advice to the players, to "suit the action to the word and the word to the action," howsoever valuable it may be to the orator who acts upon it, or howsoever pleasing it may be to his audience, is of no account so far as the reporter is concerned. The manner and form of the speaker's verbal expression are all that come within the sphere of his art; and his favourite orator is the man who speaks more or less deliberately, enunciates clearly, and, above all things, constructs his sentences lucidly, and with some view to their appearance in long primer and minion in the columns of the next day's *Hansard*. Such a speaker may be no orator as Brutus was, or as Mr. Blake or Mr. Chapleau is. He may even rattle along at times with the speed of a limited express on a down grade. But if—to use a reporter's phrase—he "clears up his sentences" as he goes, and speaks so that he may be distinctly heard, he may safely count upon being a favourite in the *Hansard* room. Mere rapidity of utterance is not of itself the "terror" to the reporter that it is commonly supposed to be. The true reason why the reporter has usually a wholesome dread of the rapid speaker is that he knows by experience that extreme rapidity of utterance is almost invariably associated with every other quality that makes a speaker hard to report verbatim. A very rapid delivery generally means a very indistinct delivery. It frequently means such a mixing and muddling of the English language that—as actually happened in the case of a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, who unjustly censured the official reporters for their treatment of his speeches—a strictly verbatim report would expose the speaker to the ridicule of his fellow members and the public. The reporter's real difficulty is not so much in "taking" the actual words of such a speaker, although, owing to the fact that he generally clips his consonants into the merest fragments and skips his vowels altogether, that is oftentimes a sufficiently troublesome task. The reporter's worst difficulties begin when he attempts to transcribe his notes into "copy," for it is almost needless to say that a strictly verbatim report of such a speech is out of the question. He must of course adhere to the speaker's language as closely as possible; but it also falls to his duty to evolve something like rhetorical and grammatical order out of chaos. Subjects and predicates which the speaker has left in a state of overt hostility must be coaxed into agreement; verbal "gaps" must be "stopped"; subordinate clauses which have usurped the functions of their superiors must be relegated to their proper stations; mere verbal repetitions and redundancies must be eliminated, and—hardest task of all—the reporter must in some cases take a recalcitrant sentence by the neck, so to speak, drag it out of the rhetorical *cul de sac* in which the speaker has left it, and set it on its grammatical legs again. These and the like offices Canadian reporters, following the universal custom in other countries, have constantly to perform for Canadian orators. But verily they have their reward! Such a speaker as I have described never fails to assure

the reporters of his extreme gratification at the wonderful fidelity of their report! Why he does so I have never been able to discover, but the fact is as undoubted as that the most correct speakers are generally the readiest to acknowledge their occasional indebtedness to the knights of the flying pen.

In addition to the difficulties with which the official corps at Ottawa have to contend, in common with the reporters of every parliamentary body, there are others which are peculiar to their position. I do not now allude to the undoubted fact that, man for man, Canadian parliamentary orators speak more rapidly, less distinctly, and with less attention to the structure of their sentences than either the members of the Imperial House of Commons or those of the American Congress. Nor do I refer to the equally indisputable fact that, owing to causes which I need not here discuss, the vocabulary employed by our public men in parliament is much more varied and technical than that which appears on the printed pages of either the English *Hansard* or the *Congressional Record*. These are all difficulties which every reporter will appreciate, but as "practise makes perfect" they may be overcome by that acquaintance with the peculiarities of the speakers and the topics they discuss which comes of long experience in this branch of reporting. But as distinct hearing is obviously an essential antecedent to correct reporting, it will be seen that no amount of practice will ever fully overcome the difficulty of hearing which daily and hourly besets the members of the *Hansard* staff, and adds so constant a burden of anxiety to the severe physical and nervous strain under which their work is nearly always performed. I have no hesitation in saying that to any ordinary listener who should seat himself at the reporters' table nearly one-half the eloquence of hon. members would be little more than a pantomimic display; and the fact that complaints of misreporting are seldom or never made can only be attributed to the almost preternatural acuteness of hearing which is developed by long training, combined with a thorough acquaintance with the various questions which come up for discussion.

When an official reporter at Washington encounters one of these whispered speeches I believe he simply leaves his place at the table, and with that free and easy disregard of traditional forms which prevails in the legislative bodies of the Great Republic, seats himself beside the orator. I shudder when I contemplate the awful consequences which might follow the application of this democratic device to our more conservative House of Commons. I remember that one evening, not many sessions ago, shortly after the Speaker had taken the chair, the keen eye of the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms discovered a free and independent stranger quietly seated beside his representative, leisurely surveying the luxurious appointments of the chamber, and doubtless congratulating himself on having secured so comfortable a seat free of cost. It was a terribly anxious moment for every lover of parliamentary institutions. Even that glittering bauble, the mace, seemed to tremble as it reposed on its gorgeous cushions. A vague look of horror overspread the countenances of some of the older and more conservative members, while a few of the younger and more radical fellows indifferently laughed at the imminent peril. But the threatened danger was averted by the prompt and courageous conduct of the Sergeant. The intruding stranger was unceremoniously hustled out at the point of the sword, and consigned presumably to the parliamentary donjon keep, though his exact doom remains a mystery and a warning to this day. If I were asked exactly

what consequences would ensue if a reporter in the Canadian House of Commons should take a seat beside an hon. member, without complying with the usual preliminaries to that honour, I would have to make the same reply as Mr. Speaker Onslow, of the English House of Commons, made to a somewhat similar question. He was fond of threatening inattentive or disorderly members with the words: "Sir, I must name you." On being asked what would be the consequence of carrying this terrible threat into execution, he replied, "The Lord in Heaven knows."

Sir John Macdonald is not by any means a rapid speaker, and yet he is not always a particularly easy one to "take" verbatim. He is fond of illustrating his arguments by quotations or anecdotes drawn from the bye-ways rather than the highways of history and literature; and besides, his best speeches are full of

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

These characteristics of the Premier's speeches not only require for their reproduction in print—so far at least as they can be reproduced—the closest concentration of the faculties in the process of note-taking, but unless the reporter is pretty well equipped for his work by a tolerably wide range of reading, he will often find himself "floored" in attempting to "take" Sir John—as he will, indeed, in the case of any but the plainest and most matter of fact speeches. Without such an equipment he may perhaps be able to secure the substance of the speech, but the flavour—the bouquet—will be lacking, and the result will be disappointing to the speaker and discreditable to the reporter.

The leader of the Opposition is usually accounted a "terror" to the young reporter, and he is frequently trying enough to the oldest hand. Although his usual pace, judged by the Canadian standard of speed, is not extremely rapid, yet on occasions he pours out his words in such a torrent as almost to paralyze the reporter's pencil, and strain to the utmost the possibilities of his art. But there are other reasons why the announcement—made, say, at three o'clock in the morning—that Mr. Blake has the floor, does not have a particularly tranquillizing effect on the fagged-out occupants of *Hansard* room. Though his sentences are nearly always faultlessly correct in construction, they are frequently long and complex. Moreover, so thoroughly does he exhaust every detail of his subject that his longer speeches abound in subordinate and parenthetical clauses; and woe to the unfortunate reporter who does not catch every word, or who finds when he retires to *Hansard* room that he cannot readily transcribe his swiftly-written notes into printer's copy. Mr. Blake's diction and his collocation of words are such that if the smallest particle or connective is missing, the reporter, when he comes to write out his "take," is likely to experience those symptoms which are variously described, in the language of the craft, as "sweating" or "spitting blood," according to their severity. The reporter who "takes" Mr. Blake has also to encounter a great variety of illustration and an unusually comprehensive vocabulary; and when to these are added an occasional quotation in French or Latin, every one will understand—except perhaps those juveniles who are accustomed to regard reporting as a merely mechanical operation—that to report Mr. Blake verbatim is not always a particularly easy task.

I had intended referring, from a reporter's point of view, to the oratorical peculiarities of other leading members of the House, but I must reserve my remarks for another paper.—Geo. ERVEL.

Book Notice.

CROWDED OUT, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Seranus. Ottawa, Evening Journal Office. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

These sketches are for the most part simple short stories without much plot interest, but characterized by grace of expression and tenderness of feeling. The dialogues in all the stories are natural, sensible and interesting, with none of that forced cleverness which often blemishes an author's first work. The story of the Mr. Foxleys is especially good. It is marked by simplicity and freshness of plot, graphic portraiture of character and truthful effectiveness of description. The wooing scene strikes me as being the finest in the book.

A reasonable objection might be taken to a single feature of the first tale. The style is too evidently French to be natural to the writer, and the effect of the artistic termination will be quite lost on English readers who cannot translate Mrs. Harrison's favourite lines:—

“Descendez à l'ombre,
Ma Jolie blonde.”

But the dramatic power and pathos of the story are rarely equalled within such narrow bounds. There is perhaps hardly sufficient justification for the “Pea Green Parrot” story, and the “Bishop of Saskabasquia,” being simply a reminiscent character sketch, will disappoint any reader who expects a story in it.

The book is thoroughly Canadian in its general features, with an English background and a few touches of French colouring. The author has evidently a strong hope for the new world, but her regard for the old land, its institutions and prejudices, rises almost to reverence. The characters of the stories are not those which are usually met in every-day Canadian life. They are in the main of the aristocratic order. This tendency of the author may be the result of living in Ottawa with an environment of Canadian knights, foreign dukes, marquises and haughty-browed aides-de-camp. This is a serious defect in these character sketches, if they are set forth as representative of this country. Few of us are descended from the old country aristocracy, and I do not think we would have any reason to think ourselves better if we were. The author might have found in our country many different types of character well worthy of a place of honour in her book, who are yet not descended from titled families. When in one case she introduces as her hero an employee in a sawmill, it is disappointing, not to say farcical, to have him turn out to be Etienne Chezy d'Alencourt. In another story a servant girl is not represented as calling for our admiration until a “gentleman” very condescendingly falls in love with her—a gentleman whose “family goes back to the Conquest”—as if it were the better on that account. Darwin traces all of us farther back than that. And the author thinks it further necessary to improve her by “association with thorough and high-bred gentlemen.” It appears also that her original features and attire were not just the thing for the heroine of a story. She was “very plump and rather pink”! Clearly now, that wouldn't do! So her appearance is represented as changing under the refining influences referred to above, until she had lost her plumpness and too fresh colour, and her dress had become “almost that of a lady”!

Really there is an air of snobbery here which it is time we got ourselves rid of. The humble speech, the manners and the dress which “Seranus” implicitly condemns, are not at all inconsistent in life or literary art with the highest and most heroic goodness of

character. And this, I take it, is the only nobility or gentility we should worship in this new land of ours.

Notwithstanding this defect, however, the book is, as far as it goes, a creditable contribution to Canadian imaginative literature. Mrs. Harrison's previous reputation rested on her poems. It is safe to say that in the future she will be more widely known as the author of *Crowded Out, and Other Sketches*.—A. STEVENSON.

Correspondence.

The Law of Dower.

Editor ARCTURUS:

I UNDERSTAND that according to the law of this Province respecting dower, if a man sells a lot of land, and his wife refuses to bar her dower, the purchaser or husband may get a judge's order that the land be sold free from dower, but, at the same time, the order must secure to the wife her dower or its value.

The Hon. Chancellor Boyd has lately decided in a case of re Reddam, reported 7 C. L. Times page 19, that under sub-sec. 2 of sec. 4 of “The Devolution of Estates Act, 1886,” a widow who resigns her dower is entitled to an absolute share of the husband's property.

Will some of your legal friends advise whether, in case of the sale of land worth say \$3,000, a wife would now be allowed to receive to her own use absolutely \$1,000 of the purchase money? *Brantford, Feb. 8th, 1887.* JOHN JAMES.

Ballot vs. Canvass.

Editor ARCTURUS:

JUST over one election, and face to face with another, circumstances are such as to warrant the intelligent voter in inquiring whether the Ballot Act has served its intended purpose. We all know what was aimed at in the passing of this measure, but so long as candidates for parliamentary honours are permitted to let loose upon a constituency scores of busy-bodies who make house to house visitations—veritable Paul Prys, so far as the political conscience is concerned—just so long will so-called secret voting prove to be the miserable failure that it is.

In politics, as in religion, every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and for another person, whether candidate or agent, to approach him in private, for the purpose of making an apparently harmless inquiry as to how he intends to vote, or with a view to make him change his opinion by the advancement of specious arguments, is totally at variance with the spirit of the Ballot Act. Besides, it is insulting to invade a voter in this way, for if he is an intelligent elector, he should be supposed to know his own mind, and the fact that canvassers undertake to effect any change in his determination seems to show that they do not hold either him or his mental capacity in very high estimation.

The right to address public meetings, and to circulate any quantity of printed matter, is a very different thing. This right should be held inviolate in every free community, but private canvass too frequently means intimidation, or bribery, or both. To the candidate himself a personal canvass must be exceedingly disagreeable, if we suppose him to be a gentleman; and should he be anything else, which is too frequently the case, there is an additional reason why his visitations should be suppressed.

To render personal canvass illegal would be the most effectual method that could be adopted for the stamping out of bribery, and until our legislators place an anti-canvassing law upon the statute book, their constituents will be warranted in maintaining a belief that interviews with female heads of houses and osculations performed on babies are among the chief delights of the would-be representatives of “free and independent electors.”—A.

MESSRS. BELFORD, CLARKE & Co., of New York and Chicago, are about to publish by subscription an authorized life of the late Senator John A. Logan; also Donn Piatt's *Memories of the Men Who Saved the Union*.

LITERARY NOTES.

In a note published in this department last week there was a reference to Lord Tennyson's opinions on "political and commercial subjects." Is it necessary to say that the word "commercial" was a printer's error? It should have been "economical."

MR. J. M. LE MOINE'S recent lecture before the Canadian Club, of New York, seems to have been in every respect a success. The subject chosen was, "The Heroines of New France," a theme which especially lends itself to effective platform treatment. It seems like high praise to say that the lecturer made the most of his subject, but such appears to have been the general verdict of his audience. In depicting the exploits of Mademoiselle de Vercheres, he enjoyed the advantage of access to an unpublished MS. memoir of the heroine, furnished to him by her lineal descendant, the Hon. George Baby.

Last week there was a note in this department on the green old age of some still surviving men of letters. There are some women of letters who also seem to be endowed with something approaching to physical immortality. Eliza Cook is still living at Wimbledon, the well-known Champ de Mars of the Volunteers. She suffers from neuralgia, thinks it strange that people believe she is dead simply because they have read it in the newspapers, and receives few visitors; which last item of information can be readily believed. Mr. Gallenga, in his *History of My Second Life*, published nearly ten years ago, there says that he is close on his seventieth year. How old is he now? Yet Chapman and Hall announce a new work from his pen: *Italy; Past and Present*. Fifty years ago Gallenga came to America and earned an indifferent living as teacher of languages, chiefly in Boston, where he was known as Luigi Mariotti. For more than twenty years he was on the staff of the *London Times*, as correspondent and leader writer. Many of the foreign editorials in that paper for years were from his pen. They displayed great literary ability, and a marvellous grasp of all the intricacies of European politics. He is a writer of vigorous English, and was always proud of saying he did not understand one rule of English grammar. We will not venture to refer in this place to Brigham Young as one of those who will not die, because Eliza Cook and Antonio Gallenga would naturally and fairly object to the contamination of a "resurrected" Mormon saint.

THE mind of George Parsons Lathrop has evidently been not a little disturbed by the articles of J. Clayton Adams in *The Forum* and Edgar Fawcett in *Lippincott*, to which we devoted some space last week. In the February number of *The North American Review*, Mr. Lathrop has a trenchant response to the charge of literary log-rolling which was—unwarrantably, as it seems to us—brought against him by Mr. Adams. "There is certainly no excuse," says he, "for literary log-rolling. It is a detestable offence. But the censor of that crime—who so freely attributes it to a body of writers whom he has condemned without trial, without a hearing, without even a summons, has omitted to mention another malefaction at least equal in magnitude, of which he himself is guilty. I mean the crime of literary back-biting. The man who assails authors with distorted, dishonourable and untruthful aspersions, under cover of mask and cloak, convicts himself of a dastardly deed far more despicable than the extreme complaisance of mutual admiration. A pseudonymuncle of this sort, who goes up and down concealing his identity, carries a corpse inside his coat. It is the corpse of his own dead self-respect." These are vigorous words, and nobody who is acquainted with the facts will say that they are uncalled for. The attack upon Mr. Lathrop was apparently concerted between a number of his enemies, who are morbidly jealous of his success, and who evidently have little respect for their profession or themselves. It is currently reported in New York that one of the feeblest and most jealous-minded of them all turns a more or less thrifty penny by writing stories of the sensational, hyper-fervid order for the "cheap and nasty" periodicals. This is done anonymously, and to order. It is as purely a mechanical occupation as stuffing sausages or sawing wood,

THE second number of *Murray's Magazine*, just issued in London, contains an interesting letter, hitherto unpublished, written to Lord Byron by William Gifford in 1813. Gifford was then editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and one of the most sagacious literary critics of his time. In a letter to John Murray, published in *Moore's Life*, and in many subsequent editions of Byron's works, Byron refers to this epistle from Gifford as the kindest he had ever received "in all his life." The original has recently been found among the papers of that woman "perfect past all parallel," the late Lady Byron, and is now published by permission of Lord Wentworth. A more interesting relic still, to be found in the new number of the magazine, is a transcript of the last poetical lines ever penned by the hand of Lord Byron. They were composed and committed to paper only a few days before his death, and were found among his papers at Missolonghi. They have never before been published, or even shown about among the publisher's friends. These and other original Byroniana ought to go far to advance the prospects of the new periodical.

Poetry.

DALTON'S TRUST.

Our through bonnie Wensleydale Rupert's summons rung;
Nortons, Scropes, and Powletts to the winds their banners flung;
Daltons, Marmions, and Fitzhughs swift to the challenge sprung.

Masham, Marske, and Middleham sent their tale of men;
Thoresby, Hawes and Jedburgh rose to battle then;
Wensleydale called soldiers out, well-told hundreds ten.

On to fatal Marston Moor, for Church and King and Crown!
They marched by Tanfield's towers so gray, they marched by Norlaze down;
And the minster bells rang merrily as they passed through Ripon town.

"Great our King and true our cause" Mabel Mowbray said;
"Yet my all of hope and joy rests on my father's head:
What were Church and throne to me, if his life were sped?"

Dalton's boy had lingered there for a parting word;
Vassals owned his brothers rule—his naught but steed and sword;
Yet gay and gallant as the best, young Frank of Slensingford.

"Trust me for him, lady mine, trust him all to me;
Heart is stout, and hand is strong; spent they both shall be
Ere the Mowbray's good gray head down 'mid the spears I see."

By the flashing waves of Ure youth and maiden stood;
Soft his wooing whisper blent with the murmuring flood;
Round them both the morning sun glowed from Hackfall wood.

"Mabel, one word ere I go." The maiden smiled and blushed;
The sweet lips moved; the lover's heart leapt to her low "I trust."
The charger wheeled; the long white plume was lost in clouds of dust.

Sullen to the northern sea swept the reddened Ouse,
When the sun had set in clouds, content such sight to lose—
Royalty to people's rights had paid its deadly dues.

'Neath an old ancestral oak leaned the maiden wearily;
Up the Ure the slow mist crept, wreathing chill and eerily;
Down the vale from Jervaulx pile clang of bells came drearily.

Suddenly she raised her head, sound of hoofs to heed;
Tramp of horses, hardly pressed, spurred to desperate speed;
Every stroke rang keen and clear, like cry of bitter need.

Clattering down the winding hill on two horsemen rode;
The crimson Mowbray cognizance o'er old Sir Hubert flowed;
Broken and stained, his comrade's helm a snowy feather showed.

"He has brought thee back thy father, wench; the lad would have his way—
Else had I died 'mid England's best, nor mourned this fatal day.
He took a pikeman's trust for me—What, Frank! hold up, I say!"

One flashing smile, one whispered phrase—"My trust redeemed" the sound;
One kiss on the white hand that strove to stanch the gushing wound—
'Tis but her gallant lover's corpse upon the blood-stained ground.

Old names decay; old stories die, as names and stories must;
But still the Dalton faith is known as steadfast, true, and just;
Still old men show that oak, and tell the tale of "Dalton's Trust."

GREEN TEA.

PROLOGUE.—MARTIN HESSELIUS, THE GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

THOUGH carefully educated in medicine and surgery, I have never practised either. The study of each continues, nevertheless, to interest me profoundly. Neither idleness nor caprice caused my secession from the honourable calling which I had just entered. The cause was a very trifling scratch inflicted by a dissecting knife. This trifle cost me the loss of two fingers, amputated promptly, and the more painful loss of my health, for I have never been quite well since, and have seldom been twelve months together in the same place.

In my wanderings I became acquainted with Dr. Martin Hesselius, a wanderer like myself, like me a physician, and like me an enthusiast in his profession. Unlike me in this, that his wanderings were voluntary, and he a man, if not of fortune, as we estimate fortune in England, at least in what our forefathers used to term "easy circumstances." He was an old man when I first saw him; nearly five-and-thirty years my senior.

In Dr. Martin Hesselius I found my master. His knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition. He was the very man to inspire a young enthusiast, like me, with awe and delight. My admiration has stood the test of time and survived the separation of death. I am sure it was well founded. For nearly twenty years I acted as his medical secretary. His immense collection of papers he has left in my care, to be arranged, indexed and bound. His treatment of some of these cases is curious. He writes in two distinct characters. He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door, to the light of day, or through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art, and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.

Here and there a case strikes me as of a kind to amuse or horrify a lay reader with an interest quite different from the peculiar one which it may possess for an expert. With slight modifications, chiefly of language, and of course a change of names, I copy the following. The narrator is Dr. Martin Hesselius. I find it among the voluminous notes of cases which he made during a tour in England about sixty-four years ago.

It is related in a series of letters to his friend Professor Van Loo of Leyden. The professor was not a physician, but a chemist, and a man who read history and metaphysics and medicine, and had, in his day, written a play. The narrative is therefore, if somewhat less valuable as a medical record, necessarily written in a manner more likely to interest an unlearned reader.

These letters, from a memorandum attached, appear to have been returned on the death of the professor, in 1819, to Dr. Hesselius. They are written, some in English, some in French, but the greater part in German. I am a faithful, though, I am conscious, by no means a graceful translator.

CHAPTER I.

DR. HESSELIUS RELATES HOW HE MET THE REV. MR. JENNINGS.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is tall and thin. He is middle-aged, and dresses with a natty, old-fashioned, high-church precision. He is naturally a little stately, but not at all stiff. His features, without being handsome, are well formed, and their expression extremely kind, but also shy. I met him one evening at Lady Mary Heyduke's. The modesty and benevolence of his countenance are extremely prepossessing. We were but a small party, and he joined agreeably enough in the conversation. He seems to enjoy listening very much more than contributing to the talk; but what he says is always to the purpose, and well said. He is a great favourite of Lady Mary's, who, it seems, consults him upon many things, and thinks him the most happy and blessed person on earth. Little knows she about him.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is a bachelor, and has, they say, sixty thousand pounds in the funds. He is a charitable man. He is most anxious to be actively employed in his sacred profession,

and yet, though always tolerably well elsewhere, when he goes down to his vicarage in Warwickshire, to engage in the actual duties of his sacred calling, his health soon fails him, and in a very strange way. So says Lady Mary.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jennings' health does break down in, generally, a sudden and mysterious way—sometimes in the very act of officiating in his old and pretty church at Kenlis. It may be his heart, it may be his brain. But so it has happened three or four times, or oftener, that after proceeding a certain way in the service, he has on a sudden stopped short, and after a silence, apparently quite unable to resume, he has fallen into solitary, inaudible prayer, his hands and his eyes uplifted, and then pale as death, and in the agitation of a strange shame and horror, descended trembling, and got into the vestry-room, leaving his congregation, without explanation, to themselves. This occurred when his curate was absent. When he goes down to Kenlis now, he always takes care to provide a clergyman to share his duty, and to supply his place on the instant should he become thus suddenly incapacitated.

When Mr. Jennings breaks down quite, and beats a retreat from the vicarage, and returns to London, where, in a dark street off Piccadilly, he inhabits a very narrow house, Lady Mary says that he is always perfectly well. I have my own opinion about that. There are degrees, of course. We shall see.

Mr. Jennings is a perfectly gentlemanlike man. People, however, remark something odd. There is an impression a little ambiguous. One thing which certainly contributes to it, people I think don't remember, or, perhaps, distinctly remark. But I did, almost immediately. Mr. Jennings has a way of looking sidelong upon the carpet, as if his eye followed the movements of something there. This, of course, is not always. It occurs only now and then. But often enough to give a certain oddity, as I have said to his manner, and in this glance travelling along the floor there is something both shy and anxious.

A medical philosopher, as you are good enough to call me, elaborating theories by the aid of cases sought out by himself, and by him watched and scrutinized with more time at command, and consequently infinitely more minuteness than the ordinary practitioner can afford, falls insensibly into habits of observation, which accompany him everywhere, and are exercised, as some people would say, impertinently, upon every subject that presents itself with the least likelihood of rewarding inquiry.

There was a promise of this kind in the slight, timid, kindly, but reserved gentleman whom I met for the first time at this agreeable little evening gathering. I observed, of course, more than I here set down; but I reserve all that borders on the technical for a strictly scientific paper.

I may remark, that when I here speak of medical science, I do so, as I hope some day to see it more generally understood, in a much more comprehensive sense than its generally material treatment would warrant. I believe the entire natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has its life. I believe that the essential man is a spirit, that the spirit is an organized substance, but as different in point of material from what we ordinarily understand by matter, as light or electricity is; that the material body is, in the most literal sense, a vesture, and death consequently no interruption of the living man's existence, but simply his extrication from the natural body—a process which commences at the moment of what we term death, and the completion of which, at furthest a few days later, is the resurrection "in power."

In pursuance of my habit, I was covertly observing Mr. Jennings, with all my caution—I think he perceived it—and I saw plainly that he was as cautiously observing me. Lady Mary happening to address me by my name, as Dr. Hesselius, I saw that he glanced at me more sharply, and then became thoughtful for a few minutes. After this, as I conversed with a gentleman at the other end of the room, I saw him look at me more steadily, and with an interest which I thought I understood. I then saw him take an opportunity of chatting with Lady Mary, and was, as-one always is, perfectly aware of being the subject of a distant inquiry and answer. This tall clergyman approached me by-and-by; and in a little time we had got into conversation. When

two people, who like reading, and know books and places, having travelled, wish to discourse, it is very strange if they can't find topics. It was not accident that brought him near me, and led him into conversation. He knew German, and had read my Essays on Metaphysical Medicine, which suggest more than they actually say.

This courteous man, gentle, shy, plainly a man of thought and reading, who moving and talking among us, was not altogether of us, and whom I already suspected of leading a life whose transactions and alarms were carefully concealed with an impenetrable reserve from not only the world, but his best beloved friends—was cautiously weighing in his own mind the idea of taking a certain step with regard to me. I penetrated his thoughts without his being aware of it, and was careful to say nothing which could betray to his sensitive vigilance my suspicions respecting his position, or my surmises about his plans respecting myself. We chatted upon different subjects for a time; but at last he said:

"I was very much interested by some papers of yours, Dr. Hesselius, upon what you term Metaphysical Medicine—I read them in German, ten or twelve years ago—have they been translated?"

"No, I'm sure they have not—I should have heard. They would have asked my leave, I think."

"I asked the publishers here, a few months ago, to get the book for me in the original German; but they tell me it is out of print."

"So it is, and has been for some years; but it flatters me as an author to find that you have not forgotten my little book, although," I added, laughing, "ten or twelve years is a considerable time to have managed without it; but I suppose you have been turning the subject over again in your mind, or something has happened lately to revive your interest in it."

At this remark, accompanied by a glance of inquiry, a sudden embarrassment disturbed Mr. Jennings, analogous to that which makes a young lady blush and look foolish. He dropped his eyes, and folded his hands together uneasily, and looked oddly, and you would have said, guiltily, for a moment.

I helped him out of his awkwardness in the best way, by appearing not to observe it, and going straight on, I said: "Those revivals of interest in a subject happen to me often; one book suggests another, and often sends me back a wild-goose chase over an interval of twenty years. But if you still care to possess a copy, I shall be only too happy to provide you; I have still got two or three by me—and if you allow me to present one I shall be very much honoured."

"You are very good indeed," he said, quite at his ease again: "I don't know how to thank you."

"Pray don't say a word; the thing is really so little worth that I am only ashamed of having offered it, and if you thank me any more I shall throw it into the fire in a fit of modesty."

Mr. Jennings laughed. He inquired where I was staying in London, and after a little more conversation on a variety of subjects, he took his departure.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR QUESTIONS LADY MARY, AND SHE ANSWERS.

"I LIKE your vicar so much, Lady Mary," said I, as soon as he was gone. "He has read, travelled, and thought, and having also suffered, he ought to be an accomplished companion."

"So he is, and, better still, he is a really good man," said she. "His advice is invaluable about my schools, and all my little undertakings at Dawlbridge, and he's so painstaking, he takes so much trouble—you have no idea—wherever he thinks he can be of use: he's so good-natured and so sensible."

"It is pleasant to hear so good an account of his neighbourly virtues. I can only testify to his being an agreeable and gentle companion, and in addition to what you have told me, I think I can tell you two or three things about him," said I.

"Really!"

"Yes, to begin with, he's unmarried."

"Yes, that's right—go on."

"He has been writing, that is he *was*, but for two or three years perhaps, he has not gone on with his work, and the book was upon some rather abstract subject—perhaps theology."

"Well, he was writing a book, as you say; I'm not quite sure what it was about, but only that it was nothing that I cared for; very likely you are right, and he certainly did stop—yes."

"And although he only drank a little coffee here to-night, he likes tea—at least, did like it, extravagantly."

"Yes, that's quite true."

"He drank green tea, a good deal, didn't he?" I pursued.

"Well, that's very odd! Green tea was a subject on which we used almost to quarrel."

"But he has quite given that up," said I.

"So he has."

"And, now, one more fact. His mother or his father, did you know them?"

"Yes, both; his father is only ten years dead, and their place is near Dawlbridge. We knew them very well," she answered.

"Well, either his mother or his father—I should rather think his father, saw a ghost," said I.

"Well, you really are a conjurer, Dr. Hesselius."

"Conjurer or no, haven't I said right?" I answered merrily.

"You certainly have, and it *was* his father: he was a silent, whimsical man; and he used to bore my father about his dreams, and at last he told him a story about a ghost he had seen and talked with, and a very odd story it was. I remember it particularly, because I was so afraid of him. This story was long before he died—when I was quite a child—and his ways were so silent and moping, and he used to drop in sometimes, in the dusk, when I was alone in the drawing-room, and I used to fancy there were ghosts about him."

I smiled and nodded. "And now, having established my character as a conjurer, I think I must say good-night," said I.

"But how *did* you find it out?"

"By the planets, of course, as the gipsies do," I answered, and so, gaily we said good-night.

Next morning I sent the little book he had been inquiring after, and a note to Mr. Jennings, and on returning late that evening, I found that he had called at my lodgings, and left his card. He asked whether I was at home, and asked at what hour he would be most likely to find me.

Does he intend opening his case, and consulting me "professionally," as they say. I hope so. I have already conceived a theory about him. It is supported by Lady Mary's answers to my parting questions. I should like much to ascertain from his own lips. But what can I do consistently with good breeding to invite a confession? Nothing. I rather think he meditates one. At all events, my dear Van L., I shan't make myself difficult of access; I mean to return his visit to-morrow. It will be only civil in return for his politeness, to ask to see him. Perhaps something may come of it. Whether much, little, or nothing, my dear Van L., you shall hear.

CHAPTER III.

DR. HESSELIUS PICKS UP SOMETHING IN LATIN BOOKS.

WELL, I have called at Blank Street.

On inquiring at the door, the servant told me that Mr. Jennings was engaged very particularly with a gentleman, a clergyman from Kenlis, his parish in the country. Intending to reserve my privilege, and to call again, I merely intimated that I should try another time, and had turned to go, when the servant begged my pardon, and asked me, looking at me a little more attentively than well-bred persons of his order usually do, whether I was Dr. Hesselius; and, on learning that I was, he said, "Perhaps then, sir, you would allow me to mention it to Mr. Jennings, for I am sure he wishes to see you."

The servant returned in a moment, with a message from Mr. Jennings, asking me to go into his study, which was in effect his back drawing-room, promising to be with me in a very few minutes.

This was really a study—almost a library. The room was lofty, with two tall slender windows, and rich dark curtains. It was not much larger than I had expected, and stored with books on every side, from the floor to the ceiling. The upper carpet—for to my tread it felt that there were two or three—was a Turkey carpet.

My steps fell noiselessly. The bookcases standing out, placed the windows, particularly narrow ones, in deep recesses. The effect of the room was, although extremely comfortable, and even luxurious, decidedly gloomy, and aided by the silence, almost oppressive. Perhaps, however, I ought to have allowed something for association. My mind had connected peculiar ideas with Mr. Jennings. I stepped into this perfectly silent room, of a very silent house, with a peculiar foreboding; and its darkness, and solemn clothing of books, for except where two narrow looking-glasses were set in the wall, they were everywhere, helped this sombre feeling.

While awaiting Mr. Jennings' arrival, I amused myself by looking into some of the books with which his shelves were laden. Not among these, but immediately under them, with their backs upward, on the floor, I lighted upon a complete set of Swedenborg's "*Arcana Cœlestia*," in the original Latin, a very fine folio set, bound in the natty livery which theology affects, pure vellum, namely, gold letters, and carmine edges. There were paper markers in several of these volumes, I raised and placed them, one after the other, upon the table, and opening where these papers were placed, I read in the solemn Latin phraseology, a series of sentences indicated by a pencilled line at the margin. Of these I copy here a few, translating them into English.

"By the internal sight it has been granted me to see the things that are in the other life, more clearly than I see those that are in the world. From these considerations, it is evident that external vision exists from interior vision, and this from a vision still more interior, and so on.

"If evil spirits could perceive that they were associated with man, and yet that they were spirits separate from him, and if they could flow in into the things of his body, they would attempt by a thousand means to destroy him; for they hate man with a deadly hatred.

"The delight of hell is to do evil to man, and to hasten his eternal ruin."

A long note, written with a very sharp and fine pencil, in Mr. Jennings' neat hand, at the foot of the page, caught my eye. Expecting his criticism upon the text, I read a word or two, and stopped, for it was something quite different, and began with these words, *Deus misereatur mei*—"May God compassionate me." Thus warned of its private nature, I averted my eyes, and shut the book, replacing all the volumes as I had found them, except one which interested me, and in which, as men studious and solitary in their habits will do, I grew so absorbed as to take no cognisance of the outer world, nor to remember where I was.

I was reading some pages which refer to "representatives" and "correspondents," in the technical language of Swedenborg, and had arrived at a passage, the substance of which is, that evil spirits, when seen by other eyes than those of their infernal associates, present themselves, by "correspondence," in the shape of the beast (*fera*) which represents their particular lust and life, in aspect direful and atrocious. This is a long passage, and particularises a number of those bestial forms.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR EYES WERE READING THE PASSAGE.

I WAS running the head of my pencil-case along the line as I read it, and something caused me to raise my eyes.

Directly before me was one of the mirrors I have mentioned, in which I saw reflected the tall shape of my friend, Mr. Jennings, leaning over my shoulder, and reading the page at which I was busy, and with a face so dark and wild that I should hardly have known him. I turned and rose. He stood erect also, and with an effort laughed a little, saying:

"I came in and asked you how you did, but without succeeding in awaking you from your book; so I could not restrain my curiosity, and very impertinently, I'm afraid, peeped over your shoulder. This is not your first time of looking into those pages. You have looked into Swedenborg, no doubt, long ago?"

"Oh dear, yes! I owe Swedenborg a great deal; you will discover traces of him in the little book you were so good as to remember."

Although my friend affected a gaiety of manner, there was a slight flush in his face, and I could perceive that he was inwardly perturbed.

"I'm scarcely yet qualified, I know so little of Swedenborg. I've only had them a fortnight," he answered, "and I think they are rather likely to make a solitary man nervous—that is, judging from the very little I have read—I don't say that they have made me so," he laughed; "and I'm so very much obliged for the book. I hope you got my note?"

I made all proper acknowledgments and modest disclaimers. "I never read a book that I go with, so entirely, as that of yours," he continued. "I saw at once there is more in it than is quite unfolded. Do you know Dr. Harley?" he asked, rather abruptly.

The physician here named was one of the most eminent who had ever practised in England.

I did, having had letters to him, and had experienced from him great courtesy and considerable assistance during my visit to England.

"I think that man one of the very greatest fools I ever met in my life," said Mr. Jennings.

This was the first time I had ever heard him say a sharp thing of anybody, and such a term applied to so high a name a little startled me.

"Really! and in what way?" I asked.

"In his profession," he answered—"He seems to me, one-half, blind—I mean one-half of all he looks at is dark—preternaturally bright and vivid all the rest; and the worst of it is, it seems *wifful*. I can't get him—I mean he won't—I've had some experience of him as a physician, but I look on him as, in that sense, no better than a paralytic mind, an intellect half dead. I'll tell you—I know I shall some time—all about it," he said with a little agitation. "You stay some months longer in England. If I should be out of town during your stay for a little time, would you allow me to trouble you with a letter?"

"I should be only too happy," I assured him.

"Very good of you. I am so utterly dissatisfied with Harley."

"A little leaning to the materialistic school," I said.

"A *more* materialist," he corrected me; "you can't think how that sort of thing worries one who knows better. You won't tell any one—any of my friends you know—that I am hippish; now, for instance, no one knows—not even Lady Mary—that I have seen Dr. Harley, or any other doctor. So pray don't mention it; and if I should have any threatening of an attack, you'll kindly let me write, or, should I be in town, have a little talk with you."

I was full of conjecture, and unconsciously I found I had fixed my eyes grave, on him, for he lowered his for a moment, and he said: "I see you think I might as well tell you now, or else you are forming a conjecture; but you may as well give it up. If you were guessing all the rest of your life you will never hit on it."

He shook his head smiling, and over that wintry sunshine a black cloud suddenly came down, and he drew his breath in, through his teeth, as men do in pain.

"Sorry, of course, to learn that you apprehend occasion to consult any of us; but, command me when and how you like, and I need not assure you that your confidence is sacred."

He then talked of quite other things, and in a comparatively cheerful way and after a little time, I took my leave.

CHAPTER V.

DOCTOR HESSELIUS IS SUMMONED TO RICHMOND.

WE parted cheerfully, but he was not cheerful, nor was I. There are certain expressions of that powerful organ of spirit—the human face—which, although I have seen them often, and possess a doctor's nerve, yet disturb me profoundly. One look of Mr. Jennings haunted me. It had seized my imagination with so dismal a power that I changed my plans for the evening, and went to the opera, feeling that I wanted a change of ideas.

I heard nothing of or from him for two or three days, when a note in his hand reached me. It was cheerful, and full of hope. He said that he had been for some little time so much better—

quite well, in fact—that he was going to make a little experiment, and run down for a month or so to his parish, to try whether a little work might not quite set him up. There was in it a fervent religious expression of gratitude for his restoration, as he now almost hoped he might call it.

A day or two later I saw Lady Mary, who repeated what his note had announced, and told me that he was actually in Warwickshire, having resumed his clerical duties at Kenlis.

Notwithstanding all this confidence, only two days later I had this note, dated from his house off Piccadilly: "Dear Sir,—I have returned disappointed. If I should feel at all able to see you, I shall write to ask you kindly to call. At present, I am too low, and, in fact, simply unable to say all I wish to say. Pray don't mention my name to my friends. I can see no one. By-and-by, please God, you shall hear from me. I mean to take a run into Shropshire, where some of my people are. God bless you! May we, on my return, meet more happily than I can now write."

About a week after this I saw Lady Mary at her own house, the last person, she said, left in town, and just on the wing for Brighton, for the London season was quite over. She told me that she had heard from Mr. Jennings' niece, in Shropshire. There was nothing to be gathered from her letter, more than that he was low and nervous. In those words, of which healthy people think so lightly, what a world of suffering is sometimes hidden!

Nearly five weeks had passed without any further news of Mr. Jennings. At the end of that time I received a note from him. He wrote: "I have been in the country, and have had change of air, change of scene, change of faces, change of everything and in everything—but *myself*. I have made up my mind, so far as the most irresolute creature on earth can do it, to tell my case fully to you. If your engagements will permit, pray come to me to-day, to-morrow, or the next day; but, pray defer as little as possible. You know not how much I need help. I have a quiet house at Richmond, where I now am. Perhaps you can manage to come to dinner, or to luncheon, or even to tea. You shall have no trouble in finding me out. The servant at Blank Street, who takes this note, will have a carriage at your door at any hour you please; and I am always to be found. You will say that I ought not to be alone. I have tried everything. Come and see."

I called up the servant, and decided on going out the same evening, which accordingly I did.

He would have been much better in a lodging-house, or hotel, I thought, as I drove up through a short double row of sombre elms to a very old-fashioned brick house, darkened by the foliage of these trees, which overtopped, and nearly surrounded it. It was a perverse choice, for nothing could be imagined more triste and silent. The house, I found, belonged to him. He had stayed for a day or two in town, and, finding it for some cause insupportable, had come out here, probably because being furnished and his own, he was relieved of the thought and delay of selection, by coming here.

The sun had already set, and the red reflected light of the western sky illuminated the scene with the peculiar effect with which we are all familiar. The hall seemed very dark, but, getting to the back drawing-room, whose windows commanded the west, I was again in the same dusky light.

I sat down, looking out upon the richly-wooded landscape that glowed in the grand and melancholy light which was every moment fading. The corners of the room were already dark; all was growing dim, and the gloom was insensibly-toning my mind, already prepared for what was sinister. I was waiting alone for his arrival, which soon took place. The door communicating with the front room opened, and the tall figure of Mr. Jennings, faintly seen in the ruddy twilight, came, with quiet stealthy steps, into the room.

We shook hands, and, taking a chair to the window, where there was still light enough to enable us to see each other's faces, he sat down beside me, and, placing his hand upon my arm, with scarcely a word of preface began his narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW MR. JENNINGS MET HIS COMPANION.

"It began," he said, "on the 15th of October, three years and eleven weeks ago, and two days—I kept very accurate count, for every day is tortuous. If I leave anywhere a chasm in my narrative tell me.

"About four years ago I began a work, which had cost me very much thought and reading. It was upon the religious metaphysics of the ancients."

"I know," said I, "the actual religion of educated and thinking paganism, quite apart from symbolic worship? A wide and very interesting field."

"Yes; but not good for the mind—the Christian mind, I mean. Paganism is all bound together in essential unity, and, with evil sympathy, their religion involves their art, and both their manners, and the subject is a degrading fascination and the Nemesis sure.

"I wrote a great deal; I wrote late at night. I was always thinking on the subject, walking about, wherever I was, everywhere. It thoroughly infected me. You are to remember that all the material ideas connected with it were more or less of the beautiful, the subject itself delightfully interesting, and I, then, without a care. I believe that every one who sets about writing in earnest does his work, as a friend of mine phrased it, *on something*—tea, or coffee, or tobacco. I suppose there is a material waste that must be hourly supplied in such occupations, or that we should grow too abstracted, and the mind, as it were, pass out of the body, unless it were reminded often of the connection by actual sensation. At all events, I felt the want, and I supplied it. Tea was my companion—at first the ordinary black tea, made in the usual way, not too strong: but I drank a good deal, and increased its strength as I went on. I never experienced an uncomfortable symptom from it. I began to take a little green tea. I found the effect pleasanter, it cleared and intensified the power of thought so. I had come to take it frequently, but not stronger than one might take it for pleasure. I wrote a great deal out here, it was so quiet, and in this room. I used to sit up very late, and it became a habit with me to sip my tea—green tea—every now and then as my work proceeded. I had a little kettle on my table, that swung over a lump, and made tea two or three times between eleven o'clock and two or three in the morning, my hours of going to bed. I used to go into town every day. I was not a monk, and, although I spent an hour or two in a library, hunting up authorities and looking out lights upon my theme, I was in no morbid state as far as I can judge. I met my friends pretty much as usual and enjoyed their society, and, on the whole, existence had never been, I think, so pleasant before.

"I had met with a man who had some odd old books, German editions in mediæval Latin, and I was happy to be permitted access to them. This obliging person's books were in the City, a very out-of-the-way part of it. I had rather out-stayed my intended hour, and, on coming out, seeing no cab near, I was tempted to get into the omnibus which used to drive past this house. It was darker than this by the time the 'bus had reached an old house, you may have remarked, with four poplars at each side of the door, and there the last passenger but myself got out. We drove along rather faster. It was twilight now. I leaned back in my corner next the door ruminating pleasantly. The interior of the omnibus was nearly dark. I had observed in the corner opposite to me at the other side, and at the end next the horses, two small circular reflections, as it seemed to me of a reddish light. They were about two inches apart, and about the size of those small brass buttons that yachting men used to put upon their jackets. I began to speculate, as listless men will, upon this trifle, as it seemed. From what centre did that faint but deep red light come, and from what—glass beads, buttons, toy decorations—was it reflected? We were lumbering along gently, having nearly a mile still to go. I had not solved the puzzle, and it became in another minute more odd, for these two luminous points, with a sudden jerk, descended nearer the floor, keeping still their relative distance and horizontal position, and then, as suddenly, they rose to the level of the seat on which I was sitting and I saw them no more.

"My curiosity was now really excited, and, before I had time to think, I saw again these two dull lamps, again together near the floor; again they disappeared, and again in their old corner I saw them. So, keeping my eyes upon them, I edged quietly up my own side, towards the end at which I still saw these tiny discs of red. There was very little light in the 'bus. It was nearly dark. I leaned forward to aid my endeavour to discover what these little circles really were. They shifted their position a little as I did so. I began now to perceive an outline of something black, and I soon saw, with tolerable distinctness, the outline of a small black monkey, pushing its face forward in mimicry to meet mine; those were its eyes, and I now dimly saw its teeth grinning at me.

"I drew back, not knowing whether it might not meditate a spring. I fancied that one of the passengers had forgot this ugly pet, and wishing to ascertain something of its temper, though not caring to trust my fingers to it, I poked my umbrella softly towards it. It remained immovable—up to it—through it. For through it, and back and forward it passed, without the slightest resistance.

"I can't, in the least, convey to you the kind of horror that I felt. When I had ascertained that the thing was an illusion, as I then supposed, there came a misgiving about myself and a terror that fascinated me in impotence to remove my gaze from the eyes of the brute for some moments. As I looked, it made a little skip back, quite into the corner, and I, in a panic, found myself at the door, having put my head out, drawing deep breaths of the outer air, and staring at the lights and trees we were passing, too glad to reassure myself of reality.

"I stopped the 'bus and got out. I perceived the man look oddly at me as I paid him. I daresay there was something unusual in my looks and manner, for I had never felt so strangely before."

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY : FIRST STAGE.

"WHEN the omnibus drove on, and I was alone upon the road, I looked carefully round to ascertain whether the monkey had followed me. To my indescribable relief I saw it nowhere. I can't describe easily what a shock I had received, and my sense of genuine gratitude on finding myself, as I supposed, quite rid of it. I had got out a little before we reached this house, two or three hundred steps. A brick wall runs along the footpath, and inside the wall is a hedge of yew, or some dark evergreen of that kind, and within that again the row of fine trees which you may have remarked as you came. This brick wall is about as high as my shoulder, and happening to raise my eyes I saw the monkey, with that stooping gait, on all fours, walking or creeping, close beside me on top of the wall. I stopped, looking at it with a feeling of loathing and horror. As I stopped so did it. It sat up on the wall with its long hands on its knees looking at me. There was not light enough to see it much more than in outline, nor was it dark enough to bring the peculiar light of its eyes into strong relief. I still saw, however, that red foggy light plainly enough. It did not show its teeth, nor exhibit any sign of irritation, but seemed jaded and sulky, and was observing me steadily.

"I drew back into the middle of the road. It was an unconscious recoil, and there I stood, still looking at it. It did not move. With an instinctive determination to try something—anything, I turned about and walked briskly towards town with askance look, all the time, watching the movements of the beast. It crept swiftly along the wall, at exactly my pace.

"Where the wall ends, near the turn of the road, it came down, and with a wiry spring or two brought itself close to my feet, and continued to keep up with me, as I quickened my pace. It was at my left side, so close to my leg that I felt every moment as if I should tread upon it. The road was quite deserted and silent, and it was darker every moment. I stopped dismayed and bewildered, turning as I did so, the other way—I mean, towards this house, away from which I had been walking. When I stood still, the monkey drew back to a distance of, I suppose, about five or six yards, and remained stationary, watching me.

"I had been more agitated than I have said. I had read, of course, as every one has, something about 'spectral illusions,' as you physicians term them. These affections, I had read, are sometimes transitory and sometimes obstinate. I had read of cases in which the appearance, at first harmless, had, step by step, degenerated into something direful and insupportable, and ended by wearing its victim out. Still as I stood there, but for my bestial companion, quite alone, I tried to comfort myself by repeating again and again the assurance 'the thing is purely disease, a well-known physical affection, as distinctly as small-pox or neuralgia. Doctors are all agreed on that, philosophy demonstrates it. I must not be a fool. I've been sitting up too late, and I daresay my digestion is quite wrong, and, with God's help, I shall be all right, and this is but a symptom of nervous dyspepsia.' Did I believe all this? Not one word of it, no more than any other miserable being ever did who is once seized and riveted in this satanic captivity. Against my convictions, I might say my knowledge, I was simply bullying myself into a false courage.

"I now walked homeward. I had only a few hundred yards to go. I had forced myself into a sort of resignation, but I had not got over the sickening shock and the flurry of the first certainty of my misfortune. I made up my mind to pass the night at home. The brute moved close beside me, and I fancied there was the sort of anxious drawing toward the house, which one sees in tired horses or dogs, sometimes as they come toward home. I was afraid to go into town, I was afraid of any one's seeing and recognizing me. I was conscious of an irrepressible agitation in my manner. Also, I was afraid of any violent change in my habits, such as going to a place of amusement, or walking from home in order to fatigue myself. At the hall door it waited till I mounted the steps, and when the door was opened entered with me.

"I drank no tea that night. I got cigars and some brandy and water. My idea was that I should act upon my material system, and by living for a while in sensation apart from thought, send myself forcibly, as it were, into a new groove. I came up here to this drawing-room. I sat just here. The monkey then got upon a small table that then stood *there*. It looked dazed and languid. An irrepressible uneasiness as to its movements kept my eyes always upon it. Its eyes were half closed, but I could see them glow. It was looking steadily at me. In all situations, at all hours, it is awake and looking at me. That never changes.

"I shall not continue in detail my narrative of this particular night. I shall describe, rather, the phenomena of the first year, which never varied, essentially. I shall describe the monkey as it appeared in daylight. In the dark, as you shall presently hear, there are peculiarities. It is a small monkey, perfectly black. It had only one peculiarity—a character of malignity—unfathomable malignity. During the first year it looked sullen and sick. But this character of intense malice and vigilance was always underlying that surly languor. During all that time it acted as if on a plan of giving me as little trouble as was consistent with watching me. Its eyes were never off me. I have never lost sight of it, except in my sleep, light or dark, day or night, since it came here, excepting when it withdraws for some weeks at a time, unaccountably.

"In total dark it is visible as in daylight. I do not mean merely its eyes. It is *all* visible distinctly in a halo that resembles a glow of red embers, and which accompanies it in all its movements.

"When it leaves me for a time, it is always at night in the dark, and in the same way. It grows at first uneasy, and then furious, and then advances towards me, grinning and shaking, its paws clenched, and, at the same time, there comes the appearance of fire in the grate. I never have any fire. I can't sleep in the room where there is any, and it draws nearer and nearer to the chimney, quivering, it seems, with rage, and when its fury rises to the highest pitch, it springs into the grate, and up the chimney, and I see it no more.

"When first this happened, I thought I was released. I was now a new man. A day passed—a night—and no return, and a blessed week—a week—another week. I was always on my knees, Dr. Hesselius, always, thanking God and praying. A whole month passed of liberty, but on a sudden, it was with me again."

(Concluded next week.)



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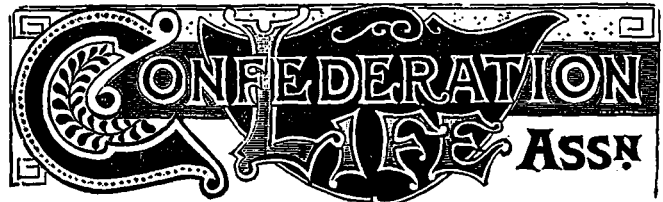
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