



A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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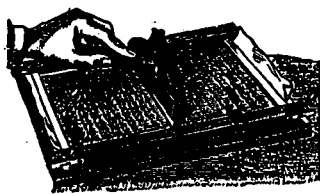
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ARCTURUS.

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 *literateur* 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, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for ARCTURUS a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World*.

The first number of ARCTURUS, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically ARCTURUS presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained ARCTURUS ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation.—*Toronto News*.

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*.

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. "We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*."

For some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"a Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of ARCTURUS which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. ARCTURUS is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are \$2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE British capital has narrowly escaped a revival of all the nauseous Dilke and Crawford business. The missing Fanny is missing no longer, having been discovered living quietly with her husband (!) in a quiet little Kentish village, where she has been *perdu* ever since the beginning of the notorious trial. Her discovery is alleged to be due to some mysterious anonymous communications which have passed to and fro between her and her sometime paramour. The Queen's Proctor, however, does not appear to feel himself officially called upon to revive the proceedings, and unless some private individual sees fit to take upon himself the responsibility of setting the law again in motion, the world has probably heard the last of this scandalous iniquity. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Dilke appears to be doing his utmost to obliterate from his mind the unsavoury memories of the past. Independently of his magazine articles, he is understood to be writing an important book about Russia, which is likely to do much to enlighten Englishmen as to the Great Northern Bear and his subjects. Sir Charles's offence was of such a nature that society can hardly ever be expected to condone it, but it will at least vouchsafe some consideration to the man who is sincerely repentant, and who devotes the remaining years of his life to laudable objects. Repentance, if sincere, ought never to be wholly in vain.

WE in Canada have had our full share of log-rolling and bonussing, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that we have had a monopoly of them. The State of Minnesota is at the present moment passing through a more aggravated form of the disease than has ever been developed in these regions. A new State Capitol is to be erected, and the various towns and hamlets of the State are vying with each other to secure the locality. The prosperous milling centre of Minneapolis opened the ball a short time ago by offering to build a new capitol at an expense of \$2,000,000, on condi-

tion of its being located there. The site was to be an eligible one, and both structure and site were to be handed over to the State in perpetuity. One-fourth of the sum required was promptly subscribed by the citizens. But before the Legislature could find time to take the matter into serious consideration, the town of Duluth came forward with an offer of \$2,500,000. St. Paul felt that the emergency was one imperatively calling for strong measures, and promptly advanced the bidding to \$3,000,000. Then, Crookston comes along with an offer of \$4,000,000 and a quarter section of land. Minnesota follows with a bid of \$4,000,000 and 640 acres. Wabash goes a million better, and several other small villages are now holding meetings with a view to out-bidding all rivals. In a word, the State Capitol is regularly put up to auction. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be far-seeing enough to ignore all temporary considerations, and to be guided solely by what will ensure to the permanent good of the community. But meanwhile, the spirited auction is an edifying spectacle—a spectacle from which Canadians, in common with the rest of the world, may learn a valuable lesson.

THE St. John *Sun* is clearly of opinion that it is possible to have too much, even of a good thing. That independence, in the abstract, is a good thing, goes without saying. But how about independence in the concrete? The *Sun* finds no end of fault with the perpetual jeremiads of the Toronto *Mail*, which it pronounces to be even worse than the "indiscriminate falsehoods and diurnal vituperation" of the *Globe*. "The *Globe* at least finds some virtue in its own party," says the St. John luminary, "but the *Mail* finds no bright spot in all the universe. If this is the necessary condition of an independent journal, let us have dependence." Certes, the rôle of a mere fault-finder is anything but a grateful one. No part is more difficult to play with permanent acceptance than that of a hunter-up of abuses: what Iago, in the play, calls "a finder-out of occasions." There are abuses enough and to spare in the world, but they force themselves upon the attention often enough, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, and one dislikes to be reminded of them six days in the week, more especially if one never has anything served up by way of antidote. The *Mail*, however, occupies a peculiar position. It has cast loose from the traditions of a lifetime, and its present policy does not appear to be defined with mathematical precision. Those by whom it was once looked up to are now disposed to contemplate it in the light of a renegade; whereas the Reform journals are by no means desirous of welcoming it to their ranks. For some months to come the *Mail* will have no

easy part to play. But wherever there is capacity there is no need for despair, and we are strongly of opinion that the *Mail* will find or make a place for itself. This opinion, be it understood, is wholly unconnected with the flying rumours which are abroad with reference to the paper's attitude towards Sir Richard Cartwright.

TALKING about Sir Richard Cartwright, there are a good many disappointed Reformers who are accustomed to think and speak of him as the Jonah of the Reform party. Those who regard him in this light are not without something to say for themselves. Sir Richard, they claim, is wholly out of place in the Reform ranks. By descent, by early training, and by native predilection he is, if not a Tory of the Tories, at least a man with decided leanings towards Conservatism in politics and social life. All this is true enough; but it is not new. How is it that it now dawns on the mind of Reformers for the first time? Sir Richard is not one whit more Toryish in this year 1887 than he was when he first renounced Sir John. That his proclivities or his personality have anything to do with the Reformers' want of success at the polls during the recent elections we do not for a moment believe to be true. There are other persons in the van of the Reform party who will have to be thrown overboard before that party can hope to obtain, or at any rate to retain, the control of the national pulse.

To predict an immediate commercial millennium would be in the highest degree absurd, but signs are rife all about us that the back-bone of the dull times has been broken. There has been a healthy, wholesome revival of business in certain lines, and this cannot be wholly attributed to the advent of spring. Persons who claim to have much discernment in reading the commercial signs of the times do not hesitate to declare their conviction that a season of measurable prosperity is before us. May their vaticinations be justified by results. We have waited patiently for "the better change," and are now both ready and eager to take the tide at its flood. A season of great prosperity would do more for Sir John Macdonald's majority than any amount of eloquence displayed in Parliamentary debate.

It seems to be generally understood that the Hon. John Beverley Robinson is to take up his abode permanently at Washington as the representative of Canadian interests. There is much to be said for such an appointment as this. A Canadian representative might render his country essential service at Washington, and it is on all hands admitted that Mr. Robinson is well qualified for such a post. There is ten times the need for a Canadian representative at Washington than there is for a Canadian Lord High Commissioner in London. But it is to be hoped that some regard will be had to the question of expense. Our Lord High Commissioner has been a dear bargain.

CONTRARY to what was generally expected, Dr. McGlynn of New York appears to be coming pretty well out of his difference with Archbishop Corrigan. The Sovereign Pontiff and his chief advisers are evidently much more liberal than some of their local representatives in America.

His Holiness has caused his loving apostolic benediction to be cabled to the Doctor, as well as to "the faithful of the parish." Monseigneur Straneiro, late Papal Alegate to the United States, has made a report which certainly seems to point to an exoneration of the recalcitrant priest, and which at the same time utterly fails to censure or condemn the Knights of Labour. Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the latter as a secret society finds little favour with Monseigneur, who remarks that such measures as the Cardinal thought fit to adopt, though "possibly suitable to Canadian Catholics, might prove unwise when applied to Americans." All which proves that Mgr. Straneiro is no mere puppet to be drawn hither and thither, but an ecclesiastical statesman of far-reaching vision, who can read the signs of the times, and who recognizes in the Labour organization a distinct force which prudence forbids to convert into an inimical one. It is clear that Dr. McGlynn and his doughty champion Henry George are entitled to score one.

AT the hour of going to press, one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern times is lying in sore extremity at his home in Brooklyn. It is probable that he will have ceased to breathe before these lines meet the public eye. There is at all events no possibility of his recovery, and he is already to be accounted among the great forces of the past. That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has exerted a wide influence in his day and generation is a fact which no one on this continent will pretend to dispute. That that influence has upon the whole been for good is a matter as to which there can be little doubt; though there are many persons—many religious persons—who will here put in a strong negative. It is safe to say this much: that he has been a mighty leveller in matters theological; that he has dealt some severe blows at hide-bound creeds; and that he has made the plan of salvation acceptable to some who would never have received it without his liberal interpretations. He was not wise at all hours. Who is? There was a tendency towards sensationalism in much that he did, and this caused old-fashioned, cautious, conservative theologians to feel a certain distrust of him. The painful episodes which blighted his life thirteen years ago have not yet passed out of public recollection. In those days there were many who regarded him as one of the greatest criminals of his time. It is certain that his usefulness was seriously marred, and that he never entirely recovered from the blow then dealt him; but there has of late years been a growing tendency among those who knew him best to acquit him of anything worse than sentimental weakness. This much at least should be borne in mind. He was a man of enormous capacity for pleasure or pain: a man to whom life was a thing of tremendous intensity. There are profound depths in such natures which the shallow spectator by the wayside cannot fathom. It is so easy for the man who has no music in his soul to make little of the sonatas of Mendelssohn. If Mr. Beecher sinned greatly, he was greatly tempted. If he was merely weak, he was more sinned against than any prominent man of the nineteenth century. In any case he has had a great career, and will leave many fruits of his teaching behind him. Requiescat.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12TH, 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, \$1.00 each. Subscriptions may begin any time.

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To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

RETALIATION AND RECIPROCITY.

THE fishery embroglio between Canada and the United States has re-opened the broader question of the general commercial relations of the two countries. At first sight it might not appear that a rigid insistence on strict treaty rights upon our part, followed up by a retaliatory measure looking to the exclusion of our vessels from American ports, and an embargo on our fish, were likely to advance the cause of reciprocity. But on the principle that when things are at the worst they begin to mend, it is quite likely that an experience of the inconvenience and loss incident to commercial warfare may incline both nations to regard more favourably proposals for closer relations. At all events, it is significant that simultaneously with the "strained relations" arising from the fishery difficulty, projects of reciprocity or customs union are freely canvassed on both sides of the line. If a year or two of harassing and vexatious restrictions such as those embodied in the Retaliation Act should bring the Canadian and American peoples to see that their true interest lies not in multiplying but in diminishing as far as possible the artificial obstacles to free commercial intercourse the present dispute will be a blessing in disguise.

Repeated attempts to negotiate reciprocity treaties have proved failures, because of the active hostility of a few special interests which are benefited by the maintenance of the tariff line. It is unfortunately the case that while the small minority who are liable to be prejudicially affected by measures framed for the general advantage are always alert and energetic in their opposition, the mass of the people whose direct interest is but slight are comparatively apathetic. Hence the money and influence of commercial rings at Washington have sufficed to defeat the reciprocity movements of late years. With the growth of our manufacturing industries a similar pressure of private and selfish interest will make itself felt at Ottawa, as it is now making itself heard through the columns of the protectionist press. If these sinister influences cannot be overcome in any other way than by the widespread injury to trade occasioned by a season of non-intercourse and increased restrictions on traffic, by all means let us welcome retaliation. Nothing inclines a nation to peace and exorcises the spirit of jingoism so effectually as a devastating war. The fight of tariffs, embargoes, and petty, irritating frontier regulations, may produce lasting good if it takes the whole question of commercial relations out of the hands of interested cliques and rings, and forces it on the attention of the public.

As to the great benefit of reciprocity or commercial union in its most comprehensive form, there cannot be two opinions. A

glance at the map is sufficient to decide that question. A policy of commercial isolation from our neighbours compels Manitoba, the North-West and the Maritime Provinces to trade at long range with Ontario and Quebec, instead of with the American communities at their doors. It not only taxes them heavily in freights, but excludes their products from their natural markets. Any gain which the manufacturers of the central provinces may secure is far more than off-set by the loss sustained by our farmers, who, if the American tariff was abolished, would supply the large centres of population with the produce of Canadian soil. The term "native industry" has been so freely and speciously used during the interminable tariff discussion as synonymous with manufacturing operations, that we are apt to forget that agriculture is our staple industry, and worthy of the first consideration in such a discussion.

Those strenuous protection advocates who affect to regard reciprocity as opposed to the national policy conveniently forget that during the memorable N.P. campaign, its champions repeatedly and persistently declared that they were not opposed to free trade *per se*, but to one-sided, or, as the phrase went, "juggled free trade." The existence of the American tariff was constantly put forward as the justification of the movement. No one then averred that Canadians could not compete with Americans upon equal terms. The whole gist of the Protectionist contention was that the terms were unequal, and that by raising a tariff wall against Canadian exports the United States had made it necessary for us to exclude their products. To object now to the proposal to abolish all tariffs on both sides of the line, under the pretence of upholding a movement which derived its whole force from the existence of the U.S. tariff barrier, is disingenuous in the extreme. That it would force reciprocity by giving us a make-weight in future negotiations with the Americans was one of the most popular and telling arguments in the mouths of those who have of late thrown off the mask, and assume that free trade with the States is to be dreaded rather than desired.

It is too often taken for granted that continental free trade would ruin our manufactures. The history of manufacturing progress since the American war wholly disproves this bugbear of the protectionist doctrinaires. If the United States, considered as a nation is a standing argument for protection, considered as an area large enough to comprise many nations it is an equally valid argument for free trade. There are no inter-state tariffs—no customs lines between North and South, East and West. Yet, despite the absence of tariff protection, the infant industries of the South and West have grown up and prospered in the face of the keenest competition with the wealthy and long-established factories of New England and the Middle States. Massachusetts is losing its old-time supremacy in textile manufactures. Pittsburg is finding formidable rivals in the iron trade in various southern localities, and manufactures of all sorts are springing up even in the newer settlements which, according to protectionist logic, should be utterly unable to hold their own against the concentrated capital and "pauper labour" of the East.

When once the custom houses are down there is no magic in an international boundary line. Why then should Canadians fear the competition which has not been able to concentrate manufactures in any one section of the republic, or prevent the success of new and originally feeble industries unprotected by any tariff?

P. T.

FEBRIS POLITICA.

BY A JAPANESE PHYSICIAN.

THIS strange disease has just paid its periodic visit to the small town of Pokerville, Ont., where I am at present staying, and, from advices received, has attacked with its usual malignant ferocity the entire Dominion of Canada. As a Japanese physician, I have been deeply interested in watching its progress; firstly, as a medical man, visiting this country solely to study its diseases with a view to mitigate the sufferings of my own fellow-countrymen on my return to Tokio; and secondly, because this species of febrile malady is utterly unknown in "the flowery kingdom," as your English humorists style my native land. When I first noticed the appearance of the disease I was alarmed, and my apprehension was increased by its rapid and general spread. After becoming firmly convinced of its presence, I called upon my esteemed friend Doctor Davies, and acquainted him with what had been for me a discovery. Imagine my surprise when, at the end of a long recital of my observations, and a description of the symptoms, the doctor laughed good-humouredly, and complacently remarked:—"It is nothing; only political fever." I tried in vain to convince him of the serious effect it had upon the people; but he only laughed the more, and said that they were used to it. When I spoke of the duty of trying to find a remedy which would stop its ravages and alleviate the sufferings it entailed, he was even yet more hilarious, and remarked that they always got over it all right. I began to think that something was wrong with the doctor himself, for in all our previous discussions on similar matters he had given the grave attention demanded by their seriousness. At this juncture a gentleman entered, and our conversation ended. No sooner did I look at the man than I was convinced he was suffering from the very disease, and naturally thought he wished to consult my friend, over whom I felt triumphant. That triumph was soon over, however; for the next minute they were both engaged in an animated discussion and gesticulating wildly. It was then the truth dawned upon me that the doctor himself was under the influence of the fever, and incapable of rational action. Not knowing the nature of the disease, and fearing to commit some mistake, I was powerless to assist my poor friend; so, pained and thoughtful, I left the house determined to find out what I could of the delirious fever. I desire to record the result of my experience. This mysterious malady seizes upon the entire population of a town regardless of age, sex, health or condition. The general characteristics of febrile disease show themselves in the general lassitude of the moral qualities; weakness of the mental faculties; inability to overcome prejudices; increase of temperature, whereby an abnormal heat is attained and maintained; quickened circulation of party lies and campaign rascalities; temporary derangement of the powers of recognition, when the victim will shake hands with an old enemy and openly insult his dearest friend; and increased thirst, especially for the dregs and refuse of political sullage. The various stages through which the unfortunate sufferers pass are also very distinctly marked. There is the formative period, when the victim sucks in the insidious particles of political argument, and ravenously imbibes the contagious germs of dissatisfaction with the opposite side. He believes firmly in the ability of his robust health of mind to maintain its rational independence and throw off outside influence; but, little by little, he unconsciously absorbs the pernicious spores and reaches the second stage—the period of invasion. He now feels the presence of the fever, and the earlier symptoms manifest themselves in his actions. An uncontrollable desire to communicate them to others exhibits itself, and he utilizes every possible opportunity to spread the disease. This is the most horrible feature in its development. In this stage loquacity appears, and the sufferers are separated into two bodies, which I would term the positive and the negative. In the consequent delirium it seems to be the duty of the negative to deny and oppose everything affirmed and suggested by the positive victims. The confusion becomes indescribable. Everyone talks at a great rate, and a general desire to argue manifests itself. All classes are attacked with the delirium about the same time, and the result is worse than the Babel mentioned in your Christian Bible. Clergymen preach politics and forget religion. Doc-

tors make a party examination of their patients, and I regret to say prescribe nostrums calculated rather to inflame than to allay their disease. Lawyers give advice gratis to people not asking their political assistance. Storekeepers measure out speeches on the questions of the day by the yard; workingmen lose their dinner-hours in trying to argue one another down on matters they have had no time to consider; even schoolboys divide themselves into parties, and mercilessly pelt each other with undisguised ferocity. At night, fathers, who otherwise stay at home, leave the fireside and deliberately assemble in little hot rooms to quarrel over names in a voters' list. The saloons are always filled with noisy crowds, who divide the time between angry altercations with their positive opponents and periodic applications at the bar for the alcoholic means of temporary conciliation with the negatives. Deacons neglect prayer-meetings, and warmly discuss the chances of their chosen candidates; whilst "lovely woman stoops to folly," as one of your poets says, by jumping at a whole series of political five-bar gates, for which exercise she is not athletically built. Such is the desperate period of invasion. It increases violently until the day of election, which is the name given by the victims to the period of crisis. When the critical time arrives they follow each other like sheep, almost silently, and every one makes a mysterious sign on a piece of paper which he places in a box. It is curious that the extreme opposite of their previous loquacity appears in this act, for under no consideration whatever will they show or reveal the sign they mark on the paper; yet for days they have been telling the very thing one to another openly. Nevertheless, they are possessed with the hallucination that nobody else can possibly know what they have done, and they come away smiling, conceited and happy. After this the fever begins to wane. The air of aggravation gradually gives way to certain peculiar symptoms of nervous anxiety and restlessness, which mark the period of decline. After their papers have been examined, and what they have previously known is declared to them all, a spasmodic but vain attempt is made to regain the periods of crisis and invasion; but recovery is never seriously retarded, and shortly afterwards the last stage is reached and the sufferer is convalescent.

Such is a general description of a disease, which is happily unknown in Japan; but which, owing to the recent arrival of many English-speaking immigrants in that land, may some day appear among them. It is noteworthy that this is the only contagious disease which men deliberately seek to spread among themselves by every possible means. So far as I have learned, there is neither preventive nor curative for this most malignant malady. There must be some remedy, however, and I am inclined to attribute its non-discovery to the fact that the physicians are as useless as the people when the delirium attacks both. Should *febris politica* ever appear in Japan, I have such a good opinion of my fellow-countrymen as to believe it will be detected and stopped before it becomes a national disease. At any rate I trust never to witness such scenes of pathetic suffering as I have lately seen in this town, when ravaged by political fever.

Pokerville, Ont.

PETARA KEWILLA.

THE Boston *Evening Gazette* does not "entuse" over Sam Jones. In a recent issue it characterizes him thus:—"Sam Jones is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones's motives, and the reality of his religious fervour, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest, religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place, to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive."

Correspondence.

Church Privileges and Annexation.

Editor ARCTURUS:

It has been suggested that, if it be true that the system which the Roman Catholic Church has forced upon Quebec, and the influence it wields in the Councils of the Dominion and of the other Provinces, is a serious detriment to the progress and good-government of Canada, a remedy would be found in the annexation of this portion of the British Empire to the great American Republic. It has even been hinted that the powerful *Mail* hopes for a disruption of the Confederation and annexation, in order that the ecclesiastical hand that lies so heavily on the young Dominion may be paralyzed.

It is extremely doubtful, however, that annexation to the United States would have the effect desired by the opponents of ecclesiastical interference in politics. If annexation did take place, Ontario and Quebec would either be one state or separate states in the Republican federation. If they were combined in one state, the troubles which the *Mail* and those who think with it fancy they see would not be removed, for the French of Quebec, the "black militia" and the "solid column" of voters, would then have an opportunity of interfering more directly, and with consolidated forces, in the affairs of Ontario. If Ontario and Quebec were separate states, this Province would not be freed from clerical influence in elections, and the minority in Quebec would still be burdened with any grievances that they now have.

It has been said that the United States would not allow a state church to exist on its territory, nor allow a foreign language to be taught in national schools. It has evidently been forgotten, however, that even after annexation had been accomplished, the State would control education, and the clergy would still be a powerful factor in the political contests in the State. The church would have the same politicians to deal with, and the same "solid column" to enforce its desires at the polls; and it is not probable that the politicians who have obeyed its commands (if they have obeyed them) in British Canada or Quebec, would revolt, or be in a better position to revolt, in American Quebec. Nor is it certain that the Republican Congress would deprive the Roman Catholic Church of its privileges in Quebec. Annexation cannot take place without the consent of the people, and the people of that Province would not give their consent unless the church's privileges were guaranteed. If Britain was willing to guarantee those privileges in order to secure Canada, would not the United States be equally willing if by so doing it could obtain possession of this magnificent territory? Besides, the United States has had within its borders for many years a Territory of Utah and the most rabid Ulster-Tory, as the *Globe* would say, would scarcely claim that the gathering of cereal contributions to the church by legal authorities, or the assistance of denominational charities by the State, was as serious a political crime or as monstrous a social evil as polygamy. Yet the United States has not shown a wonderful degree of energy in stamping out the crime of polygamy. When it has been so tardy and easy in its dealings with that great social crime, it is not so certain that United States statesmen would be eager to enter into a conflict with the Roman Catholic Church in order to curtail its privileges, or that United States politicians would not be as ready as the political leaders of Canada to advance their own interests by yielding to clerical influence. If Congress and the Church in Quebec or Canada should become embroiled in a quarrel, would all the Irish, French and other Roman Catholics throughout the United States close their ears to the appeals for assistance that would go to them from the hierarchy of the North? And would Washington, any more than Ottawa, face the storm that would arise—a storm that politicians would endeavour to manipulate to carry them into coveted offices? Annexation would cause the conflict, if there is to be one, to extend over a much larger area, and would draw into the opposing forces larger numbers, but a settlement, peaceful or otherwise, would not be brought nearer or be made easier.

If any persons have been, by inferences drawn by the *Mail* from the practice of the United States, or by the insinuations of

others, led to look upon annexation as a means to avoid a conflict or to bring about a settlement of the disputes in a manner unfavourable to the Roman Catholic Church, a consideration of the matter, or an application of the principles upon which they now argue to the changed circumstances, will, I think, convince them that they are cherishing a delusive hope. Yours, etc.,

FRANK WALL.

Poetry.

THE QUAKER'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE snow looks in at the window
In a bold and frolicsome way,
No lighter the new-born snow-drift
Than Ichabod's locks of gray;
Not purer the new-born snow-drift
From worldly taint and sin
Than the life of Margaret Taylor,
Ichabod's wife, hath been.

"Hither, Margaret, hie thee,
I have a thought to tell:
Nay, never mind the shutters,
The night doth please me well,
Margaret, can thee tell me
How many years it is
Since thee and I were married
On a winter's night like this?"

"Think once again, my good wife;
I knew thee would never guess—
The days go by so swiftly
That only are born to bless;
Thy mother's heart will tell thee
'Tis eight and forty years
Since our first-born came to thrill us
With tender hopes and fears.

"Yes, Margaret, thee has guessed it—
Full fifty years have sped
So silently and so softly
We scarce have felt their tread;
But, watching the gliding snow-flakes,
The hickory coals, and thee,
The memory of that evening
Comes wandering back to me.

"True, Margaret, we were happy,
Trustful, and very glad,
And prouder was I, I fear me,
Than besecmeth a Quaker lad.
Yet, not for the good years vanished,
If the right of choice were given,
Would I change this place, my darling,
For the pleasures of that even.

"We have had our trials, good wife,
We have shed some bitter tears,
But a sure dear Hand hath led us
Through all these precious years.
He has kept us long together,
And I've been bold to pray
That our meeting in the new land
Be a golden wedding day."

The snow looks in at the window,
And what do the snow-flakes see
But Quaker Ichabod Taylor
With Margaret on his knee?
The hickory coals in the fire-place
Sleep in their jackets white,
But the love of tried and true hearts
Steadily burns to-night.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish shortly a memoir of the late Charles Reade, compiled chiefly from his literary remains by his relatives, Mr. Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. Charles Reade's constituency is perhaps not quite so wide in America as it was a few years ago, but there are not a few who will be glad to know more of the most rugged personality who figures in the English literature of this generation.

It often happens that when a publisher is engaged upon the production of a great work occupying some years in its completion,

author and publisher are haunted by a miserable feeling of the insecurity of the manuscript. If a fire took place what would become of the precious copy? This difficulty has now been overcome by a procedure so simple that every one will wonder it was not thought of before. A firm of London publishers are engaged in the production of a colossal and costly dictionary, of which they have many thousand sheets already prepared. Each sheet is a monument of labour which it would be difficult to supply again if any catastrophe were to happen. The publishers have accordingly had resort to photography. Every sheet of the copy has been photographed in the reduced size of two inches by one and three-quarters. All the words can be read with a magnifying glass, and the negatives are carefully stowed away in a separate building. But the sheets take up scarcely any room, and the work has been comparatively inexpensive.

SOMETIMES a joke is so elaborated that the joke-maker finds it necessary to expound it, though piquancy is apt to be lost by the process; and, similarly, an allegory is occasionally too carefully put in the background—it being bad art, as Mr. Haggard tells us, to bring it too much to the fore—with the result that this side of a story becomes almost imperceptible. To many readers of *She* it had probably not occurred that they were expected to find an allegory in that remarkable story any more than in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, or in *The Hunting of the Snark*. But the author hastens to explain that *She* has a moral, and it is this: "In the first place, an attempt is made in it to follow the action of the probable effects of immortality working upon the known and ascertained substance of the mortal. This is a subject with a prospective interest for us all. Secondly, the legend is built up upon the hypothesis that deep affection is in itself an immortal thing." But there is more than all this, for it occurred to Mr. Haggard that "in *She* herself some readers might find a type of the spirit of intellectual Paganism, or, perhaps, even of our modern Agnosticism." It was to show how the just vengeance of Omnipotence punished *She's* insolent scepticism about religion that the author steeled himself to bring her to such a terrible end. We should certainly not have guessed that we had a sermon against modern infidelity hidden in *She* had not the author enlightened us; nor will the information thus given tend greatly, we think, to attract new readers.

The *Edinburgh Review* devotes one of its articles to an examination of "The Literature of the Streets," and gives examples of the style which finds favour with the readers of "the Penny Dreadfuls." On one point the writer bears testimony which is full of encouragement. He says: "The lovers of pure indecency are comparatively few; not to be found among the children of the streets who can read, but, for the most part, among older and viler sinners—the lazy, the idle, with money at command, whose minds have been polluted long ago. Throughout the whole legion of worthless pages to which we have called our readers' attention, we can recall no one single indecent phrase or allusion." He thus summarises his objection to a large amount of the literature provided for the poor: "The fancy and the imagination, the innate thirst for novelty and excitement, for a touch of mystery or of tender passion, are as potent and as true in the heart of the street Arab or the shop-girl as in the fiercest devourer of romance on Mudie's list. But their desire can be gratified in one way alone. The feast spread for them is ready and abundant; but every dish is poisoned, unclean, and shameful. Every flavour is a false one, every condiment vile. Every morsel of food is doctored, every draught of wine is drugged; no true hunger is satisfied, no true thirst quenched; and the hapless guests depart with a depraved appetite, and the palate more than ever dead to every pure taste, and every perception of what is good and true. Thus entertained and equipped, the wide army of the children of the poor are sent on their way to take part in the great battle of life, with false views, false impressions, and foul aims. The pictures of men and women to which they have been introduced are unreal and untrue. The whole drama of life, as they see it, is a lie from beginning to end, and in it they can play none but a vicious and unhappy part."

WORKING WOMEN.

THERE are in the United States 2,647,157 women who earn their own living.

Of this number 2,242,252 are classed in the following occupations: labourers, mainly agricultural, mill operatives, seamstresses, domestic servants, and teachers—with the exception of the last the most menial and worst paid of employments. In any of these industries it would be a low estimate to say that the supply of workwomen is ten times greater than the demand. This statement will be amply corroborated by the experience of any establishment which employs women in large numbers, or by the personal experience of any one who seeks the services of a workwoman in any of these capacities.

Thus we find a social condition, which, while obliging nearly 3,000,000 women to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, offers them a field of labour so circumscribed as to afford employment for not more than one-tenth of the number. Enormous overcrowding, fierce competition, and a consequent undue pressure upon wages must necessarily follow such a state of things.

The five industries mentioned contain the following number of women: labourers, 600,080; mill operatives, 152,163; domestic servants, 938,910; seamstresses, 334,026; teachers, 154,375. Those classed as labourers are chiefly found in the Southern States, and include, of course, a large number of negro women, although the sight of white women working in the fields is a familiar one to the traveller, especially in the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. Thousands of women are also employed as porters and labourers in stores and warehouses in the large cities of the North.

The number of women given as mill operatives includes only those engaged in textile manufactures, but the number engaged in other manufactories would greatly swell these figures. Twenty years ago, there were not 300 women employed in cigar manufacture; to-day there are 19,884 in the tobacco industries, and the number is rapidly increasing. The trade of cigar-making is injurious to men, but fearful in its effects upon the health of women and children.

Twenty-one thousand and seven women are employed as boot and shoe makers. In this industry they do the binding, sewing-on of buttons, etc., which is paid by the piece and very poorly. In all these manufacturing pursuits women are restricted to the meaner sort of work, and rarely rise to positions of trust, skill, or management. The chief requirement of their work is a certain manual dexterity, which is as easily acquired by a child as a woman, consequently the wages and qualifications of the woman are kept at the level of those of a child. Under this system, factory women must remain in the lowest grade of employment; the experience and trustworthiness of maturer years are of no use in bettering their condition. It is, therefore, not strange that we find so many factory women wanting in that intelligence, energy, and spirit which accompany a sense of responsibility and trust.

Nothing is more effectual in producing abjectness of character and deadening the moral and intellectual nature than a mean, servile condition which holds out no hope of change or improvement, and in which the compensation is insufficient to afford the means of a comfortable living.

We may well argue a prevailing state of public ignorance regarding the evils of working women's condition, when one of the daily papers of this city uses, as an argument in favour of their present position in industry, the fact that 45 per cent. of the employees in numerous manufacturing enterprises are women. The beasts of burden, or the steam which furnishes the motive power, are as much a factor in the exercise of any intelligent, thinking purpose as the women employed in these industries. And although the number of women in these pursuits should be doubled, filling the places in them they now do, the evil would only be increased and intensified.

Trade-unions have become a recognized power in determining, in great measure, the hours and wages of workmen. By means of thorough organization they now form a large and powerful class, whose claims are met with respectful consideration by employers. But this protest of labour against oppression of all sorts

is practically unavailable to women. As an eminent English writer says: "The stripes of workmen are feared; those of working women laughed at." This fact is recognized by the employer, who well knows that he can buy his labour cheaper from unorganized than from organized labour.

Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Com. of Labour, makes the following strong statement on the condition of women in the cotton mills: "What are these women but the very weakest and most dependent of all the people? They have no disposition to agitate. All that is possible to them is to toil, scrimp, and bear. Now for men, the strong, those who bear rule, the sovereigns of the land, the *hours of labour* are but *ten* all over the country in about every employment where they preponderate. But where the women and children preponderate the hours of labour, as a rule, are *eleven or more*. And the question is, why is it, in this land, which aims at equality and justice, that the weakest, the most helpless and dependent, are loaded with the more hours, while the strong, the able-to-bear, and the controlling ones have the less hours to work?"

Many noble societies, even in this city, have been founded for the amelioration of the condition of factory operatives, but these do not reach the cause of the evil. It is justice, not charity, these women want from society. The even-handed goddess is the only reformer that can reach the root of these and many other social wrongs. The woman who effects the promotion of one capable factory woman to a position of trust and management, has done more to elevate and give encouragement to the whole class, than would she, who should organize a score of dilettante charities for their benefit.

The trades dependent upon the needle form a history of human misery unequalled by the industrial condition of any working class the world has ever seen. Is not Hood's Song of the Shirt so pitiful in that it is so true? Here, too, women suffer from the same want of organization, the same eager competition born of overcrowding, the same low wages that mark the other leading occupations. It is true that the best of skilled labour commands good wages, and the fashionable dressmakers often acquire a competency, but these are but a handful compared to the vast army of needle-women who work for a mere pittance. The influences which tend to depress women's industrial condition bear the most fearful significance in the lower grades of its workers,—the sewing woman who makes a heavy pair of working pantaloons for *seven cents*, and by working continuously at the machine can make ten pairs in a day of from 12 to 15 hours. Provided no time is lost, their average weekly wages are \$3.80, but to reach even this sum they are obliged to work *seven* full days, only occasionally taking Sunday afternoon for a holiday. The condition of the shirt makers is still worse; they receive but 6 to 8 cents apiece, and can earn only from 30 to 50 cents a day. Vests are made for 3 to 6 cents apiece. Miserable attics and cellars form the only homes of these women, and their tenure even of these is precarious, depending upon the uncertain fortunes of an employment in which, owing to the enormous overcrowding, the most frivolous reason serves as a pretext for a dismissal. Such a woman's food is insufficient and unwholesome, her clothing of the meanest description, and if she have a best dress for Sundays or holidays it is often in the pawn shop to meet the exorbitant rent she is obliged to pay for even her wretched tenement. A cloak maker, who, with a friend, occupies two rooms on the top floor of a large tenement house on the East Side, states that they never have a warm meal or meat except for their Sunday dinner. The remainder of the week they subsist on bread and tea or milk. She also added that they were better off than many other sewing women. And yet it is work demanding experience, skill, and taste in its higher departments, and requiring neatness, deftness of hand, and care in all. Its products are among those most in demand; the garments of the women and children of the wealthy classes are marvels of beauty and workmanship, while the changing dictates of fashion require the constant services of the sewing women. The question naturally arises, Why then are the wages of seamstresses so shamefully low and the struggle for existence so tragic for them? It must be obvious to the most superficial observer that, even with the

present excess of supply over demand in this branch of work, thorough organization could effect much in raising the wages of needle women. But here the greed of monopoly is limited by no restrictions or resistance. The poor sewing woman, isolated in the midst of a great city, falls an easy prey to this gigantic evil of modern society. The multiplication of stores of ready-made clothing means an increase of the system which allows the manufacturer to grind down the wages of "slop work" to the pittance which merely enables the sewing women to exist,—to live in any sense that implies a rational existence she does not. To these women even the lowest wages of the workman would mean riches and abundance. And yet it is the man who complains the most loudly and effectually. Michelet says that the workman needs so many more things than the workwoman that one could say of them what is said of the English and Irish labourers, "The Irishman when he is hungry asks only for potatoes; but the hungry Englishman demands meat, sugar, tea, and above all beer."

The position of domestic servant possesses many advantages over the condition of a factory or sewing woman, both by the increased comfort and cleanliness of its surroundings and its better compensation. But in no other employment do we hear more bitter complaints of inefficiency. This is almost wholly due to the fact that, in the city, domestic servants are mostly drawn from the tenement-house districts or the newly-landed immigrants from Castle Garden, who, without previous training, are expected to perform skillfully the complicated duties of a modern household. With the best intentioned, proficiency is only gained by many failures and long experience, while the more thriftless and careless go to swell the ranks of inefficient servants who, being always in search of a place, serve to keep wages at the lowest rates. But if girls were trained for domestic servants as boys are trained to become carpenters and masons, the work would speedily command the consideration and wages that other skilled labour does in the market.

Upon women possessing wealth, leisure, and influence, must the evils of the present state of domestic service chiefly rest, since they have it in their power, not only to provide themselves with skilled servants by organizing and encouraging schools of cookery and other branches of domestic economy, but of becoming benefactors to thousands of their own sex by raising domestic service to the rank of a skilled employment.

And yet to enter domestic service is one of the most common remedies proposed for bettering the condition of working women. Do the advocates of domestic service ever stop to consider that it is one of the employments open to women which is already crowded to its utmost capacity, and that to precipitate any more untrained women into a field of labour which does not afford any adequate means of training for those already there would be a most disastrous remedy for the evils which now prevail? Nearly a million women are filling the position of domestic servants, and yet the intelligence offices are crowded and every advertisement brings scores of applicants. It is better servants that are needed, not greater numbers. Another evil in the working woman's condition arises from the fact that however hard she may work she cannot, at the present rate of wages in the occupations fully open to her, hope to save money. It is with the greatest difficulty she can provide for the immediate wants of the present; thus all openings which require the smallest amount of capital are closed to her. A man, starting at the lowest round of the industrial ladder, can, by habits of steady industry, thrift, and economy, rise to the highest position in his trade or profession, can look forward to the pleasures of a comfortable home, of educating his children, and enjoying a competency in his old age. But for the working woman there exists no such plans or hopes. The hopelessness of her condition is one of its saddest features.—IDA M. VAN ERTEN, in the *North American Review* for March.

MESSRS. BENTLEY, it is stated, will be the publishers of a work by Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope containing reminiscences of eminent men and women with whom the writer has been acquainted during a long and active life. If it is half as interesting as his brother Anthony's *Autobiography* it will deserve to be more widely read than all his novels put together.

[The following pages contain the opening chapters of an original story, a portion whereof was written some years ago by a Canadian author with a view to publication. It became necessary, we are informed, for the author to turn his attention to a different order of composition, and the writing of the story was abandoned when not more than a third of it had been placed on paper. As a consequence, the MS. still remains incomplete. It was never offered for publication, and in fact not a line of it has ever been seen by any one except the author himself and two or three members of his family. So far as can be judged from the fragment, the completed story would have been of exceptional power and interest. Even as it stands, it contains pictures of odd phases of rural life in Canada which we believe to be well worthy of preservation, and we are strongly of opinion that the readers of ARCTURUS will derive much pleasure from its perusal, all incomplete though it be. It will be continued from week to week until the MS. is exhausted.]

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF "THE SHOOTING STAR."

I HAVE often been told by those who are entitled to speak upon the subject with authority that I have from my earliest years been distinguished for the possession of a singularly retentive and far-reaching memory: a memory which treasures up not only the most noteworthy incidents of my life, but which is equally tenacious with respect to insignificant matters of detail which might very well be forgotten. Waiving, for the nonce, any enquiry as to how far such a possession is to be regarded in the light of an unmixed blessing, I may say, without affectation, that the persons who have pronounced this eulogy have not done so upon meagre or insufficient grounds. My memory dates back almost to the commencement of my third year, and retains a nearly complete record of the subsequent experiences of a life which, to say the least, has not been altogether a monotonous or prosaic one. After mature deliberation, I have resolved to turn this faculty to account, and to embody in the form of a personal narrative such passages in my life as seem likely to prove of general interest.

In carrying out this resolution I shall occasionally be compelled to depend upon the recollections of other persons; but, as a rule, I shall draw upon the stores of my own memory alone. That memory, I will add, presents pictures of the remote past to my mental vision with almost photographic distinctness; and if I fail to interest the reader in the details which I purpose to set forth in these pages, my failure will certainly be due to a want of power to impart to those details an air of vivid reality correspondent to that which they present to my own mind during retrospection. It is, of course, quite possible—nay, very probable—that I may be unable to command any such degree of power; for I can only describe; and description, at best, is but a sorry substitute for actual observation. What to me have been veritable experiences will to the reader be mere narrations; and I can scarcely hope to make my pictures in words as lifelike and effective as a series of landscapes from the cunning hand of Dame Nature herself.

And then, so much depends upon the point of view from which one looks at a landscape. Yon beetling crag, viewed from the southwest, presents to the eye merely a rugged outline of unhorned stone, bearing no particular resemblance to anything but itself, and not worth a second glance. But just let us walk half a mile or so farther south, and then contemplate the scene once more. What do we see now? The crag is tame and uninteresting

no longer. Tame! Uninteresting! As well apply those epithets to the Spectre of the Brocken. The rugged outline has become a hideously repulsive stone face, of gigantic proportions, with the lineaments so distinctly traced that the wrinkled visage seems literally to scowl in fiendish rage upon the quiet scene beneath: a monstrous ogre, hovering over his prey, and seeming only to wait till the keen, hungry air shall have whetted his fell appetite to open those terrible jaws, and gobble up those flocks of innocent sheep that are pasturing in the vale, all-unconscious of the fate impending over them.—Now, let us stroll but a hundred yards farther, and the spreading branches of yonder intervening oak will have entirely hidden the frightful object from sight. And yet, during the whole of our walk, the scene itself has remained precisely as it was at first. The changes have been not in the object contemplated, but merely in the point of view from which our contemplation has been indulged. And the conclusion to be deducted from the foregoing rhapsody is simply that writer and reader do not at all times enjoy a common vantage-ground, so that what appears perfectly obvious to the mind of the one, may not be even remotely suggested to the mind of the other.

It is true, that at certain more or less rare intervals in the annals of literature, some happily-endowed mortal has appeared to whom the foregoing observations are inapplicable: some heaven-born genius whose masterly hand has been able to so bend the souls of others to his own conceit as to make them see only with his eyes, hear only with his ears, and understand only with his understanding; in a word, to render his delineations, even when wholly imaginary, not less real than the characters and occurrences of every-day life. Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, and Ancient Pistol—nay, even Titania and Oberon—are as distinctly individualized to our minds as are the persons with whom we daily come in contact. We are as familiar with Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman as we can ever hope to be with the members of our own families; and I doubt whether my dearest and most intimate friends are more real personages to me than are Wilkins Micawber, Richard Swiveller, and Samuel Weller. These are creations which, stamped by the hand of undying genius, are not for an age, but for all time. They will be as well known to our children's children as they are to us, and will be the admiration of our remote descendants in centuries yet unborn. But such triumphs as these are for the few. For such leather and prunella as we of the rank and file of authorship there is no such thing as literary immortality. We cannot put our readers in our places. We cannot imbue them with our sympathies, aversions—prejudices, if you will; and must perforce be content if we can now and then enable them to beguile a few hours which, but for our efforts, might have hung heavily upon their hands.

One of the most pleasing of contemporary humorists has remarked that writing is like shooting with a rifle, inasmuch as you may either hit your reader's mind or miss it: whereas talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it be within reach, and you have time enough, you cannot help hitting it. This, it must needs be confessed, is by no means the most brilliant of the author's analogies, being somewhat too suggestive of Fluellen's comparison between Macedon and Monmouth. With all its faults, however, it will serve my present purpose as well as a better one; because it paves the way to my suggesting that if either an author or a marksman fail to hit a reasonably fair target, the explanation is generally to be found in the fact that he is unskilled in his craft; and that as the writer of this autobiography has hitherto had but little practice at targets of this sort, it may very well be that he will sometimes shoot wide. Some of the incidents to be related may perhaps be regarded as trivial and commonplace; but there are others which, unless the narrator shall make a much more inartistic use of the materials at his command than he hopes to do, will not be liable to any imputation on the score of dullness. Should the result prove that he has been too sanguine in this respect, he can only shelter himself behind that most lame and impotent of all excuses for prolixity—an underlying design.

The managers of a certain public entertainment which was more or less popular in the British capital some years back, were

wont to make it their especial boast that they never had performed, and never, upon any earthly consideration would perform out of London. If this qualification be necessary in order to found a claim upon the sympathies of London audiences, I am bound to admit, at the outset, that my rare-show will be deserving of no patronage at their hands, and that I must look for all my appreciation and emolument in the colonies: inasmuch as, with one trifling exception, to be duly noted by another hand in its proper place, all such of my performances as may be supposed to possess any general interest, have taken place not only out of London, but out of Great Britain, and in the province formerly known as Upper Canada. I shall introduce those ladies and gentlemen who may honour my exhibition with their attendance, to a class of actors and a variety of scenery which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto been produced upon any stage. Notwithstanding this trifling drawback, if such it is to be considered, I hope to place before them an entertainment which they will be able to sit out to the end without weariness, and which they will acknowledge to be worth the price charged for admission. I will only add that should any one in the audience regret his or her investment after witnessing a few of the opening scenes, he or she will be at perfect liberty to retire from the hall; but under no circumstances whatever will any money be returned at the door.

The foregoing metaphorical and somewhat egotistical remarks having been indulged in by way of introductory overture, the clamour from the back benches becomes distinctly audible: whereupon the bell rings, the curtain rises, and the performance begins.

Looking back through the rolling years into the far-off vista of the past, one of my earliest recollections is of a tall, stalwart, square-shouldered, hazel-eyed, brown-bearded man rushing up to my mother and seizing her in his arms as she was in the act of descending from the canvas-covered waggon which had conveyed us—my mother, brother, sister and self—from Port Burlington, at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, to Johnson's Ford, a village about thirty-five miles inland. We had made the journey from Port Burlington at the exceptionally rapid rate—taking the condition of the roads into account—of three miles an hour; and the jaded horses had just been pulled up before the door of "The Shooting Star," the most pretentious of the three inns of which the village could boast. No sooner had the vehicle come to a stand-still than he of the brown beard sprang forward and embraced my mother as just mentioned. She, strange to say, so far from resenting this familiarity, threw her arms impetuously about his neck, and returned his caress with almost frantic eagerness, imprinting a rapturous kiss upon each of his sun-browned cheeks. It did not occur to me, however, to be in the least surprised at these exuberant manifestations of affection on the part of my mother, for two reasons: first, because she was my mother, and I felt absolutely certain that whatever she did must of necessity be right; and second, because I knew—though I then looked upon his face for the first time—that the man was my father.

"At last," he exclaimed, in a cheery, joyful tone.
"Yes, Robert; at last," replied my mother, in a very low voice, and smiling upon him through her tears.

He had no sooner deposited my mother safely on the ground than we three children came in for our share of his attentions; and having hugged and kissed us with a fervour not less intense than he had displayed towards my mother, he took me up in his arms, preparatory to leading the way into the tavern.

At this juncture there stepped forth from the doorway the most strange-looking figure it has ever been my fortune to encounter withal.

This figure consisted of a human being, presumably of the masculine gender; rather short in stature, but with shoulders broader even than my father's, and of very robust build. The face, entirely destitute of beard or whisker, was dark and swarthy, with high, prominent cheek-bones, and deep-set, lustrous, piercing black eyes that seemed to transfix while they looked upon you. Forehead broad, low, and retreating. The most noticeable feature, however, was the long, hooked nose, which curved down until it came almost upon a level with the thick, massive lips, through which the broken and half-decayed teeth here and there asserted

themselves unpleasantly. A few unkempt, matted colourless locks hung around the sides and back of the head, which at the top was quite bald, and devoid of any artificial covering in the shape of a hat. The upper part of the body was clad in a nondescript sort of tunic, made from undressed sheepskin, with the woolly side outwards. The throat, and part of the breast, were bare, and disclosed a dark, tawny skin, the texture whereof told of continued exposure to all sorts of weather. The limbs were protected by loosely-fitting trousers, apparently made from the remains of a superannuated blanket. The feet were encased in much-worn moccasins, confined round the ankle by thongs of deerskin. Altogether, the appearance of this singular being was suggestive of a limited wardrobe, and of long and hard service: a combination of Robinson Crusoe, Natty Bumppo, John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, and Julius Cæsar in his decline.

Robinson Crusoe: on account of the unconventional character of the garments. Natty Bumppo: on account of the complexion and general *tout ensemble* of the man, which were unmistakably indicative of a wandering life, mostly spent in the open air. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness: on account of the presence of the tunic, the absence of head-gear, and a pervading expression of earnest ecstatic wildness. Julius Cæsar in his decline: on account of the bald cranium, the aquiline beak, the lustrous eyes which glowed like carbuncles, and the general contour of the face, which last was of a decidedly Roman type, and not without a certain air of mournful majesty. Certainly, if an artist desirous of depicting "the mighty Julius" in insolvent circumstances had been then and there present, he would not have needed to look far for a model.

I do not mean to convey the idea that I—mere child as I was—took in all these things at a glance, or that any such reflections as the foregoing passed through my mind at that time. I had never heard of Julius Cæsar or Natty Bumppo. John the Baptist and Robinson Crusoe were even then familiar to me as mere names, but of their respective individualities it is not to be expected that I could have any definite conception. My astonishment was too great to admit of my being conscious of more than the general effect produced upon me by my first sight of this fantastic-looking personage; but as I had many subsequent opportunities of cultivating his acquaintance, and as his attire never underwent any material change all the year round, I have thought fit to avail myself of those opportunities, and to set him before the reader as he actually looked.

He placed himself directly in front of us, and came to an abrupt stand.

"Well, Sebastian," exclaimed my father, "what contrary wind has blown you to the Ford?"

"That your boy?" the man asked, disregarding the question, and pointing towards my face.

"Yes, this is my little boy—my youngest. You must come and see us some day, and be introduced to him; but we are in a hurry just now."

"Them yours, too?" he continued, indicating my brother and sister.

"Yes, these too; and this lady is my wife, of whom you have often heard me speak, and who will be glad to see you one of these days, when you call at the Crofts.—This is Sebastian Gee, my love,"—turning towards my mother with a smile: "you must learn to know Sebastian—he and I are sworn friends."

My mother bowed to him as respectfully as though he had been Autocrat of All the Russins, but he did not think it necessary to reciprocate her courtesy, and never even looked at her. His eyes were riveted upon my face, into which he gazed long and searchingly.

"Well, good-bye just now, Sebastian," resumed my father, after an uncomfortable pause: "don't forget to come and see us before long."

The stranger here withdrew his gaze from my face, and stepped aside; whereupon my father proceeded to enter the house. He had placed one foot upon the threshold, when the man again advanced towards us, and whispered, in a tone loud enough to be heard by us all, "Don't stay long. Git home afore dark."

And without uttering a syllable in the way of explanation or adieu, he stalked grimly away round the corner of the building

and became lost to sight; though not exactly "to memory dear."
 "What a strange man," said my mother, as we entered the tavern.

CHAPTER II.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW-PANE.

WE were ushered by the landlord into what he called "the settin' ro'm," where a cheerful wood fire was blazing in a great open fire-place.

"Ye'll be all to yerselves here, Mister Wilford; an' ef ye should want anything, ye can jest step out into the hall, an' holler for the missis"; remarked our host, leaving the room, and closing the door after him. He evidently felt that his presence in the sitting-room just then was not required; and in fact that his remaining there would constitute him a member of the De Trop family in our estimation.

Then, after further affectionate greetings, we drew up around the fire, and warmed ourselves. I was much gratified to perceive from my father's treatment of me that I stood quite as high in his favour as did my brother and sister, although his actual acquaintance with me was of such short duration. The place of honour on his knee was assigned to me, and ere many seconds had elapsed I began, with the charming egotism characteristic of boyhood, to recount my numerous accomplishments for his especial edification. Prominent among these accomplishments was the ability to repeat by rote two of Dr. Watts' venerable effusions. My face was turned towards the street, and I consequently had a full view of the solitary window whereby the light of day was admitted into the apartment. I was just in the middle of the second verse of "Let dogs delight to bark and bite": that verse which points out the unseemliness of children's permitting their angry passions to rise: when the light underwent a partial eclipse, by reason of a swartly face being pressed, from outside, against one of the window-panes. It needed only the most cursory glimpse to assure me that the face appertained to the man who had accosted my father as we were on the point of entering the tavern.

"Look, look papa!" I exclaimed—"there is the funny man again—how wild he looks!"

The stranger proceeded deliberately to raise the lower sash of the window, which had been left unfastened.

"He is going to climb in"; said my sister—"O, no, he isn't; he wants you, pupa; see, he is beckoning to you."

"What is it, Sebastian—anything the matter"? asked my father, rather impatiently, and without stirring from his seat.

"Want to speak to ye"; was the reply—"come out for a minute, right away. Don't bring the boy—don't bring nobody."

"What can he want, Robert"? asked my mother—"I don't like the man," she added, in an undertone.

"He wants nothing particular, I'll answer for it; but I suppose I had better humour him. I won't be away a moment. He says I mustn't take you, my boy; so just sit there till I return."

And so saying, my father placed me upon my mother's lap, and went out.

He had no sooner left the room than I got down, and ran to the window, from whence I saw him engaged in what seemed an earnest expostulation with the owner of the face that had just appeared at the pane. I could not hear what they were saying, but it was easy to perceive that the latter was making what he regarded as an important and confidential communication.

They were standing directly under the creaking tavern-sign, which depended from a stout pole projecting from the upper story of the building; and which, impelled by occasional little gusts of wind, swayed fitfully backwards and forwards a few feet above their heads. I looked up at it with some interest, for it was quite a curiosity in its way. Depicted upon it was a star, evidently of the first magnitude, in the act of flying through the abyss of space, and leaving a garish, yellow tail behind it.

I saw my father smile, and apparently remonstrate with his swart companion, who seemed very much in earnest.

The interview was soon over, and my father re-entered the room.

"He only wants to ride part of the way home with us"; he said—"and I didn't exactly like to refuse him, although we could very well have dispensed with his company. He is a very strange fellow—a half-breed Indian, who lives 'all alone by himself,' as the old ballad says, at a wild spot called 'The Eagle's Nest,' five or six miles from here. A good many people say he has a bee in his bonnet, and lacks a matter of elevenpence in the shilling; but I don't think he is half such a fool as most folks take him for. At any rate, he thinks a great deal of me, owing to my having pulled him out of the river one day last summer when he was seized by a fit of the cramp, and ran some risk of drowning. Since then, he has seemed to be greatly attached to me, and has several times been useful to me in various ways about the farm, when hands have been scarce. You have no need to feel afraid of him, my pets, for all his odd appearance. He is perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a fly; and is uncommonly fond of children. Now I come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he has taken quite a fancy to Mark, here, from the way he looked. How say you, my little man? You won't be afraid of him, will you? Perhaps he will teach you to swim, and shoot birds and squirrels, and dear knows what besides, when you are a year or two older."

I caught sight of the expression upon my mother's face, from which I was shrewd enough to draw the inference that she tacitly disapproved of the notion of my acquiring the arts of natation and ventry under such outlandish supervision. I cannot say that I even felt very enthusiastic on the subject myself; for I thought if he could not swim without running the risk of drowning himself he could not be very proficient in the art, and that I would much prefer to learn from my father. There was one matter alluded to in my father's remarks, however, upon which I felt very desirous of gaining further information. What did the funny man want with a bee in his bonnet? And how was it a mere matter of conjecture whether he had one there or not? Why couldn't anybody look in his bonnet, and see? And where on earth did he keep the bonnet? Not on his head, certainly, for that was bare.

"Papa," I enquired, when these thoughts had passed through my mind: "where does the funny man keep his bonnet that some people think has a bee in it?"

I wondered what they could possibly see in the question to make them all laugh so uproariously.

"When a man is said to have a bee in his bonnet," my father playfully rejoined, "it means that his head isn't quite level."

This was confusion worse confounded, and provoked another sally of laughter at my expense. As I did not exactly relish the idea of being the butt of the company I forbore to press for further enlightenment.

When the merriment provoked by my enquiry had subsided, my mother asked a question.

"What was that he said about getting home before dark?"

"Well, I—I dare say—that is—I suppose he thought it would be more pleasant travelling by daylight, you know. But there is really no accounting for what he says, sometimes."

This explanation being apparently satisfactory to all parties, I resumed my seat upon my father's knee, and again began to monopolize the conversation. I was anxious to let him know what an exceedingly clever little fellow I was, for I had fallen in love with him at first sight, and had seen, with the unerring instinct of childhood—I was only two years and three months old at the time—that his personal appearance, prepossessing as it unquestionably was, did not constitute the sum-total of his recommendations to favour. I could not, of course, have analysed my feelings at that tender age; but viewing the matter now, by the light of later experience, I can remember that there was an expression beaming from those hazel eyes of his, such as is rarely or never seen in the face of a man whose nature is other than kind and gentle. It was a face which any child would instinctively have taken to at once; a face full of love and affection. I seemed to have a dim sort of inner consciousness that it was worth all the hardships through which we had passed to enjoy the privilege of being kissed by that man, and of calling him by the honoured name of *Father*.

Yes, worth all the hardships through which we had passed. And yet we had encountered a good many, though my personal recollection of them is somewhat of the faintest, and my information with respect to them is mainly derived from my mother's lips. Our story, up to the time of our arrival at Johnson's Ford, must be told sooner or later; and I may as well tell it in this place. It shall, however, have a chapter to itself. A chapter which must on no account be skipped by any reader who cares to understand the sequel.

CHAPTER III. PARENTAL MEMOIRS.

My father belonged to a family resident in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where his ancestors settled I know not how many generations ago. At any rate, my several-times-great-grandfather lived upon and owned the estate whereon the head of the family at present resides as long ago as the time of Oliver Cromwell. It is recorded in the domestic annals that the Lord-General of the Armies of the Commonwealth quartered himself and seventeen of his psalm-singing pikemen at Broxborough Hall, the ancestral seat of the Wilfords, only three days before the commencement of the siege of Pontefract Castle. It is further recorded that during the brief occupation of the mansion by those image-breaking apostles upon that occasion, one of their number, by name Increase-in-the-Sincere-Milk-of-the-Word, bestowed a rude buffet upon the right cheek of one of the family servitors because the discourse of the latter was unsavoury in the nostrils of those strait-laced but valiant disputants. As to whether the servitor obeyed the Scriptural injunction, and turned his other cheek to the smiter, history and tradition are alike silent. The head of the family, being a staunch royalist, was conveniently absent at the time. But with such remote genealogy this story has no concern; and I only mention the foregoing circumstances in order that it may be understood that our race, on the paternal side at least, is not one of yesterday. It may be all very true, as the laureate sings, that

"From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

but it is at least equally certain that many very worthy members of the human family, contemplating the matter from a merely terrestrial point of view, are not at all disposed to emulate the example of our first parents in this particular. The Wilford family is one that could "look back" if it were so minded. Whether the retrospection would be worth the trouble is another question, into which it is unnecessary to enter.

To be sure, I might, if so disposed, carry my family chronicle ever so much farther back than the seventeenth century. I might give some interesting particulars of the career of that doughty Regynaulde de Wylfourde who fought under the Conqueror, and created such havoc among the Saxon ranks at Hastings. But I refrain; more especially as I have not the slightest reason for supposing that the aforesaid Regynaulde ever fought at Hastings at all. Indeed, I may have my private doubts as to whether he ever existed. If he did, and if he really took any part in that memorable conflict, the probability is in favour of his having fought under Harold; for his surname is pure Saxon, and was formerly written "Wilfrid." I am equally reticent about Hugo de Wyldefourde, who turned traitor to John Lack-land, and went over to Philip Augustus, who had him beheaded at Angiers; and—and, in short, the less said about that irreclaimable blackguard the better for the credit of his descendants. Neither will I occupy the reader's time and my own by recounting the achievements of that apocryphal Sir Marmaduke de Williforde, who was (or was not) knighted by Henry the Seventh for gallant services at Bosworth Field, and who was (or was not) afterwards deprived of his knighthood, and compelled to seek safety in Flanders, in consequence of his real or imaginary co-operation with Lambert Simnel. To speak truth, I have ever looked upon this Sir Marmaduke, his dignities and indignities, with a suspicious eye. As for that other ancestor of ours, who is alleged to have stood so high in the favour of the Virgin Queen as to have aroused the jealousy of Leicester, and who only missed been raised by his royal mistress to the peerage through the foul machinations of that nobleman, I have

about as much faith in him as I have in Bevis of Hampton. It would be folly for the present representative of the family to deny, after the evidence adduced in the leading case of *Brittredye vs. Wilford* (*temp. Geo. II.*) that the half-length portrait in the picture-gallery at Broxborough Hall, professing to represent the proud and fashionable Beau Wilford of Queen Anne's reign—I say, it will not be denied that this portrait was purchased from Isaac Levison, a Wardour-Street Israelite, for the inconsiderable sum of four guineas, and that it no more represents a member of our family than it represents Judas Iscariot. And in alluding to this somewhat delicate subject, should I be accused of running in the teeth of that expressive old Scottish proverb which declares that bird to be an ill one that fouls its ain nest, my answer must be that the facts of that case are matter of record, and accessible to any one who cares to become acquainted with them.

But enough of the traditions of bygone centuries, wherein a grain of truth lies embedded in a pound of fable: a half-penny worth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack. Let us come down to a period comparatively recent, where we can lay hold of something tangible.

My father was a younger—or, to speak with greater precision, a youngest—son; and as his three brothers all enjoyed boisterous health, there was apparently no chance of his succeeding to the paternal acres. Under these circumstances, it was to be expected, as a matter of course, that he would devote his energies to the church, the bar, or the army. To none of these professions, however, did my father seriously incline. He chose rather to dally round the ancestral domain; riding, shooting, hunting, fishing, and losing his time generally; until one day, to his huge astonishment, he found that he was twenty years old. My grandfather, by all accounts, must have been a mere selfish book-worm, who cared for nothing but his library and his dinner, and left his children to bring themselves up as best they might, could, would, or should. He was a widower, his wife having died when my father was only a few months old. After her death, Squire Wilford repudiated the claims of society, and shut himself up with his books; from which, it is to be hoped, he derived a vast amount of consolation. He always dined alone, and in his library. He consequently saw little of his family, and apparently gave himself no concern about them.

On his twentieth birthday, my father was summoned to the Sublime Presence. I have heard the interview described so often that it almost seems as though I must have been present at it myself.

"Robert," began Paterfamilias; "I have sent for you in order that we may have a little serious talk together. Are you aware that to-day you are twenty years old?"

"I had not thought of the circumstance, Sir"; was the reply—"but I now remember that this is my birthday—the nineteenth of November."

"Exactly. I am afraid, my boy, that I have not quite done my duty by you of late, and have left you too much to follow your own devices. There must be an end to this, and at once. It is high time for you to think of a profession. By the way, what progress has been made with your education?"

My father admitted that he had not bestowed much attention upon the cultivation of his intellectual forces, and that his educational acquirements did not extend far beyond the three R's.

"And how do you propose to make a living for yourself, Sir? I suppose you are aware that you cannot go on in this way forever?"

My father had not looked at the matter in that light, but promised to think it over.

"Do so, Sir. And, mark me: think to some purpose. Your brothers are all fitting themselves to discharge their respective duties in life, and it is time for you to make a beginning. Come to me at the same hour this day week; by which time I shall expect you to have made up your mind what you are going to do with your life. Rycrofts will tell you how much I can do for you. Now, leave me, and see that you have your answer ready at the appointed time."

Mr. Rycrofts was the steward.

Robert Wilford went out from the presence of his father; and instead of seeking an audience with Rycrofts, had his horse saddled, and rode straight to the "Red Lion," at Barnsley. Having

stabled his steed at that ancient hostellerie, he strolled off to keep an appointment with his sweetheart.

Yes, he had a sweetheart—the daughter of a petty shop-keeper from Lancashire, who had settled at Barnsley some years previously. This shopkeeper, whose name was Jeremiah Mawson, was a Dissenter, and belonged to a sect the adherents whereof were called Jebusites. I shall have occasion to give some account of this sect further on.

The young man unburdened himself to Miss Mawson, and sought her advice. She was only a few days younger than himself, and—owing, in some measure, no doubt, to the eminently practical school in which she had been trained—was possessed of a goodly stock of a certain commodity, a single ounce of which, as times go, is worth a hundredweight of genius: I mean common-sense. The present emergency, however, was one in which she did not choose to rely entirely upon her own judgment; and, as she was motherless, the old shop-keeper was called in, and the case submitted to his arbitration.

After about two minutes' grave deliberation the referee pronounced his decision. And these were the words of Jeremiah Mawson the Practical:

"Misthur Robbut, to tell yo' th' t'reeath, ah niver woor mooch i' faavur o' yo' cooartin' mey girl; an' nah, as yo've esked mey advaice, ah mun speak reeat aht. Ah mek nowt o' gentlefook weddin' anneath 'em. If yo' wed Mary, belaike yo'r fooak'll ahl leak dawn on 'er; an' happen yo'r feyther'll tooarn yo' aht o' th' dooar, an' coot yo' off wi' a shillin'! Ah waant me dowtther to entther naw fam'ly agen th' wishes o' th' eead on't; an' sooa ah think it'll happen be th' best for yo' to d'throp it at yance."

Against this decision both parties appealed.

"Well, then, aw'll tell yo' whaat. Yo', Robbut, mek up yo'r maind, as yo'r feyther sez, whaat yo'll deea to mek a livin' for yersen; an' when yo' see him this day week, do yo' tell him 'at yo' waant to wed mey lass. Yo'll hear whaat a sez, an' can coom ower an' let's knooa. It'll be taine enow then to settle't for good an' ahl."

I think it must have needed all my father's love for his betrothed to reconcile him to the idea of making this vulgar old man his father-in-law, whose manner was far from possessing that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Still, boorish and offensive as his manner might be, there could be no doubt that his words were the words of wisdom.

After some discussion, the course indicated by Jeremiah was unanimously agreed upon.

Precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, Robert Wilford again found himself face to face with his father.

The young man stated his case simply and straightforwardly. He felt satisfied, he said, of his unfitness for a profession. He had neither taste nor capacity for professional pursuits, and was above all things desirous of settling upon a farm. There was a good holding of two hundred acres to be had over in Lancashire, in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest; and to a suitable tenant exceptional advantages would be afforded. With a less sum than would be required to fit him for, and establish him in a profession, he could take this farm, have it stocked, and be regularly set up in business as a Lancashire yeoman. He would then be able to make his way without further assistance from anyone; of that he had no doubt whatever. He then began to speak with considerable diffidence of his attachment to Miss Mawson. As he went on, finding that his communication produced no mark of disapprobation, he gained more confidence, and enlarged upon the theme until his affectionate parent yawned in his face thrice; each successive yawn being more distinctly ejaculated than its predecessor. This, though far from encouraging, was better than positive and avowed disapproval; and Juvenis floundered on until he had delivered what was probably the longest speech he had ever made in his life up to that moment. And then he paused for a reply.

The Squire pronounced his decision without deliberating three seconds. His only anxiety was to get the matter off his hands, and return to his books.

And to this effect were the words of Horace Wilford, Esquire, the Indifferent.

"As you tell me that you have fully made up what you are pleased to call your 'mind,' and are resolved to marry this—this young person—that subject may be considered as at an end between us. If you insist upon taking this Lancashire farm, I suppose there is no more to be said on that subject either. You are not of age, and would probably not be accepted as a tenant upon your own responsibility; but that difficulty, I imagine, may easily be got over by the intervention of a third party. It will take fully all I have to give you to carry out the project; and I consider it my duty to advise you beforehand that under no possible contingency of circumstances are you to expect another farthing from me, either during my life or afterwards. I further consider it my duty to warn you that in less than five years from the day you take possession of the farm (beyond which time I must decline to become answerable for the rent) you will be an inmate of the workhouse. That, understand, will be wholly your own affair; at least it will certainly be none of mine. As you make your bed, so must you lie. After your marriage, it will of course be desirable that you never visit at this house, or attempt to associate or correspond with any of its inmates. Have you taken all these matters into consideration? Very well; then it will be useless for us to prolong this interview. All arrangements will be carried out by Ryeeroffs, with whom you will confer about this farm, and—and, in short, about any other matters which it may be necessary to discuss. Now, shake hands, for I have lost a precious hour with you. What on earth is the boy crying for? I am not in the least angry, I give you my word of honour as a gentleman. On the contrary I wish you well, and trust that you may be happy in your new relations. Good bye—good bye!"

And Robert Wilford once more went out from the presence of his father; and the two never met again on this side the grave.

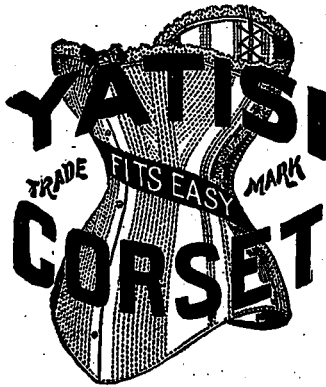
I wonder if they have ever met on the other

Within three months my father and mother were married and settled down on the farm in Lancashire; where, in fulness of time—that is to say, in rather less than three years—two children were born to them. My sister Sarah was the first to make her appearance. Next came my brother Norman. These, however, were almost the only additions which my father had been able to make to his possessions since the commencement of his tenancy. The last few seasons had been unpropitious for the farming interest. He had not much more knowledge of practical farming than of practical cotton-spinning, and his youth and inexperience had told sadly against him. He was going down hill every day; and he knew it. He saw ruin stealthily advancing towards him with slow but certain steps. England was evidently no place for him. About this time he received a visit from his father-in-law, who was not long in discovering how the land lay.

"Belaike, mey lad, yo'r feyther'll tooarn aht a true prophet eftther ahl. Two years mooar, an' then—th' workus."

This was inspiring. For a genuine consoler in affliction, such as it has fallen to the lot of most of us to encounter at least once in our lives, here was your customer. As has been well said, "When a fellow gets to going down hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion." What happy man of mature age is there among my readers who cannot confirm this aphorism from his own experience of human nature? When the woes of life press most sorely upon a man: when his cup of affliction is full to overflowing: when the clouds impending over him are all alike sombre, and no silver lining is apparent in any one of them: when he stands most in need of words of cheer: when the future seems one mass of unrelieved blackness, and no ray of hope is visible, even at the end of the journey—under such gloomy conditions as these, is not the one suggestion most repellant to the soul of the afflicted one certain to emanate from some officious, coarse-grained egotist who administers his potion under the guise of friendship? And has it not been ever thus? Have not these Job's comforters existed from time immemorial? I have no manner of doubt that if work-houses existed in the time of the Man of Uz, that much-enduring individual was counselled by his friends Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, to betake himself to the one belonging to the parish in which he had obtained a settlement.

(Continued next week.)



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

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

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S. VERNON, Esq.,

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St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

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