

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Vol. 1. }
No. 4. }

Saturday, February 5th, 1887.

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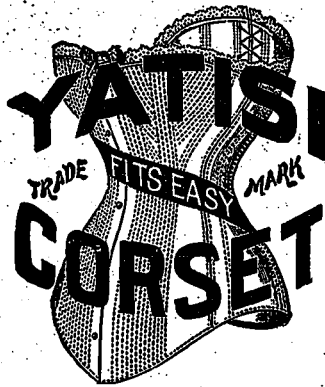
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{ \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is a certain amount of opposition to Mr. Jury in East Toronto, on the ground of his religious belief; or rather, upon the ground of his alleged total *want* of religious belief. This plea has been openly put forward, not by the illiterate and ignorant, but by persons of education and (presumable) intelligence, who appear to suppose that in setting up such a cry they are rendering an essential service to the cause of religion. In a contingency like this, no journal professing to be conducted on independent and enlightened principles can afford to keep silence.

WITH Mr. Jury, as a member of a political party, this paper has no present concern. Whether he is a Grit or a Liberal Conservative is a question which for us has no particular significance. But of Mr. Jury as a man, a member of society, and a candidate for Parliament, we claim to hold, and to have the right to express, one or two distinct and positive opinions. These opinions are so strongly held that they amount to heartfelt convictions. They may be expressed somewhat after this fashion. If Mr. Jury's political principles are unsound or pernicious; if they are dangerous to the common weal; if he is personally stupid or unprogressive; if he conducts his business in a dishonest or disreputable manner; if his private life is dissolute or impure—any or all of these circumstances, if clearly established, would afford more or less justification for opposing his return. But a man's religious belief stands upon a different footing. It is a matter lying entirely between himself and his Maker. Generally speaking, it is a thing altogether beyond his own control. It has nothing whatever to do with his eligibility to sit in the legislature, any more than it has to do with his fitness to travel by rail, to occupy a comfortable dwelling-house, or to break stones upon the highway. If a man applies for authority to preach the Gospel under the direction of his spiritual superiors; if he asks for employment as a city missionary; if he seeks to be

appointed a member of the synod, the presbytery or the church conference: in all such contingencies as these, an enquiry into his religious belief becomes eminently right and proper. But the question has no right to be asked, or even taken into account, in the ordinary business of everyday life, with which religious belief has no necessary connection. One might have supposed that Macauley's presentation of this argument more than fifty years ago had been so entirely conclusive that any subsequent reiteration of it would not be called for. "Nobody," he wrote, "has ever thought of compelling cobblers to make any declaration on the true faith of a Christian. Any man would rather have his shoes mended by a heretical cobbler than by a person who had subscribed all the Thirty-Nine Articles but had never handled an awl. Men act thus, not because they are indifferent to religion, but because they do not see what religion has to do with the mending of their shoes. Yet religion has as much to do with the mending of shoes as with the budget and the army estimates"—or, Macauley might have added, with the ordinary and legitimate duties of a member of Parliament. The man who, in this year of grace 1887, raises the question of the religious belief of a candidate for Parliament is at least half a century behind his age. Most certainly he has no right to enrol himself in the ranks of Liberalism.

WHAT are the material facts with regard to Mr. Jury? So far as we have been able to learn, he is an advanced, but by no means an ultra Radical in all matters, whether religious, political or social. He is neither a Socialist nor a visionary. He believes in reforming the constitution, not in overturning it. As compared with some trusted members of the Reform party, his political views may almost be called moderate. Of his perfect sincerity in all matters nobody appears to entertain the slightest doubt. He is no scoffer, and does not go out of his way to proclaim his views to the multitude. That he is bright and intelligent, with all his wits about him, and that he can render a reason for his opinions, no one who has talked with him for five minutes will venture to deny. He is known as an honourable, enterprising man of business, whose word is his bond, and whose private life is unimpeachable. All these things his opponents are compelled to admit. How about the private lives of those whose voices are raised the most loudly against him? Will they bear the test of minute investigation as well as his? We trow not. There is an old proverb about those who dwell in glass houses, and there are certain persons who might do worse than bear this proverb in mind.

MR. MERCIER, we are told, "is prepared to pass an orthodox school law—that is, one approved by the bishops of the Province, for we can do nothing without them just now—but later on, when we get the masses educated enough to realize the advantages of lay teaching, then we can do better still." Just so. Mr. Mercier has evidently taken to heart the wisdom of the prudent mother who advised her son not to go into the water until he had learned to swim.

THE question of State education, and of Common and Separate Schools, of which we heard so much during the late provincial contest, is now being put on one side as troublesome. This may suit the play of the party hacks on both sides, but it will not suit the people. It is an awkward matter, and the longer it is shuffled with the worse it will become. We can see but one possible solution of the difficulty. We must establish State secular schools, and the Separate Schools must go. That is to say, to the levying of the education rate there must be no exceptions. If any sect wants schools apart, they should be allowed only on two conditions:—(1) That they be supported entirely by those who asked for them; and (2) That the education given be well up to the average of the Common Schools. We should not then hear of much demand for Separate Schools. Rate-supported schools for Catholics were a compromise, and, like most compromises, a mistake; because if they have them we cannot justly refuse them to any other religious body which becomes numerous enough to make the claim. Public opinion may not yet be ready for such a change; but if the attention of candidates is now called to the education difficulty, it is to be hoped that some among the number will have the pluck to try and ripen opinion among their constituents.

ENGLISHMEN who have paid a brief visit to this continent are very apt to go home and complain that English matters are generally misunderstood out here. There is some truth in this, but there is also fair excuse for such misunderstanding. Thus, it certainly does appear strange to us on this side of the Atlantic that just now, for example, while the political leaders of the nation are stirred to their nethermost depths, the society leaders are all in one form or another figuring in the Divorce Court. The Dilke case was bad, and the Campbell case was if possible worse. Now we are threatened with a batch of aristocratic divorce suits, and we are told that for intensity of interest and piquancy of detail the unsavoury reputations of Dilke and Campbell will be left in the shade. One lady, "a society belle," appears with twelve respondents. It is to be hoped that we shall be spared the details, especially in the full flavour of their piquancy. Several American papers have lately earned honourable mention for refusing to soil their pages by printing these details. This is better than having several columns of the offensive matter sent through by cable, and as an antidote, a moral editorial to say how shocking it all is. Some

Canadian papers might in the future act on the hint here conveyed. It however rests very much with the public, as editors, all the world over, will cater to the public taste.

THE explanation of Lord Randolph Churchill has fallen very flat. The course he has pursued is generally condemned by his friends, but considered praiseworthy by his opponents—a very dubious compliment. He has acted from pique, justifiable enough, possibly, from the kind of opposition he has met with from the ultra Conservatives in the Cabinet, yet much to be regretted from a public point of view. His late action is to be regretted, because it will for some time mar his usefulness. In view of the condition of things on the European Continent the Marquis of Salisbury cannot be blamed for not reducing the army and navy estimates. Of much more importance than the paring off of an odd million or so in the estimates is the question of efficiency, which is in truth the real economy. It is so in the small affairs of ordinary life, but especially so in matters of great public import. Lord Randolph's course has caused excitement in the various branches of the civil service, but economic spasms are frequent in England, and seldom result in much reform. His lordship has undoubtedly for the time impaired his usefulness, and rudely checked the onward course of a promising career.

RANTING for the plaudits of the gallery is a trick well known on the stage, and raving on the platform to secure the popular vote is an old expedient of the average American politician. Some of our neighbours across the line are just now very angry, and, as far as they are able, have already declared war and shed much blood. The only thing to be regretted is that occasionally this hysteric shrieking is heard abroad, and is sometimes mistaken for American opinion. Hence has arisen the idea one so often hears expressed in England that with the Yankees it is in all matters a case of "win, tin, or wrangle." The present cry for our fish or our blood will be pointed to as confirming the idea. But whatever the language of the press or the platform may be, the language of diplomacy is essentially courteous, and we may safely infer that when Minister Phelps calls on the Marquis of Salisbury, those gentlemen neither commence nor close the conference by shaking their fists in one another's faces. Let tuft-hunting congressmen and senators squall ever so loudly, the present dispute will of course be amicably settled, and Canadians, by acting with firmness and dignity, will preserve their rights and hold their own. We can also set an example of calmness in the matter. We need not use jeers and jibes ourselves, nor encourage their use in others; but we can all so act that we may, in the eloquent words of John Bright—used many years ago during a much more serious crisis—"do all that lies in our power to promote generous thoughts and generous words and generous deeds between two great nations, both speaking the English language, and both entitled, from a common origin, to lay claim to the English name."

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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THE RACE MOVEMENT.

I CONTINUE my remarks from last week.

Like the Castors and the Bleus, the Rouges have little love for the English. They see in the latter a constantly opposing force, and they imagine that were Quebec solely French, between the warring Conservative wings of a great political party, they might grow numerous enough in time to wrest power, and govern the country after their own fashion. As bitter attacks on English nationality appear in their newspapers as may be found in the Castor and Bleu journals, and certainly their public speakers and orators are as defiant and insolent as the noisiest Tory demagogue in the list. Now, why is this so? Can any one answer the question? Hatred of the English must come from the cradle. Not long ago, in the city of Quebec, Louis Frechette's drama of *Papineau* was performed in a theatre. The play is full of keen allusions against English rule, and some witty speeches at the expense of the Saxon occur at intervals. In the gallery were seated three hundred boys of from ten to eighteen years of age. They could only have been connected with the revolution in the remotest way. Father or grandfather, perhaps, may have taken a part in the struggle; yet though fifty years had passed away, and all the wrongs had been redressed, whenever one of these patriotic speeches was uttered by the performers, cheer after cheer rent the building, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The youngsters were really moved; their eyes flashed fire, and their faces burned hot and red, just as if the struggle had occurred yesterday, and they had been active participants in the fray. Now, all this means much. As a sign of the times it means a very great deal, and reveals a condition of things that steady-going old English loyalists cannot tolerate. It shows that, perhaps, after all, French Canadian loyalty to Great Britain is only skin deep and not at all sincere.

The French Canadian is tenacious of his language. He insists on its use in every public department, in Parliament, and in the Courts of Justice. Litigation is rendered doubly more expensive than it is in Ontario because every step in court is made in both languages. The lawyers plead in French and in English. An interpreter translates for the benefit of the jury, which is always a mixed one, and the Judge charges in both tongues. Law is thus rendered costly and cumbersome. Next to his religion, the French Canadian values his language, and the ultra newspapers even go to the length of advising their readers to teach their children French only, lest the learning of English might corrupt the tongue. Of course, this counsel is not followed by the intelligent people of the country, but it is given all the same, and in some of the remote districts it is really acted upon.

Every French Canadian has a dream of Paris, and when he can afford it he goes to the gay city to find his fancy rudely

shaken. For the most part he is pious, never misses his mass, and reads only the books which are not prohibited by his Church. The France he treasures in his heart is the France of Louis the Fourteenth. With the France of to-day, with its treatment of sacred things and its cruelty towards the Roman Catholic clergy, he cannot have much sympathy, and when he returns to Canada after a few months sojourn in that country, he rarely wishes to cross the sea again. The vision did not come up to his expectations. But he does not love England any better. He loves French Canada more, and would live all his days a French Provincialist, narrow and circumscribed, but supremely happy in his faith, his environment and his mode of life. His priest encourages him to stay at home, and to marry young. Large families are the rule rather than the exception. Immigration from France is not desired. The Church preaches against the admission into Quebec Province of careless, half-infidel Frenchmen who are apt to bring new ideas into the close community over which he presides. As a result of this the inflow of real Frenchmen, as the natives of France are called, is very small—not a dozen a year. The local government spends very little to bring immigrants into the country, but much is expended to bring French Canadians back from the United States. Many go every year to the manufacturing towns of New England and New York, where they are better paid, better fed, and sure of more constant employment than they would be were they to remain in Canada. Often they return home; some do not venture away again, but the majority of them pass their time between the place of their birth and the place of their adoption. Their clergy do not like them to go away. They fear that they may become inoculated by intercourse with their heretical neighbours, and there is always danger that they may leave the Church. Hence every effort is made by Church and State to secure their frequent return, with a view always of eventually inducing them to permanently stay in Canada.

Socially, the French Canadian is a good neighbour. He is frugal and cheerful, and though he works hard his scale of remuneration is not high. Both sexes love showy finery, and a man and woman will often pinch their stomachs in order that their backs may be well covered. Side by side with Englishmen they have lived many years on terms of apparent friendship. There has never been real cordiality between the races, except in occasional cases. Before Confederation parties in Parliament were so evenly divided that business could not go on, and political deadlocks often checked Parliamentary progress and advancement. To kill the deadlock, leaders proposed a larger union, and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were invited to throw in their lot with old Canada, and form one Dominion. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did so, and later on the little Island entered the union. Matters worked with tolerable smoothness for a while, but promise of trouble comes with the extraordinary development within the last ten or a dozen years of intense race prejudice. If this spirit is not soon curbed it must, without doubt, imperil the safety of Confederation. In Montreal the feeling runs stronger than elsewhere, though in Quebec it is only less violent in degree. The Quebec newspapers can be as rabid as their *confreeres* in Montreal on occasion, and when war is waged in the journals of the day, vituperation, abuse and scurrility form the principle weapons of the belligerents. The spectacle is not edifying, and such discussions only serve to widen the breach between the two nationalities, and to fan the flame to greater heat than ever.

The chief objection to French domination lies in the aggressive way in which the claims of the French are preferred and insisted on. The English population would not care so much about the demands of French Canada were they presented in anything like polite or Parliamentary terms. But they are disgusted with the towering, domineering insolence of the claimants, and when it is considered that fully three-fourths of the taxation of the country is borne by the proscribed race, it is no wonder that the English cannot tolerate French aggressiveness.

The politicians and press encourage discord among the races. They have objects to serve in keeping the two sections of population apart, and they play on the fears and the prejudices of English and French alike, in all the moods and tenses of their vocabulary. Bloodshed may come sooner than many expect. It may come at once, unless wise counsels prevail, and the demon of race-passion is downed. The French and English will never love each other, but they might at least live in peace together. "Civil liberty was given them (the French) by the British sword," says Parkman, "but the conqueror left their religious systems untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardianship is not without certain advantages. When faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues, if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping; but it is fatal to mental robustness and moral courage; and if French Canada would fulfil its aspirations it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world."

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

RECENT numbers of *The Forum* and *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* contain two striking articles on literary criticism, which the general reader will look at with more or less interest. The savage attack of the *Quarterly Review* on Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Shakespeare to Pope," suggests the *Forum's* paper on literary log-rolling, and the weakness and spitefulness of the average newspaper reviews of new books afford Mr. Edgar Fawcett the opportunity of saying some sharp things in *Lippincott* on criticism in general, and the men and women who dissect the current literature of the day for the American public in particular. Mr. Fawcett asks "Should critics be gentlemen?" but before he is quite finished with his subject, he shows conclusively that the average newspaper critic is not only not a gentleman in feeling or in manner, but is indeed a coarse, ignorant and narrow-minded individual, whimsical and conceited to the very extreme, and conscious of power which he may use at will for the purpose of crushing and destroying the literary life of any one against whom he chooses to level his shafts. Mr. Fawcett has evidently suffered much from the critics, both the gushers who praise his books without reading them, and the malignant ones who read them with the single object of finding weak points in the narrative and false quantities in his verse, each being equally obnoxious to the novelist and poet. Mr. Fawcett prints several examples to show the tenableness of his argument, but clever as his reasoning undoubtedly is, his contribution to the literature of his subject is only new in degree. What he says about the critics of to-day could have been said, and was said, nearly a hundred years ago. We all know the savagery of the early *Quarterly Review* and what it did for Keats. And such men as Macaulay and Jeffrey and Sydney Smith and the *Edinburgh Review* ers, did not think it beneath their dignity to cut up their neighbours' books, and even the authors on themselves, occasion. These reviewers used to meet and improve on each other's work. Macaulay, or some one else, tells the story that after one of the *coterie* had said all the sharp things that he

could say about a book and its author, the manuscript of the assault was submitted to the other friends in council, when each one present contributed spices of ridicule or knivesful of pain, the object being to make the blow as telling and as severe as the combined ability of these masters of sharp writing could make it. We have really nothing like this now-a-days, though, perhaps venomous criticism is more frequent than helpful or sympathetic reviewing. Of George D. Prentice, who could be as witty and wise as he was harsh and cold-blooded, when moved by his mood, it is related that during a visit of Horace Mann to his sanctum in Kentucky he asked that skilful master of nervous English to cut up a political opponent in his best style. Prentice put on his hat and went out, saying that he would return in a couple of hours, and telling Mann not to spare himself, but to lay on his strokes as heavily as he could. Mann flattered himself that he was equal to the mark. He began his task at once, and by the time that Prentice returned he had completed the article, and was contemplating it with the fierce joy that blood-thirsty critics feel. "There," said he to the editor, "will that do? How do you like it?" Prentice read it over carefully, and with evident delight, but when he had reached the conclusion he said to Mann: "Have you any objection to my adding a few paragraphs, by way of finishing it?" "Oh, no," said Mann—whereupon Prentice seized his pen, and began "Thus far, we have restrained our feelings." It may be conjectured that the attack was pointed enough when those two doughty veterans of the pen had said all that they wanted to say on the subject.

Well, as may be said, double-headed criticism, particularly of letters, is not so common in our day; but it is not so much against the severity of the newspaper reviewers that Mr. Fawcett complains. He finds fault with the general inadequacy of the average book notices, the ignorance of the critics, and their lack of equipment for the work they undertake, without the slightest misgiving regarding their fitness and aptitude. Of course, he scolds a good deal, but this is allowable, for have we not said, and has not Mr. Fawcett himself said that he is a sufferer? Mr. Fawcett's weakest point is where he recommends the total abolition of the newspaper critic. "All published comments on books in current newspapers" our author regards as "absurdly needless," and he would banish them from the columns of the journals, had he but his way. To this sweeping specimen of destructive criticism on the part of Mr. Fawcett we may well demur. Surely the book reviewing in the United States, faulty as it is, and spiteful as it must occasionally be, is preferable to the treatment which Canadian writers receive from the average Canadian newspaper. The Canadian world is so given to politics and commerce that the great organs of public opinion can find little or no space to devote to Canadian authorship. No Canadian newspaper employs a regular book reviewer, and such notices as from time to time appear are most trivial and perfunctory. Throughout the whole Dominion of Canada, not more than three or four daily newspapers take the slightest interest in literature, and three or four only attempt to publish reviews of books. This might please Mr. Fawcett, but it is not an encouraging showing for us.

Mr. Fawcett cites, with approval, the methods of a New York firm of publishers, who send their books to authors of established fame, and invite opinions on their merits. These they print as advertisements, and the plan is no doubt good, but how long does Mr. Fawcett think that authors of reputation would be found willing to act as "puffers" for the book-sellers? (Of the making of books there is no end, and the kindly critics would soon find themselves unable to keep up with the demand on their time and patience, which the new system of book-noticing would entail. To the publisher, certainly, the plan has the merit of cheapness, but think of the trials of the unfortunate writer of "established fame," who would have to wade through all sorts of books merely to oblige. Mr. Fawcett, of course, does not call this real criticism, but he considers that it would be a "compromise, not a settlement; an improvement, not a remedy." Glendower could call spirits from the vasty deep. The publishers would soon find that the notices they summoned would not come. No author of established fame could afford to put himself in the position Mr. Fawcett and indeed other

writers of as charming English would like to see him occupy towards his brethren of the pen. And this leads us to say a word or two about Mr. J. Clayton Adams's article on "Literary Log-rolling" in the *Forum*. Mr. Adams is rather captious, and he snarls. Without mentioning his name, he makes an onslaught on Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's pleasant paper in a late *Harper* on the literary movement in New York. Mr. Lathrop had a difficult task to pursue, but he managed to do it creditably, and while his portraits of the poets and novelists of Gotham are warm-tinted, the colouring was not laid on with a trowel. His picture is an agreeable one, and full of interest to lovers of literary chit-chat. Mr. Adams is down on literary clubs, and evidently, on literary friendships as well. He says there are *cliques* and rings in New York, and that mutual puffery of each other's wares is an established thing among his fellow authors in the great city. He insists that eulogy and compliment are indulged in *ad nauseam*. "The matter," he says, "is too contemptible for laughter, and too noisome to be passed over in silence. Every man of letters who seeks fame by the straight and honourable road is interested in seeing literary chicanery exposed; for if these censurable practices are to be continued, honest men will be obliged to adopt similar methods or be forced altogether from the field. Literature will then become little better than sensational journalism, and he whose tongue is the oiliest, or whose purse is the longest, will achieve the highest literary reputation." And this unlovely drawing reveals Mr. Adams's opinion of the men who represent the literary activity of the New York of the present day. He says, "the public—the poor, thoughtless, deluded public—has it no rights which men of the pen are bound to respect? Apparently none which these 'authors' recognize, else they would not so systematically palm off upon it their spurious wares disguised under the gilt and tinsel of false labels. They look upon the public through the same spectacles as the mountebank, who dances and plays his tricks upon the stage to win applause and dollars, regarding it merely as a body for them to practice on. Like the vendors of patent cure-alls, they have learned the value of persistent advertising, for they have discovered that the credulous public is as ready to swallow literary charlatanism, when well-sugared, as pills and panaceas. What if the reputation—or, rather, the notoriety—thus won be as ephemeral as it is factitious? These gentlemen live only from hand to mouth, for they are probably shrewd enough to know that not one of them will be heard of twenty years hence, and that the books which they so systematically puff into a brief existence will long ere then pass to the second-hand stalls or the pulp-mill. But they never give a thought to the future, for, like the courtesan, they stake their all to win the joys of a gilded present, and make no effort to grasp what they feel to be for them an impossible immortality." One is forced to the conclusion, after reading all this, that Mr. Adams is soured with the literary world. He is evidently without the charmed circle. But is it true that there are literary rings in New York, that men write puffs of each other's books in the newspapers and in the magazines, and that really meritorious work is snuffed out? Is it true, as averred by this sharp critic, that newspaper men and magazineists exchange space in each other's publications, to the detriment of the reading public? If all these charges are true, then indeed, is the literary movement in New York in a sorry enough condition. If Mr. Fawcett's critics are not gentlemen, but spiteful and revengeful creatures, then indeed, the art of criticism in New York is in a bad way. But is there no mean between these two sweeping assertions? The spirit of Mr. Adams's article is ungenerous to a degree. He writes with the jaundiced pen of a disappointed man. Mr. Fawcett's presentation is far more Catholic in tone.—GEORGE STEWART, JR.

THE *Madras Times* reports an extraordinary case which came on for hearing recently before the Madras Small Cause Court. A native doctor sued a clerk for the sum of fifty rupees for extracting a devil from the body of his brother. The clerk's defence was that his brother was not possessed of a devil at all. After some discussion the case was adjourned.

Correspondence.

WE have very great pleasure in inserting the following remarkably well-written letter from a genuine workingman.

The Sabbath or Rest Day Question.

EDITOR ARCTURUS:

SIR:—There is a letter and also an editorial in *ARCTURUS* of January 22nd on the Sabbath-day question. Joshua Davidson, the writer of the letter, complains of intolerance on the part of the religious public. The editorial writer is afraid, rather, that Sabbatarians are going too far in the attempt to force a rigid observance of the first day of the week.

Whether Joshua Davidson is justified in his complaint, or the editorial writer has any reason to fear the actions of Sabbatarians and workingmen, is a matter that time only can properly solve.

In the meantime, it is a fit subject for discussion, and it is a matter of interest to all *bona fide* toilers, whether labour on this day shall be curtailed as much as possible, consistently with justice. This is a question that should be approached with a sincerity of purpose in the interest of humanity. It wants no flippant individualism, no carping criticism. It is not a matter whether *my* selfish desires shall be gratified with a ride or a whim on that day, but whether I can benefit my fellow-toilers by abstaining from such gratification. Many Christians, doubtless, have "a zeal of God which is not according to knowledge." And may it not be said with propriety that there are others who may be similarly classed? Any one individual, or *coterie* of individuals, does not monopolize all the knowledge. Majorities, certainly, are not always right. "Let him who is free from sin cast the first stone," may be applied in the present case. All of us, more or less, have our *local* light as we look out upon things. And it focuses our sight with a bias. Upon the broad ground of humanity we should stand, endeavouring to prevent this bias shadowing our reason as we deal with the Rest Day question. I do not know Joshua Davidson, or the editorial writer. They may be diligent toilers for ten or twelve hours in the day for six days in the week. If they are, their sympathy, *certainly*, can be counted on for the toiling masses.

Too many of us are liable to lose sight of the fact that this is a selfish world, wherein we want our particular whim carried out or our selfish desires gratified. In fact we seem not to care to stop to ask the better side of our human nature: "Am I adding pain to others by this particular whim, or by my self-gratification." Now, the question focuses itself into one particular point. Do these Sabbatarians desire to increase or *ease* the burdens of humanity, as well as to please the "Infinite Deity," when they attempt to enforce a rigid observance of the Lord's Day? It is not whether necessary work shall be done on this day, for works of necessity and mercy, as well as religion, come within the lines of those Sabbatarians. No bugbear, if you please, of "intolerance," and of those "gloomiest and unlovely" periods of history to act as arguments against the question. The ignorant past is not wanted, but the intelligent present is wanted to come to our aid and solve this question. If these Sabbatarians appear to be intolerant in their attempt to enforce rigid laws against unnecessary labour on this day, be careful that you do not condemn yourselves of a graver fault.

If these Sabbatarians err in being too stringent in the enforcement of the law, they do not err to gratify their fleshly desires, for many of them deny themselves of what would gratify their selfish inclinations in keeping this day holy unto God. But from your reasoning you follow a contrary line of action. You wish your selfish desires to be gratified, and because these Sabbatarians wish to interpose a law against your self-gratification you "kick against the pricks." While these Sabbatarians are *intolerant* in a humane as well as a godly cause, you are *intolerant* because your self-gratification is interfered with. Self-gratification has been too long a plausible argument used by mistaken friends, as well as by misguiding enemies, of the honest toilers of this world. Intelligent workmen are beginning to see that the yoke of these Sabbatarians is easy in comparison to the grinding burden of incessant toil. They look upon this Rest Day as one great

step in the direction of their social happiness. These lower masses of workmen have been, and are, the great burden bearers and sufferers from incessant toil. The more hours they work the less pay they get, and as a consequence greater suffering is entailed upon them.

They have been crying in the night
Beneath the burden they have borne;
They have borne it until the light
Shone in upon their weary plight;
Now they are striking for the right,
Out from the darkness so forlorn.

Toronto, Jan. 25th, 1887.

JOHN PLANE.

Editor ARCTURUS:

SIR:—Noticing an editorial comment in ARCTURUS, commenting on the conduct of the Hinton towards their little girl, and the punishment they have received, will you allow me to say a word? I do not for a single moment justify their cruelty, but I think I can account for it. For some time back a wave of sentiment has prevailed in this country against the employment of corporal punishment in the education of the young of both sexes, and as the young have to be punished, resort is had to other means, frequently more severe and never so safe as a sound whipping. A morbid desire is created for devising fancy punishment, and in avoiding the use of the rod, the child is subjected to corrections of inquisitorial severity. I know one family in this city who punish their children by depriving them of one, two or three meals in succession, and the culprit has to sit at table with hands tied behind its back while the family are eating. I think a whipping would be more wholesome morally and physically than this punishment. I know a lady, also a resident of this city, who punishes her daughters by forcing their arms as close together behind their backs as possible by a leather strap, and leaves them locked up in an attic suffering intense physical pain for hours at a time. I do not believe these cases are as exceptional as you may imagine, and if you permit correspondence on the subject, I have no doubt you will find other instances of fancy punishments known to your correspondents. Yours truly,

J. H. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

FROM Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers, Chicago, we have received *The Social Status of European and American Women*, and *The Legend of Hamlet*. The latter is written by George P. Hansen, late U. S. Consul at Elsinore, Denmark, and contains a fund of matter interesting to students of Shakspeare.

Poems in Many Tones is the title of a new book by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, Nova Scotia. It includes all of Mr. Roberts's poetical writings since the publication of *Orion and Other Poems* in 1880. Some of these have appeared in the *Century* and other periodicals, and some are now printed for the first time.

THERE are rumours of a new edition of Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard's *Dolly*, which ran through the *Toronto News* a few months ago, and was subsequently issued in book form by the Rose Publishing Co. The new edition is likely to be issued by a leading United States publishing house. The illustrations will probably be omitted.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, published an ode when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. He has just issued a jubilee poem entitled *Jubilate*. He is naturally a little proud, and boasts that

"I, unchanged from youth to age
This half-century of time,
Live to fling the champion gage
In this tournament of rhyme."

It is announced that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, will shortly bring out a volume of poems by Mr. T. B. Phillips-Stewart. This young poet is a resident of Toronto, and attended University College last year. We have not seen any of

his poetry, but persons who ought to be competent judges speak of it with a good deal of enthusiasm. It is said to be quiet rather than vigorous in tone, yet displaying loftiness of thought and depth of feeling indicative of the true poetic spirit. The imprint of his publishers will be a good introduction to the world of London.

THE days of the patriarchs are not ended. Some men appear to live forever. J. Maddison Morton, known all over the world as the author of *Box and Cox*, might reasonably have been supposed to have entered into his rest long ago. As matter of fact he is still to the fore. A good many years ago he took up his abode in the Charterhouse, where he has ever since had his quarters. And now, in his extreme old age, he has produced a new play. A farce from his pen entitled *Oh, that Boy!* just written, is being played with great success in London. Were all the moral maxims of our youth a mistake? "Early to bed and early to rise" was then taught as a gospel truth, which none but an infidel would presume to deny. And yet, of all the authors and journalists whom one has known, very many are still revelling in a green old age. They are not, and never have been in the habit of retiring with the setting sun, or of rising with the lark. They indulge in tobacco, late suppers, and late hours, and yet they seem to wear at least as well as the careful ones who never smoke and always take their "beauty sleep." Tom Moore was right when he sang

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to borrow a few hours from the night."

AN article in the Midwinter number of the *Century* is of considerably more than common interest. It is by George P. Lathrop, and describes "The Bailing of Jefferson Davis." The material has been mainly derived from the recollections and documentary evidence of ex-Chief Justice Shea, of the Marine Court, who was the attorney of record in the Davis case, with Charles O'Connor as senior counsel. A fac-simile of the power of attorney given to George Shea by Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and Cornelius Vanderbilt to sign the bail-bond accompanies this paper, which, it is claimed, presents for the first time the complete and curious history of the influences and occurrences which led to Davis's liberation and the abandonment of his prosecution, showing how extreme Abolitionists like Greeley and Gerrit Smith co-operated with Democrats in bringing about this result.

We have received from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, an advance announcement of the American reprint of the translation of Zola's new novel. It is entitled *Christine the Model*—a name eminently suggestive, when the style of this most realistic of French authors is borne in mind. *Christine* appears to be a sort of continuation of *L'Assommoir* and *Nana*, its hero being Claude Lantier, the son of the Gervaise and Lantier of the first-named story. It is understood that Zola has, to a large extent, drawn upon his own personal experiences in this latest product of his pen. The same publishers also announce an autobiographical work by Mrs. Beaumont, entitled *Twelve Years of My Life*.

THE January number of *Shakespeareana* contains a letter from that most interesting and inventive of literary "cranks," Ignatius Donnelly. The announcement made last winter of his extraordinary book, in which he is to prove that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakspeare, aroused an amount of expectation which has been accorded to few literary questions of late years. It would have aroused still more were it not for the fact that no competent Shakspearean scholar has any faith whatever in his pretended discoveries, although he himself stakes his reputation upon them. His reputation, however, does not constitute a desperately high stake. It rests upon *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok*, both of which are interesting and ingenious books, but they say much more for the author's cleverness and ingenuity than for his critical sagacity; and indeed they can hardly have been intended to be taken seriously. He now writes to say that his work has been greatly delayed by political distractions; but he hopes to place the copy in the printer's hands this winter. "I do not wonder," he writes, "at the incredulity of the world. I should not myself

believe in the existence of such a cipher if I had not the proofs of it, constantly before me as I work." This, of course, is an allusion to the alleged Bacon-cipher. "But," he adds, "I should as soon think that the arithmetical relations of the multiplication table were the result of accident as that a continuous, coherent, grammatical and rhetorical narrative could grow by chance out of a given number (say 740), applied to the paging of the folio of 1623, with mathematical precision." As to which, it is only necessary to say, with that profound Shakspearean scholar, the late Richard Grant White: "As to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. It is as certain that William Shakspeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum*, the *Advancement of Learning*, and the *Essays*. We know this as well as we know any fact in history. The notion that Bacon also wrote *Titus Andronicus*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello* is not worth five minutes consideration by any reasonable creature."

THE full text of Mr. Gladstone's article on *Locksley Hall and the Jubilee*, in the *Nineteenth Century*, has arrived. A perusal of it proves beyond doubt that, notwithstanding the author's advanced years, and the thousand and one distractions which fall to his share as the head of a not very manageable political party, his hand has lost none of its literary cunning. He writes like a master of rhetoric who is not a mere rhetorician. He tells Lord Tennyson some honest truths, which the laureate will do well to take to heart, if he hopes to maintain his reputation as not only a charming writer of verse, but as a writer whose opinions on political and commercial subjects are of intrinsic value. But we fear it is too late in the day for Lord Tennyson. The world moves too fast for his antiquated feet to keep step with her. One would fain think and speak with respect of the man who wrote *Locksley Hall* and *The Princess*, but it is impossible to avoid wishing that he would hold his hand for the rest of his days. He has deservedly won a high place in the front ranks of English poetic literature. Let him "rest and be thankful." How is it that so many actors will not forsake the stage until they are hissed?

POOR Mr. Whittier! His patience—or endurance—has given way at last. He announces, through the *New York Critic*, that he can no longer consent to be the prey of the autograph hunter and the amateur poet. He is of course too kindly and gentle natured to put the matter just in those words, but his meaning is plain, and it is evident enough that his forbearance has failed him. He merely states that he finds it impossible to reply to solicitations which reach him by every mail "for autographs, notices of books, and answers to questions on matters of no real importance to the writers or himself." Every man who has attained to a high place in the world has had experience of this sort of thing, but Whittier, of late years, appears to have had considerably more than his share, and has finally been compelled to enter his protest. He is an old man, who during his long life has given pleasure and instruction to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures. He is well entitled to repose for the rest of his days, which, in the natural order of things, cannot be many.

Murray's Magazine, the new English periodical founded by the well-known house in Albemarle Street, is said to have fallen rather flat, notwithstanding its chapter of *Byroniana*, which one might have supposed would alone have insured for it a large sale and an appreciative circle of readers.

IT is about time for the literary world to rise up in revolt against the so-called realistic school in American fiction. It has steadily been growing drearier and drearier for the last half dozen years or so; and now it has reached a depth of dreariness which cannot hope to be improved upon. Anybody who can read Henry James's last novel from end to end without a sore trial of nerves and temper must be fearfully and wonderfully constituted. We use the term "American fiction" advisedly, as Mr. James is an unmistakable New Englander. He has lived

long abroad, and has done his best to denude himself of his native attributes, but what Dr. Holmes calls "the Brahmin caste" is still strong upon him. Why should such a book be written? and why, O, why should the most patient man alive be expected to read it? Gentle Henry, tell us why.

M. B. CURTIS, well-known to Toronto theatre-goers as *Samuel of Posen*, appears to be ambitious of literary fame. He recently contributed a paper to a dramatic weekly published in New York. At least, he was presumed to have done so, as the article bore his name, and was generally accredited to him. It now turns out that the real author of the contribution was Bret Harte. It is a suggestive fact that the clever actor is now starring in a piece entitled *Caught in a Corner*.

Poetry.

A WOMAN'S WAITING.

UNDER the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
We sat and watched as the sun went down;
Behind as the road stretched back to the east,
On, through the meadows, to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky;
And saw the clouds across the west
Like phantoms of ships sail silently by.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word—
It looked from his eye, and it shadowed his face—
He was going to march with the Twenty-third.

We had been neighbours from childhood up—
Gone to school by the self-same way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Kneled in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung;
Tasted the sweetness of summer days
When hearts are true, and life is young.

But never a love-word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

"Jenny," he said, "I've a work to do
For God and my country and the right—
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now;
I dare not stay away from the fight.

"Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on—
A hope to look forward to by-and-bye?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?"
"I will wait," I answered, "until I die."

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side—
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eve was bright;
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
"Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

"I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now—
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow."

No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-bye.

I did not weep—I tried to be brave—
I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

POETRY AND ADVERTISING.

POETRY and advertising seem to have become blended, "as it were." Ordinary prose has ceased to have the power to invest with proper attractiveness the announcements of vendors. Great emergencies bring out great minds. Hence the necessities of the advertiser have evolved the poet. This, for example, of a tailor, who, spurning prose, "drops into poetry," like Wegg:

Oh! come into the garden, Maud,
And sit beneath the rose,
And see me prance around the beds,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.
Oh! come and bring your uncles, Maud,
Your sisters and your aunts,
And tell them Johnson made my coat,
My waistcoat and my pants.

Equally fanciful and suggestive is this:

Gayly young Ferguson
Bought his cigar—
Bought it at Mulligan's,
Where the best are.
When he wants fine-cut, or
Snuff for his nose,
Gayly young Ferguson
Purchases those.

More substantial, however, is the following, where the mingling of mackerel and emotion, cheese and affection, is really sweet:

Oh! say not I love you because the molasses
You purchased at Simpson's was golden and clear:
The syrup, the sugar, the jelly in glasses,
The crackers, the mack'rel, I know, were not dear.
But when you came to me with Simpson's smoked salmon,
And showed me his samples of Limburger cheese,
I felt that his claim to be cheap was not gammon:
I loved you, and said so, dear Jane, on my knees.

STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

On the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson Bay, there is, among others, a small colony settled which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a skene-dhu, or Highland dirk by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends from the mountains to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with one of them, little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance would direct them to their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe te littlest man—creep you in and durk te little sows, and I'll pe keeping watch at te door." Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, "But Lord, Tonald, pe sure to keep out te old ones."—"Tont you pe fearing tat, man," said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring, and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage boar was so hard upon him ere he was

aware, he scarcely had time for anything: so setting himself firm and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but, that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful Heaven!—the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the mouth of the den, he hasted back to their rescue. Most men would have given all up for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued him in his turn, but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him. Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even, for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—"O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!" said Donald, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts the enraged animal, reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—wrapped it round both his hands—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered how he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him, but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, "Tonald, man, Tonald—that is it that'll ay pe stoping te light?" Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled, has often been heard of—"Tonald, man, Tonald—I say that is that'll ay pe stoping te light?" bellowed Mack—"Should te tail preak, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulder to his large haunches, and pushed him in: and in this position he kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.—James Hogg.

A PARLIAMENTARY return just issued shows the gradual decrease of pauperism in England and Wales during the last thirty years. The total number of paupers in 1886 was 120,000 less than in 1857, though the population is now one-third more. In the latter year there were 43 paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, while now there are only 25 paupers in every 1,000 inhabitants. In the metropolis in 1857 there were 35 paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, and now there are only 22 to every 1,000. In the metropolis the number of paupers in the present year is larger than the numbers in 15 of the other 29 years mentioned. The years in which the numbers were smaller were from 1858 to 1862, from 1875 to 1881, and from 1883 to 1885, inclusive. The proportion of pauperism to population was, however, smaller in the metropolis in 1886 than it was in any other year comprised in the period except 1878. On Saturday week the number of paupers in London, exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, was 36,945; as compared with 96,050 on the corresponding day of last year.

ASPECTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

ONE morning about a fortnight since I came up to Toronto from my rural home in the county of Leeds to make arrangements for the publication of my first—and last—novel. I expected "The Revengful Ranger of the Remorseless Reef" to create a sensation in the republic of letters, and after careful deliberation I was fully resolved to keep the copyright in my own hands, and not to dispose of it upon any terms whatever. How eagerly I looked forward to the time when it would be given to the world with my name on the title-page, accompanied by the usual notice reserving the right of translation. How I deplored the injustice to Canadian authors of the absence of an international copyright law with the United States. Of course my book would be reprinted in New York, and I would reap no direct benefit from the tremendous sale it would certainly have in America. However, there was the consolation that the reprinting of it there would pave the way for the sale of advance sheets of my next romance; and I would meanwhile have an extensive circle of readers.

Having had no experimental knowledge of publishers and their ways, I had resolved to call upon my old friend and college chum, Paul Y. Syllabull, whose name, during the last three or four years, I have frequently seen mentioned in Canadian periodicals in no uncomplimentary terms. He has for some time been a contributor to the daily newspaper press of Toronto, and some of his more elaborate articles have found acceptance in leading English and American magazines. I had determined to submit my MS. to him, and to solicit his advice as to whether it would be more judicious to bring it out in illustrated monthly parts, or to adopt the more common method of putting it forth all at once in a crown 8vo. volume.

Paul and I had not met since the days of our boyhood. Our paths in life since leaving Victoria College, Cobourg, had been widely different. He had no sooner taken his degree than he made his way up to town, articulated himself to a firm of solicitors, and proceeded to read for the bar; which uncongenial pursuit he shortly afterwards abandoned to tread the flowery paths of literature. (N.B.—I particularly affect expressions which are not hackneyed.) I never took a degree at all. In fact, the taking of degrees is not my strong point. I was always fond of reading, but the books which have found most favour in my eyes are not of a kind calculated to train the mind for the passing of college examinations; and I am sorry to say that my tutors, one and all, pronounced me an incorrigible dunce. In doing so, I think they made a mistake; but they were always backward in acknowledging genius, unless the genius happened to be of the most orthodox kind; which mine was not. I hold that a youth may be a trifle loose in his Greek verb, and still not be such an utter dolt, after all. But my tutors, not satisfied with merely pronouncing me a dunce, expressed a unanimous opinion to the effect that I did not possess sufficient application to enable me to learn any respectable trade. It was doubtless in consequence of this expression of opinion on their part that I was articulated by my father to that eminently respectable firm of solicitors, Messrs. Tarr & Phethers, who are known far and wide for the sharpest practitioners in our county. But I was literally

"A youth foredoom'd his father's hopes to cross,
Who penn'd a stanza when he should engrass;"

and did not take kindly to the legal profession. I regret to state that after I had spent a few months in their office, Messrs. T. & P. had the bad taste to echo the opinion erewhile expressed by my college tutors, and to return me upon my father's hands like a bale of unsalable goods. They said there was no use trying to teach the hard, dry science of law to a youth who could not be induced to give his mind to it, and whose head was full of poetry, and romances, and such like rubbish.

It began to be currently reported about the neighbourhood that my father's only son was a noodle. You know what Macaulay says: "No reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius, and soothe the envy of conscious mediocrity." When the Messrs. Rectangle (engineers) declined to receive me as a pupil, my father came to the conclusion that the only course open for me to adopt was to go behind his counter, and retail

sugar, coffee, treacle, and what not. I "accepted the situation," which returned the compliment by accepting me.

But although I so far deferred to my honoured father's judgment as to accede to his wishes in this respect, I had an inward consciousness of the possession of a soul above groceries, and occupied my spare time in the compilation of an intensely exciting story of hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents on the Spanish Main. To cut this part of my account short, I brought my assiduous labours to a close a fortnight since, and came up to town, as already recorded, to publish. I had never corresponded with Paul, and was unacquainted with his address; but, dunce as I am, it occurred to me to consult the directory, where I found what I wanted: "Syllabull, Paul Y., United Empire Buildings, Adelaide St. East." I lost no time in presenting myself at that address, where I found my old friend. His chambers consisted of two scantily furnished apartments on the third floor. He was busily engaged in scratching off an elaborate article for the *Tautological Review*, in which Dr. Cutus Canby's treatise "On the Armour of the Ancient Greeks" was handled pretty roughly, and was shown to be in many respects inaccurate.

There is no need to multiply details about my novel, because that is not what I took pen in hand to enlighten the readers of ARCTURUS about. Suffice it to say that after my friend had perused a few pages of it he convinced me of the utter impracticability of getting it published. He was very frank, and assured me that not even Messrs. Vermun & Scrubbs would undertake to bring out such a farrago of trash. He added that even if it were ushered into the world under the most favourable auspices imaginable, there would be no possibility of inducing anyone outside of a lunatic asylum to accept a copy of it as a gift.

I have been living with Paul ever since. I have just about made up my mind not to return to the home of my boyhood. I am not appreciated there, and my father's customers have been gradually falling off ever since I stationed myself behind his counter. I have made all manner of mistakes, and these mistakes have all been on the wrong side for the customers. During the last week I have advertised in the daily papers for all sorts of situations, but have not yet received any suitable responses. Paul has let me into a few secrets about authorship, which I think may possibly be turned to account, and having nothing better on hand to-day to occupy myself with, I have sat down to write this paper.

I must premise that when Paul and I were at College together he was by no means conspicuous for cleverness or erudition. He was not particularly fond of reading, and knew less of books than I did, except such books as were included in the curriculum; and I have often since wondered where on earth he had contrived to pick up, in so short a time, the marvellous amount of multifarious learning displayed by the articles bearing his name in the various periodicals to which he contributes. I shall never wonder about it any more, because he has told me.

Last evening I came in from a stroll up Jarvis Street, and found him hard at work at an article on the mysterious Michigan murder which took place on Christmas Eve. With his permission I ran my eye over the sheets of his MS., and was hugely astonished at his familiarity with the secret devices of detectives. He suggested what seemed to me a startling and original plan for the discovery of the criminal. He criticised the conduct of the Detroit police-force with the utmost *sans froid*, and it was quite evident that had the matter been placed in *his* hands the culprit would have been arrested, tried, condemned, hanged—and for all I know drawn and quartered—before this time.

"I say Paul," I remarked, "I would like to know how a small head like yours contrives to carry such an enormous amount of knowledge. All subjects are household words to you. In last month's *Technologist* you had an exhaustive article on the Coal Supply. This month you have sent in one on the feasibility of employing petroleum for smelting purposes. A day or two since, you contributed to the pages of the *Ecumenical* a scholarly paper on the Constitution of the United States. Only last night you reviewed Professor Fogey's Manners and Customs of the Middle Ages;" and to-night you seem to be equally at home on "Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts." Where have you managed to pick up such a fund of miscellaneous wisdom?"

Before replying to my question he added a few concluding lines to his article; then leaned back in his chair and lighted his pipe.

"I derive my wisdom from the same source from which other men derive theirs—from books. I have a very valuable library."

"Library; you haven't got any. Where is it?" I asked, incredulously.

He silently pointed to a swing-shelf hanging against the wall, upon which were ranged about a score of shabby, well-worn volumes of various dimensions. I could have tied a string round them, and carried them all on my back, without the slightest inconvenience.

"You don't mean to dignify those few tattered old books by the name of a library, do you?" I asked.

"Listen," he replied, "and I will let you into the whole secret of writing for the periodical press. I wouldn't do as much for everybody, but I owe you some reparation for having dashed your own literary hopes. You can't write a readable novel, but if you will favour me with your close attention I may put you up to the trick of earning bread and butter as I do. That swing-shelf to which I just now directed your attention, of the contents whereof you speak so contemptuously, supports an amount of inspiration which, judiciously used, will last an ordinary literary hack like myself for a lifetime. In order that you may be able to fully realize this truth, I will take down the works in their order, and expound their respective merits to you.

"These ten volumes," continued he, "are CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA—the substratum of all my learning—the field from which I glean straws for nearly all my marketable sheaves. It is absolutely necessary for every man who lives by literature, no matter how generally well-informed he may be, to have constant recourse to an encyclopædia. Every well-furnished newspaper office contains one for the use of the staff, and scarcely a day passes in which it is not consulted. In future, when you pick up one of the leading dailies, and read therein an exhaustive account of the whole process of paper-manufacture, or a brief epitome of all that is known on the subject of Prester John, don't for a moment suppose that the article has been written by a man who has had any practical experience of the manufacture of paper, or who has enjoyed any special facilities for treating of His Most Christian Majesty of the East, who most probably never existed. Just make up your mind that the writer knew no more about the matter than yourself, until he sat down to get up the materials for his article. Such materials as he may need he supplies himself with from time to time, as occasion may require; and as a rule he finds those materials in an encyclopædia. Of course there are much more comprehensive works of this nature than Chambers's. At the head of the list stands the Encyclopædia Britannica—the most valuable work in the English language—but it is too costly a luxury for a poor author to indulge himself with. There is also Knight's Cabinet Cyclopædia, the American Cyclopædia published by the Appletons, and various others; but even those are expensive, and for ordinary purposes this one answers quite as well. I bought it second-hand for half-price—about twelve dollars—and the investment has paid for itself fifty times over. Formerly I had only the first two volumes, which, as you will perceive, only go as far as CHI; so that I was grievously restricted in my choice of a subject. I wrote learned discourses on Ærolites, Acoustics, Alcohol, Architecture, the Barometer, Buddhism, Calico-printing, and the Chinese Empire; but when our editor requested me to furnish him with an article on Hydrostatics, I was compelled to avail myself of the Parliamentary Library. Since I have had the complete work, however, I don't find it necessary to go there once a month. There are very few subjects that present themselves for treatment respecting which I cannot find sufficient information for my purposes in these volumes. You will understand that I have to cut and hack and transpose, and dress the matter up in an original shape in words of my own, occasionally adding a few incidental circumstances obtained from other sources. This identical paper on the Michigan Murder does not contain a single original idea of my own. I have cribbed it all out of the "Memoirs of Vidocq" and Edgar Poe's detective stories, which I specially consulted for the

purpose. That scheme for the detection of the murderer, which you think so brilliant, is at least as old as Fouché, and probably much older.

"Next in order comes this huge quarto, which is WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Of course it is not often that a literary man has occasion to consult a dictionary for the purpose of knowing how to spell a word correctly, or even to ascertain its ordinary meaning; but it is a matter of almost daily necessity to know the *derivation* of a word. I prefer Webster to any other work of the same kind. This, as you will observe, is the last edition; and I have never yet had occasion to trace the history of any word which I have not found here. Then, the definitions are concise and clearly expressed. It accurately exhibits all the various shades and degrees of meaning which are authorized either by prescriptive usage or by actual derivation. It likewise contains a comprehensive list of the phrases in every day use. Here, you see, is an explanatory and pronouncing vocabulary of the noted names of fiction and tradition. To a literary man, this department alone is worth much more than the price of the entire work. "Dark and Bloody Ground," "Seven Wonders of the World," "Sick Man of the East," and a thousand other terms occasionally met with are defined for us clearly and succinctly. Then, there are comprehensive lists shewing the correct pronunciation of Modern Geographical, Biographical, and Greek and Latin names: a collection of contractions and abbreviations, and of arbitrary signs used in writing and printing; and even a proof-sheet, shewing how corrections for the press are made. All things considered, this quarto contains such a mine of useful information as is to be found in no other single volume which has ever come under my notice. I might as well attempt to get along without pens, ink, or paper; and if it could not be replaced I would not part with it for its weight in gold.

"This thick volume is MEN OF THE TIME, a work which I also find very useful for purposes of reference; though it is much to be regretted that greater care was not taken in its compilation. Here, for instance, we have four full pages devoted to an individual about whom no one can possibly wish to know anything, while many persons whose lives are of infinitely more importance to the public are dismissed in a few lines. It is, however, the best work of its kind extant, and as such is a necessary addition to a literary man's library.

"I next invite your particular attention to these four large folios, which are SCRAP BOOKS. Ever since I began to write for the press I have made a practice of cutting out from any newspapers or periodicals which came in my way such paragraphs or items as might possibly be turned to account. In making these selections I have had an eye exclusively to utility; and as a necessary consequence of the numerous sources whence I have drawn, the contents of these volumes are quite as heterogeneous as the contents of the dictionary itself. Few periodicals are so utterly trashy or worthless that some scraps of useful information cannot be derived from them, and I have not disdained to extract from all classes of journals. Here, for instance, side by side with half a column from the *Saturday Review*, is a paragraph from the *New York Clipper*. At the end of each extract I have, as you see, noted the name and date of the paper from which the slip was cut; and at the end of each volume is a full index. As a matter of course, all this entails a considerable amount of labour, but I find that it *pays*. I have been rather more than three years filling these four volumes, and I believe that if I live to see my fiftieth birthday I shall have a collection quite as valuable as the encyclopædia. The novel called "A Terrible Temptation" furnished me with a judicious hint of which I shall probably avail myself a few years hence; and that is, to compile an *Index ad Indices*.

"This is my COMMON-PLACE BOOK. You see I am unfolding to your gaze all the secrets of my professional workshop. Every literary man keeps a book of this description, but it is not every one who cares to acknowledge the fact. Just look at the extent to which Hawthorne availed himself of the idea. I, however, don't practice the trick on nearly so extensive a scale. The greater part of the contents of my common-place book are merely vague

suggestions to the mind of the illustrious personage who now addresses you ; and these suggestions, to quote from the advertising columns of to-day's *Mail*, "are of no use whatever to anyone but the owner." What, for instance, could you, or any other person who might accidentally peep between these covers, make of this entry : "They had already hanged 476 r.g.s." Don't ask for an explanation. Let it be sufficient for you to know that I understand the entry. I intend to avail myself of it in my next article for the *Tautological*, and have calculated that the idea will net me precisely forty-five dollars.—The next entry is more intelligible. "At Heidelberg, in Germany, they divide a church in two, with a partition between ; one half for the Roman Catholics, the other half for the Huguenots. The services being both at the same hours, one bell summons both denominations to prayers : it rings, in fact, both for God and for Satan, according as each pleases to regard it." I extracted that, as you will see from the foot-note, from Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." I intend to use the information in an article on the present tendencies of German Rationalism, for the *Contemporary* ; but I shall so change and modify the diction that M. Hugo himself would not recognize his own handiwork even if he were still living, and even though he had the paragraph specially pointed out to him.

"Next comes ROGET'S 'THESAURUS,'—a work bearing some resemblance to a dictionary, but meant to answer a totally different purpose. You will perceive that the words are not arranged alphabetically, but according to the *ideas* which they express. Its object is not to explain the meaning or derivation of words, but to group together all the words in the language having the same or a similar signification, in order that the person who consults it may select such word as most adequately or elegantly expresses his meaning. It also enables him to avoid tautology, where he finds it necessary to repeat the same idea several times in the course of one paragraph.—Let us open it at random. What word have we here? *Intelligence*. The compiler has given us no fewer than fifty-seven words to express that idea alone. No excuse for any man who owns this book if he be guilty of tautology in his effusions. And lest he be led into solecisms, let him provide himself with this next one, which is CRABB'S ENGLISH SYNONYMS. The object sought to be attained by this, is to mark the nice shades of distinction between words which mean very nearly, but not precisely, the same thing. Mr. Crabb gives us the various shades of expression, with the authority for their use. Let us open it at random, as we did with *Roget*. "*Wit, Humour*. Humour is a species of wit which flows out of the humour of a person. Wit, as distinguished from humour, runs in a vein : it is not a striking, but an equable and pleasing flow of wit." Then follow specimens from Swift and Addison, justifying the writer's distinction.

"This ragged little work with a paper cover contains the complete works of an author who attained some celebrity in his day ; and in fact his writings are not quite forgotten, even yet. It is possible that you may have heard his name, which was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. I think I have seen it incidentally mentioned somewhere that he was born at a place called Stratford-upon-Avon : and unless my memory is at fault he has been called by some "The Bard of Avon ;" and by others of a more fanciful turn of mind, "The Swan of Avon." Let me see : yes, to the best of my recollection it was of him that somebody said, "He was born not for an age but for all time." He flourished in the reigns of—

"Come, I say, Paul—," I interrupted.

"O, you know all about that, do you? Then perhaps as you are so well informed, it will be unnecessary for me to state that Shakspeare is an author whose works I find absolutely indispensable for purposes of illustration. No writer of any age or nation has been plagiarised so often, for the very sufficient reason that no other writer is so charged to the muzzle with *ideas* ; and his ideas are not only valuable for their intrinsic worth, but they are presented in language which is unrivalled for its felicitousness, perspicuity, terseness and vigour. Nowhere can we find such models of concentrated thought and language as in his pages. No other author, ancient or modern, ever attained such proficiency in what the country parson calls "the art of putting things." No other author ever contrived to say so exactly what he *wished* to

say. The rhetorician who attempts, by any possible combination of words, to improve upon the diction of Shakspeare, will find that he has undertaken as hopeless a task as was that of Mrs. Partington, when she essayed to keep back the approach of the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. Hence, a quotation from Shakspeare always *tells* ; if judiciously applied, it never fails to add point and *verve* to a sentiment. Whenever I wish to advance a proposition in one of my literary efforts, the first question I ask myself is, Has this idea been propounded by Shakspeare? and if I remember that it has, I invariably make use of his language, in the form of a quotation, in preference to my own. You see I have twice pressed him into service in this article on the Michigan business, in which I say that

"Murder though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ ;"

and I conclude with Hamlet's remark that

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

"This copy of his works, when new, cost a shilling ; but I bought it second-hand, at a shop in Yonge street, for fifteen cents. It would be of no use to a *student* of Shakspeare, or to anyone who reads him for *pleasure*. Such persons require a large annotated edition, containing all the various readings, and three times as much matter in the shape of notes as text. But I have no time to read Shakspeare ; this contains all I require—namely, the text—and it answers my purpose quite as well as would the scholarly edition of Mr. Dyce, which costs considerable more in dollars than this cost in cents.

"I sometimes experience the want of a concordance to Shakspeare, in order to verify a quotation ; and I think I shall buy one some of these days, in order to make my library complete.

"The only books remaining to be considered are these two, to which I seldom resort except when I wish to discourse very learnedly indeed. The first is the selected works of ERASMUS, "the great Reformer, who laid the egg of the Reformation which Luther hatched." The other is BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. You, who I daresay never heard of either of them before in your life, can form no idea of the amount of miscellaneous learning scattered throughout these two books. From the first one of the greatest English novelists of this century gathered the materials for his masterpiece ; and from the second, Laurence Sterne stole all the best things to be found in "Tristram Shandy." Byron, also, acknowledged himself to be greatly indebted to Burton. Both these are translations, for I have no time to wade slowly through a dead language in search of living ideas.—And now you have seen every book in my library ; in other words, every book I have in the world."

"Why, you don't mean to say you haven't got a Bible?" I enquired.

"Of course I have ; and what is more I *read* it, more frequently, I dare say, than you do ; but I keep it, as you must surely have noticed, on my dressing table. It would be unpardonable if I did not acknowledge my manifold obligations to it, even in a temporal point of view. It is most valuable for purposes of illustration. No man ever was, or ought to have been, more thoroughly conscious of this fact than Macaulay, for its literary influence is very perceptible in his writings. His early theological training stood him in good stead in his subsequent career as an author.—Of course I have also a copy of the church services, but I didn't think proper to include either of these two books in my remarks to you, because they have a value unconnected with mere everyday utility ; and it was the every-day utility of my library that I was especially desirous of impressing upon you.—And now, old fellow, pass the lager, for my fireside lecture has made me as dry as a herring."

I sat silently meditating upon all I had heard, while Paul imbibed about a pint of the Dutchman's nectar, when he resumed :

"Now, my friend, I have let you into the secret of my method of earning my living, and you may suppose that nothing further is necessary than for you to invest a few pounds in books, in order for you to cram and mince and hack yourself into boundless wealth and literary fame. If you think so you will make even a

greater mistake than when you conceived yourself to be a born novelist. For know that, notwithstanding all I have told you, there is no royal road to authorship; at least to such authorship as is worthy of the name. Did you ever read Edgar Poe's essay on "The Philosophy of Composition?" You didn't. Well, in that essay the author gives an elaborate account of the genesis of that wonderful poem of his, *The Raven*. He professes that its composition was a mere mechanical operation from beginning to end; that he went to work by rule and compass, just as calmly and deliberately as though he had been about to manufacture a common deal table; and finally produced the most remarkable poem of its kind in any language. Now, he, poor fellow, was, unfortunately, so abandoned a liar that I should be vehemently disposed to doubt the fact of the earth's revolution on its axis if insisted upon very strongly by him. But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that he went to work precisely in the manner he describes, and worked out his problem like the *pons asinorum*: admitting all this, I repeat, do you for one moment suppose that any amount of attention to his directions would enable you or me, or indeed anyone but himself, to bring about such a result. I have tried *my* hand, and can speak from bitter experience. I produced a poem of the orthodox length; in fact strictly according to his scheme, in every respect. I am thankful to say that I had the good sense to stick it in the fire as soon as it was finished. I can only remember one stanza, which you shall hear. The poem opened with a namby-pamby description of myself and my surroundings, as I sat alone in my desolate chamber at the witching hour of twilight. If I remember aright, I represented myself as "gazing through the skylight," in order to rhyme with "twilight," when I was disturbed in my reflections by hearing "a footfall on the floor of my chamber, near the door," which I opened, and encountered a base-born burglar, whose physical exterior I described as follows:—

"He was dirty, grim, and grimy; and his locks were lank and slimy;
And his nose was tipped with crimson, with a wart upon the end;
And his lips they had the snigger of a base and vulgar nigger,
And his aspect and his figure were not those of any friend;
And he didn't look like one whom it would answer to offend.—
Upon that you may depend."

"Stay a moment—I remember another stanza, in which I addressed the intruder in this wise:—

"O, thou most repulsive party, with proboscis red and warty,
And demeanour most unhearty, say what errand make you here?
Thou art neither shorn nor shaven, and thy looks bespeak thee
craven;
Tell thy business then instant; let it sans delay appear:
Then, proceed about thy business, and no longer linger here!
Thus I spoke, with frown severe."

"Enough. You see that, notwithstanding I implicitly followed the instructions of Mr. Poe, the results in the cases of his experiment and mine were widely different. Do you ask me why? I answer, because in my case the keystones were wanting. I had neither Poe's general literary ability, nor his "fine frenzy;" both of which were needed to produce so marvellous a piece of *diablerie* as *The Raven*. The canons of composition which he lays down, even if he made use of them at all—which I don't for a moment believe he ever did—were only accessories. They were of no use whatever in the hands of a numskull.—The moral of this little episode, which is not a digression, is, that in order to achieve literary success you must possess literary ability. And this ability does not consist in a mere facility in stringing words and sentences and paragraphs together. The words, sentences, and paragraphs must have something higher to recommend them than mere consecutiveness. They must not only *express*, but they must likewise *suggest*.—I spoke of literary fame and wealth a moment ago. Now, leaving permanent literary fame altogether out of the question, as being totally unattainable by such commonplace specimens of the *genus homo* as you and myself, how many literary men do you suppose there are in the world at the present moment who are making more than a bare living? Not one in a hundred, I give you my word of honour. And what a task do they find it, even to do so much? Don't you see that I am rapidly wearing myself out, even for such pitiful success as falls to my lot. No

labour on earth is so hard as literary labour, and no labour is so inadequately paid for—unless you happen to be the fortunate one man out of the hundred. Hackneyed as is the saying that literature is a good staff but a bad crutch, it is worth quoting again.

"My system of literary composition is one very commonly resorted to by writers everywhere. The marvel that editors can be found who will accept articles so composed, is only surpassed by the marvel that a public is to be found who will read them. I wonder at this more and more every week of my life. And then, what self-contempt one experiences, to be guilty of such miserable petty-larceny: to be daily and nightly pilfering the thoughts and suggestions of one's betters, and selling them, without material addition or any improvement, as one's own.

"Mind you, the system is legitimate and honourable enough, if confined within certain bounds. Shakspeare himself stole the plots of all his dramas, after he had surfeited himself (if the tale be true, which I suppose it isn't) with stealing deer in Charlote Park. But then, the matter grew, and improved, and waxed mighty under his hands. He found pebbles and left them pearls. *Nullum quod teligit non ornavit*—which remark, by the way, has been made once or twice before. Pass the lager—by heaven, I have become so demoralized that I can't even *talk* without stealing. Pass the lager, I say."

I did as I was bidden, and another pint disappeared.

"Do you know, Paul, I have an idea?" I remarked, after a pause.

He sprang to his feet, seized the poker, and made a long, dingy mark on the paper of the wall; saying, as he did so:

"Bravo! that's more than you ever had when you were writing that infernally stupid novel; and thus I register the fact."

He seemed excited, and was evidently getting tipsy. That last pint had been too much for him.

"Let us hear it," he exclaimed.

"Well, it has occurred to me to report the lecture with which you have just favoured me, and to forward it to ARCTURUS for publication."

"Ha! well, those are *two* ideas; so I'll make another mark," he replied, suiting the action to the word: "and I give you my solemn assurance that if you do, I'll make a *third*—on your head. In other words, I'll knock your brains out."

All this, as previously intimated, took place last night. He has gone to the office of one of the daily newspapers this morning, and will be there all day. Before he returns, this MS. will be in the post. If it is accepted, I shall take passage for New York as soon as ever the editor apprises me of the fact; for Paul will be savage enough to keep his word.

A PHOTOGRAPHER writes to the *Camera Magazine* that he once took a photograph of a child that was seemingly in good health and with a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. "The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye." It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of small-pox.

A REMARKABLE incident occurred at a private sale in England a few days ago, which illustrates the saying that worth will out. In a private auction of household effects in Stratton Place, including beds and bedding, chairs and oil-cloth, a little picture by Meissonier came under the hammer. It measured 8 inches by 5½. It was painted in 1862—about three years before the master's best period—and represented "A Smoker." A few collectors, of that race which instinctively scents out a good thing, were present in hopes of a bargain, but one or two of the picture dealers had got wind of the affair. After much spirited bidding, the picture was finally disposed of for \$4,975—a pretty stiff price.



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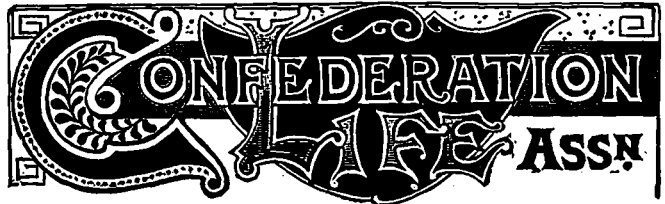
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