

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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No. 19.

Saturday, May 21st, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
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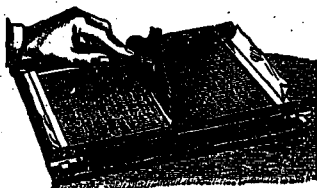
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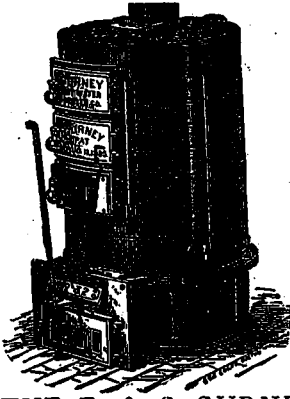
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Editorial Notes.

ANNEXATION.

A RESTIVE citizen of Winnipeg, feeling disgusted at the North-West policy of the Canadian Government, has written a sensational letter to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, in which he gives utterance to loud and bitter complaints, and winds up by enquiring how the United States would be likely to receive a proposition of annexation from the Province of Manitoba. It seems to be more or less doubtful whether the letter is genuine, as some of the writer's comments do not reflect any phase of Canadian, or even of Manitoban opinion. The editor of the *Pioneer Press* indulges in a few comments which most Canadians who read them will probably regard as "feelers." He refers to the repeal movement in Nova Scotia, and to the demand of the farmers of Ontario for full trade reciprocity with the States. He remarks that if reflection and discussion in Canada create a sentiment powerful enough to bring about a dissolution of the tie which now binds the Dominion to the Empire, there could be no doubt that "this sturdy, enterprising and self-reliant people, fitted already by everything but tradition for independence, would be welcomed with open arms by the nation with whom it would command and direct the destinies of North America, and take the leadership of the English-speaking world." The editor admits, however, that the initiative movement in the direction of annexation must come from our side, and that no overtures looking to such an end must be expected on the part of the United States. The people of Manitoba, he says, must have renounced their allegiance to the British Crown before the question "can even be discussed" by the United States. All of which is well enough so far as it goes, but, in the slang phraseology of these latter days, it is altogether too previous. Whether, in the dim vista of the remote future,

Canada will ever desire and sue for annexation to the States is not a practical question, nor is it one which anybody need waste time in considering, inasmuch as there is certainly no sentiment of the kind in the air at present. The Nova Scotia movement was purely one of local politics, and the movement on the part of the Ontario farmers was not in the least in the direction of "looking to Washington." At no time of late years have we felt "the British yoke" to be very galling, and certainly there is no numerically important element in our population which is consumed by a desire to be relieved from its pressure. It is assuring, however, to be thus apprised of the welcome which will await us when we have cast off the "hated thralldom" which allows us to govern ourselves just as we please, and which does not even protest when we impose hostile tariffs against English manufacturers and merchants.

THE SUBSIDY TO THE C.P.R.

THERE is some hope that the sacrifices Canada has made to build the Canadian Pacific road will be fairly recognized by the Home authorities, and that they will grant a mail subsidy sufficient to admit of the establishment of a line of first-class steamers from Vancouver to Hong-Kong. The advantages to be gained by the Imperial government in having an overland route to India wholly through British territory, telegraph lines with both ends under their own control, and a fleet of first-class steamers available for any emergency in the Pacific, are so great that there ought to be little doubt of the subsidy being granted. The days are gone by when English statesmen said or hinted "So loyal is too costly; fare you well." The Government will remember that Canada was the first colony to put down her rebels with domestic troops alone, and we think the time is yet coming when Canadian affairs will be matter of equal concern to the Imperial Government and our own.

THE NANAIMO DISASTER.

THE Nanaimo mine disaster was terrible in the loss of life it occasioned, and, as usual, some are beginning to enquire what can be done about it. Unfortunately, very little can be done. Since Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety lamp and George Stephenson improved it the men employed in mines seldom suffer but from the recklessness of some one among them. Nothing can prevent the men from stealing a surreptitious smoke when they think there is no danger; but if ever they make a mistake they pay dearly for their folly. The explosion of an atmosphere consisting of mixed air and coal gas is swifter than gunpowder, and even more fatal, for those not near enough to suffer from the explosion are choked by the after-damp.

THE BUDGET SPEECH.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S budget speech shows clearly all the marks of a strong and consistent protective policy. Not content with further protection to many industries suffering from foreign competition, Sir Charles aims to create a new one by a duty on pig iron, which he thinks will lead to the erection of smelting furnaces all over the country. Perhaps he is too sanguine, but Nova Scotia has certainly every facility for iron production, and even in Ontario the production of charcoal iron ought to be profitable. The tax on anthracite coal has been removed, but the operation of carrying fuel to the ore is too costly to be materially aided by so small a bounty. If the land carriage from Pennsylvania were less expensive, we should have little fear of the success of Sir Charles's new "infant industry," but as it is we must confess to doubts. By the way, it is only great men who can make very great blunders, and the reputation of great acquirements is not enough to make any man absolutely accurate. Sir Charles Tupper states that iron and coal are found in close proximity in Canada—a statement altogether erroneous, so far as Ontario and Quebec are concerned, and surely they should count for something. Mr. Blake made a very funny mistake in the debate on the new National Park. He said that a thousand per cent. on an expenditure of \$40,000 amounted to four millions!

PRESS AND PULPIT.

A VERBAL warfare involving questions of some public interest, and also involving a considerable amount of nervous heat on the part of those engaged in it, is at present being fought out from week to week in the columns of *Secular Thought*. The *dramatis personæ* are Mr. Charles Watts, editor of the above-mentioned paper, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, the popular pastor of Carlton Street Methodist Church, in this city. The original *casus belli* was a sermon preached by Mr. Johnston to his congregation a few Sundays ago, in the course of which that gentleman made use of some exceedingly denunciatory language with reference to "infidels" in general, and more especially with reference to a number of persons who have made more or less mark in the world of literature and politics. Among those so denounced were Thomas Paine, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and—strange juxtaposition—George Eliot. It is difficult to get at the exact merits of the controversy, owing to the fact that no verbatim report of the sermon was taken at the time of its delivery, and to the additional fact that Mr. Johnston is at issue with some of his hearers as to the precise phraseology employed. The reverend gentleman's congregation were more than a little impressed by the discourse, which must have been of an eminently *ad captandam* character, being full of pointed personal allusions, and in other respects well calculated to arrest the attention of the average church-goer. The popular appreciation was manifested by frequent rounds of applause, and certain passages are said to have evoked demonstrations more befitting to a dramatic representation than to a discourse delivered in a place appropriated to divine worship.

SCPTICISM AND IMMORALITY.

So far as we have been able to get at the facts of the case they are something like this. The preacher sought to impress upon his hearers the lesson that irregularity and immorality of conduct is the legitimate result of heterodoxy in religious belief. By way of illustration he cited certain actions on the part of the three persons above mentioned. He charged Paine with being "a drunken, blaspheming wretch." Ingersoll was referred to as having pandered to the dissemination of obscene literature. Now, we are not careful to defend the reputations of either of these men. We are content to leave their defence to those who may conceive it to be their business. We would incidentally remark in passing, however, that when a man sets up for a teacher—more especially when he sets up for an expounder of God's Word—he ought to have some knowledge of the subjects which he proposes to teach. He ought, moreover, to have some regard for truth, in the abstract. It is quite clear that Mr. Johnston either knows very little of what he was talking about in his sermon, or else that he wilfully perverted the truth. We prefer to believe that he was merely ignorant. But a conscientious man should take pains to inform himself on subjects as to which he is ignorant, instead of sowing foul libels broadcast and at random. If the pastor of Carlton Street Church does not know that Thomas Paine was not "a drunken, blaspheming wretch," it is not for want of an abundance of accessible evidence on the subject. If he had confined himself, however, to maligning Paine, Ingersoll, and others of their kidney, he might have gone on to the end of the chapter without interference on our part. But when he assails the memory of George Eliot he touches us more nearly. George Eliot is a name deservedly held in honour by persons of all shades of religious conviction, as well as by persons of no religious conviction at all, and her works are among the glories of English literature.

GEORGE ELIOT.

PRECISELY how far Mr. Johnston ventured to go in his denunciation of the author of *Adam Bede* we do not pretend to say. We were not present on the occasion, and the evidence on the subject is somewhat conflicting. However, one of his listeners was so stung by a sense of the injustice of the preacher's remarks that he forthwith committed to paper such of them as seemed to him the most offensive to good taste and the most contrary to fact. In thus placing the passages in black and white, the reporter does not claim, we understand, to have reproduced the *ipsissima verba* of the pulpit, but he asseverates in the most emphatic terms that George Eliot was distinctly referred to as "a wanton" who had once been a Methodist. The inference sought to be drawn was that in abandoning Methodism, and in throwing overboard the religious beliefs in which she had been reared, she took a clear step in the direction of wantonness, and that her subsequent degradation was nothing more than might have been expected from such proceedings. We would gladly believe that the listener's ears had misled him, but his account is confirmed by others who were present, and we notice that Mr. Johnston carefully abstains from

denying the charge. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to believe that a Christian preacher, from his place in the sacred desk, applied to one of the greatest, noblest and purest women that ever lived an epithet which is properly applicable only to the most degraded of their sex.

BELIEF AND CONDUCT.

Now, let us put the best possible face upon the matter. Let it be assumed that the reverend gentleman believed what he said. Does it not strike every reader of these lines that a man who talks so much about that of which he knows so little must be a very unsafe guide? Is it not fair to conclude that, since he is hopelessly astray about so many matters pertaining to the life that now is, he cannot be competent to tell us much worth knowing about the life that is to come? George Eliot's record has been before the world for years. Nobody who is interested in her has any excuse for remaining ignorant of it. Certainly no man who assails her memory has any excuse if he does so without making himself acquainted at least with the leading facts of her life. It is clear that Mr. Johnston knows no more about George Eliot's life than he knows about that of the author of *Common Sense*. To say that she was once a Methodist is to betray a depth of ignorance almost too profound to be credited. To use a classic phrase, it is a dead give-away. How would Mr. Johnston like it if the world at large were to say that gross ignorance like this is the direct and inevitable result of entertaining orthodox beliefs? Yet to say so would be just as sensible, just as manly, just as honest, just as truthful, as to say that immoral conduct is the legitimate result of heterodox beliefs.

THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST AND THE TEACHINGS OF THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

BUT to say of George Eliot that she was a wanton—and we ask pardon of her august shade for repeating the foul epithet in connection with her name—is to reach a lower depth still. A man has no right to plead his ignorance in a case of this kind. It argues something beyond and much worse than ignorance. It is indicative of an utter disregard for the plain principle of right and wrong. Does the Rev. Hugh Johnston pretend to teach the doctrines of Christ? The Son of Man, it will be remembered, was the friend of publicans and sinners. In reply to the question: "Who is my neighbour?" he indicated a heretic and an alien. When the woman taken in adultery was brought to him for reprobation, his injunction was: "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her!" Such was the conduct of the Founder of the Christian faith towards those who were weak and erring, and even towards those who had sinned deeply and often. But George Eliot was a woman of spotless purity, who was led into taking a false position in the eyes of the world through her wish to secure the comfort and happiness of one she dearly loved, and whose comfort and happiness could be secured in no other way. She took this step after mature deliberation and a careful counting of the cost. All to whom her name and fame are dear will regret that she sacrificed herself, but those who are familiar with the circumstances will judge it from an altogether exceptional point of view. No one whose opinion was worth having ever thought the less of her for her sacrifice, whatever they may have thought of Mr. George Henry Lewes. She had the entrée of all that was best and purest in English society. Reverend bishops and prelates entertained her in their houses, and felt

honoured by her association with their wives and daughters. But why pursue the subject further? It is not debatable. The facts are accessible to all the world, and if the Rev. Hugh Johnston had made himself acquainted with them before preaching his sermon he would have acted not only more conscientiously but more wisely, for we should then, doubtless, have been spared the sermon altogether.

GRATIANO'S PHRASE REVERSED.

MR. WATTS, upon being made acquainted with the facts, doubtless felt that such a chance was not likely to come in his way again very soon. He probably regarded the reverend gentleman as his meat, and proceeded to make minced veal of him in his paper, after the most approved receipt. And here Mr. Johnston gave further evidence of his want of worldly wisdom. He allowed himself to be goaded into writing a long reply. This has formed the subject of a further response on Mr. Watt's part, and there have since been rebutters and sur-rebutters. "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip," says Gratiano, in the play. In the present instance, however, it is clearly the infidel who has his opponent on the hip. The latter is evidently no match for his secular antagonist as a dialectician, and he had, moreover, laid himself open to the mince-ineat process by his wild and unfounded statements. We would gladly sympathize with him if we could, but the man who, from a Christian pulpit, refers to George Eliot in such terms as Mr. Johnston has done, richly deserves all he gets.

—"If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us."

MR. O'BRIEN IN TORONTO.

MR. O'BRIEN has come to Toronto, and has spoken his piece to a great crowd in the Queen's Park; but he and his friends can hardly congratulate themselves upon the result of his mission. Not ten per cent. of those who turned out to hear him received his remarks with any manifestations of favour, and this small percentage included the local members of the league who were in a measure committed to him beforehand. Fully twenty-five per cent. of his audience were actively or contemptuously hostile. His speech, which was from first to last a windy travesty, was not addressed to the people before him, but to the thousands of Irish in the United States who will know nothing about the matter except from newspaper reports. One thing is certain: those who are responsible for O'Brien's mission to Canada are no true friends of Ireland. His visit has been the means of alienating from the Irish cause thousands of persons who have all along been favourable to it, but who have necessarily been driven to the conclusion that no just cause needs to be bolstered up by impudent misrepresentation and lies. He has even been the means of making a popular hero of Lord Lansdowne, a gentleman who had not previously aroused any great amount of popular enthusiasm, and concerning whom most of us were considerably indifferent. Then, he has created ill-blood between persons who have to pass their lives side by side in Canada as neighbours, and who were getting along very smoothly together until he appeared on the scene to set them by the ears. All these things, we repeat, he has accomplished by his flying visit. As to any good which may be set off against all these things, there is not, so far as can be seen, a single particle. We repeat that he has seriously damaged the cause he came to advocate, and that he has created unnecessary prejudice in the minds of the jury. The Irish question fairly falls upon us. So far as Canadians are concerned, they want to hear no more of Ireland and her wrongs for many a day to come.

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THE CARDINAL, THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE JESUITS.

WONDERS will never cease. Imagine the great apostle of Liberalism, the chief of the extreme *Rouge* party of Quebec, the leader in progressive politics, espousing the cause of the Jesuits and ultramontane Roman Catholics, and defying the Liberal Cardinal Archbishop in his very diocese! And this is just what Mr. Mercier has done. Those wily priests, the Jesuit fathers, after waiting years for the opportunity of getting their claims recognized—and none know better how to wait than the Jesuits—have at last gained their point. The advent of Liberalism has proved their opportunity, and they were not slow to seize it. But imagine Mr. Mercier being their advocate, and imagine still further, if you can, this devoted son of Liberalism, in this very churchy age, taking up arms against a Cardinal and six bishops. All this he has done, and the letters which he has written to His Eminence show how thoroughly in earnest he is over the whole thing. The devil is said to hate holy water, but the hatred of His Satanic Majesty is nothing compared to the hatred of Archbishop Taschereau for the Jesuits. They are veritable thorns in his flesh. He has never forgiven them for scheming against him, when he first donned the robes of the Archdiocese. He has not forgotten the trick they played him in Montreal, when Dom Smeulders listened to their intriguing tongues, and reported against His Grace's cherished plans and projects. They went about their work of undermining very craftily, but Monsignor Taschereau is a cool hand, and his emissaries kept his ear well supplied with news. Against Liberalism the Jesuits never fought a successful battle, but the Riel rebellion helped them to an ally stronger even than the Cardinal himself. Against Archbishop Taschereau the old, narrow and bigoted ultramontane party of Montreal, and the equally bigoted *Cercle Catholique* of Quebec, could raise no hand. In every encounter they were vanquished, and the Cardinal reigned supreme. But the North-West rising came, and from that *emeute* Mercier sprang a victor. Union with him—though the very idea of such a federation gave their stomachs a turn—was inevitable, but it was effected. The result has exceeded their best anticipations. In the first fight with their old enemy, the Cardinal, their cause has won, and His Eminence has been humiliated at the very base of his throne. He has been trying to get rid of the Jesuits for years. They have stood in his path, and blocked

his plans of reform. They have interfered with his Montreal Laval College, and given him many a sleepless night. When the Pope crowned him with the red hat, he thought his princedom would give him supreme power over the black-robed monsters who tried to pull him down. To make his position more secure, he got His Holiness to grant him a little court. Around his throne half-a-dozen purple-clad monsignors revolve, and do his bidding, and promulgate his theories. Everything was going on nicely. The Cardinal is the chief patron of Laval University. His own politics are Liberal, and so are those of the professional staff of the College. The Liberals have done everything for the Taschereau family, and Mr. Mercier was regarded as a little god by the Laval group. From him they expected to get all sorts of plums, and it was an open secret that at next convocation the premier was to be made an LL.D. But Mr. Mercier is a politician of the exigency stripe. His new allies, the extreme Catholics of the Inquisition order, headed by Senator Trudel, insisted on his support in all things. They made their support a *sim qua non* for his, and though it is really a union of oil and water, strange to say, it is a strong one. They have nothing in common, but they have chosen to join forces together to gain certain immediate objects. In the meantime, it looks as if each wing of the coalition was growing distrustful of the other. Some day the cord will snap, and the stronger of the two will reign. Cardinal Taschereau will bide his time as patiently as he can, but it is a long lane which has no turning. The Jesuits can now own property in Quebec. This they could never do before. After the Lower House passed the bill, His Eminence's henchman, Vicar-General Hamel, one of the ablest priests in the ancient capital, went before the Committee of the Legislative Council, and pleaded his master's cause with real skill. His words fell on dull ears. He pleaded delay, in order that the Churchmen might consider the bill more carefully. But the temper of the Upper House was ruffled, and they passed the bill in defiance of the Cardinal and his benchful of bishops. This is a blow in the teeth of the Cardinal, and the exempted order can scarcely restrain its joy. And yet, it is a pity that Mr. Mercier should humiliate the Cardinal in this way. He is really a most liberal-minded man, and worth a thousand Jesuits, though, to be sure, he ordered Mr. Buie's *Lanterne* on the Index Expurgatorius, and even forbade the faithful to attend the lectures of that brilliant but irreverent *litterateur*. His Eminence can do small things occasionally.

Montreal.

A CANADIAN.

THE Chicago *Dial* for May has a long and appreciative notice of Professor Roberts's *In Divers Tones*, to which attention was recently drawn in these columns. "The Canadian poets," says the *Dial*, "are practically unknown in this country, with the exception of Fréchet, and we hardly think of him as an American poet, because he writes in the French language. But a poet of the power of Mr. Roberts ought not to remain unfamiliar to anyone who cares for poetry. . . . The most prominent characteristic of this verse is found in its harmony and its melody. Mr. Roberts has an ear for the music of poetry which is rare even among poets."

Poetry.

ESTRANGED.

I SEE about the city street
My friend of other days,
And coldly we, like strangers, meet,
In outward words and ways.
But if we, by some sudden chance,
Encounter face to face,
The whitened cheek and quailing glance
Our daily mask replace.

Then, longing for the close warm grasp
Renounced so long ago,
Each hand, with one mute, eager clasp,
Might banish pride and woe.
We look into each other's eyes,
We question without speech;
We pause, and doubt, and lose the prize
Once more within our reach.

So, growing old, a separate road
We travel day by day,
Each heart alone with life's dull load,
Goes struggling on its way.
Oh lost, lost love! though lost, still ours,
Oh silent constancy!
Hard fate so rudely crushed your flowers,
They bloom no more for me.

Montreal.

MILÉTA.

SOUL'S UNREST.

WHEN smiles are brightest oft the deepest sighs
Escape unsummoned from the sorrowing heart;
Whilst laughter lingers sometimes there will start
Tears all unbidden to the loveliest eyes;
In merry moments old-time ghosts will rise
And make with unseen touch old heart-sores smart;
The happiest hour is roughly torn apart
By some remember'd wrong in mute surprise.
Though buried long and low the sins of youth
Eternal justice by her stern decrees
Their spirits will raise and rob the soul of ease
When coward conscience doth confront the truth.
Yet this consoling balm to each is given
By true repentance man may enter Heaven.

AMARANTH.

SONNET.—LOVE'S MIDNIGHT.

THE midnight bells chime slowly on mine ear
And I do wonder in the pausing-time
If thou, to whom is consecrate my rhyme,
Wilt ever learn the truth that lurketh here.
We dread to lose the hearts we hold most dear
And thee I love—if love be not a crime—
For art thou not perfections very prime
And all thy nature pure as crystal clear?

The last sound sinks in echoing distress
Adown the silence of the sable vault
And with it dies the hope that did exalt
My heart's desire and thy sweet loveliness.
O! gloom of night! why bearest thou away,
As fear takes hope, the gladness of the day.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SONNET.—REGENERATION.

THE eloquent appeal of thy sad eyes,
That look'd with soft reproach upon my sin,
Has stirr'd up all the good that in me lies
And all my life anew I do begin.
Name but the task that thy sweet love shall win,
My soul will to the hazard equal rise
And, disregarding all the world's harsh din,
Will aim to re-obtain its Paradise.
I will forswear the ways that made me fall
In thy weak estimation of my worth,
And love's true impulse, taking second birth
From thine indulgence, shall re-conquer all.
Love is the pardoner of errors past
And promissor of all earth's joys that last.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE MANIA FOR AUTOGRAPHS.

SHAKESPEARE's question, "What's in a name?" is quite satisfactorily answered in the pages of "A Catalogue of Autograph Letters," which Mr. W. E. Benjamin, of 744 Broadway, New York, has prepared. This little pamphlet of 48 pages is very entertaining reading; always eminently suggestive, sometimes indeed pathetic even.

The mania for the collection of autographs is doubtless the most rational expression there is of that persistent desire for rarities and curios which stirs the emulation and cultivates the dilettante soul of the virtuoso. It is a mania that is fast becoming a science. Perhaps it betrays one of the ways in which the influence of the Oriental civilizations is making itself felt upon our western mind; for did not the Arabs, too, think it necessary, if not incumbent upon them, to preserve every scrap of paper which they found, lest the name of Allah should be dishonoured by neglect? At any rate, it is a curious and an interesting characteristic of cultivated society, this desire to collect autographs. It can conduce to no evil; it may possibly tend to much good. At the worst, it is only an escape valve in this modern monstrous machine of our civilization for the steam of sentimentalism.

But if it is a science, it is a deceptive one. There are laws in it that as yet we know little of. It would be a dangerous thing, in our present limitations, to attempt to rate worth by the price which single signatures or holographs bring in the dealers' hands or in the auction room. Thus the fame of Anne, Queen of England, to turn to the catalogue before us, is the same as that of Balzac. Mr. Benjamin offers the signatures of these worthies for \$10 each. But Lord Bolingbroke, the prime minister of the weak-willed Queen, surpasses both in eminence, if one may trust this catalogue, for his name is valued at \$21. Signatures of Bosuet and Campbell are worth \$17.50. Edmund Burke, greater than either, brings \$5, while Bulwer is rated at \$1 less. Carlyle strikes a happy mean between, and may boast of \$4.50 of fame. Great is the fall to the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose signature brings but 75 cents; but misery loves company, and Mrs. Howe has many to console her; such persons as Miss Alcott, Gen. N. P. Banks, Mr. Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, the Pole Kossuth, Mathews the actor, and Lord Macaulay, none of whom is valued at more than \$1, and the last of whom is worth but 35 cents. This last valuation, however, is really not surprising in an age that follows Matthew Arnold wherever his critical judgment carries him. Colley Cibber's signature, written upon a theatrical bill of supplies, is to be had for \$11.35; an entire letter of Coleridge is worth \$18; but Cowper evidently is a greater man than the author of "Christabel," for \$19 is required for an epistolary holograph of his; \$125 is the price set upon an entire original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The signatures of Dr. Holmes and of Sam Houston are each to be had for \$1.75, and that of "Bob" Ingersoll for but 50 cents less. But at the head of the list are three famous love letters written by Kents to Fanny Brawne. The first is valued at \$150; the second at \$125; the third at \$75. Here are perhaps half a dozen pages that speak of love for \$350! How fast many a struggling better half might become rich if he or she could but sell, at even half this rate, the love letters of his or her forgotten partner.

The perusal of this pamphlet will be fruitful of much amusement. Cynicism will thrive upon it. We must confess too many things are lacking in it. It is woefully incomplete. To appear on these pages, therefore, is not an absolute index of dignity or worth. There's much in a name; and there's money in a name. But one may be famous without one. And who would not rather die unknown to fame than have his autograph sell for 15 cents after he is gone? Many with names are but nominally famous.

A YOUNG man "who can milk and take care of furnace" advertises in the New York Herald for a situation. Some milk-man should hire him. The pumps could be given a rest with a man on the place who can milk a furnace.

WRITING TO CONCEAL ONE'S THOUGHTS.

DIPLOMATISTS have for many ages been in the habit of corresponding in cipher, when their communications are of a nature intended only for the sovereign or ministers of their own country. There is a key or clue to render the cipher intelligible; each government keeps its own cipher, with its own key to unlock it; and—truth to tell—is not averse to getting hold of the key of any cipher used by a foreign government, if it can be done. Messengers, couriers, spies, scouts, in war time, sometimes carry secrets into or out of the enemy's country, at peril of death if captured. The writing is sometimes on small bits of thin paper, enclosed in a quill, and concealed by the carrier in some inscrutable way. It was by means of this kind that Havelock, Outram, Inglis, and Clyde kept up a scant and uncertain communication, during the eventful scenes at Lucknow. The most humorous and effectual mode of sending a cryptogram, perhaps was that attributed to a Greek, in the old days; he shaved the head of a slave, wrote on the bald pate with indelible ink, allowed the hair to grow again, and sent off the slave; the correspondent or addressee shaved the head again, and there read the message on the pate. The slave carried the cryptogram, not in his brain, but outside it.

Writing with invisible or sympathetic ink is an amusing expedient, but scarcely secret enough for important communications. Many chemical liquids may be used as inks, to produce writing which is invisible until warmed before the fire, or until steeped in some other liquid. Two persons may exercise their ingenuity in this way. Each writes out an extract from a book, no matter what, in ordinary ink; then, with invisible ink, makes dots under such letters, and dashes under such words as suffice to make up the message. The addressee, on receiving the written extract, knows how to read between the lines, by making the invisible ink visible.

More frequently, however, the cryptogram is prepared by taking some liberty or other with the ordinary language in which you write—a liberty known only to you and your correspondent. For instance, you may write out your message, leaving spaces between the words at intervals, and then put nonsensical words in those spaces, so as to make the entire sentence meaningless; your correspondent will know how to separate the wheat from the chaff. Or you may comprise your message in the left-hand half of the several lines, and fill up the right-hand half with words which give a totally different meaning to them; this process requires, however, a good deal of tact. Or you may use all the proper words, but arrange them in a non-syntactical order, so as to destroy their collective meaning; you agree beforehand with your correspondent as to the precise mode of disarrangement, and he will use this clue in interpreting the gibberish you send him. Suppose your message to be "Do not communicate the fact to him until I have supplied you with additional details from headquarters;" by a transposition of words according to a certain rule, this may become, "The until you details do fact I with communicate not to have from head him supplied additional quarters;" how much a stranger could get out of this, the stranger must say. Or you may agree with your correspondent that the message shall form a sort of square, the words exactly under one another in vertical columns; that some lines shall be read forwards, some backwards; some columns downwards, others upwards; some diagonally to the right, others to the left; some lines or columns skipped over, and brought into requisition afterwards. You may indulge in such dodges in great variety, always taking care that you and your correspondent agree on your mode of operation. Or you may melt many words into one, in the belief that outsiders would hardly detect your meaning when you say for instance, "Ishallnotbeatheoffice tomorrow;" and may make it all the more obscure by reversing the order of the letters, "Worromotecihohttaebtonilahi," a word that looks as if it would well suit a Zulu Caffre. Or you may offer a mare's nest to an inquisitive intruder, by placing the letters in their proper order, and then separating them at random into different words, perhaps with a capital letter here and there, as thus, "Is hallno TB eatheof Fiset omo RR ow." a somewhat mysterious affair. Or you may use the proper words, separated in the proper manner, but with the letters of each word (treated singly) reversed;

in this way our supposed sentence would become, "I llaht ton eb ta eht eciffo worromot." Or you may place the letters in each word in the array called by children higgledy-piggledy; as thus, "I lalsh nto eb ta teh focofi romotrow." It is really curious to observe how utterly the appearance of a sentence may change under these different modes of treatment.

Anyone can see that this tossing about and overturning of letters and syllables may be varied in an almost infinite number of ways. It is found, however, that the secret may soon be wormed out by a little attention; and that more complexity is needed if the cryptogram is to be intelligible to the sender and the receiver only. A method of substitution is more available—substitution of one letter for another, or of a numeral for a letter. The variations are almost endless. Let our words (anything will do) be "Lord Dundreary and Brother Sam," and let us use, step by step, the next following letters in alphabetical order instead of the proper ones, as *b* for *a*, *c* for *b*, *d* for *c*, and so on; then the words become "Mpse Evoesfbsz boe Cspuifs Tbn," which would certainly be a "widdle" to the noble lord himself. Take the letters next preceding, instead of those next following, the proper ones, and the words present a totally different appearance, "Knqc Ctmecqdzqx zmc Aqnsdq Rzl." Quite as unintelligible as before. The reader will not need to be told that the letter selected may be two, three, or more removed from the proper one in each case, and may either alphabetically precede it or follow it. Many of the queer looking advertisements in the "agony column" of *The Times* and other daily papers are constructed in this way. A damsel and her swain not unfrequently do a little billing and cooing by this cryptogrammic agency, but it is well for the lovers to bear in mind that, once the key or clue found out, the message is no longer a secret; and it can without much difficulty be found out if the substituted letter is not many removes from the proper one. For this reason additional difficulties ought to be thrown in, such as some of those already noticed. All the letters of the sentence may be run together as one word; they may be separated into other words or apparent words at random; they may be reversed in position, each word separately, or the whole of them collectively; or capitals may be interspersed among the small letters, for the additional bewilderment of the uninitiated. And there is another wholly distinct course of complication sometimes adopted, of having one system of substitution for the first word, another for the second, another for the third, and so on. A decipherer, not up to the secret, if he succeeded in the first word, might be brought to a standstill at the second, by finding that the key he had used would not unlock the second door. If we had space, and the reader had patience, we might show how many other stumbling-blocks may be introduced in this machinery of substitution; but he can work out this truth for himself.

According to Cocker, 2 and 3 make 5; but in cryptography they may have a great number of equivalents. For instance, 1 may stand for *a*, 2 for *b*, 3 for *c*, and so on up to 0 for *j*; and these numerals may be used instead of those letters throughout a sentence, all being packed together as one word. Thus, for "Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer," we might say, "31pt-19nw522th5381nn51sw9mm5r." Or, the whole may be in numerals, using doublets after the ten single numerals have been appropriated. Or we may form a magic square of twenty-five cells, one for each letter—such as many schoolboys are familiar with in another fashion—with the five numerals running along the top and also down one side; each letter could then be represented by the two numerals at the top and side of the cell in which it stands. The outer world may further be thrown off the scent by giving to the numerals values known only to you and your correspondent; instead of the first ten letters being represented by the ten numerals in their proper order, the latter might assume the form, say, 5806371429—5 standing for *a*, 8 for *b*, and so on.

The cryptographic armoury is by no means exhausted by the use of letters and numerals; dots may be brought in as additional weapons. Thus, *a* may be used for *b*, but *a* for *c*; *b* for *c*, but *b* for *d*, etc. Some ciphers or cryptogram keys have been adopted in which dots have various kinds of significance given to them, according as they are placed over or under, on the right or the left of letters or numerals.—*All the Year Round*.

TRANSYLVANIA MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

WHEN the young couple go to church the day after the wedding they are met at the church door by a group of masked figures who surround them, singing and hooting, and playfully endeavour to separate the young matron from her husband. If they succeed in so doing, then he must win her back in hand-to-hand fight with his adversaries, or else he must give a piece of money as her ransom. In general it is considered a bad omen for the married life of the young couple if the wife be separated from her husband on this occasion; therefore, it is customary for the young husband to take his stand close by the church door while his wife is praying within, and then be ready to catch hold of her as soon as she steps outside. For greater precaution the man often holds her round the waist with both hands during the dance which immediately takes place before the church, and at which they assist merely as spectators, taking no active part, as it is not considered seemly to dance in the church attire.

As commonly several couples are married at the same time, it is usual for each separate wedding party to bring its own band of music, and dance thus independently of the others. On the occasion of a tripple wedding I lately witnessed it was very amusing to watch the three wedding parties coming down the street, each accelerating its pace till it came to be a sort of race up to the church door to secure the best dancing-place. The ground being rough and slanting; there was only one spot where anything like a flat dancing-floor could be obtained, and the winning party at once secured this enviable position, while the others had to put up with an inclined plain or a few hillocks accidenting their ball-room floor. The ten or sixteen couples belonging to each wedding party are enclosed in a ring of bystanders, each rival band of music playing away with heroic disregard for the scorched ears of the listeners. "Polka!" calls out the first group; "Walzer!" roars the second, for it is a point of honour that each party should display a noble independence in taking its own line of action; and if, out of mere coincidence, two of the bands happen to strike up the self-same tune, one of them is sure to change to something totally different as soon as aware of the unfortunate mistake—the caterwauling effect produced by this system baffling all description. "That is nothing at all," said the worthy pastor, from whose garden I was overlooking the scene, laughing at the evident dismay with which I endeavoured to stop my ears. "Sometimes we have eight or ten weddings at a time, each with their own fiddlers. That is something worth hearing, indeed!"

BRIGHT WOMEN.

Boston women are intellectually acute; they are mostly born with brains, or, if they haven't brains, they affect them and play they have. They are wide awake, keen of perception, appreciative to excess; they believe in education and mental improvement; they are morally unhappy and depressed, owing to climatic causes, and they are narrow in their views of the world outside of Boston. But their brightness, where does it come in? The scintillations, the nimble wit, the sense of humour, which are included in this genial quality, belong to a very few. Perhaps there are half a score of really bright women in Boston. I can only recall two or three whose mots have any social currency, although it has been impossible to go anywhere this winter without meeting many interesting, cultivated women. This small proportion seems strange to admirers of the gentler sex. We are drawn and attracted to certain people, and we at once invest them with those certain qualities which please us, for nothing is more natural than to see the best in those we like. It is unconscious self-flattering. One of the most brilliant Bostonians, or, rather, cosmopolitans, after living all over the world, returned here not long ago, and, in course of time, met numerous leading society women who have been accounted worth knowing. He was not struck by the mental or physical charms of any of them. At last a quiet, unobtrusive little person, whose husband carried this citizen of the world home to dinner one day, became suddenly elevated to the rank of "the brightest woman in Boston." Her sayings were quoted far and wide; whenever any one else managed to let fall a pearl it was snatched up, and fastened to her newly-acquired

reputation for making droll, exaggerated speeches. By and by this citizen of the world couldn't endure his native land longer, and he flew back to more congenial Europe, leaving the brightest woman to fight out this battle of wit by herself. The consequence was obvious. She ceased to say smart things. Her inspiration had flown. The mind that had acted on others like flint on steel disported itself in other circles, and drew sparks from quick-witted Parisians instead. I have always surmised this temporary cleverness of Mrs. Humdrum was in reality the witty reflections of this thoroughly witty fellow. He thought she said the bright things, while he was the perpetrator. At all events, it was one of the curious psychological studies which now and then creep in among and enliven the commonplace facts and issues of the day.

SELF-MADE WOMEN.

WE hear a great deal about self-made men, and now Celia Logan, herself a self-made woman, has compiled some interesting facts concerning some women who are well known at the present time, from which it appears that some of the most noted began life very humbly.

Lucy Larcom was a mill hand.

Pretty Maud Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dress-maker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.

Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces.

Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher.

Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people.

Nell Gwynn sold oranges in the streets and theatres. From the pit, while vending her wares, she took a fancy for the stage.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptress, is coloured. Overcoming the prejudice against her sex and colour, and self-educated, Miss Lewis is now successfully pursuing her profession in Italy.

The great French actress, Rachel, had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefoot and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally, she was illiterate and vulgar.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding-school.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoe-maker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

Adelaide Phillips, the singer, now dead, was a very poor girl, and so was Sarah Jewett, the actress.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional Spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school at \$2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest estate was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine.

A TREASURE TROVE.—A treasure dating back two centuries has been discovered in an old house standing in a garden in the Rue Galande, in Paris. The landlady was having some repairs executed and gas laid on, and the workmen, on tearing down the paper in a room on the ground floor, found, artfully concealed in a recess in the wall, an iron box containing wills and family papers dating from the year 1694, with a quantity of coin, among which were about 160 foreign gold pieces of the size of a double-louis. The next day the workmen, in digging in the garden to lay down the gas-pipes, came upon another box with 1,200 pieces of gold and silver of the same kind.

A TALE FOR TWILIGHT.

As far as I am myself concerned with the following facts, I am fully prepared to vouch for their authenticity; but the reliance to be placed on the other parts of the recital must be at the option of the reader, or his conviction of their apparent truth. I am neither over-credulous nor sceptic in matters of a superhuman nature; I would neither implicitly confide in unsupported assertions, nor dissent from well-attested truths; but at the same time I must confess, that, although rather inclined to be a non-believer, I have sometimes listened to details of supernatural occurrences so borne out by concurring testimony as almost to fix my wavering faith. It is now nearly thirty years since I was a partial witness to the following circumstance at my father's house in Edinburgh; and though, during that period, time and foreign climates may have thinned my locks and furrowed my brow a little, they have neither effaced one item of its details from my memory, nor warped the vivid impression which it left upon my recollection.

It was in the winter of 1798 the occurrence took place; I remember the time distinctly, by the circumstance of my father's being absent with his regiment, which had been ordered to Ireland to reinforce the troops then engaged in quelling the insurgents, who had risen in rebellion in the summer of that year. There was an old retainer of our house who used at that time to be very frequently about us; she had nursed my younger brother and myself, and the family felt for her all the attachment due to an old and faithful inmate. Her husband had been a sergeant in the army of General Burgoyne, and was killed at the attack on Valencia de Alcantara, in the early part of his late majesty's reign, when the British crossed the Portuguese frontier in order to check the advance of the Spaniards upon Alentejo; and perhaps this circumstance created an additional sympathy towards her in my mother's breast. I remember her appearance distinctly; her neatly plaited cap and scarlet riband, her white fringed apron and purple quilted petticoat, are all as fresh in my memory as yesterday, and though nearly sixty at the period I speak of, she retained all the activity and good-humour of sixteen. Her strength was but little impaired; and as she was but slightly affected by fatigue or watching, she was in the habit of engaging herself as a nurse-tender in numerous respectable families, who were equally prepossessed in her favour.

The winter was drawing near a close, and we were beginning to be anxious for the return of my father, who was expected home about this time, when old Nurse, as we always called her, came to tell us of an engagement she had got to attend a young gentleman who was lying dangerously ill in one of the streets of the Old Town; for at that time few of the fine palaces of the New Town had been even thought of, and many a splendid street now covers what was then green fields and waving meadows. She mentioned that a physician, who had always been very kind to her, had recommended her to this duty; but as the patient was in a most critical state, the manner of her attendance was to be very particular. She was to go every evening at eight o'clock to relieve another who remained during the day; and to be extremely cautious not to speak to the young man unless it was urgently necessary, nor make any motion which might in the slightest degree disturb the few intervals of rest which he was enabled to enjoy; but she knew neither the name nor residence of the person she was to wait on. There was something unusual in all this, and I remember perfectly well my mother desiring her to call soon and let her know how she fared. But nearly six weeks had elapsed, and we had never once seen or heard of her, when my mother at last resolved on sending to learn whether she was sick, and to say she was longing to see her again. The servant, on his return, informed us that poor Nurse had been dangerously ill, and confined to her bed almost ever since she had been with us; but she was now a little better, and had purposed coming to see us the following day.

She came accordingly; but oh, so altered in so short a time no one would have believed it! She was almost double, and could not walk without support; her flesh and cheeks were all shrunk away, and her dim lustreless eyes almost lost in their sockets.

We were all startled at seeing her; it seemed that those six weeks had produced greater changes in her than years of disease in others; but our surprise at the effect was nothing, when compared to that which her recital of the cause excited when she informed us of it; and as we had never known her to tell a falsehood, we could not avoid placing implicit confidence in her words.

She told us that in the evening, according to appointment, the physician had conducted her to the residence of her charge, in one of the narrow streets near the abbey. It was one of those extensive old houses which seem built for eternity rather than time, and in the constructing of which the founder had consulted convenience and comfort more than show or situation. A flight of high stone steps brought them to the door; and a dark staircase of immense width, fenced with balustrades a foot broad, and supported by railing of massy dimensions, led to the chamber of the patient. This was a lofty wainscotted room, with a window sunk a yard deep in the wall, and looking out upon what was once a garden at the rear, but now grown so wild that the weeds and rank grass almost reached the level of the wall which inclosed it. At one end stood an old-fashioned square bed, where the young gentleman lay. It was hung with faded Venetian tapestry; and seemed itself as large as a moderate-sized room. At the other end, and opposite to the foot of the bed, was a fireplace, supported by ponderous stone buttresses, but with no grate, and a few smouldering turf were merely piled on the spacious hearth. There was no door except that by which she had entered, and no other furniture than a few low chairs, and a table covered with medicines and draughts beside the window. The oak which covered the walls and formed the panels of the ceiling was as black as time could make it, and the whole apartment, which was kept dark at the suggestion of the physician, was so gloomy that the glimmering of the single candle in the shade of the fireplace could not penetrate it, and cast a faint gleam around, not sad, but absolutely sickening.

Whilst the doctor was speaking in a low tone to the invalid, Nurse tried to find out some farther particulars from the other attendant, who was tying on her bonnet, and preparing to muffle herself in her plaid before going away; for, as I said before, it was winter and bitterly cold. She could gain no information from her, however, although she had been in the situation for a considerable time. She could not tell the name of the gentleman; she only knew that he was an Oxford student; but no one, save herself and the doctor, had ever crossed the threshold to inquire after him, nor had she ever seen any one in the rest of the house, which she believed to be uninhabited.

The doctor and she soon went away, after leaving a few unimportant directions; Nurse closed the door behind them, and shivering with the cold frosty gust of air from the spacious lobby, hastened to her duty, wrapped her cloak about her, drew her seat close to the hearth, replenished the fire, and commenced reading a volume of Mr. Alexander Pedan's *Prophecies*, which she had brought in her pocket.

There was no sound to disturb her, except now and then a blast of wind which shook the withering trees in the garden below, or the "death-watch," which ticked incessantly in the wainscot of the room. In this manner an hour or two elapsed, when concluding, from the motionless posture of the patient, that he must be asleep, she rose, and taking the light in her hand, moved on tiptoe across the polished oaken floor, to take a survey of his features and appearance. She gently opened the curtains, and, bringing the light to bear upon him, started to find that he was still awake; she attempted to apologize for her curiosity by an awkward tender of her services, but apology and offer were equally useless; he moved neither limb nor muscle; he made not the faintest reply; he lay motionless on his back, his bright blue eyes glaring fixedly upon her, his under-lip fallen, and his mouth apart, his cheek a perfect hollow, and his long white teeth projecting fearfully from his shrunken lips, whilst his bony hand, covered with wiry sinews, was stretched upon the bed clothes, and looked more like the claw of a bird than the fingers of a human being.

She felt rather uneasy whilst looking at him; but when a slight motion of the eyelids, which the light was too strong for,

assured her he was still living, which she was half-inclined to doubt, she returned to her seat and her book by the fire. As she was directed not to disturb him, and as his medicine was only to be administered in the morning, she had but little to do, and the succeeding two hours passed heavily away; she continued, however, to lighten them by the assistance of Mr. Pedan, and by now and then crooning and gazing over the silent flickering progress of her turf fire, till about midnight, as near as she could guess, the gentleman began to breathe heavily and appeared very uneasy; as, however, he spoke nothing, she thought he was perhaps asleep, and was rising to go towards him, when she was surprised to see a lady seated on a chair near the head of the bed beside him.

Though somewhat startled at this, she was by no means alarmed, and, making a curtesy, was moving on as she had intended, when the lady raised her arm, and turning the palm of her hand, which was covered with a white glove, towards her, motioned her silently to keep her seat. She accordingly sat down as before, but she now began to wonder within herself how and when this lady came in; it was true she had not been looking towards the door, and it might have been opened without her perceiving it; but then it was so cold a night and so late an hour, it was this which made it so remarkable.

She turned quietly round and took a second view of her visitor. She wore a black veil over her bonnet, and as her face was turned towards the bed of the invalid, she could not in that gloomy chamber perceive her features, but she saw that the shape and turn of her head and neck were graceful and elegant in the extreme; the rest of her person she could not so well discern, as it was enveloped in a green silk gown, and the fashion at that period was not so favourable to a display of figure as now. It occurred to her that it must be some intimate female friend who had called in; but then the woman had told her that no visitors had ever come before: altogether, she could not well understand the matter, but she thought she would observe whether she went off as gently as she had entered; and for that purpose she altered the position of her chair so as to command a view of the door, and fixed herself with her book on her knees, but her eye intently set upon the lady in the green gown.

In this position she remained for a considerable time, but no alteration took place in the room; the stranger sat evidently gazing on the face of the sick gentleman, whilst he heaved and sighed and breathed in agony as if a nightmare were on him. Nurse a second time moved towards him in order to hold him up in the bed, or give him some temporary relief; and a second time the mysterious visitant motioned her to remain quiet; and unwillingly, but by a kind of fascination, she complied, and again commenced her watch. But her position was a painful one, and she sat so long and so quietly that at last her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them the lady was gone, the young man was once more composed, and, after taking something to relieve his breathing, he fell into a gentle sleep, from which he had not awakened when her colleague arrived in the morning to take her place, and Nurse returned to her own house about daybreak.

The following night she was again at her duty; she came rather late, and found her companion already muffled and waiting impatiently to set out. She lighted her to the stairs, and heard her close the hall-door behind her; when, on returning to the room, the wind, as she shut the door, blew out her candle. She relighted it, however, from the dying embers, roused up the fire, and resumed, as before, her seat and her volume of prophecies. The night was stormy, the dry crisp sleet hissed on the window, and the wind sighed in heavy gusts down the spacious chimney; whilst the rattling of the shutters, and the occasional clash of a door in some distant part of the house, came with a dim and hollow echo along the dreary silent passages. She did not feel so comfortable as the night before; the whistling of the wind through the trees made her flesh creep involuntarily; and sometimes the thundering clap of a distant door made her start and drop her book, with a sudden prayer for the protection of Heaven.

She was thinking within herself of giving up the engagement, and was half resolved to do so on the morrow, when all at once her ear was struck with the heavy throes and agonized breathing of

her charge, and, on raising her head, she saw the same lady in the green gown seated in the same position as the night before. Well, thought she, this is unusually strange; but it immediately struck her that it *must* be some inmate of the house, for what human being could venture out in such a dreary night, and at such an hour?—but then her dress: it was neither such as one could wear in the streets on a wintry night, nor yet such as they would be likely to have on *in the house* at that hour; it was, in fact, the fashionable summer costume of the time.

She rose and made her a curtsy, and spoke to her politely, but got no reply save the waving of her hand by which she had been silenced before. At length the agitation of the invalid was so increased that she could not reconcile it to her duty to sit still whilst a stranger was attending him. She accordingly drew nearer to the bed in spite of the repeated beckonings of the lady, who, as she advanced, drew her veil closer across her face, and retired to the table at the window. Nurse approached the bed, but was terrified on beholding the countenance of the patient; the big drops of cold sweat were rolling down his pale brow; his livid lips were quivering with agony; and, as he motioned her aside, his glaring eyes followed the retreating figure in the green gown. She soon saw that it was in vain to attempt assisting him; he impatiently repulsed every proffer of attention, and she again resumed her seat, whilst the silent visitor returned to her place by his bedside.

Rather piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, but still putting from her the idea of a supernatural being, the old woman again determined to watch with attention the retreat of the lady, and observe whether she resided in the house or took her departure by the main door. She almost refrained from winking in order to *secure* a scrutiny of her motions; but it was all in vain; she could not remember to have taken off her glance for a moment, but still the visitant was gone. It seemed as if she had only changed her thoughts for an instant and not her eyes, but that change was enough; when she again reverted to the object of her anxiety, the mysterious lady had departed.

As on the foregoing night, her patient now became composed, and enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber till the light of morning, now reflected from heaps of dazzling snow, brought with it the female who was to relieve guard at the bed of misery.

The following morning Nurse went to the house of the physician who had engaged her, with the determination of giving up the task in which she was employed. She felt uneasy at the thoughts of retaining it, as she had never been similarly situated before; she always had some companion to speak to, or was at least employed in an inhabited house; but besides she was not by any means comfortable in the visits of the nightly stranger. She was disappointed, however, by not finding him at home, and was directed to return at a certain hour; but as she lay down to rest in the meantime, she did not awake till that hour was long past. Nothing then remained but to return for another night, and give warning of her intention on the morrow; and with a heavy discontented heart she repaired to the gloomy apartment.

The physician was already there when she arrived, and received her notice with regret; but was rather surprised when she informed him of the attentions of the strange lady, and the manner in which she had been prevented from performing her duty; he, however, treated it as a common-place occurrence, and suggested that it was some affectionate relative or friend of the patient, of whose connections he knew nothing. At last he took his leave, and Nurse arranged her chair and seated herself to watch, not merely the departure but the arrival of her fair friend. As she had not, however, appeared on the former occasions till the night was far advanced, she did not expect her sooner, and endeavoured to occupy her attention till that time by some other means.

But it was all in vain, she could only think of the one mysterious circumstance, fix her dim gaze on the blackened trellis-work of the ceiling, and start at every trifling sound, which was now doubly audible, as all without was hushed by the noiseless snow in which the streets were imbedded. Again, however, her vigilance was eluded, and as, wearied with thought, she raised her head with a long-drawn sigh and a yawn of fatigue, she encountered the green garments of her unsolicited companion. Angry

with herself, and at the same time unwilling to accuse herself of remissness, she determined once again that she should not escape unnoticed. There hung a feeling of awe around her whenever she approached this singular being, and when, as before, the lady retired to another quarter of the room as she approached the bed, she had not courage to follow her. Again the same distressing scene of suffering in her unfortunate charge ensued; he gasped and heaved till the noise of his agony made her heart sicken within her; when she drew near his bed his corpse-like features were convulsed with a feeling which seemed to twist their relaxed nerves into the most fearful expression, while his ghastly eyes were straining from their sunken sockets. She spoke, but he answered not; she touched him, but he was cold with terror, and unconscious of any object save the one mysterious being whom his glance followed with awful intensity. I have often heard my mother say that Nurse was naturally a woman of very strong feelings, but here she was totally beside herself with anxiety. She thought that the young gentleman was just expiring, and was preparing to leave the room in search of farther assistance when she saw the lady again move towards the bed of the dying man; she bent above him for a moment, whilst his writhings were indescribable; she then moved towards the door. Now was the moment.

Nurse advanced at the same time, laid her one hand on the latch, whilst with the other she attempted to raise the veil of the stranger, and in the next instant fell lifeless on the floor. As she glanced on the face of the lady she saw that a lifeless head filled the bonnet; its vacant sockets and ghastly teeth were all that could be seen beneath the folds of the veil.

Daylight was breaking the following morning when the other attendant arrived, and found the poor old woman cold and benumbed stretched upon the floor beside the passage; and when she looked upon the bed of the invalid he lay stiffened and lifeless, as if many hours had elapsed since his spirit had shaken off its mortal coil. One hand was thrown across his eyes, as if to shade them from some object on which he feared to look; and the other grasped the coverlet with convulsive firmness.

The remains of the mysterious student were interred in the old Calton burying-ground, and I remember before the new road was made through it, to have often seen his grave; but I never could learn his name, what connection the spirit had with his story, or how he came to be in that melancholy deserted situation in Edinburgh. I have mentioned at the commencement of this narration that I will vouch for its truth as far as regards myself, and that is, merely, that I heard the poor old woman herself tell all the extraordinary circumstances as I have recited them, a very few weeks before her death, with a fearful accuracy. Be it as it may, they cost her her life, as she never recovered from the effects of the terror, and pined and wasted away to the hour of her death, which followed in about two months after the fearful occurrence. For my part I firmly believe all she told us; and though my father, who came home the spring following, used to say it was all a dream or the effects of imagination. I always saw too many concurrent circumstances attending it to permit me to think so.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

HOW MUCH SHOULD WE SLEEP?

How much should we sleep? is a question often propounded to the physician, and if considered as applied to the time that should be consumed in sleep by the race, it is vague enough to admit of almost any answer the fancy might suggest; but if the question alludes to an individual or class, then it may be much more definite.

Age, temperament, habit, the amount of fatigue endured, and the condition of health, have much to do with the amount of sleep required; besides these, the quality of sleep modifies the time thus occupied. How much we should sleep, in each individual instance, must therefore be estimated by all the foregoing considerations, and any other that may have direct application to the case in hand.

Some may affirm that six hours in twenty-four is all that is demanded for sleep; others may place the time at seven or eight

hours; but the affirmation is as reasonable that three miles an hour is the nominal rate at which the whole race should walk, or that a certain number of ounces of food a day is the amount that should be consumed by each man, woman and child.

In infantile life, especially during the earlier weeks, the greater portion of time is passed in sleep; likewise, during the entire period of growth the demand for sleep is in excess of mature healthful life in the same individual. And, doubtless, children who are compelled to labour hard and long suffer vastly more from the want of sleep than either the people or the medical profession has been inclined to believe. Old age, like childhood, requires much sleep, and it is evidently a great solace to the declining years.

The influence of temperament is also marked in this direction, the plethoric and lymphatic requiring more sleep than the nervous. Habit, likewise, does much in determining the time demanded for sleep, and may be indulged as to lead, on the one hand, to an unnecessary amount, while, on the other, it may be reduced to a minimum incompatible with long-continued health. It is a common fact, however, that persons who habitually pass but few hours consecutively in sleep have the power quite at will to snatch brief periods of sleep whenever they feel the demand for it, and persons who can do this—physicians, for instance—cannot have failed to notice the great recuperation that comes from a few minutes of sleep so obtained.

Persons engaged in fatiguing labour, as a rule, require more than the average amount of sleep; their sleep, however, is usually very sweet and profound, and hence may not occupy more time than is ordinarily occupied by others. And it must be borne in mind that the recuperation that comes from sleep depends as much on its quiet and soundness as on the time consumed.

The health of the individual also has much to do with the amount of sleep required; the feeble and delicate consuming more of the time in this state than do the robust. And too much attention cannot be given to procuring, in the most natural way possible, that amount of sleep not only for the seriously ill, but for the convalescent, which shall give rest to both body and mind.

That so much of one's time, so much of this brief life, should be spent in sleep, seems to some a mere loss; but it is evidently one of the most merciful provisions of the economy of our being; one of the wisest of the Divine plans of our present existence; and all alike must at times have felt its almost omnipotent power to recuperate the tired body, to give repose to the hard-wrought brain; to relieve the body from the sense of pain, and to calm the soul in its hours of sorrow and distress.

How much, then, does body and mind require of this repose—of sleep?

Let this be the measure for every one, for each as applied to himself. Sleep habitually till, when awaking, the mind is clear, the brain is rested, and the body recuperated. Practically, this cannot always be done, but it is the condition to be sought after; it is the purpose for which sleep was given. The time, considering all the conditions previously alluded to, may be five, six, eight or twelve hours; but if this rest be obtained, no time is ill-spent that obtains it. And to study to find the time required for this is highly important to the individual, to the patient and to those who have the charge of the mental and physical well-being of the race.

The conditions that come of oversleep cannot be considered here, but that one word—slothfulness—is sufficiently expressive of the state to make it abhorrent to all good and true men and women.

How to obtain this quiet and sound sleep, that affords the rest and recuperation so much desired, volumes might be written to tell, and then fail of the object; but a suggestion or two here may point in the right direction. First of all, as far as possible, regularity—periodicity—should be sought for the hours of sleep. Again, those of mature years and in suitable health should, by the exercise of body and brain, produce that condition which invites sleep; and with such, sleep ought only to be sought when a demand is felt for it. Tranquillity of mind, and the will to sleep, have much to do in producing a refreshing repose. Going to bed with the real purpose of obtaining sleep, half the victory of rest is

obtained. Children and infants soonest sleep, and those the most quickly who find their rest at regular intervals, and about whom soft influences are brought; and just so the sick and the well will sleep, who best obey those conditions for repose.—*C. E. Miles, M.D., in Home Knowledge.*

Trial by Newspaper.

THE moral effect of the conviction of the New York Aldermen is weakened by the prominence of an evil almost as dangerous to our institutions as bribery itself. The efforts of their accomplices to excite a reaction of public opinion in their favour are encouraged by the resentment felt by many thoughtful men at the conduct of the press during these trials. The safeguards of innocence, which are the distinguishing feature of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, are in need of defence, if our people desire their preservation. Else trial by jury will, in cases that attract public attention, be wholly superseded by trial by newspaper.

The facts that bribery is a crime of all others the most dangerous to the body politic, and that few trained to weigh the value of testimony doubt the guilt of the Aldermen who have been convicted, do not justify the attendant circumstances. Those who feel the most horror at the cause of the public clamour should be the most anxious to secure fair play for the accused. Martyrs, as well as criminals, have been executed after conviction at the bar of public opinion, and the hanging of Mrs. Surratt is a proof that here in this century, as in France during her great revolution, in England after the tale of the Popish Plot, and in Salem, during the ministry of Cotton Mather, the roar of the populace may demand the blood of the innocent. That in peace men should prepare for war is a proverb better observed in Europe than upon this continent. The example of Marshall, when Burr was on his trial, should teach this people, at least, that the Constitution deserves the most respect when its observance blocks the satisfaction of the people's demand for vengeance.

That control over the press which our courts inherited from England was too severe, and was, therefore, long since abrogated. It is high time to consider whether a part of this should not be restored. The extent of the power and the justification for its existence are well stated by one of England's greatest chancellors, Lord Hardwicke: "There are three different sorts of contempt. One kind of contempt is scandalizing the Court itself. There may be likewise a contempt of this Court in abusing persons who are concerned in causes here. There may be also a contempt of this Court in prejudicing mankind against persons before the cause is heard. There cannot be anything of greater consequence than to keep the streams of justice clear and pure, that parties may proceed with safety to themselves and their characters." For this reason two enlightened advocates of liberty of the press, Lord Erskine and

Chancellor Kent, inflicted punishment upon those who sought, by words in a newspaper or pamphlet, to influence the decision of a pending cause. With the sentiment expressed by Hardwicke all must agree, however they may differ as to the means which should be employed to purify the streams of justice. The exercise, now and here, of the full power of the English judges would not be tolerated a month. There, a judge imprisoned a litigant for advertising for a witness to a fact at issue in a pending cause. Exercise of arbitrary power under much stronger provocation has frequently caused outbursts of public indignation in this country. Without the State of New York, almost every impeachment of a judge has arisen from his alleged infringement of the liberty of the press. Twice in Pennsylvania has a majority of the judges of a single court been tried at the bar of her Senate for such an exercise of the power to punish contempts. From this resulted the enactment there of the first statute limiting the authority of judges in this direction. The failure of the Senate of the United States to find Judge Peck guilty of an impeachable offence in severely punishing a member of the Missouri bar for a temperate criticism of one of his decisions was the cause of the enactment of the law, proposed by Buchanan, afterwards President, then Manager for the House of Representatives, which prevents the Federal judiciary from again thus offending with impunity. New York probably borrowed her law from Pennsylvania. A court in this State can punish an editor for the "publication of a false or grossly inaccurate report of its proceedings." Attempts to influence the action of judge or jury upon a case on trial, and criticism of them after they have rendered a decision, are in the eyes of our present law equally innocent.

It would be unwise, were it not impossible, to restore to our judges the full power exercised by the English Chancellors. The fate of the party which, despite its glorious history, was destroyed through the indignation engendered by the sedition law, illustrates the abhorrence of the American people at the infliction of special penalties upon *scandalum magnatum*. The common sense of the common people is not at fault. The history of the past, if not of the present, shows that it is well for the bench, as well as the legislature, to be subject to criticism. Though the dignity of our most eminent judges may suffer in the eyes of the vulgar, through the scurrility heaped upon them when their opinions, the results of years of study and experience, do not win the approval of some gentleman whose researches in jurisprudence were confined to his observation while reporting divorce trials and proceedings in police courts; and though that dignity may sink lower in the estimation of men educated to expect a higher standard of judicial decorum, when, to escape attack or to curry favour with the press, judges describe to reporters for publication, the impressions made upon them

by the incidents of trials at which they preside; the histories of George Jeffreys, Samuel Chase, and George G. Barnard are enough to prove the insolence of judicial power, not tempered by moral rectitude, when unbridled by respect for public opinion. One of the last attempts of the ring to perpetuate its misrule in New York city was the introduction of a bill at Albany to allow judges to punish, as a contempt of court, criticism of their judicial conduct. Had the bill been introduced a few years earlier, it might, perhaps, have passed, and thus prevented the splendid aid given by the newspapers to their allies at the bar, when the government was saved from that band of thieves.

The aid of newspapers in ferreting out criminals and in compelling prosecutions have been also indispensable to the public weal. In many recent cases has the perpetrator of a crime escaped the researches of the official detectives, only to be discovered by the ingenuity and energy of a reporter. And to the persistency of the New York *World* is due that legislative investigation which obtained the first evidence for the conviction of the aldermen. In many cases, also, although not under the administration of Mr. Martine, would the hand of justice have been stayed, did not the public prosecutor fear the censure of the press. Thus, those who control and conduct our great organs of public opinion render invaluable service, more now than ever before, in the detection, the punishment, and, consequently, in the prevention of crime. The same motives which inspire them to this have of late driven them beyond the point where their efforts can do good. In the work of a detective and of a historian they excel, but they step beyond their province when they undertake to try causes pending in the courts.

The effect of their efforts in this direction is growing daily more apparent. It is already the recognized duty of those who manage litigation in matters of public interest to see that so much of the evidence as is in their favour is given due prominence in the newspapers. This is effected sometimes by paying the publishers for its insertion in the columns of news; more often by influence, social or political, upon the proprietors, editors and reporters. It is still considered unprofessional by most who adhere to a high standard of professional ethics, for lawyers to attempt to influence the bench by procuring the publication of editorials affecting pending litigation; yet this has been done of late by many who occupy high positions at the bar, and profess an exalted standard of morality. And many of our most eminent counsel have recently given opinions for publication in the newspapers concerning questions pending on appeal. These, let us hope, were printed for their effect in Wall Street, not at Albany or Washington.

Is it not time to pause? Is there not a mean between a return to the tyranny of the Star Chamber and the retainer of an editor as associate counsel in each case

of public importance? For, although I know no metropolitan journal which now sells the use of its editorial page, yet, if the present tendency proceeds, that must be the inevitable result. Even editors are human. If a return to contempt proceedings is deemed too harsh a remedy, why should not it be made indictable to publish any comments other than a fair report upon proceedings pending in the courts? Yet, when we remember the infrequency of convictions for criminal libel, it seems unlikely that many public prosecutors would push such an indictment to trial. A more efficacious remedy is, perhaps, a direct appeal to Caesar.

Ye potentates who rule us with your quills, continue to pillory judges and jurymen whose decisions do not meet with your approval. We do not even offer a remonstrance at your then caricaturing the advocate who has done his best to save an unpopular client. But, while a case is on trial and before it has been decided, stand off and confine your strength to the enforcement of fair play. Without your aid no judge can secure it for the accused.—*Roger Foster, in the North American Review.*

NUDE SHOULDERS IN THE COLD.—Now, what is there in nude necks and shoulders that they should have such a charm for royalty? It would be conceivable if the mania were confined to pretty necks and shoulders. But it is indiscriminate. The most scraggy or the most developed necks of matrons seem to exercise the same fascination on royal personages as those of youthful Hebes. The aged Emperor of Germany expressed his indignation the other day because ladies had attended the christening of his great-grandson in high dresses; and on Friday last the exhibition of semi-nude ladies, young and old, in carriages on their way to the drawing-room, and shivering in the cold, was a sight to excite not only pity, but surprise at the poor things being obliged to risk their lives thus uselessly for their Sovereign. The wind, we are told, is tempered to the shorn lamb. But the freezing March blast seemed little tempered to these lambs and ancient sheep.—*London Truth.*

DR. KLEIN recently exhibited to the Royal Society under the microscope, an illustration of a paper on the etiology of scarlet fever, gelatine cultivations of the *Micrococcus scarlatina*, an organism which has been proved to be present in a certain disease of the cow and in human scarlatina.

MR. W. A. CARTER, in a recent lecture on "Marine and Fresh-Water Fishes," said that fish have the power of influencing one another by sounds and action. He had observed a shoal of carp following the lead of a single one which conducted them to a quantity of food at a considerable distance away. He had also noticed that certain fresh-water fish, such as trout, were subservient to a ruler, which might be seen swim-

ming at the head of his tribe. The same was possibly the case with some marine forms, like the herring and bass.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is spending much time in enquiring into the workmen's clubs which flourish everywhere in France, but in Paris, and now number over 500. Employers and employed belong to them, and they are under the general supervision of the local priests. All questions at issue are discussed in friendly argument; food, clothing and medicines and doctors' services are obtained on co-operative principles, and there is not a trace of anarchism or atheism. The cardinal believes that the like of these clubs ought to be started in the United States.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE still bears traces of great and delicate beauty. Her eyes are bright and vivacious, her complexion is admirably preserved and there are tints of pale gold in her hair. She always dresses in deep mourning and carries an ebony stick.

THOMAS A. EDISON says he made experiments while south which convince him that telegraphing through water without the aid of wire will ultimately be made possible, so that for instance, ships several miles apart at sea may communicate with one another.

It is the swell thing now for the groom to give a farewell dinner to his best man and ushers, and the bride a farewell dinner to her maiden friends before the ceremony. This new custom obtained at the marriage of Mayor Hewitt's son in New York recently.

JOAQUIN MILLER tells a pretty story about Mrs. "Bonanza" Mackay and a poor California girl who went to Paris to study art. The girl was dying and had no money to get home, when Mrs. Mackay called on her, bought all her poor little work for \$100 and made the check \$1,000.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, fils, in his recent academy speech on Victor Hugo, said he thought posterity would associate the poet with "La Legende des Siecles," and that the very characteristic of his genius was legendary. "He has left us," said M. Dumas, "a collection of Titanic phantoms, monsters and shadows, whose giant effigies move in a world of their own somewhere between Perrault's fairy tales and the vision of Ezekiel."

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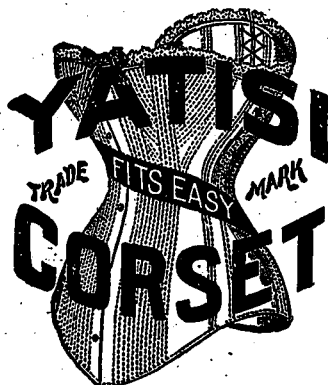
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384 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
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