

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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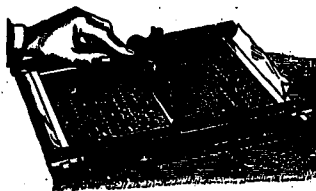
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Editorial Notes.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

THE old story has just been revived that Mr. Blake, disappointed at the result of the late elections, and wearied of maintaining a long and unsuccessful fight for power, is about to retire from public life and resume his practice at the bar. The story is accompanied by its invariable concomitants, the chief of which are to the effect that Mr. Mowat is to succeed Mr. Blake as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and that the direction of the provincial administration in Ontario is to be entrusted to Mr. Pardee. We have no means of knowing how much, if any, truth there is in these stories. There is an air of plausibility about them, and if we now heard them for the first time we should be disposed to invest them with some importance. But the fact is that they are chestnuts of the most pronounced type, and until they receive some authentic confirmation they must be treated as mere flying rumours which it would be out of place to spend much time in considering.

THE QUESTION OF MR. BLAKE'S RETIREMENT.

It may not, however, be amiss to glance for a moment at the probable consequences involved in the changes above suggested. In the first place, Mr. Blake's retirement would unquestionably be a good thing for himself. He is an eminent lawyer, and could count upon all the work at the bar that he could possibly get through with. Without seriously overworking himself, he could make an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. This would be far more profitable, in a pecuniary sense, than anything which public life, conducted on honourable lines, has to place at the disposal of any one unconnected with the Government. It would also be more congenial employment. When conducting a

forensic argument, or cross-examining a stubborn and reluctant witness, Mr. Blake is very much at home. The attentive observer who marks his demeanour under such circumstances cannot fail to perceive that he takes a real pleasure in his work. On the other hand, nobody who has marked Mr. Blake's course since he first entered public life on the accomplishment of Confederation can really suppose that he is fond of politics, or that the duties of a member of Parliament are very much to his taste. As the leader of a party he is a signal example of the round peg in the square hole. He is by nature cold, stand-offish and wanting in courtesy. Of the magnetic quality he seems to be utterly devoid. Of late years, in consequence of the urgent representations of friends, he has done his utmost to overcome these drawbacks to a successful political career, but his individuality is a strong one, and no man can honestly say that he has succeeded. He has been an indefatigable worker, and has made some remarkably able speeches both in and out of Parliament, although even his warmest admirers must admit that several of those delivered on the floor of the House of Commons have been somewhat of the longest. He has an acrid tongue, and on more than one occasion has caused the occupants of the Government benches to shift uneasily in their places. He has moreover kept his hands unsullied by personal corruption. But having said so much in his favour, there is positively no more left to say. He has accomplished nothing of importance either for himself or his party. He has no policy, and his tardy deliverance on the question of the N.P. came too late to be of any service to him. Whether rightly or wrongly held, there is a prevalent idea that he is a source of weakness rather than of strength to his party. His political prospects seem far from hopeful. Under these circumstances if he really wishes to throw up the sponge, he is not without good and plausible reasons for such a proceeding.

MR. MOWAT AS THE PROSPECTIVE LEADER.

THEN, as to Mr. Mowat. There can be no question as to who would be the most eligible man, in the interests of the Reform party, to succeed to the leadership at Ottawa, in case of Mr. Blake's retirement. Sir Richard Cartwright is an able man, but nobody can take him seriously when he poses as a Reformer, and during the last few months his popularity has been decidedly on the wane. He must be considered as out of the running. Mr. Mowat, on the other hand, holds his own in popular favour with remarkable pertinacity. There is a quiet, unostentatious force about him which is constantly asserting itself in unlooked-for

places. His staying power and his capacity for hard work are abnormal. He has been prostrated by one or two attacks of bodily ill-health within the last year, but he has rallied so quickly that no serious importance has been attached to them, and at the present time he seems to be full of aggressiveness and vigour. That he would make his presence felt in the House of Commons; that he would have a loyal and united following; that he would be a serious factor for the Government to deal with—all these things may be predicated with a good deal of confidence. The conduct of the Ontario Administration might safely be delegated to Mr. Pardee, who is in some essential respects not inferior even to Mr. Mowat himself in the capacity for directing public affairs. A hundred other ideas suggest themselves in connection with this many-sided subject. Perhaps it may be thought desirable to return to the consideration of them in a future issue.

THE HORRORS OF THE RAIL.

ANOTHER frightful railway accident has taken place—this time on the Providence line, in the immediate neighbourhood of Boston. Pretty nearly the entire train has in a few brief seconds been converted into splinters, and a great part of the human freight, alas! has shared a similar fate. The story is a gruesome one from first to last. Some of the details are as terrible as have ever been placed on paper. They are in fact too terrible to be read without a shiver. Following closely, as this accident does, upon the recent catastrophe on the Central Vermont Railway at White River, it will not be surprising if railway travel in New England should for a time be seriously affected. There are persons who will be afraid to trust themselves behind a locomotive for many a day to come, and who will endure any amount of delay and inconvenience rather than subject themselves to the possibility of such frightful casualties as have fallen to the lot of the sufferers by these recent calamities. Such an effect can of course be only temporary. The advantages of travel by rail over all other means of locomotion are so great that humanity will in the long run take whatever risks it may be necessary to incur, rather than forego those advantages. But these successive appalling catastrophes may well give rise to the enquiry: Are such risks necessary? Are there no means whereby they may be avoided? Is it a fixed condition that a man must take his life in his hand every time he takes his seat in a railway train? Is it a matter altogether beyond dispute that whenever a wife or mother sees her husband or her son start away upon a journey, she must calculate the chances of his being returned to her in fragments? It seems to us that a stricter legislation would minimise the risks, and considerably lessen the dangers of travel by rail. Effects are not produced without causes. A train does not drop bodily through a bridge from mere caprice. There was a weak spot somewhere, and that spot it was the business of the company to know. If the directors were made criminally responsible for such mishaps, as they are in some European countries; we should

hear of fewer railway holocausts and pulverized bridges. We should read fewer horrifying narrations such as we have been compelled to read during the last day or two, and scores of human beings would be preserved from cruel suffering, such as it transcends the power of the pen to describe. The plan of imposing criminal responsibility is said to have worked exceedingly well wherever it has been put into operation. An experiment in that direction would seem to be imperatively called for in New England at the present time. When "some one has blundered" it is the blunderer who ought to bear the penalty, in so far as such a thing is at all possible.

THE LATE PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

MR. BEECHER having finally retired from this shifting scene, the pertinent question presents itself: What is to become of the immense congregation which he has left behind him? Where is it to find the peculiar spiritual food by which it has been nourished during the last forty years? That congregation has been considerably reduced in numbers ever since the great scandal of thirteen years ago, but it is still the largest on this continent, and consists of somewhere in the neighbourhood of three thousand persons. It was originally formed almost entirely by Mr. Beecher's own personal influence and exertions. It has ever since been held together by his large personality, and by the marvellous power of his pulpit oratory. A considerable portion of it was doubtless attracted by the magnetic nature of the man himself, rather than by his doctrines or his teaching. It has indeed long been notorious that some of his adherents were prepared to follow their pastor whithersoever he might choose to lead them in the direction of liberal thought. Dogmas and creeds were very little to them, whereas their pastor was everything. They were ready and willing to permit him to do their thinking for them, and concerned themselves very little as to their personal responsibility. Such persons as these will hardly be disposed to transfer their allegiance to a successor less splendidly endowed than Mr. Beecher, and such a successor is nowhere to be found. He had the faculty of spiritualizing the common experiences of life, and of investing them with a profundity of human interest which touched the heart of every listener. This great gift made him always entertaining. To be dull was simply impossible with him. "When I see members of my congregation asleep in their pews," he once remarked, "I don't ask a man to go and wake them up, but I send for a man to come and wake me up." As matter of fact, we suspect there were very few attendants of Plymouth Church who ever went to sleep in their pews. On the contrary, they were wout to signify their wakefulness and their keen appreciation of his most telling points in a manner which seemed scarcely fitting to a temple dedicated to divine worship. But the plain truth of the matter was that the great preacher carried them literally off their feet. When subjected to his spell, they were taken far away from the sordid cares of every-day life, and lifted into a region above stocks and cent per cent. On one day of the week they were made to recognize the ex-

istence of something more noble than the Almighty Dollar. What if they did relapse during the other six? The man under whose witching spell such natures became as clay in the hands of the potter, even for a brief interval on Sunday, was a potent magician, and his influence on the whole must have been to brighten and sanctify their lives.

MR. BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

HE has certainly left no one behind him who is capable of filling his shoes, and one tries in vain to conjecture as to who will be found venturesome enough to dare to put on his mantle. Several names have been mentioned, at least two of which belong to persons as to whom very little is known in this country. It seems extremely doubtful whether any one will be found capable of carrying on the work of Mr. Beecher, and of permanently keeping together a congregation made up of so many incongruous elements. Still, the attempt will be made, and it is tolerably certain that, at any rate for some time to come, Plymouth Church will continue to be a chief place of resort among New Yorkers and Brooklynites on the first day of the week. Viewed merely in the light of a financial speculation, the investment is too great to be abandoned without serious efforts to keep it afloat. The directorate numbers in its ranks shrewd and capable men of business who cannot afford to leave the pews untenanted. But in the matter of preachers it is not true that there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, and the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit must be a man of exceptional power indeed to enable the treasurer to exhibit a satisfactory balance sheet in the years to come.

MRS. STOWE AND THE BYRON SCANDAL.

AT such a time the mind is insensibly drawn towards another distinguished and still surviving member of the Beecher family. By the death of her eminent younger brother, Mrs. Stowe has sustained a second mortal bereavement within the brief space of a few months. It seems only like the day before yesterday when her husband was taken from her. He had been her companion for more than half a century. He had marked her rise from obscurity to world-wide fame, and though he had been an invalid for many years before his death, the mere fact of his existence gave her an object in life, for she was a faithful and assiduous nurse. Since the withdrawal of that object, her future has had little in it of bright allurements. She has suffered much from the decline and infirmities inseparable from advanced life; and has been beset by the idea that there was no work left in the world for her to do. Effective literary work is hardly to be expected from an overtaken woman in her seventy-sixth year, more especially when the light of her life has gone out, and when her house has been left unto her desolate. She is two years the senior of her late brother, between whom and herself there has ever existed an attachment of the warmest and most tender kind. This second bereavement, following so closely upon the heels of the other, has doubtless been felt by her as an overwhelming calamity. To speak frankly, we have never been able to regard her with very fond affection since the publication of her outrageous and most unwomanly assault upon the memory of Lord Byron, eighteen years since. It

is well to be charitable, and we are willing to concede that she believed the monstrous story which she then gave to the world. The story itself was the mere figment of Lady Byron's morbid imagination, and in any case it was of such a nature that no woman—certainly no woman unconnected by ties of blood with Lady Byron—had any business to concern herself with its disclosure. By the publication of this hideous nightmare Mrs. Stowe dealt a serious blow at her own literary reputation. But she has ever since been compelled to bear the penalty of her indiscretion—to employ no harsher a term—and in her present melancholy circumstances it is surely gracious to extend to her a share of the sympathy of which she so urgently stands in need. The authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* long since established a claim upon the sympathies of all who can recognize the hand of genius when they see it, and who believe that slavery was one of the greatest curses that was ever permitted to afflict mankind. She stamped her genius upon that wonderful book, and upon the strength of having written it her name is destined to go down through the centuries. Let us remember her only as the creator of Uncle Tom and little Eva, and let her ill-starred excursion into the unsavoury realms of "Lady Byron's Life" be eternally forgotten. May she be strengthened to bear the burdens imposed upon her.

THEODORE TILTON AND THE FLESHLY SCHOOL.

THE subject of Mr. Beecher's death brings to the recollection still another figure which at one time occupied a conspicuous place in public interest, but which has of late years sunk into absolute and richly-merited oblivion. No reputation is more hopelessly dead and buried than is that of Theodore Tilton; yet the man himself is still alive, and in fact has scarcely passed the term of middle life. It may safely be alleged that few more unmitigated scamps than the "Dory" of the famous trial have ever figured in the ranks of literature. This is saying a good deal, for literature has at one time and another counted some exceedingly tough subjects among its votaries. But Theodore was a *mauvais sujet* from the beginning. He has written some remarkably clever things, but it is doubtful if he was ever fit to be the companion of decent men and women. He dealt a blow at Mr. Beecher's reputation from which it never entirely recovered, and it is quite within possibility that the terrible and prolonged strain to which the pastor was subjected may have shortened his days. But "be sure your sin will find you out." Theodore Tilton did much to mar Mr. Beecher's career; but he utterly blasted his own. Of all the wide constituency which was once his, probably not one member now remains to do him reverence. He has long been an exile from his native land, where nobody ever mentions his name. In the Students' Quarter of Paris in which he makes his abode he has doubtless found congenial spirits of the Fleshly School whereof he is—or was—so ardent a votary. The Bohemian life of the Cluseret and the Elysée de Montmartre is well suited to the worshipper at the shrine of Victoria Woodhull and Tennie Claffin. The last that was heard of him on this side of the Atlantic was showing the sights of Paris to a much better man than himself—Frederick A. Douglass. As to which all that need be said is that Mr. Douglass cannot be congratulated upon the companions he chooses for himself when he takes his walks abroad. But surely Theodore must have been conscious of a pang near the region of what in him does duty for a heart when the news of his somewhat pastor's death was flashed across the sea.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT,

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SHAKSPEARE AND IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY cannot surely expect that he will be allowed to keep back his alleged Bacon-Shakspeare discovery much longer, without serious remonstrance on the part of the public whose curiosity has been awakened. It is now fully a year since he pledged his reputation to publish his wonderful "Key," within four or five months at farthest. The four or five months passed by, and when the world was all agog with expectation the great iconoclast besought grace until Christmas. Christmas and New Year's have come and gone nearly a quarter of a year since; yet we are not permitted to feast our reason on Ignatius's long-expected book, nor has any indication been recently afforded as to when we are likely to do so.

An impression is getting abroad that Mr. Donnelly's so-called scheme has utterly collapsed, and that he recognizes the fact that he has gasconaded prematurely. It is further believed that he has not the manliness to avow his failure, and that he has no intention of publishing anything whatever on the subject. Should this impression prove correct, he must not expect to be let down easily. His flourish of trumpets was so loud, and his pretensions were intrinsically so absolutely monstrous, that he aroused attention from Shakspearian students all over the world. Nobody whose opinion was of any value ever supposed that he would succeed in proving what he set out to prove; but readers of *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok* looked forward with eager expectation to the appearance of the promised book, because they believed that it would be clever, ingenious and superficially plausible. Mr. Donnelly must not suppose that he will now be permitted to quietly drop out of public attention. He must either make good his claims or reconcile his mind to the idea of going down to posterity as an utterly discredited man—a man entitled to rank side by side with William Henry Ireland and other specious frauds of that kidney.

Among scores of other Shakspearian scholars, Mr. Albert R. Frey, of the Astor Library, New York, has got tired of waiting for the long-promised revelations, and has begun to show his impatience in print. In the last number of *The Bookmart* he has an open letter addressed to Mr. Donnelly, in which he asks the very pertinent question: "Is it not about time that you gave us a full explanation of your so-called discovery?" And then he adds some words which deserve a wide circulation. "For more than a year," he writes, "you have received gratuitous advertising in all the

leading journals, and the Shakspearian world is naturally anxious to obtain the result of your researches. You have explained your system when applied to pages 53 and 67 of the Histories (*1 Henry IV.*), but this proves nothing, as we find that your rule does not hold good throughout. We tried your method on about twenty different pages of the first folio, and the result is unsatisfactory in every instance. Perhaps you intend to publish a sequel to your *Atlantis*, something upon the site of Laputa or Balnibarbi, and wish to have your name extolled before you issue such a work; but we assure you that the public will think more of you if you come out fairly and squarely, and either admit that your 'cipher' has fallen to pieces, or else give to the world the result of your investigations."

Mr. Donnelly can hardly afford to ignore this letter, which moreover is certain to be followed by others from different quarters couched in the same spirit. That he can come triumphantly out of the ordeal before him is simply impossible. The best that he can hope for is to excuse his vainglorious boastings by giving to the world something which has at least an air of specious plausibility on the surface. From what we know of his key—that is, from the account given of it last spring in the *Nineteenth Century*—we have no sort of expectation that it will be deemed worthy of serious consideration. We will undertake, on the same system, to demonstrate that *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written by Mark Twain. [We don't mean *The New Pilgrim's Progress*, but the Old.] But such as it is, Mr. Donnelly is bound not to withhold it.

RANDOM NOTES BY A PROTECTIONIST.

THE protective policy of the United States rendered it necessary for us to adopt a similar policy. In both countries it has proved successful.

We adopted our National Policy several years after that of our neighbours was effectuated, and our industries are in much the same position as those of the United States were then.

The National Policy is by no means complete in all its details, and there are many features constantly appearing which require to be definitely settled before it can be said that we have satisfied the reasonable expectations of those who have invested their capital upon the understanding that the policy would be adhered to.

Our present duty clearly is to place Canadian manufacturers in as good a position to carry on trade as those of other countries, before we throw down the protective barrier.

Nations in every way inferior to us find it necessary to employ numerous consuls to protect the interests of their citizens, and increase their trade abroad; and circumstances now imperatively demand the immediate establishment of a complete system of consular or commercial agencies wherever our products are likely to find markets, as well as in those countries where we are at present trading extensively.

Besides supplying information and rendering assistance to our people in placing goods in new markets, it would be their duty to disseminate information as to the resources and advantages of the vast fertile unoccupied areas of Canada. Thus a double purpose would be served. Immigration of settlers of which we

stand in need would be increased; our home markets would be improved; fresh scope would be afforded to our manufacturing trade; and a new era of progress and prosperity, exceeding anything of the kind heretofore experienced, would be inaugurated.

The immense increase in trade and population in a very short space of time in the United States is chiefly due to their efficient consular system.

Their export trade to Canada amounts to about fifty millions. Their consuls abound throughout the country. Everyone of them acts as an emigration agent. Besides, American railway companies employ numerous emigration agents throughout the country. Meanwhile, what are we doing in Canada? With an export trade of nearly forty millions of dollars annually to the United States: with an enormous tract of territory admitted on all hands to be more fertile than any in the United States open for free occupation: with the Eastern States overcrowded with small farmers having capital, and the cities with artisans who are unable to better their condition: with an intelligent enterprising population of nearly sixty millions at our doors requiring no persuasion and nothing but information with reference to this country to be supplied to them to induce them to take land in our North-West, we have not a single agent throughout the length and breadth of the United States; and practically no effort has been made to attract either population or capital thence to our shores. The sooner we adopt the system referred to the better. It may be some time before it will be thoroughly efficient, but when it is, and when by such means a considerable population has been attracted to our North-Western prairies and the vast mining regions of Lake Superior and British Columbia, and when our manufacturing trade has acquired strength and won its way in the markets of the world, we may perhaps advantageously consider the advisability of a commercial union, or the establishment of complete free trade with the United States. Then, also, with a consular system, the germ of a diplomatic service in working order, it may be proper to consider whether an alliance with Great Britain would not be more advantageous to both countries than that Canada should longer continue as a mere dependency.

Meanwhile, much may be done to improve trade relations between the United States and Canada in other directions.

The fishery question is one that should be settled upon its merits alone, apart from all other considerations.

The Americans have conceded that they have not the right to fish within certain limits of our shores, and if they want that privilege they can have it by establishing free trade in fish, and paying the difference in value between our fishing grounds and theirs, less whatever advantage their markets may be to our fishermen. In this way alone, we contend, is there a prospect of arriving at a fair settlement.

The question of the advisability of reciprocal free trade in natural products of the two countries is a different matter altogether. Since the last treaty was negotiated the circumstances of both countries have vastly changed. The United States have acquired a world-wide trade, and their profits will be increased in proportion to the decrease in cost of their raw material, whether that arises from proximity or any other cause. Nowhere can they get the material they require as good or as cheaply as they can here, and their forests are yearly becoming more distant than ours from their chief markets. Our coal and iron supplies are in some instances more easy of access to them; so it is for their own inter-

est to admit our natural products free now more than ever. At the same time we would derive a similar benefit, but to a much less extent.

Upon the whole, such an arrangement is only just to the inhabitants of both countries.

The adoption of a vigorous trade policy as suggested by our Government; the settlement of the fisheries difficulty, followed by reciprocity in natural products, would pave the way to such further mutual concessions as would be advantageous to both, and in such case it is reasonable to expect, without endangering or sacrificing British connection, or importing matters of sentiment into plain business transactions, that an arrangement may be evolved worthy of the intelligence of the people of both countries, adapted to the requirements of both, giving to the inhabitants of each any advantages to be derived from freer intercourse, and at the same time securing to our infant industries the protection and assistance they now have a right to expect from the people of Canada

J. B.

Book Notice.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, etc. Vol. II. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: George Virtue.

The self-sufficient reviewer who takes up this volume with intent to pass a sweeping judgment upon it after a few hours' cursory examination of its pages will, unless his critical acumen has wholly deserted him, feel a strong inward prompting to stay his rash hand. This inward prompting will be all the stronger if he has some real knowledge of the subject-matter, and if he happens to be endowed with something approaching to a true consciousness of the magnitude of the task with which he has been entrusted. A little learning is proverbially a dangerous thing, and the sciolist who undertakes to pronounce upon a book like this is tolerably certain to become a laughing-stock to all readers who have a proper appreciation of how much is involved in judicious book reviewing. When a man has gained a sufficient perception of himself to be conscious of serious limitations—in other words, when he has become wise enough to know his own ignorance—he may fairly be said to have learned a valuable lesson, and to have made some progress on the high-road to knowledge.

It is probably safe to say that no general historical work has ever come forth from the American press which reflects higher credit upon all persons connected with its publication, or which more richly deserves to be carefully studied, than the one now under consideration. It is written on the only plan whereby it is possible to secure thorough workmanship in every department. When Mr. Tytler or Mr. Anybody Else puts forth a Universal History written entirely by himself, we know quite well that his labours, as a whole, cannot have any great value. We know that we must not look for much beyond mere compilation, and that there can have been no serious endeavour to examine and weigh original authorities. The field is altogether too wide for any man to travel over it all, and to note everything worth noting during his journey. No one human being can be said to *know* the history even of America alone. He may have a more or less general idea of the course of events. He may know the fate of Montezuma and Atahualpa, and may have some inkling of

the achievements of Jacques Cartier and Champlain. He may be possessed of a few facts bearing upon the life of Washington, and may have some more or less confused notion of the causes of the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies. But he cannot pretend to have mastered the whole course of American history. His knowledge of the entire field cannot possibly be thorough or profound. For this reason it has become the vogue for a scholar to devote himself to some particular epoch or series of events, and, so far as such a thing is possible, to go to the bottom of his theme by exhausting the materials bearing upon it. Thus we see Mr. Parkman devoting his life to the manifold intricacies of the history of French and English exploration in North America. Thus we see Mr. Prescott devoting many laborious years to familiarizing his mind with the achievements of the Spanish conquerors of the Western World. The list of historical specialists might be extended almost to infinity; and such a list would include the names of nearly every contributor to this Narrative and Critical History. The writers, almost without exception, are the very best authorities on the respective subjects which they have here undertaken to treat. This volume deals with the Spanish explorations and settlements in America from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. The Editor himself, whose learning and critical sagacity are apparent from first to last, deals with the documentary sources of early Spanish-American history, as well as with the discoveries of Columbus. Sydney Howard Gay takes up Amerigo Vespucci. Edward Channing disposes of the Companions of Columbus. John Gilmary Shea deals with Ancient Florida, and George E. Ellis with the relations of the Spaniards to the Indians. Henry W. Haynes reviews the early explorations of New Mexico, and Clements R. Markham details the exploits of Pizarro and the conquest and settlement of Peru and Chili. To Edward Everett Hale has been entrusted the discoveries of Magellan. Now, as every careful student of American history knows, each of these writers is a master of his subject. We thus have before us the choicest fruits of varied learning, and cannot help feeling that on each particular epoch there is not much more to be said that is really worth saying. The scholar who has this book in his library may feel certain that he possesses the results of the latest and most profound researches, and that he has a practical encyclopædia of those epochs of history which are here presented. And if he wishes to gain still further knowledge, the original sources of information are unfolded to him.

Anything like an adequate review of the work as a whole can only be undertaken by a quarterly magazine which has abundant space at its disposal. It is manifestly out of the question for any weekly journal of such dimensions as ARCTURUS to do more than hint at the main characteristics. This we have here attempted very briefly to do; and we hope to do as much for future instalments. For the present we have merely to say that should the subsequent volumes bear out the promise of the present one, America will be able to boast of possessing the most complete and scholarly history that has ever been given to the world.

THERE is one almost incredible thing which will give a fair idea of how the Chinese regard the death penalty. It is an actual fact that in some cases substitution can be instituted, and a substitute can be readily found. Money here will make men risk almost certain death, but it is to be doubted whether Vanderbilt had millions enough to secure a man to stand for hanging in cold blood. Any one acquainted with the ways and customs of China will, however, testify that \$50 will, at any time, and in numbers, secure men to step up beneath the executioner's sword and die.

Poetry.

SONNET.—LOVE'S WARNING.

ARE we to part and must I say good-bye?
The sun hath kiss'd the earth; but coming soon
The cold embraces of the captor moon
Will pale the crimson blushes of the sky,
Excited still by love's sweet ecstasy—
This night will pass in one long silent swoon
Not all the light of stars will leave the boon
Of radiant warmth that once rained from on high.

This love of mine is sun-like, all on fire,
And I have kiss'd thy lips, so wondrous sweet,
With wholesome warmth, desirous, yet discreet,
Whereat thy cheeks hot blushes did acquire
By love's responson;—therefore when I go
No later passion shall re-light their glow.

Paris, Ont.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SONG-BIRDS.

AH, in the summer, the blythe golden summer,
Songs to my heart came, as birds to a tree,
Piping and shrilling, each jubilant come
Full of song-secrets, of bird-ecstasy!

Now in December, the cold white December,
Few come, and sad ones, to sing thro' the snow,
Waking my heart but to bid it remember
That childhood has gone, as the sweet summers go.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

PAGANINI.

HE shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile.

With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.

Another stroke—off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

Once more! The third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

He stands, and—while his genius unbereft
Is calm—one string and Paganini left.

He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against that storm as if they sought the skies.

A silence falls; then awe; the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.

And when the last note, trembling, died away,
Some shouted "Bravo!" Some had learned to pray.

—Independent.

THE DRAMA.

BOTH the opera houses in Toronto are presenting attractive bills of fare to their patrons this week, with a prospect of still better things to come in the immediate future. At the Grand, Kate Castleton and her clever company have been delighting large audiences with the musical extravaganza of *Crazy Patch*. They are to remain throughout the remainder of the week, when they will be succeeded by the ever popular favourite, Rosina Vokes. At the Toronto Opera House the three-act drama *In His Power* is winning nightly favour. Next week at this house a comedieta entitled *Pat's Wardrobe* is to be presented. The Pat of the title-rôle is the well-known Pat Rooney, which is equivalent to saying that the piece is of a decidedly hilarious character. The United States press speaks enthusiastically of the performance, which will be presented on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has so far recovered his health that he has resumed his lectures at Oxford, after a pause of several years. He has promised to lecture at the Royal Institution in March, on "The Science of Thought," a subject on which he has just finished a carefully-considered volume.

Correspondence.

The Growth of Canadian Nationality.

Editor ARCTURUS:

THE growth of Canadian Nationality, like that of the oak, is undoubtedly slow, but it will prove to be a hardy and vigorous member of the family of nations when once it spreads its branches. The Dominion has within its limits everything that is necessary to make a people prosperous as well as powerful. The wide-awake politicians in the Dominion know this. When you meet them, whether in Frisco, enjoying a view of the Golden Gate from the piazza of the Lick House, or steaming down St. Paul down the Mississippi in one of the great floating palaces of that noble stream, or crossing the Atlantic in one of Canada's fast cruisers, they are proud of their country. They speak of it in the true spirit of natives, and not in the spirit of braggadocio wherein the American politician was wont to indulge in the days of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

It is a hopeful sign to note that the Canadian in foreign lands not only defends his country with national warmth, but points out the advantages which it is offering as a home for the surplus population of older lands. And well he may, for this country is no "pent up Utica," but more than half a continent, with rivers as great and majestic as those whose names were perpetually dinned into our ears during our boyhood. How much did we hear of the Father of Waters? But have we not within our vast interior a Father of Waters of our own—the mighty Mackenzie, whose waves roll down to Arctic seas? Soon, I fancy, one of the numerous literary lights which centre around Toronto will be seized with a passion for exploration, and will take a voyage down this mighty stream. Upon his return he will write a book entitled, "Four Thousand Miles Down the Mackenzie." Another will give us "A Trip up the Yukon"; another will venture on "A Summer Down the Liard." Yet another will remove much of the ignorance which prevails with regard to the source of the Skeena, and the possibility of Port Essington being the St. John of the Pacific.

Politics have a firmer hold on the eastern Canadian than the geography of his own west, and this should not be. Here are a number of copies of the Boston *Herald* of a late date, containing advertisements under the heading of "Wants from Canadians," seeking menial employment in an over-crowded city at wages much lower than they can get in the Canadian North-West. If there is any subject on which a Canadian writer might wax eloquent, it ought to be in encouraging his compatriots to remain in their own country. If the older provinces are crowded, there is plenty of room here. Assiniboia has just as mild winters as Nebraska, and Alberta has a similar climate to Montana; while to the people of the Maritime Provinces, Northern Columbia is a better country than Washington Territory or Oregon.

The growth of Canadian Nationality is dependent on the settlement and development of the North-West, just as the greatness of the American Union was not achieved until her broad western prairies were opened up to the settler from older countries, and when the young giant of the west with his hundred hands took hold, the greatness of the American Nation was complete. The young Dominion has a great west without which all visions of Canadian Nationality would be as absurd as have been the views of the leading politicians of Newfoundland on the subject of joining the Canadian Confederation, but which views, of late, they have been surrendering as the musty notions of isolation and stagnation.

Probably nothing has given a greater impetus to Canadian Nationality than the first steps of empire which were made when the North-West and British Columbia were made a part of the Dominion. Narrow provincialisms must disappear before the wider and more enlarged status of a Canadian Nationality. When an American goes abroad he is not a Rhode Islander, or an Oregonian, but an American. When a Nova Scotian or a Manitoban travels in foreign lands he ought to be, and really he is beginning to take some pride in the fact that he is, a Canadian.

Regina, March 7th, 1887.

Yours, etc.,

G. B. E.

Literary Notes.

ANYBODY who is fond of skirmishing around among old and rare books can spend a pleasant hour or two in the establishment of Messrs. R. W. Douglas & Co., in this city. Mr. Douglas is an enthusiast in his calling, and has become a recognized authority in matters pertaining to bibliography. He has managed to get together a number of odd, out-of-the-way books such as are not often found in juxtaposition in Canadian book-stores, or indeed in any book-stores on this continent. Among others relating to the early history of Canada is one important and valuable work worthy of special mention. This is Father Gabriel F. Sagard's *Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons* published in Paris in 1632. Father Sagard was a member of the Recollets in Paris, and was directed by a congregation of his order to accompany Father Nicholas on a mission to the savages of New France. He sailed from Dieppe in March, 1624, and landed at Quebec three months later. Proceeding at once to the scene of his labours among the Hurons, 150 leagues west of Quebec, he remained some months with them, studying their manners, religion and language, in the intervals of leisure afforded by his missionary work. The privations and sufferings of this life, however, were more than his fortitude could endure, and he returned to his convent in Paris, where he produced his *Grand Voyage* and the *Histoire du Canada*. Copies of the original editions of both of these works are now exceedingly rare. A copy of the former was sold at the Murphy sale in New York in March, 1884, for \$170.

ANOTHER rare book in the possession of the same firm is Gottfried's *New Welt und Americanische Historien*. The author, or compiler, was John Phillippe Abelin, better known as John Louis Gottfried, who was a contributor to and a co-labourer in the famous Great and Small Voyages, published by Merian, the son-in-law of Theodore De Bry. The above mentioned work is generally considered as an abridgment of the Great Voyages. It is divided into three parts, of which the first serves as an introduction, containing the history, geography, natural history, etc., of the New World, taken from the publications of Oviedo, Acosta, Peter Martyr, etc. The second part contains accounts of thirty-three expeditions or voyages to America, from Columbus to Spilberg and Schonten. The third and last part contains a description of the West Indies and Central America, as well as of certain expeditions such as those of Jacob le Maire and Peter Heyn; an account of the conquests of the Dutch in Brazil, and a description of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and other northern lands. This work was published in 1655, and is not only very scarce, but very curious and entertaining.

STILL another, and not less interesting work, is the *Narratio Regionum Hispanos Quosdam Denotatarum Verissima* of Theodore De Bry. This is a small quarto published in 1598. It deals with the relations between the Spaniards and the Indians. It is also profusely illustrated with curious copper plates. The principal object of these plates is to show the zeal of the conquerors in converting the natives to Christianity, which they effected by the exercise of the most fiendish and revolting cruelties. The pictures form a hideous phantasmagoria of roasting by slow fires, pouring molten lead down the throats of resisting victims, cutting off of hands, hanging and slaughtering in every conceivable diabolical manner. It is possible that the translation of this book might cause a sensation much the same as was caused some years ago by the publication of Aaron Goodrich's *History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus*, and for precisely the same reason.

THE literary lounge will find much to interest him in the above mentioned establishment, and will moreover find Mr. Douglas full of interesting bibliographical information, which he is always willing to impart to his patrons. We notice that the firm have just issued an eighty-page catalogue of theological books containing 3,130 distinct items, some of which are exceedingly curious and rare. The catalogue will be sent post free to anyone who may apply for it.

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

BUT this is digression, and I am desirous of restricting this introductory chronicle within the narrowest possible limits consistent with the reader's clear comprehension of subsequent details; so I will simply state the fact that a family council was held, at which the following course was resolved upon. My father was to obtain his landlord's consent to the sale of the unexpired term in the lease of the farm. Squire Wilford, who was the nominal lessee, was also to be communicated with, and his consent to the transfer obtained. The stock, grain, and household furniture were to be converted into current coin of the realm. My father was to emigrate to Canada (which was then considered a most desirable field for emigration), and after a twelvemonth's experience of the country was to invest his money in land. Meanwhile, my mother, with her two fledglings, was to take up her abode with her father, at Barnsley, until her husband should have provided a home in the west; after which she and her little ones were to follow him there.

This programme was carried out in every essential particular.

Ten days before my father sailed from Liverpool he received a windfall in the shape of a farewell letter. As it is quite short, I transcribe it in full—the letter, not the windfall—from the original now lying before me.

"BROXBOROUGH HALL, YORKS,

"DEAR MR. ROBERT:

"Oct. 17th, 183—,

"Acting upon your father's instructions, I take up my pen to apprise you that, having been made acquainted with your intention of emigrating to Canada, he begs to enclose herewith a draft for the sum of one thousand pounds (£1,000), payable to your own order, at sight, at the banking house of Messrs. Adams, Peabody & Co., Nassau St., New York, in the United States of America.

"In case you should determine to go by Quebec, instead of by New York, you will have no difficulty in getting cash for the enclosed, by paying a small sum for discount, at any respectable Canadian bank.

"I am to add that your father hopes you may be successful in finding a Canadian home to your liking. He regrets that the present state of his health is such as to preclude the possibility of his bidding you farewell in person.

"This letter, together with enclosure, will be delivered to yourself, personally, by a special messenger; so that no acknowledgment will be necessary.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES RYECROFTE."

"TO MR. ROBERT WILFORD."

So the Squire was better than his former word. My father, upon his arrival at New York, obtained payment of the amount specified in the draft, and was thus enabled to land in Canada with upwards of sixteen hundred pounds sterling in his pocket: a sum large enough to enable any man reasonably endowed with common prudence to set himself very comfortably on his feet in that new country.

I have omitted to mention that shortly after the birth of my sister, both my parents had simultaneously experienced certain mental phenomena which had resulted in what, I believe, is in certain circles called "a change of heart." Rendered thoughtful, no doubt, by that feeling of responsibility which the possession of offspring is apt to engender in reflective minds: and being further incited thereto by the oratory and ministrations of a certain eloquent cordwainer: they had experienced "conviction of sin," and had identified themselves with the sect called Jebusites,

whereof Mr. Jeremiah Mawson was a highly-honoured member. As my story matures I shall have a good deal to say respecting some of the tenets of this sect. Meanwhile, it will be sufficient to state the fact of my parents having become converts to the Jebusite doctrines.—Now, about ten years before this time, a little colony of these sectaries had emigrated from Lancashire to Canada; and when my father left his native land he took with him a congregational missive, recommending him to all professors of the faith, wheresoever situate; but more especially to the congregation worshipping at Peartree Chapel, in the neighbourhood of Johnson's Ford, Gore District, Upper Canada.

Upon presentation of his credentials to Elder Jairus Redpath, the young emigrant was cordially admitted into the fold by the entire community of the faithful in Canada, whose cordiality underwent no diminution when it became known that he had brought with him a considerable sum of money, and was desirous of settling in their neighbourhood. Elder Redpath, who was looked up to as the patriarch of the tribe, had immediately upon his arrival in the country become locatee of a tract of several thousands of acres of land, of which, in case of his payments being punctually made, he would eventually become absolute owner; in so far, at least, as the law of Upper Canada (which in this respect precisely resembles the law of England) admits of the absolute ownership of real estate by a private individual. He had reserved five hundred acres for himself, and had built thereon a stately mansion, to which he had given the name of "Aspleigh Hall." The bulk of the tract he had divided into twelve farms, which he portioned out among the little band of colonists who had accompanied him across the Atlantic, and who worked these farms according to his directions, for certain stipulated wages, occupying towards him merely the position of hired servants. This arrangement, however, which had a dash of William the Conqueror and the feudal system about it, was only a temporary one, and was to cease when the title of the locatee should become absolute. It was verbally understood that upon the consummation of that event, the farmers were to have the privilege of buying the farms which they respectively worked, at a small advance upon the original purchase money, in addition to the value of improvements, and upon easy terms of payment. They had therefore every incentive to work faithfully, and make the best of the property which would eventually become their own. Log houses had been built for the occupation of themselves and their families; and they dwelt there, in the midst of the other settlers in the district, after the manner of the Children of Israel among the Egyptians—among, but not of them. The parallel, however, extended no farther, and was thus by no means complete. So far from occupying, like the Israelites, a position subordinate to their neighbours, their industry, frugality, and thriftiness, joined to the spirit of zealous and active co-operation by which they were animated, gave them an especial prominence, and bade fair to place them in a position of independence. Real estate was rapidly increasing in value. The Canadian rebellion, which at the time of my father's emigration had just been brought to a close, had not interfered with the prosperity of the neighbourhood, even for a single day. Elder Redpath had bought his entire tract for three dollars an acre, and at the time of my father's arrival it was well worth five times that sum.

I have intimated that my father was kindly received. He was invited to quarter himself for a few months at Aspleigh Hall, until he could look about him a little, and invest his capital to advantage. This proposal was accepted, and ere long the newcomer was regularly installed in the office of Elder Redpath's overseer and general manager; his duty chiefly consisting of paying successive visits to the various farms, and apportioning to the respective occupants their daily or weekly labour.

This arrangement had lasted for some months, when Giles Hartley, the occupant of one of the twelve farms, fell ill, and went the way of all flesh. His widow, who was childless, and who had long pined for the green hills and vales of her native country, surrendered any rights she might have in the farm worked by her late husband, and sailed for England. The vessel in which she embarked was wrecked on the Banks of Newfoundland; and she, together with others of the passengers and crew, was drowned.

The great importance of this catastrophe to myself and those dear to me will hereafter appear.

The farm left vacant by the death of Giles Hartley was called "The Crofts," and was by far the largest and most valuable of the twelve. It was contiguous to Aspleigh, and consisted of four hundred acres, about half of which were already under cultivation. This farm my father resolved to make his own. He wrote to my mother, stating that he was concluding a bargain for its purchase, and that he intended to forthwith set about the erection of a comfortable brick house, which would be ready for occupation by the following autumn. He would expect her, he said, not later than the middle of September.

My mother, however, was not in a condition to undertake a Transatlantic voyage at the time indicated by my father. Three days after his letter had been posted, he received a communication from her, acquainting him with the circumstance that she expected to make a further addition to her family sometime during the following summer. This, of course, had not been suspected by her at the time of my father's departure, and would necessitate her remaining in England until the spring of the year following the birth of her child; winter voyages by sea being almost invariably rough, and unsuited to the condition of one upon whom the cares of maternity have recently devolved; more especially as facilities did not then exist for traversing the ocean in the first-class hotels of the Cunard Line.

The little stranger made his appearance in the following July. He was christened Mark; and forty years afterwards began to write his autobiography. In other words, the little stranger was myself.

For nearly a year after I was born, my mother's health was very delicate; too delicate to admit of her undertaking so formidable an enterprise as a journey from Yorkshire to Canada. It became necessary to postpone the voyage for another year; and before that year had expired my maternal grandfather's health had begun visibly to decline. He had long been a widower, and doubtless found his daughter's presence a great convenience in his household arrangements. He was assured by his medical attendant that his vital forces were nearly spent, and that he could not possibly survive many months. Up to this time his health had always been remarkably good, and he had been wont to inveigh with caustic bitterness against the unreasonable folly of those misguided worldlings who cling to this life as to a thing greatly to be desired. He had always been accustomed to refer to his own end as an entering into rest, and as a happy release from trial and sorrow. How often had his unctuous tongue waxed eloquent about the crown of righteousness laid up for him, and about the unspeakable glories which were to be his inheritance in the new Jerusalem. His views, however, underwent a considerable modification about this time. He appeared to be in no unseemly haste to quit a world where his lines had fallen out at least as pleasantly as his deserts merited, and he would willingly have postponed his participation in the exceeding weight of glory which he averred to be prepared for such as he. Nay, more; he quailed at the prospect of facing the King of Terrors with no voice of kindred near to soothe his last moments; and he piteously besought my mother to remain with him until the swellings of Jordan should be passed. To such an entreaty, couched in such language, she could not turn a deaf ear, and she consented to remain with him until the end. The end, however, was much farther off than the leech had anticipated. In process of time the invalid began to rally, and with returning health his Old Adam began to reassert itself. His manner towards his daughter underwent a sudden and complete change, and she had a very weary time with him for many weeks. He taunted her for having married a man who, notwithstanding his social advantages, and the great assistance he had received, had been unable to make his way in England. "Leek at meea;" he used to say: "mey feyther niver took an' stooaked a faam for meea. Mey feyther niver gev meea a thoosan' pund, nor yit a thoosan' faathin's; an' here I be, worth five taimes as mooch as yo'r faime gentleman this day." The reason of this sudden change in the old man's demeanour did not become apparent until after our departure for America, when he married a woman two years younger than my mother. By

this woman he subsequently had a family, who, upon his death, twenty-six years afterwards, inherited all his possessions. My mother's presence under his roof materially interfered with his matrimonial project, and his harsh conduct was due to a determination to hasten her departure by making his house a Pandemonium to her; in which laudable determination he achieved the most complete success.

And that was how it came about that I never saw my father until I had entered upon the third year of my life.

Our ocean voyage was long, tedious, and stormy. It is needless to say that it was made in a sailing vessel, for at that time there was no other available method of transit. True, the *Serius* and *Great Western* had crossed the Atlantic—the former from London, the latter from Bristol—by means of steam-power, during the preceding month of April; but the innovation had not been generally adopted; partly because no other boats had as yet been constructed for the purpose, and partly because crossing the Atlantic in a steamer was considered by most persons in England to be hazardous in the extreme, and a wilful defying of Providence. We chose the southern route in preference to that by Quebec; and we had been thirty-seven days out from Liverpool before we landed at New York. And even then our journey was by no means ended. There were still more than five hundred miles to be traversed; and in those days the New York Central and New York and Erie railways were not. A river steamer conveyed us up the Hudson as far as Albany, and an Erie Canal boat thence to Rochester. Here my father intended to meet us, but my mother's letter apprising him of our landing did not reach him until a few hours previous to our arrival at Johnson's Ford. A steamer took us across Lake Ontario to Port Burlington. How we were conveyed the rest of our journey has already been related.

I have now brought the narrative down to a point whence I can draw to a considerable extent upon my own personal recollection, and as this chapter is already quite long enough, we will begin

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROFTS.

THE travellers have not been kept waiting in the "settin' ro'm" of "The Shooting Star" while the preceding narrative has been placed before the reader. After a hollow pretence of partaking of some slight refreshments, they have been bowled merrily along in Elder Redpath's capacious double-seated buggy—borrowed by my father for the occasion—over a tolerably smooth gravel road, to the new house, three miles away. This house had long since been furnished and put in order for our reception; and in it my father had for the better part of a year kept "bachelor's hall."

Sebastian Gee accompanied us till we came to a solitary part of the road about midway between the Ford and our destination. He sat on the front seat beside my father, and was apparently in the most sullen of humours, for he never opened his lips. The rest of us had so much to say, however, that his reticence was not commented upon. When we came to the solitary place just mentioned, he quietly laid his hand on the reins, as a signal that he wished to alight, and my father brought the horses to a stand. At that moment we saw the figures of two men lurking among the bushes in a little copse a few yards off on the left. They did not approach near enough for us to see their faces, and seemed disposed to avail themselves of the obscurity afforded by the bushes. Before the horses had completely stopped, our strange companion jumped out, and ran towards the copse. Then my father hurriedly drove on, merely remarking that the men were, no doubt, acquaintances of Sebastian's, and had been waiting there for him.

In due season we reached our journey's end, by which time the brief twilight had given place to darkness. For my own part, I was pretty well tired out; too tired to eat any supper; and was soon sound asleep in bed. My last thoughts before dropping off were of the strange man who "wouldn't hurt a fly." What was the nature of that communication made by him to my father, in front of the tavern? Why had he so earnestly enjoined us to get home before dark? And why had my father been in such a hurry

to drive on (as he certainly had been) after Sebastian Gee got out? Was it in consequence of his having caught sight of the two figures among the bushes? By the way, who were those men, and what were they doing there? Had they meant to attack us, and had Sebastian Gee's presence frustrated their design? And then, too tired to pursue my self-questionings any farther, came forgetfulness and dreams.

Next morning we began to look about us, and to examine what manner of place it was that we were thenceforward to call our home. And in describing it and its surroundings I shall anticipate to some extent the course of my narrative, in order to put the reader in possession of certain topographical and other facts which more or less bear upon the story of my life.

The Crofts was, in its way, a very pretty spot; not at all the kind of place one would expect to find in an out-of-the-way corner of a newly-settled country. It was nearly half a mile from the public highway leading from the Ford to Burch's Landing, and was reached by means of a private road which led down past Aspleigh Hall.

The building itself was of plain red brick, and had some points of resemblance to a modern English farm-house. It was rather small, but quite large enough for the occupation of a sober-minded country family who preferred coziness and comfort to mere display. Of mere display, indeed, there was none, either externally or internally. It was two stories high, oblong in shape, rectangular at each side of its four corners, and without projections or architectural ornament of any kind, unless a little porch in front, facing the south, is to be so considered. The gable roof was covered with pine shingles, upon which the pattering rain used sometimes to play the quaintest and most slumber-compelling harmonies imaginable after the toils of the day were over, and we had retired to rest. The house stood in the middle of a large garden, already containing a miniature forest of currant and gooseberry bushes, and a few young apple trees which had not yet arrived at sufficient maturity to bear any fruit. In this garden, just at the rear of the building, was the well, thirty feet deep. The apparatus for raising the water to the surface resembled nothing so much as a huge fishing-rod, extending almost perpendicularly thirty feet into the air, swinging upon a pivot, and with a long chain attached by way of line. To the end of the chain farthest from the pole was fastened an iron-bound bucket, which could be lowered into the depths of the well and raised again at pleasure, the pole acting as a lever. The garden was bounded at the rear by a rail fence, easily scalable at one point by means of a couple of wooden steps at each side. When once over, you found yourself in the barnyard, at one side of which were the stables and fowl-house. In the centre of the barnyard, on the occasion of my first visit, stood three immense straw-stacks; and beyond these was the barn itself—an erection of colossal dimensions, containing all sorts of nooks and crannies which seemed to have been constructed with a special eye to interminable games of hide-and-seek.

A gate on the western side of the garden led into the orchard; and beyond the orchard were the crofts from which the farm derived its name. They consisted of two small enclosures of about three acres each, and were used for pasturage. Here and there throughout these crofts were scattered little clumps of the beautiful and umbrageous Canadian maple.

About two hundred yards to the south of our habitation towered, stately and majestic, Aspleigh Hall; as to which see the next chapter. To the north, cultivated land extended for about four furlongs; beyond which stretched, for miles and miles away, the vast, primeval, pathless forest, wherein a few wolves still lingered to make the early winter nights hideous with their unearthly screeches. Deer, though far from common in the neighbourhood, were sometimes successfully sought after by the wily Tuscarora Indians from down the river. As for foxes, any one provided with a fowling piece, and reasonably agile in his movements, might have shot one or two almost any morning, in the course of an hour's walk along the skirts of the wood. Occasionally, too, by penetrating a little farther into its depths, you might chance to get a shot at a black bear; but to render such a proceeding other than foolhardy in the extreme, you needed to be provided

with something much more effective than a fowling piece; *videlicet*, a rifle; and if the rifle were double-barrelled, all the better, as these animals not unusually hunt in couples. The first shot, moreover, might not prove mortal; and woe to you if you had not another charge ready for prompt delivery in case of the brute being only wounded. His desperate hug your frame might feel through bars of brass and triple steel. In the fall of the year, when the Indian corn was ripening, raccoons were as plentiful throughout the district as the most ardent sportsman could have desired. Then, in the way of smaller game, the whole country abounded with black squirrels—animals which, properly dressed and roasted, are more delicious eating than any spring chicken to be bought in Leadenhall Market. A smaller species of squirrel, of a greyish colour, striped with white, and called *chipmunk*, was more abundant still. It was impossible to walk any considerable distance along even the most frequented road, without seeing them running along on the zig-zag rail fences at each side of you. This animal, however, is not used as an article of food, in consequence of its diminutive size. Wild geese and turkeys were not numerous; but pigeons, pheasants, quails, partridges, and various other edible birds, at certain seasons of the year, were pretty well as plentiful as blackberries.

The Crofts was not far from the centre of the Redpath Tract; so that the farms adjoining us on both sides formed part of that tract, and were occupied by *ci-devant* Lancashire yeomen, mechanics and labourers, who, like ourselves, were voluntary exiles from their native land; and all of whom were professors of the true faith according to the exposition of John Jebus. They were most of them men of probity; not without some fitful gleams of natural intelligence; but, with two or three exceptions, they were persons of very limited education, boorish and uncouth to the last degree. Conspicuous among them was Stephen Duckworth, who occupied the farm adjoining us to the east, and to whose rude eloquence, delivered within the hallowed precincts of Peartree Chapel, I was fated to listen many a time and oft. To the west of us, Richard Blackley, another chosen vessel, had a snug holding of two hundred acres; and beyond his farm the forest intervened all the way to Burch's Landing.

Such were the external features of our new abode and its immediate surroundings. The interior of the house was not such as to warrant any prolonged description. The front door, reached by means of the porch, opened into a hall five feet wide. To the right of the hall were the rooms occupied by the family during the daytime. To the left were the kitchen, pantry, and domestic offices. The upper story was exclusively devoted to sleeping apartments.

Time passed by; and we soon began to be familiar, not only with our own immediate neighbourhood, but with the adjacent country. Providence had been kind, and had ordained that we should pitch our humble tent in what was then considered the garden of Canada. The greater part of the district was already beginning to show the effects of industry and cultivation, and no part of it was more thriftily farmed than the Redpath Tract. The wheat produced during the preceding season by a twenty-acre field belonging to my father had been threshed out not long before our arrival, and had yielded eight hundred bushels of wheat, of excellent quality. This was considerably above the average product, but a yield of twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre was by no means so uncommon as to excite remark. It was evident that the scion of the house of Wilford was a prosperous man, and that in purchasing the Crofts he had expended his money judiciously. His life, as was to be expected, was a toilsome one, but his toil brought its daily reward in the shape of additions to his little store. He was supported by a tolerably certain prospect of possessing, at no distant day, what to a man of his moderate ambition might well be called affluence, and of leaving behind him a comfortable inheritance for his children. All things considered, he had abundant reason to congratulate himself, as he often did, upon the difference between his present condition and that in which he had found himself after his three years' experience as an English farmer.

Nor was our new life without its attractions for us juniors. We arrived at our journey's end early in November, and had not

been settled at the Crofts more than a fortnight when we had our first experience of that most delightful of all seasons, the Indian summer. Talk as eloquently as you will about southern climes and Italian skies: about *dolce far niente* among the vales of Granada, and perennial summers in the Islands of the Blest! I do not believe that this wide world contains anything more surpassingly beautiful than a Canadian forest during those few dreamy, halcyon days which come just before the beginning of the cold weather. Indian summer! To adequately describe this delicious realization of an opium-eater's dream of Arcadia would require the pen of a poet. Indeed, several ambitious versifiers have tried their hands at it with very indifferent success; and as I have no inclination to emulate their failures I shall not attempt any elaborate description of those never-to-be-forgotten hazy afternoons when we wandered among "untrodden ways" through the sinuous depths of the forest. The variegated foliage of the trees included many shades of colour of which mere words fail to convey any idea, and for which the artist's vocabulary has no name. My father invariably accompanied us on these rambles; as, apart from the possibility of our encountering wild beasts, nothing would have been more easy than for us to lose ourselves in that vast wilderness. He carried me on his shoulders the greater part of the way, for my little legs were too young to achieve such long walks unassisted. He sometimes took the double-barrelled rifle, tucked under his arm; but the necessity for setting me down upon the ground before taking aim prevented his securing anything more important than squirrels. I soon ceased to feel alarm at the noise occasioned by the discharge of the rifle, and ere long began to look impatiently forward to the time when I should have a gun of my own, and be as expert a marksman as my father.

Johnson's Ford was at that time a little village containing about seven hundred inhabitants. Its position on the Grand River gave it water communication with Lake Erie, and it was even then regarded as a flourishing place. It has long ceased to be known by the name which it will continue to bear in these pages, and has become a wealthy, prosperous town, with a population of ten thousand, and with two main lines of railway running through it. The surrounding country has all been settled, and raised to a high degree of cultivation which approximates much more nearly to the condition of the best agricultural districts of Great Britain than untravelled Englishmen would be disposed to believe.

But in those early days a more primitive state of things prevailed. It was a great treat to my brother and myself to accompany our father to the village on the Saturday of each week, which was market-day. On those occasions, the main street, running parallel with, and close to the river, was invariably thronged with native Indians, of both sexes, from the adjacent Reserve; and the picturesque garb and tawdry finery of the squaws, bedizened with beads, and ornaments made from porcupine quills, were sights of which our eyes never grew weary. The law was very strict in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink to the barbarians, but the traffic in fire-water was too profitable for any legislative enactments to be efficacious for such a purpose; and as day tended towards evening three-fourths of them were invariably reduced to the inebriate condition proverbially attributed to David's sow. Now, the red men were generally idle, thriftless vagabonds, fond of doing an infinite deal of nothing, in the shape of deer-stalking, fish-catching, and what not. They could seldom be induced, either for love or money, to devote their energies to any settled or useful occupation for three consecutive days. They subsisted chiefly by hunting, fishing, and making baskets and moccasins; aided, in some instances, by a little sly pilfering. Still, when sober, they were, as a rule, not quarrelsome; and had long since given up the notion of expelling the pale faces from their territory. But it was quite as much a matter of course for them to quarrel when they were drunken as it is for the conventional Englishman to eat when he is hungry; and as every one of them was provided with a murderous-looking knife, called a *gully*, the consequences were often serious. The strong arm of the law was not unfrequently found inoperative to prevent bloodshed; and as the magistrates were humanely disposed to make allow-

ances for barbarous habits and defective moral training, and to be as lenient in their sentences as circumstances would admit of, the noble savages waxed bolder and bolder. Stabbing affrays became as common in the streets on Saturday evenings as are broken heads at Donnybrook fair, and the constables literally had their hands—and arms—full. We, however, saw very few of these encounters; my father taking care to return home with us by the middle of the afternoon, before the requisite degree of drunkenness had been reached, and consequently before the gentle and joyous passages of arms had begun.

The days of my childhood, unlike those of most persons, do not seem to come and go in my memory by fits and starts. My recollection of them begins at a specified point, and continues thenceforward almost unbroken. I remember my first meeting with my father almost as distinctly as I remember eating my breakfast this morning, and I can recall without effort pretty nearly everything of importance which has happened to me since; but our voyage across the Atlantic, which occurred just before, and which might well be supposed to have impressed itself upon my memory, has completely gone from me, and I have no more recollection of it than I have of cutting my first tooth. Our first ride from the Ford to the Crofts comes back to me very distinctly while I write. The sun was just beginning to go down as we ascended the long winding hill at the top of which stood—and still stands—Peartree Chapel, with which we were afterwards to become so familiar. I see Sebastian Gee sitting, grim and silent, on the front seat beside my father; and I can see him springing out of the buggy, with an odd light flashing from his dark eyes, as he glanced towards the coppice where we had just seen the two men. I also recall very distinctly that when we turned off the highway through the great gate into the lane leading down to our house, my father pointed to the main road we had just quitted, and informed us that it led to Burtch's Landing, which was two and a half miles further on.

This village of Burtch's Landing was a queer, and rather uncanny spot. It was the *bete noir* of the district; the most objectionable feature to be met with throughout the whole countryside. It lay at the foot of a steep hill, at an abrupt bend of the Grand River, and contained a "store," a blacksmith's shop, two taverns, and perhaps a dozen other houses of the poorest description. It was just on the edge of the Indian Reserve, and was chiefly supported by Indian patronage. It had an ill reputation, which it had taken special pains to deserve; having been the scene of several murders and quite a chapter of accidents within the last year or two. It was there that gigantic Joe Two-Fish, the Mohawk, maddened by drink and jealousy, had dashed out the brains of Roger Traviss, a butcher from the Ford, in revenge for the latter's having spoken tender words of endearment to the Indian's favourite squaw. This event had taken place in the bar-room of Price's tavern, six months ago; and although a warrant had at once been issued for the apprehension of the murderer, and had ever since been in the hands of the constables, Joe Two-Fish was still at large, the myrmidons of the law having failed to find any trace of his whereabouts. He was supposed to be in hiding somewhere down the river.

Then, one night only a few weeks before our arrival, a peddler had been robbed and murdered within a few yards of Whelpley's store. In this case the perpetrators had been arrested and lodged in jail at Port Burlington, where they lay awaiting their trial at the forthcoming Assizes.

A short time previous to the occurrence of this tragedy Stephen Duckworth, whose name has already been mentioned, was set upon by five drunken ruffians in the very same spot, and in broad daylight. The assailants were all rough residents of the place, and their object was simply to gratify their drunken fury and to vary the monotony of pounding each other by trying their hands upon an outsider. As the event proved, however, they woke up the wrong passenger that time. Stephen was a boxer by nationality, and before the light had dawned upon his soul, and shown him the error of his ways, he had been a prizefighter, and the acknowledged champion of his native Rochdale. He endeavoured, in the broadest of Lancashire vernacular, to remonstrate with his assailants upon the unchristian-like spirit which they

manifested in assaulting an offending stranger who had never done anything to offend them, and who would be grieved beyond measure if compelled to raise his arm against a fellow-creature, even in self-defence. This amiability of disposition the fools mistook for cowardice, and straightway proceeded to carry out their determination of first reducing his face to a pulp, and then sousing him in the river. For the first time since his conversion, Stephen Duckworth trusted to an arm of flesh, and trusted not in vain. The interview lasted only about thirty seconds longer, at the expiration of which time the muscular Christian calmly resumed his way homeward, leaving two of his assailants sprawling in the road; two more struggling in the river; and the fifth running in an opposite direction as if for dear life, his nose flush with the rest of his face, and with a singing in his ears such as is induced by an overdose of quinine.

At irregular intervals, too, some luckless wight or other would be missed from the population of the village; and within a day or two afterwards his body would be fished out of the river. The road was narrow, and close to the edge of the stream. There was no fence or other obstruction, to prevent the wayfarer from overstepping the bank on a dark night; and it was of course probable that some of these casualties were the result of accident; more especially as the victims in every case were habitual drunkards, unaccustomed to ponder the paths of their feet, either by day or night. In one case, however, the corpse had been found with its arms tightly strapped to its sides, and with a gag thrust between its teeth; which circumstances, as the coroner sagely observed at the inquest, were sufficient to give rise to grave suspicions of foul play. The crime had never been brought home to anyone, however; and the murder—for such it unquestionably must have been—remained unavenged.

All these things had contributed to render the Landing an undesirable port of visitation, even had it possessed any local attractions, to set off against these disadvantages, which it did not. Fortunately, it was on the direct road to nowhere, except to the Indian Reserve, and was seldom visited by respectable people unless in case of necessity—for instance during harvest time, when labour was scarce, and it became advisable to approach even the denizens of Burtch's Landing with offers of employment in the wheat-fields. Dr. King, of course, frequently went there on professional duties; but then he had Indian blood in his veins, and moreover was not considered as included in the category of "respectable people." Indeed, there were not a few in our neighbourhood who believed that he might have gone to the mouth, or even to the interior, of the bottomless pit, without encountering any one worse than himself.

CHAPTER V.

ASPLEIGH AND ITS INMATES.

OUR long journey came to an end on a Tuesday. On the following Thursday a sumptuous feast was given at Aspleigh Hall, in honour of our arrival.

At the time of which I am writing, Aspleigh Hall was the largest and most pretentious private residence in that part of Upper Canada. Elder Redpath had built it shortly after his acquisition of the tract of land which subsequently bore his name; and at this time it had been occupied by him about eight years. The reader will have inferred from the contents of the preceding chapter that our own modest dwelling at the Crofts was of a better class than were most houses in the neighbourhood; but our home was a very middling affair indeed when compared with Aspleigh Hall, which had been so styled by its owner in commemoration of a well-known country seat in Lancashire, to which it bore about as close a resemblance as a hawk to a handsaw.

It stood upon the summit of an eminence which was unmistakably indicated by nature as an appropriate site for the erection of a stately mansion, and was approached by means of a gate opening out of the private road or lane already mentioned, from which the hall was distant about forty yards. The walls were an exact square of red brick, three stories high, with stone dressings, and supported a four-sided or cottage roof, which was covered with

tin. This last adornment combined with the elevated situation and great size of the building to render the latter a conspicuous object from every point of the compass. The roof was surmounted at its apex by an octagonal tower, from the windows whereof a fine view was to be had of the whole country for miles round.

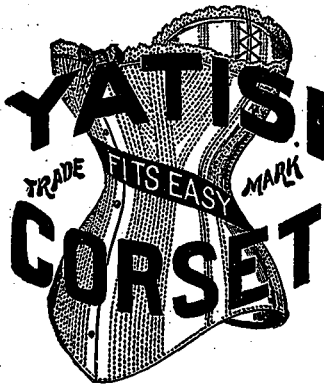
The gate opened from the lane into an avenue of native oaks, extending thence to the front entrance of the hall, which was finally reached by a succession of stone steps, with two massive stone pillars on each side. Viewed from the public highway rather more than a quarter of a mile off, the structure certainly looked vast and imposing, and in those days was eminently calculated to enhance the reputation of its owner as a man of wealth and importance in the community.

The garden, such as it was, lay to the east of the building, and consisted of a small plot of ground which had probably presented a more inviting appearance during the spring and early summer than when my eyes first looked upon it, at which time it contained merely a few withered marigolds and china-asters, and a great many overgrown weeds. The orchard, which lay immediately beyond it, was of much greater extent, and contained some choice fruit.

Previous to his emigration, Elder Redpath had been a humble farmer; but had nevertheless contrived in the course of a few years to wring from his well-tilled acres a sum large enough to give him a decided pre-eminence among the settlers in the land of his adoption. Let us not enquire too curiously as to what manner of spirit it was which had impelled him to build so large and costly a pile in a neighbourhood where it was quite out of keeping with its surroundings, and where he had no more need for such a habitation than a frog has for a side-pocket. We all—even the best of us—have our little weaknesses; and it may be that his only motive in building Aspleigh Hall was to inspire his neighbours with an exaggerated idea of his individual wealth and dignity. His household consisted only of himself, his wife, and an indefinite number of domestics of both sexes, who were often in each other's way, and who generally assisted each other in doing nothing. His issue was confined to one son, who was already a householder on his own account at Johnson's Ford, where he drove a prosperous trade in drygoods, groceries, and general merchandise. Of the eighteen rooms which the hall contained, less than half were furnished, and of these not more than six were in ordinary use.

If this solution of the enigma be the true one: that is to say, if his object had been to elevate himself in the general estimation, that object had been fully attained; for he was popularly regarded as a Western Cæsar, and was currently reported to be the wealthiest man in the district. When anyone desired a pecuniary loan, at fair interest, and was in a position to give satisfactory security, the good Elder's purse was ever as recuperative as erst was that of Fortunatus. Many distinctions followed as a matter of course; for what honours are too great to be bestowed upon the man who has—or is believed to have—boundless wealth? Did any dispute arise in the neighbourhood as to the proper localization of dubious boundary-lines: as to the true measure of damages to be assessed in consequence of Smith's cattle having broken into Jones's field; or as to Brown's having done or omitted something which he ought not to have done or omitted on behalf of Robinson—in all such contingencies as these, what arbitrator at once so sagacious, discreet, and impartial, as the revered Patriarch of Peartree Chapel? With such opportunities before him, there can be little doubt that the Elder accomplished a great amount of good in his day and generation. Many quarrels were amicably adjusted, much litigation was avoided, and a general spirit of harmony and good fellowship was promoted; always excepting the spirit pervading the graceless inhabitants of Burtch's Landing. The name of Jairus Redpath had been included in the last commission of the peace issued by authority of Her Majesty's local representative; but with a seeming perversity of disposition the Elder had refused to serve, and the penalty imposed by law in case of such refusal had never been exacted. With equal pertinacity he had repeatedly refused to serve in the capacity of township councillor.

(Continued next week.)



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

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