

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOL. 1.  
No. 18.

Saturday, May 14th, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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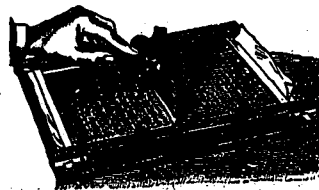
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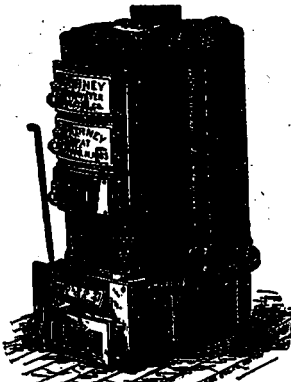
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## Editorial Notes.

### THE SHRIEVALTY QUESTION.

MR. MOWAT lost a glorious opportunity to perpetuate his name and fame as a great exemplar to the people of this country when, beguiled by a deputation of party henchmen, he succumbed to the influence of their highly-glossed and apparently well-meant representations. Had he acted the part of the noble Roman, we can suppose him to have replied to the specious arguments of his flatterers somewhat like this: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the great interest you take in my welfare, but none of you has advanced a single reason which would justify me in falsifying my record as a public man. I have always regarded it as my duty to denounce mercenary politicians, whether as direct participants in public emoluments, or as sharers through some medium of relationship. I have invariably claimed that when a man devotes himself to the service of his country, he ought, at all hazards, to maintain a character above the taint of suspicion as a self-seeker. For this reason I have at various times criticized unmercifully the actions of our political opponents as land-grabbers, as holders of blind shares, and as the bestowers of public offices upon relatives. I am proud to occupy this ground. I am proud that no man can say of me: 'He appointed this cousin, or that brother-in-law to certain lucrative positions.' Although I have been sneeringly referred to as a Christian politician, I am not ashamed to be so designated, and it is my earnest purpose to so conduct myself as a servant of the people as to bring no discredit on the name. Were I to adopt the advice you give me, how should I reply to the flouting attacks of our opponents? No man enjoying such an income as I receive has a right to plead poverty. If I am not now so wealthy as I might have been, the public service is no wise to blame. Your nominee has no special qualification for the office; or at all events his relationship to me is none,

and I am determined that when in due course I shall be removed from my place among the living, the Canadian of the future will not be able to say of me 'He promised well, but when the time of trial and temptation arrived, alas! he fell.'" To the everlasting loss of our country, Mr. Mowat said nothing of the kind. What might have been and should have been a grand example to all living as well as to all succeeding public men has proved exactly the reverse. The plea may now be set up by those in office, with Mr. Mowat's example before them, that they have high precedent for following

The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

### THE LIBERAL DISRUPTION IN ENGLAND.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speech at Edinburgh is ominous. It marks a new departure in the Liberal ranks when he gravely announces that he sees in the conduct of the present Liberal party a toleration of doctrines which are doctrines of revolution and not of reform. It points anew the warning that Mr. Gladstone has not yet taken to heart, even when he sees a former Liberal premier, the former leader of the old Radical school and the present leader of the new Radical school, all in temporary alliance with the Conservatives. There is a great dislocation in the English Liberal party, and no one can tell what may be the end of it. One thing is tolerably evident, the Conservatives will be gainers. The admirers—perhaps we might as well say adorers—of Lord Beaconsfield will probably claim that in making his Reform Bill as broad as he did, he foresaw that a great temporary increase in the Liberal majority would be necessarily followed by the breaking up of a party too unwieldy to hang together. Some years ago the prophets who are versed in the signs of the political sky predicted that the Irish question would be the rock on which the Liberal ship would split. Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone stands firmly at the helm, and with a courage and enthusiasm to which his opponents grant an unwilling admiration, continues, and apparently will continue, to guide the vessel, as long as her timbers hold together.

### A COLONIAL PEERAGE.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S proposal to give the colonies representation in the House of Lords is remarkable for originality, but singularly deficient in any more practical qualities. To give us representation in such a manner as to render available in an advisory capacity a few of our best statesmen of the most ripened experience, without disturbing the balance of the House of Commons, seems a very brilliant idea, but how would it work in practice? How many of our statesmen are willing to retire on their laurels, and able to com-

mand at the same time a dignified social position in England and the pecuniary means to sustain it with propriety? It is quite certain that the Lords would resent the intrusion of any body of men not so qualified, and there is no doubt that even such men would find themselves more at home outside the House of Lords.

#### UNWARRANTABLE WARRANTS.

IN the debate on the issue of Governor General's warrants for large amounts during the Parliamentary recess, Mr. Mitchell very well earned his title to be called an independent member. He laid down the principle which party men are so slow to admit, that if one party does what is wrong the other party is not justified in following the bad example. If Mr. Mackenzie's Government issued an extravagant number of such warrants, it is not necessarily the duty of Sir John Macdonald's Government to imitate them. It may be taken for granted that any exercise of the Governor General's prerogative that is calculated to lessen the practical control of the House of Commons over the finances of the Dominion is unconstitutional, and threatens the original foundation on which the whole fabric of representative government was built up. That system has grown steadily from a small beginning, the power to grant or refuse money subsidies, and if that power is even weakened, a government is practically despotic, at least until the next general election.

#### THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SUBSIDY.

THE "Little Jack Horner" who sits in a corner of the Dominion is Prince Edward Island. That lucky boy has already got his plum in the shape of an additional subsidy of \$20,000 a year from the Dominion Treasury. One effect of this will be to encourage extravagance in an Assembly less numerous, less important and less wealthy than several of our county councils, and to delay the union which must sooner or later take place between all the Maritime Provinces. Another will be seen at the next general election, when there will certainly be a break in what is now a solid delegation of Reform members.

#### WOMAN TO THE FRONT.

THEY are a progressive people out west. This we say in perfect candour, and not at all by way of a sneer. The town of Arigonia, in Kansas, has made a new departure from established precedent by electing a woman as its mayor. Not only so, but the experiment, so far, has proved eminently satisfactory to everybody concerned. The mayor-elect is a Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter. She is twenty-seven years of age, the wife of a resident lawyer, and the mother of four children. She is represented as no Draco in petticoats, but as an intelligent, attractive and thoroughly sensible woman, who is fully alive to the responsibilities of her situation, and who manages to do her duty by her husband and children as well as to the municipality. It is said, indeed, that the one line of duty does not in any respect clash with the other, and that Mrs. Salter is known to all the town, not only as a model chief magistrate but as a model wife and mother, being at once beloved by her family, and respected by the community as an upright and thoroughly competent official. There are some—but we hope not many—readers

of this item of news who will turn up their noses in disdain, and mutter something about woman's proper sphere and the leavening character of United States institutions. But woman's proper sphere is wherever she can be most useful, and if there are a good many Mrs. Salters in Canada we should gladly see some of them occupying important public offices. We have a pretty good mayor in Toronto, and have no desire to part with him for some time to come, but there are plenty of communities where a mayor like Mrs Salter would be a veritable God-send.

#### MR. RUSKIN ON THE BICYCLE.

MR. RUSKIN, having failed to annihilate the railway, has fallen foul of the bicycle. He does not denounce it in such glowingly picturesque terms as he applied to the steam horse, but his objection has the same foundation. It is not natural. Man was formed for walking, and no machine formed by man's hand should prevent the natural exercise of his legs. Mr. Ruskin is as doleful a prophet as Jeremiah, and the Egypt he denounces is the whole civilized modern world. He prophesies against friends as well as enemies, like the other prophet, and his theme is somewhat similar. Everything is idolatry in his eyes unless it is "fresh from Nature's hand." But he forgets that Nature has implanted in man's breast principles as natural as arms and legs, and one of these is the love of variety, which is really the love of Nature herself. As long as man can get pictures and jewels he will not be content to admire nothing but flowers. In this Mr. Ruskin concurs, but when man gets tired of using his legs and supplements their use by varied forms of locomotion, Mr. Ruskin anathematizes him and his works. We should like to have Mr. Ruskin's opinion on the use of Nature's own means of locomotion in six day go-as-you-please contests. Probably such a brutalizing exhibition would produce an addendum to his jeremiads equivalent to the Book of Lamentations.

#### THE TIMES AND THE IRISH MEMBERS.

SOME very smart fencing has been exhibited in the Imperial Parliament during the debate on the attack of the *Times* on Mr. Parnell. The Irish members are very anxious to keep out of the courts of law, and their opponents are eager to get them there. A severe cross-examination under oath would be a trying ordeal for men who have long been working and scheming against the Government, though we have no right to assume that their schemes have been against the law. But a case conducted by a committee of the House of Commons would be a different matter, and Irish members could fairly count on a consideration from their fellow-members that they would not look for in a judge. The law, as a rule, is no respecter of persons. But in such a case it would be only fair to allow equal latitude to the defence, and this would render such an investigation a dignified farce, for the *Times* would employ counsel fully capable of making the most of the situation.

#### O'BRIEN AND THE DAILY NEWS.

THE way red-hot partisans can injure the cause they have at heart is well illustrated by Mr. O'Brien's last exploit before leaving Ireland. This was to turn out of a meeting

which he was addressing the representative of the *Daily News*, a paper which supports Mr. Gladstone and is a warm friend of the Nationalist party. The gentleman whom he insulted, and who was afterwards roughly handled by the mob, was remarkable for the fairness and impartiality of his reports, and this was exactly what the paper he represented wished to present to its readers. But fairness and impartiality did not suit Mr. O'Brien. Every man must be to him a partial friend or a bitter enemy. He could not pursue a course more likely to set fair-minded men against him, and to convert lukewarm friends into opponents. He is like his fellow-countryman immortalized in the old story, who was desirous of being tried, not by a *just* judge, but by one who would *lane a little*. It is true that the dictum, "He that is not with me is against me," is of divine origin, but it is applicable only to a divine cause, and its use must be arrogated only by those whose principles are above human criticism. Mr. O'Brien should take pattern by his leader, whose remarkable success has been chiefly gained by a wonderful self-control. Mr. Parnell never loses sight of his main object, and never for a moment forgets that the means adopted to reach it must be reasonable and practicable.

#### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN TORONTO.

THE Governor-General's reception in Toronto, from the night of his arrival down to the present moment, has been enthusiastic almost beyond precedent. This is doubtless due in part to the feeling that honour and respect are due to Her Majesty's representative, but it is also due in no slight measure to the impending O'Brien invasion. Our citizens feel it incumbent upon themselves to signify in the most unmistakable manner that they have no sympathy with the efforts of a professional Irish agitator to introduce foreign issues into Canada, and that in coming over here to assail our Governor-General he is running his head into a hornet's nest. If all we hear be true, some of the Orangemen are preparing a veritable hornet's nest for the editor of *United Ireland*. We trust that there is no truth in current rumours, and that the would-be disturber of the public peace will be permitted to come and go without molestation. An attack upon him would almost certainly be productive of a riot. A riot would not only be a public disgrace, but would introduce elements of discord into our population which would not be quieted down for years to come. O'Brien, during his stay in Toronto, should be left to the attentions of those of his own way of thinking, and should be simply ignored by all the rest of our citizens. This would be the most dignified and effective method of convincing him of the fruitlessness of his mission.

#### THE COMING POPE.

PERHAPS the humorous description of the future pope, as given by Dr. Edward McGlynn in his lecture before Henry George's new organization—The Anti-Poverty Society—was calculated to raise a smile on many faces and a frown on others; but the explanation he has added touches the very root of the religious decadence of this age. "A democratic pope, walking down Broadway with a stove-pipe hat on, and an umbrella under his arm," may seem at first glance a

somewhat irreligious remark. At any rate such a public spectacle would be a startling ending to the magnificent array of pontifical despots who have reigned over the Christendom recognised by the Romish Church; but the originality and broad burlesque of the remark will be forgiven after Dr. McGlynn's defence of it has been thoroughly digested. His short comparison of the Galilean church of the Apostles and the present Romish Church is very damaging to the latter, and his statement that "the genius of Christianity is its simplicity," is beyond all possible cavil. Dr. McGlynn has virtually severed his connection with the Romish Church. He is wise in not visiting the eternal city. A few more democratic sentiments regarding the hierarchy to which he belonged will probably result in his excommunication from a church for which he is unfitted.

#### THE AFGHAN TROUBLES.

THE Ghilzai rising in Afghanistan seems to be of more serious importance than the first reports warranted. If the report be true that Ghazni is surrounded, that Khalat-i-Ghilzai is captured, and that Kandahar is threatened, the trouble matter presents a truly formidable aspect. It is probable that Russian intrigue is at the bottom of the present insurrection, as it has been the cause of many Central Asian troubles during the present century. Not a little significant is the coincident report that the Russian and British boundary commissioners are unable to agree, and that a suspension of their relations has occurred. If it is at all possible, Russia will occupy Afghanistan. It is impossible for her to do so by a coup-de-main; but by topographical stealth and local rebellions she will be able to do much. Such has been the Russian programme in Central Asia, and it has resulted in her virtual annexation of the whole of Turkestan. The Ghilzais are the strongest of the several Afghan tribes. Their history is remarkable, and they entertain both inveterate hatred to foreigners and strong hopes of regaining their long-lost possession of the country. Vambéry, the highest authority on Afghan matters, has shown the course of Russian design, and proved that Herat is the key of India. Events are not unlikely to verify the view of the great *savant*, unless the Ameer's authority is supported by British force. The recent history of Russian policy on the Afghan frontiers demands a more than ordinary defence of India's only weak side.

#### POLITICAL POETS.

SOME time since we mentioned our objections to political parsons. From other reasons we now beg to object to political poets. The mission of the seer is not that of a party singer or a rhyming hack, and when men like Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne drag the muse into the depths of political mire they unconsciously degrade the art of which they are "very noble and approved good masters." Poetical licence is all very well; but such descriptions of Mr. Gladstone as "the hoary henchman of the gang," or "the good grey recreant," are all licence and no poetry. Politics are too solidly prosaic to be blown into the beautiful soap-bubbles of Swinburnean poetry with any other result than the author of political metre writing himself down in unmistakable black and white—an ass. Certainly, Canada has an exception. The sweet singer of Niagara has done much to sepulchre the knotty problems of Dominion politics, but the peculiarly funereal style of his verse has been especially adapted to enwreath political remains; after his wisdom had embalmed them.

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## HENRY GEORGE AND HIS DOCTRINES.

THE editor of the *Standard* is not by any means having it all his own way just at present. Dr. Johnson once remarked, apropos of a political pamphlet which he had recently published: "I have not been attacked enough for it; I never think I have struck hard unless the blow rebounds." Judged by this measurement, Henry George may hug the flattering unctious to his soul that he has dealt a crusher, for no writer of the present day comes in for so many editorial rib-roasters. Some of his assailants are violent; others deal blows with a moderation apparently begotten of conscious strength. Mr. F. T. Jones, in *Home Knowledge*, denounces the Georgian phrase "Nationalization of Land" as "simply a euphemistic catch-phrase to denote the wholesale plunder of landowners." Nor has this writer any more respect for Mr. George's doctrines than for his phraseology. "No Dr. Dulcamara," says he, "ever waxed more eloquent over the wonderful properties of the potent elixir which he offers for sale to a crowd of gaping rustics than does Mr. George over the virtues of the economic St. Jacob's Oil which is to be the cure-all for every ill which afflicts the body politic." He then goes on to demolish what he characterizes as "Mr. George's fallacies" respecting land, wages and population. The argument is too long to be set out in detail here, but it seems to us that Mr. Jones presents his side of the case with much plausibility. Referring to the Georgian axiom that a labourer's reward ought in justice to be measured by the share contributed by him to the product, he replies that the labourer must wait for his share till the product is sold and paid for, and that he must bear his proportion of loss in the event of the products turning out to be defective or unsalable. If the labourer is morally entitled to share in the gains, he is equally bound to share in the losses. He must therefore in all fairness provide a fund to insure payment of his share. In three cases out of four he would be unable to do this, and if he did he would be a partner, and not a mere wage-receiver. His inability either to wait or to provide a fund makes present payment of wages a necessity; and of course he cannot hope to receive both present wages and future profits. Such is a general outline of one of Mr. Jones's arguments. It remains for the author of *Progress and Poverty* to point out the weak spot in it. To us it seems to be tolerably clear and conclusive.

Mr. Jones handles Henry George without gloves. "It has been played in behalf of Mr. George," he writes,

"that even his failings lean to virtue's side; that his errors are those at least of a man who wishes well to his race. The plea, even were it deserved, would be a weak one. Benevolent intentions do not make false doctrines less false; or immoral schemes less mischievous. The melancholy truth is, that the good intentions of ignorant zealots have been at the root of a vaster sum of human misery than that due to any other cause known to history. To the benefit of this plea, however, poor though it be, it is by no means certain that Mr. George is entitled. Of his work on *Progress and Poverty* tens of thousands of copies have been sold in the United States alone. We do not learn, however, that Mr. George has shared his handsome profits with the compositors, proof-readers, pressmen, folders, stitchers, and binders without whose labour he could have made little or nothing. In his own case he appears to have acted in accordance with the ordinary theory that the capitalist's duty is satisfied by the payment of regulation wages at lowest competition rates. Mr. George, the capitalist and wage-payer, denouncing capitalists; and wage-payers, suggests an unpleasant parallel. Satan reproving sin is not an edifying spectacle. When the stern denunciator of wickedness is himself guilty of the very wickedness he denounces, one's faith in his sincerity is not apt to be childlike. When Mr. George's practice squares with his precepts—then, and not till then, can the plea of benevolence be allowed. Benevolence at the expense of others is a cheap commodity. The benevolence which puts itself into the market with such profitable results as to make a comfortable annuity out of a single book is cheaper still. If Mr. George wishes men to take his benevolence at his own valuation, let him put it into some shape more tangible than words. In the meantime, and until he does so, plain men, not possessed with an itch for notoriety, or anxious to pose as friends of humanity, may be excused for being as sceptical about his honesty and his singleness of purpose, as they are assured regarding the immoral character of his doctrines."

So far Mr. Jones. Dr. Lyman Abbott pipes to the same tune in the *Christian Union*, but he pipes to a much calmer note. His words seem to us to be words of wisdom. "Mr. Henry George," he writes, "thinks the land question is the one question; that private ownership of land is the cause of poverty and insufficient wages; that if all the taxes were laid on the land the labour problem would be solved. I cannot say that I agree with him, though I have been fascinated with his writings, and they have neither shocked nor frightened me. But whether he is correct or not, his land reform, if it is reform, is a long way off. It will take a great many years of agitation and education to persuade the agricultural population of this country that the land should pay all the taxes, and that all improvements, all factories, houses, railroad stocks and bonds, etc., should be free. This does not at first commend itself to a man all of whose savings are in his farm, and who is struggling hard to keep down the interest and pay off the mortgage. The other day, in Cincinnati, Mr. George could not even get the United Labour Party to adopt his principle. I am looking as a practical man for something that can be done to-day, and the land reform must certainly wait till to-morrow; apparently till a good many to-morrows."

Mr. George is an enthusiast. He is possessed of firm and honest convictions, which he has for several years been doing his utmost to bring home to the understanding of workmen all the world over. Mr. Jones's argument, quoted above, that the author of *Progress and Poverty* has reaped

a rich harvest from the sale of his book, proves nothing. Mr George lays down general rules for the guidance of mankind. These rules must be generally adopted before anybody can safely act upon them. A man cannot be expected to subject himself to exceptional conditions so long as the ordinary business of the world continues to be carried on in the old way. But whether Mr. George is right or wrong in his theories, he has directed attention to subjects which must sooner or later claim a large share of the attention of mankind. He has caused many men to think for themselves who had previously been accustomed to take things for granted. Whatever stimulates honest thought on subjects of great practical interest to humanity is for the common good, and this Mr George may justly lay claim to having accomplished more fully than any other man of this generation.

### Poetry.

#### THE SEARCH.

TRACKING each inlet  
Painfully, well,  
Lonely she wanders  
Down in the dell:  
There, while the night-winds bleak  
Whiten her wasted cheek,  
Something she seems to seek,  
In the pale starlight  
Down in the dell.

And there is one who  
Knows very well  
Why she walks nightly  
Down in the dell—  
Knows where the maid, unseen,  
Weeps like a Magdalene,  
And what the searchings mean,  
In the pale starlight  
Down in the dell.

Covered up somewhere,  
He knoweth well,  
Lies a rich treasure  
Down in the dell;  
She to and fro doth flit,  
Thinking to find it yet  
Where he hath hidden it,  
Under the alders  
Down in the dell.

Cold is the starlight,  
He knoweth well,  
Chill sweep the night-winds  
Down in the dell—  
Ten times more chill and cold  
That which her arms would fold  
Rests underneath the mould,  
By the dank alders  
Down in the dell.

Seemeth too surely  
Something not well,  
Where blow the night-winds  
Down in the dell:  
He, who in cradle deep  
Laid there a babe to sleep,  
Never once paused to weep,  
Where the leaves whisper  
Down in the dell.

Hollow-eyed dreamer,  
God guard thee well  
From the dread secret  
Down in the dell!  
Better in wildered-brain  
Feed a false hope in vain,  
Than by its father slain  
Find thy lost darling  
Down in the dell!

P. S. WORSLEY.

### Book Notice.

POEMS. By Phillips Stewart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: R. W. Douglas & Co. 1887.

This little volume is issued by one of the most enterprising of English publishing houses, and comes to us with all the advantages derivable from attractive mechanical externals—to wit, good paper, plain, tasteful binding, and nearly faultless typography. The author, we understand, is a young Canadian who up to a recent date attended University College, Toronto, and is now travelling for his pleasure in Southern Europe. We have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but we should think he must be revelling in a large share of complacent bliss. A young man into whose nature the poetic element enters so largely can hardly fail to derive exquisite enjoyment from travelling for the first time in such climes, and amid such scenes; hallowed, as they are, by countless memories of the past.

Want of time and want of space prevent us from doing full justice in the present issue to the quality of this author's work, which is of a very different quality from that of the ordinary Canadian rhymester who from time to time inflicts himself upon us in some of the periodicals. Of the twenty little poems which go to make up the volume, nearly all are remarkable for a melody of expression such as is not often found in the first efforts of a young poet. In several of them the thought and feeling reach a loftiness and a beauty which, so far as our observation has extended, have not been surpassed by any Canadian poet of the present day. The opening lines, in blank verse, "To My Mother," contain some very sweet and tender passages—passages which touch the heart of the reader in spite of his memory of Cowper's beautiful poem on the same subject. "De Profundis," "Corydon and Amaryllis," and "Evermore" have each a distinctive character, albeit they contain passages here and there which are strongly suggestive of the influence of Tennyson's earlier manner. We hope to find room for one or two of the shorter poems in an early number, when we may possibly have something more to say about the author and his methods.

### Literary Notes.

JOHN BRITNELL, of 293 Yonge Street, Toronto, has recently issued a 32-page catalogue of second-hand books. This catalogue is well worth the attention of book-buyers, more especially of those interested in *Canadians*, as it quotes a large number of books and pamphlets bearing upon Canadian history and affairs. It is for free distribution, and any one who wants it can have it for the asking.

Two important books on the Irish question are about to be issued in London. One of them, by the Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, deals with the political relations of Peel and O'Connell to Ireland. The other, from the pen of Edmund Robertson, M.P. for Dundee, gives a description of the U.S. Government as bearing on the question of Irish Home Rule. The book is to have the title, "American Home Rule."

We think that man was excusable who, when he was informed of the birth of his eleventh child, cried, "Chestnuts."

## NIGHT ON AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.

A FEW months ago the magnificent liner *City of Rome*, freighted with nearly a thousand human souls, with whom the present writer must be numbered, was ploughing her rapid course over the ocean highway, heading for the new world. It was the fourth day out from Queenstown, and apart from the fact that the weather had been rather rough and disagreeable, producing much sickness among the passengers, the voyage, thus far, had been uneventful enough.

Of course we were surfeited with the usual games. We had played shuffle-board on deck, and whist and chess and chequers in the saloon; had indulged in the usual criticism of our rather mixed assemblage; had got through with a little harmless flirtation, seasoned with a good deal of less harmless gossip; and were now reduced to the discussion of the forthcoming lecture and the inevitable concert. All this was little better than the ordinary hotel-life in a fashionable watering-place, and we might well ask ourselves what had become of the weird and poetical influences of the mighty sea? Had Old Ocean, then, degenerated into a veritable fish-pond, that one thought no more of crossing it than he would of stepping from one street to another?

The fourth day was warmer and pleasanter than any since the beginning of the voyage, and indicated that we had got into lower latitudes. The heavy ocean rollers which had accompanied us almost all the way from the Irish coast had subsided, leaving the illimitable plain of the sea as placid as "love's sweet dream." In the evening, after supper, instead of trying to beguile the hours with a book, I took a turn on deck, which I found unusually crowded with promenaders. Feeling the dreamy mood strongly upon me, I strolled past the attractions of the library saloon, with its chess and whist-parties, the smoking saloon, with its pool sellers, its poker players, and its good-natured chaff. I threaded my way between little knots of animated gossipers, until I found myself in a deserted and altogether lonely part of the ship, near one of the great anchors, as far forward in the bows as anybody not a sailor could well get. Here, comparatively safe from intrusion, as I fancied, and isolated from the human life of the vast steamer, which made itself apparent only by far away murmurs, emphasized occasionally by a silvery laugh made infinitely musical by distance, I could indulge as much as I liked the reveries created and fostered by the unwonted beauty of the night, and the near proximity of the now silent, azure, "vasty deep." The time was early August, and a full moon was riding high, shedding a flood of silvery radiance as far as the eye could reach upon the dancing and shimmering wavelets. The sky was almost without a cloud, although occasionally a white fleecy phantom would mysteriously glide across the heavens, coming from nobody knew where. The immense plain of the sea stretched all around, quiet, lovely, infinitely impressive. Measured by miles it would not be contemptible; measured by the eye and the imagination from the bows of a steamer by night it seemed illimitable and impressive almost beyond the power of words to express. Silent and half asleep, caressed by the moonbeams and gentle zephyrs, it gives slight premonitions of its tremendous and dread potential power. Yet, notwithstanding its present demeanour, the imagination can scarcely refrain from dwelling upon its more terrible and forbidding character, so easily roused, so implacable, and destructive of human life.

Sitting there in the moonlight, sailing swiftly over its broad bosom, it was not very long ere the many sinister tales of the sea I had heard and read from early childhood downward, came thronging into my memory—tales of endurance, of suffering and danger, of mysterious disappearances, of death and devastation—and straightway the tender beauty of the great lonely sea changed, and assumed the aspect of an insatiable monster awaiting the favourable moment to spring upon its prey. What a small mouthful, I thought, would the magnificent liner prove? Looking backward, however, the enormous bulk of the great ship, driven so swiftly by her powerful engines, was reassuringly imposing, and carried conviction of security from danger. Yet, after all, who could predict what an hour might bring forth?

Where was the *Oregon*, and many a thousand stanch and seaworthy craft beside? But banish dismal thoughts! Hark to the merry sounds from the crowded decks. Clearly there is no presentiment of danger—no thought of disaster and a watery grave—to disturb the pleasures of that merry party. They are dancing, and the sweet strains of music, intermingled with laughter and shouts, are intermittingly borne on the night-wind. Why should the harmless pleasures of this world be clouded and embittered by continually brooding on evils and disasters that may never come?

The great steamer held on her course. By and by the dancing ceased, the music and laughter died away, the passengers, one by one, went below, and silence came brooding down over the forsaken decks. Then the mysterious influences of the mighty sea encompassed the soul, and bore it far away from the busy everyday world of substantial cares and worrying troubles, until they became but a distant memory; and a new world, of inexpressible aspect, expanded before the eyes, wherein Space and Time were obliterated, and nothing took definite shape save the Spirit of Loneliness—a solitary and gigantic figure—which had wandered ever over the dim waters since the dawn of things. The moon climbed higher in the great vault of the heavens, the far-off constellations quivered with intenser fires, the ocean glittered and sparkled with multitudinous flashes of light, the night breezes sighed in faint monotonous through the steamer's rigging. The scene altogether was entrancingly beautiful, and yet melancholy, and never to be forgotten. The hour grew late. Bathed in that glorious flood of moonlight one scarcely heeded the flight of time. Suddenly, without warning, and with startling clearness, a female voice from the steerage broke into song. The voice, although uncultured, was remarkably sweet and harmonious, and went echoing over the waters with a soft melody. The wailing cadence of the refrain stirred the mind strangely, and all the vague unquiet thoughts, so recently banished, returned with redoubled force and impressiveness. The last plaintive notes lingered on the air after the song had ceased, as they lingered in the memory when the physical vibrations were felt no more. Then all became still, and no sounds broke upon the ear save the throb of the machinery and the swash of the waters as our good ship swept them from her sides. Finally, even these sounds faded into infinite distance, and the senses were scarcely cognizant of them.

By some imperceptible and mysterious gradations difficult to follow accurately, the aspect of the night, radiantly bright as it was, seemed to change. The moon grew dim; the stars one by one went out; puffs of wind tormented the placid surface of the sea. Hard, cold, grayish fog crept up from the horizon and enveloped the ship in their thickening folds, curled around the tall masts, and then floated past like gigantic phantoms. Every successive wave of fog grew darker and darker, until the moon was blotted out completely. Then, I thought, the hoarse fog horn began to sound its wild alarms at short intervals over the darkened waters. The wind, rising rapidly to a gale, surged through the rigging with a shrill intonation that was almost a succession of shrieks, and the great black waves rose against the ship, flinging the spray high into the air, to fall in showers upon the decks with quick pattering sounds. I could now hear, over the commingling noises of the tempest, the boatswain's whistle calling up all hands, and the loud commands of the officers, soon followed by the clank, clank of the deck machinery, as the men lowered the sails. At this stage I would have left my position and sought safety and comfort in my stateroom, but curiosity impelled me to remain where I was. As a matter of fact I tried several times to make my way aft, but could not—I had lost all power of movement.

The night was now grown very dark. A pitchy, oppressive, ponderable blackness that could almost be felt had settled down upon the sea, hiding from view even the curling tops of the hissing waves. Ever and anon one of these, running higher than its fellows, would break upon the deck with thunderous sounds, sending great drops of spray hurtling through the air like shot. And through all this wind and darkness and threatening sea drove the great ship, shuddering from stem to stern every time the screw rose out of the water, but still holding her course with only



slightly impaired speed towards the distant harbour of refuge. Now the thick darkness of the night was suddenly rent by a blinding flash of lightning that seemed to quiver and burn for a second or so ere it went out. By its momentary glare I caught a glimpse of the angry tumbling waves crowding one upon another in mad confusion, with great valleys between, reaching far down into the depths of the ocean. I began to realize with horror what a storm meant at sea. Those curling foam-flecked sinister waves showed ghastly in the quivering light, and our vessel was now rolling and tumbling like the veriest cockle-shell. The lightning glared again and again, succeeded by the dread roar of successive thunder claps. The rain burst upon us, not in drops or showers, but in apparently continuous sheets. The instantaneous blue flashes showed the great banks of impenetrable fog surrounding us on all sides. They also gave one a view of the decks, which I saw were deserted still, save by the sailors who were moving to and fro in obedience to the commands of the officers, whom I could see in their oilskins pacing backwards and forwards on the bridge. A double watch was set, and the men stood immovable, gazing intently into outer darkness, through which came the awful and continuous roar of the storm. Still the great liner drove on. No doubt its vast bulk was the merest plaything of the waves; yet still it tunneled through them somehow, and made headway. The powerful engines, throbbing painfully with their exertions, turned the screw with irresistible force, and the gallant ship forced her way onward through the dark and howling chaos.

The storm now reached its culmination and began to abate. The furious wind blew gaps or rifts in the thick banks of fog through which the pallid moonbeams with difficulty found their way lighting up the roaring pandemonium of waters with faint uncertain gleams. I shall never forget the aspect of the dark creamy-capped mountainous waves as they rushed headlong down upon us with frightful speed, and broke against the iron sides of the steamer with a continuous succession of reports like thunder. The sky rapidly cleared, the wind chasing the mists far astern, and in a moment the moon and stars crowded through the azure heaven, flashing with their old-time splendour. And they never shone upon a wilder scene, a more tumultuous boiling cauldron of seething waters. The steamer dashed on from one wave to another, staggering under the blows, but never seeking to avoid them; like a sentient being, determined to conquer or die. Once more a wall of gray fog stood before us, but we soon plunged through it. When we emerged I noticed a peculiarity sometimes seen at sea. The heavens were clear and bright, but low lying on the surface of the waters, obscuring the lost depths, was a vast field of turbulent curling fog, stretching as far as the eye could reach, hiding the waves as with a garment. It seemed to reach but slightly higher than the hull of the ship, and out of the hidden profundity beneath came the roar of the clashing upheaving waves, until the great vault of heaven rang with their pulsations. Hour after hour seemed to pass, and still the gray fog stretched endlessly, on all sides, to the horizon. Still the steamer swept on. Suddenly, afar off, it seemed at the very verge of the horizon, I saw a beacon-light, or an immense star, I could not determine which. It was too high to be from a ship, and yet it burned in solitary grandeur too low for it to be a star. The question of identity, curiously enough under the circumstances, became with me an absorbing one. We were heading in its direction, and consequently I could soon gratify my wishes. Nearer and nearer we approached, but as the distance between lessened, the higher the star, or whatever it was, burned. Pitching on the waters, now down, now again high aloft, the vessel was alternately above and below the surface of the rolling volumes of fog, so that every moment the light was lost only to reappear more brilliant than before. Strange to say, the beacon, as from some great lighthouse built on a rock was apparently not susceptible to the motion of the sea, but was fixed, or seemed to move but slightly. All at once it dawned upon my brain with terrible significance that that steady sinister light proceeded from no star, was evolved from no ship, but was the concentrated rays of the bright moon reflected from the topmost pinnacle of a vast iceberg. The moment I realized the truth every drop of blood congealed in my veins, for I saw that the ship's course, unless speedily changed,

would bring her against that mountain of ice, and that she would be dashed to atoms. I turned to call the watch and apprise them of my awful discovery, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and refused to articulate a syllable. Then I tried to rise, with the intention of going to them and pointing out the danger, but to my horror my limbs would not budge an inch. Helpless and frozen with fear, I was forced to sit and watch the frightful danger grow more and more real, though ever and anon striving to utter shrieks of warning which never came. Closer and closer drove the ship. Not a sound could be heard save the mighty commingled roar of the winds and the waters. Directly ahead arose in awful grandeur the sharp outlines of the tremendous fragment of some great Arctic glacier, now become an erratic wanderer, unpiloted save by the winds, on the wild sea. For nearly a thousand feet above the sombre mists towered its broken and battlemented sky line, adorned with innumerable spires and pinnacles of crystal, glowing pale white in the moonlight. Its cold silent ghost-like beauty was awful to contemplate, impossible to describe. The head of the monster glowed with a thousand incandescent lights, as the moonbeams played among the irregular and rough-hewn spires, but all the gigantic body was sheeted and pallid—hushed in a cold, mysterious, death-like repose, a million times more impressive than any other aspect could be. Around the hidden foundations beat and fret, the impotent waves with unavailing moanings: the huge monster regarded them not.

All this I had time to observe as we rushed with unabated and resistless speed straight to our destruction. Once more the thought flashed through my mind that the collision might still be prevented. Where were the eyes of the watch? Why was not the warning signal given? What were the officers doing? Were they all struck blind?—"O God! See this noble ship with her sleeping unconscious freight flying to her doom! Will no hand be stretched out to save us? We shall all go to the bottomless depths of the sea; and wailings of despair arise from hundreds of desolated homes—Save, O save!" These words I endeavoured to cry aloud with a passionate emphasis born of utter despair, but no sound came from my parched lips. Then indeed I realized how helpless and forlorn I was—in the grasp of a blind, pitiless fate, deaf to human entreaty. The end now was very near. I braced my nerves for the dread encounter which would be all over in a brief moment. I knew it was a case of a ram butting a mountain, involving the inevitable result. Onward and still onward. Now the great berg towers far above us, and against the forbidding beetling wall the *City of Rome* drives with all her power. As the expected moment of impact comes I feel rather than hear a frightful crash, a grinding, gnashing, devilish, confusion of awful sounds, and I clench my teeth, as I prepare for the expected stroke from the uplifted hand of the Angel of Eternal Darkness. The blood surges through my veins—I whisper a last good-bye to the world—the stroke falls!—But stay! From afar off, from another world almost, came faintly the hardly understood words, "Wake up! Wake up!" Confused, and in sore agony of mind, I try to listen. Yes, sure enough, I hear the voice again, and the self same words. With a great effort I try to disencumber myself of the earthy dross which impeded the spiritual flight, and I happily succeed. I am transfigured. The other world opens upon my vision radiant and beautiful, calm and benign. But it was hardly the world I half expected to find. I was still on board the *City of Rome*, and around me stretched the solemn and silent ocean. The moon had sunk far to the west, but her radiant and level beams still shot athwart the calm atmosphere. The stars in the blue vault twinkled brightly and cheerily. Standing by my side I see the familiar form of Mr. Morrison, the chief mate of the *City of Rome*, and he is waiting evidently for me to speak. I enquire feebly what was the matter? and I hear the laughing answer—"The night is getting cooler. You ought not to sleep there any longer."—"Yes—yes—what do you say?" I stammer,—"I thought we had a dreadful storm and collided with an iceberg, and were all dashed to pieces, and—and—" "O no, not so bad as that," was the placid answer. "I think it was nothing but Welsh rarebit."

## THE LITERARY LIFE.

I BEGIN by saying that probably the greater number of those who try to find their way into literature never think of preparing for it at all, and that some of those who read this will no doubt wonder what kind of preparation can be possible or desirable. Let me be excused for being autobiographical; it will prove the shortest way of getting into the heart of the subject.

The Scripture-loving people among whom my lot was first cast used to say of me that I had "the pen of a ready writer," from the time when I could use the pen. But long before I had learned writing I had a style of what shall I say?—slate-pencilmanship of my own, and, on the slate, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time I was ten years old I had produced plenty of verse, which, merely as such, was good, and which probably contained some faint elements of poetry. But my shyness and self-distrust were extreme, and this continued up to long after the time when it had been proved that other people were willing to hear me or read me. These lines may possibly, nay probably, be read by an editor who will remember something of a poetical contributor whose rhymes he used to print, but who utterly disappeared and shot suddenly down the horizon upon being politely requested in the correspondents' column to furnish his name and address. This, which I suppose would have set the hair of many contributors on end with rapturous visions of cheques and conversaziones, was quite sufficient to shut me up, though I was a grown man with children. The good-natured editor had heard his first and last of me, unless he recognizes me under this fresh disguise. I will help his memory, if he yet lives, in the following manner: Supposing I wanted to get hold of him by advertisement, I should insert in the agony column of the *Times* or *Telegraph* a notice beginning—"The Ascent of the Peter Botte. If the Editor who once" etc., etc. Further than this I decline to go, we have all our feelings. The upshot of this is that I had always a certain amount of "encouragement" given to me, especially in matters of verse. My rhymes were almost always inserted, and promptly; and a distinguished man of letters (never mind how I happened to get into communication with him—it cost me agonies) told me that verse was my "spere." While I write this I am thinking of Dickens' old stager, who failed to make a journey by rail, getting miserably lost at stations, and whose wife was told by the housemaid that "railways wasn't master's spear."

It is not an impossible thing to make money by writing verses, but in order to do so you must either have an independent standpoint to begin from, or you must be in such a position that you can afford to go through a long probation *before* you arrive at the period when you can make poetry pay. Even then the chances are a million to one against success. My own position and feelings at the time when I began to think about writing for money, are expressed in certain paragraphs from my own pen, which I will quote directly. And I should never have begun to think of writing for money at all if it had not been that I was, in a manner, driven to it by finding certain occupations, which I need not describe, telling on my health.

The passage I was about to quote is as follows:—

"Any one who wishes to make a serious mark upon the literature of his country had better, if he possibly can, find some other means of getting his bread than writing. To write for immortality, and for the journals too, is about the most harassing work a man could engage in. There are, of course, cases to the contrary—cases of men who have a fine physique to back the large brain, and whose genius is consequently of the productive and popular order. Such men can kill the two birds with one stone, but woe betide the weakling who tries the same thing!

"In all cases where the brain, whether intrinsically or by association with a capricious physique, is delicate and incapable of incessant production, the problem—difficult of solution, but not always insoluble—is to find some not too un congenial employment, which shall yield the nucleus of an income, and leave a good deal of leisure too. Not a clerk's place, if the man be of the Campbell order, but something less continuous, if even more arduous. Men of imaginative mould should choose, if they can, pursuits which

leave large *gaps* of leisure, even if they pay for that advantage by being overworked at occasional times."

I must here say, harsh as the judgment will seem to a good many people, that it is all but impossible for a person to use any form of teaching (except the most mechanical, and scarcely then) as a means of earning a livelihood, and yet maintain perfect independence and purity of conscience. Journalists, who are bent to the yoke, will scuff at this; but the fox without a tail laughs all the world over at the fox who insists on keeping his; and I maintain that what I say is true. At all events I thought so, and determined that I would, at whatever cost, find out some way of earning at least bread and water, so that I might leave myself without excuse if, at the end of every writing day, I could not say, "This hand has never written what this brain did not think, or this heart did not feel."

Besides this difficulty, there were others in my way which forced themselves upon my attention. My natural inclination was always either to look at things "in the abstract" and run off into metaphysics, or else to be what people called transcendental, or florid, or, still more frequently, mystical. And I uniformly observed that writing to which the people I knew—my fool-ometers in fact—would apply these terms, was certain to be rejected by editors. I also observed, and past experience has amusingly confirmed this, that editors who will look very jealously after what you say while your articles are new to them, will let you write almost what you please after a little time. Putting one thing with another, I began a determined course of preparatory study—that is to say, I minutely analyzed the sort of writing for which I found there was a market. In this way I pulled to pieces every novel and every leading article that I came across. Thus, I took so many pages of a story and chopped it all up into incident, conversation and comment. Leading articles gave me a great deal of trouble. I found that I could write articles that were printed when the subject excited me, or when the appeal in the discussion was to first principles. Hence, an article of mine on a revolution, or on the law of husband and wife, would, I found, be welcomed; but for politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, I had not a whiff of instinct. Although I always could, and can, adapt means to ends by dint of hard thinking, yet I found myself destitute of all sagacity in dealing with the by-play of minor motives, and utterly lost—though scornfully as well as consciously lost—in handling what people call politics. I shall never forget, and my friend now beyond the grave will perhaps remember in Heaven, the outcome of his asking me to attend vestry meetings—and edit a local newspaper. This was not from any contempt of common things, but from a sense that everybody would get a rise out of me which would make my attempt to fulfil editorial duties a farce. My instinct was a true instinct; and after accepting the engagement, I gave it up, because I was satisfied that, by attempting to keep it, I should put him to more inconvenience than I could possibly do by breaking it. He perfectly understood, laughed, and remained my friend to the last.

The things, then, that gave me the most trouble, considered as studies, were leading articles and essays on current politics. With regard to the latter, or indeed both, I never could get a firm footing to begin with. It was Austria wants to do this, and Prussia wants to do the other; the Bourbons aimed at so-and-so, and Spain had her reasons for standing aloof. But I was, for one thing, unable to see that there was any ground for all this sort of thing, outside the fancy of the *rédacteur*; and then, again, I could never personify Austria, or Spain, or Prussia, or France. My mind, or as Lord Westbury puts it, what I was pleased to call my mind, said—"Austria? But what is Austria? It is so many rods of ground." It was intelligible to me that a man should want to marry a particular woman, or to secure a particular estate, for its beauty or use; but that Schwarzenburg, and Thiers, and Palmerston, and A. and B., and who-not, should be playing a political "game" with earnestness enough to deserve or justify a serious leading article, was to me utterly unintelligible. This was not for want of strong English feeling and even passionate pride in "speaking the tongue that Shakspeare spake," but from my general incapacity to understand why people should be always meddling with each other. When I was a little boy I remember

hearing a shock-headed wart-nosed tradesman, brandishing a ham knife, holding forth thus: "What does a man go and be a politician for? His own aggrandizement. What makes a man go and be a clergyman? His own aggrandizement. What makes me go and keep a 'am-and-beef shop? My own aggrandizement." Well, I had been brought up in some loneliness, and chiefly in the society of those who had a consuming desire to make certain opinions prevail; the opinions being rooted in first principles, and the only means dreamed of being fair persuasion. And up to this time of my life, late as it was, I had only a very faint appreciation of the activity of the "aggrandizement" motive in the affairs of the world. Besides this obstacle to my appreciating current political, or even much of different social criticism, there was another difficulty. Leading articles seemed to me to begin from nothing and to lead to nowhere, and it was not till after most persevering study that I succeeded in cutting open the bellows and finding where the wind came from. Then, again, I carefully examined the magazines, and very carefully indeed the Notices to Correspondents. But at thirty years of age I was still so green as to write one day to the *Times*, pointing out an error of fact and a clear fallacy of deduction in one of its leaders, doing this in the full undoubting expectation that they would make the necessary correction. About this time I had an introduction to Mr. Mowbray Morris, and saw him in his room in the *Times* office. Nothing came of it, and I expect he thought I was a real Arcadian. I was.

My letters of introduction were rather numerous, and addressed to people who could probably have helped me if they had taken pains—nay, some of whom would probably have done so if I had "pushed" a little. But this was impossible to me; and I was much surprised that clever men—as I had reason to suppose many of these persons to whom I had letters really were—did not seem able at a glance to feel sure that this real Arcadian had a share of honesty, application, and versatility which might make it politic, merely as a matter of business, to treat him civilly. The only person, however, who was really insolent, was a man who had written chiefly on "love" and "brotherhood." I am not writing down a cynical fib, but the simple truth. He certainly annoyed me, and I thought to myself, "One of these days I will serve you out." I have, of course, never served him out; the only effect of his rudeness has been that I have been able to speak of him with cheerful frankness. There was some fun in situations of this kind; and I used to enjoy the feeling, that while perhaps some one to whom I had a letter was snubbing me, or at least treating me *de haut en bas*, he was behaving thus to a stranger who would be able to his dying day to describe every look of the superior being's eyes, every line of his face, every word he said, the buttons on his coat, how high the gas was, and what tune the organ-grinder was playing in the next street while the little scene came off.

After a time I was told by an old friend of a gentleman who, he thought, might help me. Him I hunted up, by a circuitous route, though I knew neither his name, his qualifications, nor his address. He is a man of genius and of good nature, and through him I got really useful introductions. From this time there were no external difficulties in my way. But conscientious scruples, and personal habits of my own remained to constitute real and very serious obstacles. I was not what Mr. Carlyle, describing the literary amanuensis who helped him in his Cromwell labours, calls "hardy." The manner in which the ordinary journalist knocks about was always a wonder to me. I could neither stand gas, nor tobacco, nor pottering about, nor hunting people up in the intervals of literary labour, nor what those who know me have (too) often heard me call "jaw." I mean the kind of debate which goes on at discussion societies, and among even intelligent men when public topics arise after dinner. It is half sincere; it is wanting in the nicety of distinction which love of truth demands; it is full of push, and loudness, personal vanity, and the zest of combat: so it seemed to me that no one could have much of it without loss, not only of self-respect, but also of fineness of perception and clearness of conscience. As unpleasant in another way was what we may perhaps call the clever "club" talk of literary men. Here you find men trying apparently which can say the smartest thing—to quote a *mot* of a living writer of admirable *vers de société*, "they call their jokes 'quips,' but the

work is so hard that they might just as well be called 'cranks.'" On the whole, my tastes and habits were about as unfavourable for making way in journalism as could possibly be supposed. The necessity of keeping a conscience—and obstinately keeping it under a glass case, too—was a far more serious matter.

It so happened, however, that immediately on starting with my pen in a professional way, I got a character for writing good critical papers. The very first critical essay I ever wrote was quoted, and noticed in high quarters; and it was passed round that I had a quick scent in literary matters. But the way in which this worked was very amusing. Everybody went about to flood me with reviewing work. It was quite natural, but rather wide of the mark. When a man who possesses a pretty good critical scent takes up a book that is either by goodness or badness suggestive, there are "three courses" open to him. He may characterize it in a few sentences; but half-a-dozen lines, even if they are bright and exhaustive in their way, are not a review—are not, in fact, what is wanted of a journalist. Or he may make it a topic, and produce an article as long as a small book. This, again, however good, is not what is wanted of a journalist. The third course, to write a column or two about a book that has no particular life in it, is the arduous one. And arduous indeed it is.

There was another difficulty which stood in my way as a journalist. There is a class of article for which there is always a demand. I mean the kind of article which teaches one-half of the world how the other half lives. I hope literary beginners who may read these lines will take notice of that. For this kind of writing I had some qualifications—quickness of eye, a tenacious memory of detail, and a lively sense of fun; but then I could not knock about and come up to time. A day in Spitalfields would make me ill. There was a case in which, under unusually favourable conditions, I had to refuse a task of this kind. The kind and discerning friend who proposed it I met by exposing my own unfitness in the matter of knocking about, and I said, "Mr. So-and-so is your man; he will do it better than I shall in many respects." My friend answered, "No, not in every respect; he will not put into it the feeling that you will." In spite of this encouragement I declined the work, and for the soundest reasons. But any beginner who can do writing of this description, with plenty of detail—and without inter-spaces of meditation, such as would come down by main force upon my pen—may make sure of earning money by literature.

The practical upshot of most of the foregoing memoranda is this: It so happened that I usually got into print when I desired it: that my very first article "professionally" written was printed in good company; and that I had few difficulties outside of my own personal peculiarities. But how was this? Just thus (shade of Artemus Ward!): I had for years made the working literature of the day a study; knew the things that tended to exclude a man's writing from magazines and newspapers, and the special points that I had to guard against. Is there anything wrong in suggesting that not one in a thousand of the class called "literary aspirants" has ever made the working literature of the hour a systematic study?

The articles, like the books, of the class called literary aspirants are usually rejected, even when they have merit, upon what may be termed points of literary form. This paragraph is good, and that is good, and this other is really fine; but the whole thing wants licking into shape. Thus, an editor or reviewer of experience and vision can almost certainly tell amateur work at a glance. See some interesting remarks by Mr. Herman Merivale in a recent "Junius" paper in the *Cornhill* upon the ease with which literary work is recognized as that of a practised pen. We are sometimes told—and thousands of "aspirants" think with bitterness—that the distinction between the amateur and the practised writer is idle, because everybody is an amateur to begin with. But I have shown that this is not true. In spite of long practice in the use of the pen, I made working literature a deliberate study, and others have done the same; that is, they have not relied on mere aptitude. "Look," says the writer of a formless novel, "look at 'Jane Eyre'!" Well, by all means look at "Jane Eyre"; you can hardly look at a more instructive case. Currer Bell did not succeed as an amateur; she had been a hard

student of the conditions of success, and she attended to them so far as her knowledge went, and so far as she desired to use them. Of literary ambition proper she had none, nor—if I may speak of myself in the same sentence—have I. But whatever one's motive or impulse may be in writing, he must pay some attention to matters of literary form, and he must comply with such of them as have a just and natural foundation. He is, in fact, as much bound to comply with these as he is bound *not* to comply with those which demand some sacrifice of truthfulness, self-respect, and clearness of conscience.

Paradoxical as some may think it, the chief hindrance to honest literary success is literary vainglory to begin with. This involves splash, false fire, chaotic "out-lay" (to use a surveyor's phrase) of the work, and foolish and exaggerated ideas of the "success" within reach. There was a one-volume novel published a year or two ago, in which a young journalist, whose suit had been rejected by a young lady's "aughty" mother, and who is under a cloud for a time, makes money at a rate which must have set every journalist in England laughing, and then suddenly blazes out in the society of dukes and cabinet ministers because he has written a crushing exposure in a daily paper of the probable working of "clause 5" of a certain bill. This particular book was a very innocent one, and no more vainglorious than Currer Bell's notions of the Duke of Wellington.

In that specimen sheet of her handwriting given by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir, she shows us the duke at the war-office, putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks that they might go, and scattering "largess" among the clerks with a liberal hand as he takes his leave for the day. *Sancta simplicitas!* we cry; and there is an end. But every writing man knows that "aspirants," as a class, are eaten up with vainglory. They want distinction and the run of the pleasures of a "literary" life as they apprehend them. They have visions of the tenth thousand, and flaming reviews, and gorgeous society. I see with infinite amusement the ideas some people have of the sort of life I lead. They think—they almost tell me so in words—that I have always got my pocket full of orders for the theatre; that I can button-hole anybody I please; that I go to the queen's garden-parties; that I sit with a halo round my head in gilded saloons, saying, or hearing said, brilliant *mots*; that I drink champagne with actresses behind the scenes; and that, if they offend me, I shall at once put them in *Punch* or the *Times*. I have also been told—almost point-blank in some cases—that it was only my jealousy and desire to "keep others down" that prevented my procuring immediate admission into periodicals for articles submitted to me by A. or B., which were perhaps of the silliest and most despicable quality. I have had this said or hinted to my face, or behind my back, about articles that were utterly unprintable, at times when my own papers had been waiting months—three, six, or eight months—for insertion in places where I had what is called "interest." People who have—who are *capable* of having—notions of this kind I would certainly do my best to keep out of literature; not, however, from "jealousy," but because they are morally unfit for it.

This opens the way for a word or two which I promised upon "dilettism." That literary men, like other people, form knots and groups, is a matter of course; and "what for no?" That there must be partiality and some degree of exclusiveness in these is certain. That there are quarrels I am sure, for I hear of them, and discern their consequences. But so there are everywhere. In some hole-and-corner connections there may be jealousy and exclusiveness founded on money reasons. But, personally, I have never once come into collision with anything of the kind. As a hindrance to "aspirants," I do not believe such a thing exists. The chief deterring or exclusive influence I have ever suffered from has been that of a kindness so much in excess of my capacity to make fair returns, that I have flinched from accepting it. Literary men, as I know them, come nearer to Wieland's Cosmopolites ("Die Abderiten") than any other class.—*Masson*.

LAUNDRYMEN are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

### THE USE AND ABUSE OF TEA.

A FRENCH observer has recently tabulated the evil results which, in many cases, follow the excessive use of what is now the favourite beverage of Teutonic and Slavonic nations. The list is a formidable enumeration of neurotic and dyspeptic affections, which are not the less worthy of attention because they are mainly functional disorders, tending to the embittering of existence rather than the shortening of life. English medical teachers are somewhat divided on this question. Some make light of the alleged evils of tea-drinking, and regard the prohibition of tea as, in many cases, merely a professional fad. Others teach that the mischief, of which they admit the existence, is due less to excessive use of tea than to the omission from the regular dietary of the really nutritive and sustaining elements. A third class regard tea-drinking as an evil almost comparable to alcoholism.

Tea has won its way to favour among civilized nations mainly, it would seem, as an agreeable nervous stimulant. As Sir William Roberts points out, in his interesting lectures upon dietetics, a desire for stimulation is one of the most marked characteristics of advanced civilization, although savage man is by no means devoid of its universal human instinct. The stimulants in common use are tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol—not to mention such agents as opium or *hashish*, which are perhaps less stimulant than narcotic. Of this group, tea and coffee are the favourites, as they suit the taste of both sexes; and their beneficial effects undoubtedly far outweigh the evils which occasionally spring from their abuse.

Tea is an agreeable cerebral stimulant, quickening intellectual operations, removing headache and fatigue, and promoting cheerfulness and a sense of well-being. It is known to all English speaking people as the "cup that cheers but not inebriates"; and it has long been a favourite with students, literary men and others engaged chiefly in brain-work. Tea is also a mild sudorific, and is largely consumed in hot countries, especially our Australia colonies, where it is found to exercise a cooling influence, after the preliminary effect due to the imbibition of a hot fluid has passed off. The influence of tea upon the digestive tract has not been so definitely made out, but the most recent observations seem to show that while it somewhat retards primary digestion, it aids the absorption and appropriation of the food-elements. From such physiological facts, it is clear that tea is chiefly of service during or after physical or intellectual effort, and at the time when absorption of the products of primary digestion is in process. It cannot too strongly be asserted that tea is not in any exact sense a true food, and that its nutritive value, in itself, is practically naught.

As might be conjectured from the nature of the physiological action of tea, the effects of its abuse fall chiefly on the nervous and digestive systems. Nervous irritability, palpitation, insomnia, and sense of brain-fatigue are among the most prominent of the nervous symptoms; and, although it is unquestionable that the symptoms are often directly connected with other sources of nervous disturbance as well as tea-drinking, it is not less clear that they are greatly aggravated by the excessive use of tea. The digestive symptoms are impairment of the appetite, pain and flatulence during the process of digestion and defective intestinal action—the symptoms, in fact, of one of the varieties of atonic dyspepsia. How far these symptoms are due to the tannin contained in tea, and how far to its tannin, is a question. Sir William Roberts has shown that the most rapid infusion does not prevent the dissolving out of a large proportion of the tannin, and we are disposed to conjecture that the digestive symptoms may to a large degree be safely attributed, not to any chemical action, but to the same cause which produces the neurotic disturbance, namely the tannin.

The sufferers from excessive tea-drinking may be grouped into three classes.

First, there is the large class of pure brain-workers who speedily discover that, while alcohol is pernicious to them, tea affords the stimulus which they desire. They indulge in it without fear of mischief, and often to an unlimited extent. Dr. Johnston's tea-drinking was proverbial, and many distinguished writers could tell a similar tale. After a time, the nervous symptoms enumerated

above begin to make their appearance, and, in many cases, do much to impair temper, and to limit the capacity for sustained intellectual effort.

Secondly, there is the large class of women of the better classes who, beginning with afternoon tea, often end by using their favourite stimulant in the intervals between all the meals of the day, and as often as the humour takes them. The result is that appetite becomes impaired, and the prostration due to insufficient nourishment is combated with more potations of the ever-welcome stimulant, until the vicious circle is well established.

Thirdly, in all our large manufacturing towns there are numbers of factory operatives, especially women, who, finding it difficult to provide a cheap and appetizing mid-day meal, fly to the tea-pot, and do a large amount of severe physical labour on this miserable dietary. It is most important to impress upon this class, who are usually profoundly ignorant of everything concerning health and diet, that tea is not a food, and that the delusive sense of satisfaction which it bestows is a dangerous snare.

In addition to the above classes, there is a small group of persons to whom tea seems a positive poison. We know that idiosyncrasy accounts for the most extraordinary departures from the normal rule in matters of diet or the action of medicine; and the number of persons whose idiosyncrasy includes an intolerance of tea is considerable enough to make the subject worthy of professional attention.

Sufferers from the abuse of tea should abstain from its use, and substitute either coffee or cocoa. It will be found that many of those who are unfavourably affected by tea are equally susceptible to the action of coffee; but this is by no means universally true, and the substitution can often be made with decided advantage. Cocoa suits almost all cases, and, whatever may be its deficiencies on the score of palatability, it is a genuine food, and its modern preparations are becoming more and more elegant and pleasing to the taste.—*British Medical Journal*.

### THE LOST COLONY.

ALTHOUGH now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and checkered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along

the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassable barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man"; but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.—*John S. Sleeper*.

*The Literary Wayside.*

In the way of fiction there was never such an abundance, and such a poverty, too, it seems to us, as now; for fiction has long since ceased to have a rational cause for being; everybody writes it, and it is quite badly done. All writing is getting overcrowded, the whole public has discovered that there is no difficulty in using pen and ink, or perhaps lead-pencil, and saying something about all manner of subjects by means thereof. The profession of author is suddenly found to be attainable by anybody, and consistent with any sort of other business. And all the while the scribblers put on the most amusing little airs about it, and an ordinary community is full of distinguished persons who write sketches or stories or poems, and generally all three. "Syndicate" managers exist to pile the papers full of these things; there are even "syndicates" of papers that have a daily story and a daily poem—Apollo, forgive! And now a junta of young newspaper men have started a journal to encourage this sort of thing. It is in Boston, too,—where they have been talking of an authors' club of real authors,—that this scheme of encouraging and instructing "writers" has been deliberately concocted and produced before the world. Are all these things signs of real literary activity, real cultivation of mind, real stirring of ideas or vitality of purpose? No, they are not. There is no more genius, no more thought, than forty years ago; no more writing worth the reading. There is a deal more reading, a deal more diffused information—and much of it is misinformation—a great common stock of expression and fame and sentiment that are easily drawn from—the knack is readily caught. But books of consequence—whether novels or essays—poems that are poetry—are not increased in proportion. You may read long enough in our current literature before you pause and say—here is a treasure that I must keep and read again and yet again.—*Boston Advertiser.*

*Mrs. Langtry's Cosy Home.*

No. 361 West Twenty-third street is a pretty little house not far from the intersection of the street by Ninth avenue. It hardly looks like a city house, and, indeed, dates back to the days when Twenty-third street was "far up town." It stands well back from the road, and is what is known in country villages as a "double house." This is where during the present season, Mrs. Langtry has ensconced herself whenever her professional engagements would permit of it. She rented it furnished in the fall, but the touch of her skilled hand is perceptible as soon as one enters the dainty little drawing-room on the left of the entrance. On a mother-of-pearl inlaid Turkish-octagonal stand is a vase in which fragrant white lilies crowd each other and fill the air with a fragrance which meets, as it were, that pouring from other lilies, roses, mignonette and so forth which fill all sorts of receptacles

in every corner of the room. Near one of the windows whose curtains, by the way, are formed of white otoman silk, stands a rare old crackle white Chinese vase turned to the base uses of a lamp and surmounted by a huge silk umbrella shade. A row of candles on the table are shaded in rather quaint fashion by an oblong shade which serves for them all. In one corner is a mirror canopied, as it were with embroidered silk, and in front of it is a china jardiniere filled with ferns and foliage plants. Gracefully disposed white silk hangings and a profusion of books, a glance into which would disclose the inscription "from the author," add to the artistic but comfortable confusion of the room. On the other side of the hall is a pleasant dining-room, while at the back is the room with its hard floor where Mrs. Langtry develops her muscle and gains fresh graces by her fencing practice.

The curtains in the little drawing-room are drawn, the lamps lighted, and in the soft radiance which comes through the tinted shades sits Mrs. Langtry herself engaged in a quiet after-dinner chat and waiting for her brougham to take her to the theatre. She looks exceedingly handsome as she sits there in her soft brown camel's hair dress with just a suspicion of color in the folds of its front.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*The First Pipe.*

A LITTLE boy went out one day his father's wood to chop, and saw a big black pipe of clay that tempted him to stop; his father oft admonished him to never use the weed, for, if he did, his trousers then would dusted be, indeed.

The boy looked round, saw no one by, a match he struck and lit, and chuckled as he thought how sly he'd smoke a little bit; so like his dad he puffed away, and blew out clouds of smoke, till beads of sweat upon him lay and nausea in him woke.

Then ghastly white, his nerveless hand dropped in the wood that pipe; his brain it reeled, he could not stand, he struggled with a gripe; that navy plug made him so sick he thought that he would die; but when his dad applied a stick his heels were kicking high.

Full many days have passed and flown since daddy's boy was cured; the lad has now to manhood grown who by that pipe was lured; he tells the story 'bout himself as if a pretty trick, then reaches on the mantel shelf and fills his meerschaum slick.

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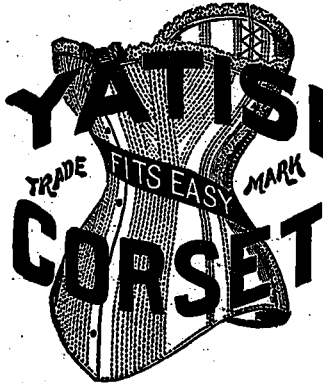
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