

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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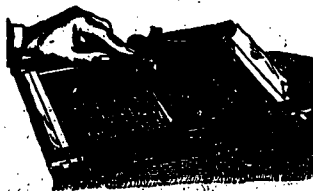
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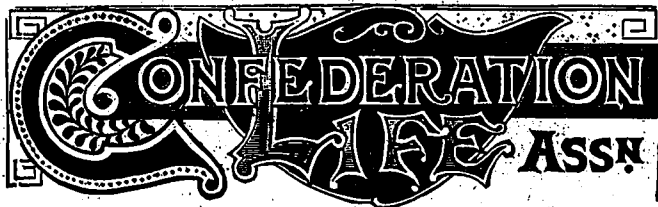
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

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

ARCTURUS, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely scowls 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* hops 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, 10th. He calls it ARCTURUS because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

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Editorial Notes.

SPECIAL TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE editor finds it necessary to call the attention of would-be contributors to the fact that no manuscript whatever can be accepted or published in these columns where the editor is left in ignorance of the true name and address of the author. From time to time contributions of a highly meritorious character are received at this office, and are consigned to the waste-paper basket for no other reason than because there is no clue to the authorship. *Ex. gr.*: this morning's post brings to the editorial sanctum a bright and sparkling rondeau, composed in the manner of Austin Dobson, and not greatly inferior to the every-day work of that elegant writer. It is accompanied by a letter dated and posted in Toronto, to which is appended an apparently genuine signature. The poem itself, however, is of such exceptional merit that the editor feels a curiosity to know something more of the writer than his mere name, and upon consulting the directory finds no such name there. He is accordingly compelled, though with great reluctance, to treat the rondeau as an anonymous contribution, and to cast it into the receptacle for anonymous MSS. Should this note meet the author's eye, let him learn therefrom that there is nothing which editors hold in such special abhorrence as the unknown contributor. Attention is also called to the announcement embodied in the editorial heading, that the editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage. It is found necessary to act stringently up to this rule; as otherwise the number of unavailable MSS. to be examined would be too great for editorial endurance, and the task of unwrapping and returning them would involve greater labour than the editor feels bound to undertake.

SEED GRAIN AND VOTES.

OWING to blighting by drought and the havoc wrought by innumerable swarms of gophers, the crops in some parts of the North-West have been almost total failures during

the past two years. In the upper part of the Qu'Appelle valley, for example, some settlers with fifty acres and upwards in crop did not harvest an acre. Disheartened by continued ill-fortune, some of them threw up their claims entirely last autumn. Others were induced to remain for another year's trial only by the promise of assistance in the form of seed grain from the Dominion Government in the spring. It was eminently desirable that our unfortunate fellow-countrymen should receive aid from the State in their distresses, and that aid has been given. But the mode which was adopted for the distribution of assistance throws grave doubts on the purity of the motives of the Government. It is affirmed that applicants were practically told that the measure of their relief would depend upon how they voted in the impending Dominion elections. The elections in these territories are by open vote, and exceedingly powerful and pernicious influence may have been brought to bear on the needy electors. What makes the matter look worse is the fact that the relief agent in Assiniboia was also the Government candidate. *He was elected.* The two facts may have no connection, but seen in the light of the ordinary tactics of party politicians, there is an unavoidable and unwholesome suspicion that they may be closely related. The final result of the so-called benefaction in such a case can only be bad. It means the wholesale political and moral corruption of the electorate, and the maintenance and encouragement of the corrupting power. At this rate the seed wheat of the Assiniboia farmers has been provided at a great cost to Canada.

THE NORTH-WEST.

NOBODY needs to wonder that the recent failure in farming operations in some districts of the North-West is not more generally known in Ontario. The railway and colonization companies which have lands to sell are of course very careful not to publish any information of this kind in their pamphlets. Then, most of the newspapers of the territories are more or less under the influence of these companies, and of private speculators. So it comes about that while all the good qualities of the country are painted in glowing colours, not a syllable derogatory to it is permitted to get abroad. Through these organized influences, based entirely on self-interest, a strong local sentiment has been created which looks with extreme disfavour upon any attempt to report the truth when that happens to be damaging to the bolstered-up reputation of the country. Here is an incident within our personal knowledge which will show to what extent this feeling prevails. Some time since a gentleman of this city gave to an editor as an item of ordi-

nary news an extract of a few lines from a private letter he had received from a friend who is farming in the vicinity of one of the larger towns in the North-West. When the Toronto newspaper containing this item reached the western town the people worked themselves up to an extraordinary state of excitement over it, and there was much talk of holding an indignation meeting to denounce the "informer." As it was, the town council took the matter up, and passed a vote of censure upon the latter. There was no pretence of denying his statement. Everybody knew that it was true; but it was asserted with great vehemence that outsiders must not be informed of these things, because such reports would prevent immigration, and so destroy the chances of profit which the merchants and speculators hoped to make from new settlers. As a result of this unprincipled policy of booming the country, many new settlers go through a course of sad disillusioning which begins soon after their arrival. The deception which has been practised upon them becomes evident, they become dissatisfied and despondent and in some cases would gladly leave if they had the means. This is of course only one side of the matter. That there are fine farms and abundant harvests in some parts of the North-West, and that many settlers are accordingly prosperous, is a matter about which there can be no dispute. But a statement of the other facts seems necessary by way of disabusing the minds of some people in Ontario who yet hold the notion that our great North-West is an earthly Paradise compared with our own province of Ontario.

QUEBEC AND ANNEXATION.

MR. L. O. DAVID, the well-known French Canadian littérateur and journalist, has been making himself especially conspicuous on the floor of the Quebec Local Assembly. During Monday's session of that body, the member for Montreal East, in the course of a moving speech which had evidently been carefully prepared and committed to memory, denounced Confederation in unmeasured terms. He declared that Sir John Macdonald was the testamentary executor of Lord Durham, and that his policy was tending directly towards a legislative union of the provinces—a contingency which the speaker, in common with many of his fellow-countrymen, regards with unspeakable abhorrence. But he did not pause here. He went on to say that in the event of such a contingency arising, it would be necessary for the people of Quebec to look for relief across the border, and to seek for a union whereby, at any rate, they would be benefited in their material interests.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Now, it is quite possible that this wild speech was intended as a mere trap to catch a sunbeam: in other words, as a menace to the Government at Ottawa, in the event of their refusing to concede better terms to Quebec. But there is no doubt that it voices the sentiments of a good many young French Canadians who have to a greater or less extent cut themselves aloof from the teachings of the Church. Coming from Mr. David, it is regarded as specially significant, for, whereas he was once an ardent Conservative, he has for some years

past been a prominent Liberal, and his position in the party ranks gives colour to the belief that he is not merely giving expression to his own individual views. There are people who do not hesitate to say that in the event of their being defeated the Liberals would come out boldly and openly as advocates of annexation. At the present time, so far as may be judged at this distance from the scene of action, any movement in that direction would be altogether futile. Unnecessary to say that any such movement would be opposed by the united strength of the hierarchy, who have good reason to be satisfied with things as they are. The Church is not, as it once was, omnipotent in the Lower Province, but it still controls public opinion to a greater extent than any other motive power whatever, and so long as this state of things continues British connection is not likely to be seriously menaced there. Quebec, indeed, is the very last province of the Dominion where one would expect to find annexation sentiments widely diffused.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH'S LETTER.

AS was to have been expected, the letter addressed by Archbishop Lynch to Lord Randolph Churchill is just now receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of the United States press. The letter itself is ably written, and goes to the root of the matter with which it professes to deal. His Grace understands the Irish Question in all its bearings, having been "to the manner born," and having visited his native land under exceptionally favourable circumstances since the beginning of the present agitation. The letter is probably intended to influence public opinion on the subject of the Coercion Bill now before the British Parliament. If so, it is exceedingly likely to fulfil the writer's intention. Such a deliverance, at such a time, is specially opportune, and can hardly fail to find many eager responses in Ireland, as well as in the United States.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDUCATIONAL matters are conspicuously to the front in Ontario just now. Mr. Mowat's Government is being urgently importuned to grant money for the establishment of schools of practical science in connection with Queen's College, Kingston, the Baptist University at Woodstock, and other educational institutions in different parts of the Province. ARCTURUS'S opinion on this subject was emphatically delivered more than a month ago, and subsequent events have confirmed the opinion then expressed. Our one important school of practical science stands in urgent need of thorough overhauling and organization. Its equipment is altogether inadequate to the requirements of many would-be pupils, who are compelled to resort to Yale and elsewhere in the States for that thorough training which is denied them at home. For the present, and indeed for some years to come, whatever public money is devoted to such a purpose should be strictly confined to the thorough equipment of the one institution of the sort which is already in existence. When that institution shall have gained a national reputation: when its pupils shall have become so numerous that full justice cannot be done to them there: it

will be quite time enough to project other and perhaps subsidiary schools elsewhere. It is much better to have one effective school than half a dozen of manifestly inferior grade.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

ANOTHER educational institution which is attracting a good deal of attention just now is Sir John Colborne's "advanced seat of learning" known as Upper Canada College. Shall it be abolished? This establishment has long since been condemned by the consensus of independent public opinion in Ontario. It was in its day a useful institution, and did much good work. Many persons whose names stand high on the roll of our country's history were educated within its walls, and there is naturally a sentimental fondness for it in the hearts of these persons and their immediate descendants. But the reasons which originally prompted its establishment have long ceased to exist; and to keep it up any longer at great public expense seems, to say the least, a doubtful advantage. Mr. Kingsford, in the *World* of Monday last, made an eloquent plea on its behalf, but it is doubtful if he carried conviction to any heart which was not already prejudiced in its favour.

THE TRIALS OF A CROWNED HEAD.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown, said Henry of Lancaster, when the infirmities of age were creeping upon him, and when he was tortured by anxieties arising out of his son's misconduct and the bad faith of some of those in whom he had trusted. The expression has long since become proverbial, and has received ample confirmation in the experience of pretty nearly all the royal heads which have ever been surmounted by a crown. Just now it is receiving emphatic confirmation in the daily and nightly cogitations of the Czar of Russia. Assuredly the path of His Imperial Majesty is by no means strewn with roses. Ever since his accession to the throne the manner of his father's "taking-off" has haunted his imagination like a hideous nightmare, and he has walked about in constant dread of being overtaken by a similar fate. On several occasions his forebodings have come unpleasantly near to being realized. At least twice he has escaped the assassin's knife by the skin of his teeth. Bombs have been exploded beneath his chariot wheels, and shots have been fired at him by unknown hands. A few days since he narrowly escaped being blown into fragments; and it is said that he has ever since been in a state of such nervous trepidation that it is hardly safe for anyone to approach him. According to common report and belief he, not long since, in a sudden fit of nervousness, did to death an officer employed about his own household, because the officer's hand strayed in the direction of his pocket, and His Majesty jumped to the conclusion that another attempt was to be made upon his life.

THE DREAD OF ASSASSINATION.

THAT any man, even the bravest, should go about in fear and trembling under such circumstances, is not in the least surprising. Dread of assassination may well cause the stoutest heart to quake and the ruddiest cheek to blanch.

It played havoc with the nerves of Oliver Cromwell, who certainly was not wanting in those heroic qualities which give the world assurance of a man. The Czar, with his father's fate ever before him, may well be excused for not being always master of himself. He is well aware that assassins, thirsty for his blood, are constantly prowling about, and only awaiting a suitable opportunity to resolve him into his constituent elements. He has good reason to believe that plots against his life and crown are widespread, and that some of his nobles and near relatives are more or less concerned therein. He knows that he is not absolutely safe, even within the precincts of his own palace; and he knows further that every time he moves beyond those precincts it is an open question whether he will ever return alive. He is tolerably certain that, sooner or later, his time will come to be swept into eternity in a moment of time, and that no precautions on his part can guard with certainty against such a doom. Surely it is no coward, but an exceedingly brave man, who can sustain such an ordeal as this year after year, when he could get rid of all fear and anxiety by the simple act of abdication.

"TAKING A SIDE" IN POLITICS.

A LEADING journal in the Maritime Provinces takes ARCTURUS gently to task for not "coming out straight" on the various Canadian party questions of the day, and taking a distinct stand for either Mr. Blake or Sir John Macdonald. But surely the writer who thus summons us to the bar cannot have read the prospectus of this paper, as published in the opening number. ARCTURUS has not hesitated, and does not propose to hesitate, to express its opinions on any subject whatsoever, political or otherwise, as to which it may feel an impulse to deliver itself. It has had its say about Sir John Macdonald, as well as about Mr. Blake. But it is no part of the policy of ARCTURUS to "take a distinct stand" for Sir John, Mr. Blake or any other person whomsoever. ARCTURUS is first of all a literary paper, and only concerns itself with politics to a very limited extent. To "take sides"—i.e., to espouse the side of either of the political parties, is precisely what ARCTURUS from the first announced its fixed determination not to do. It has no share in the machinations of either party, and has nothing to hope or ask from them. It is firmly of opinion that the respective parties in Canada have altogether survived their usefulness, and that a reconstruction is imperatively needed in the best interests of the country. It is further of opinion that such a reconstruction cannot much longer be delayed. No political principle is at stake between the so-called Reformers and the so-called Liberal Conservatives. The latter are in power, and the former have for years been struggling to obtain power. This is the main—indeed the only momentous—issue which divides them. Owing no allegiance to either party, and seeking nothing at their hands, this paper feels itself free to say its say out on such subjects as these whenever it feels an inward impulse to do so; but it does not propose to indulge in tirades about purely partisan matters in which it has no interest, and as to which it cannot "take a side" without ceasing to be independent.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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ON GREEN POETS.

THERE is something as natural in the coming of green poets as in the advent of green peas. When Dame Nature, in her continuous endeavour to make life palatable, puts forth in her quiet way, unostentatiously and without regard to price or praise, her vernal dainties—be they for eye, ear, stomach or other senses (for I hold to the decided belief, opinions of *savants* notwithstanding, that the stomach is the chief sense of humanity)—when, I say, the Universal Housewife spreads out her annual spring feast, we look for the young and tender poet with as much complacent expectancy as we look for the lamb and chicken on the dinner-table, the pickerel and bass in the river, the redbreast in the garden, and the swallow by the eaves. The juvenile singer is as necessary an adjunct to the success of Spring's triumphal entry as is the mint sauce that must ever accompany the last appearance in public of the untimely-ended lambkin. If he did not drop in upon us as usual with his drastic dactyls and sporadic spondees, his refractory refrains and overloaded odes, we should note his absence unconsciously at first by feeling a deficiency. Soup without salt would be as unsavoury as spring without the poet. It would be like striking the yellow, time-stained finger board of an old harpsichord, after the wires had long been extracted to clean pipes with, and a shadow of sadness would surely steal upon us, at the disappointing surprise we had so silently experienced. Such another cloud would chill our very heart-strings, if the vernal equinox were passed without the canticles of the green or spring poet.

Gentle reader, have you ever noticed when the songsters return to their favourite haunts, after having escaped the cares and colds of winter, that they do not at once burst forth into the unceasing volume of beautiful melody, which afterwards makes them such dear and familiar friends? Their first efforts are always short and hesitating, indistinct and jerky, as if they were tuning up, like an orchestra before the opera, or clearing their throats, like a children's chorus. They seem not to be sure of their scales, just as is experienced in the bashful attempt of the obedient Euphemia Ann, who, in the vacation following her first course of singing lessons, is introduced with ample pride and apology by her maternal parent to display her vocal accomplishments. How the dear girl's voice trembles and quavers, starting out with sudden shrillness, and then sinking timidly, as though ashamed of its recent boldness. How she swallows some notes and expectorates others, until she comes to a sudden and unexpected full-stop, after making everyone around her as blushing uncomfotable as herself. It is so with the harbingers of aerial harmony. They are not used to singing without an accompaniment, and the music of nature is not yet played by the orchestra

of leaves and insects. Not so, gentle reader, with the spring poet. There is nothing of the hesitancy of even an early robin about him. He does not look around anxiously to make sure that no one is near or likely to intrude upon his privacy, whilst he tries his first artistic aria. He does not desire to tune up, nor does he turn his face away from the audience, as did the timorous Euphemia Ann. Rather is he possessed of a full assurance that he is expected, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by a full house. He bursts at once and without preliminaries of any kind into his annual "Ode to Spring"; "The First Flower"; "The Robin's Return"; "The Last Snow-flake"; "The Advent of Ice-Cream"; etc. He is certain of filling the auditorium and callous to any accompaniment. He delivers his sermon in song from the pulpit of poetry, and is surprised and annoyed to find those whom he would call his hearers go one by one to sleep. We may safely assume him to be quite young; if his years have numbered a score, you may reckon with arithmetical certainty that the craniological part of him is not equal to his time of life, but has assumed a cancerous method of marching backwards. As he merely describes what he sees in common with the squirrel, the sparrow and the grasshopper, you may conclude without risk of libel that the poet has read nothing, and desires none but his own experience. He is of the class of poets who take a great deal of licence without paying for it, thereby defrauding the mental revenue of a vast amount of common sense. He is like the girl who paints an Alpine scene in a hot schoolroom. Her glaciers are all ice-cream, and her clouds wet muslin; the rocks are masses of dough, overlaid with pinnacles of blanc-mange, and over it all is thrown the crimson glamour of a dying sun. The sun dies a natural death after lighting up such a scene, and blushes as it dies. Similar is the work of the green-poet when he attempts the delineation of nature. It has no inspiration, unless insanity can inspire. There is no emotional outburst of spontaneous reflection as in Wordsworth; no swift imagery of sensuous joy as in Shelley. Spring poetry of the green order is the meaningless vapour of dissolving imbecility. I select an instance, composed by a young man of the order mentioned. It is called, "Lines to the First Swallow." A prize poem, possibly, offered to the winner of the annual migratory race. What anguish must have torn the breast of the second swallow, that was only beaten by two flaps of the wing!

"Happy harbinger of joys to come,
But are not yet—while others
Thy vari-plumaged singing brothers
Are yet unsinging in their watches dumb,
Thou, with earliest twitter, skim'st
On and on and on as if in skimming
Thou find'st the joys they find in hymning
Tributes to the gates of Heaven. Deem'st
Thou thy twitter not unmusical,
To me it is a matchless anthem,
A song supernal, a melodious gem,
A merry, mad and moving madrigal."

A mad wriggle, indeed! Does the first swallow really care for this? Does the reader even swallow it? Why such trash and balderdash! Yet it is a sample of all green poetry. *Poeta nascitur non fit*. The spring poet is born unfit.

E. BURROUGH.

A LEADING Baptist minister in Richmond, Va., has received a letter from Boston, signed H. F. Steadman, asking the ministers of Richmond and the South to pray especially for Boston, which is represented as being in an unprecedented condition of wickedness.

Poetry.

TWO BOYS.

Two boys in whose warm brother-blood,
A tribute stream from mine
Has mingled with the alien flood
Of their parental line;
In one the red tide leaps like flame
At moving act or word;
But John is grave of mood, not tame,
By no swift impulse stirred.
All marvels he is keen to hear;
The lore of earth and sky
Fills with delight his listening ear,
Absorbs his kindling eye.
He loves old tales of giant men
Who strode from fight to feast;
And wonders told by modern pen,
Of fish, and bird, and beast.
He sees that stars and planets shine
Upon this world of ours,
And knows that sun and rain combine
With God, to paint the flowers.
And questions none can solve, perplex
His little groping brain;
The germ of problems dark, that vex
The hoary head in vain.
He is not cast in gracious mould,
His flatteries are few;
His childish heart is somewhat cold,
But it is staunch and true.
Not his that sparkling mirth and glee,
His brother's natural charm;
And beauty is to him less free
Of gifts that win and warm.
But Charlie's dark revealing eyes,
His soft cheek, rosy-brown,
His sudden smiles, and transient sighs,
And momentary frown;
The sweet heart-wisdom of his speech,
Its eager generous glow;
The stern and worldly soul can reach
And melt the hardest brow.
Yet watchful Nature will provide
For John a larger share
In hearts with manna pure supplied,
Loves hoard of daily fare.
That mother knows affection thrives
By spending all its store,
And owns that he who little gives
Will ever need the more.
Twelve moons just filled their golden round
Between each day of birth;
And truer comrades are not found
Upon the pleasant earth.
Each to his goal in Life's wide plan—
Bright Charlie presses on,
A loved and loving little man;
But John is always—John.

Montreal.

MILETA.

The poet Saxe wrote this sentiment one day:

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my boy—
Of the terrible snake in the grass:
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas!
'Tis the venomous snake in the glass!

P. GAGNON, of 53 Rue Du Pont, St. Roch, Quebec, sends us his latest catalogue of second-hand books, which contains 306 lots. Many of the works here offered are more or less rare and sought after. To many receivers of this catalogue the most interesting portion will be the page of *Desiderata*, from which it will be seen that, as to certain Canadian books, the demand is greater than the supply. Among the numerous works which M. Gagnon seems to be much more anxious to buy than to sell may be enumerated Smith's *History of Canada* (Quebec, 1815); Christie's *History of Canada* (first edition); Garneau's *History of Canada* (first edition); Haliburton's *Nova Scotia*; Hawkins's *Picture of Quebec*; *Report of the State Trials in Montreal in 1838-39*; Knox's *Journal*; Henry's *Travels*, etc., and various odd volumes of old directories and Historical Society Transactions.

AN ODD CHAPTER OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

PERSONS familiar with the history of the French Revolution are not unacquainted with the name of Théroigne de Méricourt—the woman of easy morals, who for a single day was elevated by the fickle populace to the rank of Goddess of Reason, and borne aloft through the streets, the observed of all observers. Carlyle gives one or two hints as to certain dark passages of her subsequent life. But it has been reserved for Augusto Tebaldi, an Italian physician, to follow that passionate personality to its close. The following translation of an article from his pen appeared not long since in the *American Journal of Insanity*, published at Utica, New York:—

Paris is the heart of a great country, and when its beatings become tumultuous, the surging pulse-wave flows through the gates of the Charenton, the Salpêtrière, and the Bicêtre, and the dozen other public and private asylums, leaving indelible traces of memorable names.

These thoughts fitted through my head one morning as I entered one of those isolated cabins, within the court of the Salpêtrière.

They were ugly huts, scattered here and there, in which the more turbulent patients had been lodged. There was a time when the light, broken by strong iron bars, entered through a little window; the narrow door, strengthened by cross beams, showed at the bottom a hole, through which food and water were passed in. In the interior there was a board, sloping towards a corner, to which filth was directed; along the side opposite the window, was a sort of bench, about the length of a man, and half as broad as it was long, supported at the four corners by square feet, about a foot high. At one end of this lair there stood, about its middle, an iron bar on which there was a strong ring, at the ends of two chains that terminated in strong manacles which in better times were lined with leather. At the present day these contrivances have been relegated to the historical museums of asylums, and one of these huts has been preserved at the Salpêtrière, just as it was, as an historic curiosity. I determined to visit it, and on entering it, I saw on the grey wall a sort of arabesque, of reddish colour, dashed off convulsively, which on inspecting with closer attention, I recognized as a name, and probably that of an old inhabitant of the place; the plaster had been somewhat injured by the dampness, which had obliterated some of the characters, but not so far as to prevent me from making out the name *Lambertine*, and below it *September, 1807*. That name was not new to me, and that date brought back to me a certain remembrance; but, as so often happens, it was obscured by the gloom of clouded recollection; yet that name excited in me a strong desire to know something more about it. I therefore went at once to search the archives of the establishment, where I ransacked the clinical records of that year, until I succeeded in reaching, at the head of the entry: *Lambertine Théroigne de Méricourt*.

Here was my heroine. At the instant, my old intimacy with the name re-appeared, only in indistinct, but strange, terrible and pitiable lines. I ran rapidly through the few pages, and a sensation as of a cold knife blade ran over me from head to feet, and restored back the memories of her times.

Having, without fear of indiscretion, taken some notes, I added these, after my arrival at home, to some others which I found in my scrap books, and I now transcribe them faithfully.

Théroigne Lambertine was born at Méricourt, in the vicinity of Liège; at the date recorded in the clinical record, 1807, she was 40 years of age. This was her second admission into the Salpêtrière; her first was in 1800, but she was subsequently transferred to the asylum called *des Petites Maisons*.

She had been known in Paris as *la belle Liégeoise*, and she must indeed have been very beautiful, to have been called the "Queen of all the daughters of Eve in the district of Luxembourg," the designation under which she was afterwards known.

There stood on the banks of the Rhine an old ivy-clad castle, hidden among linden trees; Lambertine often wandered towards

it, and it was there she breathed the air of a first ardent and confiding love. She was betrayed! Shame drove her from her native land, and she fled to England.

There are some errors in early life, which may be followed by a reaction that will regenerate and elevate the sufferers, or may, should they unfortunately become inebriated by new seductions, enfeeble them and sink them yet deeper. The latter was unfortunately the result in the life of Lambertine. Fired with scorn for that ideal love which had brought her to shame; asking for vengeance, which she sought even in the brutalism of vice; fervid in imagination, that ever opened to her new horizons of seduction; and bursting with indistinct and boundless desires, she was prepared to obey her most vivid emotions. The present must wipe out the memory of the past; every new day must be the tomb of that which had gone before. The storm then raging in Paris reached the beautiful Lambertine; with the daring of one conscious of the power of the charms conceded to her by nature, charms to which even the souls of the austere English had yielded, she reached the capital of France. She brought with her but one letter of introduction; it was addressed to the citizen Mirabeau; —her path was now marked out.

The political field proves opportune to woman for the sheltering of her emotions, and in her, those of the heart always rank first; she will, if so required, die for her party, but behind the banner of the party it is always her heart that beats time. Plunged into the vortex of the revolution, Lambertine must run through all its mazes, passion became enthusiasm, and this, by a fatal law, ran into madness. Paris was soon habituated to see her the standard-bearer of the revolution, wherever the people assembled; on the public squares, in the orgies, on the barricades, at executions, Lambertine, as a baleful star, was ever present, to-day by the side of Mirabeau, to-morrow with Sieyès, then with Chennier, Danton, Jourdan, Brissot, Desmoulins, and all the other great reformers. To-day an Amazon, to-morrow at the assault of the barricades of the Invalides, or in the front, at the capture of the Bastille, where she was decreed a sword of honour. Borne around as a lady of court in an aristocratic coach, she descended from it glittering with gems and gold, which, attended as she was by a battalion of bold women, induced the regiment of the guards to salute her with their arms.

Lambertine, invested with military rank, rushed to Liège, to rouse the people; shortly after she presents herself among the raging rabble that moved from Paris to Versailles, and thence she returned on horseback, in that bacchanalian tumult which determined the dethronement of a king; on this day she rode by the side of the terrible Jourdan, "the man of the long beard." We find her for a short time the prisoner of the Austrians, in Vienna; but the Emperor Leopold must talk with her, and she was so amiable that her gaoler was softened, and she presently winged her way back to Paris. One fine morning the crowd saw her once more in the Tuileries, preaching love, moderation and concord; a few days after she is at the head of those who bore in triumph the heads of the royal body-guard.

One day she fell in with a cortège of condemned ones, who were on their way to the prison of the Abbey; among those wretched ones she recognized a man that reminded her of a castle on the banks of the Rhine; it was said that she was petrified by the sight of him, and that she was seized with such a thirst for vengeance, that though she could have saved him, she left him to be numbered among the massacred of September. On another day she could have saved the revolutionary journalist, Souleau, but she left him to his fate. In all these scenes of vice, crime and madness, she appeared as an enchantress. Her stature was noble, her hair auburn, her eyes were large, brilliant and sea-blue; she smiled sweetly, but in every passionate movement of her features she showed a notable cast of fierceness. Her figure was gracefully rich, and all her gestures were pliant and elegant.

Her person acquired new enchantments, under new and strange vestments; she was brilliant under a scarlet mantle, voluptuous within thin gowns, that defectively concealed her witching shapes; and when she appeared in the tumults of the squares, wearing her rich head-dress, the people were intoxicated by her charms.

But the favours of the people are fleeting; their stars are falling

stars. Lambertine preferred the Girondistes, and with them and Brissot she fell; with them she tried to stem the tide, but it overwhelmed her; the heroine of Liège seemed a moderate, compared with the *furies of the guillotine*; on the terraces of the Tuileries, where she was wont to harangue the people, she was stripped, and publicly flogged.

There are indignities which give to reason its death-blow, when it has already been shaken by a giddy life, and this, to the spirit of a woman, however unused to the blush of modesty, was the one. The name of Lambertine was entered on the register of the Salpêtrière in 1800; but she had already been, for several years, confined in a house in the suburb St. Mark. In the Salpêtrière she was shut up in the cell already described; she was not subjected to any form of bodily restraint, for the spirit of benevolence had then penetrated those walls and taken away the chains. Yet, oh! what anguish to her, within those close walls! The convulsed phantasy of Lambertine peopled that cell with images that incessantly succeeded each other, arousing fresh excitements, and breaking her sleep, when her frame, wasted by delirium, needed repose. In the night, when the vast court of the Salpêtrière was deserted, and the shadows of the lindens trembled on the dusty soil, whilst some attendants passed across, and the dead silence was broken only by the ravings of the insane, the unquiet spirit of Lambertine peopled this solitude with imaginary personages; she harangued these phantoms, urging them forward to attacks, battles and murders. Beneath the graces of a woman Lambertine had possessed a fibre of steel. She now tolerated no vestments; she was insensible alike to cold and to shame; she was in the habit of upsetting the water pails on her wretched straw-bed, on which she would afterwards curl herself up in a single sheet, with her knees between her hands; the rigours of winter did not change this custom, and she would break with her fists the ice on the water for her use. Thus lived she for years; her vigils, ravings and fastings ruined her once beautiful person.

She, who had been accustomed to raise her beautiful head over crowds of adorners, now crawled on her hands and knees, scratching up the filth of her floor; she, whose body was once so caressed by seducers, raged on that lair of filth, as if in luxury; her hair ere while so soft and glossy, now bristly, scarce and whitened; the brilliance of the eye extinguished, the music of the voice hushed, and all the allurements of the flesh forever gone!

I followed my heroine even to the table of the post-mortem room. Anatomy sought in vain within the cranium for any testimony to her ferine cruelty, her insatiable voluptuousness, implacable hatreds, and voluble loves. Nothing, and still nothing; that cranium and that brain might have been allotted to any other demented being.

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

THE Society of Authors has at last outgrown the natural timidity of a young organization, found the courage of its opinions, and taken a completely new departure. Lord Lytton, who presided at a crowded meeting yesterday at Willis' Rooms, kept the beaten track in his polished address. It was Mr. Walter Besant who struck the new note. He, with every profession of personal good-will and respect for honourable publishers, set forth unflinchingly a catalogue of those singular practices by which less honourable publishers secure to themselves an unfair proportion of the profits of a book. He showed how they set apart secret profits, withhold accounts, and present to the author fictitious statements of the cost of his book. He showed not less clearly that even where all is aboveboard the publisher takes for his services in introducing the book to the public more than twice or thrice what he allows the author for writing it. He announced that the society henceforward would no longer be content with protecting individuals against injustice, but meant to establish a new principle on a new basis of dealing as between authors and publishers. He carried the audience with him enthusiastically on these and on other points. One or two papers, ignorant of the real merits of the question, came feebly to the rescue of the publishers, but English authors now know what to aim at and whom to look to for protection.

A COLUMN OF NONSENSE.

Down in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off, it was found that the eye which she claimed he winked, was a very clever glass imitation of the human optic. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made, and presented a bill to the firm for the advertising she had given them.

"You have heard all the evidence," said the judge in summing up, "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

AGENT (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing) — "I have got here—" Servant (who responds to the agent's ring) — "Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here to-day. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion." A. — "Ha! hurt much?" S. — "Blown to atoms. Only a grease spot left of him." A. — "Ha! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."

A WOMAN in Bridgeport, Conn., complains that her husband, who is a member of the Salvation Army, makes her life miserable around the house by too much praying and singing and assaults upon her and the children, because they do not believe in his religious methods. It is enough to make a man lose his hold on all the religion he has to be compelled to break off abruptly in the middle of a prayer or a hymn to hammer his wife and children because they do not join in the worship.

In these days of frequent divorce it may not be malapropos to quote from a recent English book a good anecdote of Opie and Godwin. Opie was divorced from his first wife, and Godwin was an infidel. They were walking together near St. Martin's church.

"Ha!" said Opie; "I was married in that church."

"Indeed!" said Godwin; "and I was christened in it."

"It is not a good shop," replied Opie: "their work don't last."

CALIFORNIA widows stand no nonsense. An Oakland paper stated that a citizen had gone to a happier home, and the widow has sued the paper for libel.

SAID a maid, "I will marry for lucre,
And her scandalized me almost shure;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I noticed she did not rebucre.

YOUNG husband: "It does seem to me you might learn how to cook better than that. My mother—" Young wife: "There, that will do; I refrain from learning how to cook on principle." "Oh, you do! Thinking of me, of course?" "No, of my son." "Son?" "Yes; I don't intend he shall ever make any nice girl miserable, bragging about my cooking."

SPEAKING of parsons, a story is told of one who is "favoured" with absent-mindedness and a short memory. He has a habit of forgetting something he intends to say in the pulpit, and then, after sitting down, will rise up again and begin his supplementary remarks with "By-the-way." Recently he got through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down without closing. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said, "Oh! by-the-way—Amen!"

A TUTOR of one of the Oxford colleges who limped in his walk was some years after accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. The interrogator observed, "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation.

MISS CUSHMAN AS "MEG MERRILIES."

The *Meg Merrilies* of Miss Cushman bore no more resemblance to Scott's old crone than did the witches of Shakspeare to the wretched old hags that Scotch James persecuted. The *Meg* of Charlotte Cushman was a sibyl, a pythoness, before whose oracular utterances the boldest might have trembled. When a thrill went through the audiences as she suddenly darted from the side scene and then stood motionless, with one claw-like finger of a skeleton hand pointed at *Henry Bertram*. What a face! blanched, and tanned, and wrinkled and scarred, as it were, by the storms of centuries, bear-eyed, with Medusa-like grey locks straggling from beneath a kind of turban, while the tall bony figure was clad in a mass of indescribable rags, shreds, patches of all colours, marvellously real. Who that ever heard it can forget her delivery of the prophecy, more especially the last two lines:

"Till Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height."

The tall weird figure on tiptoe, the withered arms thrown up, one holding her staff far above her head, the flashing eyes, the deep rough voice rising to the shriek of a bird of prey upon the final word—it was not mere acting, it was an inspiration as great as any thing Rachel ever achieved. I once heard an old actor, who was playing *Dandie Dinmont*, say that he had to turn away his head while supporting her in her death scene; and I have seen ladies in the house cover their faces with their hands, unable to endure the sight of the dying agonies of that awful face in the fierce struggle against the coming doom. When all was over, she was borne off the stage, and some little time elapsed between her death and the fall of the curtain, sufficient for her to wash off her hideous mask and paint and powder her face, though the dress was unchanged, for the call. It was a curious bit of coquetry for so great an artiste, but she invariably did it. Miss Cushman's engagement at the Princess extended over eighty-four nights, though not consecutive, opera and other lighter entertainments alternating with her performances, an arrangement far more favourable to artistic acting than the present grinding and monotonous drudgery of unbroken long runs.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A WRITER ABOUT WHOM CRITICS AGREE.

If there is any writer of the time about whom the critics of England and America substantially agree, it is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. There is something in his work, precisely what it is not easy to say, which engages and fixes the attention from the first page to the last, which shapes itself before the mind's eye while reading, and which refuses to be forgotten long after the book which revealed it has been closed and put away. There are two stories in the volume containing his *New Arabian Nights*, both night adventures, the more powerful one an adventure of that scoundrel and man of genius, the poet Villon, which seared themselves into our recollection years ago, and which are as vivid there now as some of the terrible things in Shakspeare. The quality by which Mr. Stevenson is chiefly distinguished, and which differentiates his writing from the story-writing of the period, is imagination—the power of creating characters which are as real as creatures of flesh and blood, and of devising and shaping events which are as inevitable as fate. Beyond all the writers of his time, he is remarkable for clearness and accuracy of vision; he seems to see, and we believe he *does* see, all that he describes; and he makes all his readers see likewise. How he accomplishes this last feat, which is a very uncommon one, we have never been able to discover, for on returning to a scene or a chapter which has impressed us deeply, which has sent the blood tingling through our veins, or has darkened our souls with foreboding, we have always failed to detect the secret of his power. It can hardly be in his language, which is always of the simplest, nor in the feeling that he depicts, which is always natural, and often common; but it is there all the same. It is there unmistakably, and it leaves its impress upon the reader's receptiveness for many a day after he is subjected to its spell.—*R. H. Stoddard, in the N.Y. Mail and Express*.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

By far the largest library in the world is the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. It is so large that nobody knows how many books it contains. They have never yet been all catalogued or counted, and when the classification of a great library falls behind it takes some time to get it in order, especially when no attempt is made to bring up the arrears. Current works and new acquisitions are now catalogued in this library as received, but many old collections—amongst others, the official documents relating to the Revolution—still lie unassorted. Mere bulk, then, goes for little, unless it is accompanied with utility. As to this, and as to the accommodation it provides for readers, the French National Library is a long way behind the reading room of the British Museum, and vexatious restrictions and needless formalities meet the reader at every turn. But before referring to its organization we shall pass a *coup d'œil* over the history of this remarkable collection, which, though sold by impecunious kings and otherwise dispersed more than once, has never been so widely scattered that it could not wholly or partially be brought together again.

The earliest nucleus of a national library in France was made by the Emperor Charlemagne, and some of his manuscripts are still preserved in the present collection. At the death of the Emperor, the books were sold and the proceeds given to the poor. His successor, however, Louis le Debonnaire, had a taste for literature, and gathered a few volumes together. He was followed by St. Louis, who bought up as many of the works of the early Christian writers as he could get. At his death the library was dispersed again. This time it fell to the monasteries. From the time of Saint Louis to the days of John the Good (1350), the library had little merit; but after the battle of Poitiers it had grown sufficiently to be thought worth plundering, and accordingly the English carried most of it away with them. One Bible then taken is now in the British Museum. There was a library in the reigns of Philip the Hardy and Philip the Bel, but the real founder of the Royal Library of France was Charles the Wise. He had a collection of about 1,000 books, which at that time was considerable. He, indiscreetly, however, lent some of his books out to read, and as, at this early period, the habit of never returning books borrowed had been contracted, thus lost several volumes. Soon after this the whole collection was sold to the Duke of Bedford, and brought to England, but was dispersed at his death in 1435, and some of the works found their way back to France. Charles VII. was too much occupied with politics to look after a library, but Louis IX. and Charles VIII. were both collectors. So was Louis XI., many of whose books still exist. Francis I. had a library at Fontainebleau, with Budé as his librarian, and from the time of Henri II. to Charles IX. the library remained there, and went on increasing. In the reign of the latter monarch it was removed to Paris, and in the course of the transference several valuable works were stolen.

Between the reign of Henri IV. and the time of Catherine de Medicis—who augmented the collection largely—the library was changed from place to place in Paris, and at every change suffered more or less from pillage. A catalogue made out in 1622 showed that there were then 6,000 volumes, of which very few were printed books. Large private collections were bequeathed to the library about this time, and under the indefatigable activity of Colbert it went on prospering. In 1666 it was installed in the Rue Vivienne, and after the death of Mazarin—whose great collection went to form a library by themselves—was placed in his palace in the Rue de Richelieu, where it has since remained. In 1688 the library had already swelled to 43,000 printed books and 10,000 manuscripts. Louvois, who succeeded Colbert in its management, resolved to open it to the “learned of all nations” for study. The time given to the learned to pursue their researches was limited, only two hours a week, so that we find that Voltaire and others borrowed books from the librarian. The library was well arranged, and getting into good working order at the time of the Revolution, which we are told opened up a new era of prosperity for it. All the great chateaux were then plundered, monasteries ransacked, religious institutions pillaged, and everything seized was confiscated and declared national property. Some of the

princes of the blood and the *émigrés* had magnificent collections of books, and these were among the spoils. For months books came pouring into Paris from all directions. Among the collections were those of Talleyrand, Rochcohouart, Philippe d'Orleans, Renard, Montaigne, Choiseul, Egmont, and Montmorency. Some of the books were sent to the Sorbonne, but the majority fell to the National Library. The librarians were quite overwhelmed with the hauls that were carted pell-mell into the building, and the sudden acquisition upset the whole organization of the library. The Terror decreed that a copy of every book published in France should be sent for preservation in the National Library, and, not content with appropriating all the great collections they could lay their hands on, sent out commissioners to Greece, Italy, Germany, and other countries to buy more. In 1807 it was roughly estimated that the library contained about half a million of books. Then came Napoleon, who was also good to the library. Wherever his victorious hosts went a flock of human vultures followed, carrying off the booty, and thus more hauls of books were brought to the French capital. But not all to remain there, for, after Waterloo, Germany, Belgium, Bavaria, Austria, and other countries stepped in and claimed their prints and manuscripts.

Since the days of Napoleon the library has gone on augmenting. Now and then an extraordinary grant has been given to purchase books, and every printer is bound to send two copies of every book he prints to the library. This is a very unsatisfactory arrangement, as printer sometimes means printer, engraver, and binder, so that frequently the books reach the library by instalments; and then only by the roundabout way of a general depot. The number sent to the depot fluctuates greatly. From 1860 to 1874 the number of books Paris produced was nearly double that which came from the provinces, but since that time the provinces are a long way ahead, whether this be a criterion to literary activity or not. In 1881 books from Paris numbered 9,702, from the departments, 23,094; and in 1884 books from Paris were 8,156; those from the departments, 50,606. This does not include periodical publications. Other means which the library has of increasing its stock is by exchanging duplicate copies with foreign libraries, by receiving from learned societies, by donations, and by purchases. In 1884, 5,609 books were bought, and 4,049 received as donations. The total number of books in the library is about two and a half millions. Only part of the books are catalogued, and all the catalogues are not accessible to the readers. The catalogue of historical works is complete, and includes 363,125 books on French history alone. There are sets of imperfect catalogues which the librarians use and try to ferret out works asked for, but not always with success. Since 1871 a catalogue of the new acquisitions has been issued as a monthly periodical—not a convenient method—and a subject list of recent works exists. The reading-room—*salle de travail*—is much less than the reading-room of the British Museum, and cannot be compared to it in point of arrangement, convenience, or with regard to the service. Readers have to go through useless formalities, but more or less red tape must be expected at every French institution. No writing material beyond ink is supplied, and should anyone attempt to pass out of the room with a twopenny notebook in his hand, though it is his own property, the functionary at the entrance will come down upon him like a detective on a malefactor. As a guarantee that he is not walking off with national property, he must be furnished with a *laissez passer*. In 1884, 71,932 readers went to this room, and 213,744 books were referred to. There is another room for consulting manuscripts, a department for engravings and maps, and a public room which is open to everybody without tickets, and furnished with about 50,000 books of general literature. The library is open from ten to four o'clock on week-days, and the public part on Sundays as well. From a fear that the buildings would be set on fire, no light has ever been introduced into it. The sum allowed for expenses is not a third of [that which is] given to the British Museum library.—*London Standard*.

MR. JAMES McPHERSON LE MOINE, F.R.S.C., is preparing for publication in the spring two volumes *Chassé et Pêche* and *Maple Leaves*. These promise to be an interesting addition to the literature of Canada.

THE EAGLE'S NEST;

OR,

THE MARVEL OF SEBASTIAN GEE.

A Canadian Story.

PART FIRST.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK WILFORD.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

BUT while he eschewed magisterial and municipal honours of every nature and kind soever, he was by no means indifferent to honours of another description. Very dear to his heart was his proud and undisputed supremacy as Elder and Imperial Dictator of the sect to which he belonged. And here it will perhaps be advisable to give some account of that sect, whereof so frequent mention has been made in these pages.

Among the many persons who, during the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, were roused to a high degree of religious fervour by the preaching of John Wesley, was a young student of Queen's College, Oxford, whose name was John Jebus. Of humble origin, coarse manners, and somewhat unamiable temper, he was nevertheless a youth of some parts and learning, and a conscientious seeker after truth. His studies had been pursued at the expense of a wealthy patron, and with a view to the ministry of the Established Church; but Wesley's teaching combined with his own observation to convince him that the clergy had sunk into a state of lethargy and indifference too little in accordance with the spirit of genuine Christianity for him to have much in common with them. He also imbibed ideas on certain doctrinal points which would probably have insured his rejection had he applied for admission to holy orders. His zeal reached its height in the spring of the year 1738; at which time he conceived the idea of evangelizing the lower classes in his native county of Westmoreland; and, aided by a number of youthful fellow-workers who had enlisted under his banner, he organized a crusade for that purpose. He encountered the active hostility of the local clergy, for parts of his doctrine were directly subversive of theirs, and his method of inculcating it by means of preaching in the market-places, from the housetops, and in the open fields, was in their eyes an innovation upon the wholesome rule which commands that all things be done decently and in order. But, undaunted by all opposition, he steadfastly pursued his vocation, and extended the field of his operations into the adjoining counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire. His success was by no means commensurate with that which attended the efforts of Wesley; for, unlike that eminent divine, he contemned the power of the press, and restricted his efforts to oratory alone. His creed, moreover, was by no means so well adapted to popular acceptance as was that of Wesley, nor was he in any respect so able a man as his great contemporary. He achieved, however, a limited measure of success; and at his death, which took place in 1766, he left behind him about a thousand adherents, who adopted his name as well as his creed, and called themselves Jebusites. Thenceforward until the present time the body has remained, in respect of numbers, very much as he left it; neither multiplying nor decreasing to any appreciable extent.

He taught the doctrines of predestination and election in all their gloomy and uncompromising rigour. According to him, the Almighty, before the creation of the world, predestined a fixed number of persons to eternal glory and happiness, without any respect whatever to the faith or good works of the recipients themselves. The rest of the human family were with equal precision devoted to unquenchable fire—the atonement effected by the sufferings and death of Christ extending to the elect alone. All men, moreover, being born in sin and shapen in iniquity, are under the curse; and no man is either able or willing to avail himself of the promises of salvation except by the direct intervention of the Holy Spirit. So far, the teachings of John Jebus were not materially (if at all) distinguishable from those of John Calvin; but there were various other matters upon which it is

unnecessary to enlarge in these pages which were peculiar to the originator of this sect and his followers alone. That which especially made them to differ, however, from other professing Christians, was their singular mode of church government. Every congregation was presided over by five elders, selected by the members, and recruited from time to time, whenever a vacancy occurred by death or otherwise. These elders met at sunrise on the morning of the third Sunday in January of each year, and elected one of their number as Patriarch for the succeeding twelvemonth—the elders themselves being appointed for life. The elders formed the legislative, the Patriarch the executive branch of the government of the local church. From the decision of a majority of this body upon any point connected with church affairs, there was no appeal. The title of Patriarch was a sort of tacit dignity, except among the elders themselves; and it was not customary to address or speak of the holder of it as *Patriarch*, but merely as *Elder*, except on those occasions when the five met officially in solemn conclave, to discuss and arrange grave matters pertaining to the hierarchy.

Regular or paid ministers there were none. Every male member was expected to hold himself in readiness to preach when his turn came round. This rule was necessarily relaxed in favour of young members, and those upon whom no gifts of exposition had been bestowed. These latter exceptions, however, were fewer than might be supposed; for no matter how ignorant the Jebusites might be as to matters pertaining to things temporal, there were few of them whose knowledge of the Sacred Writings might not have put to shame many who had been expressly trained for the clerical calling. Ignorant, in the common acceptation of the term, they might be. Bigoted and narrow-minded, judged by any standard but their own, they certainly were. But while few of them could have given any satisfactory account of the difference between an irregular verb and an acute-angled triangle, there were fewer still who could not have discoursed by the hour upon such congenial themes as sanctification, justification, regeneration, original sin, and the like. And as for their bigotry, might they not have attested the example of many great and good men, from John Calvin and John Knox downwards?

Among the first to espouse the Jebusitical doctrines fresh from the mouth of their founder was the father of the man who afterwards became Elder Redpath, the opulent proprietor of Aspleigh Hall, whose faith thus came down to him in a direct line of descent, and who had been a prominent member of the sect from his youth. For some years before his emigration he had pondered upon the feasibility of founding a church in some distant colony; and when he had brought his scheme to maturity he had no difficulty in securing the co-operation of a sufficient number of the faithful to form the nucleus of a congregation. Having pitched their tent in the Canadian wilderness, one of the first proceedings of this little band had been to build a place of worship; the largest subscription coming, of course, from Elder Redpath himself, who also gave two acres of ground for the purpose. The chapel was a little frame building, humble and insignificant enough in appearance, but quite adequate to the requirements of the not very numerous congregation, which however continued to be periodically reinforced by arrivals from beyond sea, so that in process of time the chapel came to be well filled. Stables and sheds were built for the accommodation of the horses and wagons of those who did not live in proximity to the chapel, and were compelled to come from a distance; and a sufficient space was set apart for a graveyard, of which Giles Hartley was destined to be the first tenant.

They called their place of worship "Peartree Chapel;" not from the presence of any pear tree in the neighbourhood, but simply because their Transatlantic Bethel had been called by that name. And to this chapel, every Sunday morning, repaired a congregation, rude and unlettered, it is true, but not less remarkable than their coadjutors in England for their intimate acquaintance with the contents of the Book of Life. Unversed in almost all other literature, they were much given to regard the letter of the one Book wherewith they were familiar—sometimes rather to the exclusion of its broad spirit. *Æt. gr.* they were wont to console themselves for their educational deficiencies with that text

in the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians which informs us that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. Their pulpit oratory, uncultured as it was, answered, to a certain extent, the purpose for which it was extemporized. Since I was first subjected to its influence I have listened to many eloquent discourses from venerable dignitaries in Westminster Abbey, and to several from the marvellous Sage of the Tabernacle in Newington Butts; but never have I sat under homilists more eminently calculated to awaken the sinner to repentance than were Elder Redpath, Stephen Duckworth, and one or two others who periodically held forth from the rostrum of Peartree Chapel—provided always that the intelligence of the sinner was not too far removed from that of a cart-horse. Morning service commenced punctually at ten, all the year round, and terminated about noon. Then, after a short intermission, came a cold dinner, which was partaken of in the body of the chapel, each family bringing its own supply of food. An hour was then devoted to Sunday-school; and then came the afternoon service, which lasted till four. After that came what was called "latter meeting," in the course of which the sacrament was administered to those who had the right of membership; and this ceremony was usually followed by a brief homily called an exhortation, from some member who had been selected for the purpose on the previous Sunday. This ended the services, and the congregation betook themselves to their respective homes, to meditate upon the day's texts; and in many cases to hold yet another theological sederunt around the domestic hearth.

Such was the order of proceeding every Sunday throughout the year; from which it will be seen that the spiritual wants of these peculiar people were bountifully supplied—at any rate in respect of mere quantity—at least one day in every seven, however they might fare on the other six.

Within the chapel walls, social position was entirely ignored, and the ministrations of the humblest were listened to with as rapt an attention as were those of the Elders themselves. One of the most popular of the sermonizers was Job Greaves, who on week days occupied the not very exalted position of Elder Redpath's stableman. It seemed a little anomalous that this fiery apostle should feed swine and groom the Elder's horses on six days of the week, and show his master the way to heaven on the seventh. But Job was quite an orator in his way, and it was on all hands conceded that he was a faithful and earnest exponent of the faith. His strong point was the deceitfulness of riches, and on this theme he sometimes waxed rather personal. From his place in the sacred desk he would declaim about the rich man and Lazarus until he had wrought up the feelings of his hearers to the desired pitch; when, suddenly pausing, and fixing his great staring eyes upon his master, he would put the very pertinent query: "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul: or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Then, the congregation were tolerably certain to be regaled with a pointed allusion to the camel and the eye of a needle, and the difficulty experienced by a rich man in entering into the kingdom. The pursuits of Job's every-day life left their impress upon him to some extent on Sundays, and it must be confessed that his pulpit oratory was not quite free from a certain aroma of the stables. This peculiarity, however, was rarely offensive except in very warm weather. On hot Sundays in July and August it cannot be denied that he emitted an ammoniacal odour which was more or less perceptible to the olfactories of every one in the congregation. But both his denunciations and his aroma were always taken in good part. It was his privilege to point the path to the skies in such manner as to him seemed most fitting; and whether in the pulpit or out of it he was no respecter of persons.

At the time of our arrival in Canada, the Jebusitical congregation, what with men, women, and children, numbered about seventy persons, who were invited to Aspleigh Hall *en masse*, for the purpose of being introduced to my mother and her family, and of returning thanks for our preservation from the perils of the deep.

The feast was held in the kitchen, which was likewise the ordinary dining-room and sitting-room: the room in which the household lived. It was of great dimensions, and ample for the

accommodation of all the guests; being about fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, with a fireplace at each end. A table ran down almost the entire length of the room on each side, one of which was set apart for the exclusive use of the young people, while the other was reserved for the use of parents, grandparents, and adults generally. My brother, sister, and self were permitted as an especial favour to sit between our parents at the latter table; and by the time the meal was brought to an end I had carefully examined nearly every face about me, and in a manner formed my conclusions, young as I was, as to the loveliness of the respective guests. At the upper end of our table sat the Patriarch himself—a large, portly, and rather good-looking man, still in the prime of life. His thick, iron-grey hair was brushed back from a broad, high, Baconian forehead, which indicated a good deal of intellectual power. His lips were thin, and when in repose were generally kept tightly compressed. The lower part of his face did not quite bear out the promise of the upper, being somewhat narrow, and inclined to taper off towards the chin, which rather retreated than otherwise. There was a something in his large grey eyes to which I could not then have given a name, but which I now know to have been an expression of restlessness and unquiet. In speaking, however, his utterance was particularly calm and deliberate, and was doubtless the result of careful self-schooling. Facing him, at the other extremity of the table, was his wife, who was built in a mould as elephantine as her spouse. She had a grim, saturnine expression of countenance which at first sight I did not much like; and I may add that she did not greatly rise in my esteem upon a more intimate acquaintance.

After a blessing of wearisome length had been asked by the Elder, the guests fell to in profound silence; a silence which continued almost without interruption until the termination of the meal. There was a sort of funereal gloom about the whole proceeding, except when Stephen Duckworth—who had never read *Oliver Twist*—asked for "more," which he did at least five or six times. For my own part, I was not hungry, and ate little, preferring to gaze around me into the faces of the feasters. The Elder's son Gilbert, the merchant, was perhaps the most austere-looking personage at table. His face wore an expression of profound gloom and sadness, as though he were aware of life. For some occult reason which I do not profess to be able to explain, even to my own satisfaction, he has always been inseparably associated in my mind with the Mr. Fearing of Bunyan's immortal allegory. Except my father, Stephen Duckworth was the only man of the batch for whom I felt much regard. He seemed, I thought, a very hearty, genial fellow, with a voracious appetite; and I formed a resolution to repeat to him "Whatever brawls disturb the street," on the first suitable opportunity. Another guest whose demeanour was somewhat less repellent than the prevailing tone seemed to demand, was Samuel Priestley, a kinsman of the Elder. He lived at "The Pines," five miles off—a desolate spot in the heart of the forest. The morose visage of his helpmeet, however, who sat by his side, acted as an effectual foil to his own comparative heartiness of demeanour. The servants who waited upon us seemed to have caught the general tone of dreary austerities, and performed their duties in a passive, listless manner. Even the children who sat at the other table by themselves seemed to be awed into a sort of frigid indifference to the plethora of good things placed before them. Nothing approaching a laugh was heard; nothing in the most distant degree resembling a smile was visible upon the face of any one of them. The happy, sportive joyousness of childhood seemed to have departed from them one and all. It was with a feeling of inexpressible relief that I at length heard the Elder call upon his son to return thanks for the meal; for in my ignorance I supposed that this would be the prelude to bringing the ceremonial to a close. Most grievously was I mistaken. The merchant having responded to the appeal, the Elder gave out the singularly appropriate hymn,

While others crowd the House of Mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell
Frequent the House of Woe;

which was sung with great unction by the assembly to the most lugubrious of tunes. Then followed voluntary prayers from

various brethren and sisters whose petitions occupied from ten minutes to half-an-hour each; and it was not till the waning light of the room gave token of departing day that the dreary entertainment came to an end.

O, that weary, weary, all-but-endless afternoon. The memory of it haunted me like a nightmare for many a long year; and to this day I cannot recall it without an internal shiver. With what a thrill of ecstatic delight did I welcome the blissful intelligence that the monotonous thanksgiving was over; and what a relief it was to escape into the open air. No scholar dismissed from the thralldom of the school-room ever sprang across the threshold with a more joyous bound. I was soon joined by my brother and sister, and a host of other little ones whose natural joyousness of disposition came back to them the moment they were relieved from the supervision of their seniors. As may readily be expected, we lost no time in striking up a common acquaintance, and

"Away we fled, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin,"

to the barnyard, where we played hide-and-seek among the straw-stacks by the bright light of the autumn moon until the gruff but not unkindly voice of Job Greaves summoned us to supper, in the course of which meal I fell fast asleep. Shortly afterwards the assembly dispersed, and I was carried home in my father's arms and put to bed.

And here it may appropriately enough be asked: How was it that my father, a man of good birth, and—notwithstanding his neglected training—with many of the hereditary instincts and something of the manner and education of a gentleman: by what strange chance was it that he had seen in the creed and manners of such a community as this, anything sufficiently attractive to induce him to cast in his lot with them, and to become in many respects one of themselves? This enquiry has often suggested itself to my mind; and the only plausible answer I have been able to make has been somewhat after this wise. In matters theological, not less than in matters hymeneal, men—even wise and good men—have, time out of mind, done very extraordinary things. My father was one of the kindest, most amiable, and most lovable of men that ever breathed; but I cannot conscientiously claim for him that he was a man of extraordinary wisdom or force of character. He was easily influenced by those with whom he was thrown into intimate relations, and he was ever wont to recognize in my mother an intelligence higher than his own. His marriage had brought him into close contact with the friends of my mother's family, and after that marriage he had no friends of his own rank in society. The father who should have been his "guide, philosopher and friend" was a solitary and selfish recluse, whose pedantic love had destroyed his sense of social and parental responsibility. The young man had thus no friend to counteract the influence of those amongst whom his lot was cast. Add to this the fact that at the time of my mother's "conversion," he had likewise experienced a craving for spiritual consolation; and the only commodity of that sort that came in his way was supplied by that fraternity whose chapel he attended out of deference to my mother's wishes. All these things concurring, he had joined their ranks and espoused their creed as the one best suited to his requirements. And if this explanation be deemed insufficient to account for the seeming anomaly I have no other to offer. I can only say that "such things were." He sincerely believed in the efficacy of their faith for man's salvation, though he inwardly disapproved of some of their church regulations, and positively declined to take his place in the pulpit. He sometimes went so far as to give an exhortation; and from what I can remember of his efforts in that line I am of opinion that, in respect of matter, they were neither better nor worse than those of his spiritual brethren; though they were certainly couched in phraseology less repellant to ears metropolitan. It was but seldom, however, that he was called upon to exercise his functions, for it was known that such exercise was distasteful to him. He was moreover regarded as not quite so strict in his opinions respecting universal reprobation as the Jesuitical creed enjoined upon its followers. Gilbert Redpath, indeed, had recently mooted the question as to the propriety of requiring every member of the

church to reaffirm his or her declaration upon this point; and it was well known that the proposal was expressly directed at my father. But Master Gilbert had been effectually put to silence by Stephen Duckworth, who reminded him of the dictum of St. Paul: "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations."

CHAPTER VI. THE EAGLE'S NEST.

EARLY in the forenoon of the day after the thanksgiving-feast, we went, by special invitation, to regale ourselves with a view from the tower of Aspleigh Hall. We were assured by my father that the prospect from there was very picturesque; and we had no sooner beheld it for ourselves than we were able to confirm the epithet from personal observation. We mounted an interminable number of steps, and had almost begun to despair of ever reaching the top, when we suddenly emerged upon a landing-place, and found ourselves within the turret which we had previously admired from terra firma. Then the scene burst upon us in all its splendour. The sun shone brightly, and displayed to the best advantage a landscape which would have been well worth contemplating even on the gloomiest day of the year, and which seemed, I thought, to embrace all the kingdoms of the world. To the north, beyond our home, and also to the west, a vast forest stretched away for miles and miles, and nothing was to be seen but the variegated foliage of the tree tops. To the east was a regular succession of hill and dale, forest, field, and stream, dotted here and there with cottages and farm-houses. The most noteworthy view, however, was directly south of us. It has been stated that Aspleigh Hall stood about a quarter of a mile from the public highway. Fifty yards or thereabouts beyond the highway was the top of the tremendous "bank," as it was called—a steep, and in many places precipitous descent of four or five hundred feet. At the bottom of this descent, a plateau, varying in width from one to three hundred yards, intervened between the bank and the Grand River—a huge stream which rises fifty miles or so above, and pours its turbulent waters into Lake Erie seventy miles below. The stream was here very tortuous, and formed an enormous letter C, six or seven miles wide, with the bank for a background from one extremity to the other. The interior of this letter C lay stretched beneath us, a level plain, which during the spring freshets was sometimes entirely submerged. Beyond, rose a mountainous bank of solid rock, the geological formation there being quite different from that on the side nearest us. The Elder, who accompanied us on our tour of inspection, pointed to a huge, riven cliff, which stared us in the face from the far side of the valley, and which rose abruptly, somewhat nearer to the water's edge than its neighbours, to a height of at least five hundred feet, and was crowned with a clump of diminutive pines. So clear was the atmosphere, and so bright was the sun, that every crevice and cranny on the surface of the cliff seemed distinctly visible to us. Its sides were very steep, and on the front visible to us it was evidently insurmountable. A few yards below the summit, a lump of rock protruded about twenty feet towards the river, and resembled a monstrous wart on the face of the mountain. In answer to my mother's enquiries, the Elder informed us that this protuberance was called "The Eagle's Nest," from an Indian tradition which told of an eagle of Cyclopean proportions that had made its home there in days of yore, and preyed upon the paposes of the district. I gathered from his remarks that the term came in process of time to be applied to the entire mountain, which was known far and wide as "The Eagle's Nest."

The name at once arrested my attention.

"The Eagle's Nest, did you say?" I asked: "why that is where Sebastian Gee lives. But where's his house? I don't see a house anywhere near it."

"Sebastian Gee—what do you know of Sebastian Gee, Master Mark? Your father has been telling you about him, I suppose."

My father here explained how we had encountered the half-breed on the evening of our arrival at the Ford; but I could not help noticing that he said nothing about the strange warning that Sebastian had given, nor about that personage's having accompanied us part of the way home.

"And what did you think of him, Master Inquisitiveness?" the Elder asked.

I replied to the effect that I thought he was the funniest man, without exception, that I had ever seen; and that I wondered how it was he did not take cold going about the country without any hat on.

"O, Sebastian Gee never takes cold; he is used to it. I have known him ever since long before you were born, Mark;" replied the Elder: "and I never saw him with a hat on yet. He objects to hats as one of the useless superfluities of civilization, and says that wearing one when he was young took all the hair off his head. He is generally called 'The Bald Eagle,' because he has such a great beak, and such fierce, fiery eyes. I cannot tell you whether he lives at the Eagle's Nest or not, because he never invites anyone to visit him, and I never came across anyone who had ever seen his house."

I was for a moment in two minds whether to ask the Elder about that disputed matter of the bee and the bonnet; but as I shrewdly suspected that I would only be laughed at again for my pains I restrained my curiosity; inwardly resolving, however, to have the matter thoroughly investigated at a more convenient opportunity.

About three miles southeast of us lay the Ford, which was situated just at the opening of the letter C., and of which from our elevated point of observation we seemed to have almost a bird's-eye view. Midway between, at the top of a high hill, not far from the edge of the "bank," rose the little spire of Peartree Chapel.

Turning partially round, and looking southwest, I descried, about two miles away, a quaint, castellated-looking stone building, surmounted by a weathercock, and built on the very edge of one of the highest peaks of the bank. This building was at a considerable distance from any travelled road, and had an exceeding solitariness of aspect. It formed such a picturesque feature in the landscape that it aroused my ever-wakeful curiosity, and gave immediate rise to numerous questions on my part. The Elder informed me that that house was called "The Eyrie" and was inhabited by a very wicked man whose name was Doctor King. The Elder looked so preternaturally grave and solemn when he mentioned the name of this occidental disciple of Hippocrates that I forbore at that time to ask for any particulars as to the especial character of the latter's wickedness. I could perceive, however, that his delinquencies must be very grave indeed, for the Elder seemed to shudder and grow cold at the mere mention of his name.

After spending an hour in the turret, and taking in the view from all points, we descended to the kitchen, where an early dinner had been prepared for us. It was one of the many singular characteristics of these Jubusites that they never knew when they had enough of a good thing. Grace was said, and dinner eaten; and one would have supposed that the only remaining duty necessary to be performed was to return thanks. But not so thought Elder Redpath, who, at the conclusion of the meal, proceeded to offer up a prayer so long, so tedious, and so comprehensive, that it seemed as though dinner had been merely a slight prelude to the devotions, instead of the devotions being only a decorous accompaniment to the dinner. He framed his petition as skillfully as ever a lawyer framed an indictment, and—in all reverence be it spoken—he absolutely left Providence no loophole of escape. He besought protection from every variety of calamity that ever happened to mortal man, and forgiveness for every offence that ever had, or by any possibility could have been committed. This prayer was supplemented by a verbose exposition of a text of Scripture from Job Greaves. Then, having got through with this singular morning call, we returned home and settled down to our new life.

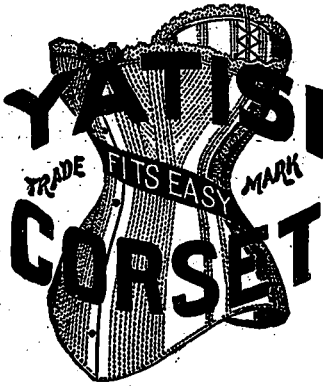
The Bald Eagle did not seem very solicitous to avail himself of my father's cordial invitation to call upon us, for a good many weeks passed by before I next set eyes upon him. Meanwhile my father told us all that was known about him, which was very little, for he brooked no question about his antecedents from any one. It was impossible to form any clear idea even as to his age. He had first made his appearance in the neighbourhood about

twenty years before the date of the opening of this narrative since which time he had not grown perceptibly older. He led a barbarous, nomadic sort of life, gaining his livelihood, such as it was, by hunting and fishing. He associated chiefly with the Mohawk Indians—whose language he spoke, and with whom he claimed kinship—when he associated with any one; but it was not often that he was to be found in company of any kind. He commonly affected solitude. If he had any settled place of habitation, no man, woman or child in the district had ever been able to learn its whereabouts; but from the circumstance that he was most frequently seen in the vicinity of the Eagle's Nest, and had more than once been descried from a distance wandering about on the very top of it, it was generally supposed that he must have some sort of dwelling there. So far as was known, no human being except himself had ever succeeded in scaling its precipitous heights; and there were tolerably good reasons why no man in whose bosom dwelt a common share of the better part of valour had ever attempted the ascent. In winter it was not easy to get within half a mile of its base, for its exposed situation caused it to be surrounded with inaccessible ice-gorges and snow-drifts; and in summer and early autumn that particular locality literally swarmed with those most terrible of reptiles, rattlesnakes. The ophidians, however, apparently possessed no terrors for the Bald Eagle; though I have no reason for supposing that to various other accomplishments of an unusual character he added that of snake-charming. His singular manner and mode of life led to his being supposed partly insane. He was a very expert huntsman, and his skill with the rifle was almost miraculous. He had all the cunning which is popularly attributed to the children of the Six Nations, and to this quality was added a familiarity with some of the appliances of civilization. He could read the English language, and even write it, after a fashion; but where he had contrived to pick up these acquirements was a problem which no man in the community could solve. He was a total abstainer in the matter of strong drink, and the bar-room of Price's tavern had no attractions for him. He was on terms of more or less familiarity with the inhabitants of Burtch's Landing; but as a general thing he did not take kindly to the pale-faces, and no white man in the district, my father excepted, had ever won much of his favour. It was doubtless to the circumstance of my father's having rescued him from a watery grave, as mentioned in a former chapter, that the preference was to be attributed; and since the happening of that event the half-breed had given his preserver many proofs of his gratitude and good-will. He had kept my father's larder plentifully supplied with venison, and whatever choice game happened to be in season. He had given information which had led to the recovery of a valuable colt which the Tuscaroras had stolen from my father's pastures. He had even condescended to work steadily as a farm-labourer in my father's fields for a week at a time: a signal mark of favour which he would have vouchsafed to no one else; and had persistently refused to accept any recompense for his services. Last, but not least, he had by his watchful care and vigilance saved us from a very disagreeable rencontre on the night of our arrival; and as it would serve no good purpose to keep the circumstances connected with that affair any longer a mystery, I may as well explain them in this place.

My mother's letter, apprizing my father of our intended arrival, reached him early in the afternoon of the day on which we arrived at Johnson's Ford. It was placed in his hands while Elder Redpath and he were engaged in paying off the men who had for a week past been assisting at the fall threshing. His delight at receiving the intelligence was very great, and he at once announced the contents of the letter to the Elder, in the presence of Sebastian Gee and the other men who were present. Among these last were two habitués of Burtch's Landing. It occurred to these latter that my mother would probably be the bearer of a sufficient sum of money to make it worth their while to rob us on our way homeward, and they adjourned to the barn to talk over the scheme.

(Continued next week.)

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