



A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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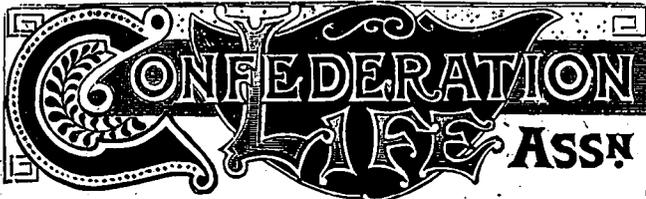
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ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

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

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

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

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

ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 16th. 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 coner reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip*.

WE are in receipt of the first number of ARCTURUS, a new weekly journal of "literature and life," owned and edited by Mr. John Charles Dent. The literary name and attainments of the editor are of themselves a guarantee of the highest excellence in all the departments of first-class modern journalism. The number before us, although published under the inevitable difficulties of a first issue, gives promise of a bright and successful future. The salutatory sounds a clear note of thorough independence, is succinct and clearly defined in its position, without broad in its scope and liberal in its views. The initial number contains thoughtful and well-written articles upon independent journalism, the Labour Reform question in politics, and the Bible in the schools. It also gives us breezy book and other notices, and the extraneous selections are judiciously chosen. We welcome ARCTURUS, and bespeak for it a prosperous career.—*Toronto Sentinel*.

SUCH is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in this city by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. To say that its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability is but paying a slight tribute to the fine intellectual attainments of a gentleman who has long ago made his mark in the world of letters; and under his educated touch the new journal will be an enterprise of no uncommon merit. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Irish Canadian*.

MR. JOHN CHARLES DENT has issued as editor and proprietor a new Canadian journal of literature and life called ARCTURUS. It is a neatly arranged, well printed and thoughtfully written production, and ought to easily find its own constituency. Mr. Dent is the author of "The Story of the Upper Canadian

Rebellion," and is not only a writer but a journalist of experience. ARCTURUS should succeed and fill a useful position in Canadian literature. That it may do so is our wish.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

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

WE welcome to the ranks of independent journalism the newly established paper ARCTURUS, published in Toronto, and edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, one of the most talented and brilliant of Canadian writers—our national "Junius." We judge from its high moral tone that it seems destined to become a moulder of Canadian sentiment, and cannot be questioned as an authority in politics, literature and art. We wish it success.—*London Farmers' Advocate*.

ARCTURUS, a Canadian journal of literature and life, is the titular description given by Mr. John Charles Dent to his handsome sixteen-page weekly which he has just published at Toronto. The initial number develops more than ordinary excellence, and the periodical bids fair to be a source of profit to its talented proprietor, as well as of credit to the Dominion.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THERE has been issued at Toronto a new sixteen-page, clearly printed weekly paper, entitled ARCTURUS. Mr. John Charles Dent, who is well known in connection with Canadian literature, is the editor and proprietor. The first number contains a department of interesting political notes. An editorial article, "An Independent Newspaper," is temperately written, but it puts forward strongly enough the idea that the future of the country is a fair matter for consideration by a thoughtful people. There is an article on "The Labour Question in Politics," one on "The Bible in Schools," a department of "Literary Notes" and of "Book Reviews," with, of course, a good portion of space given to romance literature and to poetry. A well-managed weekly paper is a necessity for the thoughtful reader. The daily journal takes up questions as they occur hour by hour, forecasts, discusses and disposes; the weekly, having more time for consideration, and a better opportunity of dealing with developed events, can correct and give judicial opinions. We hope that Mr. Dent's journal will succeed, and that he will be able to discover that there is a large population east of Quebec with ideas and opinions on the future of Canada.—*St. John Globe*.

ARCTURUS, a Canadian journal of literature and life, has just made its appearance in Toronto. It is a strong and vigorous high class weekly, edited and owned by Mr. John Charles Dent, one of the ablest writers in Canada, and a gentleman of large journalistic experience. The first number of ARCTURUS is a notable beginning. The articles—all written in a broad and Catholic spirit—deal with the tone of the party press, Sir Charles Tupper's return, the European war cloud, the death of Lord Iddesleigh, an independent newspaper, the labour question in politics and the Bible in the schools. There are some literary notes and book reviews, poetry, and the first part of Mr. Dent's very striking story "The Gerrard Street Mystery." ARCTURUS will contain regularly good stories by Canadian authors, papers in live social, political, literary and economical topics, and poems by men and women of repute. The initial issue which is excellent throughout, and very interesting, may be heartily welcomed to the ranks of Canadian journalism.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

ARCTURUS is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in Toronto by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, ARCTURUS looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. Its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability. ARCTURUS, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Wiggins Leader*.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

GOLDWIN SMITH, in the last number of his paper, indulges in one of his periodic onslaughts upon Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, editor of the *Toronto News*. As usual, he does this obliquely, and without any specific mentioning of names, though, to do him justice, he can call names as loudly as any Billingsgate virago of them all when he is so minded. A few weeks ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Sheppard delivered a rattling speech to the electors of Toronto in Shaftesbury Hall, in the course of which he made use of the expression "scars of labour." The phrase was a cunning one, and though doubtless employed by the speaker in all sincerity, it was eminently calculated to tickle the ears of the groundlings: in other words, to conciliate the hardy sons of toil, and to catch the labour vote. How far it answered that purpose will probably be known before these lines meet the public eye. At the time of the present writing the result is still dubious. But the expression acted like a pernicious narcotic upon the too susceptible nerves of the presiding genius of the *Week*, whose profound love for Mr. Sheppard has long since become matter of common notoriety. The Professor sounded his war-whoop in the next number of his journal. He has since returned to the charge again and again, his epithets increasing in intensity by his theme being constantly brooded over.

His latest deliverance on the subject is one of his choicest cuts. He refers to "some" of the labour candidates as "not really representatives of labour at all, but professional incendiaries trading on the labour agitation, who, instead of the scars of labour have nothing to show but the inkstains of malignity and libel." Truly, this is famous. Could anything be more utterly incongruous than such a sentence

as this, coming from such a source? Assuming the truth of all that he alleges against the object of his well-nigh insane hatred, the case is simply one of Satan reproving sin. Everyone has heard of the leading case of *Pot versus Kettle*, but it is not often that that venerable authority is so clearly applicable at all points. How does the Professor justify himself to his own conscience when he indulges in these perpetual tirades of windy verbosity? With what grace can he, of all persons in the world, take his fellow-man to task on the score of "malignity and libel"? In other words, what are the plain facts upon which he builds his tottering edifice of malediction?

CONSIDERABLY more than a year ago Mr. Sheppard was involved in harassing litigation, and was subsequently convicted in Montreal of having published a libel upon a French Canadian officer of militia, in connection with certain events arising out of the then recent rebellion in the North-West. We are not careful to defend Mr. Sheppard. That gentleman has hitherto shown his ability to manage his own affairs without gratuitous assistance from outsiders. He knows nothing of these observations, and never will know anything about them until he reads them in print. It is quite possible that he may disapprove of them. But the simple truth is, that in the matter of his libel suit he published the objectionable paragraphs in good faith, and that in his hot fight with the French Canadian element he had the sympathy of the English-speaking residents of the adjoining Province, as well as of the people of Ontario, almost to a man. It was felt that the penalty imposed upon him was disproportionate to his offence. This sympathy found expression in a popular movement to present him with a testimonial, and to relieve him from the financial consequences of the alleged libel. The movement was nipped in the bud by Mr. Sheppard himself, who declined to be honoured in that manner, and insisted upon personally bearing the burden of his error. According to the testimony of dispassionate observers who were present at Montreal during the stormy days of the trial, the defendant bore himself throughout as one who had no desire to shirk the responsibility for his acts. The result of the proceedings was rather to elevate him in public favour with all classes except the French Canadians, who deemed that a slur had been cast upon their nationality, and whose impulses prevented them from exercising a cool judgment in the premises.

THIS, so far as we know, is the only instance in which Mr. Sheppard has been seriously compromised by legal proceedings in the nature of libel. Such, then, are the facts upon

which Professor Goldwin Smith bases his pseudo-epigram about "the inkstains of malignity and libel." Inkstains of malignity and libel! Is Mr. Sheppard the only conductor of a public newspaper in this city who has been compelled to suffer the consequences of having published a libellous article? We seem to remember a modern instance where a weekly paper of lofty pretensions—a paper conducted by a distinguished Professor—was compelled to pay through the nose for having given publicity to a particularly senseless and contemptible libel upon a professional gentleman named John A. Macdonnell. We seem to have heard that a good many hundreds of dollars were handed over to the plaintiff in that case by way of hush-money. We also have a tolerably distinct recollection of an apology of the most humble, not to say servile character, which the weekly paper in question was compelled to publish in consideration of the discontinuance of the action. The humble pie which the Professor was compelled to eat on that occasion must have been far from appetizing. In good sooth, it must have been exceedingly bitter. At all events, it was very dirty, and seems to have still further befouled a stomach which has never been in a very wholesome condition.

To speak in all seriousness: Has Professor Goldwin Smith any idea of the true light in which he stands before an Ontario audience, when he sets up to cast his little mites of impertinence and ill-temper at all and sundry who may happen to have incurred the honour of his personal resentment? It is not with unmixed complacency that one can contemplate the attitude of this self-elected censor of his fellow-men. It is sad for those who can recall what he might have been to see him where he actually is. When he first settled in this country there were many Canadians who anticipated great things from his residence among us. It was known that he was personally a man of unblemished character; that he was the possessor of learning and attainments; that he could—and did—boast a wide knowledge of affairs; that he was full of ideas; that he wrote excellent English, and wielded a vigorous pen. Such a man, it was hoped, would give an impetus to the political and literary thought of Young Canada. The presence in this community of one so endowed must, it was said, make for the public good. How have those high hopes been realized? Alas, that the fulfilment should have fallen so far short of expectation! How we tried to like him! How we deferred to his judgments, which were often shallow and unconsidered! How we listened to his interminable monologues about everybody and everything! And above all, how utterly has he disappointed us! Scarcely had he gained a settlement among us ere it began to be apparent that whatever capacity for good there might be in him was more than neutralized by an acidity of stomach, an infirmity of temper and a height of intellectual arrogance which not only disqualified him for the dignified place of a teacher, but actually unfitted him for close or continuous intercourse with his kind. He successively involved himself in quarrels with Lord Dufferin, Dr.

Ryerson, George Brown, George Brown's brother Gordon, T. C. Patteson, and indeed with pretty nearly every other public man with whom he came in contact. He established one paper after another as his personal organ, to vent his bile upon those who had offended him. He lost no opportunity of stabbing his opponents, living or dead. To this day he periodically assails the memory of George Brown and Dr. Ryerson, who are no longer here to answer him, as they certainly did most effectually during their respective lives. It has been the same with literary men. From the days of Mr. Davin down to the epoch of his latest editor, he has managed to quarrel with every one who has been brought into personal relations with him. His literary enterprises, one and all, have been failures of the most dismal kind. So long as he chose to keep them going out of his own bank account, he could send them to press and offer them for sale; but he could never succeed in inducing the public to buy. One after another has gone to the wall. He may try to galvanize their dry bones into life by offering prizes for orations and poems on the Queen's Jubilee, but it is safe to predict that the duration of any journalistic enterprise of his will simply depend upon how deeply he is prepared to dip his hands into his private purse.

WHAT a spectacle for a man of learning, wealth and social position to offer to the public among whom he has cast his lot! Why cannot he cultivate a spirit of peace and goodwill? Why cannot he rid himself of his miserable self-consciousness, which makes him continually whisper to himself: "They call this man as great as me?" Above all, why does he not cease his interminable bickerings with his fellow authors, and try to be of some real use in the world? And he seems to think that he ought to be permitted to vent his sour eructations without remonstrance. He is to hurl his boomerang right and left, and his victims are to submit in tame silence. He is to enjoy a monopoly of libel. Anyone who takes up the gauntlet which he has cast down is to be gibbeted as a "malignant" and a "libeller." And all the while he seems to have no perception of incongruity. He is as innocently unconscious as Raspé makes Baron Munchausen, when that worthy objects to the tales of travellers upon the ground that travellers are such devilish liars. Really, this is too much. It is time that some one should set him up a glass in which he shall behold himself as he is. Inkstains of malignity and libel forsooth! Inkstains of a pudding's end! There are other and deeper stains than these. There are stains left upon the heart and mind by a cloudy despondency and self-conceit—the product of a morbid uneasy egoism which is always at war with itself, and which knows no more of charity than the hyena in sight of the open grave.

THIS Canada of ours is coming to the front of late in various directions. Just now it seems to be among the possibilities that the honour of discovering the North Pole has been reserved for a Canadian. Possibilities, be it understood—not probabilities. Mr. Alexander MacArthur, of

Winnipeg, who is described as "a man of some scientific attainments," has made a start for the ice-bound regions of the north, with the intention of pushing his way to the regions of the Dread Wind-Singer himself. The equipments of this "bold discoverer in an unknown sea" are much simpler and less complex than were those of the Greeley expedition. His outfit consists of a canvas boat weighing twenty-seven pounds, fire-arms, ammunition, a few cooking utensils, and some scientific instruments. His entire suite is composed of a druggist's assistant named Young. Mr. MacArthur is reported to be confident of ultimate success, though he is prepared to do and to suffer much in the ordeal before him. His intention is to push on in the first instance to York Factory, whence he will proceed northward in a dog-sled. It is hardly likely that the venturesome traveller will ever return from his expedition. Should he however be more fortunate than there is any good reason to anticipate, he will of course gain an enviable immortality, and his name will go down through the ages side by side with those of Christopher Columbus and Vasco di Gama. In any case, Canada can win no honour from his enterprise, except such as is derivable from the fact of his nationality, for the cost of his expedition is borne by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and several other scientific societies in the United States.

MR. MACARTHUR will of course keep a diary during his travels. Can anything be imagined more enthralling than the contents of this diary are bound to be when its author reaches high and hitherto untrodden latitudes? Fancy him there in the weird fastnesses of the north, with a solitary attendant, subjected to hardships and surprises such as have never yet fallen to the lot of man—or at any rate of any man who has returned to tell the tale. Suppose the adventurous pair should really succeed in penetrating to an open polar sea, amid "the eternal whiteness of snow." One can readily conceive of a narrative quite as absorbing as that of Arthur Gordon Pym and Dirk Peters. That we may all live to read it is the fond, but not over-confident aspiration of ARCTURUS.

THE phenomenal success of Henry George's paper is a very distinct sign of the times. With the issue of his sixth number the editor is able to announce that the *Standard* has reached a paid circulation of 40,000 copies, with every prospect of a steady and permanent increase. A *bona fide* circulation of 40,000 copies is a tolerably certain indication of more than 100,000 readers. This result points unmistakably to the conclusion that the *Standard* fills a real want, and that the number of persons who take an active interest in the questions therein discussed is assuming formidable proportions. Many of the best thinkers of the present day are strongly of opinion that Mr. George's doctrines are visionary and unsound, but none whose opinions are of any value can pretend to deny that they are worthy of respectful consideration and thoughtful discussion. His *Progress and Poverty* sounded a clear note of warning, and the refrain is making itself heard with more pronounced dis-

tinctness from month to month. The cry of "crank" must be abandoned. Crank or no crank, Henry George has succeeded in making himself a strong motive power, not in the United States alone, but throughout the civilized world. If he is a mere crank, and if his organ is the mere reflex of a crank's opinions, both he and it will soon find their proper level. The imputation of crankiness has ceased to count for much with sensible men. In all nations and in all ages cranks have moved the world. Peter the Hermit was a crank. So was Galileo. So was Harvey. So was Jenner. So were James Watt and George Stephenson. So was Richard Cobden. So were scores of men whose names have come down the rolling centuries, and who, being dead, yet speak. The way to ascertain whether a man is a crank or not is to insert a spoke in his wheel. If the spoke takes hold the crank ceases to turn. If the spoke breaks, the crank is the stronger of the two. If Mr. George is a visionary or a charlatan, it imperatively behooves the political economists of these latter days to insert the spoke.

CANADA is not the only appendage of Great Britain which is exercised about its future at the present time. Australia is in a condition which is described as one of "great political unrest." There, as with us, certain ominous signs are forcing themselves upon public attention, and have given rise to serious misgivings on the part of the Government officials, and those who are specially interested in preserving the status quo. There is a steadily increasing burden of debt which renders necessary the borrowing of large sums of money. Loans can be effected without much difficulty, and on favourable terms, but the growing figures on the debit side of the account are causing not a little anxious solicitude, and there are some pessimists who deliver periodical jeremiads about national bankruptcy. It is admitted on all hands that there is little or no disloyalty among the population, but there is a widespread sentiment in favour of a nationality. The country has within itself abundant resources for the maintenance of a nation. Like Canada, it is composed of various Provinces, but, unlike Canada, these Provinces have few diverse interests. Their interests, generally speaking, are in common with each other, and leading men are of opinion that the time is not far distant when the public welfare will demand the formation of a general Confederation, free and self-dependent, having no constitutional obligations or responsibilities beyond its own borders. Australia would enter on such a career with some manifest advantages. Australian interests would not be likely to conflict with those of other nations, and there would be no probability of her being drawn into war. Her remoteness from other lands would also tend in the same direction. There would be no necessity for her to maintain either a navy or a standing army. This alone would count for much. She grows everything which is absolutely necessary for the support of her population, which would count for still more. No one imagines that there will be any violent wrenching apart of present relations with the mother country. When the time comes for the

Star of the Southern Seas to try a large national experiment on her own account, it is unlikely that she will encounter any opposition from Great Britain. British statesmen are shrewd and far-seeing. They are not blind to the signs of the times, and will be prepared for the inevitable when it comes, whether as regards Australia, New Zealand or this Canada of ours.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN has done good service to Canada on more than one occasion during his quarter of a century's residence in the United States. His speech on the reciprocity question at the Board of Trade banquet in New York the other night was both well meant and well received. It was on a matter of living interest to hundreds of thousands of persons, and it could not fail to produce an effect on the minds of the merchant princes and members of Congress who listened to it. From the report of the proceedings it appears that Mr. Wiman's remarks were at first listened to with coldness, but that as he proceeded, evidences of interest began to be manifest, and that before he sat down he had literally forced his convictions upon the minds of at least a portion of his audience. It is a pity that Canada has not a few more sons like Mr. Wiman to watch over her interests in the adjoining republic. If she had, we might look forward with confidence to the consummation of a measure of reciprocity before the close of the year.

THE European war-cloud still impends, but the indications of its bursting are no clearer to the eye to-day than they have been at any time during the past month. The latest opinion of those who sit in high places seems to be that the question of an immediate conflict between Germany and France will be settled by the recent elections in the former State. There appears to be a large minority of influential Parisians who would back Boulanger in aggressive measures, and who burn to avenge the disasters of sixteen years ago. Meanwhile, extensive preparations for war are in progress both in France and Germany, and if nothing beyond words is to come of them a great deal of public money is being culpably thrown away.

It is not often that Toronto has the opportunity of enjoying such a rich scientific treat as that of a course of lectures by so distinguished a man as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.G.S., etc. On the evening of Thursday, March 10th, Dr. Wallace will deliver his first lecture on The Darwinian Theory, and on the following evening his subject will be the Origin and Uses of Colour in Nature. Both lectures will be delivered in the Convocation Hall of Toronto University under the united auspices of University College and the Canadian Institute. Those whose ideas are hazy on the subject of evolution may expect to hear the most lucid explanation of the theory possible. The lecturer had worked on similar lines to those of Darwin for many years before the latter made an announcement of his conclusions. As a philosophical biologist Dr. Wallace differs from Hæckel, Huxley and others of the more advanced school, in his contention that the laws affecting man are not applicable to any theory that will account for the intellectual development of our race.

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

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THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

AT last the six weeks' agony is over, and the country may now once more settle down with complacency to the ordinary business of life. At the time of going to press, no accurate figures can be given for the respective Provinces, but there can at least be no doubt that Sir John Macdonald's Government is sustained, though by a considerably diminished majority. Whether the majority be, as is claimed by some so greatly diminished as to seriously embarrass the Premier in carrying on the administration is a matter which can only be settled by actual experiment. The great fact which presents itself is that the Government is sustained, and that, in the absence of unlooked-for complications, the Reform party can have no hope of obtaining the control of the national purse for some years to come.

It goes without saying that the National Policy was the chief factor in bringing about this result. The manufacturers were all arrayed on the side of the Government, and, as in 1878, put forth their utmost strength to guard their own commercial interests. But it would be idle to deny that a good many persons who are not manufacturers, and who care nothing about the N.P., recorded their votes in favour of Government candidates because they deemed it better to suffer the ills they have than to fly to others which they know not of. There is a widespread distrust in the cohesive powers of the Opposition, and in their capacity to successfully carry on an administration, even if they were placed in power. Many of their adherents, too, have conducted the campaign in such a manner as to alienate voters who care little for either party, and who have been accustomed to exercise their franchises on purely non-partisan grounds. Indiscriminate onslaughts on opponents are never gratifying to indifferent spectators, whose antagonism on the contrary is frequently aroused thereby.

Sir Charles Tupper appears to have done yeoman's service in Nova Scotia, and it is doubtless to his influence that Mr. Jones owes his defeat in Halifax. The cry of "Repeal" has for the nonce been silenced. But the people of the Maritime Provinces are proverbially given to sudden fluctuations of opinion, and it is not unlikely that a spirit of strong antagonism to the existing order of things may soon begin to make itself manifest among the defeated candidates and their friends. It is noticeable that a good many of the majorities in all parts of the country are exceedingly narrow,

and it is not unlikely that there will be a more than usual number of election petitions.

The ensuing session will call for all the tact and skill in the management of men for which Sir John has long been famous; but at present there seems to be no good reason for doubting that he will not only get through the session, but that he is established in power for the remainder of his life—or at all events until he shall think proper to voluntarily resign it into other hands.

GHOSTS OF EMINENT CANADIANS.

THE GHOST OF GEORGE BROWN.

THE writer lately received an invitation to attend a spiritualistic seance held at the residence of a leading citizen, at which a female medium from the United States was visiting. In company with a friend, he attended punctually at the hour named, and found a large company assembled. Some of them were known believers in the spiritual philosophy; others were present as inquirers, or out of curiosity. Among the latter class were several active politicians, mainly of the Liberal party. The medium was a tall, dark woman of sombre aspect. She was middle aged, somewhat sparely built, and spoke with a decidedly American accent. She "inaugurated" the seance with a brief exposition of the principles of spiritualism, and an explanation of her special mediumistic gifts. She decried the so-called "materializations" and dark circle manifestations as the grossest of humbugs and impostures, calculated only to deceive the credulous. She was a trance medium, and claimed that the fact that the spirits could take control of her organization and speak through her in such a way as to leave no doubt of their identity, was a far stronger evidence of the truth of spiritualism than the appearance of shadowy and vaguely-outlined forms in a cabinet or in a dimly lighted room of phosphorescent lights.

"The spirits of those whom we call dead," said the medium, "are around us everywhere. The future life is merely a projection of the present. Men and women out of the flesh long retain the passions, prejudices, feelings and habits of thought which characterized them in the earth-life, and only by slow progression do they gradually attain to higher planes of being. Those of strong individuality, whose minds were concentrated on earthly objects, are constantly attracted to the scene of their former struggles and triumphs. The miser revisits his treasure; the lover is drawn towards the surviving object of his affections; the shade of the warrior haunts the battle-field and the camp. The statesman watches with solicitude the course of public affairs, and frequently inspires the action of his successors. In proportion to the intensity of their interest in these things during their stay on earth is the strength of this attraction which binds them to the material world. Owing, no doubt, to the imminence of a political crisis, there are a number of spirits of departed public men here this evening. One in particular—a tall, commanding figure, whose face indicates great decision of character, appears determined to obtain control—Oh—o-h—!"

The medium here closed her eyes, and after two or three convulsive movements went off into the trance state. In about half a minute she, or rather the spirit speaking through her, in a strong, somewhat rasping voice, entirely different from her natural tone, discoursed as follows:—

"I have long waited for this opportunity. We of the spirit world are all about and among you, but it is only rarely, and under exceptionally favourable conditions, that we can hold communication with those still in the flesh. Limitations intervene of which you know nothing. The magnetism of the circle, including some who knew me in earth-life, has rendered the medium's condition specially receptive, and has enabled me for a short period to obtain the control which on previous occasions I attempted in vain. My old friend D'Arcy McGee and Cartier were both anxious for the chance, but they must wait.

"I know not why I should care to follow the course of Canadian politics, or to concern myself further in the ignoble struggle of parties devoid of principles. But an irresistible impulse which I cannot get rid of constrains me. The Reform party—the party I spent my life to build up—has become a degenerate faction. It has sacrificed every principle it ever held, for the sake of office which it has not yet obtained. I knew Blake, and distrusted him from the first. I foresaw that if the day ever came when he obtained control of the party he would give up every distinctive Reform idea to temporary political strategy, and would justify his recreancy with the high-falutin Chancery-lawyer sophistry so freely at his command. Men have called me arbitrary and dictatorial, and looking back on my earth-life with clearer insight than I then possessed, I can hardly deny that there were some grounds for the imputation. But I was always straightforward. I always expressed the policy of the Reform party in clear and unmistakable terms. What, for instance, could be more utterly at variance with the traditions of the party and the newspaper I founded than the contemptible trimming of Blake and the *Globe* on the Riel question? Keeping silent while the life of the poor wretch hung in the balance, ready to condemn the Ottawa Government as murderers if they hanged him, and to inflame the Orangemen against them if they commuted the sentence? The miserable, pettifogging tricksters! Then, look at what the man Blake calls his "policy" on the tariff question. What a thing of shreds and patches, neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. The people of Canada know to their sorrow what a protective tariff is. They know what a revenue tariff is. But what under the sun is this new-fangled creation of Blake's, but a ridiculous attempt at compromise between principles diametrically opposed? The man who could propose, and the party which could sanction such an abortion, to pretend to call themselves Reformers—but no—thank Heaven that, at least, they have thrown aside a name which their compromising, trimming policy would have disgraced—the grand old historic name of Reformers, under which we fought the Family Compact and French domination. They dub themselves by the meaningless milk-and-watery title of Liberals!—Liberals, forsooth! Wherein are they liberal, but in conceding principle to expediency? No wonder that they got rid of Alexander Mackenzie, whose indomitable courage and unswerving integrity would have scorned such duplicity. He showed the spirit of the old Reform party by his manly and straightforward course on the Riel vote last session. While I was in the flesh the Reform party laid down a clear, distinct line of action, and stuck to it. Now, under the time-serving, trimming policy of its leaders (save the mark!), the only aim is to get votes by pandering to all sorts of influences—including factious, rebellious Frenchmen and Nova Scotians—giving aid and comfort to disloyal Irishmen in their conspiracy against the empire, abandoning the sound principles of political economy to curry favour with labour agitators and fanatics on

the temperance question. I was a Reformer, but never would I have favoured movements which strike at the very root of constitutional British government. I believed in building up a strong united party with definite political aims. These men have no clear convictions of their own, and their idea of statesmanship is simply to endorse the notions of every little clique of consequential self-conceited nobodies who fancy they can renovate society, and at the same time bring themselves into notoriety. Home Rulers, Rielites, Prohibitionists, Labour demagogues, Socialists of the Henry George school, Agnostics, Woman Suffragists and all sorts of people of that stamp are patted on the back by the 'Liberals,' and find a welcome for their crazy theories in the *Globe* office." Here the medium stamped her foot violently on the ground, as though under the influence of strong excitement. She soon after resumed her remarks:—

"The base, contemptible trickery and ingratitude of the plot by which my brother Gordon was removed from the management of the paper, which he, like myself, spent his life in making a power in the land, roused my strongest indignation. But after all, like the deposition of Mackenzie, it is but one incident in the degeneracy of the party. He stood in the way of the time-servers and hucksters who control the party. He would never have consented to prostitute the *Globe* to their objects, and it was necessary to replace him with a more pliant tool who would do their will without questioning. In view of the depths of imbecility to which the *Globe* has sunk, it is now a source of satisfaction to me that no one of my name and blood is connected with it, or in any way responsible for its course. What, for instance, could be more foolish and ineffective than its recent circulation of the rumour of Sir John's insanity—a rumour which it did not dare to father, and for which it meanly tried to shirk responsibility while spreading it broadcast? 'Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike'—I never—but I cannot control the medium longer—I was known in the earth-life as George Brown."

The medium here gave a heavy sigh, and came to with a sudden start. "I feel very much exhausted," she said, "owing to the strong personality and violent emotions of the control. There are several others who appear anxious to communicate, but especially a stout venerable looking gentleman—a clergyman I think—who seems to have had a good deal to do with schools, but I am not able to endure more this evening."

After some general conversation the party separated.

"If that was really George Brown," said one of the Liberals, as we parted on the street, "it just proves what I have always said—that he was a Tory at heart, and a Reformer merely by accident."

LIBRARY NOTES.

HERR GOERITZ, a German parish schoolmaster, who, notwithstanding his modest resources, had collected 10,000 books, among which were all the original editions of the German classics from the beginning of the 16th century down to first editions of Schiller and Goethe, has presented his library to the city of Berlin.

THE house of Mr. Macalister, librarian of the Leeds (England) Library, was recently destroyed by fire, and Mr. Macalister lost not only the corrected MS. of the catalogue of the library of which he has charge but the MS. of a history of philosophy upon which he has been engaged for the last eight years.

HERE, at any rate, is one librarian who has a proper appreciation of his duties. In his last report Mr. Dennis of the Kansas State Library says:—"My judgment is that he (the librarian)

should be free to assist those who come to consult the library; that he should have time to thoroughly understand its contents, that he may make purchases to the best advantage and know on what subjects it is weak and where it needs strengthening, and so preserve its harmonious growth; and as the library is being more and more read there need be no fear but that these duties, performed with any degree of intelligence, willingness, and care, will furnish him plenty to do and enable him to squarely earn his salary,—especially the one now allowed."

Poetry.

THE TRAMP.

On a stone by the wayside, half naked and cold,
And soured in the struggle of life,
With his parchment envelope grown musty and old,
Sat the tramp with his crust and his knife.
And the leaves of the forest fell round him in showers,
And the sharp, stinging furies of snow,
That had warned off the robins to sunnier bowers,
Admonished him, too, he should go.

But Autumn had gone, having gather'd his sheaves,
And the glories of summer were past,
And Spring, with the swallows that built in the eaves,
Had left him the weakest and last.
So he sat there alone, for the world could not heal
A disease without pain, without care;
Without hope, without sigh, too insensate to feel;
Too utterly lost for despair.*

But he thought, as the night and the darkness and gloom
That gather'd around him so fast,
Hid the sky and the stars in their cloud-shrouded tomb,
Of the fair, but the far-distant past,
Around him a vision of beauty arose,
Unpainted, unpen'd by art,—
His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose
From the sad repertoire of the heart.

And brightly the vision came gliding along,
Through the warm golden gates of the day;
With voices of childhood and music and song;
Like echoes from lands far away.
And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there,
And one, 'mong the others so dear
That back o'er the gulf of his crimes and despair,
Came the sad sacred joy of a tear.

And he held, while he gazed, his crust half consumed,
In his cold shrivell'd hand, growing weak,
While a glory shone round him, that warn'd and illum'd
The few frozen tears on his cheek.
In the dark silent night, thus his spirit had flown,
Like the sigh of a low passing breath;
Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down,
In the deep shoreless ocean of death!

In the bright waking morn, by the side of the way,
On the crisp frozen leaves shed around,
The crust, and the knife, and the casket of clay,
Which the tramp left behind him were found,
And bound round his neck, as he lay there alone,
Was an image both youthful and fair,
Of a sweet laughing girl with a blue-ribbon zone
And a single, white rose in her hair.

Had he loved? was she wed? was the daughter or wife?
Or sister? the world may not read
Her story nor his. They are gone with the life
That ended, "A tramp was found dead!"
"Found dead by the way," in the gloom and the cold,
The boy whom a mother had kiss'd—
The son whom a father could proudly enfold—
The brother a sister had miss'd.

"Found dead by the way," whom a maiden's first love
Had hallow'd, then worshipp'd in part;
And clothed in a light from the glory above,
To enshrine in her pure virgin heart.
"Found dead," and alone by the way where he died,
To be thrown like a dog in his lair;
Yet he peacefully sleeps, as the stone by his side,
And rich as the proud millionaire!

LITERARY EXPERIENCES.—I.

SOMEWHAT more than a dozen years ago, during a prolonged residence in England, I was a regular contributor to the pages of *Once-a-Week*, a periodical which then enjoyed a large share of popularity, and numbered among its contributors some of the leading writers of Great Britain. It was originally founded by the well-known publishing firm of Bradbury & Evans, immediately after their rupture with Dickens and the consequent discontinuance of *Household Words*. At the time of which I am speaking, it was owned and edited by James Samuel Rice, afterwards better known as James Rice, the collaborateur of Walter Besant in the production of *Ready Money*, *Mortiboy*, *My Little Girl*, and many other clever and eminently readable works of fiction. Mr. Rice's share in the authorship of these works occupied much of his time, and occasionally left him but scant leisure for ordinary editorial duties. I was on terms of close intimacy with him, and frequently rendered him assistance, not only in editorial work, but also to some extent in the general management of his magazine. I was thus brought into contact with many persons belonging to the literary world, and under circumstances specially favourable to observation. I necessarily amassed a fund of information, the acquisition of which, as it was very interesting to myself, will probably be fraught with a certain degree of entertainment if communicated to others.

Once-a-Week, like most other London magazines, had a regular staff of contributors; but its pages were open to outsiders, and the reading of the contributions of these latter alone was pretty nearly sufficient to exhaust the energies of any one person, no matter how keen his perception, and no matter how arduously he might devote himself to his task. The result of Mr. Rice's experience and my own was a well-settled conviction on both our parts that not more than five per cent. of the MSS. sent in by volunteers were suitable for publication in a periodical which professedly addressed itself to a wide circle of readers. Fully ninety per cent. of them could be pronounced upon at the first glance. The remaining ten per cent. required a certain amount of deliberation. As a general rule, about half of these latter were accepted and paid for. The reading and editing of even one-tenth of the entire mass of copy sent in involved the expenditure of much time and great labour. In responding to the writers of rejected contributions a printed form was employed, the phraseology of which was as follows: "This Manuscript is returned to the writer, with the Editor's compliments. The pressure upon our space is very great, and the Editor desires it to be understood that the return of a Manuscript is not in all cases to be taken as a criterion of merit." This response was not mere verbiage, adopted to soothe the lacerated feelings of sensitive amateur authors. A certain percentage of rejected contributions were well written, and quite up to the mark for high-class magazines; but, for various reasons, a clever article may be totally unsuited to the editorial requirements. It may be too long or too short. It may be upon an uninteresting or objectionable subject. Its best points may be of such a character that any discreet editor would be compelled to delete them. It may be the work of a clever and brilliant crank. It may contain libellous matter. It may—but why pursue the subject further? Suffice it to say that there may be a score of sound reasons for rejecting a paper, the writing of which displays cleverness, ability, and perfect mastery of the subject. And here lay the chief difficulty. Many authors were totally unable to put themselves in the editor's

place, and to recognize the fact that good writing is not the be-all and end-all of a periodical. Like all other editors, we necessarily came into more or less frequent conflict with writers who believed themselves to have been treated with too little consideration. In the course of these papers I shall relate the particulars of some of the more interesting of these altercations. I may meanwhile anticipate matters by stating that towards the close of the year 1873 Mr. Rice disposed of the magazine, in order to devote all his time to the writing of novels. He soon afterwards made over to me hundreds of letters which had been received by him during his incumbency of the editorial chair. The letters thereupon became my property, and I have ever since contemplated the turning of some of the more important of them to literary account. A good many have been given away to autograph collectors and personal friends who are fond of treasuring up memorials of the great. From those remaining I propose to make a selection for the entertainment of the readers of this paper.

The first episode—or series of episodes—which I propose to relate occurred during my own connection with *Once-a-Week*. One of our most constant contributors was the late Mr. J. Hain Friswell, author of *The Gentle Life*, and other well-known works which may be said to have had their day. One pleasant summer afternoon, while sitting in the editorial sanctum, Mr. Friswell mentioned that he was on intimate terms with a certain peeress of literary proclivities, who was very desirous of forming a connection with *Once-a-Week*. Mr. Rice was interested at once, for the lady referred to was the wife of a distinguished statesman and author, and was herself known as the writer of several novels which had made considerable sensation in their day. Mr. Friswell, I remember, casually referred to an act of considerate kindness which he had received from the lady some time before. He had been ill, and her Ladyship, hearing of the fact, had sent him a hamper of game and a certain number of bottles of champagne. I do not propose to divulge the name of this lady, for, though she has been dead for some years, her son is the present representative of the title, and the owner of the family estates. I may add that he has himself won a not undistinguished place in English literature, and that his name is familiar to—probably—every reader of these lines. Her Ladyship was then beyond middle age, and had passed through many grievous trials, but she retained all the physical and intellectual vigour which had marked her early womanhood, and she was emphatically a "strong-minded" personage. She had long dwelt apart from her more celebrated husband, and certain passages in her life had furnished food for the gossips of English society. I would not be misunderstood. There was not the shadow of an imputation upon her good name. Her purity of life had never been called in question by the most inveterate scandal-monger of the clubs. But, like Constance, she was "a most unadvis'd scold," and was altogether too fond of taking the world into her confidence on the subject of her separation from the eminent man whose name she bore. She apparently had no perception of that truth, so well expressed by the author of *Romola*, that the woman who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life for the edification of a censorious world has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place. The mutual recriminations of this ill-matched pair had been bruited abroad in London society for more than twenty years. Their union had been a most disastrous one for the domestic happiness of both. It is doubtful, indeed, whether either of them would under any circumstances whatever have furnished models of domestic happi-

ness. The lady was excheant, and was afflicted with an unenviable temper. Socrates himself could hardly have lived with her upon terms of perpetual amity. There can however be no sort of doubt that she had been subjected to grievous wrong by her unloving lord, and that all the worst part of her nature had been brought to the surface by the treatment she had received at his hands. Upon one occasion he had caused her to be seized and shut up in a mad-house, although I do not fancy that there could ever have been any serious question of her sanity. She afterwards alleged that she had suffered much during her confinement by the unkindness and brutality of her gaolers. This culpable proceeding on the part of an eminent public man woke up the national press, and general attention was drawn to the subject. Universal indignation was aroused. The Prince Consort himself took cognizance of the matter, and, chiefly through his intervention, the wronged lady obtained her liberty. She was subjected to a careful examination by that eminent specialist Dr. Forbes Winslow, who declared that she had never been insane. As might have been expected, the outrage to which she had been subjected stung her to fury, and not long afterwards she personally appeared upon the hustings to oppose her husband's candidature for the House of Commons. This event, it will of course be understood, took place before his accession to the peerage. His lady hated him with a hatred which knew no bounds. She rushed into print upon every available opportunity. She wrote and published two novels, wherein her husband, under a thinly-disguised *alias*, figures as the principal villain, and is delineated in colours which would on the whole be rather too dark had they been laid upon the portrait of the father of Beatrice Cenci. The husband thereafter adopted a policy of dignified silence, and the warfare was subsequently maintained upon the lady's side only. But on her side it was kept up with never-failing vigilance. She knew not how to forgive, and of a surety there was much to be forgiven. Such were the relations which had existed between the ill-assorted pair for well nigh a quarter of a century.

The upshot of the conversation between Mr. Rice and Mr. Friswell was a verbal message conveyed by the latter to her Ladyship, to the effect that any contributions sent in by her to the office of *Once-a-Week* would receive due consideration. Ere many days had elapsed, a parcel of manuscript arrived from her Ladyship, accompanied by a letter in her handwriting, which I transcribe from the original now lying before me, omitting nothing but the writer's name:—

"Lady — presents her compliments to the Editor of *Once-a-Week*. Mr. Friswell having kindly suggested to her that she might find an opening in *Once-a-Week* for short contributions, she begs to enclose a paper entitled *A Basket of Fragments*, and at the same time to say that she has a small volume of essays, which not being of the dull *genus*, she thought might do to fill up a gap in that admirable journal, as a continued series. In case the Editor should not deem *A Basket of Fragments* worthy of seeing the light under the distinguished auspices of *Once-a-Week*, Lady — encloses the stamps to have the MS. returned to her."

The parcel which arrived simultaneously with this letter contained a quantity of MSS. which, if transferred to type, would have filled at least two monthly numbers of the magazine, to the exclusion of all other contents whatever. The editor, nevertheless, was willing to conciliate her Ladyship so far as his sense of duty to his readers would permit. The MSS. being of a fragmentary character, readily lent themselves to judicious selec-

tion. A selection was accordingly made and forwarded to the printer for publication. It occupied somewhat more than a page and a half of the ensuing number of the magazine. Her Ladyship was then informed by post that other extracts would be made from time to time as the exigencies of *Once-a-Week* might permit, and that the rest of the MSS. would then be returned to her. The editor's intention was, to include the price of the various selections in a single cheque, to be enclosed to her along with the returned MSS. After a brief lapse of time he was hugely surprised to receive the following communication from her Ladyship.

"Lady — is sorry to trouble Mr. Rice, but she wishes to know if it is his custom not to pay for contributions to *Once-a-Week*, as she has always been paid sixteen guineas, and at the rate of sixteen guineas, a sheet, for contributions to magazines. Indeed, she has such a wholesome horror of the English Press, from the utter blackguardism with which it is now conducted, that nothing but abject necessity could ever goad her into contributing a line to it. Of this Mr. Friswell was perfectly aware when she expressed a wish to write—*alias* to find employment—on *Once-a-Week*, as indeed he says in his last note to her, 'Mr. Rice perfectly understood from me that you were to be paid: he always paid me honourably.' It would have been better, and more germane to the matter, had Mr. Friswell repeated this to Mr. Rice, which any one but an Englishman would have done. Lady — begs to reiterate her apologies for being compelled to trouble Mr. Rice on the subject; only she can assure him that pauper peccresses are quite as much to be pitied, if not a great deal more, from their cruelly and completely false position, than pauper needlewomen."

The terms of this letter were such that Mr. Rice did not deem it advisable to have any further transactions with so peremptory a correspondent. Her MSS. were promptly forwarded to her, with a cheque in full payment of her contribution. But her Ladyship was not to be thus lightly disposed of. The next day's post brought the following:—

"SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £1 17s. 6d. from Mr. Rice for an article contributed to *Once-a-Week*. I regret, not indeed the honour (?) and equal profit (!) of being allowed to contribute to that periodical, but that I should have wounded Mr. Rice's susceptibilities by presuming to hint at the truth regarding that infernal machine, the Press: though I am by no means singular in my delinquency, as it is now patent to every one that this country, socially, politically, and above all in its literature, would not and could not be the immense sink of iniquity it is, varnished with the most impious hypocrisy, but for the notorious venality and corruption of its time-serving and prostituted Press: that while it could outrage all morality, truth and decency by an apotheosis to such a breaker of all the laws of God as the Pothouse Plutarch Mr. Charles Dickens!! is equally ready to puff or do dirty work as occasion may require for the still living scoundrelocracy of the happily defunct 'Guilt of Literature.' But I should have remembered *que ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*, and therefore have been more cautious in speaking of that hideous national inquisition the Press, to one of its members. I congratulate Mr. Rice, however, for my having furnished him with a pretext for a German quarrel, so as to save him from the risk of offending the powers that be by having me for a contributor. And indeed I candidly own that such vulgar trash as he has lately been publishing from the pen of George Augustus Sala, guiltless of wit, humour, fun, or common sense, is much more congenial to the palate of that concrete and omnivorous ass, the British public, than anything I could write. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Obedient Servant, —"

This, for the time, put an end to all correspondence between her Ladyship and the editor of *Once-a-Week*. After an interval of several months, Mr. Rice—partly, I think, in consequence of a suggestion from myself—began to publish a series of papers in

his magazine, entitled *Some Experiences of an Editor*. In the first of the series he detailed some of the circumstances above narrated, embodying two of the letters, with the names so altered that no uninformed reader could form any satisfactory conjecture as to the real individuality of the persons referred to. Mr. Friswell was not mentioned by name. Neither was the magazine. Nor was the editor. The name and circumstances of her Ladyship were so transformed that her real personality was carefully hidden. She was merely referred to as the spouse of "one of the most eminent of living Englishmen," who was well enough off in her pecuniary circumstances to present her friends with hampers of game and "Clicquot galore." *A Basket of Fragments* was referred to as a paper on *The Rights of Women*. In a word, the utmost care was exercised to prevent the recognition of any of the persons or sketches indicated, and there was nothing in the least objectionable in the *Experiences* from first to last. They were on the whole exceedingly interesting, and were read with avidity all over England. Their publication, however, was followed by consequences which no reasonable minded editor could possibly have foreseen. The fat was veritably in the fire. An early post brought an epistle from her Ladyship which is surely one of the most extraordinary in the annals of literature. To say that both the editor and myself were profoundly edified would merely be to state a positive fact in the mildest of terms. Her anger must have been such as to temporarily deprive her of judgment, for when she could command herself she was capable of writing sensibly and well. The letter was kept a profound secret between us until Mr. Rice's lamented death, which occurred in the month of April, 1882. There can now be no good reason for withholding it from publication. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*, except that I have omitted several proper names, and have cut out two brief passages which I do not care to take the responsibility of making public.

"Sir:—Though duly impressed with the prophetic truth of the proverb as to the blackening results of 'wrestling with a chimney sweep,' and equally cognizant of the patent fact, that as a member of the Press gang, you must never allow your chief stock in trade, the *suppressio veri*, and *suggestio falsi*, to for one moment lie fallow; still, some limits must be put, even to literary lies such as you have thought fit to pad your periodical of *Once-a-Week* with, in the article entitled *Experiences of an Editor*. I shall begin with your dastardly and brutal concoction about the poor governess which, even by your own *ex parte*, garbled, and most (no doubt), mendacious statement, shows your conduct in the most unwarrantable, unfair and ultra-snobbish light. You, who print such perfect garbage, in the way of offensively vulgar trash, as that Dickensonian drag called *Nettles*!! and that other disjointed rigmarole *Mrs. Timepiece*! What earthly right have you to garble, by curtailing without their leave, any one's contributions, or, still worse, to omit sending them proofs? Your virtuous indignation at the governess's too true assertion that money or interest can get anything into *The Times* (aye or any other paper) is rather too preposterous a piece of 'gag,' even for a member of the Press! When everyone knows that the Newspaper Press is entirely an organized subserviency in the hands of that Devil's Fantoccini, the Government, whoever it may be composed of *pro tem*.

"There is an inferior *Rice*, which the Hindoos call 'Devil's rice,' because, say they, it is so bad, so poor, so sapless, that it *disagrees with every one*; which would appear to be the case and quality of the *Rice of Once-a-Week*, judging by the multitudinous editorial squabbles of that magnificent and munificent journal.

"Now for your lies about me. But first, let me premise that you are at perfect liberty to turn this letter into gratis padding for your periodical, on *one proviso*, i.e., that you publish it *in extenso*, and not with your usual 'Thread of Candour in a Web of Wiles';

of utterly false statements, by changing names and *transposing dates*, and leaving out the context—a process by which it would be easy to make rank blasphemy of the Bible, and then, with true editorial mendacity, quote it as the Word of God! Pray how long is it since *A Basket of Fragments*, the title of vol. of essays I sent you, and *Our Old Friend Mr. Pepys*, the title of the paper you published, is synonymous in the English language for *The Rights of Women*, which you assert to be the name of the MSS. I sent you. That is your *first* cowardly and infamous lie. I know nothing about the Rights of Women, but plenty of their bitter wrongs, from being the legal victim of 'one of the most eminent of living' literary scoundrels. And as you have so unwarrantably over-stepped even the blackguardism of the Press, in presuming, with falsehood and malice aforethought, so brutally to drag in my private affairs, and completely invert the facts, I beg to tell you that that most dastardly brute, the most eminent of living Englishmen!!!—what a rascally set they must be, then!—did not find it comfortable to keep up an establishment for his legal slave, as well as for his *Traviatas*, and so turned her and her baby children out of their home on a starving pittance; and this three months after he had written her a letter (which she has) saying 'You have been to me perfection as a wife.' Neither did this most eminent of living Englishmen!!!! find it comfortable to let me live at all. So he next tried to despatch me *a la Borgia*, via one of his mistresses, whom he sent to a hotel where I was. Failing in this eminently literary and artistic plan, and still not 'finding it comfortable' to let me live, on Wednesday, the 22nd of June, 1858, he had me publicly kidnapped and incarcerated in a madhouse, where he hoped he could 'find it comfortable' to torture out my life. But this outrage, thank God! being public, made the place too hot for him. Even the dear Press—of course, only to make *political capital*—opened fire upon him; notably, *The Daily Telegraph*, though of course it was soon bought up, and has puffed the contemptible wretch double tides ever since. However, the uproar was so great that I was released in less than three weeks. But it is too bad that in their political system of sewage to deodorise unmitigated moral and political scoundrelism with Peerages, they are not compelled at the same time to erect patriotic workhouses for the pauper peeresses they thus create. Neither does this 'most eminent of living Englishmen' 'find it comfortable' to provide for his wretched trulls when he is tired of them, but drafts them as governesses into respectable families, as he did his Swiss —, Miss —, under the name of 'Mrs. —'! as Mrs. Bignold of Norwich wrote to me recently to complain. His she-bastards go upon the stage, while the he-ones he gets on newspapers or into public offices, so as to get his puffing or his lies done to order, and gratis. Well do I remember how his first book fell stillborn from the Press; but being wise in his generation, as all the devil's protégés are, *Il a bien vite changé tout cela*, and by inviting 'Gentlemen' of the Press and literary *vauriens* to his house, *writing his own puffs*, and giving dinners to publishers, he has been able successfully, not only to varnish his bare-faced plagiaries but all his still more bare-faced vices ever since. I quite agree with Captain Marryatt, that it is almost impossible for an author to be a gentleman, for look at the fellows they have to cringe to and associate with! As, for instance, that Purveyor and High Priest of Obscenity, Mr. Hepworth Dixon! and his gang of Athenæum hell-hounds. The fellow himself graduated as *largo al factotum* to that vile, atheistical old hag Lady Morgan, when she had a pension of £300 a year for keeping an amateur brothel for the Whigs—though it is invidious to name them in particular, as it would be impossible without injustice to say which was the most thoroughly rotten stratum of English Society, its Social, Literary, or Political one; and worse still, all this corruption is festered with hypocrisy! that only sin for which Heaven has no pardon, and hell no prototype.

"It makes one grieve that such *really* clever and nobly good men as the Kingsleys cannot benefit the world with their hearts and heads without being authors! But what grieves me most of all is that I should have been such an accursed fool—but then are not all mothers such?—as, when his infamous madhouse outrage gave me so fully the power, anything should have prevented my publicly and thoroughly exposing in open court 'the most eminent

of living Englishmen! for had I not the cowardly brute's words still ringing in my ears, after one of his tigerish onslaughts upon me, when he made his hideous horse teeth meet in my poor quivering cheek. 'Remember, madam,—you have neither father nor brother. I have got all your money out of you, so you are completely in my power.' Now, the other 'most eminent English' scoundrel, lately defunct, went quite upon another tack. He did not find it comfortable to let his legal victim leave his house, but wanted her to remain to screen his infamy, and because she very properly would not, the brute insulted her from his grave by his disgusting injunctions to his children, and the whole tone of his will.

"However, with all their lies and hypocrisy, there is one eminently candid thing about these 'Eminent Englishmen'—their intense hideousness, and their truly fendish countenances. I don't mean the mere ugliness with which nature has branded them as felons against her laws, but that ineffably revolting look as if—as no doubt they have,—their villainous countenances had been steeped and saturated in the loathsome vice of their ill-spent and degraded lives.

"Now to your 3rd lie—'The most eminent of living Englishmen' by no means provides me with a separate establishment, nor with anything else, but as is his 'eminent's' wont, has lied and swindled me out of everything; which has reduced me to such cruel difficulties, and so low an ebb of stringent privation, that for 8 years I have not crossed my own threshold, from having no clothes fit to go out in, having so many whom I began providing for, and therefore cannot bring myself to leave off doing, which must be the case, were I to have what are called necessities for myself, being unfortunately afflicted with what George Eliot calls a certain spiritual grandeur, that is but ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity.

"Now for your 4th lie. I never in my life sent your friend, Mr. Hain Friswell a case of champagne! for a very good reason, I have not a single bottle of champagne, or of any other wine in my house; nor have I had for the last 10 years. He wrote me word that he had been very ill—burst a blood vessel—not a few days before I sent you my *MSS.*, as you so mendaciously state, but long, very long after; to the best of my recollection, after the action for libel brought against him, for telling a few mild truths of that other 'Eminent literary'—well, 'gentleman,' since that is the modern euphemism for every blackguard and every scoundrel. An old lady, who told me I was starving myself, the very day before I got this letter from Mr. Friswell very kindly sent me six bottles of *Moselle*. I sometimes am sent game: nay, such is my luxurious living, that I am occasionally sent pines and grapes (not certainly by 'the most eminent of living Englishmen' faugh!! who wants them for the Theatres where his plays are acted, etc., etc.)—not that I often feast on these things, but am always glad to get them for those who really want them, and could not buy them. At the time I was given these six bottles of *Moselle*, not 'Cliquot galore,' (unless you like to send me some?) some game came too. As Mr. Friswell was laid up, and therefore, I supposed, could not work, I felt for him sincerely, and, judging from my own deficits and pinchings, I thought his family might be glad of a few nice things for him; so I sent him the *Moselle* and the game, adding a hare I was keeping for Christmas. I am well used to the vulgar English return of sixty per cent. of evil for good, but if Mr. Friswell told you, in order to save your pocket, that I had sent him a case of champagne (which I believe is 6 or 3 dozens), and thereby furnished you this means of publicly belying and insulting me, I must say it was too dirty a piece of blackguardism for even a literary man. As you are so well acquainted with my private affairs, and so honourably and truthfully regale the public with them, I think it is a pity you should not hear more of my plethora of wealth and reckless extravagance. About a month ago a friend of mine very kindly sent me a very handsome warm cloak, which I suppose cost seven or eight guineas. I told her it was a pity to waste it on me, as I could not go out to wear it. Nevertheless I was most sincerely grateful for her kindness, for if I am not too proud to accept an obligation, I am never too mean (à l'Anglaise) to acknowledge it. A week ago a poor lady—really a gentlewoman—whom I had never seen, wrote to

me, as so many do, a most painful letter—oh, how I pitied the poor old soul for having to write it—to implore me, if I could; to send her some old clothes; above all some warm wraps; and a warm outer covering, for she was perished every time she stirred out. Well, my clothes are far too old now to do duty as old clothes upon any one to whom they were not 'to the manner born,' but I did send her half my flannels—which to me is very like parting with my skin—and for the outer garment I sent her the fine cloak, telling her exactly how I came by such splendour, as I hate false pretences of any kind. Now, as I don't want a cloak, and as most 'Eminent literary' men do, most consumedly, you are quite welcome to turn this cloak affair into any dastardly public lie and insult that you think will injure me and curry favour (for rice is nothing without curry) with 'the most eminent of living Englishmen.' I am quite aware what an absurd, foolish thing my primitive, hole-and-corner way of helping my fellow-creatures, so far as I can, is, for that great verbal myth, English benevolence (?) is carried on on a great public scale, via raids upon other people's pockets; in appeals through the daily press, by which means, the whole world is secured as auditor and audience, and—best of all—posterity secured as a chronicler. I suppose literary 'gentlemen,' like the Italians, detest anything fragrant, but revel in the effluvia of their own dirty work, as you complain of what, with true Dickensian vulgarity, you call my scent, still remaining in your den. I have sent out for some common paper, not to offend your olfactory nerves. I hope you and the whole Press gang may soon rejoint your friend Mr. Dickens; and depend upon it, you will find no scarcity of fuel there. If you have read 'Quevedo's Discourse in Praise of Hell' with the old plates, you will know the post he assigns there to those who were puffery of 'distinguished authors' who were nevertheless pre-eminent scoundrels on earth. Go, and do likewise, is my valedictory wish to the whole Press gang. — — —"

And so ends this unique epistle. Unlike its predecessors, it is written on common note paper. The others are all on the finest cream-laid, each page being surmounted by a gilt coronet and an illuminated crest. Notwithstanding the lapse of all these years, the exquisite perfume of her Ladyship's writing-case still lingers on the original pages.

Poor Lady —. Notwithstanding her grievous wrongs, and the intensity of hatred which bursts forth from every sentence of the foregoing letter when her husband is referred to, she must have loved him in her heart of hearts. When he was gathered to his fathers a few years ago she wept bitter tears over his coffin, and would not be consoled. I shall have more to tell about her Ladyship in a subsequent paper.

Church Collection at Red Gulch.

"WHAT is the ante?" whispered a Red Gulch miner with a single \$20 gold piece, to the deacon with the collection plate in the Baptist church at Black Run, Col. He was told to contribute whatever he chose, whereupon he said he would chip in \$1, and proceeded to take \$19 in change. The deacon softly replied that no change was given. A struggle ensued, the plate was upset, and the congregation was in the act of "jumping the deacon's claim," when the minister, an old Californian, leaned over the pulpit with a large navy revolver, and observed: "The brethren will please take notice that I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat, or who touches any of that money, will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at 2 o'clock p.m. Our mining friend from Red Gulch will kindly release the deacon's throat, or he is a dead man." The \$20 gold piece went to save the heathen.—*Leadville News.*

HERE is the circulation of a few of the principal London newspapers: *Lloyd's Weekly*, 812,000; *Weekly Budget*, 500,000; *Reynolds's Newspaper*, 300,000; *Standard* (daily), 255,300; *Daily Telegraph*, 241,000.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION

SEEN AT STAR-CROSS, IN DEVONSHIRE, THE 23RD OF JULY, 1823.

I AM perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an apparition. Imposter and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock Lane Ghost down to the Rev. Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth* represents Berkeley as teaching us “that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that, for anything we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the Island of Madagascar, Saturn’s ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all.” If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley’s theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of his senses, maintains the existence of a disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard. Dr. Johnson’s argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as imposters all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agathodæmon of Socrates, and slight the avowment of Scripture, that Saul desired the witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name, but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible when we quit life in the fulness of intellect and return into the invisible world. In the first case we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable development; and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the sup-

position of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? This may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the “fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest”: granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization which insures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and everything seems to harmonize with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one’s favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one’s plantations strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the

parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? He could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed.

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?" when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure; "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle Street, not me, nor even one of my relations; so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror and his crouching to me for protection when he recognized his chastiser.

—Horace Smith.

PRESENTATION TO DR. WORKMAN.

It affords ARCTURUS great pleasure to record an instance of the paying of a well-deserved tribute to genuine merit and profound learning. Dr. Joseph Workman, of this city, was a few days since made the recipient of a handsome present by the Superintendent and Directors of the Homewood Retreat, Guelph. Dr. Workman needs no prolonged introduction to the readers of this journal. His name is a household word in this Province, and his professional fame extends very far beyond his own country. For more than a quarter of a century he was Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. By his kind, firm, judicious and thoroughly conscientious management of that institution for so long a period, he secured for himself the esteem—almost the veneration—of pretty nearly every one whose good opinion was worth having. There are few medical men in Canada to-day whose professional advice relating to brain and nervous diseases are so highly valued, or whose opinions are more respectfully deferred to. Notwithstanding the Doctor's advanced age—upwards of eighty—he is still active in body and mind. He is a frequent contributor to the medical journals of this country, as well as to those of the United States. He is probably the oldest living graduate of McGill College, Montreal. Many of the medical superintendents and assistants connected with the Ontario Asylums received their professional training under Dr. Workman. Among these may be named Superintendent C. K. Clarke, of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston (his predecessor, Dr. Metcalfe, was also one), S. Lett, of Guelph, T. J. W. Burgess and J. Robinson, of London. On the establishment of the Homewood Retreat at Guelph, as a private institution, under government inspection, Dr. Workman was appointed consulting physician, and it was to mark their sense of obligation to him that the Directors presented him last week with a handsome mantel clock, the inscription on which tells its own story: "Presented to Joseph Workman, Esq., M.D., by the Directors of the Homewood Retreat Association, in grateful recognition of many kind and valued services as Consulting Physician of the Retreat."

J. W. LANGMUIR, President.

E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D., Vice President.

STEPHEN LETT, M.D., Medical Superintendent.

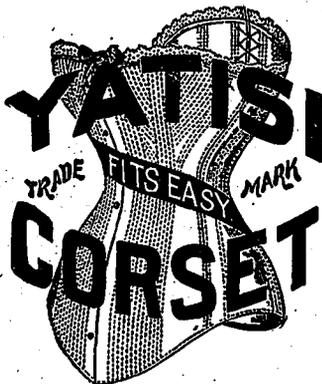
February, 1887.

To all which it may be added that about two years ago Dr. Workman was elected an honorary member of the Psychological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. May he be long spared to wear his honours.

The Straight Flush and Four Aces.

It is not many years since the straight flush was introduced into the game of poker, and given the power to beat four aces. The history of the development of the straight flush since the date of its introduction affords a curious instance of the way in which nature supplies every demand that is made upon her. In 1856 a straight flush occurred once in every 167,000 hands; four aces occurring at the same date once in every 9,027 hands. With the demand for straight flushes the frequency of their appearance increased, until at the time of the famous transit of Venus, when scientific parties were sent out by our government to the ends of the earth, the straight flush, according to the excellent authority of Prof. Harkness, of the Naval Observatory, could be expected to appear once in every 32,000 hands—in round numbers. In the very able paper on poker read at the meeting of the American Scientific Association last August, it was asserted that the straight flush had so greatly increased in frequency that it was commonly met once in every 1,147 hands, thus being very nearly as common as four aces.—*N. Y. Times.*

A COLOURED couple named Morse, resident near Little Rock, Arkansas, have a child whose complexion is a veritable freak of nature. The groundwork of the skin is white, or nearly so, but imposed upon it there are alternate irregular layers of black and a sort of reddish brown. It is to be hoped the child will remain where he is. Should he seek these northern latitudes Mr. Taylor would no longer be able to boast a monopoly of Morse's Mottled.



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See testimonials and references from Dr. John H. Castle, President McMaster Hall; John R. Barber, Esq., Georgetown; Barber & Ellis, Dr. Fotts, Toronto.

The Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Jarvis Street Presbyterian Church, writes,

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

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S. VERNON, Esq.,

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St. Marys, Oct. 13th, 1884.

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The following are a few of the references we are permitted to give:—William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, T. G. Foster, Esq., Sam Osborne, Esq., Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., Pastor St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, W. E. McClurich, Esq., M.A., Barrister, Hon. T. B. Purdee, Toronto, D. D. Hay, Esq., M. P., Listowel, Ont., Ballantyne, Esq., M. P., Stratford, Rev. John Curry, Middleville, Robt. H. Henry, Esq., Winnipeg, J. J. Hoyt, M.D., Ingersoll, H. Covert, Esq., Port Hope, W. H. Storey, Esq., Acton, Wm. Hersee, Esq., Princeton, J. Lister, Esq., Hamilton, Thos. Simpson, Esq., Barrie, F. W. Eastbrooke, Esq., P. H. Nassarova, William Peers, Esq., Woodstock, C. C. Job, M.D., Peterboro', Rev. Dr. Wilson, Clergy House, 208 E. 17th St., New York City (late of Kingston), Wm. Hall, Esq., Morrisburg, W. S. Clark, M.D., Toronto, Thos. Bengough, Esq., D. A. McMichael, Esq., Toronto.

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