

sacrifice may not immolate itself before the altar of egoism. We gaze upon this crowd of shadowy figures, each moving silently but ever pressing forward, and we say to ourselves with a sigh of relief, "See! they are nearing the goal, it is the end, it is as it should be." When suddenly we stop short, amazed, a dark cloud has spread itself around us, we see no more, and only a lingering echo of laughter and pain rings mocking in our ears. And then the voice of the artist calls to us, seeming to tell us that life is not a thing to be lightly fashioned according to the dictates of generosity and hope. That these Titanic creations of virtue and of vice are the monstrosities and not the masterpieces of art. That man is not the puppet of an artist dream, but the exemplifier of those eternal laws which govern the comedy which we call life. That the end for the most part, as far as *this* life is concerned, is the *néant* of chaos.

In the last page of this book one sees in its fulness the beauty of Turgénieff's genius. The wife has come back with the tears of mock repentance trickling down over her rouge-stained cheeks, the girl has gone to a convent and this is how Lavretsky meets her, perhaps for the last time.

"Only an almost imperceptible tremor was seen to move the eye-lashes of the eye which was visible to him; only still lower did she bend her emaciated face; and the fingers of her clasped hands, enlaced with her rosary, still more closely compressed each other.

"Of what did they both think? What did they both feel? Who can know? Who shall tell? Life has its moments—has its feelings—to which we may be allowed to allude, but on which it is not good to dwell."

It is said that the Russian novel at its best belongs to the school of Thackeray and Dickens. I can understand if not appreciate a comparison between Turgénieff and the former, but Dickens and the author of "Liza" seem to me as far apart as the poles. M. Daudet has been called the French Dickens, but he could no more have written the "Pickwick Papers" than Dickens would have written "Sappho."

On the whole, if *any* comparison is to be drawn between Turgénieff and a novelist of this century, it seems to me that in method at any rate the Russian novelist is nearest to Gustave Flaubert. In restraint, in impartiality and above all in his "unsatisfactory conclusions" Turgénieff may well be said to resemble, so far at least, the author of "Madame Bovary."

Generally speaking, such pithy criticisms as for instance "Racine est le Virgile des ignorants" are acceptable, but if we regard the matter closely we shall find that such analogies are neither valuable in themselves nor capable of bearing inspection.

If a Gogol or a Turgénieff is to be called an English Dickens or a French Mérimée we ignore the *raison d'être* of the novelist—nationality. For if the great novelists produce a lasting influence upon the people, there is also, as Mme. Bazan remarks, a reacting influence from the people upon the novelist. The novelist who would be national, must of necessity sympathize with his fellow-countrymen; for is it not his duty to tell them the very thoughts that are dormant in their own souls, to show them their possibilities and their limitations, to paint the picture of their lives?

And Turgénieff loved his country; the occident may have given him the polished culture of his style, but it never tore from him in exchange his Russian heart. It was always to Russia he looked—often without hope, but never with bitterness; and if this western scholar consecrated his life to any object divine or human, it was to the muzhik, the "little man" of the steppe.

J. A. T. L.

PARIS LETTER.

THE celebrated Dr. Charcot has gone over to the "Shakers." This is how it occurred: Surgeon de la Tourette observed that people suffering from paralysis, the form generally known as palsy, after a rattling railway journey of some hours were better on alighting from the train. Could not the jolting be done at home, thought the two gentlemen; of course, and hence the invention of the "trepidation chair," where the palsied reposes during the day, and the shakings more or less seismic fortify and calm the nervous system. Over some of the tramways of Paris a car could be set apart for the palsied; their dose of jolts could be regulated by the hour, and at the end of a day's trepidation, they would be able to "take up their bed and walk." That utilization of the ramshackle trams would perhaps enable a dividend to be paid, and so make the shareholders stare. The trepidation cure has also been applied successfully in the treatment of melancholy, headache and sleeplessness, surpassing "raw onion" in the removal of the latter. The "Vibration Cap" covers the skull to the temples; the upper part of the cap contains an ordinary electric pile that produces a perpetual buzz, as sonorous as a Dutch top; the melody induces balmy sleep. A "bee in a bonnet" does not produce the necessary steeping of the senses in forgetfulness. Bismarck, in his official days, was a martyr to insomnia; William II. or General Von Caprivi might do worse than fit up the pickelhaube of the ex-chancellor with a buzzing pile, or connect him with a sewing machine or a saw mill. Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir vitæ is also being drummed up as the best of remedies for nervous debility. Is your stomach deranged, your liver out of order, or your kidneys rebellious, he injects a few drops, cutaneously, of

an essence prepared from the sound livers, stomach, etc., of animals, and Richard is himself again. He would make his fortune did he apply his perfect cure to corns and toothache.

The elections over all France, less Paris, for the councils general, or county councils, reveal two significant facts: the sweeping away of the debris of Boulangism and the cessation or discomfort of any dynastic opposition to the Republic. Home parties must now be recast, and the consequences no one can predict. The "Papal Republicans," as those monarchists are called who adhered to the present constitution following the commands of the Pope, were vigorously rejected by universal suffrage wherever they set up as candidate councillors. M. Wilson, son-in-law of the late M. Grevy, is coming up smiling again into public life; he has topped the list for a councillorship; he will certainly become a deputy at the October, 1893, general elections, and his vote will nullify that of a Bayard *sans reproche* representative.

Tourists ought on no account to omit visiting the "Arts de la Femme" exhibition in the Palace of Industry just inaugurated, and which will remain open until next November. It is at once a contemporary and retrospective show of all that art and industry contribute to make woman "beautiful forever," and created by woman herself. Fashion is capricious, and feminine taste variable; the picturesque collection of exhibits illustrates the fantasies of the fair sex; in all countries from the earliest ages down to the present day, the toilette of a Hottentot Venus is side by side with that of an opera belle or a professional beauty. When the Prince de Joinville returned from the South Pacific Seas, he created, one afternoon, a sensation at his father's court, by displaying the entire costume of a native queen that he packed up in a snuff-box, and that her tawny majesty divested herself of as a mode of welcome, and handed it to the Admiral Prince. M. Poilpot, who painted the legend of the *Vengeur* for a panorama, has depicted, in seven tableaux, the history of ladies' dresses, from the Federation Fete of July 14, 1890, on the Champ-de-Mars, down to 1867, the era of horrible Crinolines and Benoiton robes. Do you wish to know how a lady dresses herself, makes up her hair, how perfumes herself, how utilizes the thousand frivolities for decorating herself? Consult the twenty-two yards of wall hung by paintings and engravings, the loan collection of M. Faucon; there are no Free Mason secrets now about the toilettes of ladies—and they claim to have always said so.

The collection of made up linen from the Continental Professional Schools, those of Austro-Hungary and Belgium especially, are marvels of needle skill and design. France cannot approach that style of work, besides, she is behind all other countries respecting industrial schools. The collections of laces, stuffs and jewellery are magnificent. And on glancing at the lapsed fashions and the superseded materials and patterns, one sighs to think that, like the dead, they will never return. M. Klotz exhibits quite an arsenal of toilette necessities, where beauty not only "draws with a single hair," but with no hair at all. There is one work-box containing not only needles, etc., and a knife which is natural, but also a "fork"; a scissors has a motto, "I seek my chain." The collection of fans is interesting—one belonging to Ninon de Lenclos, who was a professional beauty at four score; there are shown a pair of ear-rings, said to be the first love token of Napoleon to Josephine, and a "spectacle case" belonging to Marie Antoinette; since her first confinement the "lovely queen" had no hair—of her own, so that it could easily turn white in a night, or any other colour if desired. She was a notorious gambler, and "at heart a rake"; with all these one could be reconciled; but to have to wear spectacles like an old granny! Even Burke himself would admit that was a douche on enthusiasm.

An authoritative writer in the *Figaro* asserts that the relations between France and England were never, since the Spanish marriages trick of Louis Philippe, so strained as now. If true, that would be regrettable. In the Morocco affair, England is not considered by the French to have said her last word. She is free now to recognize any leader that promises to keep Muley-Hassan at bay, obtaining from him all the concessions she requires, then backing him, leaving to other European nations to paddle their own canoe. This would imply a rush of all the powers for a slice of the Morocco cake; that form of "collectivism" is the last thing France could desire.

It is some 110 years since balloons were invented; if they cannot yet be navigated, astronomer Janssen asserts that discovery is reserved for the ensuing century; no one blames the Greeks and Romans for being ignorant of the steamboat; and they "did not know everything down in Judee," according to "J. P. Robinson, he;" relying on the virtues of the guide rope and the cone anchor, a very serious savant proposes a French balloon expedition, to plane over Mt. Etna, take notes of the eruption, of the form of the crater, and all other phlegmon novelties.

In 1720 it was impossible to obtain a letter of credit in Paris on Rome, except at a cost of twenty-five per cent. of the sum demanded; now the expense is but twenty-five centimes, the simple postage of the letter. It is to the Rothschilds this bringing down these rates of interest in Venice is due. Viscomte d'Avenel has authority for stating that in 1868, when the Baron Jos de Rothschild died, he left a cash fortune of only 800,000,000 frs., not counting furniture, jewellery and *objets d'art*; he states also that

Prince Esterhazy pays annually 836,000 frs. taxes for his landed estates in Hungary—all "ground rents."

Paris is not so distant from the Far East as many persons think; you can drive in twenty minutes to the Rue de la Chine; then, if you so desire, you can promenade in the Rue du Japon; at the end of the street commences the Rue de Siam, which is less than a Sabbath day's journey from the Rue du Tonkin.

While England transacts with South Africa a total annual import and export trade estimated at 491,000,000 frs., the total of French commercial transactions is but 240,000 frs. In order to secure the betterment of this state of business, the Government intends to organize a monthly packet service from Bordeaux to the West of Africa, and down the coast to the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and Réunion.

It is very difficult to get up a "boom" for anything connected with the Panama Canal; yet efforts are being made to galvanize money-lenders to put cash still into the venture. There are two motives in view: to save the directors, with M. de Lesseps at the head, from being indicted for swindling; the Public Prosecutor has the charge now in hand; second, to prevent the canal concession from lapsing to the Colombian Government next February, if the completion of the work be not seriously resumed; 500,000,000 frs. is required to set the works re-going, but no combination has yet been found to plank down the money. The liquidator estimates assets at 230,000,000 frs.; the offices of the company were valued at 1,875,000 frs., but realized on sale only 600,000 frs. The lands and buildings figure for 38,000,000 frs., but if the concession lapses the value is nil; the material is put down at 90,000,000 frs., but would be worthless if the works be definitely closed. At the worst, only 50,000,000 frs. could be saved, which would represent the obligations at 4.88 frs. each, out of which law expenses must be deducted. This means total and final ruin to shareholders.

Russianizing the Duke of Edinburgh; the most fashionable rose in the city gardens is called the "Duke 'off' Edinburgh."

Better late than never; a doctor has just been decorated with the Legion of Honour for his splendid conduct "during the cholera plague of 1854"—even M. Wilson ignored that worthy, and he claimed to obtain decorations for overlooked merit.

Hincelin is only twenty years of age and has been sentenced eleven times; a few days ago, at the Bordeaux assizes, he was tried for robbery; he told the judge his justice was a filthy comedy; requested to withdraw the insolence, he replied he "would not demean himself by doing so." Impertinence is the badge of the recedivist tribe.

Cardinal Maury when he entered the pulpit was said to make a conference, not to deliver a sermon. "If the Abbé Maury," observed Louis XVI., "had spoken to us a little about religion, he would have spoken to us about everything."

Z.

GENIUS AND PATRIOTISM.

IN the world of literature there are no nations. True genius transcends nationality. The sterility of Canadian literature to-day is due not to deficiency but to an excess of patriotism. Genius is measured by its thought and not its dialect. The true author writes not for any particular time or people, but for all peoples and all ages. High above the mouldering walls which feudalism and folly have reared, there is a pure and a rarified atmosphere where thinkers meet and mingle. The greatest authors have not written for the particular tribe or nation with which the accident of birth had associated them, but have penned their message for humanity. Earth itself was too small for Milton, too shallow for Dante and too narrow for Plato. Canadians fail because they confine their work to a too limited range. The great problems of the age are not national problems. They are issues common to all men. Those who have studied the social and economic tendencies of several nations have keenly realized the fact that by a universal and inevitable synthesis the issues of national debate are broadening into issues of human import. The study of the novelist is human nature, not national nature. The study of the poet is human emotion, and intellect, and passion, and love, and truth, and that impartial nature which no nation can fence in. These things are common to the men of every country. "The sun sends its message of light with just impartiality to the watchers in every tribe."

Patriotism is a limited altruism. It is an attribute of nationality, and must vanish with nationality. But when it vanishes it will vanish not by death but by growth, or if it dies it will die as the caterpillar dies, and at its death it will take wings, and soar to the lofty altitude of a golden and glorious altruism. The author who aspires to rank with the Plato's and Dante's and Goethe's must rise as they have risen, above all national prejudices, and speak the language of men instead of stuttering in the dialect of any peculiar tribe or nation. The grandeur of the Athenians lay in the breadth of their genius. While the citizens of other cities or nations were wrangling over local issues, these men walked in their groves and gardens discussing things eternal. The problems that occupied their minds were problems of human destiny, of human conduct and of human nature. Diogenes lived in his tub and discussed the universe. Aristotle, Plato,