

All praised his effort except one, who was in a mocking mood, and who sang out:—

"O Annabellar!  
O my gingham umbrellar!  
By the skies above,  
Whether sunny or stellar,  
We are all from Sir Godfrey Kneller,  
Down to Samivil Weller,  
Proned to lapse into love,  
Whether in garret or drawing-room,  
In parlour or cellar,  
When the true she appears,  
Though at first we repel her,  
By want of courage to tell her,  
How clearly we spell her  
Attractions: how great are our fears,  
That her mother will sell her,  
Or that in some wise,  
We may live to knell her  
Demise.

Forget you! Miss Anna," he went on. "Ponder what Byron says of poets:—

They are such liars,  
And take all colours, like the hands of dyers,

And now we know the fly has bitton our philosopher."

Madame Lalage said: "I think, Anna, Mr. McKnom deserves a reward for that," but the philosopher had turned away. Here was a light on a side of the great neo-Platonist we had never suspected. But love, like death and sorrow, comes to all.

Madame Lalage: "Now, Mr. Helpsam, let us see what you have done for Norah."

Helpsam: "I have only succeeded indifferently, though with a little polishing something may be made of it." With none of the diffidence of McKnom, he proceeded:—

"The ancients had a goddess  
Who presided over flowers,  
She never wore a bodice,  
But all the artist showers  
On some ideal form  
Was hers: the dimpled cheek;  
Glad, bright blue eyes; thick golden hair  
In massive coils untwistable;  
A snowy neck; a noble air  
Fulfilled of graces irresistible;  
A voice would haunt you for a week  
Of years; in fine a storm  
Of charms; a look now bold, now meek;  
And with a smile she'd floor a  
Poor fellow just like Norah."

Madame Lalage: "Capital! capital!"

Miss Norah's turn to blush had come.

Messalla: "That's a good rhyme, Helpsam, quite worthy of Byron," added the polished complaisant humbug. All were again laughing: laughter comes easy when we are happy.

Helpsam: "But I have not finished."

Madame Lalage: "Go on, then."

Helpsam:

"The Irish have an ideal,  
Sometimes they make it real,  
Which in the most delicious concrete  
May be seen  
On meadows green,  
Or on a mound of bog peat,  
Her skirt succinct and bare the little feet,  
And the shawl a little tore, a  
Fault you must not blame on Nora."

"First rate!" cried Glaucus, applauding this nonsense. Helpsam went on:—

"Or in a Dublin drawing-room,  
When music's all abroad,  
And the fiddle's  
Twiddles  
And loud the band's hilarious boom  
Make young feet deftly shod,  
Mad, and instinct with delight,  
Move like Easter sunbeams bright,  
Or like their owners' eyes,  
On a lightning swivel, meant  
The male heart to surprise  
With the most bewitching divlement."

Messalla, who, like one or two of our eminent native Canadians, was educated at "Old Trinity," clapped his hands and laughed and echoed: "Most bewitching divlement; that's it; I often saw it when I was in 'dear, dirty Dublin.' Is there more of it?"

Helpsam said "yes," and we all cried "encore!"

Helpsam:

"And one or other or both,  
Nothing loath,  
With a single glance—"

Messalla: "A bull! a bull! A single glance from both—"

Madame Lalage: "Order, Mr. Messalla—go on, Mr. Helpsam."

Helpsam:

"With a single glance will pore a  
Wild stream of madness in the blood,  
By no counter charm to be withstood,  
You ask their name,  
'Tis known to fame,  
And of associations sweet a store,  
Burden of bright dreams galore, a  
Word to muse on—Norah."

"And in a Cobourg garden,  
Gently sloping to the mere,  
With of roses profusion,  
You may see with confusion,  
A lady appear,  
Dare to look! then, beg pardon—  
Note her smile, her frank glance—  
That bright as, this strong as the sun;  
Gaze on—all her loveliness explore, a  
Sweet task, and, as you advance,  
'I'll take my 'sweet davy'  
(This is short for affidavit)  
You will find 'the lord save ye,'  
If you think you can brave it,  
A Flora and Norah  
By the powers! all in one."

Miss Norah (taking the verses): "Oh, Mr. Helpsam, I will prize these so much. Oh! thank you!"

Madame Lalage: "You may well thank him. Are you not—oh! I forgot Irene is here."

Irene: "It is well, Norah, I'm not jealous—"

Madame Lalage: "Never mind, Irene; your black eyes will not allow him to long remember the blue, and now for Mr. Glaucus—"

But the verses which Glaucus made on his little friend must be reserved for another chapter of the Archie Man.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### OLD ENGLAND'S UNION JACK.

(Dedicated to the working classes of the United Kingdom.)

SHALL we haul down the flag that wav'd  
O'er countless lands and seas,  
That for a thousand years has braved  
The battle and the breeze?  
Shall we, by coward fears dismayed,  
Disgrace that glorious name,  
That all the world in arms arrayed,  
Could never bring to shame?

Not so! the heroes who have bled,  
Staining the fields and waves,  
With all our scattered English dead  
Would turn them in their graves.  
Maimed Nelson still would lead the van,  
And signal forth anew,  
England expects that every man  
Will now his duty do.

Dead foes would jeer at our disgrace,  
Napoleon's shade would mock;  
"Is this the dogged English race  
That chained me to the rock?"  
Proud Russia's despot would deride,  
Though conquer'd in the fight;  
"This shame will salve my wounded pride,  
For Alma's bloody height."

Oh! Englishmen, stand back to back  
For what your fathers won;  
And o'er our glorious Union Jack  
Shall never set the sun.  
In every clime, on every sea,  
It still shall fly unfurled;  
And still our morning gun shall be  
A salvo round the world.

Our children—spreading like the surge—  
Shall bless their sires so true;  
While infamy and scorn shall scourge  
The Separatist crew.  
Till all shall share a common grave  
In this world's final wrack;  
O'er our united land shall wave  
Old England's Union Jack.

Dublin.

W. PRYCE MAUNSELL.

### SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—II.

IF Gogol may be called the founder of Russian realism, there is between him and Ivan Turgénieff a gulf which can hardly be said to have been bridged over by Herzen, the only distinguished novelist between Gogol and the author of "The Annals of a Sportsman." Gogol's was the crude picture of life as he saw it, that is to say, twisted and quivering with the vibrations of his own heart; Turgénieff's picture is that of the supreme artist, the man who conceives the picture as it is and presents it to the world in all the naked glory of truth. Turgénieff is *par excellence* a classic; there is something in his passionate restraint and ironical simplicity which will appeal to all those who love artistic literature *per se*. In the "Annals of a Sportsman" he shows us the Russian serf as he was in his silence and utter hopelessness; there is no powerful appeal, no attempt at Demosthenic oratory, no angry protests or tender bewailings; he tells his story coldly, almost indifferently, and yet the most sonorous and eloquent appeals against tyranny and injustice, the most passionate protests against injury and infamy, could never have produced the electrical effect of this one small volume. Turgénieff's mission in life was to raise the muzhik, but he never transformed him, as did some of his successors, into an idol. No! he takes us with him into the isba, and we look at the "little man" and see him as he is, so human and so miserable, scorn dies away under the close contact with wretchedness, and in this book the author has brought the Russian peasant very near to us; this is the secret of his marvellous success.

The muzhik is not ready for the voice of a Rousseau; he is waiting with oriental stoicism until fate shall draw from the infinite womb of time that which is to be. In "Virgin Soil" Turgénieff sketches a futile effort to arouse the muzhik from his long slumber. The hero of the book is a Russian "Hamlet," who has taken upon himself the rôle of Jean Jaques. He wears the peasants' dress, mingles with them, swallows their vodka till his brain reels and his limbs totter, and finally, convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, shoots himself in a spirit of almost mystic calm. Turgénieff's great object in life is conspicuous in

all his books; we see it in "Dimitri Roudine," in "Smoke," and in "Fathers and Sons," as well as in "Virgin Soil" and the "Annals of a Sportsman." In "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" we see an illustration of the great principle—*ex nihilo nihil fit*, that hard fact which produces in some hearts deep sorrow for the past, in others, scepticism as to the future, but which to Turgénieff means only the harsh, unalterable lesson of fact.

In "Fathers and Sons" the novelist has shown us two generations, the one clinging blindly to the past, the other struggling equally blindly towards the future. Reverence is stifled in positivism, just as senility is electrified by motion. The old régime cry out for peace, the new for action. The one is anxious to preserve, the other to tear down. The arch-type of Conservatism is filled with vague uneasiness, while Bazaroff, the champion of "the new," the nihilist, dies with but one mocking answer to all his hopes—nihil. "And what is the moral? On which side is the author?" one asks oneself when one has perused it from the first line to the last. As a matter of fact each generation found the other admirably portrayed, but neither admired their own reflection.

Turgénieff is not a pessimist, he is too restrained; it is said that in him was the origin of that terrible, modern word "nihilism," but M. de Vogüé has ably shown that it was in Tolstoi that the real spirit of the "nihil" had its life. The book in which this restraint is most visible, and which is, perhaps, the most charming of all Turgénieff's novels, is "Liza or the Nest of Nobles." It is a simple story: A Russian proprietor is betrayed by his wife, and, after living some time in Southern Europe, returns to his native land. Here he meets a young girl, his cousin, and finally falls in love with her. A rumour of his wife's death has reached him, and there seems to be nothing to hinder his own happiness and that of the girl who loves him. This, however, is not to be, his wife returns with a French maid—repentant; the girl goes to a convent and so the story ends. The subordinate characters are clear cut from Lavretsky, the hero of the book, down to the cringing Sergius Petrovich Gedeonovsky; from Panshine, who speaks "with an air of great modesty, but without saying a single word about the sources of his information;" to the sprightly Marfa Timofeevna, of whom even Maria Dinitriovna (the heroine's aunt) is a little afraid. One of the most interesting characters of the book is an old German music-teacher, Christoph Theodor Gottlier Lemm; an exile, who knows that he will die in a foreign land, old and embittered, this German is beset with one haunting ideal, which he can never express. One night the hero of the book is standing outside Lemm's window—it is the supreme moment of the music-teacher's life and we will describe it in the novelist's own words:—

"Lavretsky had heard nothing like it for a long time, indeed. A sweet, passionate melody spoke to the heart with its very first notes. It seemed all thoroughly replete with sparkling light, fraught with inspiration, with beauty and with joy. As it rose and sank it seemed to speak of all that is dear, and secret, and holy, on earth. It spoke too of a sorrow that can never end, and then it went to die away in the distant heaven."

It was a moment in which the man had nothing to ask of heaven, nothing to fear from time or space.

"It is I," he exclaims, "who wrote that, for I am a great musician," and then we remember; he is old; he is an exile, and the pity of the wise and the kindly begins to mingle with the *à quoi bon* of the sneerer and the skeptic, still for one brief flash of time both had been forgotten.

The description of Lavretsky's coming home reminds us a little of Tolstoi, but only when speculation peeps in, for in descriptions of nature Turgénieff stands alone.

"Nothing stirred, not a sound was audible. The wind did not move the leaves. The swallows skimmed along the ground one after another without a cry, and their silent flight made a sad impression upon the heart of the looker-on. 'Here I am, then, at the bottom of the river,' again thought Lavretsky, and here life is always sluggish and still; whoever enters its circle must resign himself to his fate?"

It would be an interesting attempt to draw a comparison between Lavretsky and Levin in "Anna Karénina;" at first sight the similarity of character is obvious, but when we look into them we see that they are treated from points of view so entirely opposed to each other, that any comparison must be of the most superficial nature. Levin is an illustration of a psychological problem, Lavretsky is the picture of a man. One is so to speak the production of Science, the other of Art. Still Turgénieff never quite loses sight of his main purpose—the raising of the peasantry by natural processes.

"But here are you," exclaims Panshine, "just returned to Russia; what do you intend to do?"

"To cultivate the soil," replied Lavretsky; "and to cultivate it as well as possible."

There is something almost cold and indifferent in the way that Turgénieff tells his stories of misery and failure, but we feel that he is so, only because life itself is pitiless. He holds us entranced under the spell of his art. He keeps us, so to speak, suspended in the air, watching the beings of his creation, hearing their laughter and catching the echo of their laments, and as we watch from above these fellow-beings toiling upon the journey of life, we sympathize with them, for to us they are no longer phantoms but realities. We see before them the goal towards which each is unconsciously striving, and we long with a human longing that virtue may triumph over vice, that self-