

have by this time burned down near to the socket. In his inaugural speech he was "sweet as honey and the honey comb;" those he was expected to curse, he positively blessed; he wants an open, not a party republic—"so say we all of us." He can do good by cracking up the Senators to prove they are a utility, not an encumbrance for the state coach; make the patricians initiate social reforms, and not drop into Rip Van Winkle naps over the bills sent up to them by the Deputies. The Senate saved the Republic from Boulangism, let it save the Legislature from the popular reproach of neglecting the nation's affairs. It is not improbable that it is stimulating the opening up of the French foreign possessions, that the hand of M. Ferry will be visible. It is in the gathering complication with Siam, that is, the counter checking of English enterprise into Western China by Tonkin-Mekong, that Jules Ferry's influence will be felt. Should he in general lick the moderate republicans into a party-phalanx, that new department would not be bad. as it would compel the advanced republicans to produce, and fight for, an opposition programme.

According to the latest Bar Statistics, France has an army of 11,000 lawyers, including only one Portia; this body of eloquence is independent of politicians, lecturers, and the professional Demosthenes of public meetings. What a number of suits the stuff gowns and square block hats must make out in order to exist. However, one-half of the army is briefless. When a son is undecided what profession will suit his genius, his parents cut the Gordian Knot by agreeing to in any case make him a barrister. Subsequently, he may become a politician, a rentier, or a cabman. The honourable guild of the latter, includes 13 authentic barristers, but a far larger number become company promoters, music hall managers—the most lucrative of employments for university men—or funeral undertakers.

M. Georges Thiebaud, the man who invented Boulanger, has now started the saving of the expiring Panama Canal Co.—may his second adventure be more successful than his first. He is executing a tour of France to crack up the people to make an effort to save the enterprise for the glory of the material interests of their country. He lectures on the state of the works, and by lime light illustrations forcibly shows what has been achieved and what remains to be accomplished. The last appearance of the poor, old ex-grand francis, was precisely on the same lines as those adopted by M. Thiebaud. The latter states, the execution of the works has cost the lives of 141 engineers and 1800 navvies; he demands that England and the United States by virtue of their mutual 1850 treaty, to support any company resolved to pierce the Isthmus, be called upon to interfere, and save the moribund society from falling into the hands of the Colombian Government. The latter may, or may not have its own designs, the works and concessions, etc., being now at its mercy, but unless the French Government backs the required loan of 700,000,000 frs., it is absolutely living in a fool's paradise to count upon private capitalists financing a new company.

M. Charles de Lesseps and his co-accused, save one—having appealed against their sentence and failed, they must now strip for the felon's costume; by putting

in their terms of imprisonment—three to five years in the solitary cell, they can reduce its duration one-half. Had M. de Lesseps made an appeal and been declared "not guilty" at his new trial, it was his intention to retire to Mauritius and there live and die. At the approaching trial for bribery and corruption in the Assize Court, contradictory evidence and searching cross-examinations can take place, and all secret and criminatory documents be produced, protected as they will be from every liability after being once read in the Court. It is here, say the wire-pullers of the Panama exposures, that the real drama will be represented. Perhaps, the public has had enough of the whole scandal, and relies on the general elections to complete the work of justice.

That Antiquary, the Journal des Debats, has at last plunged into the Bain de Jouvence, and so has come out rejuvenated and modernized. Its price will be reduced 50 per cent, and it will sell at the orthodox two sous. It will have a morning edition on white paper, an evening edition on rose paper; the "pink un" will not be a rehash of the morning sheet. Only no French paper brings out a "weekly budget," the Debats might try one, but in this case with blue paper. The Debats was read chiefly by the literate; it had no important circulation, but had weight in every foreign office. To unite for it was a password to the French Academy; it put many readers to sleep, so in this sense was merciful and economical, for Qui dort dine. A young man who subscribed for the Debats, or at least carried it under his arm so that it could be seen, was viewed as marked by destiny for high position. It is intended to be run against the Temps, a respectable evening paper, of late vixenish, perhaps because getting grandmotherly and so rheumatic. The transformation of the Debats into the orbit of the daily penny sheets, is an event. Wags assert, that the respected Paris correspondent—a right good fellow—of a London daily, died of a broken heart, because his paper scaled down from the fossil three pence, to one penny a copy.

There are censors who condemn the French stage as being they say, not moral: while others denounce it as irreligious. Not a few think that the object of a play is to amuse. The Grand Theatre has just brought out the Pêcheur d'Islande, dramatized from Pierre Lotis' romance of that name. One sailor recites the Pater Noster when his comrades drop on their marrow bones. Another scene consists of the priests in canonicals, preceded by the mass-boy, arriving with the Eucharist, etc., to administer the last sacraments, when the people fall on their knees as he passes to the chamber of the moribund. The leading actress in the piece nurses in her arms a dead kitten. There is a kind of requiem music, Wagnerian because scientific whose melody has been caught up from the "air" circulating through telegraph wires—a tune familiar to those in the vicinity of overhead lines. There is a carpenter, who appears to be the funny man of the piece, who proposes to make for those he meets, and at first cost, a beautiful coffin in deal, so that they can have it ready for their interment. He must have executed orders for the Chinese, or has been furnisher to Sarah Bernhardt who is a great friend of Pierre Loti. No

wonder Parisians are a trifle sad just now. Only the incorrigible prefer the "Boxing Kangaroo," or the Nora Creina Chromatic dress evolutions of Miss Lole Fuller.

The Faculty of Medicine has indicted ex-cabman, Pomerol, for illegally practising the healing art; when a ballet girl met with a sprained joint, or a contorted tendon, she went to Pomerol, who remitted the joint in order, executed a massage and applied a bandage. When he recently advertised for an assistant, he received 485 applications from members of clubs, agreeing to aid him in his duties for nothing.

The 1900 Exhibition is to be erected on the Champ de Mars: the present buildings are to disappear.

The early bird: a house agent in Chicago, advertises in the French press, that he can supply apartments cheap, on a first or twenty-first story, as desired.

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THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTER

Currency is given in your issue of the tenth of March, to a misconception regarding this promising group of painters. "The commercial atmosphere of Glasgow" did not drive the members of the group "to spend their student life in Paris." The remarkable feature in the work of the group is that it is not an exotic but a native growth. Very few of the Glasgow painters have ever been in Paris; yet fewer have spent any great length of time there; perhaps of none of them could it be said that he "spent his student life there." Moreover, some of them in so far as they have studied elsewhere than at Glasgow, have studied at London, at Antwerp, at Seville, as well as at Paris. French influence is not manifest in the work of more than one or two, and these not the most typical of the group. While it would be absurd to deny the potency of foreign influence, in forming their manner, the peculiarities of their artistic method do not depend upon these. They have mainly taught themselves, or taught each other. The work of the group as a whole has obtained distinction because it is original, even because it is largely experimental. Though not distinctively national in any recognizable sense, their work is yet native owing in so far as it is not quite individual, more to Constable than to any of the numerous groups of French painters. The name 'Glasgow School' by which, with common consent, the group has come to be known, was given in the first instance rather in derision; but since the Munich Exhibition in 1891, it has been applied in earnest.

Individually many of the painters who belong to the group might have attained distinction anywhere; but the impression which their work as a whole has made upon the mind of the artistic public would certainly not have been made had the men suffered themselves to be drawn into the vortex of London, or had they attached themselves to one or other of the French schools. They held together and they remained at home, despising of course no suggestions in technique they might get from abroad; and this was undoubtedly the reason why they succeeded in establishing a position for themselves.

Yet the recognition of the merits of the group did not come from Paris. The usual fate of all pioneers was theirs. They were neglected, almost starved, laughed: