

THE WEEK:

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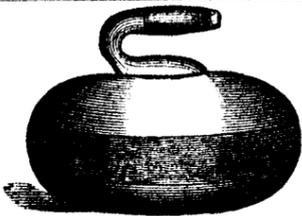
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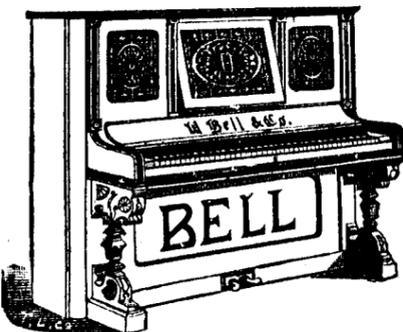
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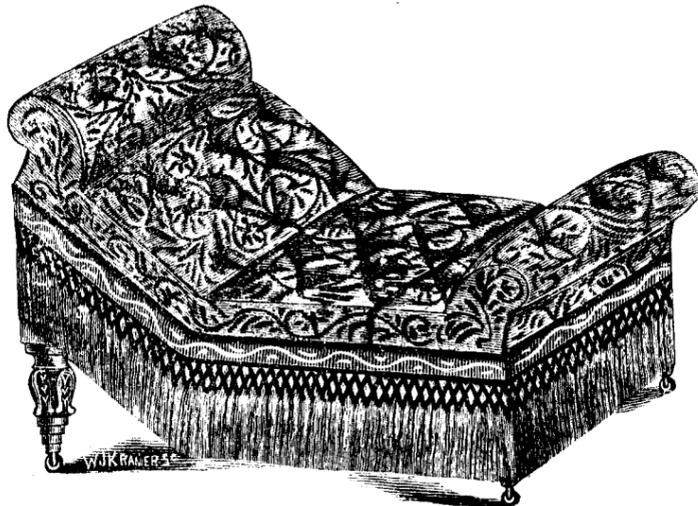
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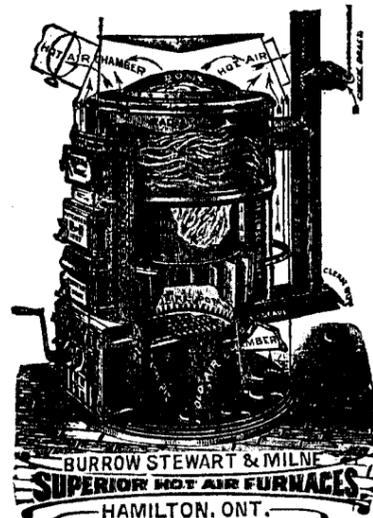


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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE once heard an experienced Canadian journalist deplore the impossibility of discussing a political question frankly in the party newspaper. No sooner does a writer, he said in effect, desirous of being perfectly fair, make a concession, however unimportant, to the argument of his opponent, than the admission is caught up, torn from its context, made to imply something quite different or of vastly more consequence than its real meaning, and triumphantly heralded before those who, as a rule, read only one side of such a discussion, as if it settled the whole matter at issue. The remark was brought forcibly to mind the other day in reading an article in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, referring to a paragraph in a previous number of *THE WEEK*. "It (*THE WEEK*)," says the *Free Press*, "had hastily come to the conclusion, on the strength of the first opinion offered it, that there was neither law nor reason to support Separate Schools in Manitoba. Now, it is fairly certain that they have law on their side, and it is not too sure that there is not also reason as well." Our readers may perhaps recall the admission which has afforded the slender pretext for this flourish of trumpets. Basing our reasoning upon the provisions of the British North America Act, and proceeding on the very natural assumption that the same general principle was intended to apply to all the Provinces, we pointed out that as no Separate School system and no Catholic schools aided by public funds existed in the Red River District prior to its being taken into the Confederation, so the clause in the Act of Union preserving to religious minorities their pre-existing educational rights, could have no application in Manitoba. When a correspondent called special attention to the fact that the words, "or practice," which are not found in the corresponding clause of the British North America Act, had been inserted in the Manitoba Act, we felt bound to admit that those words must have been incorporated in that Act "for a purpose, and that purpose is not easily explicable save on the theory of an intended reference to some state of things previously existing in the Red River District." This was far enough from granting that even those words can, without prodigious stretching, be made to include any private schools such as may have been carried on under clerical auspices in the Red River Territory before it became a part of Canada. We further called attention to the fact, which the *Free Press* carefully

ignores, that in any strictly legal interpretation of the Manitoba Act the words "province" and "union," evidently copied into that Act somewhat carelessly from the B. N. A. Act, would be of doubtful application to a territory which was not a Province, and which had been purchased and annexed rather than united. We concluded, therefore, that the further discussion of a clause containing so many ambiguities might well be left to the lawyers. Whether this was equivalent to being "fairly certain" that the Manitoba Separate Schools "have law on their side," and "not too sure that there is not also reason as well," the fair-minded reader may judge.

THE only really important point involved in the discussion of the exact terms of the Manitoba Act is that of the right mode of procedure on the part of the Province in order to throw off the incubus of a duplicate system of public schools. The slight concession referred to in the foregoing paragraph is only such as an independent journal should be ready to make, under any circumstances, without regard to its effect upon the argument. Having no party ends to serve, *THE WEEK* has no motive for misrepresenting in the slightest degree the meaning of the Act in question. But in the present case we could the more readily admit that the ambiguous words "in practice," in the Manitoba Act, may have been intended to apply to some pre-existing Catholic schools in the Red River country,—though how they can fairly be made to include schools of any such kind as have yet been shown to have existed still passes our comprehension—because we had come to the conclusion that the question was, after all, of little importance. We have not admitted and cannot for a moment admit that, even could it be shown that the Manitoba Act made the most specific provision for the perpetuation of Separate Schools in that Province, the people of the Province should be thereby forever deprived of their right of local self-government in this respect, and forced to continue the maintenance of an unjust and hurtful system. The main question involved is thus that of the Constitutional power of the Federal authorities to prevent the carrying out of any decision to which the Province may at any time come through its own Legislature. As this power seems to be secured to the Dominion Government and Parliament by another clause in the B.N.A. Act, which had apparently been overlooked by our correspondents, the original contention lost its chief importance. The clause to which we refer is that which we have italicised in the following quotation from the B.N.A. Act, section 93, sub-section 3:—

"When in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education."

This is a truly remarkable proviso, contradicting, as it seems to do, the almost axiomatic principle that the power to make implies the power to unmake. But the words are there and establish the right of appeal to Ottawa, though they do not by any means warrant the conclusion which the *Free Press* erroneously ascribes to us, that the Separate Schools "have (constitutional) law on their side." Nor do they warrant those other stupendous conclusions drawn from them by the *Free Press*, that "a provincial Act pretending to abolish them would simply be *ultra vires*, and of no more effect than an Act to repeal the constitution of the United States," and that the one only way in which the Province can proceed to rid itself of Separate Schools is to appeal to the Dominion Parliament to move for an amendment to the Constitution which will permit of their abolition, and, in case the Dominion Parliament refuse to intercede, "to appeal directly to the Imperial Parliament itself." Manitoba has already learned by a pretty instructive experience the value of appeals to the Dominion Parliament, and the utility, not to say possibility, of appeal to the Imperial Parliament direct is exceedingly doubtful. If the Manitoba Government and Legislature are in downright earnest they will act on the logical presumption that, having originally passed the Act, they have the power and right, under changed circumstances, to annul it, leaving to the Dominion Government

and Parliament the responsibility for any odious attempt to deprive a Province of its autonomy in a matter so clearly provincial in character.

THE remarks in the foregoing paragraphs will apply, so far as the legal aspects of the case are concerned, to the letter of Mr. L. G. McPhillips in last week's issue. This correspondent, like the *Free Press*, incorrectly and illogically infers that we admit that "as far as the law is concerned, the opponents of Separate Schools are in the wrong." But enough has been said on that secondary matter. We are glad that our correspondent raises the discussion to a higher plane by dealing with the question of Separate Schools on its merits. The strength of his argument depends chiefly on what it assumes and what it ignores. It assumes first, that "if we have Public Schools we must have either no religious teaching, or we must have one religious teaching," its idea of religious teaching being that it "must be substantial, and the pupil must be taught all the essential truths of his religion." It assumes, second, that "secular training cannot be safely severed from religious training," and that all parties, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist alike, are agreed on that point, whereas, as a matter of fact, many of them are opposed on principle to the compulsory teaching of religion in State Schools. It assumes throughout that secular schools must necessarily be godless schools. The fallacy of the first assumption is apparent from a reference to the Ontario Public School system, which makes special provision for the religious instruction of children by clergymen of their own denomination when desired. The second is, as we have said, contrary to facts easily ascertainable. The third is in opposition to the opinion of very many of those whose opinions are entitled to most weight in such matters, who hold that the great central truths of religion and those which stand specially related to conduct, are those on which all Christians are at one, and which may, therefore, be taught without any admixture of denominationalism. The argument ignores throughout the possibility of leaving the matter of religious instruction to local option, which is, probably, the most satisfactory and unobjectionable of all modes of dealing with the question. It ignores, moreover, the facts which are well-nigh axioms of political economy, that the State is bound in self-defence to make elementary education universal, and hence compulsory; that in order to this a system of public schools is absolutely necessary; that the State has nothing to do with questions of religious faith, and is, therefore, utterly incapacitated for prescribing religious teaching as understood by our correspondent; and that it consequently departs from its sphere, and abuses its powers when it aids by legislation, or makes itself in any way a party to the teaching of any system of religion which is conscientiously believed by a large proportion of its citizens to be contrary to truth, opposed to individual freedom and national progress, or in any other way injurious to the best interests of the State.

SINCE the foregoing paragraphs were sent to the printer the letter from Mr. McPhillips, which appears in another column, has come to hand. Leaving for the present the legal difficulties suggested by the special wording of the Act to the lawyers; leaving also to the legal fraternity the full enjoyment of the implied compliment paid the profession by one of its members—a compliment which, it will be observed, derives its force from the traditional tendency of the legal mind to consider both sides of a question, we have space for but two or three observations. To the non-legal mind the Manitoba Act appears very much like any other Legislative Act. It was, so far as we are aware, enacted by the people's representatives, and supposed to be adapted to meet certain existing or expected conditions, and subject, like all other legislation in these days, to be changed or modified in accordance with changing circumstances or opinions. A treaty or contract implies two parties. The Legislature, that is, the people's representatives in Parliament assembled, constitute, we suppose, in our correspondent's estimation, one party. Who are the other party, and where are we to look for the record of their proceedings in negotiating the treaty or signing the contract? Our correspondent's summing up of our argument needs simply to be reversed in order to

correctly represent our position. Instead of wishing the Government to take a hand in helping the opponents of the Catholic Church to free the poor Catholics from clerical influence, we simply wish that the Government should cease taking a hand in helping the Catholic clergy to keep the people under their influence. As we have said before, we hold that the matter of religious teaching and influence is one with which the Government should have nothing to do. Strict neutrality between the sects is surely its proper position. Separate Schools for one church are a violation of such neutrality. Our correspondent's whole argument seems to rest upon the quite unwarranted assumption that a Public School, in which there is no compulsory religious teaching, is a Protestant school. This implies that free mental culture, unbiassed intellectual development, is Protestantism. This is farther than we should have gone, and is surely not complimentary to Catholicism. Does Mr. McPhillips mean to say frankly that Catholicism is opposed to education under influences favourable to mental and spiritual freedom? If so, we should be disposed to go farther than we should have thought of going, and say that no Government has any more right to compromise with, and aid, a system which tends to restrict mental and spiritual freedom, than it has to interfere with personal liberty. As to the statement that all parties object to schools in which there are no compulsory religious exercises, we simply repeat that it is quite incorrect. In maintaining that it is the duty of the State to enforce elementary education, we certainly do not mean to imply that it should compel all parents to patronize the system of public instruction it finds it necessary to establish. If any prefer another method, as many do, it has no right to interfere further than may be necessary to satisfy itself that the minimum of education deemed necessary to the wellbeing of the State is actually given. Of course, such parents cannot be freed from paying their share of the taxes necessary for the education of those whom the State, of which they form a part, is obliged in self-defence to educate. It is useless to attempt any longer to conjure against the Public Schools with that much abused word "godless." If parents and churches, Catholic or Protestant, do their duty, the schools in which their children meet to receive mental and moral training cannot be godless.

THE approaching election in New Brunswick calls attention to the peculiar state of local politics in that province. The old party lines are disregarded, almost obliterated for the time being, and this too in a province whose people are rather notable ordinarily for blind adhesion to party. In itself this breaking up of the old party ties would be matter for special congratulation were there any reason to hope that the new planes of cleavage marked any real advance in independence of thought, or any striving after higher political ideals. But so far as can be judged at this distance from the scene of action this is not the case. The disruption seems to have been brought about partly by differences on petty questions of local patronage, and partly by alleged want of fairness on the part of the Government in the distribution of provincial grants. Perhaps, after all, it is better that an upheaval should have been brought about by local issues of any kind than that the people should have continued to vote for local representatives on the singularly illogical ground of their views in regard to Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, respectively. We use the names of these leaders advisedly, for it is almost absurd to suppose that the two parties in Dominion politics are any longer separated by any great principles, so clearly defined and so pervasive in their influence as to deserve first consideration in the election of a Provincial Assembly. A question of considerable interest is how far this change in New Brunswick local politics is peculiar to that Province, and how far it represents a tendency common to all the Provinces. This question we know no present means of deciding, though indications are not wanting in favour of the latter view. If this be so it is of good omen for the future of both local and Dominion politics, for the loosening of the bondage of party fetters in provincial matters probably indicates, and almost surely foreshadows, a larger measure of independent action in Dominion affairs. Those who are acquainted with the political history of the Maritime Provinces have been accustomed to deplore the peculiar bitterness with which political battles have often been fought, a bitterness which, unhappily, has not always ceased with the close of the struggle which called it forth, but has been too often carried into private business and social life. Whether the cause of this tendency was cor-

rectly given by the Hon. Joseph Howe in his cynical quotation of the proverb, "The smaller the pit the more fiercely the rats fight," or not, whatever helps to bring about larger views and a better state of feeling between parties will be a great boon to those Provinces of the Dominion.

NO one who understands the situation could have expected anything else than that the anti-ballot candidates would be successful in the contest for the position of Separate School Trustees in Toronto; therefore, no such person can have been disappointed by the result. A disposition, natural, but illogical, has shown itself in certain quarters to accept the large majority gained by the opponents of the ballot as a proof that secret voting is not desired, and, therefore, not needed by the Catholic rate-payers. That it is not desired is, we dare say, to a certain extent, true. The voters have been taught by those to whom they, in too many cases, look for guidance in political as well as in religious matters, to regard the question as one involving loyalty to their Church and reverence for their spiritual advisers. But to those who take the slightest pains to look beneath the surface it must be evident that the very fact of the polling of so large a majority against the ballot may be in itself a proof that the ballot is needed. It cannot have been, certainly it ought not to have been the intention of those who created the system, that the Separate Schools should be carried on under the direct and almost absolute control of the clergy of the Catholic Church. Such a result would have been strongly deprecated by every patriotic student of political history and every true friend of religious liberty. And yet that the Separate Schools are in effect conducted and controlled, not by the Catholic laity, but by the Catholic clergy, few will, we think, attempt to deny. Surely it is not in the interests of the State, or in harmony with the spirit of our free institutions, that schools which form a part of the national system should be so conducted. It may be impossible wholly to prevent this perversion of the true idea of the school as a Provincial institution, so long as the Separate Schools exist in any form. But no one can doubt that the use of the ballot in the election of trustees would be one of the most effectual checks that could be devised against such perversion. As we have before said in substance, if the introduction of the ballot could in the slightest degree prejudice any right or any lawful privilege of the majority opposed to it, regard to constitutional principles would forbid that it should be introduced without their consent. But in a case in which a given enactment cannot possibly interfere with any right or privilege of any one interested, while it may and will protect a minority in the enjoyment of freedom of thought and action, justice surely demands that the interests of that minority should be considered and their liberty protected. If the prelates and clergy have the full confidence of the laity and bring only legitimate influence to bear upon them, they have nothing to fear from the concession of the secret vote to those who desire it. If otherwise, it is all the more the duty of the Government to take the same precautions, in this particular case, which have been found necessary in all other matters to protect voters against improper pressure.

SCHELDOM have Imperial honours been more fittingly bestowed than those of which Dr. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons, and Mr. Joseph Hickson, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, have been made the recipients. The compliment conveyed in the creation of Dr. Bourinot a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George is admitted on every hand to have been well deserved. Not only have Dr. Bourinot's attainments in the line of his chosen studies given him a recognized standing as a writer of scholarship and ability which amply merits the distinction now conferred, but his works on "Parliamentary Procedure in Canada" and the "Constitutional History of Canada," and his able and voluminous contributions to leading magazines and reviews on Canadian topics, have been of marked service in making the Dominion more widely known and its unique political structure more clearly understood. The honour of knighthood conferred on Mr. Hickson may also be taken as a recognition of the sound principle that the men who contribute either to the intellectual wealth or to the material prosperity of the country are as really its benefactors, and as worthy of the honours due to such, as are those who win distinction in legislative chambers or on fields of battle. The great services Mr. Hickson has rendered to Canadian trade and commerce by his able and energetic management of the Grand Trunk Railway, to which management that

railway is largely indebted for its present stability and progress, are too well known to require comment. Eschewing all questions as to the real value or abstract desirableness of Imperial titles of any kind in a democratic colony, it is certainly well that such honours, when bestowed, should fall upon those whom their fellow-citizens can recognize as having rendered conspicuous service of some kind to the country. That such is the feeling in the present instances the universal congratulations showered upon these two gentlemen happily show.

TO have predicted ten or twelve years ago that in 1889 the Canadian Pacific Railroad would be paying a dividend to its stockholders, would have caused the prophet to be laughed at as a visionary. And yet this is, we are told, the thing that has actually taken place. To be able to pay a dividend of even one per cent. on the enormous capital of \$65,000,000, shows that the road already possesses an earning capacity which few would have believed possible for fifteen or twenty years to come. When it is added, that besides the \$650,000 thus disposed of, nearly four times that sum has been set aside for exigencies or future dividends, astonishment grows in proportion. It is not at all likely, however, that these results have been, or could possibly be at present achieved by the Canadian Pacific as originally conceived of and projected, that is, as a transcontinental line on Canadian soil. It would be interesting to have an analysis of the earnings of the road, showing what proportion of the whole income is derived from transcontinental and purely Canadian traffic, though the latter would be difficult, we dare say, to determine. Meanwhile, both the Company and the country are to be congratulated on the fact that the doleful predictions of former days have not been verified; and that, as a dividend-paying road, the Canadian Pacific cannot again, with any show of reason, come before Parliament for further assistance in any shape. If any considerable part of the Company's earnings have been derived from the competitive rates, by means of which it is said to have got the better of the American roads, hampered as they are by the restrictions put upon them by the Interstate Commission, it is highly probable that it will soon be forced to abandon that means of profit. There seems little doubt that legislation will shortly be passed in the United States giving Canadian roads crossing the border a choice between complying with the Interstate regulations and ceasing to operate on American soil. The great political forces which are behind the American roads are being brought unceasingly to bear to secure this result, and can hardly fail of success. Nor would it be easy to show that there would be anything unfair in placing such an alternative before the Canadian companies which do business in the United States. Were the situation reversed, we do not suppose the Canadian companies would hesitate to press for a similar measure of protection.

INTELLIGENT Canadians cannot fail to be deeply interested observers of the proceedings before the Congressional Committee on Canadian affairs now sitting at Washington. If the sensational letter which has just been published, purporting to be written by a citizen of Detroit to a Member of Congress, should prove genuine, and its statements well founded, a good deal of just indignation will be aroused in Canada. Located as we are, and likely to be in all the future, beside the great Republic, it is inevitable that the commercial and other relations between the two countries must largely affect our national comfort and well-being. No Canadian can be oblivious to the fact that Canada has of late come to occupy an unwontedly large place in the eyes of American politicians. Nor is it to be wondered at, in view of the remarkable history and well-known characteristics of our neighbours, that they should believe that the magnetic attraction of their great country must be irresistible, and that sooner or later it must draw the northern half of the continent into the Union. American politicians do not understand, we suppose it would be impossible to make them understand or believe, that Canadians may actually prefer to retain their own institutions and work out their own destiny, apart altogether from any constraint placed upon them by Great Britain. It seems undeniable that just now the question how the annexation of Canada may be most easily and readily brought about is one which is costing certain Congressional politicians a good deal of anxiety. Under such circumstances, any man who, occupying an influential position in Canada, should encourage such politicians to suppose that an unfriendly trade policy might tend to create or foster an annexation sentiment in

Canada, would not only be conveying an idea which every one who has any knowledge of Canadian history, or any faith in Canadian spirit, must know to be the very opposite of the truth, but would be taking the readiest means to work great and possibly irreparable mischief to both countries. The danger, as well as the lack of patriotism, in such a course is so great that we refuse, in the absence of the fullest confirmation, to believe it possible on the part of any Canadian citizen. It is bad enough to be forced to believe it of one who was formerly not only a Canadian citizen, but a member of the Canadian Parliament, Mr. F. W. Glen. We are persuaded that Canada is neither to be coaxed to forget her national aspirations by blandishments, nor forced to do so by commercial hostilities. Canadians might, perhaps, pardon Mr. Wiman for assuring the Committee that the only hope of future annexation lies in the direction of the freest commercial and social intercourse. Such hope would be a harmless delusion. But to persuade that committee that Canada is to be forced into the Union by hostile legislation would be both unpardonable and criminal.

MUCH speculation has been indulged in with regard to the effect the tremendous and ever-increasing costliness of modern armaments must eventually have in prolonging peace or precipitating war. On the one hand it has often been demonstrated during the past few years, that the inevitable great war must come very soon, inasmuch as the preparations for it would soon bankrupt some of the least wealthy but most belligerent nations. On the other hand it is argued, and it seems to us with greater force, that the thought of the uncertain issues and dreadful possibilities of a conflict between two great nations under present conditions must have a powerful influence in deterring even the boldest statesmen from crossing the Rubicon, except under pressure of extraordinary inducement or provocation. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* takes the latter view, and maintains in a telegram of nearly two columns that a European war is now morally impossible. The prospect of prolonged peace has, in his opinion, not for fifteen years been so tangible. "From one end of Europe to the other the necessity of such a peace seems to be apparent to those controlling the fate of nations, and everywhere, after weighing the immediate and inevitable consequence of a war, rulers seem to have shrunk with terror from it." The rapid mobilization of the French, German and Russian armies would, he says, cost £20,000,000, and the maintenance of these armies in the field £40,000,000 per month. In seven months £300,000,000 would be lost by these three powers alone, to say nothing of other nations which would be certain to chime in. He detects, moreover, or thinks he does, indications of an increasing appreciation on the part of the Princes and national rulers of the value of peace, and a keener sense of the cost of war, and the extent to which it would arrest all modern industry. The *Spectator* is disposed to make light of these arguments. "All that," it says, "is quite true; and it is also true that whenever a fire breaks out in London there will be a loss of property. Still, there will be fires, and that in spite of the entire willingness of the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the County Council, and Captain Shaw, that fires should be prevented." The comparison lacks fitness, since a war is not, like a fire, the result of accident or carelessness. Moreover, if the fires of London were as much under the control of the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the County Council and Captain Shaw, as a European war is under the control of the Czar, the Emperor William and the French Ministry, the occupation of the fire insurance companies of the city would soon be gone. And yet, if this first movement in the direction of assured peace has been made involuntarily, it should not be long until the logical second step is taken voluntarily, in a concurrent reduction of armaments.

NO distinct advance seems to have been made towards the settlement of the dispute with Portugal. English statesmen, not of the Government, regard the affair as a small diplomatic cloud which will soon blow over. No doubt they are right. The disparity in the strength of the two nations is such that the idea of a serious conflict is absurd. We are glad to have full confidence that the British Government will insist on nothing which it does not believe to be perfectly just and right. The general policy of Portugal in Africa, especially in relation to the slave trade, has been such that the sympathies of the civilized world will be pretty generally with England. We have before expressed the hope that Lord Salisbury would give the world a proof of British magnanimity, and Portugal a taste of British fair play, by offering to submit

the questions at issue to arbitration. We are sorry to see that this is not likely to be done. The English newspapers are, not very magnanimously, urging prompt and stern measures, and declaring, some of them which are thought to know the mind of the Government, that neither a conference nor an arbitration will be accepted. Canadians can hardly fail to note the contrast in tone with that adopted towards the United States in the case of the Behring Sea dispute. Lord Salisbury cannot possibly be surer that he is in the right in the African than in the American matter. What is the cause of the difference? Probably the true explanation is to be found in the disparity to English eyes of the interests involved in the two cases, though the magnitude of the material interests does not really affect the question of right and wrong, or of national honour. We are glad, however, to believe this the true explanation, since any other which suggests itself is either very uncomplimentary to England or very unflattering to Canada.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

HARDLY has public attention been fully drawn to "Asolando," the last fruit of the vigorous Browning tree, than it is called away to admire and criticize a somewhat similar production, Lord Tennyson's "Demeter." With what loving, abundant devotion will the Laureate's pupils and friends, the members of his family, the world for which he has interpreted its sorrows and joys, hopes and desires, regard this latest emanation from the grave and gentle spirit which has, like the reverent mind enshrined in his predecessor, William Wordsworth, surely "uttered nothing base!" With what painful, yet chastened, pleasure will that world and those friends perceive a clear and heroic egoistic vein in these poems that tell of work done and rest longed for! The superb altruism of other days is over. He no longer can give us the matchless King, ardently pure in soliloquy and prayer. No more Marianas, nor Elaines, nor Galahads float before the enraptured vision. The mighty conception is dulled and dimmed, whereby the whole thought of a century was bound within the simple quatrains of "In Memoriam." Without haste, without rest, without vaunting and without impatience, all the conceptions of the past were given to us, but they are over, contained within those priceless volumes which we glibly call "Tennyson."

And yet in the little sheaf of poems issued under the name of "Demeter," there is much of the old strength, the old lucidity and the old humour, along with something that is new to our ears, the egoistic tone already alluded to. If he gives us no more Arthurs, he gives us what of all we would most desire, something more of himself than as yet we know. The concluding poem in this volume is one of the most beautiful, rhythmically speaking, the poet has ever written, while embodying, as we are forced regretfully to recognize, his calm and trustful valedictory.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

It would be, indeed, difficult to surpass the dignity of such a lyric as this.

"By An Evolutionist" is one of the strongest poems in the book.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

(The man speaks)—
What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones
on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

(Old Age)—
Done for thee? Starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee
eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last,
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height
that is higher.

Can any younger poet be found to produce verse of more singularly direct and modern force than this? We believe not. In "The Progress of Spring," a sequence of nine thirteen-lined stanzas, which at first sight look like some kind of variation of the sonnet, this same unalterable

* "Demeter, and other Poems." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson D.C.L., P.L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

faith in the after life and ultimate goal of our planet and its suffering race is displayed. The poet's older manner, that of apparent simplicity intensified by minute and intricate imagery, is revealed to us again in such disconnected lines as the following:—

Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,
The fountain pulses high in summer jets,
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,
The starling claps his tiny castanets.

Once more a downy drift against the brakes,
Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!
But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes
Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.

"To Ulysses" is a short poem in the well-known "In Memoriam" metre suggested by the perusal of W. G. Palgrave's essays upon Oriental scenery and folk-lore. The author died at Monte Video before the volume appeared and without having seen the poem. The following stanza will, of course, recall certain passages in "Locksley Hall."

I, once half-crazed for larger light
On broader zones beyond the foam,
But chaining fancy now at home,
Among the quarried downs of Wight.

Not less would yield full thanks to you
For your rich gift.

"Happy," the song of a leper's bride, seems singularly timely just at present, when Sir Morell Mackenzie and others are seeking to revive the languid interest of Europe in the afflicted people who are, nevertheless, human under their suffering. The ever-enduring love of pure woman for her chosen mate was never more sweetly or powerfully sung than by the Laureate in this forcible strain. Passing by a narrative poem in blank verse, dedicated to the Hon. J. Russell Lowell, and entitled "The King," in which only echoes of the virility of "Aylmer's Field" and "Enoch Arden" are heard, we light upon "Vastness," cast in the immortal mould of imperishable "Locksley Hall," and signalized by an impetuous pessimism only tardily gathered at the very last into something like trust and repose.

Is it not the lover in "Locksley Hall" and the embittered adorer of "Maud," who declaims these magnificent lines?—

Faith at her zenith, and all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken
the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, followed up by her vassal
legion of fools,

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life
at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way with her flying robe and
her poison'd rose;

Pain, that has crawled from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which
writes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the
curse of the light;

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it,
flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love
of his kind.

Spring and Summer, and Autumn and Winter, are all these old
revolutions of earth?
All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of
it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of
prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is
fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins
at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a
meaningless past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of
bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever; *the dead are
not dead but alive.*

It needs no ghost, come from the grave, to tell us "this is poetry." And the same strength and the same impression of having *something to say*, occur in "Owd Roä," a tale of the "Northern Farmer" style, and enclosing as touching an instance of animal sagacity as literature affords. "Owd Roä" is a dog who has

— Sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that Dick, when he cooms to be
dead,
I thinks as I'd like for to hev soom soort of a sarvice read;

Fur 'e's moor good sense na tha Parliament man 'at stans for us 'ere,
An' I'd voät for 'im, my oan sen, if 'e could but stan fur the Shere.

All through this powerful dialect poem the sense of humour is paramount, and, as in all great works, goes hand-in-hand with pathos.

In "Demeter and Persephone" occur occasional lines and phrases, which recall Collier's remark that even in "Maud" (it will be recollected that upon the appearance of "Maud" the public and the critics were all astray as to the merits of that beautiful poem), there are "splendours of English expression, which few but Tennyson can produce." Such are these lines that depict the coursers of Hell:

All at once their arch'd necks midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom.

The jubilee poem is certainly not the best thing of its kind, and curiously enough is cast much after the Walt

Whitman manner, but it is direct, genial, and catholic. Many other beautiful things remain in this interesting volume to attest to the fact that upon the whole, considering the advanced age of the Laureate, and the great bulk of his collected writings, he is not "written out," much as disrespectful versifiers sometimes hint. That it may not be the poet's last volume is still the hope of his many devoted adherents. The author of "Vastness" and "The Evolutionist" has probably much yet to say.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A MEETING of citizens, with the Mayor in the chair, has been held to consider a fresh proposal regarding our harbour accommodation. The proposal has passed the Council, was duly advertised, and was submitted to the citizens for approval or disapproval. It took the shape of a by-law, and provides for the borrowing of one million of dollars for the construction of a permanent dyke against spring floods, other harbour improvements and enlargements, the widening of Commissioner and Common Streets, a tunnel under Brock Street, and a vamp at Gale Street. The plans for the new scheme are to be laid before the City Council, the Harbour Commissioners, and the Dominion Government, and the interest on the debentures is not to exceed three and one half per cent. The tone of the meeting was one of most cordial assent to the proposal, although, when His Worship stated that five dissentients would be enough to ensure a poll on the question, the required number announced themselves, and the poll was granted. The City Fathers went bravely to the field, sanguine of overwhelming success, and protesting against the absurdity of wasting time and money on voting. The vote went in their favour.

An indictment, however, has been served upon our rashness by an anonymous grumbler, whose English is of slightly foreign origin, urging upon the citizens the duty of voting against the by-law, and arraigning the civic management with inefficiency, stupidity and prodigality. On the other hand, the Council has its champion and assures it that the city should not consider the cost; that the property in front of Bonsecours Market should be appropriated immediately; that a new wall should replace the present dyke; that the front of the river to St. Ann's Market and St. Paul's Street should be levelled up; that the harbour wharves should be raised accordingly; that an elevated railway should run from Hochelaga in rear of that new boulevard, pass by McGill, St. James and Bonaventure Streets to the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Railway stations, and then by St. Catherine Street should connect the eastern with the western extremity. The enthusiast winds up by asking eagerly, What are five or six millions to Montreal?

Nevertheless, that gentleman must know that until we disregard our millions we may perhaps secretly cling to the dread of being laughed at for our pains. We have hazy recollections of the boast with which our present dyke was built at an incredible cost; and we are met with the fact that after three years' service it is pronounced rotten, useless, and incapable of resisting a shove or flood. And we may be excused for reminding our worthy Council and its champion that, while we may not care for our millions, we have some regard for the principle which underlies them, and which gives them their value—their purchasing power. It may be questioned if all the millions in Montreal can produce men who have a technical and practical knowledge of the difficulties to be contended with, an unbiased and unprejudiced balance of honest opinion, and the modicum of public spirit which might enable them to devise and carry out any scheme for the city which could have no inside track for their own personal interest.

The Annual Report of our Superintendent of Water Works, recently submitted, furnishes the information that we have added to our facilities and capacities for water distribution. Hitherto we have had but two main pipes, one of thirty and one of twenty-four inches. The part of the city near the wheel-house has had its supply pumped up and then distributed, involving much unnecessary expense. A new thirty-inch main has been completed and connected with the pumping machinery, giving one hundred and sixty-one miles of pipes, and a possible supply of thirty-four millions of gallons daily. This, however, does not appear to be always available. The exigencies of our climate form the handiest cat's paw when our pumping capability is unreliable, and when a freak of the thermometer leaves us with half or no supply. Perhaps it is less the exigencies of our temperature than the temperature of our exigencies which staggers our zeal. Our Superintendent suggests a new wheel, as our present one has earned its repose by thirty-two years of active duty. When a water famine visits us we shall find the recommendation on the books at least. If it is recorded in English the French element will rejoice. If French should be the unfortunate language the English element will not weep. Meantime, we have a daily leakage of 34,000 gallons and an annual expenditure on our Water Works of \$491,569. But the Council has decided to have a new census that we may boom to the world just the exact exaggeration or underestimate of the elements of which we are actually composed; that our cabs shall be numbered with large figures on the back; and that projecting street-signs shall not be tolerated after May 1st. Meantime, the trade is busily engaged in hoisting fresh barbarities of the latter sort. They can then claim the possession which is nine-tenths—no, eleven-tenths of our law.

So many waifs and strays are brought to Montreal, and left on the streets and doorsteps, that the matter has been brought up officially. They cost us \$2,000 a year, the poor little innocents, and we are threatening to send them back to whence they came—that is, when we procure a million dollar by-law to find out. The nunneries won't take them. The police stations and gaols are out of the question. The suggestion to send them to the institutions which pay no taxes introduced the vexed question, and gave even a French alderman the opportunity of declaring that exemptions are a relic of barbarism, and an English one the opportunity of striking on his *confrère's* admission while it was hot by recommending that, as the Quebec Government intends to deal with the matter next session, Montreal should strengthen its hands by timely action.

Fresh honours have come to the Grand Trunk Railway. Its General Manager has been raised to a knighthood, and seldom has an honour come so unsolicited and so well-deserved. Sir Joseph Hickson will not only wear his honours in their newest gloss, but maintain them in their newest gloss. The Company is removing its Bonaventure freight sheds to their western workshop neighbourhood, in order to secure more accommodation and shunting ground, involving the purchase of valuable parcels of land.

VILLE MARIE.

PARIS LETTER.

"WHO are behind the Portuguese?"—or the "Fat Boys" as they are familiarly called in France—is the current question in quidnunc circles here. It cannot be the French, since they declined ten years ago to buy up the pre-Adamite and vapoury rights of the Lusitanians over Central Africa. Besides, any complications between Portugal and England would favour the wine-growers of France. It cannot be Germany, for the "rights" the Portuguese offered to sell to France she tried to vend to Prince Bismarck, and equally without success. Nor does Portugal take up her present position from mere "cussedness." The explanation generally accepted is, that there is a republic in the air at Lisbon, and that the Brazilian political metamorphosis has advanced to within a very disagreeably measurable distance for the Braganza dynasty. I have been shown letters, received by very impartial and influential personages, that paint the political situation in the whole of the Iberian Peninsula as in a state of subdued but not inactive fermentation, due to the working of the leaven of republicanism. It is perhaps to check this that Portuguese statesmen suddenly create a foreign incident, to turn aside home attention from home complications.

There is another fact not generally known. Paris swarms with Portuguese marquises, each of whom has a concession in due form from the Lisbon Government of square miles of the Prester John regions, which Portugal, having overlooked for centuries, now claims to sway, since England, Germany, Italy, France, etc., have undertaken to open up the Dark Continent. The marquises have, in many cases, sold their concessions to French promoters of bubble companies at the mess-of-pottage tariff. Hence the after-twelfth-hour rush to take possession; to find English representatives in occupation, thus coming up to the ruling of Grotius-Pufendorf Bismarck, *Beati possidens*. The upshot of the whole business is thus discounted: England will be her own arbitrator and umpire in the dispute—if not a fool; that she will improve the occasion to clear the Portuguese out of Delagoa Bay, and also from the Zambesi River, thus rendering the latter as free to the world as the Niger. A kind of humanity-sweeping is much needed along the banks of the lower part of the Zambesi, where the natives employed in the Portuguese factories receive as wages "the best old Jamaica rum at nine-pence a gallon." No region of the world can now-a-days be left in the hands of any Power that holds it on the dog-in-the-manger principle.

The Italians, believing that a heavy cold on the chest was due to the "influence" of the stars, called the ailment *influenza*. Meeting a Russian *confrère* a few days ago, I inquired what object had his country in sending Western Europe a Russian edition of the influenza. "Well," he replied, "M. de Giers is a statesman full of sly humour; in turning on the influenza, he merely desired to show one of the many arms of attack Russia can wield, and he adopted the Italian name, simply because we detest the Italians." This foreign policy of M. de Giers has, for result, to keep Sterne's Recording Angel extremely busy. The epidemic is far more general in Paris than the rose-water official reports would make the public believe. Enter an omnibus, in a state of health, you are certain to quit it with the influenza. Few passengers but will be either coughing or sneezing, and looking daggers at one another, as if some black sheep had infected them. If you enter a cab—and never without letting down all the windows before you jump in, for even cold is preferable to vitiated air—you are liable to catch the Tartar all the same. Proof that the miasma must be in the air. And why not showers of microbes, as well as showers of sand, volcanic dust, red snow, fish and similar aerial curios?

In France, every September, the members of the Reserve Army when they meet exchange a "Good morning," and not "Have you used —?" but "Have you put in your twenty-eight days?" In other words, have you escaped militia drill. At present the question in society is, "Have you put in your six days?" This is the duration of apprenticeship that the Russian influenza exacts. It is said it will never attack you a second time, and so, like measles and hooping-cough, is not permanently spiteful. The

present writer has put in his six days; naturally a journalist should be among the earliest to make the acquaintance of a novelty. The following is the self-diagnosis: First day, a great deal of business to do; had wakened at cock-crow with cold feet, smart headache and a chest completely blocked with perilous stuff; postman called for his annual tip, presenting me with a one sou almanac, and wishing me the best health for 1890; thanked him, but hoped his good wish would take effect at once; avoided calling in doctor, as four of his patients had just died; prescribed quinquina for myself; kept within doors in neither too hot nor too cold a room; preferred Caylon to beef tea. Second day—fever in flight; headache on downward grade; prescribed reading Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* and Crébillon's romances. Third day—Slowing up to Richard-himself-again; hung a yellow Madras *foulard* over entrance door and frightened away all visitors. Fourth day—*Débauche* of chest matter commenced, and before night the blockade of respiration raised. Hired the newsboy for a few hours, as he said he was studying music at a night-school, to grind a mechanical piano. The harmony was as soothing as a dose of Sydenham powder. Fifth day—Bright and hard frost; took down yellow-flag *foulard*; a wolf-appetite, but appeased by a Zulu beef-steak, tea as ever, with a cup of cocoa—Patti brand—to secure connection with the necessaries of life. Returned Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," after well dusting it, to its place on the shelf, and commenced cutting the leaves of worldly books sent for Review. Feeling like an Iron-side, banked the fire, quit the *Caldarium*; remained a few hours in a fireless room—*Tepidarium*—with top-coat on; put on a neck-handkerchief, got into railway carriage, after kicking away the foot-warmer, and in half an hour was among russet fields and avenues of leafless trees for three hours, where I left the relics of my Russian influenza—a new kind of man trap for poachers.

Mine was a case of "Physician, cure thyself;" avoid coddling; rely on quinquina; in diet, anticipate Lent; remain in doors for a few days; carefully avoid a thaw-atmosphere for your first day out, and, above all, maintain a good flow of spirits, a medicament that only yourself can supply. However, in the case of the very young, the delicate and the aged, great precaution ought to be taken. The influenza prostrates at once, and can leave behind congestion of the lungs in the case of persons under-fed, ill-housed or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—a cold, humid fog especially. The endemic lasts in a locality from thirty to sixty days; it made its *début* in Paris about the closing days of November; there were then no less than five Russian Grand Dukes within our walls to stand sponsors for their little stranger, since grown like Jonah's gourd. In 1775, the influenza plague lasted five months. It was so bad in 1780 that for three days the law courts and opera houses had to be closed; the "artists" in both cases lost their voices. Wonder, if the present plague caused the closing of the Chamber of Deputies for five months, would France survive the affliction? The Italians first recognized the disease and baptized it in 1580. It returns every fifteen or sixteen years, and since completion of each orbit, oddly enough, coincides with historical and devastating wars. The horoscopes of the Nostradamus predict that "we are on the eve of terrible events." Employ some nigger to add fifteen or sixteen years to the consecutive totals, commencing from 1580, and look up the corresponding wars. This winter evening's amusement will not indicate that we are nearer the end of the world, the millennium, the exhaustion of our coal mines, or the English evacuation of Egypt.

The National Colonial Congress is now holding its sittings. It is the first attempt made to seriously focus the well-meant but scattered efforts to make the French Colonies "going concerns." What France requires to make her distant possessions colonial facts, and not colonial zeros, is a taste of her people for self-expatriation in the interests of the emigrants. She lacks that, and there is no evidence that it is developing. She has no surplus population to hive off. The popular idea of a colony is, that it will make itself by the aborigines, when subjected to home functionalism, and protected by home militarism; that it will turn out Minerva-like in completeness, in the form of a market for French manufacturers, where the latter will never have to quit their office chairs but to receive commands and invoice orders; and above all, that no foreigners shall be allowed to trade with the colonies except when handicapped with next to prohibitive differential duties. Her colonists are soldiers, functionaries, or dry-rotted politicians; never the sap, the bone, the sinew of young civilian France, penetrated with the ambition, and nerved with the iron resolve to make a new home, and crystallize round it their affections and their hopes. There is no market for European goods to be opened up in Ton-kin; the latter, as a highway to Western China, is now superseded, since England has the protectorate, of the Shan States, and is railroading through Siam up to the Celestial frontier. In Madagascar and Tunisia, France only plays the part of policeman, as pre-existing treaties with other countries debar her from reaping any commercial favouritism. The returns of French emigration still reveal that the stream flows in every other direction save to the French Colonies.

A journalist has discovered ex-President Grevy; the latter is as happy as the day is long; he has separated from politics as joyfully as Christian from his wallet; he devotes his leisure hours to furnishing his palatial home, arranging and dusting his bibelots, watering the drawing-room plants, looking after the tenants of the aquariums; taking his grand-children—the young Wilsons—out for a

walk or a drive; re-reading his favourite authors, and, like Louis XIV., enjoying billiards to aid his digestion. He has some intimate friends that have remained faithful to him among the faithless. He did not visit the Exhibition, though on its threshold, but he saw it from his windows, and heard the joy-hums of its multitudes.

The French railways accord to the theatrical profession the privilege of travelling at half-price. A doctor desired to send his wife and family to a seaside village near Nantes; he wished to do it on the cheap. He knew one of the chorus girls of the opera; she said, "Let your wife, etc., be at the terminus, and I will take out the tickets." Accepted, and acted upon. The doctor's wife, his son and daughter, the baby, nurse and cook, duly started. "There," had said the actress to the wife, "is a letter you can show in case you are questioned." It was a letter engaging the holder for a café-concert at Nantes. When the party arrived at their destination the station-master desired to examine the claim of the voyagers to the reduced fare. "But, madame, you are not a comic singer, you are Dr. L—'s wife, as I know you both," he replied, handing her back the letter. The party had not only then and there to pay the bare difference, but her husband and the actress are to be indicted for swindling the railway.

The death of the Marquis de Caux, the divorced husband of Patti, brings back the memory to events a quarter of a century old. His age—sixty-four—is what will astonish most people. He was a kind of gold stick in waiting on the Empress Eugenie, and he always looked to be under thirty—dashing, affable, a beautiful dancer, and never a scandal-monger. He married Patti as a money-making machine; she, to become a live marchioness, and to figure at Court. But 1870 dissipated the day-dreams, and then Patti perceived the soundness of Rossini's advice, "to wed either an actor or a wealthy prince." After a terrible cat-and-dog life, Patti and her husband separated, then divorced; the last time they met was in the Registrar's office to hear their marriage dissolved—the same place where it had been celebrated. The deceased was very poor, resided in the "broken-down gentlemen's" attic of a fashionable hotel that many waifs and strays of fortune patronize, to be able to command a show-off address for their letters—a *poste restante* for vanished glory.
Z.

A GEOLOGICAL CHAT.

WITH the ground nearly covered everywhere with snow, there is not much opportunity for out-of-doors study of geology; but standing here in this railway-cutting an interesting face of rock is presented to view. The rock which has been cut through for the railway is one of the series of parallel slate bands which extend north-easterly near to the city of Quebec, and south-westerly to the province line. The upper half of the rock-face is stained a reddish brown, and the water from the melting snow at the top is carrying down, very slowly, drop by drop, more of this red stain. The rock, in short, contains iron, rendering it useless for almost any purpose; for there is just enough to keep it always in a state of "rusting" when exposed to the oxygen of the atmosphere, and not enough to make it worth while for anybody to smelt it out. It is, too, a most contorted face of rock, gashed through with irregular veins of white and reddish-stained quartz, and it is only after some study that one is able to say that the planes of bedding run at such or such an angle to the planes of cleavage. Everybody knows, of course, what the planes of cleavage must be—at least everybody who has ever seen slates on a roof, and has taken the trouble to think or inquire about them. They know that the slates have not been *sawn* from a block into their present shape, but that they have been *split* in the simplest way imaginable; and at once, when they see the expression "planes of cleavage" applied to slate, they know that it refers to the *direction* in which the mass of rock splits so beautifully. But then when we learn that slate is simply hardened clay mud, and that this fine clay mud was laid out on the ocean floor in even layers, we are apt to think that the planes of bedding and the planes of cleavage are one and the same thing. It looks very much like common-sense to suppose that the slate simply splits into layers which constitute its bedding. Nevertheless, it is only very seldom that the two planes coincide with one another. Because, while the planes of bedding are due to the simple laws of gravity which spread the particles of mud so evenly on the ocean floor, the planes of cleavage are due to the *direction of the pressure* which eventually hardened the mud into slate. I say "eventually hardened," because the positions of the particles, relating to one another, are such that mere pressure cannot account for. Theory, then—but theory well based on the analogies of the magneto-crystalline action in the laboratory—steps in to show that the heat developed by the pressure of the intruding mass or masses of rock set up a thermo-electrical action which gave to every particle of the mud and every fossil, *polarity* at right angles to the direction of the pressure. That is why, indeed, the planes of cleavage are so constant to one direction for miles along a band which may curve at every hundred yards.

The contortions and crumplings which made me doubtful for some minutes of the true direction of the planes of bedding, were caused by that despair of the quarrymen—the quartz veins. "Oh, the fire-rock!" exclaimed a Welsh quarryman friend at New Rockland the other day when I happened to speak of the quartz in a now abandoned quarry. Fire-rock, injected violently from the bowels of

the earth, it is not, but fire-rock it is, in one sense, if we go far enough back in its history. The clay mud of which slate is composed contains a class of chemical compounds known as the silicates. Now the silicates are only very slightly soluble in water, indeed we may say that practically they are not soluble at all, but when that so-called impurity of the atmosphere called carbonic acid is added to the water they are much more readily acted upon. Everybody knows, of course, that a "leaf rotting in the highway," and a burning fire of wood or coal give off this carbonic acid into the atmosphere, that is, everybody who knows that this is the "poison" all animals breathe out every other moment of their lives. This carbonic acid is dissolved in the rains, and when it can find its way into the joints of slate-rock it dissolves the silicates. But here another transformation scene takes place. Carbonic acid is simply a chemical compound of carbon and oxygen, which after they have dissolved the silicates, dissolve partnership! The carbon remains with the basis of the silicates, while the oxygen goes off into the crevices with the silicon, forming oxide of silicon-quartz—which, crystallizing and ever-increasing in volume under favourable circumstances, crumples and contorts the slate. But was not my New Rockland friend right in calling it fire-rock? For how would the leaf, the wood, the coal or the animal which furnished the carbonic acid come into existence, or how would we have had the rains to carry it down to the earth—except for the sun?

These are the cycles, indeed, which give one of the finest charms to science, and which can render even this railway-cutting, through which we flash occasionally with such a rattle, worth visiting on a slushy, winter's day.

Richmond, P.Q., Dec. 30, 1889. J. C. SUTHERLAND.

JANUARY VIOLETS.

Sing January violets—
Who ever saw them grow?
Yet my lady has a garden
Where the north winds never blow.
And my lady moves about it
Like a sunbeam through the flowers,
And the year makes haste to woo her
With the heat of August hours.

Sing January violets—
They reached me in the snow;
She sent them from a far love-land
Where pleasant waters flow.
Where 'mid the Kerry mountains
God made Killarney green,
And laid the living glory
Of Ireland's fairest scene.

Sing January violets—
It sets my heart aglow
To think what fingers gathered them
A little while ago.
Before my lady's favour
The winter frowns in vain,
But summer will be saddened
Unless she smiles again.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

GEORGE MUCKENHUBER.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the German of Reicher.]

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1594, the town clerk of Nordlingen had a strange visit. A youth about twenty, stout as a tree and a stranger, ragged and unkempt, came one morning into the office, planted himself without a greeting in front of the clerk and stared silently at him.

At the rough question, "What do you want?" he answered equally roughly, "A rope!"

The town clerk said he had made an error, the ropemaker lived to the left on the corner. But the youth returned, he had no need of the ropemaker, but the hangman; he wished to be hanged. The town clerk shivered, then he thought the strange fellow was mad. He therefore called near him a muscular servant-man, before proceeding with the fantastical conversation.

The stranger introduced himself as a homeless tramp, called by his comrades George Muckenhuber, and his speech being a patchwork of dialects and different languages as numerous as were the various stuffs with which his coat was patched, one would not think it probable that he had a certificate of his birth, being everywhere, yet nowhere at home.

He then related shortly and coldly, that some weeks before he had murdered a pedlar on Nordlingen territory; also, between Augsburg and Kaufbeuren, he had killed an Italian Jew.

But the Jew and the pedlar allowed him no more peace; this was why he wished to be hanged, and as the last murder had been committed on Nordlingen soil, the council of this Imperial city could not refuse to hang him on the Nordlingen gallows.

The town clerk abused him roundly and said, so might all the world come; the city built their gallows for their own citizens and not for strange rubbish; however, he let Muckenhuber be locked up, and carried the business before the council.

The council *in corpore*, at first, could make neither head nor tail of it; was the young fellow a fool or a desperate villain?

But as in these times the demented were thrown into the same hole with thieves and murderers, so lay George Muckenhuber, in the meantime, tight and fast in the tower, and the affair took form as a regular case, come what would of it.

The torturer, the priest and the surgeon, who examined the State's prisoners, each in his particular way, declared unanimously that the youth was rough and neglected to the last degree, but his understanding was very clear, and that he stood fast by his confession.

Meanwhile, as was natural, the news ran quickly through the town, and the good citizens quarrelled violently over it. Could a man be hanged on a simple confession of guilt, and his pressing desire, when the deed of which he accused himself could not be substantiated by other proof, as nowhere was a trace of the alleged murder of the pedlar to be found?

And as Muckenhuber with a strong escort and great concourse was led out that he might show the place where he had killed the pedlar and buried the body, he was able by the finest-spun excuses and reasoning to confuse and puzzle his judges, only no direct evidence of the crime could be found. The prisoner, however, stuck fast and firm to his statement, that he had killed the strange pedlar on Nordlingen ground and so must be hanged on Nordlingen gallows.

Though the inhabitants of small towns of the German Empire were accustomed at this time to highly-spiced criminal drama as to their daily bread, the tension grew from day to day over this unexampled affair, till they could hardly await the answer of the Augsburg and Kaufbeuren magistrates, to whom the Nordlingen court had sent the document, with the friendly, neighbourly request to make exact enquiries into the alleged murder of the Italian Jew, between their two cities. However, no one there had the least knowledge of such an Italian Jew, nor of such a murder.

Yet, because of the painful processes of torture resorted to in the sixteenth century personal confession stood high above every other proof. Therefore, the judges could not feel satisfied, the more so, because the youth was ever ready with a new reason, to explain away the lack of corroborative evidence.

The case must be taken to the sharpest touchstone of the truth—the torture! So often had people who wished to escape conviction had confessions of guilt tortured out of them, why should the process not be reversed with one man who wished absolutely to pass for guilty, to extort from him a confession of innocence? But in the torture chamber, the Nordlingen judges went plump out of the frying-pan into the fire. For, with the thumbscrews, George Muckenhuber stuck to his song, and coming to the Spanish boots he began even to add another to a list of robberies, for any single one of which he would have deserved the gallows.

The examining judge had in fact a ride on "the sharp-cornered ass" in consideration to continue the inquisition. But fearing the unbending George might add a few incendiaries as appendix to his list of crimes, he let the two first grades of the "painful questioner" suffice and conducted the triumphant youth back again to his hold, leaving the court more at a loss than before.

Now, although it appeared to the wise heads that George Muckenhuber had outwitted the whole council, yet they found such a gallows humour quite unexampled, nor could anyone guess a reason why the rugged fellow with such unexampled courage and strength of will should offer his neck to the rope and his muscles to the torturer. For the most humorous that was too much of a jest. Thereupon came, not only the alleged crime, but the whole person of this Muckenhuber, as apparently grown out of the ground overnight, for there was as little trace of whence he came as there was of his crime. Some imagined in short it was the devil himself, who diverted himself in this mask by leading all Nordlingen by the nose.

But withal the hardest question remained unanswered, namely, what was to be done at all with the tramp? The common bent inclined in those times to the position that it was better in doubtful cases to hang three innocent men than let one guilty go; and, besides, George Muckenhuber was guilty in any case, for had he perjured himself over those murderous deeds, then he deserved the gallows; had he not therein perjured himself, then he richly deserved to hang, because he had fooled the whole council of an imperial city in so fabulous a manner. Meanwhile, because it was impossible to agree on which of these charges he had deserved the gallows he was left quietly in his hole.

CHAPTER II.

That was not a lovely spot. The cell was half over and half under the earth in a small tower, three sides of which stood in a swampy moat filled with water. As to light, the apartment had—well, not a superfluity—still, through a small grating fell at least so much lightish darkness that in the noontide of a sunny day one could have distinguished the difference between a chair and a table, that is, if such a luxury had been there. But the neighbours were not so bad. Under the porthole sung the frogs in the swampy moat in full chorus and unending variety and numbers. But to the side was another cell occupied by an old woman who was so stiff-necked as to deny that she was a witch. Her so-called window opened, as the other, over the moat; and when the two neighbours conversed through their windows they were

enabled to entertain themselves immensely, but without being able to see each other, and nobody but the frogs listened to their dialogue. In quite a singular manner had this intercourse begun. George received the first intimation of his neighbour by hearing her loudly praying. It was no soft, humble supplication, but vehement, almost stormy, as if she had favours to send our Lord instead of asking for them. George had never learned to pray—neither loud nor in a whisper—and at first he found the old woman's devotions wonderful. Gradually, however, it impressed him that an old woman should allow herself to speak so urgently with God, and he thought that she must be so strongly that it would take ten men with a halter to hold her.

He, on his side, at all events, spoke not the first word, but waited till his neighbour learned of his presence by listening and addressed him.

Even heroic women are fond of gossip, so one word led to another, and the two companions in suffering were soon quite confidential toward each other without ever having seen each other. The ear had to do duty for the eye. At first George threw his neighbour many insolent and mocking remarks in answer to her friendly advances, but the old woman always answered in so mild and yet considerate a manner that George's superciliousness soon vanished. The previously divided conversation with the unknown became a sweet necessity. Three things began to move his hard heart: the silence of the prison in which he found himself; the voice of nature coming up from the frogs in the depths of the moat below seemed like a comrade's whistle calling him back to the lost forest freedom of the tramp; and the voice near by from a sympathizing human breast. Still, he stuck to his decision that he would be hanged on Nordlingen ground.

After a few days George knew, down to a hair, the history of his neighbour, but was obstinately silent over his own.

The old woman was the rich, childless widow of the landlord of The Crown; Maria Hollin. With her sixtieth year she must experience the calamity of being accused as a witch. A rich witch is a rarity, but in Nordlingen for five years back nearly all the ugly and poor old women had been burnt up, and there every witch must declare her fellow culprits, and the zeal of the witch-judge grew with the price of the faggots; so came the turn of the comely, the rich and the young. Unhappy women there were enough, but so unhappy and at the same time so heroic as Maria Hollin, there was no other. She had laid fifty-eight times on the torture-rack and confessed nothing!

Rightly had George Muckenhuber judged from hearing her that she could hold ten men with a halter. The judges were in despair; but to liberate one fifty-eight times tortured, that would not do, and to judge her without a confession was equally impossible.

It happened that the resoluteness of Hollin spread amongst the people, and had awakened in many a spirit of partizanship, and had excited a slight but growing murmur against the much-feared witch-judge. Till now all had gone so smooth and quiet; thirty-two women had been accused, tortured, convicted, and burnt. None had made any great bones about it. At most, one or another, from time to time, had to be left hanging, once with foot-weights and stretched from a rope, till the judge had had his breakfast. On his return from breakfast always followed the fullest confession, and now, through the obstinacy of this Hollin, the whole beautiful course of justice was brought to a sticking point! for, besides her, there was a large number of suspicious women in the lock-up, for, with the growing displeasure of the people, one could not venture to stick new cases on the spindle before the old one was spun out; and now, on top of all this, must this Muckenhuber scandal fall out of the blue air? The one would not own to her guilt, and they were so anxious to convict her; the other would gladly have been let go, but even with torture he would not admit his innocence. The Town Clerk suggested: "If only this George Muckenhuber, too, had been a woman, he could, by a hardy mistake, have been burnt as Hollin and she, as Muckenhuber, let free, so both would have their desire and the Court its right."

But a more vexatious thing than all these threatened the Council from afar. From the south-east horizon, namely, arose a heavy diplomatic thunderstorm from Regensburg. Maria Hollin was not picked up on the street, but a crown warden's daughter, of the city of Ulm, and her highly respected relations in that imperial city, persuaded of the innocence of the accused, had prevailed upon the Ulm magistrates to intercede for her with the Nordlingen Council; but that to little effect, for the Town Clerk was of opinion that it was dangerous for the reputation of a town council to torture any one fifty-eight times and finally not even scorch her a little, much less to dare to burn her. But the Ulm magistrates would give them no rest.

The same year a great parliament was in session in Regensburg, and the Emperor, Rudolf II., presided in person. The ambassador from Ulm was charged by his city to intercede in favour of Hollin with the ambassador from Nordlingen, and in this, also, he was at first unsuccessful, so he threatened to petition the Emperor and Parliament against the manner of administering justice in Nordlingen.

If Hollin did not know the exact state of affairs, she knew at least that powerful friends were doing their best for her, and this persuasion made her courage hard as steel. The judges knew far more exactly how the matter stood and because they could not go forward and would not go backwards, it remained standing where it was—and the case hanging while the others accused lay waiting in

prison. Through a catty-cornered working at cross purposes of the most different powers there was suddenly involuntary court-vacation in Nordlingen.

The history of Hollin made a powerful impression on George Muckenhuber. Before his judges he had up to this time considered himself a hero. Compared to this real heroine he seemed to himself a bad boy. Out of defiance and pride he had been silent to them of his real history; before this woman shame silenced him; still he could not long withstand the firm, sympathizing voice of his invisible neighbour. It sounded something like a voice from Heaven, but it was a real human voice, and she was to him for some time yet as new as the Heaven itself.

Thus he became so tame at last that he began to confess his true history to the old woman, and although he well knew that the examiners were wont to urge prisoners to draw out their stubborn fellow captives, still he knew well that Hollin would keep his confession to herself as faithfully as the frogs, which were listening below in the swamp, only he found it hard to begin. He asked at first, if she had not seen a pair of dogs locked together whose teeth were so deeply embedded in each other that they only gripped each other faster the more one tried to beat them apart? The town clerk alone had sensibly advised, in that he had immediately on the first day suggested the thumbscrews. Then he had surely confessed. But as he had once fairly gripped with his judges, then was the torture as little use as the beating that one wastes on the entangled dogs. Still, no, that was not a proper beginning. After much prudent consideration on the subject, Muckenhuber related to Hollin how from a child up he and his parents had lived the lives of tramps and thieves of the most daring and reckless type, and had enjoyed the wild freedom and restless, roving brotherhood of villains, but also their miseries, privations and ignominy. Murder he had never committed, nor had he robbed or stolen, but only shared the plunder to the extent of his sustenance. Of such a career one soon had enough. He had fallen out with his relations and friends and with himself. Tramp he would no longer, settle down he could not. Life was a burden—but to kill himself, that anyone should fish him out of the waters or find him in the forest like a dead beast was not to his taste either. Now he had often heard death on the gallows commended as the finest of all fates, and when his comrades had spoken of the "best men" and "heroes" these heroes were always people who had stepped from the upper round of the gallows ladder into the highest stage of their career. To let himself be hanged was called by his comrades having a wedding; the delinquent was the bridegroom, the gallows the bride, the hangman's assistant the best man, and the hangman the parson, who united them with the strongest of coupling—the rope; the dance in the air the wedding dance. To bring his life, which had become worthless, to a glorious and honourable end, went George to Nordlingen, as being noted for the swiftness of its justice, and reported himself.

At any rate, said George, had he known before hand that they made so many formalities here he would not even then have killed anybody, not even a Jew. At last he finished by returning to the first proposition with which he had begun; now he had sunken his teeth in the judges and he was bound to hold on. Had they put the painful question at once the first day they would have squeezed out the truth; yes, it would only have needed a back full of stripes at that time, but a right good back full too. Now they could pinch him with red hot pincers and he would stick to his two pretended murders. These were now his own, his unassailable property that he had with his own pains bought and paid for.

Whereupon Hollin held forth for George's benefit a fearful sermon. He believed from the tone of her voice that she must now stand like the angel with the fiery sword in her dark cell. In spite of which this sermon did not move him much. He was much more deeply touched when in the silent night he compared the heroic courage of Hollin and her disregard of death with his own story. Then his blind pride seemed to him only the mask of her noble courage. Therefore he gave his lady neighbour her way in all things when she shook up his conscience with a rough hand, but other people he would not give their way, and when Hollin condemned him it frightened him almost as if he had been damned at the day of judgment, but before the judgment day he would play the Nordlingen people a trick and be hanged on their gallows.

In the meantime months slipped away. The unseen neighbours came ever nearer each other. George had never been so fond of anybody as of his Hollin; before her he was so deeply ashamed, and she could reprimand him in so pitying a manner, and the old woman discovered so many buried virtues in the soul of this wild child of nature that she was conscience-smitten to hear so much good come out of the bad boy. It was a comfort to her, the obdurate witch, to be able to do the self-accused penitent a Christian act. So much, namely, through two small grated prison windows they had succeeded in communicating with each other. George entertained all her articles of belief, but held fast his own faith articles—that he must be hanged on Nordlingen ground.

(To be Continued.)

SAID the frog to his friends, "It is certainly true
We frogs are a very great nation;
In fact I will say it, without more to do,
We frogs are the lords of creation."

COUNT TOLSTOVS "THE DEATH OF IVAN ILLITCH."

"THE Slav nature, or at any rate the Russian nature," said the late Mr. Matthew Arnold with his usual keenness of penetration, "the Russian nature as it shows itself in the Russian novels seems marked by an extreme sensitiveness, a consciousness most quick and acute both for what the man's self is experiencing, and also for what others in contact with him are thinking and feeling.

The Russian does not assuage his sensitiveness. He finds relief to his sensitiveness in letting his perceptions have perfectly free play, and in recording their reports with perfect fidelity." There has recently been published and translated a book which, had the great critic been still with us, he might have specially cited as an extraordinary example of the truth of his assertion—Mdlle. Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal." "My only purpose in life," writes this most interesting young Russian lady, "is to observe, to reflect, and to analyse. A glance, a face I see by chance, a sound, a pleasure, a pain, is at once weighed, examined, verified, classified, noted. And not until this is accomplished is my mind at rest." And truly she has done all this in a manner worthy to permit of a comparison of the result with the Confessions of Rousseau or of St. Augustine; and had she possessed the intellectual power of the former, or the force of character of the latter, the result would probably in time be as widely read as are now these two works.

But it is not of Mdlle. Bashkirtseff's "Journal" that I wish to speak. There is another book, one by Count Tolstoi himself, which is not only a striking proof of the correctness of Matthew Arnold's generalization, but contains also so much matter interesting to admirers of Count Tolstoi, that it is, perhaps, strange that no mention of it was made in the article quoted. "The Death of Ivan Illitch" is one of those few books by great men which reflect in a few pages almost every peculiarity of their authors' genius. In this it resembles "Sartor Resartus." In "Sartor Resartus" may be found all or nearly all Carlyle's peculiarities of character and intellect. Written in the calm of Craigenputtock and mellowed by a long delay before publication, it contains his deepest thoughts on the deepest things of life, couched in his most characteristic style. There is the vivid imagination of the "French Revolution," the German transcendentalism of the "Essays," the delicacy and poetry of the "Diamond Necklace," the fervour of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," the originality of treatment of the "Friedrich the Great," and the humour that is common to all these. The student of "Sartor Resartus"—and it is a book to be studied—will know more of Thomas Carlyle from its few pages than from an equal number from any other of his writings.

So with Count Tolstoi's "Death of Ivan Illitch." A portion of every ingredient of all his other works, fictional, didactic, and religious, will, it is safe to say, be found here; and his two main characteristics, his faithful portrayal of a "quick and acute consciousness" in every-day matters, and (once more to quote Matthew Arnold) his perennial interest in "the idea of life" will also be found, and, as is natural, in preponderance. "If Count Tolstoi's books," says Archdeacon Farrar, "have appeared in edition after edition, and translation after translation, the reason is because the world learns from him to see life as it is.

He has photographed the society into which his circumstances have thrown him." Nowhere is "life as it is" more "intensely" photographed (to borrow a technical term from that art) than in "The Death of Ivan Illitch," for in it every detail is regarded in the fierce light which issues from the portals of another world.

The plot is simple in the extreme. Indeed it may be said to possess no plot whatsoever. The story is merely that of a very ordinary man living an every-day life amongst common-place people. Wherein, then, lies its interest, for its interest is absorbing? Simply in this, that the man of whom the story is told is sick unto death, is face to face with death, and gradually comes to realize the fact. It is this feature that makes the book unique in literature. We have, it is true, scattered here and there, hundreds of the utterances of men when in contemplation of dissolution, such utterances as, for example, Philoktetes's farewell plaint, Bryant's "Thanatopsis," "Empedocles on Ætna," Browning's "Prospice," Mr. Symond's twenty-two sonnets, and scores of such brief, fragmentary, and partial ideas on the theme; but I doubt much if there exists anywhere else a complete and careful history of a painfully introspective man's subtle self-dissection throughout a long struggle with that last and invincible foe of all things living.

"The Death of Ivan Illitch," then, is one of the simplest of stories. The fascination with which its author can endow it is due primarily to two things. First, his knowledge of the human heart, and especially of its powers of self-deception. This self-deception is the *leit-motif* of the whole book; it opens with it, it runs through every chapter, and the grand climax is Illitch's release from it. It is, perhaps, superfluous to quote from a book which few among readers have not read; but the following passage shows so well Count Tolstoi's method that it is permissible:—

Ivan Illitch saw himself dying. He was overwhelmed with perplexity, plunged into lasting despair. He knew

¹Fortnightly Review, December, 1887.
²Cassell & Co., 1889.
³Op. cit. p. 418, trans. M. J. Serrano.
⁴Vizetelly, 1887.
⁵Forum, Vol. VI., p. 111.

in his inmost soul that he was dying; still he could not habituate himself to the idea: he neither did nor could entertain it.

The following syllogism, which he had learnt in "Kizinetser's Logic": "Kay is a man; all men are mortal; so Kay is mortal," he had always regarded as just referring to Kay, but not in the least applicable to himself. It regarded Kay as being a man in the abstract, and this was perfectly natural; but he was neither Kay nor a man in the abstract, he was a being with a distinct personality. He had been little Vania,⁶ with a papa and mamma, with Mitia and Volodia,⁷ his brothers, with playthings, a coachman and a nurse, and afterwards with Katinka.

Was it Kay who had inhaled the scent of the leather ball, which Vania was so fond of sniffing at?

Yes, it was true that Kay was mortal, and it was quite natural that he should die; but I, Vania, Ivan Iliitch, with all feelings and mental powers, I am something very different, and it is quite unnatural that I should die.

These were his feelings: "If I had to die like Kay I should accept the fact; my inner consciousness would have re-echoed it. But this is not my case. I and my friends both plainly understood that we had not Kay's fate to fear. And yet now what is going to happen?" he asked himself.

Second, the fascination of the story is due to the art with which it is told. Few writers could announce the death of the hero in the first chapter and then proceed to narrate the incidents of his life. But in reality this method is here most powerful. One is brought at the very threshold face to face with "the gigantic lie," the emptiness of a selfish and thoughtless life. The key-note is struck and struck loudly. But the art of the writer is visible everywhere: in representing Iliitch's loneliness and his craving for a sympathy he could not get (except from his youngest son and from his *moujik* Guerassim; and this, as I hope to show, is the most consummate piece of art in the book); the worldliness of those nearest and dearest to him—his wife and daughter, themselves the embodied personification of "the gigantic lie" being acted all around him; his own highly moral and exalted life, a morality and exaltation which make still more deceitful that human heart which is "deceitful above all things"—but there is art in every sentence, one needs not to multiply examples.

The sympathy of his son is introduced for two reasons probably. First, to throw into relief the unnatural want of tenderness on the parts of his wife and daughter; and second, because, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out⁸ no work of art should present an absolutely hopeless and despairing picture. The son's shy sorrow is most pathetic, his eyes "red with crying," his "shrinking back with a grave and bashful demeanour" strongly enhance the dramatic effect. He reminds us of the part Ophelia plays in "Hamlet." We see little of either, they come on the scenes but seldom. Yet we know their characters, and they intensify to a scarcely computable extent the pathos of the situation. It must be noted too that it is by a simple and natural act on the part of his son that the climax is brought about, "the gigantic lie" is shattered, and Ivan Iliitch solves, as far as in this world it can be solved, the problem of life:

It was at the end of the third day, an hour before the death agony commenced. At that moment the little collegian stole into his father's room and came up to his bedside. The dying man was still groaning and tossing his arms about wildly. His hand came in contact with his son's head. The little collegian seized hold of it, carried it to his lips, and burst into tears.

This was at the very moment when Ivan Iliitch suddenly understood that his life had not been what it ought to have been, but that there was yet time to redeem it. It was at the instant when he asked himself—"What! That?" and grew silent. It was then that he felt his hand kissed. He opened his eyes and saw his son. He felt sorry for him. His wife drew near too, and he glanced out at her. She was gazing at him open-mouthed in despair, with tears trickling down her nose and cheeks. He was sorry for her also.

"Yes, I am tormenting them," he thought. "They are sorry for me, but it will be the best thing for them that I should die."

He wished that he could explain this to them, but he had no strength left to do it.

"After all, what is the use of talking? action is what is needed," he thought.

He pointed out his son to his wife by the direction of his eyes, and said: "Amen! I am sorry—and for you too."

He meant to add *prosti!* (forgive!), but he said *propousti!* (let be!), and having no strength left.

In this passage is brought out the fact that beneath the primary theme of self-deception is another and perhaps equally as important a one; or rather it is a part of, we may even say one with, the first—like the air in a piece of music being repeated in the bass, and this is that the root, the source, the fountain-head of all self-deception is selfishness. When the dying man at last awakes to the fact that his life has not been what it should, he is "sorry," he "forgives." One ought not to omit to observe also the significant point that his mind was prepared for the recep-

tion of this truth, not by a religious ceremony (although extreme unction was administered shortly before), but by an unselfish act.

It is worth remarking, by the way, that there is an entire absence of religious teaching in the story. Although it represents modern Russian life, although it contains numerous references to religious observances, although in fact we are told that "duty for Iliitch meant whatever was required by his hierarchical superiors,"¹¹ not one word is said of the relation of religion to conduct, to "the idea of life," that life which was such an enigma to the man forced to face the necessity of relinquishing it; scarce one word is said of an existence after death—the thought so prominent in the "soliloquy" of "Hamlet." Those who know something of Count Tolstoi's life and opinions will not need to be told how to interpret this omission of the bearing of religion (in its narrower significations) upon the questions which so troubled poor Ivan Iliitch. Nor need they be told that the work nevertheless conveys a deep moral lesson—Count Tolstoi is true to that just maxim of Goethe's, that although the artist will not set out with an avowed moral aim, yet all great artistic work of necessity yields a moral influence.¹²

On the whole there is more in this little book of Count Tolstoi's of less than three score pages than perhaps many of its readers think for. It sets out to tell a "story as simple, as commonplace, and also as terrible as possible,"¹³ it succeeds in touching some of the profoundest of the "issues of life and death." To be appreciated it must be read in its entirety, for its author is one of those who "out of a great mass of small details carefully compose an admirable picture. Once begin to suppress details and the picture gradually fades away."

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

MY CHOICE.

I LOOKED in the face of the world at morn
And studied my heart thro' line and ray;
For I knew that the years I had left behind
Would bind my soul to each future day.
And I built an altar of brighter hope
To be fed by a flame of ardent prayer,
That life and labour and all things transient
Should serve at the throne of eternal care.

For things divine have a passing sweetness
Within the temple where pilgrims kneel,
And the victor's prize is a meed of honour
For the knights of battle who never reel:
And so begirt with the sword of warfare
I set my heart to the trumpet's blast,—
My choice was war—for peace comes never
Till hush'd is bugle and life is past.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

APPRECIATIONS.*

WELCOME as any book from the pen of Mr. Pater must necessarily be, there is a sense in which this special volume comes as a disappointment, because it supplants another volume of still larger promise—the collection of those studies in art criticism of which the memorable essay on "Giorgione and his School" is perhaps the most noteworthy and significant. Indeed, this latest work adds another reason to the many reasons which at present exist for regretting that the essay just named has not been reprinted from the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* in a permanent form, inasmuch as it presents and enforces a truth that is complementary to a no less important truth expounded in the essay on "Style," to which in this volume the place of honour is appropriately given. In "Giorgione and his School" Mr. Pater expounded with singular lucidity and charm the doctrine, first explicitly formulated by Lessing, that each artistic vehicle has its own possibilities, conditions, and limitations, and that artistic success will depend largely upon the extent to which these possibilities, conditions, and limitations are, consciously or unconsciously, recognised by the artist. There cannot, for example, be any doubt that if a musician, a poet, or a sculptor aims at pictorial effects—that is, effects which can be fully produced only in the representation of objects by outline and colour—he will not only fail in the impossible task which he attempts, but will also fail in the possible and legitimate task of making his own special vehicle in the highest degree expressive of those ideas to the embodiment of which that vehicle specially lends itself. This is absolutely true, but it is also true that in the domain of art there are no hard and fast lines, that the artist is preeminently the man who achieves most triumphantly when under the guidance, not of the letter but of the spirit, and that there is nothing more dangerous to artistic vitality than the prosaic, systematising instinct which transforms living principles into mechanical rules. It is to one special application of this truth that Mr.

¹¹ Chap. ii.

¹² "Dem: ein gutes Kunstwerk kann und wird zwar moralische Folgen haben, aber moralische Zwecke Künstler fordern, heisst ihm sein Handwerk verderben." "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Bk. xii.

¹³ Chap. ii.

¹⁴ W. R. T. Ralston. *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1879.

* "Appreciations, with an Essay on Style." By Walter Pater. London: Macmillan and Co.

Pater's essay on "Style" is largely devoted. About half-a-century ago certain writers of prose betrayed a tendency, and something more than a tendency, to import into the literary form of prose not merely the phraseology but even the special cadences which had aforesaid been exclusively employed in the literary form of verse; and many critics seemed to think that they had discovered material for eulogy when they were able to point out in the books of a prose writer like Charles Dickens certain passages which lent themselves to strict metrical scansion. This confusing of the boundaries of the two forms could not long escape criticism from those who were anxious for the maintenance of the true traditions of literary art, and a natural re-action set in—a re-action which Mr. Pater evidently thinks has passed, or is in danger of passing, its legitimate limits. There is much more in the essay on "Style" than this protest against a special narrowness of criticism; so much more, indeed, that to many it may not seem the most important feature of the paper. Perhaps it is not so, but to those who have familiarised themselves with the leading ideas in Mr. Pater's contribution to the criticism of his time it must needs be specially interesting; and it is hardly too much to say that any reader who will study the present essay in connection with that other essay to which reference has more than once been made will be in possession of a set of principles calculated to preserve him from going seriously astray in the domain of the larger criticism. The exclusion which has been regretted is of course due to the fact that the contents of this volume are wholly literary, consisting of critical estimates, or—to use the author's happily chosen word—"appreciations" of such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dante Rossetti, and of such contributions to literature as "Love's Labour's Lost," "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare's portraits of the English kings, and the contemporary school of "Æsthetic Poetry." Most, if not all, of these studies have been previously published, either in the *Fortnightly Review* or in Professor Ward's "English Poets," but the first portion of the essay on Coleridge, which deals with his work as a philosophical thinker, is entirely new, and so are the singularly luminous closing pages, which are simply entitled "Postscript." This last paper is peculiarly valuable and attractive, as providing the most lucid and satisfying definition yet given by any English writer of the words "classical" and "romantic"—words which have become absolutely necessary to the critic, but which are often used so loosely, so indeterminately, and with such variety of application, as to be confusing rather than practically helpful. This essay covers too much ground to be traversed in a brief notice; but its central idea is expressed in the sentences in which Mr. Pater declares that "in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else;" while, on the other hand, "it is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and, the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organisation, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire for beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." Where all that is involved in these definitions is fully and truly seen—and it cannot fail to be so seen by any attentive student of Mr. Pater's essays—the reader is put into possession of something more than a mere definition. He is not merely helped to an understanding of the words themselves, but of the instincts and tendencies to which the words simply give a name, and which, in the absence of any name, are clearly recognisable in art. The antagonism between classicism and romanticism is only the form taken in the world of art by the familiar antagonism between conservatism and liberalism in the world of practical life, between the lovers of the familiar and the lovers of the strange, between those who live in the past and those who live in the future. Each tendency has its special qualities, each has its special defects, "and if," says Mr. Pater in an admirably illustrative sentence, "I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity [i. e., love for the strange and new], so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and in coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire for beauty." Of the essays which fill the larger portion of the volume it is unnecessary to speak at length, as they were on their first appearance so widely read by Mr. Pater's admirers. Even in dealing with men and books concerning which it seems all but impossible to say anything new, a fine freshness is given by an arresting intimacy and exquisiteness of treatment which brings into view hitherto invisible *nuances* of literary character. Specially penetrating are the remarks on language and its forms scattered up and down the various essays, as, for example, this concerning Wordsworth—"With him, metre is but an additional grace, accessory to that deeper music of words and sounds, that moving power which they exercise in the nobler prose no less than in formal poetry;" or the fine "appreciation" of Sir Thomas Browne in the remark that there is "in his manner of conceiving things something not wholly analysable, something that may properly be called genius, which shapes his use of common words to stronger and deeper senses in a way unusual in prose writing." There are, however, scores of such felicities, for the book proves again, what has often been proved before, that Mr. Pater has something to give us which we can get from no one else.—*Examiner*.

⁶ Diminutive of Ivan.
⁷ Diminutives of Mikhail and Vladimir.
⁸ Chap. vii.
⁹ Preface to "Poems."
¹⁰ Chap. xii.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

ON the 26th to the 28th of December the Geological Society of America, which was definitely organized in Toronto in August last, during the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held its first annual meeting in the American Museum of Natural History in New York city.

The society consists exclusively of teaching and working geologists resident in North America, and includes in its list of members some of the most eminent scientists on the continent. Among those present were Professor J. D. Dana, of New Haven, Conn.; Prof. J. S. Newbury, of New York city; Prof. James Hall, of Albany, N.Y.; President Chamberlain, of Madison, Wisconsin; N. S. Shaler, of Boston, Mass.; A. S. Bickmore, of New York city; Prof. H. S. Williams, of Ithaca, N.Y.; Dr. G. H. Williams, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. A. Winchell, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Messrs. G. K. Gilbert, W. J. McGee, Lester F. Ward, Arnold Hague, and a number of others from Washington, D.C.; while Canada was represented by Mr. F. D. Adams, of McGill University, Montreal, and Dr. A. C. Lawson and Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of the Dominion Geological Survey at Ottawa.

The programme of the meeting consisted first of the election of officers for the ensuing year, Prof. J. D. Dana, the veteran editor of the *American Journal of Science* and the well-known author of various text books on geology and mineralogy, being chosen president, and Dr. G. M. Dawson, one of the assistant directors of the Geological Survey of Canada, though not personally present, was placed on the council.

Prof. James Hall, of Albany, the retiring president, delivered an opening address, giving an account of the birth of the science of geology on this continent, and making especial mention of Sir Wm. Logan and E. Billings as among the foremost scientists of their day.

The papers offered were between forty and fifty in number, and out of these eight were by Canadians, while four others dealt more or less entirely with Canadian subjects.

The former, taking them in the order in which they appear on the programmes of the day were as follows:

"On Glacial Phenomena in Canada," by Robert Bell, LL.D., Ottawa. This was delayed in the mails, and had not been received when the meeting closed.

"On the Pre-palaeozoic Surface of the Archaean Terranes of Canada," by A. C. Lawson, M.A., Ph.D., Ottawa. Evidence was brought to show that the Archaean in Canada was not much rotted in pre-glacial times, and that its surface had generally the same contour before the passing over it of the continental glacier, and was much the same as it presents at present.

"Glacial Features of Parts of the Yukon and Mackenzie Basins," by R. S. McConnell, B.A., Ottawa. This paper discusses the character of Great Slave Lake, the former north-western movement of glacial ice in the Valley of the Mackenzie to beyond the Arctic Circle, and the absence of signs of former glaciation west of the continental divide in the valleys of the Porcupine and Lower Yukon rivers.

"Post-Tertiary Deposits of Manitoba and the adjoining Territories of North-Western Canada," by J. B. Tyrrell, M.A., B.Sc., Ottawa. Gave an account of the character of the drift deposits in Manitoba and the Territories, of the driftless area along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and of some of the great lakes that have occupied portions of the plains since the retreat of the continental glacier. The question was also discussed as to the direction of flow of the glaciers across the plains.

"The Stratigraphy of the Quebec Group," by R. W. Ellis, LL.D., Ottawa. Read in abstract. Defined definitely the relative position of the Levis and Sillery beds.

"The Internal Relations and Taxonomy of the Archaean of Central Canada," by A. C. Lawson, M.A., Ph.D., Ottawa. An abstract was given, showing that north-west of Lake Superior the granitoid gneisses are eruptive rocks underlying altered schists and conglomerates.

"On the Pleistocene Flora of Canada," by Sir Wm. Dawson and D. P. Penhallow, Montreal. Read in abstract. This is a review of all the plant remains at present known in Canada from glacial, inter-glacial or immediately post-glacial deposits.

"On Pot-holes north of Lake Superior unconnected with existing streams," by Peter McKellar, Port Arthur. Read by title.

The four papers by residents of the United States, dealing with Canadian subjects, are:—

"A Moraine of Retrocession in Ontario," by G. Frederick Wright. Defined the morainic character of the Oak Ridges north of Toronto.

"Illustrations of the Glaciers of the Selkirk Mountains and Alaska," by A. S. Bickmon. Gave some beautiful stereopticon views of existing glaciers in the Selkirks near the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"The Fjords and Great Lake Basins of North America," etc., by Warren Upham. Discusses the age of the gorge of the Sagenay.

"Remarks on the Surface Geology of Alaska," by J. C. Russell. Remarks on the absence of glaciation on some portions of the Yukon valley lying in Canadian territory.

ONCE on a time the world was pink,
There was neither snow nor rain;
When dollies broke arms or legs, just think,
They grew of themselves again.

EXTRACTS FROM "MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

PLEASED WITH LIFE.

IN a word, everything agreeable in life pleases me; I find everything agreeable; and while I ask for happiness I find myself happy in being miserable; my body suffers and cries out, but something within me, above me, rejoices at everything. It is not that I prefer tears to joy, but far from cursing life in my moments of despair, I bless it; I say to myself that I am unhappy, I pity myself, but I find life so beautiful that everything seems to me beautiful, and I feel I must live! Apparently this *some one* who is above me, who rejoices at so much weeping, has gone out this evening, for I feel very unhappy.

MAKING ONE'S-SELF SCARCE.

We should never give too much of our society even to those who love us. It is well not to stay too long in any company so as to leave regrets and illusions behind us when we depart. One will thus appear to better advantage, and seem to be worth more. People will then desire to see you return; but do not gratify that desire immediately; make them wait for you, but not too long, however. Anything that costs too much loses by the difficulty with which it is obtained. Something better was anticipated. Or, on the other hand, make them wait a very long time for you—then you will be a queen.

WHY SHE PRAISED HERSELF.

My hair, fastened in a Pysche knot, is redder than ever. In a woollen gown of peculiar white, well-fitting and graceful, and a lace handkerchief around my neck, I look like one of the portraits of the First Empire; in order to make the picture complete I should be seated under a tree, holding a book in my hand. I love to be alone before a looking-glass, and admire my hands, so fine and white, and faintly rosy in the palms.

Perhaps it is stupid to praise one's-self in this way, but people who write always describe their heroines, and I am my heroine. And it would be ridiculous for me to lower or belittle myself through false modesty. One makes little of one's-self in conversation, because one is sure of being contradicted, but if I were to do so in writing, everyone would believe I was speaking the truth, and that I was ugly and stupid, and that would be absurd!

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Every evening on going to bed I recited in my mind the following supplementary prayer:

"My God, grant that I may never have the small-pox; that I may grow up pretty; that I may have a beautiful voice; that I may be happily married; and that mamma may live for a long time to come!"

A CYNIC AT FIFTEEN.

The day will doubtless come when I shall think I have found a man, but, if so, I shall deceive myself wofully. I can very well foresee that day; I shall then be blind. I say this now while I can see clearly. But in that case why live; since there is nothing but meanness and wickedness in the world? Why? Because I am reconciled to the knowledge that this is so; because, whatever people may say, life is very beautiful. And because, if one does not analyze too deeply, one may live happily. To count neither on friendship nor gratitude, nor loyalty nor honesty; to elevate one's-self courageously above the meannesses of humanity, and take one's stand between them and God; to get all one can out of life, and that quickly; to do no injury to one's fellow-beings; to make one's life luxurious and magnificent; to be independent, so far as it be possible, of others; to possess power!—yes, power!—no matter by what means!—this is to be feared and respected; this is to be strong, and that is the height of human felicity, because one's fellow-beings are then muzzled, and either through cowardice or for other reasons will not seek to tear one to pieces.

Is it not strange to hear me reason in this way? Yes, but this manner of reasoning in a young creature like me is but another proof of how bad the world is; it must be thoroughly saturated with wickedness to have so saddened me in so short a time. I am only fifteen!

A THOROUGHGOING ARISTOCRAT.

As for me I am an aristocrat; I prefer a ruined gentleman to a rich *bourgeois*. I find a greater charm in old satin, or in the gilding, blackened by time, of old-fashioned columns and ornaments, than in rich and tasteless furniture that obtrudes itself upon the eye. A true gentleman will not base his pride on having shining boots and well-fitting gloves. Not that one should be careless as to one's appearance, no; but between the carelessness of the nobleman and the carelessness of the plebeian there is such a difference.

AN ORIGINAL COMPARISON.

At noon to-day we set out for Pompeii; we are to make the journey in a carriage, as we pass through a beautiful country and can thus enjoy the view of Vesuvius and of the cities of Castellamare and Sorrento.

I overheard mamma speaking of marriage.

"Woman is made to suffer," she said, "even if she has the best of husbands."

"Woman before marriage," I said, "is Pompeii before the eruption; and woman-after marriage is Pompeii after the eruption."

It may be that I am right!

THE GRAVEN IMAGE.

Say what you will, there is in man a certain leaning toward idolatry—a necessity for experiencing physical

sensations. God, in His simple grandeur, is not enough. One must have images to look at and crosses to kiss. Last night I counted the beads on the rosary; there were sixty, and I prostrated myself sixty times on the ground, touching the floor with my forehead each time I did so. I was quite out of breath when it was over, but I thought I had performed an act agreeable in the sight of God. It was no doubt absurd, but the intention was there. Does God take intentions into account? Ah, but I have here the New Testament. Let me see! As I could not find the good book I read Dumas instead. It is not quite the same thing.

THE TRANSFERENCE OF LOVE.

In regard to the transference of love, all I possess at present is concentrated on Victor, one of my dogs. I breakfast with him sitting opposite to me, his fine, large head resting on the table. Let us love dogs; let us love only dogs. Men and cats are unworthy creatures. And yet a dog is a filthy animal! He looks at you with hungry eyes while you eat; he follows you about for the sake of his dinner. Still I never feed my dogs and they love me, and Prater, through jealousy of Victor, has left me and gone over to mamma! And men—do not they ask to be fed? Are not they voracious and mercenary?—From the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*.

HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE.

MR. LANG lectured on this subject before the Council of the College for Men and Women. He who would fail in literature must (according to Mr. Lang) begin early, and neglect his education. He must neither read nor observe life and character. Then, when he comes to write, he must write illegibly—a help to failure which is often overlooked. Few need to be warned against having their manuscripts type-written; this, however, must be scrupulously avoided by anyone who has really set his heart upon failure. No knowledge comes amiss to the man of letters; therefore, the would-be failure should sedulously abstain from reading Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Gibbon, and other English and foreign classics. He should, moreover, be reckless as to grammar, and place his adverbs between the "to" and the verb of the infinitive. For example, he should say: "Hubert's idea was to energetically and on all possible occasions oppose any attempt to entangle him with such." Let him be careful always to use "such" as a pronoun. He cannot be too obscure, too unnatural, too involved, and too commonplace. So far manner or style; Mr. Lang next considered matter. The man who would fail could not begin better than by having nothing in the world to say. He must not, like M. Alphonse Daudet, carry a note-book about with him, or follow the advice of Mr. Walter Besant in noticing every peculiarity of the people he meets. This would give him ideas, and these he does not want. He would do well by beginning with the writing of verses, because verses are the very last things which people want to read. Mr. Lang then went on to point out the kind of verse which the young author bent on failure would probably produce. Such verse is written in various manners, all of which are founded upon those of the bright lyrists whose works appear in the corners of the cheapest journals. There is, for example, the "consumptive manner." Failure might be assured by travelling in this direction, and (added Mr. Lang, with a strange disregard of tautology) "it is an extremely easy and facile descent." Here is a specimen of the "consumptive manner" as "knocked off" by Mr. Lang for the occasion:—

ONLY.

Only a spark of the ember,
Only a leaf on the tree,
Only the days we remember,
Only the days without thee!

Only the flowers that thou
worest,
Only the book that we read,

Only that night in the forest,
Only a dream of the dead.

Only the truth that was broken,
Only the heart that was lonely,
Only the sign and the token,
That sighing on the saying of
only.

The next little poem which Mr. Lang read was a clever combination of several manners, and was so composite that he found it difficult to place it in any particular category. Therefore he entitled it

NO NAME.

In the slumber of the winter, in the secret of the snow,
What is the voice that is crying out of the long ago?
When the accents of the children are hushed upon the stairs,
When the poor forgets his troubles, and the rich forgets his cares.

Or if you wish to be satirical, you may say:—

—and the rich forgets his shares,
What is the silent whisper that echoes in the room
When the days are full of darkness and the night is hushed in
gloom?
'Tis the voice of the departed who will never come again.
Who have left the weary tumult and the struggle and the pain.

Or you may say:—

—and the agony of men,
And my heart makes heavy answer to the voice that comes no more,
To the whisper that is welling from a far-off golden shore.

Two other sorts of verse—verse which courts failure—were instanced by Mr. Lang: the Grosvenor Gallery style:—

When the summer night is dim, hushed the loud chrysanthemum—
Sister sleep.
Etc., etc., *ad lib*.

And the sonnet. The man who wished to fail might also imitate popular poets such as Tennyson, Swinburne, Ros-

setti, and Dobson; though why Mr. Lang should be so hard upon imitation it is difficult to understand, since, as Mr. Dobson somewhere remarks—

The man who plants cabbages imitates, too.

And why not the would-be poet? Mr. Lang, however, is of opinion that imitation spells ruin to the imitator, while it brings the author imitated into popular contempt.

The lecturer was very severe upon the authors who hash up old incidents, characters, and situations. "We all know the lively large family," said he—"all very untidy, slipshod, and humorous; all poor; all wearing each other's boots and each other's gloves, and making their dresses out of bedroom curtains, and marrying rich men and sitting on walls with their legs hanging over. Believe me, these things all rush down the easy descent of failure." Then he went on to say that all the poets who have yet appeared in novels have been the most beautiful and basest of their species, and that all have been descendants of Elsie Vavasour in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." He wished somebody—Mr. Besant, for example—would introduce into one of his novels a poet who was honest and who was true to the lady of his heart. Mr. Lang might have remembered that Mr. Besant has already done this in the character of Allan Engledew in "All in a Garden Fair." Allen is not handsome—though he has an interesting face—he is certainly honest as the day, and he is true to the lady of his heart, and makes her as happy as a poet's wife can ever be. Having relieved his soul of these remarks as to style and matter—and having solemnly warned his hearers against laying the scene of a novel in Italy or the Riviera—Mr. Lang proceeded to give some more general counsels. On finishing his book the man who wanted to fail should send the rough manuscript direct to his publisher. It would disgust the publisher's readers, and it might get lost altogether, in which case his failure could not be more complete. Much might also be done by asking for introductions to publishers or editors—neither of whom want introductions but good books. This is the sort of letter Mr. Lang imagines might be written by an irate author under such circumstances:—"Dear Brown,—A wretched creature who knows my great-aunt asks me to recommend his rubbish to you. I send it by to-day's post, and wish you joy of it."

Other people when they got their book published wrote to reviewers, which caused said reviewers to wish their correspondent at "Inkyburn"—a place situated, according to Scotch geographers, three miles on the other side of Hades. Some men re-wrote their books on the spare sheets—an inconvenient and expensive process; others sent in Christmas stories to magazines at the beginning of December. Others, again, insisted on seeing the editor, and would not be content with stating their business in a letter. This, Mr. Lang, as editor, strongly recommended to the person who wished to fail; though he is of opinion that when the writer is young and beautiful the interview may not be altogether a bad move.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD IN SEASON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Before the pictures at present upon exhibition in the new Art Gallery are sent back whence they came, lovers of art in Toronto should certainly not fail to see them. Much has been said by the daily press in their favour, but I venture to think that nothing has been said just in the right way, just in the way to make people go, give up something else, a matinee, or social engagement, lunch-party, kettle-drum, and so forth, in order to find time to see them. This is a great pity, since these pictures—some of them—are so remarkable, that not alone one but several visits are necessary in order to appreciate them properly.

In the first place, the new Art Gallery is a charming room, lofty, well-lighted and handsomely decorated, though the sooner a pair of magenta curtains that hang at present upon a terra-cotta wall are taken down, the better. The collection now on hand is a very large one, but fortunately contains few absolutely bad pictures. But at once upon entering the room you are struck with the large canvases, one of which is weird, spectral, almost Turnerian in style. Driving through the white and green of water, you become conscious of the gigantic outline of a boat bearing down upon you, as it seems, for it is painted the proper size, and the whole effect is dark, forcible and tragic. Then, as the eyes become accustomed to the surroundings, a spot in the water is observed, the head of a drowning child, and above it are the fixed yet anxious faces of the mariners, slowing up trying to keep her (their boat) back, meaning to rescue the boy as they drive past him. The conception of this truly great and remarkable picture is new and striking in the extreme, and in execution there is little to be desired. Here is—you feel it at once—a true presentation of nature in a grand aspect of one side, the monotonous yet dangerous life of those who go down to the sea in ships. And this picture is the work of a Canadian.

Passing on, the largest canvas in the collection representing a group of emigrants about embarking from Havre for the New World, strikes the eye and holds the imagination at once and for a long season. The figures are life-size, superbly-painted—flesh, dress, eyes, everything. A slip of a yellow-haired girl, a Swede or Norwegian, stands arrayed in faded pink print. Her right sleeve has been

patched—look, the patch is new and bright. Her eyelashes are yellow too; she is the bright spot in the picture. Her mother, engaged in nursing the youngest-born, presses the breast back with her thumb; the action is true, motherly, and that of a working-woman. Opposite this large but doubtless contented and resigned family, happy in each other and absorbed in busy cares, sits a man in the very jaws of grief and illness, attended by his daughter, a slim child clad in black, looking across at the motherly lass in pink hushing her young sister or brother to sleep. The human interest is tremendous. Loneliness and bereavement are written in this man's face, and in his daughter's delicate profile. If he dies, what will become of her? You cannot help fancying that she will become friends with the Norwegian family, and that perhaps the clear air of the New World will restore her father to his normal health. The group of men in the middle is easy, picturesque and dramatic. The foreshortened crowd brings up the rear, and then you have the busy dockmen, and the rumble and tumble of luggage, and the clear outlines of the steamer, looking as long and as distinct as a real steamer would do. The hope that lives in that word—emigration; the despair of it; the horror of it; the fear of it; the beauty of it; the saving grace of it—all are expressed in this wonderful picture. The painter is A. P. Dawart, and the canvas from the Paris Salon of 1888.

The third wonderful work is *La Popotte*, "Soldier's Meal," by P. Grolleron, from the Paris Salon of 1887. The harmony of soft greys strikes the eye at once; likewise, the unusual angle at which the house and offices stand. All temptations to crude colour have been withstood. The uniforms are quiet, the countenances earnest; one soldier cuts a pale green cabbage, deliciously painted; another sits surrounded by tins and saucepans, the hues and light of which are entrancing. This picture alone would refute all charges levied against the so-called slashiness and sketchiness of the Russian School. It is Pre-Raphaelitism itself.

One example of the Russian School strikes one very forcibly. The scene is both cold and warm: cold in the snows that crown, warm in the red sunshine that gilds the foreign roofs of a wild semi-barbarous town. Here the figures are small, but carefully finished—witness the gemmed straps that ornament the coat of the champion in the middle of the ring, and the face of the woman who is endeavouring to restrain her husband or lover from engaging in the contest. The novelty of the subject and the lurid local colour make this picture intensely interesting especially in the light of the curiosity shown at the present time with regard to all that is Russian. We are told it took a gold medal at St. Petersburg.

These four pictures are worth the price of admission, but they do not comprise all that is notable in the collection. Many of the American pictures are well executed and well thought-out; notably, two or three by Charles Warren Eaton, Chester Loomis, Ryder, Rehm, Trenchard and Emily Peck.

And in the Canadian exhibit, there is Mr. Reid's work. It is useless to disguise the fact that his subjects are not Canadian, but for all that he is our coming artist. After all it doesn't so much matter what a man paints as the manner in which he paints, and surely Mr. Reid's style, though not, say the critics, original, is at least correct and graphic.

Must nobody paint unless he can grasp and create an original style of his own? This would be nonsense, for an original painter arises about once in fifty years. Mr. Reid's pictures are perhaps unequal in merit, but they are wonderfully varied, well-executed, and deserve a great deal more attention than as yet they have received in Toronto. Mrs. Mary Hester Reid and Mr. Harris come next, then Mr. Bruneh, and there are a few isolated canvases by Miss Tully, Cox and Brymner, that promise well.

As for the Canadian and British Columbian landscapes, the less said about them the better. The delicate touch of Mr. O'Brien is absent, and the immensities of our Western scenery require even more than a delicate touch—genius alone can give them proper local habitation and a name.

Taking the exhibition as a whole, every cultivated person in Toronto should go and see it. In a few weeks the foreign pictures will have been removed, and it is at the present moment a disgrace to an art-loving community that they are allowed to waste their sweetness and power upon alien air unappreciated. SIMPLON.

THE MANITOBA ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—If you will read carefully sections one and two of the Manitoba Act, and particularly the last two lines of section two, the difficulty as to the words "province" and "union," if difficulty there was, will disappear. The non-legal mind is apt to consider only one side of a question. You appear to forget that the Manitoba Act is of the nature of a treaty or contract, and that there are at least two sides to it. You have argued it from one side. Such a treaty or contract having once been deliberately entered into cannot honestly be altered except with the consent of both parties.

Mr. McCarthy is undoubtedly an able lawyer, but it is the general impression that for once at least he has allowed prejudice to run away with his law. Section ninety-three of the B. N. A. Act has not escaped the notice of either party in Manitoba, but as it does not admit of any disagreement it is not often referred to.

Your answer to what you are pleased to call my "higher arguments" may be stated shortly as follows: *First*, Catholic parents would, if left to their own choice, free from clerical pressure, wish for public schools; and in such case would derive benefit therefrom. *Second*, That compulsory education is a duty that the State owes to itself and to the citizens who compose it.

And so, Mr. Editor, you would have the government take a hand in helping the opponents of the Catholic Church to free the poor Catholics from clerical influence. You practically say that if the government will by Act of Parliament make Protestants out of Catholic parents then they will derive a benefit from public schools. I don't think I need say more on the first point, your answer completely answers itself.

If there is such a duty imposed upon the State with regard to compulsory education the duty must, in a Christian State, be exercised with regard to the laws of God, and subject to any duty cast upon the parent by these laws. Can the State absolve the parent from that awful responsibility which God has cast upon him to be answerable for the soul of his child? And, if it cannot, what right has the State to interfere with the education of the child by that parent according to his conscientious convictions?

That governments find it difficult to carry out the compulsory principle of education under any but a public school system is no justification for interfering with the conscience of the parent. Your argument on the conscience clause is not in point. All parties object to schools in which there are no religious exercises; and as far as the child whose parents object to, and who consequently does not attend at, the religious exercises is concerned, the school would be a godless school.

L. G. McPHILLIPS.

THE DECAY OF INDUSTRIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In a former letter I ventured to call attention to Mr. Moberly's remarkable statement that New England's industries were decaying, her factories deserted, etc. I supposed at the time that his language was only an example of the mild hyperbole in which certain Canadians who plume themselves on their ultra-loyalty delight to indulge when speaking of this country. But, from his reply in THE WEEK, I judge that he really believes, in all seriousness, that New England is in a very bad way indeed. Lisbon, after the great earthquake of 1755, the valley of the Shenandoah after it had been swept by Sheridan's besom and whirlwind of destruction, Germany after the Hundred Years' War, the departed glories of ancient Babylon, Macaulay's New Zealander sitting amidst a vast solitude on a broken arch of London Bridge are some of the historic parallels of the picture presented to the mind by the gorgeous imagery in which the decadence of New England is depicted. It occurs to the matter of fact reader to inquire when Mr. Moberly last visited the ruins of Boston or the "deserted factories" and "ruined foundries" of Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Pawtucket, and New England's hundred other cities?

In support of his theory as to the condition of the New England States, he declares that the government of these New England States had appointed a commission "to visit important centres, and seek out the causes of manufacturing and commercial depression." This would be pertinent, if true, but as no one in this country, so far as I am aware, has ever heard anything whatever of such a commission, therefore, if Mr. Moberly would not think it an impertinence, I should like to inquire when the commission was appointed, what important centres it has visited, and whether or not it has reported? Neither has anyone over here even so much as heard of the government of New England, which, I understand him to say, appointed the commission. Each State has a government, and all the States have a government, but what and where is the government of New England? Here is a great opportunity for Mr. Moberly to enlighten the people of this country upon the important subject on which he appears to have exclusive information.

Just what bearing the fact, as alleged in his reply, that certain farms in Wisconsin are "almost without fences," or that the farms of the United States are mortgaged for more than \$9,000,000,000, or that Canada has increased in population more rapidly since 1810 than the United States (!) has upon the matter under discussion, Mr. Moberly does not indicate. To the reader left to make his own application, it sounds very like what Shakespeare calls "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Mr. Moberly says: "Mr. Raney's ingenious suggestions as to what he thinks are the probable causes of the 'decaying industries' of New England . . . can no more stay the inflowing tide of manufacturing decay and commercial disaster," etc. So far from assigning any cause, probable or otherwise, for the "decaying industries" of New England, I thought I had denied flatly and emphatically that there were any decaying industries. If Mr. Moberly is trying to establish a reputation as a hyperbolic humourist, it must be admitted that he appears to be "succeeding fairly well."

In his concluding paragraph with considerable dramatic fire if there are not "hundreds, nay thousands of natives of the United States permanently and prosperously settled in Canada?" Aye, my dear sir. But there are hundreds of thousands of natives of Canada who are permanently and more or less prosperously settled in the United States.

A hundred Canadians quit Canada for the United States for every American that emigrates to Canada. This ratio ought evidently to be reversed. Canada, the greater half of the Continent, with the most magnificent natural resources in the world, has only about 5,000,000 people, while the United States has 65,000,000. Thus this country is thirteen times more densely populated than Canada, and yet the balance of migration between them is one hundred to one against Canada. As a Canadian I regret this state of things as much, I hope, as Mr. Moberly, or anyone else; but to affect to close my eyes to the fact would not alter it, and to deny that it exists would simply prove my ignorance. The man who really wishes Canada well will not try to hide the truth about this matter, but will set about to discover the cause, and having done that, will then look for a remedy. This philosophy is as good in politics and economics as physicians know it to be in therapeutics.

Finally, Mr. Moberly inquires if I think "there is a Canadian so bereft of his senses as to leave Canada to attempt to reanimate a 'decaying industry,' to occupy a 'deserted factory,' to rebuild a 'ruined foundry,' to purchase a 'shrunken farm,' or to dispute the 'loss in population' of the New England States." The Canadians who come to New England may be bereft of their senses. On that point, modesty on the one hand, and self-respect on the other, will not permit me to express an opinion. But if so, a great many people have been bereaved. In more than one New England city half the population is of Canadian birth or parentage. There are among them thousands of natives of the Maritime Provinces. According to *La Guide Français de Nouvelle Angleterre* of 1887, there were then 279,540 French Canadians in these States, and the new French directory, which will soon be issued, will show a large increase over these figures. The important thing about the immigration, so far as it concerns the matter in hand, is not so much the motives which induce Canadians to come here, as the fact that they do come.

In conclusion, I should like to remind Mr. Moberly of what Boswell makes George the Third, who was not always so wise, say to Dr. Johnson: "Why, truly," said the King, "when once it comes to calling names, agreement is pretty well at an end."

Saco, Me., Dec. 23.

W. E. RANEY.

ART NOTES.

As a memento of the Glasgow Exhibition, a fine work called "A Century of Artists" has been published, dealing with the lives and works of the principal painters represented in the Exhibition. The biographies are written by W. E. Henley; the reproductions in etchings and woodcuts are by W. H. Hole, W. Strang and F. Huth.

CHARLES LOUIS NERBOECKHOVEN, the brother of the celebrated Eugene, the animal painter, is dead. His success was principally in dealing with coast scenery. His pictures are to be found in the museums of Antwerp, Haarlem and Courtrai. Lucien Mélingue, the French landscape painter, and the Russian painter, Villiers de Lisle-Adam, have both died during the past month.

THE *Portfolio* for December contains well illustrated articles on "Westminster Abbey" and "Gardening," the latter giving a very good drawing of the old-fashioned Dutch garden, together with some fine views of more modern English styles. In the same number is an excellent etching giving a wonderfully truthful rendering of the light sunset sky, after one of Copley Fielding's water-colours.

THE fine water-colour drawings by Copley Fielding in the South Kensington Museum are fading very much, especially in the blue of the skies. Many pictures of Turner's and Reynolds' in oil, and of David Cox in water-colour, have deteriorated very much by alterations taking place in the relative strength of the colours. There is less excuse for artists of to-day, as the chemistry of colouring matters is better known.

THE second Exhibition of Pastels, at the Grosvenor Gallery, is open, but is by no means equal to that of last year. This material seems to have no permanent hold of the artistic public mind as a vehicle for pictorial effects, though efforts are every now and then made to bring it into rivalry with oil and water-colour. Pastel is suitable for getting hasty effects in colour, such as sketches of rapidly changing sunset skies. It has neither the richness of oil or the luminosity of water-colour. The finished drawing in this material is easily injured unless it is set, which process very much deteriorates its effect.

THE exhibition of sketches and studies opened last month in the rooms of the English Fine Art Society, London, has been a great success, so many people being always interested in seeing how great artists plan and carry out their works. It appears by this exhibition that Burne Jones makes very elaborate studies of everything that goes to make up his pictures—hands, feet, draperies, even plants for the foreground, all are carefully and separately studied and finished before the picture is commenced. So with Sir F. Leighton, who makes repeated studies of his figures and draperies separately in black and white. Alma Tadema, J. F. Walter, Poynter and W. B. Richmond have each careful studies in this exhibition of well-known pictures, whose *modus operandi* the public can now study.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Kendal engagement has naturally been the theme of the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal certainly came to us well-heralded by the American press and displayed a business acumen foreign to our ideas of the proverbial slowness of the British. Mrs. Kendal in particular, with her dresses specially ordered for the tour, her three maids, her well-thought-out schemes for preserving the complexion, the hair and the gayety of youth, her patented fan and lamp, her ideas as to simplicity and directness in her art, and her charming devotion to her husband and family, has been well served up in the daily papers, with and without the interviewer. For ourselves, we admit that all this is most interesting and improving, but that it does not make for art. If Mrs. Kendal had to be interviewed, we should have preferred to have had some of her early reminiscences, struggles, ambitions and successes, her anecdotes of her brother, Tom Robertson of justly-celebrated fame, her views of the profession as an actress and not so much as merely a woman, rather than the fashionable gossip which might add interest to the career of a professional beauty, but which is surely unworthy so genuine an ornament of the London stage as Madge Robertson. However, the interviewer has to make his bread like other people, and since the curiosity of the public is all agog over the very smallest doing of a stage favourite, the critic must subside. The critic and the interviewer are rarely the one person. The former seldom visits the green room. Why should he? The unflinching charm of the stage to him is, or should be, its idealism. So-and-so is a delightful little person in home life. The critic knows this, puts the thought away, however, when he sits down to see her as Rosalind or Julia. What's-his-name is a splendid fellow, generous to a fault, scholarly, spiritual, but the critic is going to see him to-night in Lucifer all the same and make a study of it, and so chases away the recollection of that last little gift to Jones, the super with the starving family. So art is still art, and while we are always charmed and pleased to know that a great actor or a favourite actress is a sensible, sober, respectable and cultivated member of society as well, the possession of these sterling qualities does not of necessity make either of them a great artist.

But the question is a vexed one and many good people see it in very different lights. With reference to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, therefore, there was a very general impression last week that of the two Mr. Kendal was the finer artist, although much less was said of him by the daily press. His naturalness was the naturalness of an exceptionally delightful and superior person. As Colonel Blake and as young Maitland, in "The Queen's Shilling" he commanded the respect and affection of the audience from the first moment, and more perfect elocution than his can hardly be imagined. To the grace and breeding of an amateur he added the finish, dexterous ease and self-command of a trained professional, and displayed rare tact, a musical and sonorous voice, and emotional powers kept thoroughly under control in all three of his impersonations.

The naturalness of Mrs. Kendal is also very delightful, but does not come to us from so remarkably winning a source. Nevertheless her presence conveys much charm with it if not very much sympathy, and in Toronto, at least, her admirers were legion. An essentially successful comic actress like Mrs. Florence or Rosina Vokes she cannot be entitled, but in certain English characters requiring society attributes rather than extreme originality or peculiarity she is capable of giving much pleasure.

The support was good, though the company as a whole was not startlingly better than the excellent companies, Daly's, Arthur Rehan's, and others, that annually visit us from the States. Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Coleman were particularly admirable in widely-varying roles. The decorative effects of the setting were exceedingly well managed in "The Scrap of Paper," the stage in the case of Col. Blake's sitting room being literally metamorphosed for the time being, into a den of curious and picturesque comfort. A word against the hideous jokes embalmed by the week in the programmes at the Grand. Is it not possible to cater for fairly elevated tastes in this respect as well as in others? These programmes, as they frequently stand, are inferior to the other attractions of this excellent theatre.

It may appear late in the day to make allusion to Miss Coghlan's engagement in this city and her charming impersonation of Peg Woffington. But the pressure of Christmas time alone prevented us from chronicling this performance, so carefully and creditably put upon the stage and so interesting at all points. Rose Coghlan herself was as the vivacious, intellectual, and generous Peg, cast for the part which seemed to suit her robust and gracious charms to perfection. Then there was Sir Charles Pomander, a capital representation of the dashing rake of that period; Colley Cibber, excellently done; Snarl and his *confère*, Soapier, well made up and giving very realistic portraits of the critics and hangers-on at the stage doors of the past. Then there was Triplet—poor Triplet, beautifully played by as good a stock actor as ever walked the boards. Poor Triplet—under paid, harassed, miserable author, visited in his squalid home by the good fairy of an actress, herself wretched, sick at heart though well fed and richly clothed—is there a truer or nobler scene in dramatic literature? And Triplet was, we again assert, beautifully played.

Miss Coghlan has great gifts and makes legitimate use of them. She brings excellent actors with her and so evades the chief drawbacks of the star system, deserving the support of an artistic public.

Both Mrs. Kendal and Miss Coghlan have lately been grossly misrepresented on Toronto walls and in windows by libels of lithographs, conveying most false impressions of their natural charms. Artists should look to this. Better no advance pictures at all than poor ones.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE *Trinity University Review*, *Dominion Illustrated* and *London Advertiser* each call for a word of praise as to contents and appearance. The special holiday numbers were all very interesting and handsomely issued.

A DELIGHTFULLY brisk and altogether refreshing little weekly is Deshler Welch's "Theatre." The number for Jan. 4, contains some hard things said by Nym Crinkle about Gibson—we beg pardon—Ibsen, the much-vaunted Norwegian dramatist. We usually find Nym Crinkle sound, and feel much inclined to follow his lead with regard to "A Doll's House." A portrait of Zola appears in the number. There is a pleasant paper upon poor Lawrence Barrett, who has been suffering severely from *goitre*.

THE *Overland Monthly* opens with a finely illustrated and thoroughly picturesque account of "Autumn Days at Ventura." Ventura is the diminutive of San Buenaventura, a romantic seaport, now easily reached by a branch railroad connecting her with the Southern Pacific main line. There are three telling "Miners' Stories," several good poems, and the usual trenchant editorial departments. There is no respect of persons in the office of the *Overland*, but everyone is treated according to his deserts, and a good rule too. The magazine is exceptionally well edited.

Outing for January will be found a fairly interesting number. Sandham's illustrations of scenery and sporting episodes in the Great Lake Region are exceptionally good. A paper on "Instantaneous Photography," by W. J. Lincoln Adams, is accompanied by illustrations from original plates of much beauty. Dr. Anderson has some arguments in favour of "Physical Training for Women;" Lieut. Hamilton contributes an article on the "National Guard," and there is a pleasant and instructive paper upon "Winter Aspects of California." The Editor's "Open Window" contains the following note to which we heartily subscribe: "Outing, with all becoming modesty, begs to call the attention of its readers to the marked improvements in this the first issue of 1890. Not only are the illustrations better and more numerous, but the articles themselves are on a higher plane. We think our readers will agree with us that *Outing* becomes more valuable every month. We promise that the improvement shall continue."

THE *New England Magazine* for December reaches us a little late, but is good now that it has got here. Dr. Hale's opening Christmas exhortation could not be equalled for sound kindness and purity of heart. His idea of keeping Christmas is scarcely the Puritan one; nevertheless it is the one most true Christians all over the world would prefer to follow. Millet's "Angelus" appears as a frontispiece, and a short paper upon his career and characteristics follows, written by Jenkin Lloyd Jones—a Welshman, apparently. Clinton Scollard, Edna Dean Proctor, Harriet H. Robinson, Julia Anna Wolcott, John S. Dwight, and Julie M. Lippmann, are among the contributors; and a short article by a Toronto resident, W. Blackburn Harte, upon "Intellectual Life in Canada," discusses the impunity with which the American scribe rushes through the Dominion once every second or third year to "write up" its people, scenery and traditions.

THE *North American Review* for January, which begins the one hundred and fiftieth volume of that sterling periodical, is one of the most important numbers ever issued. The first fifty-four pages are occupied by a discussion on "Free Trade or Protection," in which the two sides of the question are ably and brilliantly presented by the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone and the Hon. James G. Blaine. Mr. Blaine's contribution is an answer to Mr. Gladstone's, and is published by special permission of the latter at the same time with his own. The two together make a feature which in brilliancy has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled, in the history of periodical literature. That it will attract the widest attention on both sides of the Atlantic it is needless to say. Certainly it forms a splendid opening of the new volume, and shows that *The Review* under the present management is amply fulfilling the promises it has made. Further contributions on the same subject are promised in future numbers. As so much space is occupied by this great discussion, sixteen pages have been added to this number of *The Review* (making one hundred and forty-four pages in all), in order that a great variety of other interesting matter may be presented to the reader. The recent death of Jefferson Davis lends particular interest to his reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee, whom he characterizes as "gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general and true Christian." Prof. R. H. Thurston, the well-known director of Sibley College, Cornell University, writes of "The Border-Land of Science" in a fascinating manner, entering upon some daring, but not improbable, speculations as to what the future may hold in store for the scientific investigator. Still another instalment is given on the subject of Divorce, the contributors this time being all women. Although with some noticeable differences, there is substantial agreement between Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward) and Jennie June.

IN the January *Century*, the next to the last instalment of "The Life of Lincoln" appears. This instalment contains a graphic account of Lincoln's last day and his assassination, also a chapter on the fate of the assassins and a description of the mourning pageant. There is a portrait of Andrew Johnson, a diagram of the box in Ford's Theatre, a fac-simile of a play-bill found in the President's box, a picture of the funeral-car and of the monument at Springfield. Supplementary papers by other hands are printed on the pursuit and death of John Wilkes Booth. The latter papers are by two Confederate officers who met Booth and Herold in their flight, and by a Union officer who commanded the cavalry that captured the fugitives. The frontispiece of this number of *The Century* is a portrait of Prof. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth." Accompanying the portrait is a sketch of Professor Bryce's life. A notable paper is Miss Amelia B. Edwards' account of the recent very extraordinary discoveries at Bubastis, in Egypt. One stone of these ruins is almost sixty-one centuries old, and Bubastis is as ancient as the earth itself used to be considered. All the monuments reproduced in this article are now for the first time published. A very full instalment of Jefferson's "Autobiography" gives some amusing tales of the early adventures of the author. Jefferson also describes the elder Booth's acting of "Sir Giles Overreach," and tells about that eccentric knight, the actor Sir William Don. There are also descriptions of Julia Dean, James E. Murdoch, and Henry Placide; and the instalment closes with a brief essay entitled, "A Play is an Animated Picture." The instalment is profusely illustrated. Henry James has a fully illustrated paper on Daumier, the famous French caricaturist. Among the poems is one from the pen of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. This (a sonnet) cannot be considered a fair example of our Canadian poet's work. The rhymes "steal" and "steel" are of course incorrect, and the introduction of the garden flower, "crocus," at the close of the picture, is out of harmony with the preceding aspects of what we suppose is meant for a dull Canadian winter landscape. The "crocus" does not, as everyone knows, grow anywhere in Canada save in gardens, and the garden idea does not tally with the sonnet in question.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"CARMEN SYLVA," Queen of Roumania, is threatened with permanent ill-health. A whole season's treatment at Wiesbaden has done her no good, and she is to spend the winter in the south.

MR. GLADSTONE is writing an article on Mr. Motley and his works, which will appear in an American review, and which will contain some interesting personal reminiscences of the historian.

MR. W. BLACKBURN HARTE has an article on "Intellectual Life and Literature in Canada" in the December number of the *New England Magazine*, published at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

COUNT TOLSTOI, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, has resumed his literary work. He is now working on a novel to be called "La Sonate de Kreutzer." It is a family romance, and will not be very long.

WE understand that Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, editor of *The Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, author of the recently published "History of the Macleods," and several other Highland clan histories, is engaged on a history of the Chisholms.

ROBERT BROWNING's body lay, the week before last, at his former residence, 29 Devere Gardens, London. The house was filled with flowers, sent by friends and admirers from many parts of the world. He was buried at noon on the Tuesday, between Chaucer and Cowley, in the east aisle of the south transept of the Abbey, the Poets' Corner.

THE three Shakespearian revivals of "Richard III.," "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" will be the subject of a special illustrated four-page Supplement to the number of *Harper's Weekly* to be published January 8th. The text will be by William Winter, and the illustrations have been drawn from life by Albert E. Sterner.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M.P., has received a letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, congratulating him upon the address he recently delivered at Lansdowne College, which was condensed in our pages. In emphatic language—and Mr. Gladstone is in these matters known to be niggardly of praise—the "Grand Old Man" adds, "It is a stroke struck for civilization."

MR. ANDREW YOUNG, the author of that widely known Sunday-school hymn, "There is a happy land," died in Edinburgh, recently, in his eightieth year. He studied at Edinburgh University under Professor Wilson and Dr. Chalmers, eventually choosing the scholastic profession instead of the ministerial. In 1878 he published a volume of verse bearing the title "The Scottish Highlands and Other Poems."

THE *Saturday Review* of London charges W. D. Howells with developing an inclination toward sensationalism in his latest novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes." It formulates this charge in italics: *one of the characters was shot in a street row.* If this is "sensationalism," Mr. Howells had already made the "new departure" in "Annie Kilburn," in which the hero, it will be remembered, was killed on the railroad track.

STANLEY's letters, telling the story of Emin's rescue, and accompanied by illustrations and a map showing the travellers' route from the Congo to the coast, will be published early in January by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Sir William MacKinnon, chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, adds some interesting material to the volume. It is, of course, understood that the book will not in any way trench upon Mr. Stanley's great work, which cannot possibly be published for several months.

JUST how to become self-supporting is a problem to thousands of ambitious and hopeful young women. To all such Mrs. Raffensperger's story of how "Those Raeburn Girls" tried and succeeded will come as a suggestion, an inspiration and a help. As a help, too, toward right-thinking and clean-living the selections from the words of England's famous preacher, Frederick W. Robertson, compiled by Rose Porter, and just issued by D. Lothrop Company, will stand as another desirable volume in their attractive "Spare Minute Series."

AS is well known, copies of all books published in Great Britain must be sent to the British Museum. Formerly this rule also applied to the four Scotch universities, but when the Copyright Act was passed the publishers were absolved from this burden and £2,232 paid annually out of the public treasury as a compensation to those institutions of learning. This, too, being found to be somewhat burdensome, it is now proposed to commute the payment and hand over to each university, once for all, such a sum as may be considered equitable under all the circumstances.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the diary of Mr. S. Langley, who was Thackeray's private secretary for a year or two, is to be sold. The record of daily events is a full one. Notes of the great author's conversations and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle, and his personal peculiarities have also been noted. Besides the diary, there is also a large quantity of MSS. in Mr. Langley's hand, including his data and remembrances of his master, that at one time he intended to publish as "Recollections of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray."

MR. A. P. WATTS has, by Mr. Wilkie Collins' special appointment, become his literary executor. Thomas Hardy has been elected to fill the place on the Council of the English Society of Authors made vacant by the death of Mr. Collins. We note the statement that Mr. Collins possessed an immense collection of letters from literary friends—notably Dickens, Thackeray, the late Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Fechter, Charles Reade, and others; but he had a great burning of correspondence in the spring of 1888, when he removed to Wimpole Street, London, from the house in Gloucester Place which he had occupied for more than twenty years.

THE Bishop of Durham, Eng., Rt. Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, is dead at the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Liverpool; received his education at Cambridge University, where he proved a noted scholar, winning honours; in 1857, he became a tutor at Trinity College, and four years later was made Professor of Divinity. Dr. Lightfoot was appointed a canon of St. Paul's in 1871, and began to be famous for his revision of the texts of the apostolic letters, and for his acute and learned comment on the canon of Scripture and the variations of belief in the early Church, particularly with regard to the Gnostic heresies. He was appointed to the bishopric of Durham in 1879.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's recent lecture in St. Andrew's Hall, Oxford Street, was listened to by a crowded audience, and had for its subject "The Real and the Ideal in Fiction." It might have been called a sermon to writers of fiction to avoid extremes if they would secure more than a temporary popularity. Lord Lytton drew characters that were divinities or deities. Dickens filled his books with ideal pictures of East-end life, so that the lives of the poor were represented as full of unselfish devotion, of heroic deeds, of sweetness, and of tender affection. Thackeray treated the West End in a somewhat similar way, but people call his pictures realistic, though Mr. McCarthy could not say whether Dickens was a greater realist than Thackeray, or Thackeray a greater idealist than Dickens. The lecturer then passed to the modern sensational novel, in which a wife throws her husband down a well, wills are lost, great heiresses arise, inscriptions are found that must be read backwards, and millions of savages are slaughtered, while a beautiful princess is met with who is dying to marry one of the adventurers. Mr. McCarthy predicted that, in time, a quieter school of fiction would come.

IN *Murray's Magazine* the fourth and last part of Mrs. Kendal's "Dramatic Opinions" is devoted chiefly to the question of the employment of young children on the stage. She much regrets the passing of the Bill which forbids their acting, or doing any work in the theatre until they are ten years old, and, speaking of their employment in the pantomime, she says: "And what an excellent thing! Oh, think of the families at Christmas that are positively kept from starving by the fairies' weekly stipend! . . . Then think of the kindness—the uniform kindness—of actors and actresses to these children; there is nothing under the sun too good for them. There are such noble things done that outsiders would be amazed at the record. Far be it from me to advocate that children's whole lives should be passed in a theatre, but there are times when it can do nothing but good; and when you come to think that managers who produce pantomimes sometimes engage as many as 150 little children, to none

of whom they ever give less than 12s. a week, it will not surprise you to hear that hundreds of children are seen waiting at the stage door of Drury Lane and Covent Garden and the Standard at Christmas time."

WHO is the Edgar Fawcett that the London *Literary World* so aptly cauterizes as follows?—"Blooms and Brambles" by Edgar Fawcett, appears to be an English reprint of an American book. The book is not without merit, but we could name a large number of American volumes of poetry which more deserve reproduction in this country. There is a harshness and angularity of phrasing which is not at all pleasant in many of these poems. The listener to such would be conscious of a want of melody in the words, and sometimes even of a jarring sound; the accents, too, are often faulty. This is partly caused by the frequent use of many-syllabled words, which are proverbially difficult for the poet to manage. Only a great poet can safely use them." The same journal notices W. W. Campbell's recent little volume of verse in the following strain. The notice might have included the author's name: "Canada gives us in 'Lake Lyrics and Other Poems' a volume full of careful and apparently accurate description of her own scenery. Perhaps there is a little too much of it for a single book. The closing poems, however, deal with more human subjects. That on Lazarus is full of a large-hearted sympathy with humanity as a whole. The ode to Tennyson shows how greatly the Laureate is appreciated in Canada. The book does credit to the Canadian printers."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

EVENING.

FROM upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions; flickering high
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
A drops up into the lucent solitudes,
Or beats upon the griding wing; the stilly woods
Grow dark and deep, and gleam mysteriously.
Cool night-winds creep and whisper in mine ear;
The homely cricket gossips at my feet,
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear
With ebb and change the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus; one by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

—A. Lampman, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

FLAMMARION AND LE VERRIER.

A HAPPY concurrence of circumstances led me, when in my sixteenth year, to enter the Paris Observatory. I was introduced to Le Verrier by Father Babinet, as he was familiarly called, and received as an assistant astronomer at that institution. I was passionately fond of astronomy. But having read Arago's scientific treatises, especially the one which refers to Bailly, who fell a victim to revolutionary fury, I had some misgivings as to whether I should consecrate myself definitely to so austere a vocation. . . . M. Pasteur, whom I visited at the Normal School, advised me to enter the Museum, as natural history shared with astronomy my best predilections. The Observatory, however, won the day, and I am delighted that it did. That imposing edifice, to my eyes, was a temple. I venerated its noble traditions. I had for the author of the discovery of Neptune an unfeigned admiration, and was proud to be admitted to work under his shadow.—*Camille Flammarion in North American Review.*

THE LATE REV. DR. HATCH.

THE Rev. Edwin Hatch, the news of whose death in England has caused widespread regret in Canada, was an eminent educationist and man of letters. Coming to Canada in 1859, soon after graduating at Oxford, he filled for some time the professorship of classics in Trinity College, Toronto, a position he relinquished in 1862 to accept the rectorship of the High School at Quebec, as successor to Dr. William Stewart Smith, then lately deceased, and in the same year was appointed to the chair of classics and mental and moral philosophy at the Morrin College. He continued to discharge the laborious and important functions incident to the two positions mentioned for many years at Quebec, and as "Mufti" in the *Ottawa Citizen* says, there are many of his students scattered over the Dominion, some of them eminent in the learned professions and the commercial world, who will recall with melancholy interest their old professor's varied gifts of scholarship and immense stores of knowledge, together with his charming courtesy, which was as apparent in his conversation as it was conspicuous in his character. Returning to England in 1867, Dr. Hatch rejoined his alma mater, becoming Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall and one of the Public Examiners in Sacra Theologia. He was also, in 1880, Bampton Lecturer, the subject being on "The Organization of the Early Christian Churches," a work which when published excited interest throughout Germany as well as in England, the main points being accepted by all the leading German theologians. In the same year he was appointed Grifield Lecturer on the Septuagint, and held the office for four years. In 1883 he was appointed Rector of Purleigh, in Essex, and he was also one of the select preachers of the University, positions he continued to fill up to his death. Dr. Hatch never forgot the country where he had passed

so many pleasant years, and of whose rapid growth and advancement he had been a personal witness. For many years after his return to the mother country, adds "Mufti," nothing afforded him so much pleasure as to meet, as he occasionally did in the great city of colleges, old Canadian faces, and to converse with such visitors on matters and things touching the march of events in the "New Britain" across the seas. He never tired speaking of the greatness of Canada's destiny, and was always most anxious to serve her interests, through the press or otherwise, to the best of his power. Among other ties binding him to this country was his marriage to a Canadian—the daughter of the late Sheriff Thomas, of Hamilton, Ontario. This estimable lady survives him. Now that he is gone, cut off prematurely in his fifty-fourth year, at the very height of his usefulness, he leaves to her and to his sorrowing friends in England and in Canada the record of a life nobly spent in a profession for which he was peculiarly qualified, not merely because of his great scholastic attainments, but also because he was emphatically, and in the best sense of the expression, a gentleman—a consistent, Christian, English gentleman.—*Canadian (London, Eng.) Gazette.*

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

My heart is o'erflowing,
My foot treads the wave,
Go tell to the wide world
My son has come home
From the far-rolling North Sea,
Where mermaids cry,
Where the sun, all the week long,
Goes round in the sky,
Where the ice-cliffs break seaward
With thunder-loud fall,
From the pale Northern dancers—
He comes from you all!

Go, seek in the oak-chest
The blue-flowered plate,
The bowl like an egg-shell,
The cup's silver mate.
Lay on the round table
The damask so fine,
And cut the black cluster
Still left on the vine,
My hand shakes,—but bring me
That pure honeycomb;
Now nothing shall vex me
My boy has come home!

Now twine on the doorway
Pale wreaths of jasmin,
And tell all the roses
His ship has come in.
How lucky my wheat-bread
Was baked yester-night!
He loves the brown home-loaf,
And this is so light.
Now heap up wild berries
As black as the sloe—
I never must tell him
I've wept for him so!

The girls will come running
To hear all the news,
The neighbours with nodding
And scraping of shoes.
The fiddler, the fifer
Will play as they run,
The blind beggar even
Will welcome my son.
He smiles like his father
(I'll sit there and think),
Oh! could he but see us—
It makes my heart sink.
But what is that? 'Mother!'
I heard some one call,
'Oh! Ronald, my firstborn,
You've come after all!'

THE AUTHOR OF LEVITICUS AND LEPROSY.

ANOTHER ancient malady has lately been the subject of considerable discussion. We refer to leprosy. Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes a valuable article on the subject to this month's *Nineteenth Century*. There are several facts of Jewish interest in the article. It is interesting to learn that Dr. August Hirsch, who is well known as a member of the Jewish community, is one of the most considerable authorities on leprosy. Sir Morell further mentions the curious fact that when the disease first broke out in South Carolina in 1847, the earliest victims were Jews belonging to families which had emigrated to the United States early in the century. Seeing how frequent is the mention of leprosy in the Old Testament, this would seem to support the theory of the hereditary nature of the disease which is strongly held by a school of leprosy students. Sir Morell Mackenzie is, however, not of the school. He favours the contagion theory, and appeals for an effort to stamp out the disease by isolating its victims. Sir Morell has the authority of the Bible on his side, although he does not quote it. The author of *Leviticus* was firmly convinced of the contagious character of leprosy, and in chap. xiii. lays down elaborate rules for the isolation of victims, even in the early and uncertain stages of the disease, and for burning their garments and other belongings.—*Jewish World.*

ON MODERATION IN SPEECH.

SOME temperance speakers, by their intemperate language, not only keep away people who would attend their meetings, but also those who would, but for them, attend religious meetings, help in religious work, and come to church. No good cause was ever bettered by wrong-doing. The man who is rude for the sake of temperance injures the cause of temperance. A speaker under the impulse of virtuous indignation may say foolish and untrue things without being considered a bad man, but he is a bad advocate of whatever he attempts to uphold. For he seeks to uphold it by a crime. His excitement may be pleaded as a palliation for his crime, but crime it is that he commits none the less. As a drunkard who kills his wife is a murderer, so a temperance orator who says something not true is a liar. He may not have meant to tell the lie, but he has told it all the same. The drunkard, who never meant to kill his wife, is hanged despite his remorse. There is great reason to complain of injury done to the cause of temperance by sheer ignorance of speakers. When a man gets up to speak, he professes to teach other men. He ought, therefore, to know somewhat of the matter. Better say nothing than talk nonsense. Speech is said to be but silver, whereas silence is golden. But talking nonsense or untruth is of a metal moulded in Satan's foundry. It is the silly things and the untrue things said by temperance speakers that set sensible men against the movement. Wise men will not share the work of getting up meetings whereat people make such fools of themselves.—*Temperance Chronicle.*

DESIRES.

MORE faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh! let the simple words *He saith*,
Confirm my faith each day.

MORE hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear—
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till Heaven's own light appear.

MORE love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine—
All graces, and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

—*Elizabeth Clementine Kinney.*

THE CASTLE OF THE ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD.

ON a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said, with a parting hand-shake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis, there is a station called Champtocé. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well, they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly—in flesh and bone, as you and I, with this difference, that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles de Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister, perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till I reached Champtocé, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty mediæval tower, which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home. Or rather, it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (*Pays de Retz*) having once been his.—*Louis Fréchet, in the Arena.*

A SEASONABLE DITTY.

A MONTH ago I had a cold,
And when my family I told,
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"
And all the solace that I got
Consisted in a treatment hot,
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,
And told me, void of pity,
Instead of staying warm at home,
'Twould do me far more good to roam
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—
Are radiant with the lurid light
Of the new epidemic,
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,
And proffer potions chemic.

Obedient to affection's call,
To depths of huskiness I fall,
In tremulous cadenza;
What though a native cold they jeer,
They treat with mix'd respect and fear
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,
A slighter cold would mean divorce
A toro necnon mensa;
But the whole household now hangs round,
Conciliated by the sound
Of Russian Influenza.

'Twould hurt their feelings, should I say
A word of going out to-day;
So, free from business trammels,
To peaceful eve from cosy morn,
I will the study doors adorn
With Aspinall's enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are;
In years to come the light catarrh
Will, sigh *Che jaro senza*
Those tender cares that lent a charm
To all the sudden wild alarm
Of Russian Influenza?

—*Stepniakney, in Punch.*

PROMPTNESS.—Mr. Sheppard Homans, President Provident Saving Life Assurance Society.

Dear Sir, I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for one thousand dollars in settlement of claim under policy 31774 in the Provident Saving Life Assurance Society on the life of my late husband James T. Russell, city agent for the *Mail* who was only insured a few days before his death. I sincerely thank you for your speedy payment, and also thank your manager for Canada for his kindness and courtesy in this matter.

Yours very sincerely,

JANE RUSSELL.

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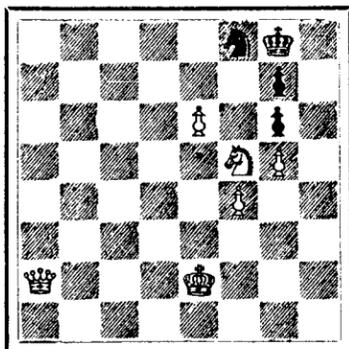
Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 425.

By F. PEIPERS, San Francisco.

BLACK.



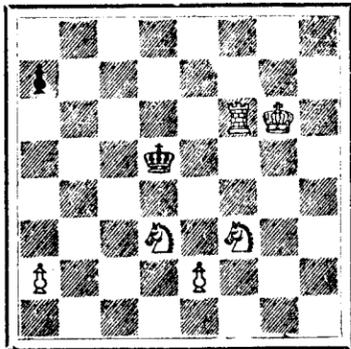
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 426.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>No. 419.</p> <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K-B 2 2. Kt-B 3 3. Q mates <p>2. K-Kt 3</p> <p>3. Q or Kt mates</p> <p>With other variation.</p> | <p>No. 420.</p> <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K x P + 2. K moves <p>If 1. K-Kt 4 + any move</p> | <p>No. 420.</p> <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P-Kt 4 2. Kt-K 6 3. Q mates <p>2. Q-K 4 +</p> <p>3. Kt-Kt 5 mate</p> <p>And other variations.</p> | <p>No. 420.</p> <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K-K 6 2. K or Kt moves <p>If 1. K-K 4</p> <p>K-Q 3</p> |
|---|---|--|--|

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB BETWEEN MR. A. T. DAVISON, AND MR. HOOD, ON THE 31st DECEMBER, 1889.

Scotch Gambit.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| <p>DAVISON.</p> <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P-K 4 2. Kt-K B 3 3. P-Q 4 4. P-K 5 5. B-B 4 6. Castles 7. B-Kt 5 8. P x B P 9. R-K 1 + 10. B-K 6 + 11. B x Kt + (d) 12. P-B 7 (e) 13. Kt x Kt + | <p>HOOD.</p> <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P-K 4 2. Kt-Q B 3 3. P x P 4. B-B 4 5. Q-K 2 6. P-Q 3 (a) 7. P-K B 3 (b) 8. Q-K B 1 (c) 9. K-Q 2 10. K-K 1 11. K-Q 2 12. Kt-K 4 13. P x Kt | <p>DAVISON.</p> <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 14. Q-Kt 4 + 15. Q-Kt 3 16. Q-Kt 3 17. Q-R 4 + 18. Q-Kt 3 19. Q-B 3 + 20. Q x B 21. R x P 22. K-K 6 + 23. B-Q 2 + 24. Q-Q 3 25. R-R 6 mate. | <p>HOOD.</p> <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K-Q 3 2. K-B 3 3. B-Q 2 4. P-Kt 4 5. B-B 4 (f) 6. P-K 5 7. P-K R 3 (g) 8. K-Kt 3 9. K-R 4 10. P-Kt 5 11. R-Q 1 |
|---|--|--|--|

NOTES.

- (a) P-K R 3 is better.
- (b) Q-Q 2 is better.
- (c) Bad; Black is not playing well.
- (d) P-B 7 would have won the Queen, but White hopes to get a mate.
- (e) Again Black's Queen can be won.
- (f) Very bad.
- (g) Black's game is hopeless, and has not been well played.

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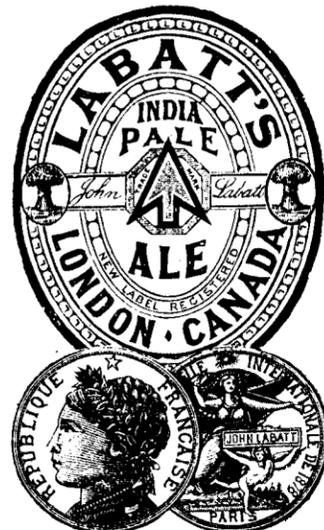
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