

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week.

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THE Government of Ontario made a sensible innovation in foregoing some of the customary, but meaningless, formalities hitherto observed on the assembling of the Legislature. The Lieutenant-Governor's Address foreshadows a larger number than usual of important measures to be brought forward on behalf of the Government. All of these, with the exception perhaps of that indicated in connection with the recommendations of the Quebec Conference, are in the line of practical and progressive legislation. Manhood Suffrage is logical and inevitable; Municipal Reform is of pressing necessity; judicious protection of juvenile employes in shops as well as factories has become, most will admit, a public duty. It is high time all matters in dispute, both with the sister Province and the Dominion Government, were finally disposed of, and any hopeful measure looking to that end should meet with unanimous support. Whether any economy is practicable in the other departments of administration or not, the country will no doubt approve of the appointment of a Minister, whose duty it shall be to give his whole time and strength to the study and promotion of the agricultural interests of this great farming Province. Measures introduced in furtherance of each of the specified objects must, of course, be considered on their merits. What embarrassing criticisms the Opposition may be able to make on the Government's policy in educational and other matters remains to be seen, but at present the great strength of the party in power and the clearness of its outlined policy in local matters seems to give promise of rapid progress with the work of the session.

IN the absence of any indication of the nature of the legislation to be proposed by the Ontario Government, for the furtherance of the objects of the Quebec resolutions, it may be premature to raise the question of the mode of procedure by which the action of the Provinces can be brought before the Queen, in other words the British Government and Parliament. Under the Constitution the Governor-General is the medium of communication between Canada and the Colonial Office. But the Governor-General has official communication only with the Dominion Government, and according to the amended instructions now given can act only on the advice of his responsible advisers. On what principle can the Home Government be expected to depart from the principle enunciated by Mr. Meredith in another connection, that the Dominion Parliament is the expression of the will of the people of Canada for the time being? Can the Provincial

authorities communicate with the Governor-General, and through him with the British Government, save through the Dominion Government? If not, will that Government regard itself as under obligations to lay at the foot of the Throne petitions and representations from whose purport it dissents and to whose objects it is resolutely opposed, without at least accompanying these documents with counter representations, which would have great and probably preponderating weight with the Home authorities? A similar difficulty seems to have already arisen in connection with the Manitoba Anti-Disallowance petition, which was forwarded from Winnipeg some months ago, but whose reception has not yet been acknowledged. We learn since writing the above that it was duly received at Ottawa, and has been forwarded to the Colonial Office. This is well, but the delay in making the announcement was unnecessary and should not have occurred.

THE conviction is, there is some reason to hope, steadily gaining ground amongst thoughtful people that government by party, with all the tremendous waste of energy and other evils it involves, is at best but a clumsy device, adapted it may be to a certain stage in the growth of commonwealths, which must be one day superseded by a simpler and better method. But none the less it is wise in the meantime to make the best of the existing system. So long as the conflict of parties is regarded as the balance-wheel of responsible government, and the palladium of liberty, it is eminently desirable that the parties should be strong and vigorous. That this is not at present the condition of the Dominion Opposition is obvious to all except those whom the party spirit has made temporarily purblind. It may be true, as the *Globe* maintains, that the Liberal minority in the present Parliament is still considerably stronger, counting by votes, than it was in the preceding, and that there is an almost unbroken line of Liberal governments and legislators from Nova Scotia to Manitoba. But the mass of the party in Parliament is made up of elements so diverse, and so lacking in amity of opinion and purpose that it can scarcely be relied on for vigorous attack or defence of any line of policy, while the various bodies of provincial Liberals, so-called, do not seem to be compacted together by any common principle or aim, making them one and strong in Dominion politics. The planes of cleavage between so-called Liberals and Tories are not parallel in any two of the Provinces. In Quebec, in particular, the political strata are marked off from those of all the other Provinces, not only by diverse angles and formations, but by broad fissures wrought by special forces, racial and ecclesiastical, which are still active and powerful. Even the watchword of political purity, with which it was sought to unite in a grand rally all the adherents of Liberalism at the late general election, not only failed as a war cry, but has been held up for the ridicule of the triumphant party by the revelations of the election courts.

SINCE the inherent weakness resulting from the lack of a strong common policy and purpose has been subjected to the successive shocks of defeat at the polls, and the loss of the leader from whom so much was expected, it is no wonder that the Liberal Party has been brought to the verge of demoralization. It is now essential, in the interests of good government, that it should be revived and reconsolidated. The two great needs of the hour are a strong platform and a strong leader. Material is not wanting for either. To go no further, the great questions already opened up and likely to be pressed upon public attention by the failure of the Fisheries' Commission afford abundant opportunity for a strong movement. In all probability the destiny of Canada for long years to come will be determined by the choice she will be compelled soon to make amongst the various issues which will shortly present themselves. It would be presumptuous to attempt to indicate what choice of these would be best for the State, or most in accordance with Liberal traditions; but it is certainly desirable, from every point of view, that the Liberal Party of Canada should know its own mind upon such questions as Protection, Free Trade, Commercial Union, Imperial Federation, Constitutional Revision, etc. It may not be out of order to observe that to onlookers it is a source of wonder that there should be any hesitation in the choice of a leader. Assuming, as there seems good reason to believe, that Mr. Blake's retirement is final, and Mr. Laurier's acceptance of the position but provisional and temporary, there remains, among a number of moderately able

men and clever speakers, one who combines in himself the qualities necessary for successful leadership, in so much greater degree than any other, that to pass him by would argue astonishing short-sightedness, or internal divisions highly detrimental to strength. It can scarcely be doubted from present indications that on the assembling of Parliament, if not before, the disorganized Party will hasten to fix upon at least the outlines of a worthy policy, and to place at its head a strong, resolute, and high-minded leader in the person of Sir Richard Cartwright.

THE *Canadian Gazette* comments at some length upon the evidence given by Mr. Van Horne before the Canadian Railway Commission, and endorses throughout the views of the Canadian Pacific Railway manager. With Mr. Van Horne's condemnation of the manner in which railway charters have come to be hawked about in Canada, most readers are no doubt heartily agreed, and it may be hoped that the *Gazette* reflects the views of the Canadian Government in protesting that the business should be stopped. The *Gazette* is evidently unable to see any lurking fallacy or selfish special pleading in Mr. Van Horne's argument in favour of allowing railroads to discriminate at will against the Canadian in favour of the American, or against the small and in favour of the large shipper. But it is when the *Gazette* girds itself for the task of defending Mr. Van Horne's consistency, as the vice-president of the greatest railway monopoly on the continent, if not in the world, in advocating "the utmost possible freedom in railway matters," that the article becomes specially interesting. "Freedom if you will, he says, but let it be Canadian freedom. It is true that the Canadian Pacific Railway enjoys certain protection from the State in the North-West, but that is a protection not against rival home concerns, but against lines which if built would have for their first and main object the diversion of traffic from Canada rather than any contribution to her development." It does not seem to have occurred to the *Gazette* to ask why North-West Canadians should be anxious for liberty to construct railroads save for their own advantage, or whether enabling 50,000 or 100,000 Canadian farmers to realize better prices for their grain may not be quite as much in the line of Canadian development as compelling them to pay tribute on every bushel they send to market to a great railway corporation. Canada, especially North-West Canada, is, above everything, an agricultural country, and it must be clear to every unprejudiced mind that to stimulate her great agricultural interests by enabling farmers to get their crops to market at the cheapest possible rates is a vastly more valuable "contribution to her development" than can possibly result from forcing all North-West traffic through one long and expensive channel, in order to protect a railway company in the enjoyment of a profitable monopoly.

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday Evening, Mr. Charles M. Dobson, M.E., read an important paper on *Auriferous Ores*. He demonstrated the enormous loss sustained by the ordinary methods of reducing ores. After detailing his experience in treating West African gold ores by processes which were claimed to be most successful in saving float and flour gold, and his experiments in electro-mercurial amalgamation, he said: "With these facts before me, I built a machine especially for the treatment of these ores, and I am proud to say that I have saved nearly twenty-five per cent. more gold than I had done prior to the use of the machine. Encouraged by this, after leaving the West African coast, I improved the system and increased the current of electricity in quantity with the greatest success in the treatment of ores containing float gold, and in extracting gold from the black sands of the St. Lawrence, where there exist illimitable quantities, which assay from \$7 to \$10 per ton in gold. I applied the process to a machine modified mechanically by myself, and last November succeeded on a small scale in extracting one-fourth of a dwt. of gold from 250 pounds of black sand taken from the St. Lawrence region." Mr. Dobson hopes to be able to show that by his process the ores of Madoc and Marmora may be treated so as to save as much as seventy-eight per cent. of the gold at a cost of little over \$2 per ton. If he can do so it will enormously enhance the value of the large tracts of gold-bearing lands throughout the Dominion of Canada.

THE refusal of the Canadian Customs Department, which is virtually the refusal of the Canadian Government, to extend the benefits of the bonding arrangement so as to enable shippers in Southern Manitoba to forward their grain by the Northern Pacific Railway from the boundary line, and have it re-enter Canada free of duty is no doubt a logical outcome of their North-West railway policy. To permit farmers in the vicinity of the boundary to take advantage of the cheaper route afforded by the Northern Pacific

would be to enable them to evade the operation of the Canadian Pacific monopoly, and, so far, to defeat the ends for which that monopoly is maintained. Nevertheless the decision referred to seems unwise for different reasons. It cannot but bring home to the farmer, who is arbitrarily prevented from getting a better price for his grain, the hardships of his situation in the most direct and practical manner, thus intensifying, if possible, his hostility to the monopoly policy and his determination to be rid of it. Moreover this action of the Government is almost sure to be misunderstood by the United States authorities, already somewhat annoyed by the alleged discrimination in canal tolls, in violation of the spirit of the Washington Treaty, and still further vexed, it may be, by the immunity the Canadian Pacific enjoys from the operation of the Interstate Commerce law. It will be hard to defend the refusal of the bonding privilege to Manitoba shippers, on grounds more or less technical, from the charge of being aimed to prevent American railways from participating fully in the reciprocal privileges secured by the Washington Treaty. But thus it is that one violation of sound commercial principles leads to kindred difficulties and abuses. The monopoly principle as applied to railways is inherently vicious, and it is not surprising that in view of such applications many of the Government's former supporters in Manitoba absolutely refuse to accept any compromise which would prolong the life of the Canadian Pacific's monopoly.

To those accustomed to the freer methods of the British and Canadian Parliaments it seems strange that a people priding themselves on their absolute self-government can be content with the Committee system of the American Congress. Under that system no bill can come up for consideration in the House until it has been reported by the Special Committee to whom it is referred. As the Speaker has the naming of all special committees, it is clearly in his power to shut off discussion of any measure to which he and his party may be unfriendly, by taking care that the committee to which it shall be referred shall contain a hostile majority. Thus it results that the fate of many a bill which might be influentially supported, or even have a majority of the representatives in its favour, is determined by the Speaker in announcing his committees at the opening of the Session. It may be urged, of course, in favour of the Committee system, that much time is saved by preventing prolonged and useless discussion of measures which could not possibly pass the House. This is a consideration of much weight. But, on the other hand, it by no means follows that because the final rejection of a bill is certain, the time spent in its discussion is necessarily wasted. Most great reforms have been at first supported by small minorities. Free discussion in the hearing of all the people is the prime condition of legislative progress, and one of the best safeguards of national morality. While the eyes of all who are in favour of some measure which they think of great importance to the welfare of the commonwealth are turned to the Speaker as the man in whose hands is the virtual decision of the question, they must feel that something is wrong with the machinery of government. When they turn away disappointed, realizing that their measure is doomed by the *personnel* of the Committee, it is hard to see how they can resist the conclusion that notwithstanding the boasted freedom of their institutions, they are still to a considerable extent under a one-man government.

THE Committee on Manufactures in the United States Congress has reported favourably on a resolution to investigate the various "Trusts" now in operation in the United States. This resolution was considerably enlarged during its passage through the House, with a view to meeting the wishes of those who desired to see such combinations and monopolies as the Standard Oil Company, the Anthracite Coal Company, etc., brought within the scope of the Commission. Constitutional limitations will probably prevent inquiry into such combinations as confine their operations to a single State; only those operating on a quasi-national range coming, it is thought, within the purview of Congress. The proceedings of the Commission to be appointed will be watched with great interest. The strong argument of theoretical protection is that the development of home manufactures, in the absence of foreign competition, will so stimulate production that, by virtue of the competition set up, the consumer will get his goods at a lower price than the same articles would cost if imported under a free trade system. That this effect would to some extent follow, if not counteracted, especially in smaller communities, has been demonstrated in Canada. But the "Trust" and other forms of combination are the deadly foes of competition, which they strangle, as an American exchange puts it, "before it is fairly born." It is evident, therefore, that unless some counter-check



can be devised, or some legal restriction applied, the consumer, under a protective system, will be at the mercy of the combined producers. The friends of protection in the States realize this, and realize further that this result furnishes free-traders with one of their more effective weapons. Hence the general agreement which seems to have been reached to investigate the whole system of "Trusts" and monopolies, and see what national legislation can do in the matter.

A STRONG movement in favour of postal telegraphy is on foot in the United States. It is for the present being carried on mainly by Mr. Powderly, through the Knights of Labour, and has for its motive, according to some, hostility to Mr. Gould, though others oppose the control of the telegraphs by the Post-office Department, on the contradictory ground that the movement is a stock-jobbing operation in Mr. Gould's interest. In any case the proposal seems to be meeting with great favour. In response to circulars sent out, numerous signed petitions are being sent in daily to the Knights' headquarters, and it is said that the signatures to these petitions will, when all are in, aggregate over half a million. The influence of these petitions, representing as they do a vote for each signature, will be very great in Congress, and the early adoption by the United States of the plan which has worked so well in England may be considered almost certain, and certainly the business of Congress is, as an exchange puts it, not to inquire into the motives of the chief promoters of the system, but to ask "whether it is the function of Government to furnish the public with cheap inter-communication," and if so, "whether the telegraph is a good means of inter-communication for the great masses of the people, or a luxury adapted only to the few."

THE Salisbury Government seems to have fully made up its mind for a policy of "thorough." Its recent action in arresting Mr. Cox, M.P., in London, for offences committed in Ireland, and constituted such only by the Irish Coercion Act, was bold and somewhat startling, though on second thoughts it would seem very like an absurdity to admit that an offender condemned for breach of law in one part of the kingdom could gain immunity by escaping to another part of the same kingdom. In the same line of vigorous and determined action is the alleged intention of the Government still further to reform Parliamentary procedure by taking power to apply the closure at any time on the vote of a much smaller majority than that hitherto thought necessary, and at, or shortly after midnight, without a vote. Whether Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites will feel called upon to resist these proposals to the last remains to be seen. They may possibly be influenced to let them pass by the consideration which Lord Salisbury has himself suggested, that the weapon is a two-edged one, and liable to be turned with terrible effect against its fabricators by a future Radical Administration.

THE terrible blizzard which a few weeks ago brought death and desolation to so many homes in the North-Western States, was probably the most destructive on record. The details, brief and imperfect as they necessarily are, set before the imagination pictures of struggle and suffering of the most harrowing kind, lighted up not infrequently with evidences of heroism of the noblest character. It is matter for congratulation and thankfulness to Canadians that our own North-West seems to lie north of the ordinary line in which these terrific storms sweep across the continent. The fact will not be without its influence in determining the course of immigrants. No doubt after such warnings and with increased experience greater care may in the future be exercised in watching for the premonitory indications of such storms, and proper precautions may do much to guard against their fatal consequences. But in the meantime it is but natural to suppose that the dread of the recurrence of such catastrophes will exert a powerful influence over the minds of present and prospective settlers within the neighbourhood of the belt which marks the track of this terrific winter tornado.

No case that has yet been dealt with in connection with the Irish disturbances has attracted more attention than that of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The comments of the British press disclose widely conflicting opinions in regard both to the act of the man and the legality of the decision under which he is now serving a two months' term in Galway prison. From the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist point of view Mr. Blunt is a meddling intruder, from motives of personal vanity or political ambition, into an agrarian quarrel with which he had no proper concern; from that of the Gladstonians and Irish Nationalists, his conduct in throwing himself into the breach in defence of freedom of speech, stamps him as a chivalric champion of a great constitutional principle. Equally diverse are the

judgments passed upon the legality of his sentence. It will be remembered that on the 18th of October Mr. Blunt attended a midnight meeting of the Irish National League, which was clearly an illegal gathering. Five days later the English Home Rule Union announced that an indignation meeting would be held to protest against the cruel and heartless evictions about to be carried out on the estate of Lord Clanricarde. The English organization did not, it is said, come within the scope of the text of the Irish Crimes Act, but the meeting was forthwith forbidden by proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Blunt immediately announced that he intended to hold the meeting in defiance of the proclamation. He did so with the result that is now familiar to all. Mr. Blunt's principal defence was, and we suppose is, that the action of the Lord Lieutenant in proclaiming a meeting of the English League was *ultra vires*, that a legal meeting could be made illegal by the mere fiat of the Executive. But however this may be, and opinions on the subject widely differ, and no matter how praiseworthy Mr. Blunt's motives may have been, his course appears to us to have been not only unwise but inexcusable. Whether the Lord Lieutenant acted within or beyond his powers, Mr. Blunt gave an example of turbulent defiance of authority, which not only could not aid his own cause, but might produce evil results, which he himself would bitterly deplore. It is well for the people to understand, and endeavour to improve, the laws by which they are governed; but it is not well that any person should be permitted, to the danger of the public peace and the detriment of the common weal, to violently resist the execution of a law which happens to touch him, on the ground that it is *ultra vires* or unconstitutional. There are too many everywhere ready and willing to resist or evade the law without excuse, and to such Mr. Blunt's example will be an encouragement to evil rather than to good.

THERE are some indications that the lowest depths of repulsive indecency to which even Parisian tastes can descend have been reached under the influence of Zola and his realistic school of novelists, and that the period of moral reaction is commencing. It seems to be agreed on all hands that Zola in his last book, *La Terre*, has outdone himself, and produced a work so utterly abominable to every one with any lingering sense of decency, that translation is out of the question. And some of his disciples in the school of filth are said to have surpassed even their master in the disgusting striving after "realistic" effects. The result is that Frenchmen of genuine literary distinction are protesting emphatically against such productions, on the ground that they are destructive of genuine art in French fiction. A league has been organized in Paris for the purpose of checking "the frightful spread of immoral and demoralizing literature." This league claims, as well it may, to have been organized "in the interest of democracy and of the honour of the national genius." Strange as it may appear to our stricter notions, it is probable that the crusade will be much more effective in Paris, on the ground that the classes of productions condemned are inimical to true art, than if it were carried on for avowedly moral ends. To a considerable and influential class of French *littérateurs* an offence against the canons of true art is a graver crime than any violation of what we should regard as the first principles of morality, or even of common decency.

It may or may not be to "argue himself unknown" for a Canadian to admit that he knew nothing of the existence of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, M.C., until he saw his name at the foot of an article on *The Fisheries Question* in the February number of the *North American Review*. This monthly magazine has of late years come to wield a good deal of influence in all departments of public and national life. In it one will often find, over the signatures of men distinguished for learning, breadth of view, and capacity for research, admirable presentations of the salient points of complicated questions. Where the accuracy, sound judgment, and dispassionateness of the writer can be relied on, these articles become of great value to the general reader. It is therefore with the more surprise and regret that one finds a respectable monthly like the *North American Review* giving not only insertion but first place to such a paper as that referred to. One turns to it, naturally expecting a calm, moderate and impartial statement of the points at issue, only to find a tirade of misrepresentation and abuse, in which assertion is made to do duty for fact, and denunciation takes the place of argument. It would be waste of space to enter into discussion with a writer who can set out with such statements as that "properly speaking, there is no fisheries question," that "our fisheries and our fishermen have been merely the instruments and the victims of a policy by which Canada seeks to extort certain commercial concessions from the United States," and who goes on to speak of England as having "set up"

the "headland theory" in 1824, "revived" it in 1839, and again "revived" it in the present negotiations. The receptive American reader will peruse the whole article without receiving the slightest hint that there is anything more in the headland theory than a mere invention and pretext for harassing American fishermen. Unless he happens to know something of international law and history he will not dream that a generally admitted territorial principle is involved, and one most rigidly interpreted and insisted upon by the United States themselves. Quite in keeping with what might be expected from such a mode of discussion, we find on another page what purports to be an historical sketch of the cases of seizure and interference on the part of Canada within the past two years, for the accuracy of which no authority is given, save that of the inverted commas within which the passage is enclosed, unless a reference, a little farther on, to General Cogswell, representative of the Gloucester district, may be taken to indicate that this very disinterested and dispassionate advocate is the authority cited. Further comment is needless, unless to express regret that the managers of so reputable a magazine should have been induced to suffer its pages to be made a medium for the propagation of statements utterly one-sided, and calculated, so far as they have any weight, to stir up bad feeling and hinder fair and honourable settlement of an international question.

### LONDON LETTER.

I HAVE before me a scarce print, engraved by Martin, of a Private View at the Academy (H. Ramberg, del.) in the year 1787, just a hundred years ago. The domed room in Somerset House is piled to the roof with pictures, among which I find Sir Joshua's "Angels' Heads," now at the National Gallery, and is full of charming, graceful, gracious figures, moving with the slow ease and precision of those minuet-dancing times. Here, in the centre of the piece, steps out Prince Florizel, handsome head on one side, left foot foremost, his shoe covered with the buckle of his own invention, praising, admiring—does he know much about art, I wonder?—the different works: now a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert, anon a portrait of his friend Fox, to which Reynolds, trumpet in hand, draws his attention. A bishop in gown and bands stands close by: a captain in lace twists his Jessamy bride into the right angle for gazing at His Highness: ladies in feathered hats and flowered caps drop catalogues and flirt fans at the near approach of the king's son: and little girls in long skirts cease playing with their dogs, and old gentlemen and young gentlemen stand at attention as soon as the royal tones are heard. How bright must the scene have been as scarlet-coated soldiers laugh with white-robed, powdered damsels, and grand ladies in brocade, leaning on the arms of swaggering embroidered waistcoated periwigged gentlemen, rustle to and fro: and children, miniature men and women, in gorgeous garments cut exactly like their parents', dart hither and thither like so many humming birds. It is a pity Fashion has excluded these rainbow hues—real greens, and blues, and reds—in which our ancestors delighted, and has left us no choice but in indefinite tones. At similar entertainments now sombre black and dingy brown are the prevailing colours, and scarce one person dares brave popular opinion except in æsthetic compromise of pale, faint tints. What cruel order robbed our streets of uniforms—worn habitually for certainly the first quarter of this century—of ribbons and stars, of a hundred points of decoration, which must have made an ordinary wall in London a perpetual delight? Gilt coaches rumble to the doors at Leicester Fields, out of which are bowed by the courtly painter blooming dames and slim girls in flowing gowns of primrose or blue, with immense head dresses crowning the towering hair. Stately lords, all a-glitter, dismount from those curious long-tailed steeds of the period (their like is now only to be met in the wooden animals pawing the air outside the carriage makers' in Long Acre), and loitering in the Square are the picturesque milkmaid and apprentice lad whom Aucland with his idle, clever pencil has drawn for us. To-day visitors to the pictures come in dark broughams or dingy hansoms, instead of in the yellow-embazoned chariots or quaintly-carved sedan chairs which conveyed Prince Florizel and his friends and admirers to Somerset House: this domed saloon exists no more: Sir Joshua's sacred studio is an auction room, and nobody respectfully lingers in the back any longer to gaze open-mouthed at the nobility and gentry. We all strive, and struggle, and push forward, shoulder to shoulder.

A contrast indeed to these quiet pictured groups before me is the nineteenth century private view crowds, of all sorts and conditions of people, who throngs this afternoon to Piccadilly, and who gossiped and laughed in front of Van Dyck, Frank Hals, De Houghe, Gainsborough, without even glancing in their direction. Everybody who is anybody came, and, if it gives them pleasure, you can read their names in the *World* paragraphs. Our poets and wits, writing men and writing women, actors and actresses, these were in great number, with an immense mixture of those who have money and others possessing position. Painters were there, and sculptors: musicians and dramatists: and if the enterprising curate in *Better Dead* (has that humorous small book reached Canada yet?) had been ready with his electric rifle he could have done excellent service to the rising talent by picking off the old members of literature and art as they went up the steps of Burlington House. Think of the pleasure of "Justice" who writes scathing letters on the horrible mismanagement of the Academy, if, say, ten of its members were cleared out of his way; the young poet who would breathe freer were the Lamestis chair standing

empty for his occupation; the author who can *not* get his MSS. accepted, who would feel secure of a fair hearing if only a few popular writers were removed forever from pens and ink! By the way, the *St. James's Gazette* (best of evening papers) first drew attention to *Better Dead*: one would like to know if its author has any connection with some of the delightfully amusing articles on anything and nothing which appear from time to time in the *St. James's* columns.

Now I cannot suppose you wish for a detailed criticism from an unskilful pen on pictures in this Winter Exhibition, for you will read all you want to know about them long before these notes are printed; but I cannot resist speaking of four or five of the best of these Old Masters, which appeal to all tastes, and even, to those who know next to nothing of art, must be a source of intense delight. Pass Reynold's "Miss Monckton"—for whom I care not at all, though they say if it were sold to-morrow it would fetch near £20,000—and you come to his family piece of the Marlboroughs, which has gleamed on the Blenheim walls ever since the artist painted it in the great drawing-room there. Here sits George, fourth duke, in the hall of the house we gave his ancestor, his children round him, the trees of his park seen through the curtained arch. He clasps a cameo in his left hand, his right resting on the shoulder of his eldest son, my Lord Blandford. Close by stands his charming wife, and near are four pretty daughters and the youngest boy. What delightful sitters! That courtly gentleman beguiles the hour of work by telling the painter of the time he made the Grand Tour, and he and Sir Joshua compare notes as to the wonders of Italy; this graceful lady asks for news of her town friends, of Lady Betty, of Lord George, and the boys and girls are full of intelligent questions, of merry answers,—you can see all this in their faces. It's no use for Miss Francis to write from London, to beg brother Joshua to hurry home. How can he tear himself quickly away from this harmonious group, a sight of which gives one the same kind of pleasure as if one were listening to Mozart? No mezzotint, no engraving can do proper justice to this picture, the chief charm of which lies in the colouring and in the different expressions,—hardly so much expressions, perhaps, as it is the veritable *look* of the people themselves Sir Joshua has caught, which no engraver could, I think, reproduce. Then, a contrast to this piece, but as wonderful in its own way, is an interior by De Houghe. A man, dressed in black velvet and slouched hat, sits by a table in the courtyard of an inn. He is smoking, and as he smokes he watches the maid (not so fair as those our English painters draw) who sips at the tall glass of beer she has brought her customer—just for luck, for from her face one would imagine she did not like the draught. The colour of her red skirt is echoed in the shutter of the window behind her; though the doorway in the wall you can see into the prim tidy garden, it's very hot and still, and the bees are humming round the flower-beds. There's nothing in the subject, a commonplace man and woman, a brick-paved courtyard, a table, a chair, and a gateway. Ordinary materials indeed out of which to make something worth preserving for two hundred years, and yet exquisite skill, love of the work, something indescribable which artists vaguely call "feeling," all these have overcome every obstacle, and here on a small canvas, thirty inches by twenty-five, is a scene photographed, so faithful and truthful, it cannot but appeal to us far more surely than any tricky portrait, however pretty, of any tricky person, Hampton Court beauty or Lady Hamilton, by either Lely or Romney. In the same room, but on a different wall, hangs Frank Hals' "Cavalier," a gay young gallant, with a curled moustache, and such a light in his brown eyes it makes one smile only to look at him. *Æta sue 26*, says the inscription; it is a laughing age. What a wonderful picture! This charming gentleman led, no doubt, a joyous, prosperous life: it is impossible he ever was unhappy. Across the centuries he is looking at us: his bright eyes shine: his lips are parting: one can almost hear his boisterous mocking tones. No care could dared have come near this brave, defiant young man, who can never be older than twenty-six as long as this canvas holds together. I think Hals must have been delightful to sit to, or why do the people he paints wear their best and most cheerful expression? It is different with Vandyck, somehow. Look at the Le Roys on each side of Rubens' "Apotheosis of the Duke of Buckingham." The lady wears a black gown and deep lace collar, and holds a large fan between her slender fingers. She is only sixteen, this sad-faced, fair-haired girl with a troubled expression in her eyes as if the tears were near at hand. The husband, Philippe Le Roy, is also in mourning, and, high-bred gentleman as he is (of the handsome Vandyck type) he cannot hide the feeling of depression which is over him; and so the fatal Stuart melancholy, with which the painter managed to invest so many of his heads, is here tremendously strong. Vandyck must have been sensitive, and taken much to heart the troubles of his English patrons, and this Dutch couple no doubt suffered from an infliction of gloomy London court talk. These pictures are of the finest art, "and are for our imitation, not our criticism"; consequently praise or blame must be equally impertinent. On my way out I pause by "The Enchanted Castle." I feel as if I were gazing into the heart of an undiscovered country, and this Palace of Claude's bathed in "the light that never was on land or sea," with its tranquil beauty, is indeed the fit home for the wise fairer folk who inhabit it.

The private apartments of the Academy where I linger for a moment—council chambers, assembly room, and library,—are nearly all that are left of the original Burlington House which Hogarth lampooned, and where Eva Maria Violette made her début, for which Bactolozzo designed the cards of admission. Ah, Garville must have sighed in these fine old rooms. Sir Francis Grant used to tell how, when he was quite young, he painted Lady Burlington, who in her youth had sat to Reynolds. "He put me close to his picture, and compared the two from a distance," she said. "Then he would run back to the canvas, and I was always afraid of

getting the paint on my cheek instead. He had longhanded brushes. He was a very pompous little man." There is many a treasure the outsider never sees, for here is Sir Joshua's square palette, framed in glass, and his mahl-stick: Philip's palette with the colours still on it, and many beautiful sketches by dead artists,—Constable, drawn by Leslie; Northcote, by Perine Hoare; portraits of Reynolds, Lawrence, Ward, Mulready, Egg, and a dozen others. The lofty walls are hung with the carved wreaths of the last century; great mahogany doors divide one room from the other; the windows look out into the court where the fountains used to splash. If you listen you can hear the roar of Piccadilly, like the murmur of the sea, as the traffic surges against the iron gates, but here it is as quiet as even the most inveterate noise-hater can desire. Above us, to my left, is the diploma gallery, to which Associates, on being made Academicians, contribute a picture. Mary Moser [R.A.] has two jaded flower-pieces, like antique wool work, and Angelica Kauffman sent some ladies with Greek profiles and in impossible attitudes, and all the names you and I know, and many others we never heard of (those who were going to be great some day, but never achieved it) are here represented. And in their midst stands Reynolds' Chippendale easel, given the artist by the poet Mason, and Reynolds' sitter's chair, where Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, enthroned herself with dignity.

What would the author of the *Book of Snobs* have said to the following story, told me this afternoon, as a positive fact?—A man, meeting a friend who had recently lost his wife, condoled with him on his sad bereavement. "Yes, it's very dreadful," sighed the widower, "but I was fortunate enough to get her grave next Lord ———."

WALTER POWELL.

### PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE "PLOUGHBOY."

In the year 1859 a party assembled at the Northern Railway Station in Toronto bent on an excursion got up to explore the waters of Lake Huron. The promoters of the excursion were interested in opening up to favourable notice the water route from Collingwood to Sault Ste. Marie. Hitherto the route was but little known, except to Indians and canoe men, with now and then a barque to traverse the waters. Mr. McLeod, M.P., had much interested himself in opening up the water route to the North-West by steam. It would not have been profitable at that time to have engaged in the service a steamer of large dimensions; neither passenger nor freight traffic would have warranted the expenditure. A military expedition to the Red River had not yet become a necessity of the time, nor had the road, called the Dawson Road, been opened out from Fort William to the North-West Angle. These projects were in the dim future, though it was talked about that the time was not far distant when traders and travellers would go by water to the Sault, thence to Fort William, and then, by making portages, reach Fort Garry. It was then hardly hoped for that the Hudson Bay Fort of Garry was so soon to become the site of the flourishing city of Winnipeg and the entrepôt of the great North-West. Time has changed all this: church spires have taken the place of tent poles in the vicinity of the old historical post of Garry.

The party congregated at the station in Toronto was made up of Cabinet Ministers, wives and daughters of Ministers, lawyers, journalists, Members of Parliament, newspaper reporters; Mr. J. H. Gibbs, now of the Bar of Quebec, an invited guest, Mr. Derbishire, Queen's Printer, Mr. Allen McLean and others; all bent on what may be termed business pleasure, the chief object being to advertise this new route to the great North-West, to attract immigration to what was comparatively unknown territory. The *Ploughboy*, placed on the route by Mr. McLeod, M.P., had in her earlier days been on other waters, stout in body and limb, a fairly good boat for the service for which she was intended, not of refined appearance, but respectable. She had upper decks placed on her, and was, with some crowding, capable of accommodating the forty or fifty who formed the excursion party for the Sault.

With what joyousness did the party, when the conductor at the Toronto station of the railway called out "All aboard for Collingwood," step aboard the train that was to carry them to the door of Lake Superior, that great inland northern sea, leading to the boundless prairies of the west! The Honourable John A. Macdonald, Attorney-General of the Province, chirpy and cheery as was his wont, was among the passengers and of the party, and so was the Honourable the Postmaster-General Sidney Smith, and the Honourable John Rose, Minister of Public Works. These three of the Ministers not only survived the disaster of the voyage, but have survived to the present time. It is sad to say that others of the party, the Honourable Philip Vankoughnet, Minister of Crown Lands, Angus Morrison, M.P., the Honourable John Hilyard Cameron, and yet another, that genial friend John Duggan, have gone to their rest!! Of the women, and noble women they were, courageous and companionable, several yet live to remember the varied delights and dangers connected with this trip of the *Ploughboy*.

Setting out on a bright summer morning, full of pleasant expectation and hope, nothing marred the joyousness of the whole party on the railway to Collingwood. Arriving there, the *Ploughboy* was seen at the wharf, steaming up and ready to receive her living freight for their destination, the port of the Sault. At about dusk of the day of the departure from Toronto the *Ploughboy* steamed out of Collingwood, then the principal port of Georgian Bay, committing herself and her cargo to the calm waters of the north. The sun went down in a beautiful summer blaze of light, and all was as merry as a marriage bell on board of the pioneer steamer. The evening was passed most pleasantly in conversation and viewing the

beauties of the coast of the Bay of Meaford, where the vessel arrived about ten o'clock at night. Before dawn the prosperous town of Owen Sound was reached; at that hour no sound of foot-fall disturbed the quiet of the quay. Not long after, that port was left, and getting out into the open bay the wind began to blow from the north. A regular north-wester set in, a warning to the travellers that *Æolus* had a wind-bag charged for every sea.

As the vessel sped on, the winds increased to a hurricane, and huge waves assaulted the *Ploughboy* on every side. In the early forenoon of the day, after our departing from Collingwood, the gale continued to gather strength; more than one passenger was seized with *mal-de-mer* and retired to his cabin. Those that were able to walk the deck could not but observe the anxiety pictured in the face of the Captain—the vessel was tossed about like a cork on the ocean. Some fondly hoped the vessel would weather the storm—vain hope! In view of Lonely Island, way up the Georgian Bay, the vessel gave a sudden lurch: the engine could not bear the strain, the piston-rod broke: unable to answer her rudder, and without a sail, the steamer was a helpless log on the storm-tossed waves of the inland waters of the passageway to the Great Manitoulin. Many were the efforts made to repair the engine, all was of no avail. Attempts were made to improvise a sail; sheets and all available fabric on the vessel were brought into requisition, but all was to no purpose. Necessarily the vessel was left to drift at the mercy of the waves, driven down the bay by the pitiless storm raging from the north. If the course was not changed the vessel must be driven on to the rock-bound coast to the south-west—here a promontory of rock towered up several hundred feet high, striking against which no vessel could live.

The afternoon of Saturday passed: the sun set in a stormy sky, the wind and the waves increased; darkness set in; still the vessel was a helpless log in the trough of these treacherous waters. The night was a terrible one for all aboard the boat; there seemed no hope; the courage of both men and women was put to the severest test. The owner's wife and two daughters were among the passengers; they joined their father in endeavouring to allay the fear of those aboard. Soon the state of affairs became so serious that even they gave up to despair. On! on! on! the vessel was drifting to the rocky, inhospitable coast, where if she struck not a soul could be saved. The large anchor was thrown out, caught, and for a while stayed the boat; hope was restored, but soon dashed to pieces; the chain of this anchor broke; the vessel became as unmanageable as ever. Many were the fervent supplications made to the God of waters that he would still the storm. Wives clung to husbands, daughters to mothers, sisters to brothers, all expecting to be swallowed up in the relentless sea. That whole night was truly a night of prayer. Life preservers were supplied to the passengers, but of what avail would be a life preserver to any one wrecked on this coast, with mountainous sea running over the rocks under the beetling cliffs of Cabot's Head? I remember at about two o'clock in the morning sitting on a bench on the leeward side of the vessel, in company with the Hon. Philip Vankoughnet and Mr. John Duggan, momentarily expecting the final plunge. My two companions and old time friends were silent and thoughtful, seemingly unregarding the danger! Just then when all seemed hopeless, and within a stone's throw of Cabot's Head, that great towering rock, the dread of all sailors traversing these waters, some Ariel seemed to hover over the water; the small anchor caught, and there was a ray of hope. It was debated, could the small anchor stand the strain, when the large one had proved unequal to the task? Egyptian darkness covered the deep. Oh! how fervently did the storm-bound passengers pray for daylight and rising of a Sunday's sun. The small anchor holds its grip, hope is regained, the morning comes like a deliverer in the desert, the vessel is still afloat!! Now is the time for vigorous action. Mr. Angus Morrison was an expert boatman; he had in his day been champion of Toronto Bay; he and the Postmaster-General, also a good boatman, with two of the crew at once undertook to man the jolly-boat, misnamed life-boat. After several unsuccessful attempts to stay the boat at the side of the steamer, they were enabled to carry Sir John Rose to shore, return, and have the happiness to receive a couple of lady passengers, willing rather to risk their chances in the little boat, than remain on the steamer in danger every moment of dragging her anchor and being driven on the rocks. The courageous ladies to whom I have referred were got to the shore, and there received by Sir John Rose and the Postmaster-General who, to prevent the beaching of the jolly-boat, were obliged to perform this duty of receiving standing up to their waists in water. There was one passenger on board the steamer, a Militia Colonel, a Member of Parliament, one who had been much indebted to the sable sons of Africa, residing in the county of Essex, refugees from slavery in the Southern States, for his election to Parliament. It chanced that the cook on board the *Ploughboy* was a coloured man, in fact a very coloured man, one who might have been a counterpart of Jack Falstaff if he had not been of so ebony a hue. The Colonel on every invitation to take to the boat and make to the shore like the others, always asseverated that he would never leave the ship. The fact was that there was likely to be better living aboard the steamer than on a barren shore, on an inhospitable coast; there being neither white men nor Indians in that region. The Colonel and the cook did indeed stick to the ship; the *Ploughboy* and they never parted company. The Colonel of whom I make mention will be at once recognized by Canadians when I say that it was he who on the capture of a number of prisoners at Sandwich, in the Rebellion of 1837, ordered them to be shot on the spot, and, as he reported to Government, "they were shot accordingly."

But to proceed: It was manifest that a large number of passengers, on a bleak and desolate coast, with provisions that could not last over twenty-



four hours, a disabled steamer in the offing, with no one along the coast—not even a Caliban—to appeal to, were in a bad plight. It was well that we had with us the champion of the Toronto Bay. He and Sheriff Smith, of Barrie, volunteered with the mate and one of the crew to take the jolly boat, rig up a sail, and make for Owen Sound, a distance of forty miles, for assistance—the assistance needed being another steamer to come up and tow the *Ploughboy* to Collingwood, the passengers taking to the assisting vessel. It was pleasant to see with what alacrity the volunteers, to whom I have referred, undertook the arduous task, involving much danger, and much time if they were to succeed. Nothing daunted, however, they left the steamer with many a cheer and God-send to stimulate them to exertion in their perilous work. They reached Colpo's Bay in safety, there met a party of friendly Indians, made portage of the peninsula, and arrived at Owen Sound on Sunday, during church hours. No sooner was the intelligence given of the disablement of the *Ploughboy* and the danger of the passengers than the bells of the churches in Owen Sound were set a-ringing; the alarm was sounded; young men, with a nobility of purpose ever to be remembered, volunteered to act as sailors for the steamer *Canadian*. Captain Smith, the captain, was found, and in a very short time Mr. Morrison and Sheriff Smith had the satisfaction of being on this fine steamer, surrounded by a relief crew of stout hearts and willing hands, en route to relieve the wrecked passengers, on the shore of the bay above Cabot's Head.

But how were the passengers on the beach occupied all that Sunday till the steamer arrived for their rescue? The sight to the observer was a queer one. Here was burning a camp fire, surrounded by half-clad men and women, the unfortunate passengers of the *Ploughboy*, who had set out with such hopes and fond expectations from Toronto, drying their garments wetted by the waters in their efforts to reach the shore from the disabled steamer. Part of a lady's dress would be hanging from the limb of a tree, of another lady's from another, flanked by the cast-off garments of some gentleman in the distance. The whole scene appeared like a gipsy camp, with more than one queen adorned with head-gear that would have astonished the citizens of Toronto, if the style had been presented there. About six o'clock in the evening of this Sunday, word was passed around the camp that a steamer was in sight in the distance.

She was not long in coming into full view, to the great delight of the shipwrecked passengers. What running to and fro then took place? A bonnet had to be picked up here, a hat there, and belongings everywhere. When all were collected together the passengers were marshalled to be shipped aboard the relieving steamer. They were a motley crew; and glad to be received by the good and true men of Owen Sound, who manned the steamer *Canadian* for their rescue. It was with difficulty the Colonel was persuaded to join his old fellow-passengers on the relief boat—the *Ploughboy* and sable cook, who might have been one of his constituents, seemed to have charms for him quite superior to any change of quarters. At length all were got aboard; the *Ploughboy* was taken in tow and we steamed away for Collingwood.

On the way down the lake by some means was picked up a piece of a wreck, which had been in the water for a very long time. It had peculiar marks in it which gave rise to much speculation. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, always ready for a joke, submitted the treasure-trove to the Colonel for his inspection and opinion as to its antiquity. A knot of passengers were got around, as it were a coroner's jury sitting on this piece of wood with its cabalistic figures, fretted over with indentations and seeming hieroglyphics. The Honourable Philip Vankoughnet gravely suggested to the Colonel that it was perhaps a war club of the Hurons, the tribe which in ancient days had their wigwags in this region. Some were sure it was a piece of wreck of a boat of the Jesuit Fathers, lost in their early exploration of these waters; others pronounced it a float. Many and various were the opinions as to its origin. The Colonel at last came forward to sum up the argument, and proceeded to give "an opinion as was an opinion." "Listen, my fellow-passengers," says he, "I have it: it is but a fungus." It was not very clear to many what a fungus meant, nor was the Colonel very lucid in his explanation. However the Colonel insisted that his superior rank gave him the right of decision. So a fungus it was decided to be, though many still believed it to be a float, and none could conscientiously decide that it was a war club.

The voyage down the bay with the *Ploughboy* in tow was not an unpleasant one; the storm had subsided, and all seemed as happy as they could be after such a disaster. The *Canadian* arrived about midnight in Collingwood where a Northern railway train was ready to receive the unfortunate passengers. When we arrived in the city the following morning the rumour had been rife that we had all been drowned. The escape from shipwreck was certainly on the verge of the miraculous. We reached our homes in the early morn, and by our firesides were able to relate the adventures of a voyage which promised so well, but which fate and foul weather cut off in the manner I have described off Cabot's Head, the huge promontorial cliff on the southern shore of Georgian Bay.

D. B. READ.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Biological Society, M. L. Vaillant offered some remarks concerning the way in which *Antennarius marmoratus*, a curious fish already studied by Agassiz, builds its nest. Each nest is made of one seaweed (of the Sargasso Sea), the different twigs being brought together and made fast to each other by the fish by means of a pasty sort of substance provided by the animal itself. Agassiz thought that separate bits of seaweed were used; but it is shown that it uses the whole of the twigs and branches of a single plant, which, of course, allows of much easier work.—*English Mechanic*.

## SECOND LOVE.

THE air was balmy with orange blossom,  
She was wrapped in whiteness fold on fold;  
The bridegroom's heart beat high in his bosom,  
His sweet sad past was faded and cold.

But through the rapturous music poured  
Round joyous faces, and laughter unchid,  
She saw his dead wife's coffin lowered,  
And heard the rattle of earth on its lid.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK has been acting for us during the past week, and I fear she leaves Montreal with not too flattering an opinion of our artistic sense. "Legitimate drama," says the tragedienne, "is at a discount in America." We may be consoled, therefore, by the fact that our neighbours' taste is as bad as ours. Less complimentary houses than those which have greeted Janauschek cannot be remembered since Salvini's appearance here. Why this should be the case, who shall explain? We are the most incomprehensible public you can imagine. Scalchi and Campanini throw us into ecstasies, but so do the thieves' duettes and "leg exercise" of *Erminia*. However, I suppose the ordinary run of semi-cultivated Europeans can scarcely plead innocent of a preference for tuneful music and "catchy" airs. But the point where we do show decided inferiority is in an utter incapacity to appreciate art pure and simple, quite irrespective of its exponent. People often laughingly express the opinion that America affords a refuge for decayed artists. On the contrary, in no country do they need so fully to possess their youthful vigour. Artistic life must have reached a very high state of development when an actor who is fast approaching the confines of everything earthly can still enrapture for the art alone that is in him; when, notwithstanding the loss of physical charms, and a voice roughened with use, the old fire lightening the eyes, flushing the cheek, and animating every gesture, evokes applause as phrenetic as in times past.

I don't know exactly what we expected to see, but the Madame Janauschek who entered the little private sitting room at the Windsor Hotel with grave, stern face, and in Quaker-like morning wrapper of black, was a surprise. She regarded us at first not too favourably, for her experience with the over-imaginative representatives of the press has not been as a rule very satisfactory. However, when we assured her that our intention was not to feed the hungry with highly seasoned fibs, she became more communicative.

Madame Janauschek is a Bohemian, and she seems proud enough to be of that race which has given Europe some of the most famous artists this century can boast. She belongs to the old school, where girls commenced to study in their teens, and knowing how hard a master is Art, served him with all their hearts and with all their might. In these degenerate days, when an actress is made, not born, we cannot reverence too deeply the few priestesses of a true but languishing worship that are still amongst us; and Janauschek is one of these. Though she was admirably tolerant in her criticisms, she certainly deems artistic taste sinking in America. Fire and blood, and all such vulgar scenes as one may witness any day upon the streets, when represented on the stage are the people's delight. Nothing, it seems, could have surpassed the success of a New York actress who lately was self-sacrificing enough to allow herself to be thrown into a huge tank of water, thence to be rescued like a half-drowned rat.

"What are you Montrealers made of?" asked Madame Janauschek, "I bring you the most moral plays, an excellent company, and I play to empty benches." Then after a pause, "You have a prodigious number of churches here." This fact, strange to say, never seems to produce any effect on foreigners other than that of mild surprise. To one who had seen the Bishop of Prague take his seat in a theatre along with other ordinary human beings, Canadian austerity was puzzling in the extreme.

One should go to see Janauschek, if for no other reason, to revive our notion of what a real actress is. She is no beauty, as she says herself, and far from young; but her fire and passion, her admirable conception of her rôle, and above all, a most marvellously expressive face, are, I think, from a dramatic point of view, far more worthy our study and applause than the snowy shoulders of a Mrs. Langtry, or the cloudy hair of Mrs. Potter.

At the annual meeting of the Art Association on Friday, it was decided not to open the gallery on Sunday. As you remember, perhaps, ten thousand dollars were offered to the Association, provided they should permit the poorer classes to enjoy one day of the week what the rich have the privilege of seeing the other six. In a very feeling speech the Hon. Mr. Justice McKay dwelt long upon the baneful results that would surely follow all efforts to make Sunday as cheerful as any other day. He hoped the members would consider before they agreed to accept Mr. J. H. R. Molson's terms of accepting ten thousand dollars to violate God's day. I am sure this was not Mr. Molson's special aim in making the kind offer on behalf of his friends, nor do I suppose to any one, with the exception of Judge McKay, has the idea occurred. There was really very little rancour shown in this delicate discussion. The old time-worn arguments for and against Sunday opening were brought forward with dignified calm. From a financial as well as from a religious point of view, Sunday opening was considered by some as unprofitable. The loss would be, roughly speaking, about \$350, for, estimating at one hundred the number of members likely



to resign if the motion were carried, and an extra expense of \$250, this would immediately amount to \$750, whereas the interest on \$10,000 was estimated at \$400.

You will be pleased to learn that Art is "looking up" in Montreal, and that we are slowly but, it is to be hoped, surely amassing a sum the interest of which will provide for the working expenses of the Art Association, and the overplus be devoted to the establishment of scholarships and to the buying of works of Art. Among other good paintings that have been presented to the gallery during the past year are, "A Coming Storm," by Homer Watson; a sea piece by the French artist, Gaston Roulet, and a work of R. Harris.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### MONTREAL.

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie;  
Spread wide thy ample robes of state;  
The heralds cry that thou art great,  
And proud are thy young sons of thee.  
Mistress of half a continent,  
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;  
We see thee conscious heave thy breast  
And feel thy rank and thy descent.  
Sprung of the saint and chevalier,  
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed,  
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head,  
And past thy footstool, broad and clear,  
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea,  
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

Montreal.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### PARIS LETTER.

M. SECRETAN'S volume *Civilization et la Croissance*, though on a dry subject, is far from being unimportant or uninteresting. It deals with the social perils of democracy—that majority to-day, that omnipotence to-morrow. The only solution in M. Secretan's opinion for the social problems which wind, Laocoon-like, round our civilization is "religious reformation." He forgets that man is not changed by the mere fact of living under a democratic or a theologic government. Human vices and selfish passions flourish under all constitutions. With a democracy, if by that is meant universal suffrage, the party which unites the greatest number of votes will, or at least ought to, exercise the authority. Germany has manhood voting, and yet it is Bismarck rules, and he is feudalism itself. French Socialism has dissenters, known as Anarchists—and more noisy than dangerous. The orthodox Socialists recognize no other superiorities but those of intellectual wealth and moral greatness. The shoe-black has equal legal rights with the duke; but he does not claim, still less expect, to be seated at the duke's table, or by his side at the Academy. The democrat recognizes an aristocracy of knowledge and virtue, but not birth or cash privileges. Like any other form of government, the democratic will be swept away if it fails to conform to the laws of civilization; hence, the necessity of educating the judgment and taste of the masses. But are they only the masses who stand in want of such an education; and if the higher layers of society stand too in need of reform, how achieve it? The true *ouvrier* has no sympathy with the Anarchist. The latter aims to deal with all accumulated wealth, as if it were a heap of five-franc pieces to be doled out *pro rata* to the number of applicants. That would put an end to the production of wealth, and of the distribution of the five-franc pieces at the same time. On the other hand the *ouvrier* knows well that capital is the offspring of frugality; for he is himself frugal and saving. His want is, not that his employer be unfairly remunerated for his capital, risks, and intelligence, but that he, the workman, be not condemned to receive only a modicum of the profits, say two or three per cent., while the master nets his thirty or fifty. All the theories of the "Dismal Science" will not convince the *ouvriers* of the present, and still less those of the future, that such a participation in the gains of production is equitable. The feeling is spreading that it is not just, and legislatures are being cornered to grapple with the Frankenstein who demands a more merciful share of the cake won by the sweat of the brow.

It is pleasant to re-read the De Goncourts when they deal, as they do in *Madame de Pompadour*, with the eighteenth century, and its pictures, books, furniture, and wit. They make the salons of that epoch as familiar as if but yesterday events. And this pleasure can be indulged in without accepting their Flaubert doctrines or their Balzac crudities. Naturally, Madame de Pompadour was signalized in advance as the bright particular star of the reign of the voluptuous, indolent, and corrupt Louis XV. The lowly Madame d'Etioles in becoming Marchioness de Pompadour, ruled France pending twenty years from her *boudoir*. Like Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV., the Marchioness had to accomplish that most difficult of tasks—the banishment of *enunci* from a royal profligate. Putting aside her vice—while not forgetting it—this extraordinary woman's memory is held in measured respect by artistic France, though she inflicted the Seven Years' War and all its calamities on the country. She founded the Sèvres manufactory; she was a born lover of art, an amateur of curiosities, and the protecting friend of artists, who in return never grew weary of reproducing her beautiful features. Madame de Pompadour, in addition to being an accomplished painter, was also no mean engraver. She was an excellent singer and a capital *actrice* too. Her complexion was

of a beautiful whiteness; her lips a little pale, and her eyes, of an undefinable colour, possessed all the mixed seductions of blue and black eyes. Her magnificent hair was of a light chestnut colour, and her teeth, pearls set in smiles. She was of middle height, elegant in shape, and graceful in carriage; possessed gestures full of charming animation, while ably masking the seductions of the adventuress. And this humble woman, who died at the age of forty-four, was able to treat, somewhat on a footing of equality, with the proud and haughty Marie-Thérèse of Austria. The Empress in her letters to the mistress Queen, addressed her as "my cousin," and presented her portrait to the Marchioness set in diamonds and precious stones valued at 75,000 francs.

The authors do not spare the omnipotent courtesan. Tearing aside the borrowed tinsel of royalty that veils her defects, they exhibit la Pompadour as a rare example of moral ugliness. Thus she was endued with extraordinary self-command, and her untruthfulness was ably seconded by her consummate powers of acting. She was the perfection of egoism. She possessed the mind of an accomplished politician, with whom all was plan and project; where nothing was expressed only what she wished to be known and in order to achieve an end. Thief by instinct, she did not hesitate to steal the secret correspondence of the King; but so disciplined was she in dissimulation as to submit without a murmur to all the tyrannies of her royal lover, and self-esteem was so extinguished in her that no feeling of jealousy sprang up in her breast. In her heart there was no pardon; in her resentments, no pity. She was deaf to the groans and lamentations of those she sent to the Bastille. Such was the background of the favourite's character, cold and dry as a Maintenon. She did not govern, but monopolized; she farmed the monarchy, as if a concession; her influence had its tariff, according as the purchasers desired titles, decorations, lands, pension, office, or pardon. She was insatiable in her cupidity; she permitted her waiting maids to accept bribes, the better to promote her own. And to maintain her waning influence over the demoralized Louis, she undertook to be even his procuress, and in one of her victims Louis found his Nemesis.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL TRANSLATION.

It is when one enlarges the conception of the word "translation" that one perceives the value as well as the limitations of Longfellow's art. He was a consummate translator, because the vision and faculty divine which he possessed was directed toward the reflection of the facts of nature and society, rather than toward the facts themselves. He was like one who sees a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass; by some subtle power of the mirror everything has been composed for him. Thus, when he came to use the rich material of history, of poetry, and of other arts, Longfellow saw these in forms already existing, and his art was not so much a reconstruction out of crude material as a representation, a rearrangement, in his own exquisite language, of what he found and admired. He was, first of all, a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relations rather than in their essence. To tell over again old tales, to reproduce in forms of delicate fitness the scenes and narratives which others had invented—this was his delight; for in doing this he was conscious of his power, and he worked with ease. Thus it is that the lyrical translations which he made in his student days are really his own poems; he rendered the foreign form in a perfect English form; his work in this regard was that of an engraver, not that of a photographer.—*Men and Letters*.

#### BARBARIC HAYTI NEGROES.

HAYTI has for nearly a century been a black independent state. The negro race have had it to themselves and have not been interfered with. They were equipped when they started on their career of freedom with the Catholic religion, a civilized language, European laws and manners, and the knowledge of various arts and occupations which they had learnt while they were slaves. They speak French still; they are nominally Catholics still; and the tags and rags of the gold lace of French civilization continue to cling about their institutions. But in the heart of them has revived the old idolatry of the Gold Coast, and in the villages of the interior, where they are out of sight and can follow their instincts, they sacrifice children in the serpent's honour after the manner of their forefathers. Perhaps nothing better could be expected from a liberty which was inaugurated by assassination and plunder. Political changes which prove successful do not begin in that way.—*James Anthony Froude*.

#### PESSIMISM.

THE world grows cold as the world grows old,  
For tender are hearts of men,  
And the warmth that is lost in a cruel frost  
Will never be found again.

#### OPTIMISM.

The world grows sweet as the centuries meet,  
For Faith and Hope still sing;  
Their voices soar above the tempest's roar:  
"Love is eternal king!"

## PICTURES AT SEA.

A FINE effect is often produced by a conflict of moonlight and lightning. I witnessed a magnificent scene of this kind in the Indian Ocean, the island of Amsterdam being in sight on the starboard quarter. There was a full moon in the north, and in the south hung a vast bank of clouds charged with fire and thunder. The early gusts of this electric storm broke away great wings of vapour from the shoulder of the main body, and sent them speeding athwart the moon. The shining of the luminary was ghastly, rendered so by the alternations of her own light, darting wildly over the edge of the driven clouds, with the quick dazzle of the southern flashes. Her beams seemed to be coloured by the electric leaping. It was the eye, of course, that carried the reflection of the blue and sun-bright darts to the northern illumination; but the effect was as though the lightning struck its own hellish quality into the fabric of the silver beams as they fell from the rims of the flying clouds. The combined illumination put a new and monstrous face upon the ocean. It made you think of a dead sea complexioned to a very mockery of vitality by the light of such flames as those from which Milton's fiend rose to steer his flight to dry land.—*Macmillan.*

## CLEVELAND'S POLITICAL INSIGHT.

ASSUMING the paramount importance of continuing the control of the Democratic party in the general affairs of the Government, the President would have erred in springing the issue on the country on the eve of a Presidential campaign if the people were not ready to settle it definitely, or did not wish for its immediate consideration. Was he mistaken in believing them ready and desirous to settle it now? When Congress convened on the first Tuesday of December he was reasonably sure of a renomination upon existing issues, and of a re-election. He seized the opportunity of his first message to the new Congress to present the issue of tariff reform as the one issue of the time. He made this question the sole subject of his message. Had his party been unwilling or afraid to second him, and to adopt the issue he had offered them, his act could readily have been accepted as his own political suicide. The leaders of his party in State Governments and in Congress had been, to all appearances, radically divided on this issue. There was indeed an outcry at the first. Yet to-day there is but one conspicuous man within the Democratic ranks who is recognized as irreclaimably hostile to the President's policy, and the leaders elsewhere have declared themselves, with an almost extraordinary unanimity, as his enthusiastic supporters. There can be no valid explanation for this unanimity except that their constituents have warmly indorsed the outspoken declaration of the President that tariff reform is the one great issue of the day.—*North American Review.*

## SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S ANTS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK recently read a paper before the Linnean Society, in continuation of his previous memoirs, on *The Habits of Ants, Bees, and Wasps*. He said it was generally stated that our English slave-making ant (*Formica sanguinea*), far from being entirely dependent on slaves, as was the case with *Polyergus rufescens*, the slave-making ant *par excellence*, was really able to live alone, and that slaves were only, so to say, a luxury. Some of his observations appeared to throw doubt on this. In one of his nests the ants were prevented from making any fresh capture of slaves. Under these circumstances the number of slaves gradually diminished, and at length the last died. At that time there were some fifty of the mistresses still remaining. These, however, rapidly died off, until at the end of June, 1836, there were only six remaining. He then placed near the door of the nest some pupæ of *Formica fusca*, the slave ant. These were at once carried in and soon came to maturity. The mortality among the mistresses at once ceased, and from that day to this only two more have died. This seems to show that the slaves perform some indispensable function in the nest, though what that is still remains to be discovered. As regards the longevity of ants, he said that the old queen ant, which had more than once been mentioned to the Society, was still alive. She must now be fourteen years old, and still laid fertile eggs, to the important physiological bearing of which fact he called special attention. He discussed the observations and remarks of Graber as regards the senses of ants, with special reference to their sensibility toward the ultra-violet rays, and referred to the observations of Forel, which confirmed those he had previously laid before the Society. Professor Graber had also questioned some experiments with reference to smell. He, however, maintained the accuracy of his observations, and pointed out that Graber had overlooked some of the precautions which he had taken; his experiments seemed to leave no doubt as to the existence of a delicate sense of smell among ants.

## SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

IN oratory, however, he greatly and distinctly improved as years went on. I remember many years ago, when Sir Stafford was a young man, his making a speech from this platform at a meeting presided over by the then Bishop of Exeter, a man of very great qualities, himself in a certain style an orator well nigh unrivalled, and a critic of other men's performances, at once most competent and most severe. His judgment of Sir Stafford's speech was not only very unfavourable, but committed him to the opinion that the speaker never could succeed in public life. How entirely the Bishop's forecast was falsified by the event we all know. He became, as I can testify, a speaker perfectly competent to hold his own with the greatest masters of debate in the House of Commons—one with whom the foremost

man of his time always felt that he must deal respectfully, and put forth his whole strength to answer; not perhaps one who could thunder down a Chamber or sweep the House of Commons away in a fierce flood of eloquence; but one who could express clear thought in clear language, could conceive with spirit and express with dignity, and could leave his audience when he sat down not, perhaps, convinced (who ever convinced a political antagonist on the spot by a speech?), yet brought to a pause, if they were his opponents, and supplied, if they were his supporters, with excellent reasons for the vote they were about to give. Above all, he had in large measure that which Aristotle calls the *πίστος ῥητοική*, the moral suasion, the influence of character, charming and conciliating even where it did not convince. The great Lord Erskine, as I have heard his son say, was once discussing with Mr. Canning the merits and gifts of Mr. Percival, whom Lord Erskine thought Mr. Canning underrated as a rival. Lord Erskine said that Mr. Percival was a much abler man than Mr. Canning was disposed to admit, for various reasons, which he gave, and then he added; "Remember, Canning, that you never speak without making an enemy, Percival never speaks without making a friend, and this in itself is a great power." I leave the application of the story to those who have heard Sir Stafford Northcote speak.—*Lord Coleridge, in Macmillan.*

## TIGER SHOOTING.

IN the cold weather of 1844-45 the 22nd Native Infantry was on escort duty with the camp of the Agent to the Governor-General in the States of Rajpootana. On one occasion the camp halted in the vicinity of a river, where was a very heavy tamarisk jungle. Here, for some reason or another, the Political Officer halted. Lieutenant Hall got some of the inhabitants of the adjoining villages to his tent and began to cross-examine them concerning the existence of game in the adjoining jungle. The villagers, in reply to his inquiries, told him that they could scarcely give him any definite information, nor could they say what was or was not in the tamarisk jungle, as they had been for some time past much harassed and many of their cattle killed by tigers; that the jungle was full of them, and for that reason no one had dared to enter it. This was enough for Hall, a man scarcely to be surpassed with the rifle, so he determined to try his luck. That night he cleaned up his rifle and dried his powder, sewed up his bullets in the tips of discarded white kid gloves, and carefully greased them. Next morning, before a soul was stirring, Hall was up, a villager as a guide having slept with his servants during the night. The day was just light enough to see fairly, when he and his guide with his spare gun left the tent, and made their way towards the tamarisk jungle. The two plodded along for fully three-quarters of an hour without seeing or hearing anything except the snapping of the decayed wood under their feet, when all of a sudden the coolie stopped and pointed to a tawny object in front of him. Hall brought up his rifle, and, taking a steady shot, rolled the brute over. Turning for his second gun, he found his guide had sloped. Fortunately he had his ammunition with him. He had hardly hastily reloaded—it was not in the days of breech-loaders, and the operation of reloading a rifle took some little time—when, from a thick patch of grass in his immediate front, out stalked another tiger. A quick and steady sight and a touch of the trigger, and over it rolled, stone-dead. Hastily cramming down a bullet into the discharged barrel, he had scarcely advanced twenty paces when out rushed a magnificent tigress, lashing her tail from side to side in a fury. She did not see him; he fired, but a branch of tamarisk diverted his aim, and he struck the tigress in her right leg. She was round in an instant and crouched to spring, but quick as lightning he fired and struck her in the centre of the forehead; but the muscular action of her spring took place, and she crashed towards him, rolling over dead almost at his very feet. He then went and looked at the three animals he had killed, and tore his pocket-handkerchief into strips and hung them in spots near so as to be visible at a little distance on. After this Lieutenant Hall lost his way in the jungle, but was guided to camp by the sound of the bugles. Here at breakfast he told, amid general incredulity, the result of his morning's sport; nor was his performance believed till the bodies of the tigers were brought in in triumph by coolies who had been sent in search of them. Lieutenant Hall's prowess procured for him from the Political Agent a staff appointment which it was at that time almost impossible for any one to get without great personal interest, which the lieutenant did not possess.—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

## MONTE CARLO.

I CAME away from Monte Carlo at 7.47, carefully concealing the fact that I still had a small sum to the good about me. I was afraid to whisper it to Albert Edward, lest the authorities should hear of it, and send a message to the railway company to make the 7.47 "*facultatif*" also. But when we were safely in the train and it had started, I imparted to my companion the news that I was still twenty-six francs to the good. Then, his big baby face beaming all over with smiles, he imparted to me the fact that he also had won £30. I put on a forbidding aspect at once, and sternly rebuked him. "You had no right to gamble," I said. "You cannot afford it. You have a wife and family at home in the Watworth Road. I wouldn't have taken you to Monte Carlo if I had imagined you would so far forget yourself!" "But I *didn't* gamble," he replied. "I give you my word of honour that I didn't." "Then how have you won £30?" Albert Edward looked cautiously around him, and then he whispered in my ear, "I made the money by attempting to commit suicide in the grounds. Ha! ha! It was not for nothing that I brought that revolver with us!" The wicked, deceitful, artful fellow! What do you think he

had done? I am ashamed of him. I have told him that it was most dishonourable, and he has promised never to do such a thing again. While I was wildly flinging my 5-franc pieces on red and black, *passé* and *manqué*, on the numbers *en plein, transversale, à cheval, and carré*, with an occasional plunge on zero, Albert Edward had put on a melancholy and dejected look, and wandered away to a secluded part of the grounds. As he passed out of the doors he drew cautiously from his pocket the revolver, the wonderful weapon that won't go off. He looked at it for a moment, and, as soon as he was sure that one of the officials had seen him, he replaced it in his pocket, and made slowly for a sequestered spot. He heard footsteps behind him; he knew that he was being followed. Presently he drew the fatal weapon out, and exclaiming, in French, "I am ruined! Here let me expiate my fault," he placed the revolver in his mouth and was about to pull the trigger, when two officials rushed forward and dashed the deadly weapon from his grasp. An explanation was demanded. Albert Edward began to shout out his woes. He had lost his all—all the money he had brought with him to Monte Carlo. He had not the means of returning to England, and please would they allow him to die in peace? The officials begged him not to shout—they prayed of him to be calm. Matters might be arranged; would Monsieur be good enough to accompany them to the office of the administration? After a show of resistance the would-be suicide yielded, and, accompanied by the revolver and the officials, he repaired to the office. There he met with the utmost politeness. It was absurd for Monsieur to commit suicide. It was not nice conduct. Such things did no good to the suicide, and much injury to the establishment. The papers made capital of it, and cried out for the suppression of the tables. How much had Monsieur lost? "All he had brought with him." How much was that? "He couldn't say, but all he had; and he had not the means to pay his hotel bill and get back to England." The administration put on its considering cap, and then made a proposition. If Monsieur had the means to pay his hotel bill and return to England, would he abandon all idea of suicide? "Why certainly." And then after a little more consideration Albert Edward found himself in possession of £30, and the administration was left congratulating itself on having avoided "another scandal at Monte Carlo." My companion protested to me that his statement was perfectly true, so far as it concerned having lost all he brought with him, for he had only five francs in pocket, and he had lost it. I sha'n't advise him to keep the £30, because I don't think it is quite honestly come by. I shall make him present it to a London charity on his return to town. The Monte Carlo people will do anything to avoid a scandal, but as a rule they are more stringent than they were with Albert Edward. The revolver in his mouth was considered by them sufficient evidence of his *bona fide* loss. They didn't know what a lump of artfulness they were dealing with.

## UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

I HAVE heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.

Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things.

You may travel a good way on whisky, and travel fast while you are going, but you can't get back when you want to.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

Faith won't enable a man to lift a ton all at once, but it will, ten pounds at a time.

Genius invents, talent applies.

I never have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.

Vanity and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.

A thoroughly neat woman is a joy unspeakable, but doesn't she make it busy for the dust and for the people in her neighbourhood!

My young disciple, don't hunt for new things, but study to improve upon the old ones; every flat stone, and most of the boulders, have been turned over already by the novelty-hunters.

We find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two.—*The Century*.

THE Russians are preparing to celebrate at Keiv the 900th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into their country. Among other proceedings it is proposed to restore the church in which the bones of Vladimir, their first Christian prince, rest. The building is now very much decayed.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S family write their name Tolstoy—in the German fashion. The letter *y*, however, has been adopted, by many writers, to stand for the Russian diphthong *ui*, as in the name of the fabulist Krylof, or Kruihof; and, moreover, the final letter in the Russian spelling is the semi-vowel *i s kratkoi* which in all other cases is transliterated by an *i* (as in *troika, echai, tea, valdai, voina, war*). The word is therefore a trisyllable, and the second *o*—which has the accent—does not give the sound of *oy* as in toy, which the spelling Tolstoy would seem to indicate. As to Tolstoi's Christian name, it means in English Lion, and therefore corresponds to the German Löwe, the Trench Léon, and the Latin-English Leo. The Russian word is spelled Lef, but the Russian diphthong *e* has the diæresis, which signifies that it is pronounced *yo*. Consequently Lyof, or better L'yof, is correct, granting the advisability of using the Russian name; but if we must translate it, let the whole name be anglicized. It will then read Count Leo Nicholson Stout!—*Critic*.

## A BABY'S EPITAPH.

APRIL made me: winter laid me here away asleep.  
Bright as Maytime was my daytime; night is soft and deep:  
Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well are ye that weep.

Ye that held me dear beheld me not a twelvemonth long:  
All the while ye saw me smile, ye knew not whence the song  
Came that made me smile, and laid me here, and wrought you wrong

Angels, calling from your brawling world one undefiled,  
Homeward bade me, and forbade me here to rest beguiled:  
Here I sleep not: pass, and weep not here upon your child.

—Swinburne.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE COUNT OF THE SAXON SHORE. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Seeley and Company.

This story of Britain about the time of the withdrawal of the Roman Legions opens with scenes in the Roman Camp at Great Harbour, now Portsmouth. The soldiers accustomed to make and unmake Cæsars, in a tumult, which has its origin in discontent on account of arrears of pay, murder Gratianus, one of several usurpers who briefly wore the purple in Britain, and elevate Constantine, an illiterate private soldier, to the perilous dignity. At this time not even a nominal control was exercised over Britain by the Roman Emperor. Ælius, the Count of the Saxon Shore, a distinguished Roman of noble descent, was the only official who bore unwavering allegiance to Honorius. He was a typical Roman of the nobler sort. Able, resolute, experienced, he had long held his present office and was trusted by the Emperor, respected by the army in Britain and dreaded by the Saxon pirates in the narrow seas. His duty was to protect the eastern and southern shores of Britain against the attacks of the Saxons, and as he performed this duty with great diligence and skill, the usurpers of the sceptre in Britain were content to leave him undisturbed and he, on his part, was willing to be on friendly terms with the rebel generals who from time to time bore Imperial sway. Returning from a cruise on the eastern coast to his winter residence on the Isle of Wight, he gives chase to a small fleet of Saxon boats and runs down one of the vessels. All the crew of the shattered boat are killed by the shock or drowned, except two brothers, one of whom is so badly hurt that he dies soon after his captors reach their home. The survivor, Cedric, a young man of fine appearance and great strength, a chief of high rank among his own people, is taken into the Count's service, because he cannot be conveniently imprisoned, and grows in favour with the household, especially with Carna, the Count's adopted daughter, a beautiful maiden descended from the old British Kings. Carna is a zealous Christian, and vainly endeavours to make a convert of the great yellow-haired captive, who, however, was willing to confess any creed in order to win the favour of his mistress. But Carna would neither wed a pagan nor accept an insincere confession. We cannot outline any further this most interesting story. It abounds in strong scenes. The descriptions are vivid and powerful, but in no way do they seem overdrawn or too highly coloured. The conspiracy of Carausius, the embarkation of the legions, the abduction of Carna to be a sacrifice to the Druid gods, the long and perilous pursuit of her captors by Ælius and his followers, her rescue from the arch-Druid's uplifted knife by the valour and strength of Cedric, the encounter with the fierce Picts, the departure of Ælius for Rome, the burning of the villa by the Saxons, the parting of Carna and Cedric, are the main incidents in the narrative, and are all described with great skill and power. The story ends forty years later with the battle of Badon Hill, where King Arthur, after several days fighting, overcomes the Saxon invaders. A wounded prisoner, white-haired, but not age-enfeebled, who had borne himself with great gallantry in the fight, proves to be the Saxon chieftain Cedric, who during these long years had shunned the shores his countrymen so ruthlessly ravaged. On the battlefield he received the rite of baptism, refused so many years before, and died with his last look fixed on the long-loved Carna, now like himself white-haired and old. Mr. Church is Professor of Latin in London University, and we may safely assume that his descriptions of Roman interiors, costumes, and camps are correct.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, QUEBEC. By John Cook, D.D., LL.D. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This is a volume of sermons well worth reading, not only for their freshness of style and thought, but for the revelation they make to us of a preacher full of practical wisdom and vigorous manhood. "What is it?" said a juvenile street arab to his comrade, pointing to a mediævally dressed personage who stalked into their alley, "Is it a man or a woman?" "Neither," was the triumphant answer, "It's a minister!" No one will ever ask such a question concerning Dr. Cook. There can be no mistaking his sex. He has lived among men, talked with them in nineteenth century language without priestly assumption, heard them speak out what they thought, and tried to make such answer as he honestly could. He has been the representative Protestant minister in Quebec for half a century, not

only as a pastor coming in direct contact with rich and poor of all nationalities, but as a leader in every public movement of importance. He does not think it necessary to shut his eyes to the facts of life when he is in the pulpit. The sermons are appeals to common sense, free alike from the barren formulas or spiritual falsetto that set men asleep or make them angry, and from the irreverence and loud sensationalism that threaten to degrade the modern pulpit to the level of the penny theatre. Whatever the subject, he looks at it all round, and tries to connect it with some fundamental principle. If there are two sides to any question, he presents both with judicial fairness. By nature he is evidently a man of strong and impetuous emotions, whose delight would be to hit out from the shoulder, but whether from the soundness of his judgment, his Scottish training, or his sense of what is due to the pulpit, the general impression made on the reader is that of restrained power. Were we not aware that the worst stigma that can possibly be affixed to a Presbyterian minister is to call him "moderate," we would say that he fulfils St. Paul's injunction, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

In theology Dr. Cook is evangelical, but even in treating of the characteristic doctrines of Christianity he bases them on reason, and shows that they are congruous to the spiritual needs of humanity. This, and the fact that he deals with practical rather than doctrinal subjects, would entitle him to the honourable name of rationalist had not that word too been so much abused that it would be almost as safe to label a minister "Mad dog." No brief review, however, would do justice to these sermons. We have read them from first to last, the first volume of sermons—let us frankly confess—read through since the day, long, long ago, in the consulship of Plancus, when Robertson of Brighton held us with his marvellous suggestiveness and clearness of thought, exquisite as the style. There is really not a commonplace sermon in the whole volume. Just because of that, quotation is difficult, and because of the unity of thought that makes each complete in itself. We have marked hundreds of extracts, but have space for only one or two from the sermon on the difference between men's inner and outer creeds. Having pointed out that we do not get at the "light in a man," or his real views, by ascertaining the Church to which he belongs, the creed that Church holds, or the creed which he himself professes and is ready to argue in defence of, he gives details that we might learn from his conduct: "Just as surely as a stranger, seeing a Hindoo falling down before the idols of his country, would reason to his idolatrous creed; so surely would a stranger judge the following to be the nature of the creed entertained by many among ourselves, say, about the Sabbath: 'The Sabbath is to be observed by going to church once a day and then employing the whole time in recreations and amusements and unprofitable conversation, carefully avoiding any further exercise of God's worship, in private or in public, whatever opportunity the day affords for either. . . . Again, 'Repentance is not necessary till there be some appearance of the approach of death. It is safe and right to delay it till then.' Or, 'It is not necessary to search the Scriptures. It is necessary to read newspapers and such ordinary works as approve themselves to the taste of individuals. But the Scriptures may be unopened, except in church, or for a few minutes on Sundays.' What would be the creed which conduct would indicate in regard to prayer? It would be this: 'Ordinarily prayer need not be offered, or, at all events, the form of it will be sufficient morning and evening.' What in regard to the Lord's supper? It would be this: 'The Lord's supper should not be observed, except by such as are properly prepared; but if a man is not so prepared, he need not give himself any trouble to prepare.' It would be a curious creed we might construct in this way—a Confession of Faith for Presbyterians very different from that framed by the divines at Westminster—yet . . . nearer to being their real creed than is the Westminster one. . . . Sometimes, too, men will give you an idea of this inner creed by some hearty but honest exclamation in regard to themselves or of others. 'Such an one,' you will hear a man say, 'Such an one is a very honest man, and let people say what they will, honesty is the best passport to heaven; that's my creed!' Or, 'Such an one is a very charitable man to the poor; and if charity will not take a man to heaven, I do not know what will.' It is in such speeches that the real creed for a moment appears; and it is curiously different from that which the man avows as a church member—curiously different from that which he hears and expects to hear, and would be disappointed, perhaps enraged, if he did not hear from the pulpit."

It is needless to point out the knowledge of human nature, and the quiet, suppressed humour in such passages. The volume is a worthy memorial of a ministry fruitful of results in the upbuilding of character, and "extending over well nigh fifty years."

*St. Nicholas* for February has its usual wealth of story, verse, and illustration for its youthful readers. *Diamondbacks in Paradise* is not about brilliants, but about snakes in Florida, and will be found not only interesting, but exciting. Another good paper is *The Story of an Old Bridge*, an historical sketch of London Bridge, with many illustrations.

*The Eclectic Magazine* has, as usual, a judicious selection from all the leading Old Country periodicals, the *Fortnightly*, *Blackwood* and *Murray's* being largely drawn upon. The Duke of Argyll's *Nineteenth Century* article on *Loose Analogies*, Andrew Lang's *Realism and Romance* in the *Contemporary*, and John Morley's address on *Aphorisms* are reproduced.

*The Canadian Methodist Magazine* for February has four generously illustrated papers: *Picturesque Ireland*, *Walks About London*, *Tourist*

*Notes in the Bahamas and Cuba*, and *Our Own Country*. *Our Own Country*, by the Editor, is the first of a series of illustrated articles descriptive of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. This series will doubtless add much to the attractiveness of the magazine.

*The Atlantic* for February has an attractive table of contents: Fiction by E. H. House, M. O. W. Oliphant and J. B. Aldrich, and Charles Egbert Craddock. Poetry by Bliss Carmen, Aldrich, Paul Hermes, and James Russell Lowell, papers on *George Meredith*, *The Medea of Euripides*, *Madame Necark*, *The Marriage Celebration in Europe*, *The Blue Jay*, *The Colverton Papers*, *Doyle's History of the New England Colonies* and *Patrick Henry* make up a very full and entertaining number.

*The Contemporary* for January has *An Australian Example*, by Sir C. Gavan Duffy; a criticism of Lockyer's Meteorite Theory, by Samuel Laing; *The Workless, the Thriftless and the Worthless*, by the Author of *Social Wreckage*; *Wells Cathedral and its Deans*, by Dean Plumtre; *The Lord was not in the Earthquake*, by Frances Power Cobbe; *Welsh Nationality*, by the Rt. Hon. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P.; *The Value of the Individual*, by Vernon Lee; *Freedom of Bequest*, by I. S. Leadam; *The Age of the Pentateuch*, by the Dean of Peterborough; and *The Liberal Party and its Prospects*, by R. B. Haldane, M.P.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S essay on Walter Savage Landor is probably the most attractive feature of the February *Century*. Mr. Kennan, continuing his series of Russian papers, has a powerfully written description of a Russian political prison. *Ranch Life in the Far West* is said to be written from personal experience and observation, and is valuable, not only as illustrating a peculiar phase of Western life, but for its inferences and suggestions as to the system of stock-raising which now prevails in the West. The Lincoln history is continued, and General Sherman has a paper on *The Grand Strategy of the War*.

The January number of *Lippincott's* opens with a complete story, *The Spell at Home*, after the German of E. Warner, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Belva A. Lockwood, who is still willing to be a candidate for the Presidency, tells in *My Efforts to Become a Lawyer*, the enormous changes in the status, privileges, and opportunities of women that have been made in the last twenty-five years. Emélie Rives contributes a short story, and Sarah M. B. Piatt, Edith M. Thomas, and Ella Wheeler-Wilcox have each a contribution in verse. A noticeable feature of this number of *Lippincott's* is that all the signed articles are by ladies.

*Harper's* for February has an unusually large number of illustrated articles, and the literary character of the number is well up to the standard. *Felix Buhot, Painter and Etcher*, gives an interesting account of this artist with illustrations of his work. *Quebec*, by C. H. Farnham, with illustrations by Sandham and others, will be of special interest to Canadian readers. The poetry is contributed by C. P. Cranch, Emélie Rives and Ellen M. Hutchinson. Politics, sociology, travel, art, literature are all worthily represented. Mr. Howells, who conducts the Editor's study, is getting many rubs from brother writers, but he always makes his department attractive, even if his literary judgments do not invariably command approval.

*Scribner's Magazine* for February gives continuing evidence that it is not to be in any respect behind its older and better-known contemporaries. The illustrations are numerous and unmistakably good; and the articles offer a very judicious selection of entertaining and instructive reading. *Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles* gives much interesting information respecting the great composer. Mr. R. L. Stevenson contributes a paper entitled *The Lantern-Bearers*, which contains many autobiographical reminiscences which give it a doubled interest. Perhaps the most attractive feature in the number is a well-written and profusely illustrated article on *Volcanoes*, by Professor N. S. Shaler. It contains a translation of the famous letters of the younger Pliny, descriptive of the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 63.

*A Battle with the Sioux*, by L. B. Platt, is the opening article in the *Cosmopolitan* for February. The striking illustrations will at once attract the attention of the reader; but the letter-press will not be found disappointing. *The Book Auction*, by Joel Benton, gives much interesting information about books, book sales, and book buyers. *The Crime of Micah Road*, by Elia W. Peattie, is a clever, but very unsatisfactory—almost repulsive—story. It seems to us we have seen another short story by this author which had similar elements of temptation and secret crime. *Have Ghosts Been Seen?* by Richard A. Proctor, *The Italians of New York*, by Viola Roseboro, and *Clubs and Club Life in Paris*, are contributions of merit to this number.

*The Magazine of American History* for February is most decidedly a Washington number. Portraits of Washington and of Martha Washington; pictures of Washington's home and of Washington's pew; a paper on Washington by the editor; Unpublished Washington Letters, an account of Washington as an Angler, dedicated to President Cleveland, with a reply from the latter, remarking on the absence of details as to the result of the first President's fishing, and wondering if it is because the father of his country could not even tell a lie about his fishing exploits; original documents about Washington; minor topics about Washington; notes about Washington, and reviews of books about Washington may not be too much in one number for an ardent admirer of Washington, but most readers, we think, will be disposed to cry "enough!"



THE January *Nineteenth Century* opens with an article on *The Progress of Cremation*, by Sir Henry Thompson, in which the eminent surgeon gives many reasons for the more general adoption of this method of disposing of the dead. In *The Two Paths: A Dialogue*, Mr. Frederick Harrison has some caustic criticism of recent books. Mr. Matthew Arnold has a paper on Shelley and Mr. Goldwin Smith one on American statesmen, founded on the series of biographies recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Mr. F. T. Palgrave writes on the *Decline of Art*. Mr. Theodor Von Bunsen on *Home Rule in Norway*; Sir W. W. Hunter on *A River of Ruined Capitals*, being an account of the Hugli, "the most westerly of the network of channels by which the Ganges pours into the sea." Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne throws deserved ridicule on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in a paper entitled *The Dethroning of Tennyson*. The Hon. Mr. Justice Stephen has a rejoinder to Mr. Mivart, dealing with methods of Biblical criticism. The Bishop of Salford has a paper on *Leo XIII. and the Civil Power*, and the Duke of Argyll in *A Great Confession* deals with Mr. Herbert Spencer and the "Darwinian Hypothesis."

THE *North American Review* for February opens with a paper on the Fisheries Question, which, it is safe to say, does not meet the Canadian view, more especially as it concludes with this declaration: "The ultimate solution of all these recurring troubles with Canada will be found, no doubt, in union with the United States. Such an outcome will benefit both sides, but Canada far more than us. We can afford to bide our time, and await the inevitable result of the laws of political, financial, and social gravitation, for it is a case of inevitable destiny." *The Wonders of Animal Magnetism*, by Gilles de la Tourette, describes some of the strange phenomena of hypnotism. General W. F. Smith writes on the *Genius of Battle* and Miss Davis, Jefferson Davis' daughter, in a paper on *Serpent Myths*, shows how the old serpent worship still lingers among the negroes of the South. *The Political Effect of the Message, Capital Punishment by Electricity, Ballotting and Copyright, Georgeism making the Rich Richer, Communism and Protection* are articles of general interest. Mr. W. L. Le Sueur, of Ottawa, contributes a note on the *Foot prints of Creative Power*.

In the *Fortnightly* for January the author of *Greater Britain* continues his criticism of the British Army, comparing it most unfavourably with the armies of even the small powers of Europe. *The Old School of Classics and the New* is "a dialogue of the dead," by Professor Tyrell, in which Bentley, Madvig, Porson, Shakespeare, and Euripides take part; but Madvig and Bentley monopolize the conversation which is, of course, critical, ingenious, and interesting. In *Right and Wrong* Mr. W. S. Lilly endeavours to show that morality is nothing if not absolute, and that the rule of ethics is the natural and permanent revelation of reason, and not, as some hold, a matter of calculation and reasoning. Mr. George Saintsbury has a second paper on the *Present State of the Novel*, in which he treats principally of the French novel, and comes to the conclusion that it does not appear to be in any more healthy condition than the English. *Elk Hunting*, by Sir Henry Pottinger, *Charles Darwin*, by F. W. H. Meyers, a short paper entitled, *The Prospects of Egypt in 1888*, by Col. Duncan, *The Higher Life*, by Rev. J. L. Davies, and *Distress in London*, by Earl Compton, with some verses by Mr. Swinburne, complete the number.

ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THIS flourishing institution maintains its rank among us, and its right to the approval of the music-loving citizens. The Saturday Quarterly Concert in the Pavilion was crowded to overflowing, and the various items on a well-arranged programme were performed to the satisfaction of the large audience present. The selections were undoubtedly very trying in point of difficulty and necessity for artistic interpretation, but in nearly all the pupils a high degree of proficiency was noticed, especially among those who are mainly interesting themselves in singing. Signor d'Auria evidently possesses the power of communicating a kind of special *verve* and *vim* to his pupils, which materially enhances their performances. We might if we were critically disposed mention as a feature of the piano numbers at these concerts, that they are in almost all cases characterized by a slowness of tempo, which, while perhaps wise that the student should retain, is fraught with discomfort to the listener. The violin department appears to be increasing in popularity. The bowing of the young ladies, M. Boucher's pupils, on Saturday, was excellent, but their intonation faulty. One or two omissions were unavoidable, owing to the snowstorm and detention of pupils by the way.

MR. BELFORD'S DRAMATIC RECITALS.

LARGE and appreciative audiences greeted Mr. Belford on his re-appearance in Toronto on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On both occasions he had popular programmes which enabled him to display the full scope of his ability as a reader. All the selections were more or less familiar, but none of them were hackneyed; and Mr. Belford's fine voice and finished elocution gave a new charm even to the most familiar. Gifted with such facile power of rendering the most difficult and different selections—grave, humorous, pathetic, declamatory, it is hard to say in which class of readings he most excels. In such pieces as *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, *Three Years After*, and *Major Namby*, he is simply delightful. He is equally successful in declamatory and passionate pieces. His very force and

vehemence, while they stir his audience powerfully, make him at times almost unintelligible. Mr. Belford has many of the qualities of a reader of the highest rank. He has a voice of great sweetness, clearness and strength, dramatic force and insight, versatility, nerve, and, what is by no means unimportant, an easy and almost winning manner on the stage.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY'S FAIR.

IT is no longer a secret that it is the intention of those who control the Academy to hold a quaint and interesting celebration in Toronto in the spring, having in view the laudable object of obtaining the means wherewith to raise a creditable building to be devoted to Art purposes, and to serve as a permanent home for the archives and impedimenta of this institution, founded by Lord Lorne and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, some eight years ago.

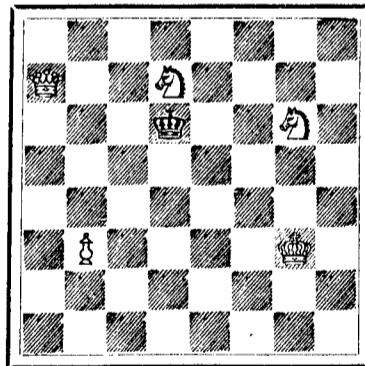
It is hoped that this may be found to be an effective means of resuscitating and reviving the local society, which has for about fifteen years struggled and languished in our midst, somewhat as a mariner contends with the elements when beset by storms, or, what to him is worse, the tantalizing calms which hinder progress. The old rooms on King Street have undoubtedly seen their best days, and experience has taught those in charge that some new movement is absolutely necessary if the position of the Fine Arts is to keep pace with the onward march of all other constituents which make up this apparently thriving and prosperous community.

It is felt keenly, perhaps even bitterly, by some of our artists that there is a tendency nowadays to overlook those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and while there seems to be no lack of means to expend on luxury and personal display, and on the decorative and architectural arts, the artist proper who produces original pictures finds but little encouragement in his direction. Well, let us hope that the effort now to be made may prove successful, and that a stimulus may be created by the energy of the governing body of the Academy, supported by the liberality and public spirit of our leading citizens, which will result in erecting such a commodious and tasteful home for the Arts as may prove attractive to all the refined and cultured minds, not only of Toronto, but of the Province. The Council of the Granite Rink Club is putting its building at the disposal of the artists on very encouraging terms, and this should be at least a good step towards the probabilities of a popular fair. The space at command, the facilities for lighting, and the locality of the building are all favourable. We believe the programme, so far as yet arranged, is to apportion a part of the rink to the exhibition proper, opening it in April or May, meanwhile preparing the novelties and attractions of the fair, which will serve to keep up public interest of all classes, and should, if carried out, as we have reason to hope, prove an engrossing entertainment for old and young. In the hands of artists the representation of mediæval scenes and costumes should be something different to such as one expects to see in the ordinary "fancy drip" entertainment at skating rinks and balls.

In a future issue we hope to give our readers fuller particulars as to what the fare of the Fair will be.

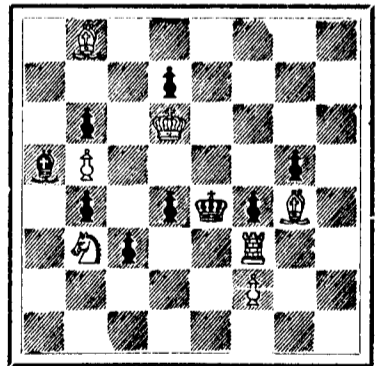
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 225.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 226.



White to play and mate in four moves.

Solution to Problem No. 221 (King Q S 7).—Key R—Q R 2, and R or Q mates.

No. 222.—Key Q R—B 6 (R—B 1) R ch. etc. (R x R), R x R ch. etc. (R—S 4) R—S 6 ch.

All moves that white is compelled to make in solving constitute each one variation.

Baltimore *Sunday News* Co. offer forty dollars to ladies for solutions during Lent.

The Columbia Chess Club publish the best weekly exclusively devoted to chess.

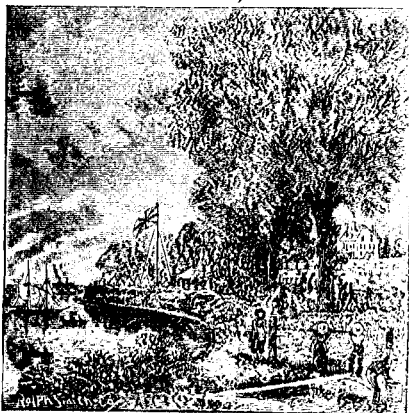
One hundred and twenty-eight players competed in the late match, "Ireland v. Scotland;" the latter won.

Capt. Dowdall wins "Hungarian Defence" from H. S. Tickell, B.A. : thus :

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	11. Q—B 3	S—Q 5
2. S—K B 3	S—Q B 3	12. Q—Q 1	S—K B 3
3. B—B 4	B—K 2 (weak)	13. P—K B 3	P—K R 4 (*)
4. P—Q 3	P—Q 3	14. R—B 2	P x P
5. Castles	B—K S 5	15. R—R 2 (bad)	Q x R ch.
6. Q S—Q 2	B—K S 4	16. K—B 1	Q—R 8 ch.
7. P—K R 3	B—R 4	17. K—B 2	R—R 7 ch.
8. P—K S 4 (note)	B—S 3	18. K—K 3	S x Q B P ch.
9. P—K R 4 (loses)	B x R P	19. Q x S	Q—K 8 mate.
10. S x B	Q x S		(Note) <i>Facilis est descensus Averno.</i>

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with composition, and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR. Solutions next week.

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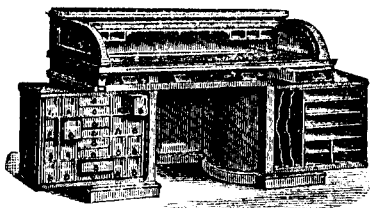
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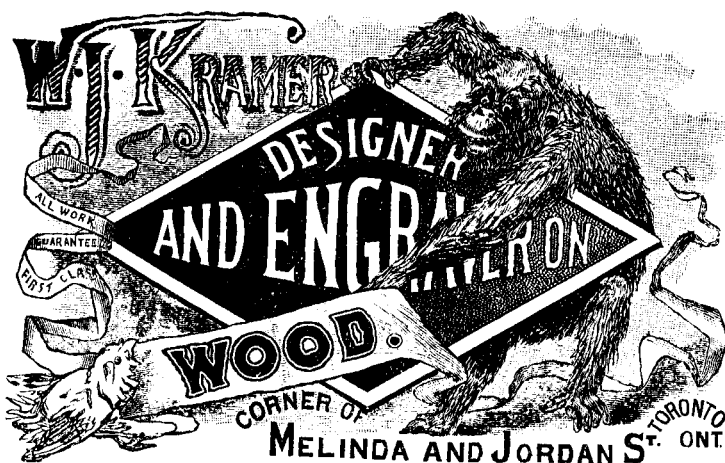
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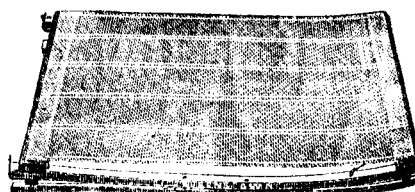
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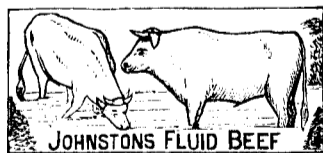
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Wednesday, 14.—Gobbled everything down anybody advised me; kept shuddering in my overcoat in June. A neighbour coaxed me to try the Leon. I did. Great Caesar! the health and joy it brings. JAMES CALBECK.  
Thursday, 15.—Mr. J. W. Adams, Grocer, 800 Queen East: Fill and return my jug with Leon bilge water. It leads me back to the joys of thirty years ago, when a boy of twenty-one at sea. E. ADAMS, Woodbine.  
Friday, 16.—Send bbl. St. Leon; customers and myself require it. It clears off bile, headaches, etc. Don't feel at home without it. Canon City, Colorado, boasts no such water as St. Leon. WM. NASH, 313 Gerrard Street.

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is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.**—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with sores from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

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Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy**, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

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THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy**, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

**Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.**

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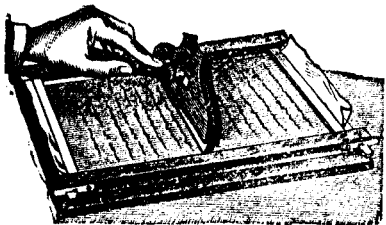
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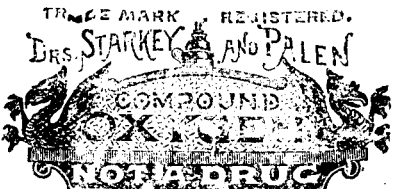
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