

THE WEEK:

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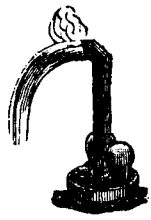
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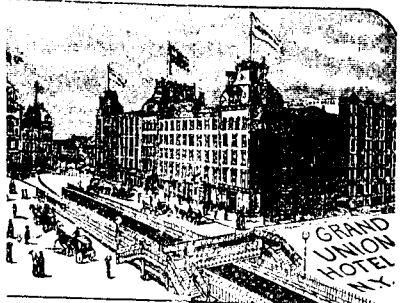
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THE WEEK.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY is kept by one England, and St. Andrew's Day by one Scotland, but St. Patrick's Day is kept by two Irelands. One is the Celtic and Roman Catholic Ireland, unprosperous and disaffected; the other is the Saxon and Protestant Ireland, prosperous and loyal to the Union. To all the assertions that British connection is the source of Irish misfortune the answer is Ulster; and it is an answer which leads at once to the heart of the Irish question. This Teutonic and Protestant Ireland, though numerically small, is, in vigour of character, in intelligence, in industrial and commercial energy, not small. It has shown its power of holding its own against heavy odds. Had fair play been given it, it might have made an Ulster of Ireland. It has fully done its share in building up the British Power, and has given to the Empire its full proportion of great men. Why, in schemes of Dismemberment, is it to be treated as of no account? It is now a part of a grand nationality, perhaps the grandest nationality in the world. Why should it allow itself to be torn away from this, and merged in a petty nationality to be created out of elements not only alien but hostile to it? It now enjoys the amplest measure of British freedom. Why is it to be called upon to exchange this liberty for the despotism of the priest or the demagogue, such as experience, confirmed by the evidence of the reign of terror now being enacted before our eyes, shows us will, under the cloak of Parliamentary institutions, be the lot of the "liberated" Celt?

"Anti-national," Mr. Morley once called the Protestants of Ulster, because they did not choose to be divorced from their own nationality, and cast into that which it is his patriotic aim and that of his leader to carve out of the side of the United Kingdom. Not only have the Protestants of Ulster never sworn allegiance to a Celtic and Roman Catholic nation, but no such thing as a Celtic and Roman Catholic nation has ever really existed. The Anglo-Norman invasion found the Irish Celts not in the national but in the tribal state. Amidst a group of independent and naturally hostile clans it usually happens that some powerful chief gains a military predominance and becomes for the time a sort of king. But there was no central government, nor, we may be sure, any consciousness of a united nationality. The clergy, in whom resided whatever there was of civilization, made no scruple of calling in the foreigner to rescue their Church from the barbarism of the clans. Since that time the island has always been divided between warring races, nor has the Celt ever been its master. Even the Roman Catholic Church has no historic claim to the country: Erin was the Isle of Saints before she appeared there, and when the Roman system was introduced by Norman arms it was long in gaining a strong or general hold upon the native clans. Whether, if the Norman Conquest had not taken place, a Celtic nation could have come into existence, who can tell? What is pretty certain is that there would have been no "Grattan's Parliament"; for the Celtic race, left to itself, has shown no tendency to develop Parliamentary institutions.

The United Kingdom is now a sort of composite nationality, within the pale of which a number of historic nationalities retain their traditions, their sentiments, their patron saints, their emblems, and something of a distinctive character. They are bound together by a legislative union which is indispensable to their peace, security, and greatness. If a political break-up is to take place along the lines of history and sentiment, Ulster belongs not to Celtic Ireland, but to Scotland. She resists the transfer of her heart, and to fortify her in her resistance is the patriotic duty of the hour.

The demonstrations in support of the Union to which British Canadians have been at last provoked seems, as has been remarked, to have produced, in Toronto, at least, a marvellous effect. At a banquet of the National League the Queen's name has been received with honour, instead of being passed over in silence or insulted; civil language has been held towards the people of Great Britain, in whose ears, up to this time, frantic abuse has been ringing; nay, the desire of separation has been disclaimed. Mr. Parnell's discreet injunction to be quiet, and put no obstacle in the path of Mr. Gladstone, has no doubt had its effect as well as the Loyalist demonstration. In Montreal, however, where Roman Catholicism has everything under its feet, the same prudence is not thought necessary. There, at the meeting of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Society, General Bourke, brought by special invitation from New York, holds forth in genuine accents and in the familiar strain. He first pours a torrent of rabid invective on Great Britain and her people. Then he justifies, in the frankest terms and with much hilarity, the murder of landlords. His sentiments are greeted with loud applause and laughter, and a vote of thanks to the speaker is moved in the most complimentary terms by the Secretary of the Nationalist League. Loyalists have been slow to move, but they are not so simple as to be deluded by a palpably feigned moderation the word for which has been audibly given by the leader, and which, where the Fenian movement is strong, is not observed.

That the severance of "the last link" between Great Britain and Ireland is the object in view has been distinctly avowed by the leader, and can be doubted by nobody who has watched the movement. Every cent collected by the League in the United States has been subscribed on that understanding, and the American Fenians will see to it that an Irish Parliament is true to the bond. An address issued to the American Irish on Mr. Parnell's behalf, called on them liberally to sustain the man who "will be able to throttle English legislation, and thus to compel the English to allow them to return from the atmosphere polluted by royal and aristocratic bestiality, and to establish a free parliament for the government of a free people in Ireland." If nothing had been sought but an extension of local self-government, why was not the proposal brought before the Legislature in a constitutional and respectful way? Parliament, as was well known, was at the time actually preparing to extend local self-government in all three kingdoms, in order that it might relieve itself of a part of its intolerable load of business. Why should it not have been decently approached on the subject of any special measure deemed necessary for their own country by the representatives of Ireland? Why should Mr. Parnell and his train, without making a proposition of any kind, have flown at once to obstruction in the House of Commons, and to murder, outrage, and terrorism in Ireland? Why should the whole of the Nationalist Press have laboured, by every sort of abuse and calumny, to excite in the Irish districts hatred of Great Britain and her people? The natural course surely would be to lay your wishes in courteous terms before those whose friendly disposition on the subject you had no reason to doubt. But Separation has throughout been the aim, not local self-government or removal of "inequalities." What inequality is there to be removed? In what respect is the position of a loyal Irishman inferior to that of an Englishman or a Scotchman? The Viceroyalty was retained in deference to the wishes of the Irish people. No assassination, boycotting, or mutilation of cattle is necessary to obtain its abolition; and Great Britain herself does not enjoy free murder.

From a letter addressed by Lord Robert Montague to the *Times*, it appears that in the opinion of Cardinal Manning, Home Rule would be highly beneficial to the Roman Catholic Church. Lord Petre, some time ago, made a sensation by avowing that he was a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards. The Cardinal is, no doubt, a Catholic first and last. Father Gallway, the Provincial of the Jesuits in England, also considers

that "Home Rule would be a great step towards the destruction of Protestant ascendancy." The Provincial of the Jesuits in Ireland agrees with his English colleague. Protestant ascendancy there is none. Religious equality reigns in Ireland, and the Pope has thanked the Queen for the liberty enjoyed by his Church in her dominions. But whatever moral and social advantage Irish Protestantism may possess would no doubt soon feel the action of an Irish Parliament in which the Provincial of the Jesuits would bear sway. Yet it may be doubted whether we do not here again see that curious combination of craft with shortness and narrowness of vision which has ever been characteristic of the brotherhood of Loyola. The Jesuit has always been spinning webs, which, just as they reached completion, have been suddenly swept away. Forty years ago he seemed to have got Switzerland entirely into his toils, when one morning he awoke to find the laborious structure of his policy overturned and himself sent over the border. As soon as the Irish Parliament is set up, a struggle for ascendancy will begin between the priest and the American Invincible who belongs to the Atheistic Revolution. At first the priest will probably have the upper hand. It is by no means sure that he will in the end. If the Union falls, more than one consolatory spectacle may be in store for its vanquished defenders.

Mr. Parnell gratefully acknowledges the effective aid which he has received in the shape of money and expressions of sympathy from this side of the water, avowing that to it his success is largely due. He dwells with complacency on the fact that assistance has come to him not from Irishmen alone, but from people of different nationalities. Our Parnellite Press reproduces this manifesto with evident sympathy, and at the same time tells Canadian Loyalists that the Irish Question is one in which it is impertinence on their part to interfere. Is not this something like effrontery? Are American Fenians to be applauded for helping to destroy the British Empire, and British-Americans to be denounced and ridiculed as meddlers for helping to save it? "Wait for Mr. Gladstone's scheme." The Parnellites and Invincibles have not waited for it. They knew that what Mr. Gladstone would do depended on the pressure put upon him from different sides, and, as we see, exerted themselves accordingly. The Unionists are at length doing the same. It happens, too, that they have just been supplied with an apt answer to the charge of interference with that which does not concern them. That the unity and greatness of their Mother Country do concern them, they, if she were dismembered and humiliated, would soon be made to feel. But they have in this matter an interest nearer home. At the dinner of the National League letters were read both from the head of the Ontario Government and from the leader of the Opposition. It is hoped that the day will come when public life will be entered through the gate of truth, and when the arts of political cajolery will be regarded as a necessary part of statesmanship no more. But it is very evident that the question does not affect Great Britain alone, and that in doing what loyal Englishmen believe to be their duty to their Mother Country in her peril, we are at the same time struggling against a sectional domination here.

Though Mr. Gladstone's scheme is still unrevealed, there can be little doubt as to its nature. It is an Irish Parliament. If it were anything less than this, if it were merely a measure of local self-government, he would not be so anxious as he evidently is to tack it to a measure of Expropriation. He feels that it can pass the Lords only by the help of a great bribe administered to them as landowners. In the case of any but a highly religious statesman the policy of offering the members of a national legislature a bribe for betraying the unity and greatness of their country would hardly be deemed high principled. The grant of a separate Parliament to Ireland will no doubt be hedged round with all the elaborate restrictions which a mind as full of ingenuity as it is void of forecast can devise. But no one except Mr. Gladstone can imagine that men with whom agitation is a trade will cease to agitate when they have wrested from cowardice and weakness the larger part of their demand, and an immense fulcrum for the extortion of the rest. The restrictions will be at once attacked. Before many years, perhaps before many months, are over, the national independence of Ireland will be proclaimed, and an application for recognition will be addressed not in vain to the demagogues of the United States.

To form an accurate estimate of the probabilities, without being on the spot, is impossible. Our accounts are always coloured, and for the most part with a Parnellite hue. It is easy to believe that the Radicals demur to the Expropriation part of the scheme, which would saddle them, for their political lives, with the responsibility of having added thirty millions of dollars to the annual taxation of the country. They probably know by this time in their hearts how much effect the payment of an enormous sum of blackmail is likely to have in purchasing Irish friendship, and relieving the nation of trouble for the future. Mr. Trevelyan is pledged

against an Irish Parliament in the strongest possible words, and Mr. Chamberlain is pledged in words equally strong against any abandonment of the Legislative Union. But these men would hardly have entered a Home Rule Government had they been resolutely determined not to give way. The same thing may be said, with still more force, of such men as Mr. Childers and Sir William Harcourt. We believe it to be true that John Bright stands as firmly for the Union as he did against the miserable Egyptian Policy. He is, of course, at once pronounced to have lost all authority; whether truly, will be seen when he speaks. In the qualities which fit a man to be at the head of a nation in a time of peril, Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, be held by posterity to have had few inferiors among the public men of his time; but in solemn and impressive eloquence he has no rival, and as the masses are swayed by rhetoric, it is probable that even if he loses one or two of his colleagues, he will retain his ascendancy, and that Dismemberment is accordingly at hand. GOLDWIN SMITH.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, March 2, 1886.

THE Anarchist Meeting of last Wednesday, in the *Salle Lévis*, was by no means a characteristic one. Instead of the usual blustering, illogical tirade, we had a quiet, not to say learned, discourse; and the butcher- orator, invariably losing himself in his labyrinthian arguments, was replaced by the Prince, or, as he is pleased to be called, the Citizen Krapotkine.

This high priest of anarchy presented a very different appearance from what one would have expected. Rosy cheeks, blonde beard, and simply a fringe of hair; while a pair of small, bright eyes shone behind his enormous spectacles. The speaker treated of "The place which the Anarchist Theory now holds in Socialist evolution." More or less wisely put forth, the gist of these lectures is always the same—no State, no Religion. What has the former done towards the creation of the greatest force of the nineteenth century—that network of railroad spread over Europe? Who prepares wars that we may cut each other's throats? Who trammels trade by an eternal interference between buyer and seller? And what code of morality is to direct this Anarchist Society? Nothing that has aught in common with those systems, all more or less false, of the philosophers, but the morality of the people!—whatever that may be. So we are to be left to the tender mercies of "moralists," who, "if the fit were on them," would behold with equal equanimity the Citizen Krapotkine their victim, as they behold him now their leader; and would listen with the same satisfaction to the *thud* of his head as they do now to the ring of his voice.

FROM biographies of Our Lord and of St. Paul to plays for the Theatre Français seems rather a stride, but evidently not too long for Monsieur Renan's aged limbs. Before the close of 1885 appeared his "Prêtre de Némi"; he opened the year with a facetious dialogue which is supposed to take place in heaven between the Almighty and the Archangel Gabriel; and on Friday last, the anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, was produced his latest—"1802," the scene of which is laid in the Elysian Fields.

CONTRARY to all expectation, "Hamlet," translated by Cressennois and Samson, at the Porte St. Martin, is a success. Monsieur Duquesnel, the manager, whose fastidiousness with regard to scenery and dress has made this theatre a very lyceum, decided the *mise en scène* should be of the time of the Middle Ages, and not of the Renaissance.

Madame Bernhardt, who naturally plays *Ophelia*, calls this her swan's song, but Nature has put in her the element of an infinite number of resurrections.

The translation of the play is remarkably good, and surprisingly literal. The ballad is rendered into very lovely verse, but with Madame Bernhardt's "gold-toned" voice, a musical accompaniment was scarcely necessary. As might have been expected, she was best in the mad scene. But imagine *Ophelia* in person being borne along in the cortege!—an excess of artistic conscientiousness indeed.

The part of the melancholy prince sinks with M. Philippe Garnier into a very secondary one.

It is well some Parisians, at least, have at length risen in revolt against the mania of French authorities for altering the names of streets and avenues. Every change of Government, and the death of every great man, affords a new excuse. The "Avenue du Trocadéro" is henceforth to be named "Avenue Henri Martin," because that celebrated historian died near by. But Lamartine also expired in this quarter of the city, so a poet has written to the municipal council:—

"A veil must have fallen o'er your eyes, I ween,
To inscribe there 'Martin,' where died Lamartine!"

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS IN COUNCIL.

It is some time after. The last non-resident female suffragist has shaken the dust of an ungrateful capital from off her feet and departed. The calm of judicial reflection and the untroubled security of serene conviction again possess the city, and Washington femininity has once more subsided into the contemplation of Kensington stitch. For three long days, while the leaders of the movement stormed public opinion in the Universalist Church, the wives and daughters of Washington have been going about in a distracted manner and the architectural bonnet of the season, looking searchingly into each other's eyes for the evidence of conversion. I am not an audacious person, and in transmitting my views to THE WEEK, a certain valourless discretion bids me limit them strictly to what I saw.

Naturally, in contemplating the movement in its recent annual crystallization, I saw first Miss Susan B. Anthony. It was at a reception given by the proprietors of the hotel which shelters Miss Anthony from the wrath of man during her visits here, in honour of that lady and her *con-sorts*, if I may be permitted the expression. They stood in a long line, these leading lights of the Woman Question, Miss Anthony next the hostess. By a sort of electric chain system our acquaintance was conferred upon each lady by the next in order. It was an awful review. From its genuflecting beginning to its undulating close one was conscious of being confronted with a stern interrogation point, before which several pompadoured heretics felt constrained to announce fervent admiration for a cause which, up to that inquisitorial hour, they had amused themselves and their masculine attachments by prettily reviling. It is a supreme moment in a woman's existence when she commits herself to suffrage for her sex. It marks the temporary and hard-won victory of her intelligence over her instinct.

To return to Miss Anthony, one's first impression upon regarding her is that she is no longer young. And then steals over one an awful apprehension of the blow which her demise will inflict upon American journalism. Precisely how the average country editor will sustain his "Wit and Humour" column without Miss Anthony's assistance does not readily appear. Her age and her wardrobe and her relationship to Shakespeare's Mark—it is brilliantly reported in newspaper circles that she is his sister—have formed topics that it is doubtful whether any rash disciple of hers can supply when the head and front of the movement retires from earthly scenes to that celestial democracy where, it is to be hoped, there are no invidious distinctions of the ballot. It is not the opinion of the unprejudiced that Miss Anthony will live to see the Constitution of the United States amended as she yearly prays it may be; but there are few who venture to assert that in a world where all angels are free and equal, without even the disparity of trousers and skirts, her "influence" may not be respectfully solicited by more than one prominent official. And who wouldn't rather vote for Peter than for President.

This is also irrelevant. While it doth not yet appear what she shall be, Miss Anthony's present appearance is not extremely prepossessing. Grace has done much more for her than nature has ever attempted. She has an expression of benevolent severity, and a decided cast in one eye. Add to this, keen, intellectually cut features, and the complexion of the average studious woman of fifty, a tall figure in a black silk gown, and you have the Anthony *tout ensemble* as nearly as it may be transcribed on this occasion. There is nothing doughty in her appearance, however; not a vestige of the warrior bold. She might be almost anybody's grandmother.

I cast a long and piercing scrutiny upon the habiliments of the strong-minded of my sex on the festive occasion aforesaid. Everybody did. It was our single retaliation. I have a neutral-tinted recollection of it. It was brown and black and ashen gray chiefly, and silken altogether, curiously marking the concession of the suffragist to the modiste in every champion of her sex. Nobody was *decolleté*, but it is hereby recorded that the unclassical bang predominated to quite a depressingly frivolous extent. There is really nothing abnormal about a woman suffragist, except, perhaps, in a few instances the cerebral development implied in the way she talks in public or in print. In dress, in deportment, in conversation, she is much as other women.

Of course I attended the sessions. There, infinitely happier than in a drawing-room, manipulating her notes and the glass of water provided for her refreshment with vastly greater ease than her fan and the salads and ices wherewith Washingtonian supper tables refresh the inner suffragist, I saw and heard the enfranchiser of womankind at her very best. She is not homogeneous; she differs from her sister as radically as it is possible for people with a common purpose to differ. Every face expresses the common aim, arrived at through circumstances and conditions as various as possible. Miss Mary F. Eastman, of Boston, a lady whose culture of expression is quite equal to the force of what she expresses, approaches the

subject from the conservative standpoint of the Hub. Mrs. Clara Colby, the editor of the *Woman's Tribune*, reaches it through a Nebraskan environment. I saw one woman on the platform whose thin lips and aggressive nose beshrewed her, but only one. The prevailing aspect of the ladies was not belligerent. One embodied the intellectuality of the movement; another typified its righteousness; another, I am convinced, would have flirted strategically in its favour.

As to what I heard—how shall I commit to this antagonistic page the heresy I heard! Indubitable facts, keen logic, unflinching conclusions? All of that. Foolish bravado, unmeaning assertion, inconsequent reasoning? That, too; but may I be pardoned the auricular defect that caused these latter characteristics to dwindle into insignificance before the former! Is it surprising that where force and intelligence lead the way, impotence and ignorance will fall into line and be clamorous! Is it not a phase of every movement which history unfailingly repeats? And is it quite to be expected that a hostile press will disseminate the former and ignore the latter?

I heard no new thing at the Woman Suffrage Convention. There is nothing new to hear upon the subjects discussed there until their discussion becomes experimental. Then we may expect developments. Till then these gatherings are simply tentative fingers on the public pulse—pebbles, perhaps, thrown into the stream of popular opinion, to mark the growing influence of the subject as the circles widen yearly, where once a laugh and a ripple marked the plunge.

Slowly but steadily these circles broaden and deepen. Odd, fantastic objects are gradually being drawn within their influence—French slippers, smelling-bottles, and things,—and eddy about not without a certain illustrative value. This year the evidences are stronger than ever that the question has taken undoubted rank among the topics of the time. Its funny phase is no longer the rational or appropriate side from which to approach it. Year after year counts new supporters for the measure in both Houses here, as the sub-political influence of women is felt in their respective localities. The bill at Albany was defeated by a majority of eleven votes only—would have passed but for the vacillation of members who reconsidered their first votes. This is a situation which must be dealt with seriously. A grave consideration of the subject devolves on every thinking man and woman. If legal justice to women means danger and detriment to society, the hypothesis should be made to appear in its most convincing aspect, lest in the fulness of time and the on-whirling progress of a civilization before which no barrier stands long it should become a fact.

Washington, March 16.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

WEAR AND TEAR OF LONDON LIFE.

As a general rule, a barrister begins his daily work at his chambers about half-past nine. After a short stay there he passes the next five or six hours in court, either engaged in a case or cases, or waiting for them to come on. While thus waiting he occupies himself with other work, e.g., reading briefs, drawing pleadings, etc. If his attendance be not required in court he would be working in his chambers writing opinions, consulting reports and standard authorities in support of such opinions and contentions. Whatever his occupations he spends but a few minutes over lunch; whether heavy or light it is despatched in the least possible time. His ordinary work detains him at his chambers till seven o'clock, when he goes home to dinner, generally taking with him documents and books to be studied at night. If this were a complete sketch of a barrister's work it would be absurd to say that any undue amount of wear and tear was necessarily associated therewith. But his legal duties are perhaps the least arduous of those that fall to his lot. As a general rule a barrister, ambitious of rising in his profession, must seek other spheres of activity besides the law-courts. It is almost an absolute necessity that he should enter the House of Commons, and to get there he must expend not a little time and trouble, and make, perhaps, several unsuccessful attempts. As a member he must be in his place at four, or as soon afterwards as he can leave the law-courts. The sittings, of course, vary much in length; important divisions not unfrequently require the attendance of members till two, or even three a.m. When Parliament rises for the vacation the work of the circuit begins, to be varied in some cases by frequent journeys to London for professional purposes. The work of the Attorney or Solicitor-General, or of a leading Queen's Counsel, though in some particulars different from that of the ordinary barrister, is quite as continuous. The law officers of the Crown have, of course, much private legal business to transact in addition to the duties, professional and Parliamentary, connected with their offices. Society, moreover, claims a share of the successful barrister's time. Other conditions being favourable, to be seen by the public greatly assists the aspirant to success, and when a good position has been attained, the homage which society demands often involves additional and heavier sacrifices. If to these details of a barrister's work be added his correspondence, private and professional, and the duties connected with his home, family, and friends, it is obvious that his brain and nervous system must be exposed to a strain which, unless due care be taken, and the individual be possessed

of an unusual share of mental and bodily vigour, is only too likely to induce serious disorder. As in other cases, the fittest survive, but many drop out of the race. To not a few barristers a robust constitution and a powerful *physique* are of more value than any other qualification.

The daily work of consulting physicians and surgeons in London is scarcely less arduous than that of a barrister, but it is of a more agreeable and far less exciting character. Medical men, too, spend a large portion of their time in their own houses, and the contrast between a physician's study or consulting-room and a barrister's chambers must often attract notice. No one has yet explained the preference manifested by lawyers (as shown by the state of their chambers) for dust, darkness, and discomforts in general. Such a state of things would not be allowed to exist in an ordinary dwelling-house inhabited by persons claiming to belong to the civilized classes. A consulting physician in London begins his work soon after nine a.m. He probably has a patient or two to visit at that early hour, and on his return will find others waiting who have been allowed to come before the regular consultation hour. Patients continue to arrive, and are seen in turn until the list is exhausted, a process which is sometimes not completed till one or even two o'clock. Then luncheon must be rapidly despatched, and if the physician or surgeon be connected with one of the large hospitals he must twice a week at least visit the patients under his care. These visits are always made early in the afternoon, and after this duty is discharged there are private patients to be seen at their own houses, consultations to be held, and, in the case of members of a hospital staff, lectures to be delivered perhaps three or four times a week. Consultations in the country take up more or less of a physician's time; these are usually held in the afternoon. By seven or eight o'clock the work is generally over, so far as attendance on patients is concerned, and after dinner the physician's time is, if he so chooses, at his own disposal. He must, however, keep himself well acquainted with whatever is going on in the medical and scientific world generally. He must therefore devote some time to the medical journals and reviews and to a perusal of any specially important new book. It generally happens that the evening is the only portion of the day that he can spare for these subjects. Then there are the various medical societies, such as the Medico-Chirurgical, the Medical, the Clinical, etc., meetings of which are held weekly or fortnightly during eight months of the year. Literary labour often makes further demands upon the physician's time, and if he wishes to become popular, he must, like the barrister, pay some attention to the claims of society, and not fail to appear as often as possible at receptions, conversations, dinner-parties, etc. A life spent in the manner thus imperfectly sketched has a large share of enjoyment of the best kind: mind and body are kept fully employed, and under favourable conditions at least a fair measure of success is generally attainable. Of course there are drawbacks; at the beginning, and for some years afterwards, the *res angusta domi*, the scarcity of patients, and the necessity of keeping up what are called "appearances," often give rise to very serious forebodings, and middle life is not unfrequently reached before the income is found to balance the expenditure.

To the question whether any penalties are attached to this manner of living, only one answer can be given. Every age is characterized by the presence or prevalence of special disorders of health which have a more or less obvious causation. At the present day "want of tone" is the characteristic feature of disorders in general, and in none is it more obvious than in those which peculiarly affect official and professional men working at high pressure. As might be expected, the signs of this "want of tone," or weakening of the nervous system, vary in different persons; but the presence of certain symptoms may be regarded as a test of the actual condition. Of these, sleeplessness is the most important; if allowed to continue, while the individual endeavours to perform his usual tasks, grave disorder of the nervous machinery must soon set in. The restoration of energy, which sleep alone can afford, is necessary for the maintenance of nervous vigour; and whereas the muscular system, if overtaxed, at last refuses to work, the brain under similar circumstances too frequently refuses to rest. The sufferer, instead of trying to remove or lessen the cause of his sleeplessness, comforts himself with the hope that it will soon disappear, or else has recourse to alcohol, morphia, the bromides, chloral, etc. Valuable and necessary as these remedies often are (I refer especially to the drugs), there can be no question as to the mischief which attends their frequent use, and there is much reason to fear that their employment in the absence of any medical authority is largely on the increase. Many of the "proprietary articles" sold by druggists, and in great demand at the present day, owe their efficacy to one or more of these powerful drugs. Not a few deaths have been caused by their use, and in a still larger number of cases they have helped to produce the fatal result. Sleeplessness is almost always accompanied by indigestion in some one or other of its Protean forms, and the two conditions react upon and aggravate each other. If rest cannot be obtained, and if the vital machine cannot be supplied with a due amount of fuel, and, moreover, fails to utilize that which is supplied, mental and bodily collapse cannot be far distant. The details of the downward process vary, but the result is much the same in all cases. Sleeplessness and loss of appetite are followed by loss of flesh and strength, nervous irritability alternating with depression, palpitation, and other derangements of the heart, especially at night, and many of those symptoms grouped together under the old term, "hypochondriasis." When this stage has been reached, "the borderlands of insanity" are within measurable distance, even if they have not already been reached.

The advocates of what is popularly known as "progress" at the present day will doubtless be surprised at learning (from a distinguished American physician) that the number of the insane is greater in a community in proportion to the political and religious freedom of the population; that is, to the opportunity they enjoy of working out their own

purposes, whether in relation to this world or the next, in the manner most agreeable to themselves. The explanation, of course, is that in such communities the causes of insanity are always numerous and widespread.—ROBSON ROOSE, M.D., in the February *Fortnightly*.

TIMES OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE great nobles desired to retain their influence, and did so by living in the country; they imposed upon the public by their state, and by lavish and magnificent hospitality such as that shown by Lord Egremont at Petworth, Lord Buckingham at Stowe, the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, Mr. Coke at Holkham, and Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth; they furnished the provinces with a court which might well compare in display with the royal one, and far exceeded it in decency. The law was inclined and was strained to respect the prerogatives of peers. A suggestion that Lord Lonsdale's face might fitly be taken to represent that of the devil, was made the subject of a criminal prosecution. This same Lord Lonsdale, on being stopped when driving in Mount Street by the officer of the Guards on duty, exclaimed, "You rascal, do you know I am a peer of the realm?" Captain Cuthbert replied, "I don't know you are a peer, but I know you are a scoundrel." A duel followed, but unattended by fatal results. In one of Miss Edgeworth's stories the Duke of Greenwich is represented as estranged from Lord Aldborough because his correspondent had not sealed a letter to him, and I have no doubt that the trait is drawn from real life, because in a correspondence with Lord Buckingham Lord Sydney alludes to offence having been taken on account of his addressing Lord Buckingham in the same strain as that in which Lord Buckingham had addressed him—probably without his title.

No preacher would in these days speak in his funeral sermon of a woman who was lately "a great and good duchess on earth, and is now a great and good duchess in heaven." Civility, decent civility, in a peer, seems to entitle him, in the eyes of his admirers, to special eulogy. "I have known Lord Sandwich apologize to a lieutenant in the navy for not being able to be exact to his appointment," writes a friend of his lordship. Bishop Warburton is spoken of as beyond measure condescending and courteous, having even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to a curate who was to read prayers. The position of a peer is, no doubt, less imposing now, but it is probably more comfortable; state is avoided because it brings no corresponding advantage. Lord Abercorn, travelling in 1813 between Carlisle and Longtown, was preceded by the ladies of his family and his household in five carriages, while he brought up the rear mounted on a small pony, and decorated over his riding-dress with the ribbon and star of the Garter. In this guise he would now be taken for the advance guard of a travelling menagerie. Whitaker speaks of the Earl of Cumberland travelling in 1525, with thirty-three servants and horses, and says that now, viz., 1805, a nobleman of the same rank going alone from Skipton to London would be content with six horses, two postillions, and two outriders. "Modern habits," he adds, "have certainly gained in elegance what they have lost in cumbersome parade." The change between 1805 and 1835 has been even greater than that between 1525 and 1805, and it is difficult to conceive how travelling could be rendered more simple and free from parade. From the days of Haroun Alraschid, the wearers of rank have found it among their chief pleasures to lay it aside, and to observe the manners of their time unnoticed themselves. The facilities for this enjoyment now are far greater. The age, too, is in a hurry; one horse goes quicker than four; life is short, and the actors want to get as much as possible out of it. They want to enjoy the advantages of wealth, of leisure, and of educated taste, as much as ever, but they have less veneration for form. We give the title of esquire to a costermonger or a chimney-sweep, and should much prefer giving the latter the title of marquis, if he desired it, sooner than have our chimneys unswept. A peer in these days may be defined as a country gentleman with an embarrassed income, incapable of taking a part personally in contested elections, and who, *cæteris paribus*, has the first refusal of an heiress and of a Court appointment. It is very seldom that he possesses even the moiety of a borough, and if he does, it is only owing to legitimate means, and in no way the result of his peerage.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

No one swore harder than ex-Chancellor Lord Thurlow, or spoke out his thoughts with more clearness; no one, to put it plainly, used more hideous language. (He died cursing his servants.) "Sir, your father," he said to George the Fourth, "will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but you, sir, will never be popular." We have one delightful story at a later period about the King's language. He was very angry with Lord Mansfield on account of a speech he had made on the Catholic question. "He lied," said the King; "had I been an individual, I would have told him so and fought him. As it was, I put the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fright by sending him as my second to Mansfield to tell him he lied. The Archbishop came down bustling here to know what he was to do. 'Go,' said I, 'Go and do my bidding—tell him he lies, and kick his behind in my name!'" History does not record whether the Archbishop carried out his royal master's orders or not. Cobbett understood the value of repetition as well as that of abuse; he hammered at the borough-monger whatever his subject might be—"that monster to be moved by nothing but his own pecuniary sufferings." His "English Grammar," which deserves a permanent place among the best

class-books, is made the vehicle of open and covert satire. "Sometimes the hyphen is used to connect many words together, as 'the never-to-be-forgotten cruelty of the borough tyrants.'" "Nouns of number, such as mob, parliament, rabble, House of Commons, regiment, Court of King's Bench, den of thieves," is a sentence which defies a criminal information, and yet conveys Cobbett's meaning as well as a detailed denunciation.

THE PRINCE REGENT.

THE Prince was a master in the art of dress, and on one occasion, according to Moore, began to cry when Brummell told him he did not like the cut of his coat. Tears were at his command as though he were a child. He cried when Lord Moira left him, and he cried for Mr. Fitzherbert. I have mentioned Colonel Hanger's name, however, that I may introduce the bet of the comparative swiftness of the turkey and the goose, by which the Prince was victimized. George Hanger, having settled the question to his own satisfaction, first introduced the subject at dinner, and gave his opinion in favour of the turkey. Others backed the goose, and a match of twenty turkeys against twenty geese was made for a distance of ten miles. The Prince backed the turkeys heavily at two to one, and commissioned Hanger to choose twenty of the finest birds he could find. On the day appointed, the Prince and his party of turkeys and Mr. Berkeley and his party of geese set off to decide the match. For the first three hours everything seemed to indicate that the turkeys would be the winners, as they were then two miles in advance of the geese; but as night came on, the turkeys began to stretch out their necks towards the branches of the trees which lined the sides of the road. In vain the Prince poked at them with a pole to which a bit of red cloth was attached, in vain George Hanger dislodged one from its roosting place, in vain was barley strewn upon the road. The geese waddled on in the meantime, and passed the turkey party, who were all busy in the trees dislodging their obstinate birds; all their efforts, however, were to no effect, and the geese were declared the winners.—CHARLES MILNES GASKELL, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Some of "Censor's" objections to the Normal School are not reasonable. In the first place, he implies that the school is an institution for imparting knowledge, which it is not; a fact which any candidate going there without preparation will discover to his or her cost. Again, he objects to the examiners, and forgets that, as a training school, the examination is continually going on from the day the students enter until they leave. He wonders at so many passing, when the opposite would be true, as the students must have all passed the non-professional examinations for the same standing, except that they may get their certificate raised from B to A.

There are faults in the school, however, and they should be remedied. 1st, Too much is undertaken in too short a time. The students are looking forward to a severe final examination, for which, unless previously prepared, they have no fair opportunity to prepare. 2nd, An attempt is made to judge of the character and ability of each student in a period of five months, and that divided among fourteen teachers and one hundred and twenty students. This is the fault, which is exemplified by a remark made by one of the teachers at the closing exercises. He said, in effect, "I made a resolution at the beginning of the term to know personally each student before the first month had passed: I have to confess that I cannot even name one-half of them, so divided are my duties." The nervous and the timid have no chance at our Normal Schools. During the term I attended, it was a common saying among the students that "cheek won the day."

ONTARIO.

FASHION AND BIRD-LIFE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—For several years past letters have now and again appeared in the newspapers of both Europe and America drawing public attention to the fact that fashion was creating a larger demand for bird-skins, for decorative purposes, than the natural increase of bird-life could supply, and, that unless the demand was lessened, the numbers of the birds would be very seriously diminished. But the warning has not been heeded; the trade in dead birds has increased rather than diminished, and the friends of the birds and the ornithologists, whose studies have enabled them to note the effect of the terrible slaughter which the demand has caused, find that unless there can be created at once a strong sentiment against this outrageous fashion, the most attractive of our birds, including many of the best songsters, will be entirely exterminated—lost to us forever beyond all possible recovery.

So far little or nothing has been done in Canada to awaken public sympathy on the subject, but it may be interesting to many readers of THE WEEK to learn something of what is being done elsewhere—doubtless some of your readers are conversant with the matter already.

In Great Britain, two societies, having branches in all the large cities, have been founded for the express purpose of protecting the birds. The Selborne Society, originated by George Arthur Musgrave, of London,

especially to assist in this movement, has Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein as Patroness, and numbers among its members some twenty ladies of title, and also Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Rev. F. O. Morris. Lady Mount Temple is an active member of this society, and has published a vigorous protest against the fashion of wearing dead birds as decorations. *Truth* is responsible for the report that the Queen strongly disapproves of the fashion, and is using her influence to have it abolished.

On this side of the Atlantic, the movement has been taken up by the American Humane Society and the American Ornithologists' Union. The latter association has appointed a special committee to look after the matter, and this committee, on which the present writer is the Canadian representative, has been actively engaged for some time gathering statistics relative to the trade in bird-skins, diffusing information, and drafting a law for the protection of birds and birds' eggs, to be presented to the legislatures of each State and Province.

Science lately devoted a supplement of sixteen pages exclusively to this subject, the members of the American Ornithological Union Committee supplying the matter; and the American Humane Society have undertaken to distribute 100,000 copies, which is issued as a bulletin of the American Ornithological Union Committee. It contains a full account of the details of the trade in bird-skins, the statistics so far gathered, a copy of the proposed law, and a vigorous appeal to the people, especially to the women of the land.

The publishers of *Forest and Stream*, of New York, the leading journal of the gentlemen sportsmen of America, have undertaken to organize an Audubon Society, as an auxiliary to the American Ornithological Union Committee, and, though proposed but a few weeks ago, this society has already won to its ranks many of the foremost men and women of the nation, and gives promise of a success far beyond the most sanguine ideas of its promoters. This society asks the co-operation of all who love birds and who condemn cruelty, and desires to establish branches in every locality, and circulars and printed information for distribution will be sent, without charge, on application to the publishers of *Forest and Stream*, 40 Park Row, New York City.

The bulletins of the American Ornithological Union Committee, and any information regarding the subject, will be cheerfully furnished to any one by applying to Mr. Geo. B. Sennett, the Chairman, whose headquarters are at the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York, or they can be obtained from the undersigned. Respectfully yours,

St. John, N. B., March, 1886.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

ONE OF T. P. O'CONNOR'S FICTIONS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In "The Parnell Movement," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., there occurs the following passage: "Reared in scenes like these" (the famine of 1846-47), "it is no wonder that Healy, whose nature is vehement and excitable, should have grown up with a burning hatred of English rule in Ireland." As all who are old enough may remember, there was famine at the same time in the highlands and islands of Scotland arising from the same causes—the infinite subdivision of the holdings of land (consequent on overpopulation) and the exclusive cultivation of the potato as a means of sustenance, destroyed here, and there, and everywhere, at that period by the rot. The following letter, which appeared in the *London Mail*, will show how excellently well-founded is Mr. Healy's "burning hatred":—

"Sir,—Authors and orators of the Home Rule and National school have been charging the British Government with all the loss of life and the sufferings of the people caused by the famine of 1846-47, but if they would take the trouble of reading 'The Irish Crisis,' by Sir Charles Trevelyan, published by Longmans in 1848, and 'The Transactions of the Central Relief Committee, Society of Friends,' by Hodges and Smith, Dublin, 1852, they would thank the Government for the grants and loans which saved the Irish people. Contrasted with this was the loss of 400,000 lives in the famine of 1740-41, when the Irish Parliament neither made grants nor loans. So much for 'the old House at home' compared with the Union and the Imperial Parliament. From the statement of 'The Friends' Committee' we find that the Government expended £9,532,721, besides loans for drainage and land improvement, £1,191,187; freight paid on food sent from the United States, £42,673, the subscriptions from London, £641,247; from the United States, £15,976 in cash, and in food, £133,847 (its value less £33,077 freight paid on consignments to them by the British Government). Out of a quarter of a million subscribed by foreign countries we may credit the United States with £150,000, our Colonies nearly £80,000, and £20,000 from all other countries. France sent very little comparatively. The Irish contributions were in both years about £440,000, Dublin and Belfast being the most liberal. The balance-sheet of the Friends shows that £198,326 was received by them, chiefly from the United States and their English friends. From 'The Irish Crisis' we find the average number employed by the Government, in October, 1846, 114,000; November, 285,000; December, 484,000; January, 1847, 570,000; February, 708,000; March, 734,000; April, 525,000; May, 419,000, on the public works. In March alone the expenditure was £1,050,772. When the public works were superseded by the Poor Law Board and Relief Committees, Parliament was asked to provide £2,210,000; 3,020,712 persons received separate rations in July, 1847, Colonel Jones having previously had an army of 740,000 able-bodied Irishmen employed on the public works. Had it not been for the Union most of the people would have perished.—ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE FAMINE."

Faithfully yours,

D. F.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THERE ought to have been in our Constitution, as there is in that of the United States, a clause prohibiting any legislation which could impair the faith of contracts. Nothing else will prevent demagogism from tampering for political purposes with the life of industry and commerce. Improving on Dr. Orton, Mr. McMullen now brings in a Bill enabling mortgagors to break the mortgage contract by paying off the mortgage at any time after the expiration of three years, no matter for what period the lease may have been made. No corresponding power of calling in his money if the state of the money market renders it desirable is given to the mortgagee. There is no reason that we can see why the same principle should not be applied to Municipal, Provincial, or even Dominion Securities. There is, indeed, no reason why it should not be applied even to a more extensive class of contracts. Are these legislators totally ignorant of all that experience, as well as common sense, has taught us on this subject? Do they not know that if money-lending is made precarious the borrower invariably pays for the risk? Do they not know that when superstition prohibited the taking of interest altogether the consequence was that a horde of usurious vampires sucked the blood of the people? Let them pass their Bill: the consequence will be that money will never be lent for a longer period than three years, except upon terms which will cover the liability to be paid off in a downward state of the money market. Such is the boon which they will practically confer on borrowers at the expense of giving a shock to the foundations of commercial security and credit.

THE Riel Debate still goes on: the discussion is widening till it threatens to use up every particle of ammunition belonging to the Opposition, who are firing all their powder and shot in a cause they have properly no concern with. This is improvident; for when the main attack on the Government in respect to the causes of the rebellion is to be made, nothing will remain to be said: the whole Opposition case—the case of the country this time—will be like an extinct volcano, the force of whose fires have been spent—scattered broadcast at everybody's feet, and neglected or regarded as dead ashes. Arguments cannot be used with the same effect a second time. Riel's sympathizers, it must be admitted, have shown themselves able to do justice to their cause: seldom has a more telling speech than that of Mr. Laurier been uttered in Parliament on any subject. When with upraised finger pointing at ministerial delay he cried—"Too late, too late! when hearts are swelling with long accumulating bitterness; when men, from long and weary waiting, have grown sullen and sore, a trifle sets the fatal mischief in motion, even as a spark of fire dropped into the prairie grass at certain times and seasons starts an unquenchable and mighty conflagration"—when, referring to the sudden admission by Government of the dual privileges of the Metis, he asked "And why this sudden change of policy?" and thundered in reply, "Because of the bullets of Duck Lake, by which the Canadian Government stood convicted, yielding justice, not to right, but to rebellion,"—when he thus indicted the Government he rose above his subject; but after all in the main his plea was for the French-Canadian National cause, which is not that of the Liberal party of Canada.

WHEN Mr. Blake declared, in his admirable speech at London, that he would not unlock the gate of the future with the blood-rusted key of the past, or frame his political platform out of the planks of a scaffold, we welcomed his words as a distinct and decisive pledge that on the question of Riel's execution he was resolved to take the only course consistent either with wisdom or with honour. But once more his moral nerve seems to have failed him, and he has allowed himself to be dragged by the tacticians of his party into a course which wisdom and honour alike condemn. It is impossible to read his speech without deep regret. Can he really have the shadow of a doubt as to the perfect justice of the conviction? Was not the fact that Riel had got up a rebellion and shed the blood of our citizens patent to the whole world and confessed a hundred times over by Riel himself? Had he been killed redhanded, without any trial at all, by those against whom he had incited Indian massacre, though there might have been reason to condemn the disregard of law, there would

have been none to complain of the injustice. Cavils about the mode of trial therefore would be frivolous, even if the judgment of the Privy Council had not set these questions at rest. That Mr. Blake should descend to revive the plea of insanity, we must own astounds us. Would he from the bench of justice, which some day he will perhaps adorn, charge a jury that a man capable of organizing and carrying out a most arduous and difficult enterprise was not a responsible being? When Riel offered to sell out, and when, at the last, he showed a perfect sense of his liability to punishment, and in putting himself into the hands of General Middleton provided as well as he could for his own safety, did he not prove that he was fully conscious of his own position and of the character of his acts? There was insanity, Mr. Blake tells us, in Riel's family. How many pedigrees are there in which no mental disease of any kind, whether arising from malformation, lesion, vicious habits, or decay, would be found? Because a man's ancestor was wrong in his head, is the man to be licensed, as an irresponsible lunatic, to cut our throats with impunity? If Pitt had killed Fox in a duel, ought he to have been acquitted on the ground that Lord Chatham had been out of his mind. Suppose Riel had committed forgery, would the plea of insanity have been heard? Would anybody have thought of breaking Riel's will? But the most absurd thing of all is to allege insanity as a ground not for impunity but for mitigation of punishment. If a man is really insane, he ought not to be punished at all. The asylum, not the penitentiary, is his proper place. Mr. Blake, we fear, has lost himself. He has ruined his own position as the mover of an inquiry into the causes of the rebellion, a character in which he might have appeared with the greatest advantage to himself as well as with the greatest benefit to the country, and he has, we suspect, seriously compromised his party. If it is proclaimed that Liberalism in this country means an alliance, and an alliance too much resembling political vassalage, with the anti-British feeling in Quebec and with Fenianism styling itself Home Rule, as well as with State Socialism and coercive morality, defections will speedily ensue.

THE best judges of the Indian Question will, we believe, be glad to learn that the Government has abandoned the idea of sending a flying column of intimidation. Any restlessness which the Indians may exhibit seems to proceed far more from fright than from malice, and the effect of such a demonstration as was proposed would, probably, be only to increase their alarm, and make them leave their reserves. Their fears are only too natural; apart from any special danger of aggression from settlers, they cannot help having a vague but well-founded impression that the onward march of agricultural civilization is to them the approach of doom. What should be done with them it is difficult to say. Teaching them farming seems rather hopeless work. Where tribes have passed from the hunter into the agricultural state it has been not at a bound, but by a process extending, probably, over a long tract of time. Habits of steady and regular industry, so alien to the hunter's character, are not to be acquired in a day. The only chance for the Indian would be that he should be provided with employment not too unlike that to which he has an hereditary and ingrained tendency, and, at the same time, to wean him from nomadism, with a settled habitation. But how is such employment on a large scale to be found? If reserves of valuable land are set apart for the Indian, and are not tilled by him, the settlers will covet them as they do in the United States, and the same mischief will ensue. There will still be a wide range of country to the north of the Territories which might be resigned to the nomads, but it seems that the Indians are not able to bear such extreme cold. It will come, then, under one disguise or another, to feeding these poor creatures till they die out, and the Red Man sinks into the grave of the buffalo, with whose existence his existence has been linked. It is not a pleasant prospect either for our humanity or for our exchequer; but what other course is open? So long as the rations are regularly served out there is little likelihood of an Indian war. But to keep Indian agents honest, while the appointments are in the hands of party, is as hard as to civilize the Indian.

AT all events, we must make up our minds to treat the Indians as minors in intelligence, pensioners, and wards of the State. The theory that they are citizens, though benevolent, is absurd, and giving them votes was a singularly ridiculous illustration of that fallacy of universal enfranchisement which, by thrusting political power on people absolutely incapable of using it for their own good, is subverting the foundations of government, and preparing political calamities for the world. The next thing will be to confer the suffrage on their ponies. Still more untenable, if possible, is the theory, promulgated on the occasion of the Indian trials in the North-West, that these people are a separate nation, in treaty relations

with us, and entitled to the protection of international law, so that they are not comprehended under the Statute of Treasons. The practical answer to such arguments is that if the Indians are a separate nation, and we commit a breach of international law towards them, their complaint will, no doubt, be lodged in due form through their ambassador. In the meantime we may continue to punish them for treason as well as for theft and murder.

A MILITARY demonstration in the North-West, by proclaiming the existence of danger, might have scared not only the Indians but intending settlers. The alarm, however, will have done some good if it only leads immigrants to settle close instead of scattering themselves along the whole line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as they have hitherto been doing. By settling close they will gain the advantages at once of security of neighbourhood and of low freights. Manitoba as a Province is perfectly safe, and in the very neighbourhood of Winnipeg, the great centre of distribution, there is plenty of vacant land, which, having at first been held at too high a price, is now to be had on more reasonable terms.

WHILE the world is disturbed, and the security of all property is threatened, by Agrarian Socialism, we watch with special interest the progress of that true Land Law Reform which is the best antidote to chimeras and confiscation. In our Local Legislature the Torrens System makes way slowly and with difficulty against inveterate prejudice. The Attorney-General perhaps is at heart favourable to reform, but the sons of Zeruah are too strong for him, and perhaps he has not a superabundance of force in himself to contend against their obstruction. His notions must be highly conservative if he really sees anything revolutionary in Mr. Erma-tinger's Bill for the assimilation of the law of real estate to that of personal property. The Bill is simply a copy of the Newfoundland Act which the late Sir Hugh W. Hoyles, for many years Chief Justice of Newfoundland, pronounced a blessing to that colony as having swept away at one stroke entails, curtesy, the Statute of Uses, and the last vestiges of feudal tenure. Sir Hugh's opinion was the more weighty because it was opposed to his early convictions. The Bill brought in by the Attorney-General is a copy of that introduced by Mr. Horace Davey into the British House of Commons. Mr. Davey's Bill is calculated for the latitude of aristocratic England, where a House of Lords still guards entails, but not for the latitude of Ontario, where entails, saving through the ignorant and accidental use of technical language, are unknown. In the debate on Mr. Mark's Bill to extend the Torrens Act to the County of Carleton, Partyism showed itself in an evil light. The County Council had petitioned, and a delegation had waited on the Government, in favour of the Bill, which merely placed the people of Carleton on the same footing as the people of York. No additional expense was involved. Yet on no apparent ground, except that the Bill had been brought in by a member of the Opposition, the Government cracked the party whip, and Mr. Mark had to withdraw his Bill. All the proposals of the Land Law Amendment Association have been rejected. The Government has established an office in Toronto, but with so limited an area that the fees will not cover the expenses. Still common sense and the decisive experience and the manifest interest of the community will prevail. The Attorney-General seems to fancy that the managers of Loan Societies have a special and almost a sinister interest in the matter. But he is entirely mistaken. The cost of searching titles does not fall on them, and if any of them are particularly active in promoting reform it is because from their numerous dealings with holders of real estate they have a large and impressive experience of the evil.

LEST any reader should be perplexed by the contradictory tenor of the telegrams respecting Irish affairs that daily reach Canada from Great Britain, we beg them to rest assured that those in general which give outlines of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule projects, and represent that Liberal opinion is gradually coming round to accept whatever the great man proposes; that even Tories are prepared to grant Home Rule for the sake of getting Westminster rid of the Irish; and that in spite of secession from the Cabinet the measure is sure to pass,—the bewildered reader of telegrams of this tenor, instead of being alarmed at the progress of revolution, may take comfort from the assurance that such telegrams are concocted expressly for the Irish-American palate, and served up in this cooked state to Canadians by the local papers. They are sent from London by certain Irish-American delegates to the British Parliament, who add to the income allowed them by their employers, by acting as cable correspondents for American papers. The knowledge the greater number of them have of

what is going on in the inner circle is but little better than that of any Irish day-labourer in London.

WHILE Mr. O'Leary, a popular leader, complains to a Young Men's Society in Cork of the moral cowardice of so many of the Irish people, and says openly that a large part of the County of Kerry seems given up to sympathy with outrage and crime; and while Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, M.P., declares at a public meeting that it was not the Irish but the Irish-Americans who had brought about the recent "revolution"; and states that as Chairman of the Grand Jury of Cork, and as one who had lived for the last five winters among his people in the South of Ireland, he knew well what the people suffered from the operations of the National League, their life being described as "a perfect hell upon earth,"—while these two gentlemen so justly denounce the true character of the conspiracy of outrage and crime that passes for a national movement, Dr. Walsh, at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, writes, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's strange invitation, that "the three questions on Ireland now are self-government, the land, and order; the first must be settled by Home Rule, the second by buying out the landlords, and the third—will then settle itself." In other words, this prelate of a Christian Church, far from having any word of reproof for civil disorder, with all its incidental crime, practically excuses it: any means, His Grace in effect says, may be used, if only we can get what we want; and if you wish to put an end to the disorder, you must grant our demands. Is it wonder that immorality is practised where it is preached?

EVERY sane man knows that Home Rule is wanted by the Nationalists for themselves, not for Ireland. If good for Ireland it would be good for Scotland; and Parnell only carries out the principle that has ruled his whole course, when he refuses it to Scotland, even in a purely local matter of church government. Accordingly on the second reading of Mr. R. Ballantyne Findlay—a Liberal's—Bill for the reconstruction of the Scotch Church—a measure which had for object the removing all obstacles to the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian with the Established Church—a hundred Roman Catholics abstained on St. Patrick's Day from the seductive oratory in order to have a whack with the party vote at the head of Presbyterianism. And the bill was in consequence defeated.

As one result of the last General Election there is a distinct lowering of the tone of the British House of Commons, and a further loss of the respect with which the popular branch of Parliament was once regarded. This deterioration comes from a rather quick succession of scandals, by which one or two party leaders, and representatives of a class towards whom public attention is just now turned a good deal, have been compromised. First, we had the case of Mr. George Howell, the workingman's representative for Bethnal Green, of whom a jury a few weeks ago declined to say that it was a libel to accuse him, and a friend of his, of using for political purposes some £256 out of a sum of £460 collected for a purely charitable object. Mr. Broadhurst, the Under Secretary for the Home Department, was implicated in this affair, and included in the libel, and although he appears to have cleared himself, the only proof of his innocence yet offered to the public is his continuance in office and in the respect of the House. Then next we had the case of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke; and then that of Mr. Jesse Collings, the member for Ipswich, whose amendment to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was the rock on which the Salisbury Government went to wreck. There are ugly charges of bribery against Mr. Collings; and the prospect before him is that, instead of mounting the ministerial ladder on which he had just stepped, he will be unseated, perhaps deprived of the privilege of election, and possibly imprisoned. An ignominious fall: and it is somewhat significant that all these lapses from virtue have occurred in the reforming party which is now engaged so hotly in remodelling the British social and political system.

THE British House of Commons is evidently in a fever of revolutionary excitement in which every mad proposition finds support. A resolution to usurp the Treaty power and the power of peace and war has been defeated only by six votes. This we are told again is "The Handwriting on the Wall." That it is the Handwriting on some Wall need not be questioned; on which Wall depends upon the degree of sanity which may still be retained by the nation. It is pleasant to think that an assembly in this frame of mind is about to deal with the integrity of the United Kingdom.

IN a letter to the *Spectator*, the Duke of Argyll refers with approval to a recent article in that journal on the "Flabbiness of Public Opinion," and points out how political socialists have forced themselves to the surface in England. It is the principles of these men which prevail under such a reign of flabbiness as now obtains. Their guiding principle is to keep together—to preserve—what is called the Unity of the Liberal Party. That party containing, like every other, its own percentage of men who are playing a more or less personal game, these every now and again become blatant. The leaders, however, from mere shyness, from good nature, from courtesy to colleagues, from dislike of rows,—keep silence under the advocacy of opinions they do not hold, and the announcement of principles they do not like. Little rings of opinion are thus formed, little currents are induced,—till they begin to show a "stream of tendency." Still the leaders keep silence, lest Liberal Unity should seem to be broken; and the next step is that some few constituencies having elected a few members who go in for this new stream, Official Liberals step in, give to the new fancy or the new folly some vaguely favourable notice, supply to it some element of authority, and finally some adroit sentence which combines a demoralizing principle with a moderate application of it. Then all worshippers of Officialism follow. So has it been since the election of the new Parliament: and such is the method now used by Mr. Gladstone to keep himself in power. When he committed himself to the socialistic project of Mr. Jesse Collings, a harebrained socialist reformer, and countenanced the still more advanced scheme of Mr. Crilly, an Irish Nationalist, he was corrupting public principle. And by such and similar means has come the present Reign of Flabbiness—a flabbiness of public opinion which allows treason with impunity to undermine the British Empire.

THE growth of the Press in Toronto keeps, at least, even pace with that of the city. Information now reaches us that a new comic weekly will soon be started, and apparently under very good auspices. This time, let us hope, we shall have really a comic journal, not a bitter little party organ disguised in motley.

THE population of London now exceeds every other city, ancient or modern; that of New York and all its adjacent cities combined are not equal to two-thirds of it. Scotland, Switzerland, and the Australian colonies each contain fewer souls, while Norway, Servia, Greece, and Denmark have scarcely half so many. Yet at the beginning of the present century the population of all London did not reach one million.

MR. GLADSTONE has wisely declined to recommend the appointment of a day of humiliation and prayer because of the distress prevalent among the poor and unemployed in England: it might be used by wicked Tories to bewail other national misfortunes. The Premier said that bad as the distress was it did not justify the appointment of a day of humiliation: ALL are days of humiliation just now, and even a worse state of things may yet come.

A CURIOUS and noteworthy statement has been published in regard to the great river Euphrates. It appears that this ancient river is in danger of disappearing altogether. Of late years the banks below Babylon have been giving way so that the stream spread out into a marsh, until steamers could not pass, and only a narrow channel remained for native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated, with the probable result that the famous river will be swallowed up by the desert.

THE *Spectator* thinks that the new House of Commons, in a delirium of philanthropy, is disposed to set aside as antiquated both common sense and political economy. It fully expects, before the Session ends, to see all schoolboys invested with right of action against their schoolmasters if they do not get on in the world. They are the majority, the schoolmasters are partly responsible, and not to get on is a "hardship." Some of the new men, it says, would legislate down the Almighty, if they could, for allowing the poor to have toothache.

It is considered quite the thing for women in England to part their hair a little on one side, now that the habit of parting the hair in the middle is so nearly universal among men. This style of wearing the hair is quite becoming to some men, as George William Curtis, for instance. Fechter, as Hamlet, parted his hair in the middle; King Lear is always thus represented; Schiller always wore his hair in this style. Tennyson, Longfellow, Carlyle, Walt Whitman, Ed. Stedman, and Taine are notable examples of this fashion. The Prince of Wales and many others have also adopted the fashion, the parting being made very wide—with a towel instead of a comb.

It is the correct thing nowadays, we learn, to seal letters with wax instead of mucilage; and, therefore, as the colour of the wax possesses a significance, we beg to present our readers with a note on the "Language of Sealing-Wax." The ordinary red wax signifies business, and is supposed to be used only for business letters; black is, of course, for mourning and condolence; blue means love, and in the four or five tints of this colour each stage of the tender passion can be accurately portrayed. When pink is used congratulation is intended. An invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax. Variegated colours are supposed to show conflicting emotions.

IN the United States House of Representatives the other day Mr. Weaver, of Iowa, asked leave to offer a preamble and resolution which recited that every Congress embraces at least one crank; that the present Congress is no exception to the rule; that it should not be in the power of an idiot or insane man to prevent the transaction of any measure involved; and that the rules of the House be so amended as to require at least two members to object to the consideration of the bill. The reading of the resolution was greeted with applause, but Mr. Springer objected to it on the ground that it was disrespectful to the House; and this objection, we suppose, was taken by Mr. Weaver to fully prove his position, and the need of his resolution.

IN Vienna there were recently exhibited gas and water service pipes made of paper. The same kind of pipes will do for many factory purposes, and for laying electrical wires, etc., we should suppose it to be specially useful. The pipes, according to the *Paper World*, are made as follows: Strips of paper are taken, the width of which corresponds with the length of one pipe section. The paper is drawn through melted asphalt, and wound upon a mandrel which determines the inner diameter of the pipe. When the pipe thus made has cooled, it is pulled off the mandrel and the inside is covered with a kind of enamel, whose nature is kept secret by the makers. The outside is painted with asphalt varnish, and dusted over with sand. It is stated that such a pipe will resist some 2,000 pounds internal pressure, though the thickness of the stuff is only about half an inch.

WHEN a deputation of Socialists waited on the Mayor of Amsterdam to urge him to begin the construction of public works in order to afford employment to workmen then idle, the Mayor refused to recognize the character of the deputation as representative of workmen, advised the deputation to abstain from calling meetings, and declared that the authorities were determined to rigorously maintain order. And when a large crowd of Socialists assembled in a menacing way in the aristocratic quarter of the city, the police charged them with swords and truncheons, and dispersed them. This vigour makes a strong contrast to the feebleness of the British Government in like circumstances: the Mayor of Amsterdam talked to the deputation in the tone of a Prime Minister; and the Prime Minister of England acted as if he was—as no doubt he was—anxious about the votes of his Socialist visitors.

THE *Saturday Evening Gazette* says of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill:—

Lord Randolph Churchill is one of the greatest leaders in English politics to-day; the only trouble with him is, that he has no followers. He has founded the great British Unionist party, of which he is the head—and likewise the tail.

Lord Randolph Churchill married an American lady, and he has got a wife "as is a wife." She fought his election battles bravely. She kissed the babies and steeped the men up to the very eyes in taffy. And now that her gallant lord is being chaffed right and left, she stands ready for his defence. The vivacity and force of character of this daughter of America rather startles the stately and solemn English ladies. The Duchess of Avonmore was foolish enough to condole with Lady Churchill on the harsh way in which the critics dealt with the noble lord. Judge of her surprise and horror when Lady Churchill responded: "Oh, your grace, dry up; you can bet your sweet life Randy is able to hold up his end of the string. I tell you it's a cold day when Randy gets left." The Duchess was carried out in a fit.

THE friendship that existed between Curran and Egan for many years was interrupted by a quarrel so bitter that a duel was the consequence. They met on the Fifteen Acres, and on the ground Egan complained that the disparity in size gave his adversary an unfair advantage. "I might as well shoot at a midge as at him," said Egan, "and he may hit me as easily as a turf stack." "I tell you what, Mr. Egan," said Curran, pistol in hand; "I wish to take no advantage of you whatsoever. Let my size be chalked out upon your side, and every shot which goes outside of that mark may count for nothing." The contest after that was not a deadly one, and though they fired, neither was hit and a reconciliation followed.

"EDITH."

THEY loved each other—oft they met,
And vowed they never would forget.
But as the days and months rolled on
He left her—for another one.
And Edith, did she lose her grace?
No; but the light died from her face:
And as the summer days passed on
She went the poor and sick among,
As she was used.

And it was said,
"She'll wed another when he's wed."
And in the autumn, when the leaves
Were falling softly from the trees,
Donald was married. Edith knew,
And sent a message—brave and true—
Forgiving all things—*this* she said,
"May blessings light upon your head."
Just for one moment, reading this,
A shadow came across his bliss;
Then, turning to his new-made bride,
He, smiling, drew her to his side.

And by and by another came
To lay his heart, his life, his fame,
At Edith's feet.

"Sweet love," he said,
"Let the dead past bury its dead."
But Edith smiled: "My friend," said she,
"This thing for me can never be.
I do not say, (Go and forget;
But, Think of me without regret."
And others came—to all she said,
"Forgive me; I will never wed;
I loved—all that I do not hide—
But he—he took another bride."
"Show him," cried one, "you do not care."
She drew herself up proudly there—
"All that is passed, but I can prove
Worthy of it—my buried love:
It were not love if I could take
Another for a poor pride's sake—
My heart is closed; it would be sin
For me to let another in."

Two years have fled; and then one day
There came a whisper o'er the way,
Cora had left—gone in the night,
Another with her in her flight.
Edith heard this, and heartfelt prayer
Rose on her lips for Donald there:
And presently a message came
To her; it said, "I write in shame,
In greatest grief; will you not come
To nurse her child—my little son?
He lies so ill, and does but moan
For her; and I am all alone."
And Edith went; and when the child
Broke out in pleadings fierce and wild,
"Come to me, mother—mother, come"—
Answered, "I'm here, my little one."
She grew to love him as none other,
While the wee child called her his mother.
And people said, "Now, freed by law,
Donald will love her as before."
And so one day as Edith sat
(The child asleep upon her lap),
Donald came by and stopped, then smiled,
To look on Edith with his child;
And as the sultry summer air
Blew across the child's fair hair,
He wakened—raised his little head,
"Kiss me, mamma," he softly said;
And Edith bending tried to hide—
By fondling him—the crimson tide
Which surged upon her fair, sad face,
Giving it even sweeter grace.
And Donald, gazing, drew more near.
"Edith," he said, "may I stay here
A little while?"

And Edith smiled,
And moved—but gazed upon the child—
"Edith," he said, "when first you came
So freely here, while I in shame
Could hardly dare to speak to you,
But watched your face—so good, so true—
I thought had *you* but been my wife,
You would have loved me all my life;
And then I thought, What better care
Could my child have than given by her—

So good, so true;—and as I thought,
It to my heart sweet comfort brought;
And then I said, 'I will but ask
If she will undertake the task,
To take my child back to her home,
And guard and keep it as her own.'"
He stopped; a flood of radiant light
Came o'er her face—a great delight;
She pressed the child against her heart—
"Mine," she said, "mine—no more to part!
How can I thank you?"

"Stop," he said,—
And faltering, turned away his head—
"That was at first; but now I say,
My heart is wholly yours to-day.
Will you forget the cruel past,
And be my wife, my own at last?"
Into her eyes there came a wonder:
"Those joined let no man put asunder,"
She said. He smiled, "The gracious law
Has made me as I was before."
She shook her head, "It cannot be;
But—you will give the boy to me?"
"No, no," he said, "you thus disdain me,
You leave the child if thus you leave me."
Out of her face all brightness died—
"Give me the child—the child," she cried.
"If thus you love him," whispered he,
"For his sake give yourself to me."
But Edith answered not; she went
With heavy heart, and head down bent,
Back to her home.

And people said
She looked as though her heart were dead.

One day she sat among the flowers
(Where she now daily sat for hours);
Donald drew near, and with his son.
"You've brought," she cried, "your little one
For me—"

"I've waited, praying this."
(The child smiles now in perfect bliss.)
"We've come together," Donald said,
"The one who was my wife—is dead.
And now by law and death set free,
You will consent to come to me?"
"Donald," she said, "my heart is true,
I never loved a man but you:
True hearts love one, and only one,
And this is what my heart has done."
He drew still nearer.—"Stop," she said,
"My love was yours, *but it is dead.*"
"For the child's sake, then, Edith, come;
You say you love the little one."
"Love him!" she cried, "he is my joy;
But—you will let me keep the boy?"
"You will not take us both?" he said;
And Edith answering bowed her head.
And then he turned, and by the hand
He led the child across the land.

FERRARS.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHAT A YOUNG READER SEES.

To most of us, the journey from Liverpool to Euston lies only through a high flat country, past a number of dull, ordinary, uninteresting railway stations. It is, in fact, about as unpicturesque a bit of travelling as a man can do within the four girdling sea-walls of this beautiful isle of Britain. But to Hiram Winthrop it was the most absolute fairy-like and romantic journey he had ever undertaken in the whole course of his mundane existence. First they passed through Lancashire, and then through Cheshire, and then on over the impalpable boundary line into Staffordshire. Why, those tall towers yonder were Lichfield Cathedral; and that little town on the left was Sam Johnson's countrified Lichfield! Here comes George Eliot's Nuneaton, and after it Tom Brown's and Arnold's Rugby. At Bletchley, you read on the notice-board, "Change here for Oxford;" great heavens, just as if Oxford, *the* Oxford, were nothing more than Orange or Chattawauga! And here is Tring, where Robert Stephenson made his great cutting; and here is Harrow on the Hill, where Paul Howard, the marauding buccaneer of the Caribbean Sea, received the first rudiments of faith and religion. Not a village along the line but had its resonant echo in the young man's memory; not a manor house, steeple, or farmyard but had its glamour of romance for the young man's fancy. The very men and women seemed to take the familiar shapes of well-known characters. Colonel Newcome, tall and bronzed by Indian suns, paced the platform alone at Crewe; Dick Swiveller, penniless and jaunty as ever, lounged about the refreshment room at Blisworth Junction; even Trulliber himself, a little modernized in outer garb, but essentially the same in face and feature, dived red-cheeked after his luggage into the crowded van at Willes-

den. And so, by rapid stages, through a world of unspeakable delight, the engine rolled them swiftly into the midst of the seething, grimy, opulent, squalid, hungry, all-embracing London.—GRANT ALLEN. [Babylon: D. Appleton and Company.]

FRANCE.

In a remarkable passage in the *Journal Intime*, Amiel says of France:—
The fundamental error of France is in her psychology. She has always believed that a thing said was a thing done, as if rhetoric stood for thoughts, habits, character, the real being; as if verbiage replaced will, conscience, education. She makes only phrases and ruins. She will not see that her inability to organize liberty comes from her own nature, from the notions she has of the individual, of society, of religion, of right, of duty, and from the manner in which she brings up her children. Her fashion is to plant trees by the head, and be astonished at the result. Universal Suffrage, with a bad religion, and a bad popular education, is the perpetual see-saw between anarchy and a dictator, between red and black, between Danton and Loyola.

ALLITERATION.

In his *History of German Literature* [Charles Scribner's Sons], Professor Scherer says of the alliteration which is so prominent an element of all early Teutonic poetry, Anglo-Saxon as well as German:—

It gives to the verse not melody but a characteristic sound; it does not beautify it, but makes it compact and strong. Such alliteration results from a tendency early found in the Germanic nature, which renders all art difficult to us—a tendency, namely, to prize originality more than beauty, substance more than form. This feature has even stamped itself on our language. . . Only the first sound of the root-syllable is considered in alliteration, no notice being taken of the vowels, so that the chief place is held by the consonants. The consonants have been well called the bones of speech, while the vowels fulfil the office of the flesh, imparting colour and beauty. The old German ear, however, has little feeling for beauty and colour.

STYLE.

WITHOUT being over-nice in our distinctions, may we not say that a man has the gift of style who has an effective way of his own of putting things? It must not only be a good way; it must be his way; it must carry the flavour of a distinct individuality. Clearness, force, and decision are not enough. The thought may be of the highest value and importance, and yet the expression of it be quite destitute of what is meant by style. Style is a charm. We may not be able to tell the source of it, or define it, but we can feel it. A man's use of language reveals the very fibre and texture of his mind. Silk is silk, and hemp is hemp, and the hand knows the difference wherever it touches them; but in literature the same words are silk and hemp, according to the mind that uses them. We read a page of a book, and we say this mind is coarse and loosely woven; we read in another book, wherein, maybe, precisely the same words are used, and we say here is fineness and compactness—both the warp and the words are of superior quality.—JOHN BURROUGHS, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

WOOD-ENGRAVING.

WOOD-ENGRAVING is seen at its best in the work of Bewick: to-day, as taken at its highest in *Harper's* and the *Century*, it rests on the false basis of an imitative art, as is said by Woodberry in his *History of Wood-Engraving*:—

A considerable portion of the wood-engraving of the last ten years consists of attempts to render original designs—for example, a washed drawing—not by interpreting its artistic qualities, its form, colours, forces, spirit, and manner, so far as these can be given by simple, defined, firm lines of the engraver's creation, but by imitating as closely as possible the original effect and showing the character of the original process, whether it were water colour, charcoal sketching, oil painting, clay modelling, or any other. The public may thus derive information; they will not obtain works of artistic value at all equal to those which wood-engraving might give them, did it not abdicate its own peculiar power of expressing nature in a true, accurate, and beautiful way and descend to mechanical imitation.

OYSTER CULTURE.

AT Amoy, "my attention was specially called to the stalls of the fish-mongers, who not only have river and sea fish, salt and fresh in great abundance, but an excellent store of bamboo oysters; and if you wonder what they are, I may as well explain that artificial oyster culture is largely practised on this coast, and a bamboo oyster-field is prepared far more carefully than a Kentish hop-garden. Holes are bored in old oyster shells, and these are stuck into and on to pieces of split bamboo, about two feet in length, which are then planted quite close together, on mud flats between high and low water mark, but subject to strong tidal currents. This is supposed to bring the oyster spat, which adheres to the old shells, and shortly develops into tiny oysters. Then the bamboos are transplanted and set some inches apart, until within six months of the first planting they are found to be covered with well-grown oysters, which are then collected for market. . . The oyster shells are turned to very good account, being scraped down till they are as thin as average glass, when they are neatly fitted together so as to form ornamental windows, such as we see in the inner courts of wealthy houses."—C. F. GORDON CUMMING, *Wanderings in China*.

MUSIC.

THE Musical Department of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, has decided to give a concert in the Pavilion Music Hall, Toronto, on Friday evening, April 9, in behalf of the Women's Relief Society. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor will preside. The first part of the programme will contain some excellent selections from Wagner, Mozart, Liszt, etc. Part II. will comprise a beautiful cantata, by Smart, entitled "King René's Daughter." The choruses will be rendered by over one hundred voices. We understand that eight directors of the Ontario Ladies' College reside in Toronto, and only six in Whitby. The college is, therefore, closely identified with Toronto. We are pleased to welcome the pupils and Faculty to the city, and hope that the concert may receive the patronage which it deserves.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. With illustrations. Cloth, 50 cents. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dr. Withrow has given us in these sketches a very charming picture of the home life and mission work of a young Methodist minister and his wife during their three years' settlement in a Canadian village. The story is a sequel to another, "The King's Messenger," and the scene is laid at Fairview, which we suppose to represent some real place, for in like manner are the late Rev. Dr. Rice and the Rev. Dr. Nelles represented here, and so also are we introduced to Victoria University, Rice, Lake and Hiawatha. The present book exhibits the lights and shadows of the itinerancy, a noble, domestic life in the parsonage, and a record of faithful and efficient endeavour outside. The courtship, marriage, and settlement of this young couple, with a glimpse of the college life of the young lady, introduce us to the scene of their labours, where we take in a backwoods service, a camp meeting, autumn recreations, literary ambitions, home joys, and the work of the pastorate, which, sometimes discouraging in its results, is mostly rewarded by success. There is much lovable human nature displayed, and some of that darker side with which it seems to be the especial function of Methodism to successfully deal. The following passages strike us as admirably exemplifying both the method of Methodism and its useful position in the missionary field:—

Lawrence made a way for himself and his wife through the crowded congregation to the schoolmaster's stand at the end of the room. The pulpit was a simple table on a small platform, raised about a foot from the floor. It was a capital place to learn to speak without notes. Woe to the unfortunate man who depended upon such adventitious helps, or who was easily disconcerted by trifles. There was a row of children perched along the front of the platform—so crowded was the house—and more than once one of these fell asleep and tumbled off during the sermon. Others trotted across the back of the teacher's stand. Several of the men got up and went out to look after their restive horses, and two or three women carried out crying children. A dog of an imaginative turn of mind, asleep beneath a bench, was apparently pursuing his prey in a dream, or, perhaps, was troubled with nightmare, and expressed his excitement in strange noises, and had to be ignominiously expelled. But the people hung upon the preacher's lips with intensest interest. Ever and anon a hearty "Amen" or "Hallelujah" attested their deep emotion, and around the windows crowded eager listeners. The preacher felt that he was not beating the air. No moral miasma of scepticism poisoned the souls of his hearers, and rendered them insensible to the appeals of the Gospel. To each of them, though, perchance, they were living careless or even reckless lives, its every word was the voice of God—its threatenings were dread realities; its hell was an everlasting fire; its heaven a city of eternal joy. The preacher could grapple with their consciences which were not benumbed and paralyzed by doubt.

It was certainly very noisy in that prayer circle. Strong crying and sobs and groans were heard, and tears fell freely from eyes unused to weep. One dapper little gentleman—a theological student from the Burg-Royal College—retired in protest to the preacher's tent, saying as he did so: "This ranting and raving is terrible. God is not the author of confusion. Does not St. Paul expressly say: 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'" This gentleman afterward found that Methodism was too rank and rough a religion for his delicate sensibilities. He therefore joined a highly ritualistic church, wore a very long clerical coat, a high buttoned vest, and a very stiff, straight-band collar, and intoned the prayers most aesthetically for a fashionable congregation. We observed, however, that the learned and cultured president of the college did not seem at all disconcerted by the noise and the non-observance of the conventionalities of public worship, and laboured earnestly with his colleagues in the good work in progress.

Yes, Methodism is an emotional religion, and thank God for such hallowed emotions as stir the soul to its deepest depths—as break up the lifelong habit of sin—as lead to intense conviction and sound conversion—and as fill the heart with joy unspeakable and very full of glory. It may well bear the reproach of being "emotional," if these emotions lead to such blessed and enduring results.

We very heartily commend the book as an attractive chapter of a genuine Christian life.

SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE AND HYGIENE, with Plans and Illustrations for the use of School Trustees in Ontario. Toronto: Education Department.

This book has been prepared under the direction of the Minister of Education by J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., Deputy Minister. It contains a vast deal of information and suggestions respecting school accommodation, such as—reasons for care in the selection of a school site; school grounds and outbuildings; the school-well; construction of latrines and lavatories; shade trees; fence and school entries; the construction of school-houses; heating and ventilation; windows and lighting; with plans for rural and village and city and town school-houses; hints on contracts with builders, and so on. The subjects treated of in the book are indeed too numerous to particularize, and they are all illustrated by plans and drawings. The book should be in the hands of every person connected with school boards, who may profit very much by the adoption of some of its suggestions.

ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES. Part I. Twelve Designs for Low-cost Houses, shown on a large scale, with very full details, including Prize Designs from "Building Competition," with which are given Specifications, Bills of Materials, and Estimates of Cost. New York: Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place.

This is the first part of a series which is to include "Store Fronts," "Barn Plans," "City Dwellings," and other architectural subjects, each complete in itself. The price of this part is \$1, sent by mail free of postage to any part of the world. The plans and elevations are practical and artistic. Full dimensions are given in each case, with views of all detail work, the whole carefully drawn. All the studies, we observe, are prize designs. The price of the houses proposed is from \$2,500 to \$4,000, and full specifications and bills of materials accompany each. To any one who may contemplate building such a house these studies will be most valuable; they may afford valuable hints to many others; and to builders not only this number, but also the whole series, ought to be indispensable.

THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Alfred Rambaud. Translated by Leonora B. Lang. In two volumes, with illustrations and maps. Price, \$1.75. New York: John B. Alden.

In these volumes Mr. Alden gives us at a trifling price an excellent reprint of a most valuable history. To a student of history, Russia must always be a subject of intense interest; and if he would judge of the future place of that Empire in the development of the world, it is necessary to know something of how it grew to its present vast proportions. The wondrous story is told most clearly in M. Rambaud's history, from which it is plain to see that that growth is a natural one, for the Russian, like the Anglo-Saxon, is a born colonizer. Therefore, it may be said that the history of Russia is the history of a world-power, and as such it should be closely studied. M. Rambaud's work in French is doubtless the best history of Russia in any language; it has already given him fame, and he is admitted to stand at the head of European authorities on the subject. The present translation is close and literary in style, and contains emendations and additions by the author, and a full and most useful index has been added by the translator.

A TANGLED TALE. By Lewis Carroll. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This Tangled Tale originally appeared as a serial in the *Monthly Packet*. It is in ten Knots, and the writer's purpose was to embody in each knot one or more mathematical questions, in arithmetic, algebra, or geometry (like the medicine so dexterously, but ineffectually, concealed in the jam of early childhood), for the amusement and possible edification of the fair readers of that magazine. All this we learn from the preface, from which we gather that the book was intended for ladies. It is a very dainty volume, beautifully illustrated, and the Knots are propounded in a whimsical and witty fashion; but we confess we have not the courage to get our wits into a knot by attempting to unravel them. To younger heads we have no doubt they are as instructive as they are amusing, and certainly from this being the "third thousand" they appear to have been very interesting to a large circle of readers, both when published in the magazine and in their present form.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES. By C. H. French, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This book is designed for the use of classes in Zoology and for private students. The author is Professor of Natural History and Curator of the Southern Illinois Normal University; he has done his work in a painstaking and thorough manner, and has produced an invaluable manual for naturalists. The locality represented in the work is shown by a map, which

comprehends all the district east of the western boundaries of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. The book is therefore quite suitable to Canada. It is illustrated with ninety-three cuts of specimens, has a catalogue with full description of all the butterflies found in the district, and has also a copious glossary and index.

THE HERO OF COWPENS. By Rebecca McConkey. (Standard Library.) New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

The aim of this book is chiefly to show that Arnold was a mock hero, who for a hundred years has worn the laurels of the real hero, Daniel Morgan. It is well written, and contains a great deal of interesting reading; incidentally it may be a useful contribution to the ordinary reader's knowledge of the Revolutionary War. The Standard Library is a very well printed series of good books—in clear type, on good paper, and at the low price of twenty-five cents.

WE have received also the following publications:—

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. March. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. Boston: Littell and Company.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. April. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

AID FOR THE LOYALISTS OF IRELAND.

At a meeting held in the Temperance Hall, Toronto, on Monday, the 8th instant, which was attended by friends of the Union, without distinction of race or political party, and was magnificent, both in numbers and in enthusiasm, the following Resolutions were passed:—

1. "That, as citizens of the British Empire, we feel a deep interest in its unity and greatness, and hereby enter our earnest protest against any measure which would dissolve or weaken the Union between Great Britain and Ireland."

2. "That by expressions of opinion in favour of Home Rule, emanating from an anti-British party in the community, Canadian sentiment has been greatly misrepresented, and that, in our opinion, the Canadian people generally are heartily loyal to the Mother Country, and would regard anything tending to her dismemberment with the deepest sorrow and shame."

3. "That we regard with the utmost pride and sympathy the brave and patriotic stand made by the Loyalists of Ireland against heavy odds and amidst much discouragement in defence of the Union, and will cordially afford them any aid in our power at a crisis fraught with the greatest danger, not only to the integrity of the United Kingdom, but the British civilization throughout the world."

In order to give practical effect to the last resolution, the Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union appeals to all loyal Canadians throughout the Dominion for subscriptions to the fund which is being collected for the purpose of assisting the Loyalists of Ireland to carry on the campaign, and contest the elections against an enemy constantly supplied with the sinews of war by the anti-British organizations in the United States and their sympathizers in this country. The members of the Committee, in addressing themselves to the loyalty of Canada and the affection felt by Canadians for their Mother Country, absolutely disclaim any connection with political party. Their movement was prompted by the desire of giving expression to the real sentiment of Canada, in opposition to the purious representations which hitherto have too exclusively reached Great Britain. Their objects are to give loyal aid to the Mother Country in her hour of peril; to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom; to uphold the greatness which all citizens of the Empire share, and the destruction of which would bring humiliation on them all; and to cheer and strengthen the hearts of those who, amidst vacillation, weakness, and treachery, are bravely defending the central fortress of British civilization against the avowed enemies of the British race and name.

The Treasurers of the Fund are Rev. Dr. John Potts, 33 Elm Street, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, 175 Jarvis Street, Toronto; Rev. Prof. William Clark, Trinity College, Toronto; E. F. Clarke, Esq., 33 and 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. By any one of these gentlemen, or at the Bank of Toronto, subscriptions will be received.

All subscriptions, of whatever amount, will be welcomed as proof of good-will to the cause, and will be severally acknowledged.

Friends of the cause throughout the country are invited to organize in their own localities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.

GOLDWIN SMITH, *Chairman*.
JAMES L. HUGHES, *Secretary*.

Toronto, March 15, 1886.

KING THEBAW'S wives are said to have a sound English appetite for chops and steaks, but they also like scents. One of them, on her arrival at Raniket, was charmed with the delicate exhalation of a bottle of gin, which was a source of exquisite joy to her until it, not she, was dissipated—in scenting her person.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. STOOKTON'S novel, "The Late Mrs. Null," was published by the Scribners on Tuesday last. The first edition of the book is ten thousand copies.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY, the latest biographer of Poe, has written a sketch of Mr. Lowell's home life, which will appear in the *Critic* of March 27 in connection with Thomas Hughes's criticism of the poet's humorous poems.

TWO suggestive articles to appear in the April *Century* are "Strikes, Lockouts, and Arbitrations," by George May Powell, and an editorial on the Grant Memorial,—"Who shall make the Monument?" "What kind of a Structure?" "The Question of Style," etc.

OVER sixteen thousand copies of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," have been sold by Charles Scribner's Sons. The same firm will be the American publishers of Mr. Stevenson's new story, "Kidnapped," which will appear from the Longmans press in London.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE has written an account of the Boston "Vacation Industrial Schools," in which hundreds of girls are each summer trained in cooking, housekeeping, embroidery, drawing, carpentry, etc. It will appear in the next *St. Nicholas*, in connection with a story by Charles Barnard, illustrating one girl's experience in the schools.

FOR some time Sir Percy and Lady Shelley have been gathering and arranging all the papers left by the poet. The material has been found to be very rich, among the most valuable being the diaries of both Shelley and Mary Godwin. All the documents have now been placed in the hands of Professor Dowden, whose "Life of Shelley" will appear, it is hoped, before the end of the year.

DR. HENRY SCHLIEMANN arrived in London at the end of February from Cuba. For a year Dr. Schliemann has been in ill-health, and his journey to Cuba was undertaken in the hope that the change of climate might be of benefit to him. In a recent letter to an American friend, he says that he shall go back almost at once to his home in Athens, but that his health is so broken that he has no plans for future excavations.

AS an appropriate memento of the Easter season, Messrs. Ticknor and Company issue "A Stroll with Keats," by Francis Clifford Brown, one of the choicest gems of art in illustration, consisting of illuminated pages, in beautiful designs, illustrating some of the finest verses of the great English poet, and containing many of the nature-loving expressions of Keats, with very dainty and delicate flower-pictures and other artistic designs, made expressly for this book.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S new book, "Books and Bookmen," will be published next week by Mr. George J. Coombes, who announces that the one hundred copies of the large paper edition have all been sold. Mr. Lang's volumes have always been prime favourites among the collectors of *éditions de luxe*. The volume edited by Mr. Brander Matthews for the same series, containing a collection of original poems on books and bibliography, has just been put to press, but will probably not be published until fall.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for April opens with a paper on Gouverneur Morris by Henry Cabot Lodge, which will be found of much interest. A short story by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled "The Dulham Ladies," is also a pleasant feature of the number, and with Mr. James's and Miss Murfree's serials furnishes its fiction. Two important papers, one on "Responsible Government under the Constitution," by Woodrow Wilson, author of "Congressional Government," the other, "Reformation of Charity," by D. O. Kellogg, will be of interest to thoughtful readers.

IN the *Critic* of March 20, the first place is given to an account of a collection of manuscript books and poems, autograph letters from famous writers, etc., which includes most of the literary treasures belonging to Mr. James R. Osgood, the publisher, now shortly to be sold. The manuscripts of Emerson's "Representative Men" and Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat" and "Professor" are described; and a long and interesting letter from Jean Jacques Rousseau is printed in both the original French and a free English translation. A sonnet by Keats is also published for the first time.

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND CO., who are to publish Mr. Isaac Henderson's novel, "The Prelate," have just received a characteristic design for the cover of the book from Mr. Elihu Vedder. Mr. Henderson is a son of the late Isaac Henderson, who was Mr. Bryant's partner in the New York *Evening Post*. Since his father's death he has been living abroad, devoting most of his time to the study of music. At present, his home is in Rome. "The Prelate" is a story of modern Roman life, not the exponent of any religion or the champion of any sect. The plot is fresh, its incident abundant, and its movement rapid.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has written to the editor of the *Literary World*, explaining that there was no trouble between herself and Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, as certain newspapers charged. The true story of the "Through One Administration" difficulty was published in this column some weeks ago. Mrs. Burnett says: "I wrote two endings, merely because having written the one finally published, I was haunted by another, in which Bertha Amory died and Tredennis lived, and the only way to rid myself seemed to write it down." At present Mrs. Burnett is living in Dartmouth Street, Boston, under the immediate care of a physician.

THE naval duel between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* will be the war feature of the April *Century*. There will be three papers, profusely illustrated,—the first, "Life on the *Alabama*," written by one of the crew of that famous cruiser, containing the author's opinion of his officers and shipmates, an account of the two years' cruise, etc.; another paper is by the first officer of the *Alabama*, Lieut. Kell; and a third is contributed by the surgeon of the *Kearsarge*, Dr. Browne. The story of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fight, written by participants, was one of the most popular war features of the *Century*, and it is thought that these narratives will be found fully as interesting.

MR. J. F. HUDSON will publish through the Harpers, in a few days, a work on "The Railways and the Republic," which comes at an opportune moment, discussing, as it does, the rights of railroad corporations as affecting those of the public. After dealing with the subject in all possible lights, the author reaches a solution to all the legal difficulties with which the matter is hedged. He proposes a re-establishment by law of the principle of the public highway. "Let every railway," he says, "be made a public highway, open on equal terms, on fixed, uniform, and reasonable tolls, to the trains of every carrier." He explains this scheme in detail, which, at least, has the merit of being extraordinarily original.

THE successful closing of the third volume of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, with its March number, demonstrates what may be accomplished by enterprise and persistence, even in the face of the most formidable obstacles. From the issuance of its first issue, this magazine has commanded an attention that has increased with each succeeding number, until now it has established itself upon a firm basis, and may be classed as a literary, and, as we are assured by the publishers, a financial success. Energy and merit appear to have gone hand in hand, and assisted by wise editorial judgment and judicious business management, it has succeeded in safely passing over the dangerous shoals that so often beset new literary ventures.

THREE weeks ago the English publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Company, cabled their American manager at New York city that he might expect fifty cases containing several thousand copies of Mr. James's new novel, "The Bostonians," and Mr. Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish," by the steamship *Oregon*. By what now seems a strange incident the English publishers' plans were changed, and the cases were shipped by the steamer *Adriatic*. Thus American readers were spared the delay and disappointment which would have resulted had the original intention of the publishers been carried out. An entire edition of the Macmillans' periodical, *Nature*, was shipped by the *Oregon* and lost.

THE frontispiece of the April *Century* will consist of an old portrait of the poet Longfellow, taken from an ambrotype. The portrait was made in 1848, and represents the poet in mid-life, with a striking and pleasant face. The picture will accompany an interesting article from the pen of Mrs. James T. Fields, entitled "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life," in which will be printed several interesting letters addressed by the poet to James T. Fields, and a number of hitherto unpublished stories and anecdotes. In the same number Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial, "John Badowin's Testimony," will be concluded, while another instalment will be given of Mr. George W. Cable's "Creole Slave Songs."

AN extremely valuable cyclopædia, and of very great popular interest, is Alden's *Cyclopædia of Universal Literature*, Volume II, of which is just published. Novel in plan, and novel in form, at once beautiful and convenient, and at a price low even compared with Mr. Alden's always low prices, this volume gives, in its nearly five hundred pages, biographical sketches of one hundred and eleven prominent authors, with characteristic selections from their writings. The literary and mechanical workmanship are both of a high order. The work is really one that ought to find a place in every home library; it offers a fund of entertainment and instruction that will prove well-nigh inexhaustible. The price, only sixty cents a volume, makes its possession possible even to nearly every school-boy.

THE question of early marriages will receive a noteworthy, and what promises to be a most interesting, discussion in the April number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*. The services of some twenty of the best known women of America have been enlisted in the discussion. Lucy Larcom will contribute an especially pertinent paper on "Early Marriages"; Miss Louisa M. Alcott will treat the question "When Should Our Young Women Marry?" Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will write of "Young Girls and Marriage," while the other names that will be represented include Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Rebecca Harding Davis, Julia C. R. Dorr, Elizabeth P. Peabody, Harriett Prescott Spofford, Lucy Stone, Mary L. Booth, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Helen Campbell.

MISS MARY ANDERSON'S time since her return from England having been more than occupied by professional engagements, the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* has virtually abandoned the hope of securing the article announced as coming from her pen setting forth her English observations. A feature of the April number of the magazine will be the commencement of a novel series of articles to be printed under the general heading of "Our Experience Meetings," in which a public confessional will be provided for prominent authors, actors, artists, politicians, business men, etc., who feel autobiographically disposed. The meeting in the April number will be attended by Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, and Joel Chandler Harris, each of whom gives an interesting sketch of his literary career as seen from the inside.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending March 13 and 20 contain What Boys Read, and Through the States, *Fortnightly*; Some Aspects of Home Rule, and The Babylonians at Home, *Contemporary*; The Laws Relating to Land, *National Review*; Moss from a Rolling Stone, *Blackwood*; Henry Fawcett as a Man, *Gentleman's*; Lord Melbourne, *Temple Bar*; A Champion of her Sex, *Macmillan*; A Faroe Fete Day, *All the Year Round*; Two Evenings with Bismarck, *Chambers's*; What Boys should Read, and The No-Police Riots, *Saturday Review*; Mahwa Flowers, *Nature*; The Sense of Touch and the Teaching of the Blind, *Spectator*; The Synagogue in Bevis Marks, and Mr. Ruskin's early Theatre-going and Love-making, *St. James's Gazette*; with instalments of "Harry's Inheritance," "Poor Piluquesne," "The Bewitched House," and "This Man's Wife," and poetry.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SON have commenced the publication of an American edition of the "World's Library," which is edited by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. The series contains only the most standard works. The volumes are issued in uniform style, and sold for ten cents in this country and threepence in England. For the cover Mr. Walter Crane has made a charming design with an allegorical figure representing enlightenment to the world. Mr. Crane has never made a more successful design. The first volume is Austen's translation of Goethe's "Faust"; it was published in London at the moment when Mr. Irving's acting in "Faust" was attracting so much attention, and 25,000 copies were sold within a week of its appearance. The books to follow are "Life of Nelson," "The Life of Wellington," and "The Voyages of Captain Cook." Among the important books which Messrs. Routledge have almost ready for publication is Mr. G. Barrett Smith's work on "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria." It gives very able and clever sketches of the men who have led the Government from the time of Lord Melbourne to the Marquis of Salisbury.

THE articles upon the Chinese labour situation in the March *Overland* are a somewhat remarkable group. The leader is a statement of the position of the Knights of Labour, which may be regarded as official, coming from one of the officers of the organization, and based upon their officially collected statistics. It is reasonable and courteous in tone, and deals mainly with the question of the cigar and shoe business, and other industries in San Francisco employing Chinese. The next article is an account of the riot and massacre of Chinese in Los Angeles, in 1871, by I. S. Dorney, an eye-witness, a delegate-elect at present to the Anti-Chinese State Convention. One of the indicted leaders of the Tacoma expulsion of Chinese writes of "The Tacoma Method," giving a circumstantial account of their action, and taking the ground that it was illegal, but that the will and well-being of the people are greater than law; and is immediately followed by an anonymous writer from the same district, who condemns altogether any breach of law, as giving power to agitators which will next be turned against our own people, and gives several significant incidents pointing to this conclusion. The editorial departments also contain three letters on the general question, and the John Hittell resolutions of the San José Convention, together with a brief and dignified mention of the San José press resolution. A complete exposition of the various phases of feeling on this coast with regard to the Chinese can be had from the last half-dozen numbers of the *Overland*, and the Eastern and English papers are evidently beginning to look to it to supply this. Its high literary standard, the dignified and moderate temper it has always maintained, its policy of impartial hearing of both sides, and its absolute independence of any private or party interests, make it a peculiarly fit and influential organ for well-considered articles bearing upon the public interests of the coast.



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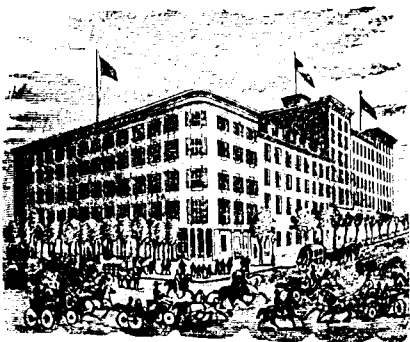
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