

THE WEEK:

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders for the election of Directors will be held at the banking house in Toronto, the 21st of June next. Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock noon.
By order of the Board.
G. W. YARKER, Gen. Manager.
The Federal Bank of Canada,
Toronto, 26th April, 1887.

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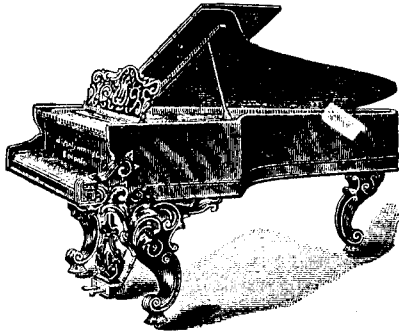
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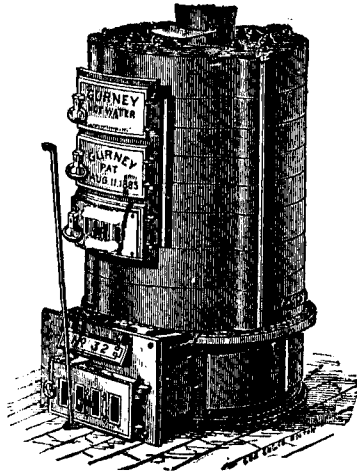
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THEOLOGICAL DEGREES.

THE unfortunate clause in reference to theological degrees which was withdrawn from the recent Bill for University Federation has given rise to some criticism which seems to call for explanation, if not correction. I do not undertake to defend the special provisions of that clause, nor to lead a general attack against its critics. Least of all, would I be understood to complain of the action taken by the Anglican bishops of Ontario in petitioning against the clause, as their action seems to have been dictated mainly by the present position of the Anglican Church in Canada upon the subject. But there are remarks in the episcopal petition, as well as in other criticisms of the proposed legislation, which might be interpreted as implying a misapprehension on the subject of theological degrees, that would be injurious to the interests of theological education, if not to the wider interests of superior education in all departments.

It seems to be taken for granted that a degree in theology is an ecclesiastical distinction, and that therefore the conditions under which it should be conferred must be determined by ecclesiastical bodies. It is not the first time that this misapprehension has found expression in Canada, and has operated unjustly against theological learning by withholding from it its proper academical recognition. For a theological, like any other, degree is an academical distinction, and can in no proper sense be called ecclesiastical. The mistake of making it ecclesiastical has its origin probably in two sources.

In the first place, an ecclesiastical body may of course, like any other corporation, enact whatever regulations seem expedient to determine the conditions of admission to all its offices and the duties devolving on the incumbents of these. It is therefore clearly within its rights when it takes upon itself to decide what distinctions—*theological, scientific, literary, or political*—its clergy may be allowed to accept. It may, quite legitimately, prohibit its clergy from becoming fellows of a geological or chemical society, from wearing the decoration of any legion of honour or order of knighthood. It might, indeed, be a very fair question, whether it would be wise, on the part of any ecclesiastical body, to interfere in such a way with the liberty of its clergy; but the mere legality of the interference is indisputable. And, in truth, it would not be altogether unintelligible if a religious denomination of strong Protestant sentiment objected to any of its clergy accepting a theological degree from an Ultramontane university, supposing it probable or possible that such a degree might be offered; and objections might conceivably be raised by a denomination of untarnished orthodoxy to its clergy receiving such a distinction from an university where rationalism was rampant. Many men would also be in full sympathy with any church which, in defence of its own self-respect, protested against its ministers recognising the degrees of an university which prostituted its chartered powers by bartering its honours for money, or scattering them promiscuously among the community without any reason-

able regard for the qualifications of the persons thus distinguished. But no action of any religious body in this direction would imply that it arrogated to itself the right of determining the conditions under which such distinctions should be conferred. Our Protestant churches, at least, do not claim to be the proper sources of scientific and literary honours, of honours bestowed in recognition of purely intellectual work. Of the Church of Rome I do not speak. On its theory, if I understand it correctly, the Papal Chair has the right to determine the character, not of theological education alone, but of education in all departments. The theory, however, is based on a conception of the relation between Church and State which the British Constitution has for centuries rejected, and which, it may be presumed, is not to be recognised in the Province of Ontario.

A second source of the misapprehension with regard to the theological degrees is to be found in the fact that these are generally held by clergymen. The reason of this, however, may be readily discovered without assuming that a degree in theology is a purely clerical honour. In the very nature of the case, the great majority of those who devote themselves to theological learning must be clergymen, who must, therefore, most commonly be the recipients of those honours by which such learning is distinguished. For a similar reason degrees in the Faculty of Law naturally fall for the most part to lawyers, and degrees in medicine to the medical practitioner. It is on this account that such degrees are commonly distinguished from those given in the Faculty of Arts by the name of *professional degrees*. But in none of the so-called professional faculties is a degree understood to be conferred merely as a recognition of professional success. No university laureates a man with the honours of its Faculties of Law or Medicine because he has formed an extensive practice and enjoys very liberal fees. In like manner a clergyman may succeed to the fattest living in his church, he may even be not only a popular preacher, but an earnest and useful pastor, without being thereby entitled to receive the honours of theological scholarship. It is not work done in the practice of a profession, but rather work done in the intellectual mastery of its theory, which an university seeks to reward. Now this theoretical work may be, and often is, done by men who have no intention of practising the profession with which the work is connected; and such purely theoretical interest in professional studies is to be met with perhaps more frequently in theology than in any other faculty.

Among those who have contributed to the literature of jurisprudence or medical science, I am not certain that there are many who have not at one time been engaged in the practice of the legal or medical professions; but the history of theology furnishes a long list of eminent men who never were ordained to any clerical office. This has been especially the case in Germany, where theological learning has for generations been cultivated with an enthusiasm and a thoroughness which no other country has equalled. The truth is that even among the names which are most familiar to English readers as representing the recent theology of Germany, a large number belong to men who were never admitted to clerical orders, who were never even theological professors, but are or have been occupants of chairs in the Faculty of Arts. Consequently it is not uncommon in Germany for laymen to hold the degree of Doctor of Divinity. For instance, it may be mentioned that the Chevalier Bunsen (whom I select simply on account of the familiarity of his name in England) was very appropriately honoured with this degree as a recognition of his valuable contributions to the literature of theology; and at the fifth centenary of the University of Heidelberg, which was celebrated last August, the first of the honorary degrees conferred was that of D.D. on His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden. Unfortunately, this academical recognition of lay-students of theology is not so familiar in English-speaking communities, though it is not unknown. Dr. Kitto, who at least did valuable work in popularising the results of Biblical learning in his day, was at once a layman and a Doctor in Divinity, though it must be confessed, perhaps not altogether to the credit of British Universities, that he had to go to a German University for the recognition of his services. It is but fair to the Scottish Universities, however, to mention that, though they have not, so far as I know, conferred the honorary degree of D.D. on any layman, yet they have not restricted the honour to clergymen of the Church of Scotland, but have for a long time, with apparent impartiality, conferred it upon eminent divines without regard to their denominational connection. Moreover, the inferior degree of Bachelor in Divinity, which

is given on examination, is in point of fact usually conferred upon students while they are still laymen, and the Scottish Universities exact no kind of confessional test from the candidates, but grant the degree to any student, whatever his religious creed may be, who fulfils the academical requirements.

There would therefore have been nothing on the face of it unreasonable in the Government of Ontario empowering the Provincial University to grant degrees in theology. In the interests of theological learning, as well as of higher education in general, this would be infinitely preferable to conferring the power of granting degrees on the theological college of every denomination; but if the Provincial University refuses to recognise the right of theological scholarship to academical distinction, a strong plea is created in favour of a claim on the part of the theological colleges. As to the best method by which this matter might be arranged between the University and the theological colleges, it is not for me, as an outsider, to make any proposals. But it may not be out of place to moot the question whether it is absolutely necessary for the different denominations to squander their educational resources in the support of separate theological seminaries. The leading Protestant churches might surely unite on all the main outlines of theological study, each supplying what might be wanted further by the appointment of a special professor or lecturer to teach its own distinctive principles. There might thus be created a theological school, which could be placed in the same relation to the University as any school of medicine or law. But even without such an union it should not be difficult for the University Senate to appoint a board of examiners from the existing theological schools, who could test the qualifications of candidates for degrees in theology without knowing the denominational connection or the private religious opinions of a single candidate.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

Montreal.

A GLIMPSE OF THE LAURENTIDES.

[THE following paper was read at one of the "Séances" of the French Protestant Literary Club in Montreal. The author does not pretend to give more than a "glimpse" of the great Canadian mountain chain. Several allusions will be better understood when we say that the piece itself was suggested by somewhat contemptuous epithets having been applied to the Laurentides by a highly-gifted Swiss member of the "Cercle."]

The mountains called "Laurentides" form a chain of vast extent. If starting from the Atlantic coast in Labrador, we followed its sinuosities through Quebec and Ontario, past the great lakes, then northerly to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, we should have travelled a good three thousand miles. Therefore, I cannot pretend to give a complete description of the beauties or curiosities of this mighty rib of North America, having seen but a very small portion of it. I grant that we might look in vain for the colossal granite peaks of the Alps, their eternal snows and rivers of ice. But contract the Laurentides in length, to add to their height, they would far outdo the Alps. As it is, I do not think any of their mountains exceed six or seven thousand feet. They are not built of your modern formations, only a few thousand years old, but of good solid trap rocks, granites and gneiss, dating from a time when the crust of the earth, yet semi-liquid, boiled over its internal fires like porridge in a pot. The solidified bubbles and ripples are there to prove it. You will find them west of Brockville, all along the Ottawa from Grenville to Thurso, north of Lachute, and all along the ridge that runs north-west to south-east at New Glasgow, Que. We do not expect to find fossils in igneous rocks, unless they could live like the salamander of the fable. Yet it is from the Laurentides that Sir W. Logan brought the now celebrated "Eozoon Canadense," so ably described by Sir W. Dawson, our illustrious fellow-citizen. Is it an animal? Is it a plant? Who knows? But whether one or the other, it is plain that it must have come long after the bubbles of the crust had solidified and cooled, some ten million years ago, for anything we know. Indeed there must have been a very cool period since then, judging by the tracks left by glaciers from end to end of our country—glaciers with which those of the Alps could not begin to compare, either for length, breadth, or depth. They have carried millions of boulders many miles to the south of the chain, rolling and grinding them as they went, as if they had been mere children's marbles. If we go north of Papineauville, we are struck with the appearance of many small mountains, four or five hundred feet in height, that appear to be mere heaps of broken trap-rock, angular rocks, piled up pell-mell, with scarcely soil enough to nourish a dwarfed and half-withered vegetation. What is it that has thus broken mountains in fragments from top to bottom? Is it frost? Is it due to subterranean explosions? When the Titans warred against the gods, did they use dynamite? We know not. The valleys and basins found between these elevations in the same district are filled with various sediments, forming a light sandy or gravelly soil of no great fertility. The surface being generally level, there is something strange in the aspect of these steep, rocky heights, rising up here and there like the projecting bones of an imperfectly buried skeleton. We may travel on a level road for an hour or two, and almost without transition find ourselves in a wild gorge, in the midst of chaotic rocks. This is specially remarkable south-east of St. André Avelin. After crossing a plain of about four miles diameter, the road seems barred by a high ridge of rocks rising some two hundred feet above the level. But upon reaching the foot of it, a steep ascent at the bottom of a deep crevice opens before us, leaving the impression on the observant traveller that, some time in the

endless past, both ends of the mountain sank, breaking its back, thus opening this deep and narrow gorge right through from side to side, so narrow that in places the trees to the right and left cross their branches above our heads. The place bears the name of *Côte des Pruches*, or Hemlock Hill, from the abundance of the trees bearing that name, and generally found on barren soils. Lakes abound in the Laurentides. When the Dominion shall be more populous and more wealthy, their multitude will furnish an innumerable number of summer retreats, many of them more picturesque by far than most of the summer resorts of old Europe. These lakes often possess features of great interest. Some of them are of immense depth. I have sounded "Round Lake" near Namur, and with three trawling lines of 150 feet each, I have found bottom at about 400 feet. I have been assured by settlers, that the "Achigan Lake," seven miles north of New Glasgow, is in one place over one thousand feet deep, but I had not at the time the means to verify the statement. A French habitant went further and declared that it was "*sans fond*," or bottomless, in the spot referred to. It is well known that the Saguenay is of tremendous depth. Now, imagine if you can, such lakes and rivers emptied of all their waters. What abysses, what mighty canyons would be revealed to the awe-struck spectators!

Talking of lakes reminds me of a fish story, heard at Namur, from a Frenchman, located on the shores of "Lac des Sables." He had cut a hole in the ice of the lake, at a place where the water is two hundred feet deep, to put down night bottom lines. Unfortunately, he dropped his axe in the hole. Despairing of ever getting it again, he did not cry over spilt milk, but set his lines and went home. The next morning he was much surprised to find such a weight on one of them, that he thought he must have hooked the king of salmon-trouts. Drawing it up carefully, he brought to the surface—his axe!—and moreover a splendid twelve-pound trout! According to his theory, the axe had stuck in the bottom mud, with the handle in a perpendicular position; and the trout after taking the bait, swam round and round, close to the bottom, rolling the line round the axe-handle, and tangling it so much that it could not get loose. I had my doubts; but as he was the only witness, and the thing was not absolutely impossible, I surrendered to the evidence. "Besides," he said, "there was the very axe," pointing to it. Doubt was impossible after this.

Among the many natural curiosities of the Laurentides, let me mention certain pits, or natural wells, of which I have examined at least three; two, a short distance back of Hull, Que., and one on the hill by the river side, west of Brockville. The depth is not great—six to ten feet, the diameter about five feet—but they are perfectly circular, the sides appear water-worn, and it is difficult to believe that they have not been dug at some remote period by the hand of man. I have heard several theories about them, none to satisfy me, however; so the problem, What or who dug them, remains unsolved.

The picturesque aspects of the Laurentides would be better described by the pencil of an artist than by the pen of a scribbler. How often I have sat in one or the other of their wild nooks, really not knowing what to admire most—the cliffs crowned with great pines, the tranquil lakes, or the torrents which tossed their icy brown flood from rock to rock, resting it may be in a shady pool to escape, to escape further on by a bold leap, falling over the steeps like a silver veil! Disciple of Izaak Walton, cast your light fly in one of their eddies, and soon your rod will bend like a bow; pulled by one of those beauties of speckled trouts, that give an amateur as much pleasure and less trouble than the royal salmon.

Choose one of the numerous shelves of rock on the river bank, cover it with a thick layer of hemlock boughs, spread your camping blanket over them, light a good fire, and you will have the sweetest of lullabies, the singing of the wind in the pine tops, and the gurgling of the waters on the rocky shores. You will breathe there an atmosphere of freedom, found nowhere else. You will be able to lift up your soul to the very foot of God's throne, better than in the noblest cathedral, for He is the Architect here, and His breath leads the chorals. Oh, how sweet it is to be thus in the wilderness, new Elijahs at Kerith, away from the Jezebels of human society, out of reach of the venomous shafts of envy and slander. Laurentian rocks! Arctic solitudes of our Canadian fatherland! That many prefer to you the hotels of a "Saratoga," or the dissipations of an "Orchard Beach," we know; we see it every summer, but as for me, give me your solitudes, your rocks, your lakes, torrents, and waterfalls! It is in the mountains that we feel nearer to God. It is to Horeb the prophet flies when life's burden has grown too heavy; it is there that our joyous songs are echoed from hill to hill. On these mountain lakes the white blossoms of the water-lily diffuse their fragrance, the wild duck and the swan rear undisturbed their young brood. The leaves in the valleys scarcely tremble when the tempest bows the tree-tops on the mountain ridges—there is peace, there is rest.

You may tell me that you prefer ascending the Righi by the tramway, or add another name to those of visitors of Chamounix or the "Mer de Glace." I will not dispute about taste; but whether it is the effect of a forty-three years' residence in Canada, or whether an unconscious return to the wild instincts of primitive man,—for my part, I desire no better than to pass the evening of life in one or the other of these Laurentian retreats, the memory of which remains uneffaced and unfaceable in the secret chambers where we consign the mental relics of the beautiful days of life.

We have been told that the Laurentide landscapes are monotonous. It would be heresy to say as much of those of the "Jura," and yet, it seems to me, having seen something of both, that the Canadian chain is much superior in variety to its European rival. The vegetation is finer, and the lines of mountains more broken. People come many thousands of miles to see the "Lake of Thousand Islands," one of the marvels of the St. Lawrence valley. What is its beauty, if not that multitude of rocky islets, baskets of verdure on the azure table of the mighty river?

Examine closely these gems of nature, and you will find, as their

foundation, the trap-rock of the Laurentides. Utilitarians, who reasonably prefer a flat prairie of rich alluvial soil to all the mountain chains of the world, will say that all this Laurentide expanse, or the greater part of it, is a loss to the country—waste, irreclaimable land; that when it has been denuded of its forests—a miserable consummation fast approaching—it will be a howling wilderness. But even on this ground, I am ready to fight the battle of the Laurentides. We know as yet little or nothing of their mineral wealth. But already rich deposits of silver, copper, phosphate, asbestos, mica, and even gold, have been discovered and profitably worked. These treasures will come more and more to light as the woods disappear. Vast extents of hilly and mountainous country will become grazing grounds fully equal to those of Sweden and of the Highlands of Scotland, giving employment to tens of thousands of stalwart men—mountaineers are always this. If, in the course of ages, there be here as great a change of climate as there has been in Gaul since the time of Cæsar, Laurentian hillsides may yet be covered with vineyards. This will not be in our time, however; but what now exists, what every one can see, if he pleases, is an unlimited hunting and fishing ground, a wooded and well-watered wilderness, where, at small cost, we can make long and pleasant excursions, where we can utterly forget the mire of the city, and the malice of man, where wounded hearts and fainting souls may find comfort, and where the illnesses of our civilised life may be cured.

There's iron in our northern hills,
Our pines are trees of healing.

Thus wrote the Quaker poet. He would have appreciated the Laurentides! Young men read "Stanley's Explorations" and similar books, and lament that Africa, Siberia, or Central Australia are so far away that they have no time nor means to enjoy an explorer's pleasures and toils. Let them choose any point they fancy on that part of our national railway, the Canada Pacific, where it passes through, or skirts the Laurentides; they can reach it in a few hours at small cost. Then, with gun and fishing rod, pocket compass, and other camping necessaries, let them strike north. In many places they would not meet other dwellings than the wigwam of the Indian between their starting-point and the shores of the icy sea. There is surely room enough to satisfy any amateur explorer, without counting the possibilities of valuable discoveries.

If it was not for our terrible winters the Laurentide country would be a place to live and die in. But when polar tempests pile up their snowy winding sheets over lake, mountain, and valley, when life seems to have forsaken nature, when the silence of the wilderness is only broken by the hooting of the white owl and the long howls of the famished wolf, I grant that it is better to be indoors by the stove, and that a hot potato, just out of the pot, is better eating than frozen pemmican. With this exception, then, *Vive les Laurentides!* And may this very imperfect sketch rehabilitate them in some measure in the mind of their detractors.

Montreal.

C. A. DOUDIET.

NOTES OF A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

II.—BOSTON.

To thoroughly appreciate the American Athens, one should go there *via* New York. After the monotonously swift regularity of the elevated roads, there is something positively refreshing in the sublime indifference to considerations of either speed or schedule shown by the gaily painted horse-cars. The streets are of a sociable size and diverting sinuosity, and the people thronging them are not all apparently hastening to a fire. The buildings do not tower oppressively above you like the walls of a Colorado canyon; in fact, to try to condense what I am driving at into one word—Boston is so manageable a city as compared with New York, that the pilgrim, after a course of metropolitan sight-seeing, finds it sweetly restful to his soul—especially if you spell that word both ways.

The literary associations and attractions of Boston are of course incomparably richer than those of any other city on the Continent, and so long as Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Howells, and Aldrich make it the centre of their work, this must continue to be so. Viewed from the purely literary standpoint, the *Atlantic Monthly* still holds an unquestioned supremacy among periodicals, and although the famous old *North American Review* moved some time ago to Gotham, it has so entirely lost its early character by the change, having degenerated from a review of the highest class into a sensational monthly newspaper, that the loss can be easily borne.

It is not only natural, but appropriate, that the literary pilgrim who has been so fortunate as to enjoy the privilege of an interview with the Autocrat should regard it as the chief event of very eventful days. He was found in his luxurious library, with its enchanting outlook upon the Back Bay, and having first by diplomatic enquiries, ascertained that his visitor neither had a volume of poems to be criticised, nor wicked intentions of printing what might transpire, in some daily paper (for the Lowell-Hawthorne affair has worked irreparable injury), Dr. Holmes settled back in one of his big arm-chairs for a good long chat. Although by his own confession (vide *Atlantic Monthly* for April), already some eight years beyond man's allotted term of years, his eye is not dim, and his natural force little abated, as indeed the prodigies of social toil undergone by him during his recent trip to Europe abundantly testify. An hour slipped by far more swiftly than the current of the Charles at the garden's foot, while the brightest man of two generations unlocked his stores of wit and wisdom, and it was only when it seemed as if even the genial patience of an Autocrat could not in propriety be further presumed upon that the pilgrim found resolution to take his leave.

A quiet dinner, followed by a long uninterrupted evening, gave abundant opportunity for studying the most popular novelist of the day in his

own home. Living in one of Beacon Street's bow-windowed mansions, a few doors away from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells has surrounded himself with so many evidences of an expansive bank account that, looking upon them, one is inclined to be sceptical as to the paucity of reward accorded by the muse to her high priests. The creator of Silas Lapham is a striking example of the union of strength and gentleness. The massive Napoleonic head, the broad shoulders, the sinewy, though not tall, frame, are those of an athlete, who might possibly with due training stand up before the impregnable Sullivan himself for a round or two; but the winning smile, the rich, soft voice, the easy graceful movements, belong only to the gentleman. From many points of view, Mr. Howells lives an ideal life, which must make him the envy of countless fellow-workers. Devoting the morning to his desk, the afternoon to his family and friends, the evening to his book-table when social demands permit, he, by a wise ordering of his time, manages to do a wonderful amount of work without having to deny himself much of life's enjoyment. Each year sees two complete novels come from his pen, in addition to the monthly essay on literature for *Harper's*, and other critical work, of which his recent book on some of the Italian poets is a specimen. His method is to work steadily rather than rapidly, and his persistent pegging away is filling a large corner of his library with books that bear his name upon the title page. It must be a source of great satisfaction to him to see some of his genius reappearing in his children. The eldest daughter has already touched the *Century* mark in poetry; while the younger gave to the world a couple of years ago a book upon the Old Masters which delighted everybody by the originality of its comments, and the quaintness of its sketches.

A poet without peer to-day for polished perfection of form, a teller of stories whose rare combining of wit and pathos makes them irresistibly attractive, an editor who has kept the famous old *Atlantic* thoroughly up to its own exalted plane, Thomas Bailey Aldrich divides with Howells the honour of chief place among the American authors of the present generation. He seems a much younger man than his rival, that is, if the two friends can rightly be called rivals, for his cheeks are as rosy as any school-boy's, and his hair is but slightly tinged with gray, while his handsome moustaches are trimmed to very artistic curves. His editorial sanctum, in the rear of Houghton and Mifflin's establishment, on Park Street, is rather difficult of access, and consequently all the better suited to his needs, as he is thereby spared many an interruption. It is furnished in a curiously plain, old-fashioned way, and looks out upon the old graveyard that comes in between Park Street Church and the Tremont House. The whole atmosphere is one of quiet and contemplation, as one would expect in the headquarters of the most classically cultured periodical now published.

Here again the pilgrim would love to linger a while, and repeat some of the interesting things told him by the author of "Prudence Palfrey" and "Baby Bell;" but that hateful word "space" rises up in sullen prohibition, and, moreover, downstairs, in comfortable quarters, Mr. Horace Scudder—who has done so much sound, strong, enduring work along so many different lines, and who, at present, besides acting as literary adviser to the firm, and editing several of their historical series, contributes three-fourths of the literary criticism to the *Atlantic*—has much to say about men and books that would be equally interesting; so there is no alternative but to keep silence and pass on.

An establishment that no literary visitor should fail to see is that of the *Youth's Companion*, for there is probably not a more perfectly appointed place of the kind in the world. Few of this famous periodical's 400,000 subscribers have any conception of the amount of pains and pelf that is spent in preparing for them the paper they love so dearly. There are editors by the half-dozen, each in his own cosy cabinet, readers by the score, before several of whom every manuscript passes in judgment before it is accepted or rejected, and clerks innumerable. The editor-in-chief, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, and his two leading assistants, Messrs. Clay and Ridemg, have won wide reputations outside their sanctums in various lines of literary work, and as where there are so many to help, the portion of the burden falling upon each is comparatively slight, they still have full opportunity to do good work on their own account. Contributors are dealt with, not only in the most liberal, but the most just manner possible. While names, of course, count, they by no means rule, and new writers with something to say, and saying it well, are always welcome. No manuscript is sent back unread, and, as an illustration of their method, Mr. Rideing showed me a rejected MS., with the verdict of four different readers attached, they all agreeing in essential particulars; and yet when that intellectual product was returned to its author he no doubt felt confident that it had not been judged upon its merits, but rejected solely because he was not one of the favoured clique.

A visit to Boston is still incomplete that does not include attendance at one of the Monday lectures. These lectures constitute one of the most remarkable phases of the intellectual life of New England. Dealing with the most abstruse problems of philosophy, morals, and theology, and delivered at the curious hour of noon on Monday, they have for twelve years gathered together audiences that filled the immense auditorium of Tremont Temple; while, through the medium of the newspaper and book, they have gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Colossal, both physically and intellectually, as Joseph Cook is on the platform, he is human enough in the privacy of his own study, and enters very heartily into the discussion of much less lofty themes than those which engage his attention in public. The future of the lectureship is a little uncertain at present, as New York is understood to desire it, for a season at all events. Whether its platform be in Boston or New York, however, matters comparatively little. So long as Joseph Cook speaks from it, it must be a power for good throughout the land.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

MORNING—A STUDY.

THE gray of dawn peeps up behind night's folds,
While darkling clouds yet dim the distant sky ;
Long miles of mist disperse along the wolds,
And from the dewy boughs the songsters fly.

The feather'd minstrels of the opening day,
Refreshed by long and undisturbed repose,
Arrange the plumes that night has turned astray,
And all their ruffled beauties now disclose.

The late, lone bat, like some lost refugee,
Seeks dark security from pressing morn.
And scatters, as it hides in hollow tree,
The butterflies that do the scene adorn.

The busy ants from their great hills descend
In careful haste, and cross the grassy plain,
Saluting silently each passing friend,
But disregarding strangers with disdain.

The lumbering beetle, lazy and begrimed,
With laggard steps begins the dreary day,
After the toiling snail hath long beslimed
His burdened march upon the open way.

Along its silken threads the spider walks,
And shakes the hanging dew-drop to the ground ;
No chance entanglement his duty balks,
As patiently he treads each subtle round.

Forth from the little door of his domain
The gentle bee, armed with industrious powers,
Seeks treasure-trove, and soon returns again,
Weigh'd with the honey of a hundred flowers.

Within the wood the dove begins to coo,
Telling, with swelling breast, his gentler mate
How he has sought her presence but to sue,
And all day long her love will supplicate.

Out of the root-roofed archway of yon beech,
The natural portal of his spacious cell,
The nut-brown squirrel doth his neck far reach,
To spy if all is safe within the dell.

The marigolds unfold their yellow heads,
To vie in colour with the saffron sun ;
The violets stretch within their scented beds,
And raise their beauteous faces, one by one.

Along the meadow land the daisies pied
Proclaim their presence to the pearl-laid grass,
And morning-glories, in their prudish pride,
Ope wide their eyes, to gaze in nature's glass.

And whilst within the parsonage dull sleep
Still holds the inmates with mesmeric power,
The martins one unending circle keep,
In morning service round the old church tower.

The robin, rosy from his early bath,
With quaint conceit, which unto him belongs,
Hops, uninvited, down the garden path,
And breaks the silence with his tuneless songs.

Whereat the watch-dog, rousing from his sloth,
Chases the bold invader far away,
And, careless though the chanticlear be wroth,
With joyful bark proclaims the break of day.

SAREPTA.

THE BURMAH OF TO-DAY.

AN article on "Our Task in Burmah" in the *Fortnightly Review* gives so clear a view of the situation in that country that we make no doubt the following abridgment will be welcome to our readers.

The conquest of the Kingdom of Ava, which has an area greater than that of France, and a population of 4,000,000, was accomplished by an army of less than 10,000 men, at a cost of less than £150,000 sterling, without serious resistance, and with an insignificant loss of life. Mandalay was occupied by the forces of General Prendergast ; King Theebaw was led away into captivity ; and from that moment the country fell, without opposition, into the hands of Great Britain. Its subsequent pacification has, however, employed an army of more than 30,000 men, supported by a military police, has occupied more than a year of desultory fighting, has cost the lives of more than 1,000 men by battle and disease, besides an untold number of Burmese, has involved the expenditure of more than £1,000,000 sterling, and is still incomplete. The reasons for the contrast between the ease with which Burmah was conquered and the difficulty with which it was subjugated are deserving of being enquired into and understood.

Prior to the invasion of 1885 the country had been for centuries in a

state of chronic anarchy. The central government had never succeeded in any efficient protection of life and property. Alompra, the founder of the dynasty of the kings of Ava in 1752, was himself a brigand ; brigandage has been the favourite occupation of his people and their descendants ever since. The land is rich and fertile, the return which the soil yields to the labour bestowed upon it is abundant, and much of the field work is done by women ; thus, the whole time of the Burmese peasants is not absorbed by agricultural industry. They have plenty of leisure for other pursuits, and their customary recreation is robbery. Among primitive races, women work while men fight ; among the Burmese, women work while men rob. The country has always been infested by bands of brigands collected together under some leader of skill and enterprise, from places often remote from the scene of their crimes. This national propensity, which it has taken years of fighting for the strong British Government even partially to repress, was very feebly controlled by the kings of Alompra's dynasty. Indeed so many members of the Royal Family proved popular leaders to the brigand bands that the Burmese Government adopted the policy of either slaughtering the heads of its collateral branches or of shutting them up in captivity at Mandalay.

The very ease and rapidity with which the conquest of Burmah was achieved had, to some extent, the effect of increasing the difficulty of subsequently establishing law and order. No great blow was struck, and there was no exhibition of the prowess of British arms sufficient to impress the minds of the unruly classes amongst the people. The army of King Theebaw was disbanded and scattered abroad among the inhabitants without having suffered a defeat. Discharged soldiers in the East are always a source of danger ; they must subsist, and will do so by rapine and plunder.

The princes of the blood released from their captivity at Mandalay by the humanity of the British Government, furnished the disbanded soldiers with admirable leaders, and they organised a system of guerilla warfare, wandering about the jungle, attacking every village from which plunder was to be obtained. The English military force, which was quite adequate to overcome the resistance of anything like a regular army, and to occupy the principal towns on the Irrawaddy, was too small to be efficient when split up into detachments, and could not occupy a sufficient number of positions to make head against the violence which rendered the lives and property of its subjects insecure. The inhabitants of the districts bordering upon the British territories of Lower Burmah, who had at first submitted to English rule, on becoming aware of its feebleness broke out into open revolt ; the disease even spread to the old Dominion itself, which seemed to be rapidly degenerating. The stern discipline of martial law, which subsisted during the period of actual conquest, was as soon as possible replaced by the milder form of civil government, whose staff, however, proved too small to perform the immense labour the disorganised state of the country required. The time of the year, too, at which the danger developed was most unfortunate for the British ; the rainy season was imminent, rivers were flooded, and extensive tracts inundated ; the movement of troops in small detachments about the jungle was impracticable, and the deadly nature of the climate rendered it certain that fresh reinforcements imported into the country would be destroyed. Under such circumstances the only course was to check the progress of anarchy, as far as possible, with the forces already on the ground, and to make such preparations as would enable the Government as soon as the healthier season arrived, to complete the subjugation of the country, by dispersing the armed bands of Dacoits, and by providing a strong settled government.

To form a conception of the territory which has absorbed the attention of Great Britain during the last two years, it is necessary to give some idea of the Burmese Empire. For this purpose, Upper Burmah may be divided into two parts, north and south of Mandalay, of which the southern section naturally subdivides itself into two quarters. The first of these is easily accessible by the river Irrawaddy, and, adjoining the settled provinces of Lower Burmah under old established British rule, has proved by no means the most manageable. At first the local officials were alarmed at military operations, and submitted ; but within a few months armed gangs of Dacoits began to make their appearance on both sides of the river, and some of the Burmese governors who had faithfully served the British Government went over to the enemy. The hero of the resistance of law and order was a brigand named Bo Swe—a notorious individual, who had long been a thorn in the sides of the English authorities on the Irrawaddy. After the unavoidable reduction of the military force in his neighbourhood he headed a formidable band ; Mr. Phayre, the Deputy-Commissioner, was killed in action ; and all that part of the district fell into his hands except a narrow strip along the west bank of the river.

The return of the cooler season, however, and the arrival of reinforcements from India, soon turned the tables. The country was cleared by military columns ; river pirates suppressed by launches worked by the Naval Brigade ; unruly subjects disarmed ; and Bo Swe driven a fugitive into the Arakan hills, where his death or capture may be confidently expected.

Affairs in the second quarter, that through which the railway from Toungoo to Mandalay is to be made, were equally troublesome. There is a line already constructed from Rangoon to Toungoo, which is some forty miles within the frontier of Lower Burmah ; it is proposed to extend this to Mandalay, a distance of 240 miles. It passes through Ninyan, a large town beyond the Burmese frontier, of some 12,000 inhabitants, a place of considerable timber trade, and a mart to which Shan caravans from the hills much resort. When Ninyan was first taken by the British troops in 1885 there was no organised resistance ; but before long an epidemic of brigandage broke out. Further north, the country near Mandalay, which being exceedingly fertile and somewhat thickly populated has been called the Garden of Burmah, became the scene of the exploits of an organ-

ised band of robbers under King Theebaw's brother, a youth of seventeen years of age. He numbered some of the most influential ex-officials of King Theebaw's government among his supporters.

Brigands in every part of the district professed to be fighting in his interests, and covered their crimes with his name. The military power of the British soon ejected him from his stronghold; he and his band were driven from post to post, until at last they had to take refuge with the Sawbawa of a small Shan state offered them as an asylum. Here the young prince remained until his death in August, 1886.

The district from Toungoo to Mandalay is now fairly pacified, and the construction of the railway has been commenced, and will afford employment for the inhabitants, less exciting but more safe and remunerative than gang robbery.

Let us now turn to that division of Upper Burmah which lies north of Mandalay. At the period of the British invasion seven English gentlemen, in the service of the Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation, had been made prisoners by the Burmese officials in that district; of these three were barbarously murdered, and the rest rescued and sent to Mandalay by the Woon of Mingin, a large town upon the Chindwin River. At Kendat, a town still further up the river, other Europeans were held captive, and were delivered by Col. Johnstone, Political Agent at Manipur, who came over the border with fifty Sepoys and a Manipur contingent, and marched upon Kendat. The district was also scourged by a brigand chief, Hla-oo, and by cousins of King Theebaw, who had fled from Mandalay. The British cause was supported by some of the local Woons; local police were organised; and the troops with the aid of these, and the loyal villagers, operated with vigour against the bands of robbers, and constantly marched to the protection of villages threatened with attack. The power of Hla-oo has been finally and thoroughly broken, the brigand leaders and their followers in every quarter have given in their submission and surrendered their arms.

Strange to say the most remote district of Burmah, that of Bhamo, in the extreme north, near the Chinese frontier, has been the least disturbed. It was occupied without opposition in December, 1885, and an efficient civil administration at once provided.

The vast tract of imperfectly explored country to the north-west of Bhamo abounds in mines of jade and amber, and in forests producing india-rubber. The people of this region have received the troops and civil officers with professions of loyalty, and their acts, so far, have been consistent with their words. At some distance from the east bank of the Irrawaddy River, between Mandalay and Bhamo, lie the famous ruby mines of Burmah. A military expedition was sent at the end of the year 1886 to occupy these mines, and enforce the power of British authority, and it met with no opposition. In the town of Mandalay itself no serious difficulty occurred; but one insurrection took place, and that was quickly suppressed. From this short summary it will be seen that the pacification of Burmah has been a work of tedious and desultory fighting in every part of the empire. The task has been carried out by regimental officers and small detachments of men, under circumstances of great hardship and danger, with little prospects of glory and renown. The duty has been performed in a way that reflects the highest credit upon Sir Frederick Roberts, by whom the plan of campaign was arranged and executed. Although the task of pacification appears complete there may be further struggles when the rainy season renders the jungles impassable; some portion of the work will have to be done over again each successive season until the habits of the people are altered, and their taste for brigandage is eradicated. Soldiers will be gradually replaced by military police, and the labour in future years will become less dangerous and less costly. As the rich fertile country is opened out by railways and roads, it may be expected that the population will settle down to industrial pursuits, and that Burmah will become a source of strength instead of weakness to England's Indian Empire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARNELL LETTER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Strong evidence has been borne by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. George to the vehemence of the language in which Mr. Parnell deplored and denounced the Phoenix Park murders. We need not doubt their testimony; though whether Mr. Parnell deplored the crime as deeply as the blunder, may be questioned, when we see that he evidently draws a distinction between the murder of Mr. Burke, who was his enemy, and that of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was not, and when we remember that more than a hundred murders have been committed by the agrarian agitators of his party in Ireland, without his making a single strenuous effort to prevent them. But this in no way proves, or tends to prove, that he did not find it necessary secretly to reinstate himself in the good graces of those extreme men whom he openly denounced, but who were the best subscribers to his fund, as well as his staunchest partisans.

The *Times* challenges inquiry; it has distinctly formulated its charge so as to furnish ground for a libel suit. It is said on Mr. Parnell's part that the impartiality of a London jury could not be trusted. The facts, at all events, would be elicited under oath, and if they were in his favour public opinion would revise the verdict. But he or his friends might move for a committee of inquiry in the House of Commons. They do nothing of the kind, nor is *The Times* challenged to produce the document or to explain its history. Mr. Parnell takes his departure for Ireland, and we are now informed that he is detained there by a cold.

In the meantime the signature in fac-simile is before the world, and no

expert has yet been found to declare against its genuineness, though the correspondent of a Parnellite journal in New York announced his intention of consulting six experts of the highest eminence. It is preposterous to deny that this is *prima facie* evidence, or to allege that it can be rebutted by the mere disclaimer of the person whose character is at stake, especially as he has already shown himself capable of playing fast and loose with facts in a matter far less vital to him than the present.

The fac-simile presents some indications of genuineness. Two or three words are crossed out, though they are legible beneath the erasure. The word which, from the sense, should evidently be "regret," is miswritten "regard." This does not look like the work of a forger, who is pretty sure to be careful.

Reason and justice bid us, as I said before, suspend our judgment till the case has undergone a thorough investigation. We have no more right to rush prematurely to the conclusion that the editor of *The Times* has been guilty of malicious forgery than we have to rush to the conclusion that Mr. Parnell has been guilty of conniving at a assassination. Nor will anyone but a violent Nationalist partisan treat Mr. Parnell as though he had been proved innocent, and pay homage to him by addresses or resolutions while such an accusation, supported by *prima facie* evidence, is hanging over his head.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

DIVINITY DEGREES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Will you permit me a few remarks on your article of last week on this subject?

The general plan of the proposed clause in the University Federation Act seems to have been entirely misunderstood by those who have so far taken part in this discussion in the daily press. In saying that "For the general principle of connecting divinity degrees with the theological schools there is a good deal to be said," THE WEEK has fallen into the right line of the discussion.

The proposed action of the Government was somewhat as follows: There are now in affiliation with the University of Toronto, Knox, Wycliffe, St. Michael's, and the Baptist theological colleges. Victoria, which is coming into the federation, has also a theological course. If these affiliated colleges took advantage of the proposed scheme, there would then be, in effect, one standard of scholarship for degrees in theology in the case of all these theological colleges. The first requisite was the degree of B.A., and since the Arts degree of the University of Toronto is the best in Canada, and one of the best on this continent, this in itself would ensure sound scholarship as a pre-requisite for the degree in Theology.

How can a comprehensive scheme like this be called interference on the part of the Government with the internal affairs of a free religious society? Your article states that it would be a strange thing "to find the Legislature dictating the terms on which religious distinctions should be distributed in the various Christian churches in the Province." But must not any "religious society" obtain from the Legislature the power to confer degrees? If so, has not the Legislature the right to impose certain conditions on that degree-conferring power? In this case they made the standard as high as it was possible for them to make it, and there can be no complaint on that score.

The only case where it was even objected that such interference was felt, is that of Wycliffe College, and the result of the protest of the Bishops is that Wycliffe College is debarred from the enjoyment of the privileges of this clause of the Act. There is no doubt that the opposition in the Legislature was not to the principle of the clause, but to the participation of Wycliffe College in the benefits of the clause. The Government amended the clause so as to exclude Wycliffe, and Mr. Meredith expressed himself as quite satisfied with the amendment. I am not concerned with this particular phase of the case; I merely wish to draw attention to what I consider the benefits accruing to theological learning from the operation of such a unifying principle. You will agree with me that there ought to be a high standard in Arts as a pre-requisite to a degree in Theology. This is the main condition imposed by the Government. Unless the opposers of the measure contend that the Legislature has not the right to grant the power to confer degrees, then their only objection to the principle of the measure falls to the ground; because the three incorporated colleges of the Church of England in Canada which possess the power to confer degrees, confer degrees in Theology without requiring any degree in Arts at all.

M.

[We do not, for a moment, deny that the degree-conferring power must emanate from the Government of the country, or that the Government may "impose certain conditions on that degree-conferring power." What we insist upon is that such powers should be given on the petition of the churches concerned, or in concert with their representatives.—Ed. THE WEEK.]

THE editor regrets that in the report of Will Carleton's lecture published in THE WEEK, April 21, the latter words of a phrase which should have read: The assembly was, it must be admitted, not a fashionable one, and was largely composed of dissimilar elements of the city,—was printed "'dissenting' elements of the city." The writer had no intention to associate attendance at a lecture with the profession of any form of religious belief, nor to reflect in the slightest degree on the social status of dissenters; and writer and editor alike beg to apologise for a regrettable oversight that may permit such a misconstruction.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. O'BRIEN has started on his quixotic crusade, with a typical Irish martyr in his train. He comes virtually invited by the parliamentary supporters of recent Home Rule and Anti-Coercion Resolutions. It is not easy to say how close a connexion exists between the passage of Mr. Curran's Resolutions the other day and this visit, but certainly if the Resolutions had not passed, Mr. O'Brien would not feel so confident of receiving what he calls fair play from Canadians. The leaders of the Liberal party here, having no higher policy than playing the demagogue and inviting outside interference with our local affairs, have used the legislative machinery to encourage the hair-brained vagaries of this second-rate agitator, whose only purpose that can be served in coming to Canada is to gain cheap notoriety. Messrs. Blake and Mowat instruct the British Parliament how best to govern Irish tenants; Mr. O'Brien, in response, comes to Canada to instruct us how to use our landlords. As an Irish landlord, Lord Lansdowne has the same right to his remedy of ejection as Mr. Blake or Mr. Mowat would have if they were landlords in Canada; the same right, as the San Francisco *Argonaut* points out, that any Irish woman has to eject a predatory goat which trespasses upon her hired premises to chew shirt-tails and starched cuffs pendant from her clothes line. But that does not prevent these politicians from inviting Mr. O'Brien here to insult the Queen's representative, and through him the non-Irish portion of the people, when they deem it advisable to make political capital by playing a little to the Irish gallery. Mr. O'Brien is coming here avowedly to vilify the Governor-General—in a most cowardly manner, for he cannot reply to him—and to provoke a breach of the peace. If Mr. Blake had been returned to power, this missionary of disorder would perhaps have been honoured by a state reception besides a "patient hearing." But fortunately for the good name of Canada, the Government is in other hands; we shall be saved that disgrace; and when Mr. O'Brien sets foot here, he will instead probably be placed under police surveillance and bound over to keep the peace—in which case, we suggest, Messrs. Blake and Mowat may gain a little more influence with the Irish voters by becoming his bondsmen.

WE fail to see with the *Globe* any "discomfiture" of Sir John in the Home Rule and anti-Coercion vote. As Sir John objected, a similar expression of opinion had before been addressed by the Dominion House to Mr. Gladstone, who had replied that the matter was in the exclusive province of Her Majesty's Government, and that Her Majesty would take advice from her Imperial advisers. This ought to have stopped any further action by the Dominion Parliament, who are not the responsible advisers of Her Majesty with respect to Irish affairs. He therefore voted with the minority against the resolutions, some of the other members of the Cabinet voting with him, some against. If more had voted with him, including Mr. Blake and other leaders of the Opposition, Parliament would have been spared the snubbing it has already received at the hands of the English Press. The "discomfiture" which will certainly ensue when the resolutions are presented to the Imperial Government will not fall on Sir John, but on those politicians who, to make party capital and ingratiate themselves with the Irish voters, have not hesitated to import an element of discord into Canadian politics, while doing their best to render the Imperial Government dissatisfied with Canada, and possibly antagonistic to her interests.

WHEN discussing Commercial Union the American Press are delightfully innocent of any thought of Annexation. They avert their face from it with loud protestations that that is not at all what they want. But sink a shaft from an unsuspected direction, and Annexation is found everywhere at the bottom of American policy. It is a governing principle, a constant thought; and the most unlikely things are taken as confirmation that the thought does not proceed wholly from the wish. Thus the New York *Star* sees in a wholly suppositious strong Canadian sympathy for Ireland against England a reason why the Canadian Government is not making any special preparations for the Queen's Jubilee; which, with Mr. O'Brien's trip to raise an agitation in Canada, it considers as "signs of the times, full of grave import, and Annexation."

To read Mr. Wiman's letter, intended for the Farmers' Institute Convention, one might suppose that there is not a single farm left in the United States; that the whole face of the country is black with the smoke of manufactories; and that, under Commercial Union, Canadian farm produce will sell at fabulous prices to neighbours who are now starving for it—and who have a few surplus manufactures to dispose of in exchange, below cost. This last, except perhaps as to the price, is no doubt the case; and we should very much like to know how Mr. Wiman would demonstrate the advantages of Commercial Union to the workingmen of Canada. As a commercial man, Mr. Wiman might have been expected to address himself to the commercial classes when advocating a matter of which they may be presumed to be better judges than farmers. A business man with so profound a conviction of the truth of his own theory would, one might suppose, endeavour to win adherents among men of business, who must be more familiar with the subject than agriculturists can be. But Mr. Wiman prefers the method of Mr. Gladstone, and appeals from the classes to the masses, suggesting, too, that an agitation in favour of his views be commenced by the farmers terrorising their representatives in parliament into taking up the question of Commercial Union. The manufacturers should be on their guard against this Plan of Campaign. The commercial interests of the country have yet to be heard from on this subject; we have little doubt it will be found that the balance of opinion among practical men of business and those best able to judge of the effect of Commercial Union is overwhelmingly against it. It would be as well that the Boards of Trade should discuss it. Let us have the opinion of the Boards of Trade by all means, as early as possible; and, in the meantime, the agricultural classes should be careful to do nothing that might injure "the goose that lays the golden eggs;" which they might do by separating themselves from the commercial classes. The glowing picture drawn by Mr. Wiman, of a "wealthy and extravagant people who badly need our products," of an "open market, with sixty millions of people within our grasp,"—is pure illusion. The greater part of these sixty millions of people have all the supplies they need, drawn from their own farms. Canada at any rate could not reach one-tenth of theirs, and the price of Canadian produce sold to this tenth would be regulated just as at home at present—by the price in the English markets. The home market is to American farmers what it is to Canadian or any other farmers,—the surest and most remunerative one. It is to be hoped the Canadian farmer may never be seduced into throwing away this in order to engage in such a wild goose chase after a distant one, as that proposed by Mr. Wiman.

THE Chairman of the Convention recommended the delegates to study Mr. Wiman's letter; we beg to invite them also to study in connexion with it a fact to which the Springfield *Republican* draws attention in relation to the agricultural industry of New England, which, we suppose, would, under Commercial Union, be at least as favourably placed towards these "sixty millions" as the competing agricultural industry of Canada. The *Republican* shows that "the Eastern farmer has been compelled to abandon one crop after another, by low freights from the West and South, until agricultural land has ceased to have any value as such. It instances a rich valley in Vermont, in the town of Ludlow, where twelve farms have gone out of cultivation. One of the petitions to the last Legislature was that anybody who would occupy these farms might be exempted from taxation for a term of years. The total agricultural wealth of New England declined five per cent. in the decade 1870-80."

THE Chairman again, in the course of a speech, measured the relative importance of the manufacturing and the farming interests by the amount of exports of each. Since the total exports of manufactures in 1886 amounted to only three million dollars, while the exports of agricultural products amounted to seventeen millions, and of animals to twenty-two millions,—therefore the interests of the farmer must not be sacrificed for those of the manufacturer. But this is an erroneous standard of comparison: the Canadian manufacturer works mainly for the home market, not for export; while the agricultural producer, owing to the limited capacity of his home market, must look abroad. The States export comparatively a small volume of manufactured goods as against their agricultural exports; but what would become of American farmers if the manufacturers were all crushed out? They might raise as much produce; but would the shipment of the whole to Europe compensate them for the enormous home market afforded by flourishing manufactures at home? The farming interest is undoubtedly the most important both here and in the States; but its backbone should be in Canada as it is in the States—the home market. The volume of agricultural exports from the States is infinitesimal as compared with the quantity consumed in the country; and this is what we should aim at here.

It is an error to suppose that the question of the genuineness of the Parnell Letter does not affect the justice and wisdom of granting Home Rule to Ireland. The sort of Home Rule now in question would invest Mr. Parnell and his fellows with the Government of Ireland; nothing could save it from them; and it is a feeling that it would be unjust and shameful to surrender the respectable portion of the Irish people to men of the character of the Nationalists, that has made the idea of Home Rule so repugnant to the majority in England. If the Home Rule movement had been in the hands of the natural leaders of the Irish people, of the better sort of Catholics, as was once the case when "Home Rule" meant something else, the fate of Mr. Gladstone's measures might have been very different.

MR. GLADSTONE'S declaration of what passed between him and Mr. Parnell at the time of the Phoenix Park murders deserves every consideration, but it proves nothing; it does not prove that Mr. Parnell is incapable of writing *The Times* letter, that he is not the cold, calculating plotter he is popularly supposed to be. If the letter he then wrote to Mr. Gladstone "would throw considerable light upon the present topic," it ought to be published in justice to Mr. Parnell. We regret to think or speak ill of any man; but we cannot see the analogy drawn by Mr. Gladstone between his position as Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, towards *The Times*, which had attacked him, accusing him of treason, and the position of Mr. Parnell, who is accused of approving a foul murder. Mr. Gladstone's argument would put an estoppel on all actions of libel if it applied to Mr. Parnell's case. But, in fact, it has no pertinence whatever to it; Mr. Gladstone was a statesman of character, and it was a common sense course to treat the accusation of *The Times* with contempt; Mr. Parnell, on the contrary, is avowedly connected with a treasonable organisation, which has a wing whose business it is to aid the cause by such deeds as those done in Phoenix Park.

ON the same day that the Commons at Ottawa passed the resolutions implying censure on the Imperial Government for proposing to stamp out crime in Ireland instead of sprinkling it with rose water, Mr. Harrington was threatening the British Parliament that if they did not take the word of Mr. Parnell—a man who has virtually pleaded guilty to a charge of uttering a "bare-faced" falsehood; if they insisted on his meeting the charge brought against him by *The Times*, in the only way such a charge can be met by a man in Mr. Parnell's position,—then the Parnellites would not be held answerable for their temper. "Similar insults and calumnies," as he called the charge, "had been met in former times in a very different manner from that adopted nowadays,"—all of which means, we suppose, that dynamite and the dagger of the assassin is to vindicate Mr. Parnell's honour: the law is never to be recognised or called in by Irish patriots.

AMONG the recent literature of the Franco-German quarrel, a book, "*Avant la Bataille*," dedicated to the Patriotic League, the openly avowed enemy of Germany, aims to restore the confidence of the French nation in the great superiority of their army over that of their neighbours. It asserts that "the France of to-day is sufficiently armed to make a grab at Germany, and is proudly conscious of the 4,000,000 bayonets and 6,000 field pieces that are ready and willing to annihilate the aggressive Teuton." Another book, "*Pas Encore*," a smaller work, deserving, however, of more attention, for it purports to be "written with the authorisation or compliance of the present French War Minister, Boulanger, and may be regarded as a voice from the army," is a critique on the first; and while agreeing with that on the important point of Metz and Strasburg being retaken, "and that soon," it tries to restrain the too ready and vehement ardour of "*Avant la Bataille*" by showing the advisability of a "*bref délai*."

THESE two books, both anonymous, but supposed to have originated in military circles, have attracted the attention of a German officer, Lieut.-Col. Koettschau, who, in "The Coming Franco-German War" [translated into English by John Hill, Lieut. R.V. Ward and Downey, London] having taken pains to thoroughly investigate the subject, states that indeed great progress has been made in every department of the French army since the war of 1871. He highly commends the military schools; the transport service he considers very good and efficient; and he admits that the Germans might take some hints from the French in their next war as regards rations. But, with every wish to be fair, Colonel Koettschau cannot admit that the cavalry of *La Grande Nation* is equal to the German *Reiterei*; and he is also of opinion that the weak point of the French army is its too great centralisation. "A modern army is a highly complex and gigantic organism. Its nerves must meet in some one place, but this spot must be

relieved as much as possible of all detail, otherwise the fibres get muddled. This clearing and lightening of the central nervous system has not been properly achieved in France." A London *Literary World* reviewer, after a careful perusal of these books, draws the conclusion that the French are decidedly more anxious to dig up the "war hatchet" than their neighbours; and that the two countries are, on the whole, pretty evenly matched. Where one has greater numbers, the other has better discipline: and so when the war-cloud does burst again on the Rhinelands it will be no child's play.

AN article on the Czar and the Nihilists in the *Christian Union*, a reliable authority, assures us that the Czar does not drink. On the contrary, he is a striking exception in this respect to the general rule among his subjects. He is a model man, calm, collected, and just, when not excited to inherited madness by attempts to murder him. These are most frequent—there were two distinct attempts on his life in one day, March 13th last, the anniversary of the assassination of his father; but, mostly, all knowledge of these plots is concealed from the outside world by the police. The ungovernable rage, however, into which the Czar is naturally thrown by these attacks cannot be concealed, and hence the reports of his drunkenness—no one, not even the Empress and his children, daring to approach him at such times. The Czar is of an exceedingly nervous temperament, and being conscious that argus eyes are always watching him, that the net of mysterious, unfathomable, and universal conspiracy is being ever drawn tighter and tighter around his person, there is nothing remarkable in his—an absolute monarch's—mad outbursts of fury at these daily attempts on his life. Hitherto the Nihilist conspiracy has been confined to an insignificant portion of the Russian people, the great mass of whom are thoroughly loyal to the Throne. But the Nihilists have a pliable material to work with in the poverty of the great mass of the people. In correspondence with the revolutionary societies of London and Paris, they possess ample funds and control an extensive Nihilist Press, from which millions of tracts and pamphlets issue every year, inoculating the peasantry in every corner of the empire, and they are meeting with almost phenomenal success in the conversion of the army; four hundred officers were recently sent in one batch into exile in Siberia. The aim of the Nihilists is avowedly, and no doubt really, not only to kill the Czar, but also to overturn civilised society. They declare that society as constituted is so corrupt, and so essentially oppressive of the poor, that there is no way of reforming it; the only remedy is destruction. Outside the Nihilists there is a party of constitutional and peaceful reformers, but it has little influence. In the event of an extended uprising it would be crushed between the upper and nether millstones as were the French Girondists by the Mountain, the outlaws and cut-throats of Marat and Robespierre. If the present Government of Russia, which, with all its defects, nevertheless represents social order and the reign of law, is destroyed, and the frenzied masses of Russia fling themselves upon the rest of Europe in a proselytising crusade of Radicalism, as did those of France in the concluding years of the last century, the ruin will not end there. The Nihilists are only a wing—a boldly outrageous one—of the *Internationale*, which exists in all lands, not only in Europe, but extensively in America also, and the manipulators of the conspiracy expect the beginning of the universal revolt in Russia to be merely a fulcrum for the projection of a force which will encompass the world, destroying everything in its path.

COLONISATION has always been an object dear to the heart of the *Bleu* in Quebec. Ministry has given place to Ministry, but the policy of encouraging the repatriation of French-Canadian exiles has never changed; each *Bleu* Government as it succeeded to office has vied with its predecessors in furthering this object by liberal grants of money for colonisation. Accordingly, on the advent of the Liberal Government, the Colonisation Department, as where a stream of money had flowed, was the one that attracted particular scrutiny; and some facts that are now coming to light appear to warrant the suspicions apparently entertained about it by the Liberals. Here is one, at any rate, that, if it may be taken as typical, indicates the necessity of a more economical Administration than the last. A commissioner, sent out to check a pay-list, accosted a labourer whose name appeared on it as having been paid for some work on a road. He was down for a sum double what he had actually received. Enquiry was then made for one "Georges Beaudoin," who, apparently, had receipted the pay-list for \$20 paid for work done; it turned out that Georges Beaudoin was the labourer's horse, used by him in his road-work, which learned quadruped was represented to have signed the pay-list: "*Reçu \$20, Georges Beaudoin!*" It is proposed to dispose of Georges Beaudoin to Barnum.

THE VENTURESOME.

'Twas one of the blossoms of Paradise
That smiled on a mountain's brink,
And lit with the lure of an angel's eyes
The quaking path in the empty skies,
Where the wild goats pause and shrink.

There came a maiden out of her bower :
Oh, but her eyes were bright !
She hath fixed their gaze on the innocent flower,
And her peace is fled in a single hour
For the wish of a new delight.

"'Tis the fairest flower I have seen," she cried,
"Though many a flower be fair :
What matter though mother and father would chide ?
The old are dull, and the path is wide :
How sweet it would show in my hair !"

It beckons her on with a strange delight,
For its petals are white as snow :
She reaches to it with a blinded sight :
It smiles, as of old, on the perilous height—
She lies in the vale below. —*Evelyn Douglas.*

AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

GRAVE doubts have been thrown upon the alleged love letters of Miss Linley, addressed to her unacknowledged husband, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of which a considerable instalment has appeared in the April number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. They are edited and elucidated by Miss Matilda Stoker, a sister of Bram Stoker, Mr. Henry Irving's business manager, who vouches for their authenticity: they certainly convey an impression of veracity and spontaneity, which no forgeries could create, and form a most charming and interesting literary souvenir of the great dramatist and his distinguished wife.

THE present spring season is fertile in its crop of illustrious correspondence, as the April issue of Scribner's revived periodical contains a collection of the unpublished letters of Thackeray, with an introduction by Jane Octavia Brookfield, to whom, as well as to her husband, they are addressed. It seems that Thackeray, with a reticence all the more commendable at the present day by reason of its rarity, desired his relations to publish no memoirs of him; and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (his daughter) has construed this prohibition as extending to letters even to members of his family; but this cannot possibly apply to others of his friends, and Mrs. Brookfield, after the lapse of so many years, is fully justified in printing the letters in question, both on account of their intrinsic interest, and from the fact that unfriendly persons have sought to take advantage of the expiring copyright in Thackeray's works to make a profit out of letters, some of which are genuine, some doubtful, and some unquestionably forgeries. The present series is published with the sanction and approval of Mrs. Ritchie, and, as the letters are addressed to one or both of the Brookfields, who were his familiar friends, there can be no doubt of their authenticity. They are some twenty or thirty in number, and they vary from brief but humorous notes of invitation to long, gossiping letters from abroad; in two or three instances fragments are given in *fac-simile* in order to reproduce the pen and ink sketches with which Thackeray, like many other people gifted with a power of caricature, was wont to embellish his pages as he went along. There is one in about three strokes of the pen which depicts with surprising vivacity and naturalness a party driving "in an Oxford cart to Blenheim." In the same letter he says: "That was what I was thinking of as I was lying in the Oxford man's bed awake;" between the words "bed" and "awake" comes a picture, occupying about half the space of a postage stamp, and indicating most forcibly the discomforts that a man of six feet four may have to endure when he sleeps in the room of a casual undergraduate. His signature on these occasions might be "Jos. Osborn," or "Chevalier de Titmarsh," or "W. M. Thackeray," author of "The Death Shriek," "Passion Flowers," and other poems, and the letters themselves approach as nearly to the easy talk of a clever humour-man as any letters could do.

THE *Saturday Review* criticises "English as She is Taught" as favourably as did Mr. Adam in THE WEEK of April 28, with this difference, that while he took his impressions from the book itself, "Genuine Answers to Examination Questions in our Public Schools, collected by C. B. Le Row," the *Review* derives its ideas from the brilliant little skit by Mark Twain, which appeared in the April *Century*, founded, of course, on the original volume. Mr. Adam has made an excellent selection of examples, to which it may, perhaps, be permitted to add a few of Mr. Clemens' choosing, his four and a half pages containing as humorous specimens of writing as one may expect to meet with unexpectedly between the covers of a magazine. Among other definitions of words that struck Mr. Clemens were: "Aborigines, a system of mountains;" "Ammonia, the food of the gods;" "Capillary, a little caterpillar;" "Parasite, a kind of umbrella;" "Tenacious, ten acres of land;" "Demagogue, a vessel containing beer and other liquids;" "Crosier, a staff carried by the Deity." Under the head of Grammar the little scholars furnish the following information: "A verb is something to eat;" "Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar." Caterpillar is well enough, but capital letter would be stricter and more defi-

nite. The chapter on Mathematics is full of fruit, mainly in an unripe state, thus: "Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together;" "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle;" "Things which are equal to each other are equal to everything." That on Geography is also unspeakably rich, as: "The United States is only a small country compared with some other countries, but is about as industrious;" "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering austrich feathers;" "Gibraltar is an island built on a rock;" "Russia is very cold and tyrannical;" "Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle, because it is so beautiful and green;" "Climate lasts all the year round, weather only a few days." The *Saturday Review* in conclusion gives a few examples of its own, culled from English school board examinations, and cites an instance where a whole class being stumped by the question, "What is the feminine for gander?" a little girl modestly answered, "Gandress," which recalls again the definition in a Massachusetts school of a female reader—a Re-dress.

SOME months ago an effort was made to obtain from the Treasury a grant of £10,000 to purchase in its entirety the celebrated Chalmers Smith collection of Irish mezzotint engravings for the National Gallery, so as to preserve it for the country in which it was formed. The request was refused, as well as a more modest proposal for a limited grant to enable the trustees of the gallery to secure the gems of the collection at the auction in London. Sir E. C. Guinness, however, at the eleventh hour placed at their disposal a sum of money kept secret at the donor's request, which practically put it in their power to purchase for the National Gallery all that was most desirable.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Wenlock, by Mr. W. G. Wills, the dramatist, will be exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery shortly; the fair sitter is attired in gray plush of a peculiarly tender silver shade, and stands with one hand resting on a table with a heavily embroidered cloth of old gold-coloured velvet; in the other she holds a pair of tan Swede gloves; upon the table is placed a pot of rare saffron-tinted orchids. Coils of yellow hair give the brightest note to the picture, which may be described as a harmony in silver and gold.

AMONG the numerous paintings of ladies, to be exhibited as usual in the Royal Academy, is a fine picture by Mr. Orchardson of Mrs. Josephs.

MR. SYMONDS, whose full length group of Lord and Lady Sherbrooke last year attracted so much attention, has this season given the likeness of Mrs. Symonds, in a dim yellow gown trimmed with white lace; and the American painter, Mr. Sargent, has produced an especially good portrait of Mrs. Wade, remarkable for brilliancy of colour and general effect.

IN the opening of the Exhibition of British Artists, Mr. Whistler, as president of the society, has achieved one aim of his ambition, that of making a rival show to Sir Coutts Lindsay's Grosvenor Gallery, to judge by the crowds which made the rooms almost impassable on that occasion. As to the quality of the work, taste and opinion will differ greatly. The Shadowists and Impressionists are fairly represented, but not to the exclusion of the Realists. Of Mr. Whistler's own art there are some half-dozen examples, the central and most important being "An Arrangement in Violet and Pink," which is intelligible to ordinary morals as a portrait of Mrs. Walter Sickert, and cannot be regarded as a success. "The Nocturne in Blue and Gold" is better, and the admirer of this picture may allow himself free scope in imagining from it the beauties of Valparaiso Bay.

THE summer exhibition at Koekkoek's Gallery, Piccadilly, comprises many pictures by well known foreigners. "The Musketeers," by Meissonier, is a little gem painted some twenty-five years ago, and depicts the regimental trumpeter seated on his horse, which is foreshortened towards the spectator, blowing a blast upon his instrument. His comrades, recognising the signal, are rallying round him, and the work, even for Meissonier, is astonishing in its faultless precision of touch and stroke. There are several examples of Munkacsy in the collection, the finest being a large landscape, "An Avenue of the Forest of Fontainebleau," which is conspicuous for powerful effect and vigorous treatment. "The Pharisee," the original for his celebrated "Christ before Pilate," is here, as well as the paintings by B. Koekkoek.

THE revival of "The Bells" on the 22nd April at the Lyceum Theatre, proved that old favourite to be far and away the best sensational drama of the day, and showed Mr. Irving better than his best. It is truly a wonderful performance, ripe, mellow, and thoughtful; a wider distinction is now drawn between the calmer manner and those portions in which the mental agony refuses to be suppressed, while the death scene is more natural and less horrible than formerly. Of the preposterous musical pantomime, called "Jingle," which concluded the performance, it is better to say nothing, save that Mr. Irving's embodiment of the hero was genuinely artistic. It is somewhat hard, however, that the immortal story of Pickwick should have been subjected to such wanton mutilation.

A CURIOUSLY exact picture of Norwegian life was presented to a London audience at St. George's Hall, in a Norwegian play, called "A Man of Business," which marked the first appearance on the English boards of one of the most competent of Continental playwrights, and was the more individual from the fact that the actors did not attempt to adapt their drama, but gave an almost literal version of the original. The result was not satisfactory from a histrionic point of view, but had considerable literary interest, besides being Norwegian to an extraordinary degree. The play translated was Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's "En Fallit" ("A Bankruptcy"), brought out in 1874, and since that date played constantly and with sustained success not in Norway merely, but all over Germany, Sweden,

and Denmark. "En Fallit" is, in fact, one of the stock-pieces of the Teutonic world, and a very characteristic example of the kind of comedy nowadays most acceptable to the taste of Northern Europe. To an English observer it seems hardly like a play at all, but rather a novel of the Howells and James class put on the stage. Indeed Norwegian drama, as represented by Ibsen and Bjørnsen, is curiously allied to the newest school of American fiction, with this difference, that it attacks social problems with a great deal more courage, and is less shy of introducing critical incident; it is analytical in the same fashion, and develops minute shades of character by abundant dialogue, besides eschewing with extreme care the elements of romance.

THAT Mr. Brandon Thomas will make a fatal mistake if he abandons the stage for the pen no one can doubt who witnessed the performance of "The Colour-Sergeant" at the Grand Opera House last week, by Mr. Wilson Barrett's Princess Company. We have heard that his piece, "Lodgers," met with no success on the London boards, and it really seemed presumptuous to have such an extraordinarily commonplace melodrama offered as any return for the high prices demanded on Wednesday and Thursday nights. When Mr. Wilson Barrett himself appeared in the second piece, entitled "A Clerical Error," the sense of disappointment and disgust was fortunately speedily removed by his careful and finished sketch of the English country divine, which perhaps may be open to the objection of over elaboration and study, and would have been improved by more spontaneity and less deliberation. It was in the play of "Chatterton" that Mr. Barrett scored his signal triumph, and justified his title to rank among the best tragic actors of the day. This boy poet, who was born in the latter part of George II.'s reign, died at the early age of seventeen, by his own hand, a victim of unfulfilled ambition; some of his misfortunes are attributed to the injudicious treatment of Horace Walpole, who first encouraged and then discouraged his literary efforts, with results which preyed upon the mind of the highly-strung sensitive youth, who was too proud to beg, and died from the actual effects of want and starvation, which had reduced him to a state of insanity: of this Mr. Barrett gave a most powerful representation. In a parting speech made before the curtain he announced his intention of returning to America, and Toronto, and of producing some of the pieces with which his name is associated; if such be really his intention, as we trust it is, we hope he will bring a better company with him. Miss Eastlake, who enjoys a considerable English reputation, appeared to have left both that and her personal appearance on the other side of the Atlantic, and to have encased her figure in an iron mould or plaster of Paris cast from throat to waist, so that she closely resembled an animated puppet endowed with speech, and was the most remarkable specimen of the human form divine ever presented to a Toronto audience, provoking the risible faculties of the observer from every point of view. She was truly an Iron-clad, not an Eastlake, and can never be associated with the well-known photograph of the popular actress she was supposed to represent. In Mr. Cooper-Cliffe, Mr. Barrett was equally unfortunate. The gentleman in question might rank as a possibly presentable shop clerk, and we are sure would be far more at home behind a counter than before the footlights. Mr. Frank Emery did much for all three pieces, and we are proportionately grateful for his excellent representations of low comedy. E. S.

"SERANUS'S" "CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK."*

WITH some aspects of the national culture a large class of the Canadian people, it is to be feared, has little sympathy. Of these aspects poetry may be said to be one, and the most alien to the popular taste, unless, perhaps, it presents itself in the form of a commonplace bit of verse or a more or less coarse political lampoon. Nor is this quite to be wondered at if we consider how engrossing are the material interests of the bulk of our people, and how few have been their opportunities for cultivating a taste for letters or for paying court to the Muses. Despite the lack of appreciation of good verse, it is surprising to note how much of it has been written in Canada, and how many are the names whose work, in regard both to literary form and sentiment, does honour to this department of the national literature. Though the volume before us, as the compiler tells us, does not attempt to supply anything like a complete anthology of native verse, it gives a very adequate representation of it, in the singularly happy form of a "Birthday Book," with selections for every day in the year from the Canadian poets. A poet herself, and a lady of great taste and varied culture, "Seranus's" service to Canadian literature, in the compilation of this dainty little volume, can scarcely be overstated. She has made a most charming collection from both the English-speaking and the French-speaking poets of the Dominion; and the range and character of her work indicate not only great industry and research, but a happy faculty of appreciation and a rare and discriminating judgment. It has been—unhappily, it still is—the habit to speak lightly of the work of Canadian writers; and there are some who ought to know better who think that the songs that are to catch and retain the ear of the nation lie still in the future, and are as yet unsung. But—as the present writer has elsewhere said—though the chords have, doubtless, yet to be struck that are to give to Canada the songs of her loftiest genius, he would be an ill friend of the country's literature who would speak slightly of past achievements, or deny that there is much, very much merit, in what we have already had from our poets to form such a collection as the present, the child, as it were,

*The Canadian Birthday Book, with Poetical Selections for every day in the year from Canadian writers, English and French, compiled by "Seranus" (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison). Sq. 18mo, 415 pp. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1887.

Of the first winds and suns of a nation.

But whatever of lyrical treasure the future may enshrine in Canadian literature, there will be few critical readers of this charming little volume who will withhold hearty commendation of the collection, and fewer still, among the genuine lovers of their country, who will deny its claim to a warm corner in the national heart. Some, it may be, will object to the space given in the collection to French-Canadian writers, to the exclusion of a wider selection from our English-speaking poets. But the experiment of making a "Canadian Birthday Book" from writers of verse only, was not only novel in itself, but an obvious risk, so that if made at all it was doubtless the idea that it should appeal to all classes in the community, and particularly that it should enlist the support and win the recognition of so cultured a people as the book-buying classes of the sister Province. Besides this, it is not to be denied that a larger measure of good verse of a national character emanates from the older communities in the French Province; and this the specimens here given us will doubtless attest. However this may be, there can be no question that in making a characteristically national volume, the idea was a happy one of including representatives of the French-Canadian Muse. Of the writers drawn from, of this class, the chief are M.M. Fréchette, Le May, Légendre, Crémazie, Chauveau, and Sulte; and the delightful examples given us of their work will be a surprise to those who think Canadian poetry is a narrow and dreary domain, and that neither art nor feeling enter into the language of patriotism, or can find utterance in other than a weak and maudlin sentiment. Among these writers we have not only an ardent patriotism, a charming sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature, and a simple joyousness in life and its surroundings, but a melody and rhythm of verse which indicate a cultured people, and a fascinating felicity of expression which is in itself the characteristic of genius.

The representation of the English-speaking poets is more extensive, and, as will be seen, it includes a large number of well-known authors, as well as many more or less familiar writers of occasional verse. We miss a few names, which we naturally looked for in the collection (Mrs. Annie Rothwell, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Traill, Mrs. Francis Rye, Philip Stewart, Prof. Moyse, and F. W. Hodgins among the number); but the compiler, we notice, apologises for inadvertent omissions, and the omitted, with the critic and the patrons of the book, must be content with what has so abundantly been given us. We may say also that we miss some favourite poems of writers who are represented; but this is sure to be more or less the experience of any one familiar with Canadian verse, though it conveys no reflection upon the compiler, who has been singularly fortunate, within the limits of her volume, to give us so many attractions and such variety. While the seeming carping mood is upon us, we may as well point to another though unavoidable drawback to the volume, in the fact that the selections are not given entire, and that the poems necessarily lack the completeness and finish which belong to them. This defect is very observable in a poem of much beauty contributed some years ago by Professor Goldwin Smith to the *Canadian Monthly*, only the closing stanzas of which appear. In this instance reference might have been made in the index to the title or subject and the source of the poem, which has not been done. The poem, we may say, is a translation from the opening of the Second Book of Lucretius, on the "Consolations of Science," and is one to which the classical student, as well as the true lover of poetry, will turn with unalloyed and oft-repeated pleasure.

But to pass from these minor defects in the volume, let us give the reader some idea of the Anglo-Canadian authors represented, with some indications of the beauties of the collection. From the writers whose sweet notes death has forever hushed, we find specimens of the verse of Joseph Howe, D'Arcy McGee, G. E. Cartier, S. J. Watson, Francis Rye, Heavysse, McCarroll, and Mulvany. To the present writer the verse of these poets has a mournful significance, as he was personally familiar with all of them, and from all but one he had the honour of receiving and giving publicity to their contributions in the pages of a now deceased national magazine.

The selection of verse from these older writers of the country does much to enrich "Seranus's" volume. Scarcely anything could be sweeter or more pathetic than Francis Rye's lay of

The frozen bird on the frozen bough
Perched, and its singing was silenced now.

Equally pathetic, in view of the foul fate that overtook the author, are the couple of stanzas from D'Arcy McGee, beginning, "I would not die with my work undone." The same writer's "Why are Children's Eyes so Bright?" shows the fine social qualities of this large-hearted Irishman, and the poem can hardly fail to remind the reader of George Macdonald's "Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?" if it did not actually suggest it. "The Drinking Song," on page 366, of James McCarroll, another gifted Irish-Canadian, is also a fine characteristic bit, and recalls, with the occasional work of the brilliant Mulvany and the genial Watson, the literary camaraderie of other days. From another gifted mind, lately gone from us (Miss I. Valancey Crawford), we have in the volume extended selections, struck from the Irish-Canadian lyre, the best of which, we think, are "Said the Voice of Evil to the Ear of Good," and "O Love Builds on the Azure Sea." The gems, of course, are many from the Canadian poets of the first rank. Notably fine are Roberts's "Oh, Tenderly Deepen the Woodland Glooms," and "The Sunset with its Red and Purple Skies." In this clever and graceful writer, and in a long list of other authors—in the work of Sangster, "Fidelis," Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Moodie, Mrs. Yule, Miss Johnson, Rutland Manners, Mair, Kirby, Griffin, Bowes, LeMoine, Ritchie, Lampman, Wicksteed, and Lighthall, we have loving descriptions of the aspects of Nature under Canadian skies, perfect in form and sentiment. It would be a difficult, as well as a delicate task to point out the

best selections of these authors, but the following strike us as eminently beautiful: "Fidelis's" "The Long Pine Branches Lightly Bend," and "Methought in Visions of the Night;" Kirby's "But when Fierce August Suns Careering High," and "Now Indian Summer's Golden Vapours Flying;" Sangster's "The Spring is Gone;" Miss Johnson's "We are Waiting in the Nightfall by the River's Placid Rim;" Griffin's "There's a Day of Life that I Love Best;" Lampman's "The Woods that are Golden and Red for a Day;" and "Seranus's" "They Call it Spring, and so it is, I know."

Of poems of the imagination we have an equally large and choice representation, from such writers as Reade, Griffin, "Barry Dane," Ryan, Plumb, Cockin, Campbell, Fuller, Lesperance, Wilson, Davin, Murray, Chapman, and King, among men, and McLean, "Fidelis," Wetherald, Duncan, Crawford, Horton, and Esperance, among women. Of these, for felicity of expression, as well as for fine, reflective thought, the following have an infinite charm: Reade's "What Can I Do that Others have not Done?" Miss Wetherald's "If I were Blind, and Could not See the Leaves?" Miss Duncan's "Where Dwells the Poet?"—

O very, very far from our dull earth,
The land where poets spring to glorious birth;

Mrs. McLean's "Here are no Books to be Written or Read;" Esperance's "How Sweet the Songs that have been Sung!" Miss Horton's "Low Lies the Summer Swallows, Scenting Rain;" "Seranus's" "With Some it is Shippes and Golde;" Carroll Ryan's "I would not Pray for Lengthened Days;" Dixon's "When I Grow Old;" Murray's "O May my Spirit Find its Final Home;" Lesperance's "Like a Wail on the Desolate Seashore;" Wilson's "Did Ever on Painter's Canvas Live?" Lighthall's "The Year has Cast Aside its Dress;" and Dixon's "A Song Begun—Begun, but never Ended." Full of a tender fancy, also, are those ballads of bird-life and bird imagery, on pages 94, 126, 128, and 388. Nor must we fail to commend the verse evoked by the North-west Rebellion, from such patriotic writers as Bowes, Devlin, Peachall, and Wetherald; still less must we omit mention of the examples given us in the book in the restricted, because most difficult, sphere of the Sonnet. Of sonneteers, it will be readily admitted that Miss Wetherald stands easily at the head, as even the fragment beginning, "There were no parting if there were no meeting," will suffice to show. Other beautiful examples of the sonnet are those drawn from A. Stevenson, A. W. Gundry, Dr. Withrow, and "Gowan Lea" (Miss M. Morgan). But we have exhausted our space, and must close our too brief notice of the lyrical treasure enshrined in this truly national little work. Lovers of poetry will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Harrison for the labour she has expended and the cultured taste she has manifested in the compilation of the book. That it will receive the hearty and interested recognition of the book-buying public of Canada no one can doubt, and no one can gainsay that its success will be merited. To its success, also, the printer and publisher has contributed much.

G. MERCER ADAM.

"FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.

THIS wonderful piece, which has run over 350 nights, remains as popular as ever, and night after night the theatre is thronged; to secure good seats, therefore, it is necessary to take them weeks in advance. After Easter, however, "Faust" will take its turn with other plays that are to be taken over and performed in America. There are only three rows of stalls in the Lyceum, the best part of the house being given to the pit, which is filled with not only respectable people, but with many of the thoughtful and intellectual among the working classes. From the way a new piece is received by the pit does Mr. Henry Irving fairly judge of its success, so much does he value its criticism.

As presented at the Lyceum Theatre, "Faust" is adapted and arranged from the first part of Goethe's Tragedy, by W. G. Wills. "The legend itself is remarkable, not only on its own account, but also as being the latest important specimen of a myth arising, and gaining general credence, in distinctly historical, although unscientific, times. The age itself, comprising the period of the Reformation (1517-1555), during which Faust lived, was one in which belief in the reality of the Devil and his emissaries, as actual persons manifesting themselves in bodily shape, prevailed in what seems to us now a quite incredible manner."

The curtain rises in scene i. of act i., on the study of Faust. He, as an old scholar, is discovered sitting among his books, and surrounded by implements of magic and its weird symbols, phials, skulls, hour-glass, etc. Stuffed carcasses of crocodiles and other reptiles are suspended from the ceiling. Mephistopheles, the evil spirit, appears, issuing from a blue, sulphurous vapour, and flames play about his feet. He is dressed entirely in red, tight fitting, but has a loose red mantle flung around him. He offers to become Faust's servant, and undertakes to restore his youth, and satisfy his thirst for knowledge. Faust defies him to fulfil this promise, and Mephistopheles accepts the challenge, on condition that Faust shall be his, body and soul, hereafter. He compels Faust to sign the bond with blood, which Faust is made to draw from the wrist of Mephistopheles with a prick. This done, loud peals of thunder are heard, accompanied with vivid flashes of forked lightning, amid which they both disappear upon Mephistopheles' magic mantle, to the Witch's Kitchen. It is a weird, dark cave, a gloomy cavern. On one side is a huge cauldron of liquid fire from which, in the smoke or steam, rise bats, rats, lizards, etc. It is stirred by an imp-ape with a large ladle. Other imps play and gambol about, and climb on the rocks on the other side of the stage. When Mephistopheles enters with Faust, they all gather round him, and clamber on his

knees, while he fondles and calls them by pet names. The Witch of the Kitchen appears with a broomstick, her garments are tattered and mouldy-looking; she prepares, at the bidding of Mephistopheles, the draught of youth for Faust. Faust drinks it, and immediately, with long drawn breaths, feels and becomes young. Suddenly all disappear, and the Witch, sitting on the broomstick, rides through the air, and vanishes. A transformation scene, effected by means of shadowy gauzes let up and down, and giving the semblance of cloud-land, brings one from this weird and gruesome cave to a beautiful scene of Nuremberg. The cathedral bells ring for service, and the people, in picturesque, old-world looking dresses, pass into the lovely building. The organ peels out, and exquisite chanting is heard in the distance. Then some citizens assemble outside the church, and begin to gamble. Mephistopheles joins them, and to their astonishment, causes wine to flow from the table. They drink, but it burns their throats. Flames jut up from the ground, and play round the feet of Mephistopheles wherever he stands. The people troop out of the cathedral, and Margaret, a village maiden, returning from confession, is seen by Faust, who is immediately enamoured of her, and wishes to escort her; but she hurries away, and leaves him.

The first scene of act ii. introduces us to Margaret's chamber. Mephistopheles shows it to Faust, who leaves a casket of jewels in it for Margaret. In the evening light, she enters, and sits down to think of the beautiful stranger who accosted her coming out of church. He has made a deep impression on her, and she cannot forget him, cannot take her thoughts off him. With shadowy fears of unknown evil, she kneels down to pray to be kept from all danger. She discovers the casket of jewels, and her delight knows no bounds. It is a very pretty scene. She puts them on one by one, looks at herself in the glass, and wonders who can have left them in her room. The next day she visits her neighbour, Martha, and tells her all about the jewels, how her mother discovered and took them, and how she had found another casket. While she is in Martha's house, Mephistopheles enters and arranges that he and Faust will come and meet them in Martha's garden that evening. This garden scene is beautiful. Faust declares his love to Margaret, and she accepts it. The widow Martha makes advances to Mephistopheles, who remains supremely indifferent. This is truly comic, and Mephistopheles raises a laugh by saying in an aside, "I wonder where she will go to when she dies—I'll not have her." Much in this scene expresses how incapable evil natures are of experiencing or understanding the passion of real, true love. Mephistopheles is maliciously delighted to see his scheme prospering. For refuge against temptation and himself, Faust flies from Margaret. A drop-scene of trees and mountains brings Faust and Mephistopheles alone together. Mephistopheles uses his utmost persuasion to tempt Faust back to Margaret. His real love for her makes Faust detest the continual assaults of the fiend. Mephistopheles suggests, and offers, a sleeping-draught to be given to Margaret's mother. Faust scorns it, but Mephistopheles insidiously slips it into Faust's pocket.

The next scene discovers Margaret sitting in her garden, spinning. She is sad at heart for loss of Faust, and cannot understand why he has left her. She begins to fear she loves him more than she ought—more than her Maker. Mephistopheles appears to her, and she loathes his presence. He tells her if she ever sees Faust again she must never speak of religion to him, that it will separate her again from him. Margaret, at this, holds up the cross at the end of her rosary, and Mephistopheles at the sight of it flies. This incident always calls applause from the audience. Faust, overcome with his great desire to see his loved one again, enters the garden. Once more together, the thought of ever being parted seems intolerable. Evening draws on. Faust remembers the sleeping-draught, and tells Margaret it will only cause her mother a deep sleep. She takes it, little dreaming it would cause the sleep of death, and disappears in the house.

Act iii. opens on a street in Nuremberg. Girls gossiping are drawing water from a well. Margaret, with sorrowful and downcast mien, comes with her pail. The girls upbraid and point the finger of scorn at her, with one exception; one of them kisses her, and the touch of kindness causes Margaret to burst into floods of tears, and she kneels and prays at the shrine of the Virgin outside the church. Her brother Valentine returns from the war, and hears quickly enough about his sister. He meets Faust outside Margaret's house, and fights a duel with him. Mephistopheles looks on, and, now and again, crosses their swords with his own, causing flashes of fire. Valentine is wounded. Citizens crowd round. Margaret comes to aid, and finds it is her brother, and that it is her lover who has inflicted the death-blow. Valentine utters a hard speech—almost curse—on Margaret before he dies, which is the climax of her sorrowful shame. In this incident Goethe has struck the attitude of most brothers in such situations. They do not appear to realise that love alone—innocence alone—is the frequent cause of a woman's fall. Pity and sympathetic sorrow seem to have no place in their hearts, and scorn for lost virtue in their own sisters is generally great. George Eliot, in her wide ken of human nature, well depicts this in Tom Tulliver. Valentine's dead body is carried off, and once more the cathedral bells summon for service. Margaret, overwhelmed with sorrow, is seen kneeling at the end of the church. Mephistopheles haunts and pursues her, and now whispers that, having killed her mother, and been the cause of her brother's death, she may as well destroy her babe.

Act iv. is the scene on the summit of the Brocken. Mephistopheles, accompanied by thunder and lightning, appears leading Faust. A flight of witches on broomsticks flit across the air; a flock of owls flap their weird wings. Goblins, spectres—half men, half beasts—hooded things and winged fiends, swarm out of the mountain with unearthly shrieks and cries,

and join in strange, ghostly music. Mephistopheles joins the uncanny revels, then suddenly rising to the top of the rock, gives the word "Vanish!" and the scene is cleared as if by magic. However, he recalls his fiendish subjects, and once more the revels begin. Mephistopheles, nursing an imp, sits scanning the scene on the rock from which, as well as from all parts of himself, flash sparks of electric light. He again leaps amid the ghastly throng, and in a moment the whole place is in a blaze of coloured flames. The rocks seem to melt, the clouds shower down fire like rain, and thunder deadens the noise of the shrieking of the witches, fiends, and beings of nameless shapes. The curtain falls on this fiery scene, which may well be likened to one from Dante's Inferno.

The fifth and last act is a dungeon scene. Margaret, with chains on her wrists, is sitting on the straw. She is mad and dying. This touching scene recalls Miss Ellen Terry's equally beautiful impersonation of Ophelia. Faust comes to her but she does not know him, except in one lucid moment, in which she welcomes the approach of death and prays that God might save them both, "because of our great love and all my sorrow." She asks to be laid in a grave next her little babe's. There is a large cross in the dungeon, to which she clings, and falls at its feet, dead. Angels appear in the air and call her spirit away.

This production of Faust has drawn fresh attention to the beauties and lessons of the great poem, and opened up a new world of poetry to many to whom previously Goethe was but a name. With its spirit of philosophy, and feeling of humanity, it is indeed a classic; but whether Goethe ever intended it to be put on the stage is a question. Some critics think he meant the first part—what they call the tragedy, for acting—and the second part, for contemplative thought. We are told Mr. Irving had Wills' version in his possession for several years before producing it at the Lyceum, and though he travelled and studied in Goethe's country, he never saw Faust played in Germany, nor, in fact, in London either. He has represented and constructed the piece as closely as possible on the original lines. The *mise-en-scène* is indeed wonderful. Mr. Irving superintends every detail himself, and certainly shows great power of imagination. The foot-lights are supplied with artificial sunlight as well as cool shadows of browns and grays, and the atmosphere in each of the scenes can almost be felt; deliciously so in the lonely ones of Nuremberg, flooded with golden rays from the setting sun. These scenes of Nuremberg—slightly idealised—are faithful pictures of the interesting old medieval city with its spires, towns, and gabled roofs of red tile. Mr. Hawes-Craven and Mr. Jelpin are truly artistic scene painters. As Mr. Irving went to Nuremberg to study before the production of "Faust," so to learn the "hocus-pocus" of witchcraft he dived into the depths of wizard literature before introducing the "Witches' Kitchen." In his impersonation of Mephistopheles, Henry Irving, in figure, dress, and expression, is simply perfect. With her sympathetic acting, Ellen Terry cannot fail to be an ideal "Margaret," and "Faust" is excellently well played by Mr. Alexander. The incidental music has been specially composed by Hamilton Clarke and Meredith Ball (Musical Directors at the Lyceum Theatre), and selections have been made from the works of Beethoven, Berlioz, Schubert ("Erl King"), Lizst, and others.

FREDA.

MUSIC.

THE New York *Evening Post* has some recent comments upon the genius and the achievements of modern composers, notably Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, and Schumann, that sound, we may suppose, the key-note of the present American attitude towards music. The article is well thought out, and would satisfy as well as interest were but one assertion removed—that "the generation for which Mendelssohn wrote has passed away, and with it the taste for his music, which to-day is heard only at long intervals, and is regarded by musical *connoisseurs* very much as Mr. Howells regards Dickens."

The closing remark is unfortunate. Mr. Howells, who is not a literary *connoisseur* at all, as implied in the article, but simply a painstaking, conscientious depicter of certain bald phases of American civilisation, unlightened by the faintest gleam of imagination or suspicion of sentiment, does not, as we know, understand or admire Dickens. But he is an exception even among fellow exceptions who are devoting their energies to the praiseworthy task of trying very hard to discover and invent American types. What, in short, Mr. Howells may think of Dickens has nothing in common with what the true musical *connoisseur* may and must think of Mendelssohn. The truth about Mendelssohn is that, barring the "Songs Without Words" and other light and rather hackneyed piano works, the bulk of his compositions are as fresh to-day as they were thirty years ago. The *connoisseur* who knows the "Antigone" music, the "Edipus" music, the *ensemble* works for piano and other instruments, the quartets, quintets, fugues, symphonies, as well as the great "Lobgesang" and oratorios, knows perfectly well that all this is music made to last, not alone to please but to kindle, not alone for one generation or another but for all men and nations that praise the Lord or utter psalms of victory or peans of hope or confessions of weakness and suffering and despair, through the varying but ever sympathetic medium of musical utterance. The trouble is that, especially in America, there is a tendency to emulate the post-Mendelssohnian school, and exalt such composers as Rubinstein, Brahms, and Dvorák to a place they have no right to occupy. It is so easy to do a thing when one is shown how—a platitude that makes martyrs of geniuses and gods of common clay. The true *connoisseur* must know Mendelssohn at his best before he places him as the creator of a new, versatile, and sublime school, as, with Mozart and Wagner, forming the great trio of creative musical art; and then, and then only, he will place him correctly.

The similarity in quality and degree of genius between Mendelssohn and Tennyson has often been noticed, and our only excuse for referring to it here is that there is a curious fact in connection with it, namely, a certain lightness, a colloquial manner, a grace and airiness of treatment that frequently misleads a certain class of minds.

No critic of the very highest rank and order of culture but will assign to Tennyson a higher place than Browning as a thinker. All the magnificent passages in "Death in the Desert" and "The Ring and the Book" fall short of the calm wisdom of "In Memoriam," yet the critic is ever with us who inclines to suspicion of the genius who, having produced "In Memoriam," can still sketch a "Will Waterproof" or "The Northern Farmer." They doubt the versatility they should worship, and regard a light treatment as co-existent with a light aim. So it has often been with the music of Mendelssohn. It is so marvellously clever, so ingenious, so easily produced, so perfectly rounded and complete, that people do not half the time know how clever it is. The statement, besides, that it is seldom heard in these days is surely untrue.

SERANUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

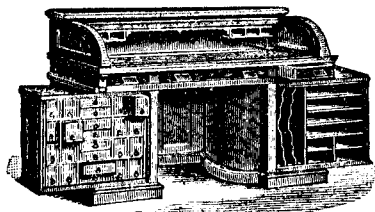
DISSATISFIED with the progress made by the publishers of her "History of Woman Suffrage," Miss Susan B. Anthony has purchased back her right in the work, and will become her own publisher. It will be remembered that two volumes of Miss Anthony's work are already published, and she expects to have the third volume ready before a month's time. This volume will contain the steel portraits of twenty-three women who have associated themselves with the question of woman suffrage, the last of whom is George Sand. Miss Anthony will hereafter publish her book from her home at Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has decided views upon the appearance of the portraits of authors and prominent persons in newspapers and magazines. To a correspondent who recently solicited a copy of a portrait of herself for publication in a magazine, the authoress wrote: "There is nothing more painful to contemplate than a picture of oneself in a book or newspaper. If one is a beauty one's reputation is instantly destroyed, and if one cannot afford to have any percentage taken off one's good looks, the consequences are that one's secret hopes are blasted, and one's most timid and modest confidence in oneself forever a ruin."

HUNDREDS of magazine readers, when the signature of Nora Perry was first seen attached to poetical contributions, imagined that the name was merely a *nom de plume*, and speculation was indulged in as to the real identity of the author. It was soon made evident, however, that the name was not a fictitious one. Miss Perry was then a resident of Providence, R. I., but the success which followed her literary efforts soon created in her a desire to be nearer her publishers, and she removed to Boston, where she at present lives. Miss Perry is an assiduous worker with her pen, and, although preferring the morning hours, like other authors, in which to write, the night hours often find her busy at some story or poem. She is a firm believer in wording passing thoughts, and constantly keeps a note book near by at all times in which stray suggestions and impressions are noted for future use. "I write greatly from inspiration and am a disciple of that school," Miss Perry says, and so her friends attest. Her friendships are very numerous, and include an intimacy with the poet Whittier which is of long standing. Outside the literary arena Miss Perry inclines to the acquaintanceship of actors, and Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt are included in her circle of friends.

STATEN ISLAND is in many respects one of the most beautiful and convenient of New York's suburbs. It is close enough to the metropolis to be easy of access, and yet sufficiently distant to be away from the noise and bustle of the city. For the author whose business relations are centred in New York, and who desires a quiet nook where he can work undisturbed and unmolested, it is a perfect paradise. And this fact was doubtless appreciated by Mr. George William Curtis when years ago he took up his island home. It is in his Staten Island abode that Mr. Curtis performs nearly all his literary work. The Curtis home is situated at the corner of Bard and Henderson Avenues, in the pretty village of West New Brighton, and is a spacious, colonial mansion, suggestive of olden times, with its majestic trees surrounding the house. Extensive grounds are attached to Mr. Curtis' dwelling, and its out-buildings are numerous. Everything about the place is kept in neat repair, and evidences of care are seen on every hand. The author's love of flowers demonstrates itself both on the outside of the house and when the visitor has crossed its threshold. It requires only a brief stay within to understand Mr. Curtis' reluctance to leave it even for his short weekly business journey to New York, which he makes every Thursday, except in the case of stormy weather, when his correspondence is sent over to him by the Harpers. The interior of the mansion is strikingly suggestive of the inclinations of its occupant. Even the walls of the halls are crowded with portraits of eminent writers and Mr. Curtis' friends in art and literature. Taste and comfort are followed rather than extravagance. The richest and yet the most simple bric-a-brac adorn the rooms, and books are everywhere met with. The house is a familiar spot to Staten Islanders, and the smallest child can tell the stranger its exact location. No man is more respected and beloved among his neighbours than Mr. Curtis. His kindheartedness and amiability are known to all, and the child trips up to the author as he steps from the railroad car at the station feeling assured of a pleasant word, and oftentimes is rewarded by a meeting of the lips, for few men are more devoted to children. One might spend a month among the residents of West New Brighton, and yet every hour would bring forth some new story of Mr. Curtis' goodness and charity. They will tell you of the numerous churches he has helped to build by his lectures, how many church organs owe their present position to him, and how many of the poor of the village can trace back their present prosperity to the helping hand extended them by the author. And all these acts of kindness, you are told, are done in the quietest possible manner, the recipient being often unaware of his benefactor. Of Mrs. Curtis almost as many stories are told, and certainly few men have been blessed with a more loving and devoted wife. I saw her," says a correspondent, "but for a moment; it was long enough, however, to convince me that she is a woman of no ordinary qualities, and goodness and intelligence fairly beamed from her face. In dress, she appeared a model of simplicity and good taste. She is an invaluable aid to her husband, and a friend of the family is my authority for the statement that she reads over all of the author's manuscripts before they are sent to the publishers. It is in such an atmosphere of happy domesticity that George William Curtis lives, his leisure moments being ever occupied with the legion of friends that find their way to his charming island home.

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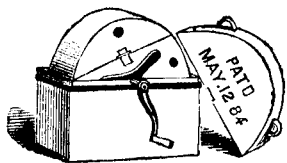


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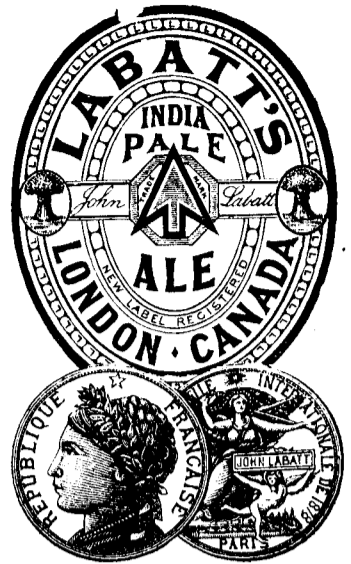
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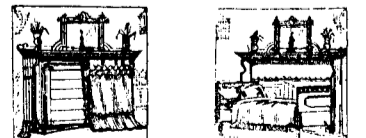
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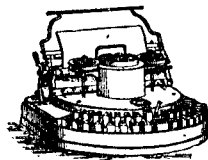
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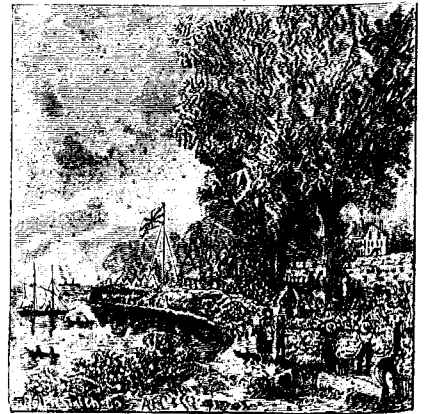
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