

aristocracy, like Borthwick, Beresford-Hope, and Labouchere, are perhaps not fair illustrations, because in the English race they started with the odds in their favour.

The converse also holds. Literary men who keep aloof from politics are far behind their political brethren in political importance. Trollope, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and the novelists generally make small figures in most English eyes by the side of political writers far from their equals in ability; and even the greatest geniuses of all are never received in the circles of rank and power on a footing with their rivals in the world of affairs. Compare the position of Dickens or Thackeray with that of Disraeli or Gladstone—all men with a talent for literature, all born in the middle class.

On the other hand the man who a century ago might have received fifty pounds for a pamphlet, or been rewarded with a vicarage, now aspires to enter ministries or control majorities, not only from his printing-office, but from the front seat of the House of Commons, or the still more coveted benches of the peers. The press assists to upset cabinets and make or unmake premiers, and men of letters have begun to know their power. Instead of kneeling before the aristocracy or following in its train, not a few have entered the armies that attack it, and Liberal and Tory nobles have recognized the situation. Within the last two years Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury have each admitted that the House of Peers must open its doors to mere talent. From the time when the Jewish novelist forced his way to the place of an English earl, and became the chief of a Tory cabinet, commanding his party and writing satires on the nobility by turns, the position of literature in English politics was certain to be changed. The fact was not immediately recognized, for the phenomenon was attributed to the force of individual genius; but the success of the individual pointed the way for the elevation of a class. Tennyson, too, was turned into a patrician; and the present premier, the rankest Conservative in England, has proposed to create life-peers in reward for services to the state, services which it is expressly declared may be literary as well as political. So poets may legislate, and authors aspire to that title which the English give also to God—the Lord.—*Adam Badeau, in Belford's Magazine.*

# EXTRACTS FROM MISS DUNCAN'S NEW BOOK.

## CHATTERSINGH.

"CHATTERSINGH-BAIRAGEE," it ran in the register of the Kali-ghat. Ram Chan sat outside on the box of the *tecca-gharri*, visibly unhappy. Ram Chan, in life or death, objected to the Kali-ghat. He had perverted our instructions to the driver for three-quarters of an hour, hoping that we would finally believe it unattainable and go home. Only once before, when Orthodocia, in her eternal search for information, accidentally and amiably asked Ram Chan how old his wife was, had we seen our servitor in so protesting a state of mind. On that occasion he was stricken with violent toothache, and departed, nursing a hypothetical molar and very genuine wrath for two days.

We saw the end of him, of this *bairagee*, this beggar of Calcutta, Orthodocia and I, one afternoon last March.

The beginning was seventy years ago, according to the register, on the sixth evening after he was born, while yet he and his Hindoo mother lay apart for purification, and the barber's wife kept watch over them both among the shadows of that separate place. Then through the music and the dancing outside, where all the people of the village had gathered to feast and drink on the sixth night of his life, great Brahma came, silent, invisible, and found the way to the dusky corner under the cocoanut thatch, and wrote upon the forehead of Chattersingh in a fringe of Sanskrit characters, all that life would mean for him. Nobody knew just when Brahma did this. The feasting crowd was oblivious, the mother slept in her tangle of black hair, and did not see; even the barber's wife, watching, was unaware. But next morning early, when the palmyra palms stood shadowed limpidly in the white light of the river, she, the mother, looked curiously at Chattersingh's forehead as they went down to bathe, for she knew the writing was there.

At the end of a long day in the rice fields, Chattersingh felt a call from heaven to become a religious beggar, a *bairagee*. It was hot in the Indian jungle, and he had not the patience of the meek-eyed bullock whose tail he twisted for discipline as he walked beside his cart under the banyans to the village market. And so, before another red sun went down behind the feathered palms and the pipal trees, Chattersingh had gone out from his hut of baked mud and sticks, and had travelled far toward the city, leaving for those who had ought to say against it, *Kopal me likkha!*—"It is written upon my forehead!"

You might have met him soon after in the city streets, his black hair falling in matted ropes about his face, streaks of clay and lime across his forehead and down his nose, a single cotton garment wound about him. No glittering vanity of ear-rings or finger-rings; no dignity of turban or jauntiness of *pagri*; not a pleasant picture—a picture of ostentatious squalor. And he would have *salaamed* to you, touching his forehead with his lean brown hand. Then, if you looked at him an instant, he would twang the single string of his *sitar*, and begin a song to Vishnu, not musical, and a tipsy dance in a semicircle, smiling all the time, and showing through his long

black beard, teeth reddened, as with blood, by the juice of the betel. And for the coin you might give him he would *salaam* again to you, with deeper reverence and added gentleness. Then, perhaps before you turned away, you might see some trifling service, some little politeness, done with many *salaams* unto this *bairagee*, this beggar of Calcutta, by a rich man of lower caste than he.

Brahma and Vishnu, and Siva and Dirga, and Rama and Krishna, and all the nameless million gods, that three thousand Hindoo years had accumulated, for Chattersingh knew that he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Benares, the sacred city, where gods have lived for ages, and to draw no inch nearer, striding erect in presumptuous dignity, as other men do, but falling flat on his face and measuring his length with his brass water bottle, the whole hundred miles. Chattersingh had confided it to Kali, the fire-goddess, before whom he meditated always the longest, and Kali had told the rest. So they were looking for him there at Benares, on the *ghats*, the day that he should come, all dust and humility, prostrating himself to the end of his twelve months' journey.

Along the white highway he went in the blazing Indian noonday, meeting bearded Mahomedans who sneered at him, threading the jungle, as the sun went down and the cool of the evening crept through the waving fronds of the date palms. He heard the sunbirds in the morning, and the doves at night, high in the rustling bamboo branches that thrust pale green shadows between him and the sky. He crossed glistening streams that slid away through the rice fields to the sacred river: he crushed the dropped crimson blossoms of the silk cottons in his fall; he dreamed again, as he caught the fragrance of the creamy *frangi-panni*, of the ten thousand years of happiness which should reward him. He did not lack food or drink or shelter; *pan* and *suttoo*, and rice straw mats to lie upon, Hindoo huts always had for him much or little—he was a *bairagee*: he helped to keep the world straight with the gods. At last one happy day, eyes bloodshot, feet blistered, he bowed before Kali again, having laved in the Ganges to all purification, and the priests—the *gurus*—looked upon him with recognition of his new holiness, and said one to another in their own tongue, "It was written upon his forehead."

There was a comely Hindoo widow in the house of Ramdaal, a merchant, who served her father and sisters-in-law with due wretchedness and humility until she gave alms to Chattersingh. He, receiving them and looking upon her, suddenly heard a voice from heaven saying that she also must become a *bairagee* and follow him in the ways of righteousness. There was no gainsaying a call from heaven for a superfluous widow, and she went with Chattersingh, who was still a holy man.

I am afraid I do not know and cannot imagine anything further that happened to Chattersingh, having heard his life only in a casual Calcutta half-hour, except the very last thing, which, as I told you, we saw ourselves that afternoon in March. We stood in an enclosure on the river bank in the city suburbs which was strange to us, an enclosure with a high stone wall and steps leading down to the water. Shallow holes were scooped out of the beaten earth here and there, and at the other end a long heap of coals glowed and flickered. A few yards away from us something lay upon the ground between two poles, something long and narrow and flat, outlined under a piece of white cotton. The wind blew over a corner of the white cotton, and we saw a brown face with great sunken eye-hollows, tense lips, and a wisp of grey hair behind—the face of Chattersingh, dead that morning.

The bare-chested, bare-limbed Hindoos around us put their hands on their hips, chewed betel paste, talked and laughed and waited. Presently two more came in, carrying a bundle of wood. They made a pile of it over one of the holes. A tall Hindoo in a brown loincloth, threw some water upon the heap. He was a priest, they told us, and it was sacred water. Then two or three others picked up the poles with their burden and laid it upon the pile. As they did this Chattersingh's lean brown arm fell down from his side upon the wood and his bony fingers seemed to clasp it. The priest took rice and plantains, and put them to the beggar's lips, then upon his breast, saying something quickly in Sanskrit.

The Hindoos near us looked on and still laughed. Chattersingh was the eighteenth that day. If it had been a rich man, for whom sandal-wood had been brought, and flowers, and many mourners, they might have been more curious.

Yet Chattersingh was not quite without such things as he lay there before us in the midst of the faggots. Some one had put a wreath of yellow marigolds upon his feet, and this rag of affection clung there wilting in the sun. And an old man, another beggar, hovered about, rubbing quick tears away from his wrinkled cheeks, his lips trembling as he watched the work go on. Only another beggar! Yet I think that beggar's tears had more to do with Chattersingh's eternal happiness than all the waters of the sacred river.

They piled the faggots closer round him and they laid a few upon his breast. The priest lighted a bundle of dry fibrous grasses and handed it to the other beggar, who was Chattersingh's friend, and had come to do for him the service of brother or son. He, bending over the dead man, touched first the lips with the fire, according to the ritual, and then lighted the pile from below. Then standing back a little space, he folded his arms in his cotton *chuddler* and looked on sadly.

The flames crept in and out, and little blue curls of

smoke went up to the Indian sun. The cotton covering caught in a circle; we saw the loop of marigolds shrivel and blacken and drop. Chattersingh was Kali's, her baptism upon his lips, the essence of her divinity wrapping him close. We turned away and left him there, with his strange indifference, in her embrace.

The other beggar turned away also, and as he brushed against us in the gate, we heard him murmur with a sob, *Kopal me likkha!*—"It was written upon his forehead!"

## ART NOTES.

ROSA BONHEUR is nearing the allotted three-score-and-ten of human existence, but she still works vigorously with her brush. Her last picture, it is said, added \$10,000 to her purse.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, the great English artist, has curly hair that is hardly touched with gray, and bright eyes that do not show any trace of their affliction—that of long-sightedness. Millais' terms for a portrait are \$15,000.

MADELEINE LEMAIRE, who is one of the most successful and distinguished of modern French artists, has beauty as well as talent. She is a tall brunette, with charming manners, soft, dark eyes and a sweet and intellectual face.

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT's last act as an unmarried artist was the sale of her picture of "Street Arabs at Play" to a great soap-selling firm for a pictorial advertisement. She expressed her willingness that the picture should be used for that purpose if it were not changed in any manner.

SEVERAL known pictures have changed hands during the past week or two. The famous Farnley Turners have been sold for nearly £25,000; a Romney—the usual "Portrait of Lady Hamilton"—was sold for £4,000; Paul Potter's "Dairy Farm" was purchased for the surprising sum of £6,090.

ENGLAND is rich in art patrons. Not only has Mr. Henry Tate offered to present to the nation fifty of the best paintings that English art has produced in the last twenty years, but two nameless gentlemen have just guaranteed \$150,000 if the Government will add \$125,000 for the purchase for the National Gallery of three famous pictures from Lord Radnor's collection at Longford Castle. The paintings are Holbein's "Ambassador," the largest of his works in existence; the portrait of Admiral Pareja, by Velasquez, "one of the two most important of his works outside of Spain," and a portrait by Moroni, whose "Tailor" is one of the prizes of the National Gallery. This is an average of over \$90,000 each for the three canvases. There would have been difficulty in getting Parliament to ratify the bargain, Mr. Harold Frederic thinks, if over half of the money had not come out of private pockets.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE title of professor has been conferred upon Oscar Raif.

"PIANISM" is set down by a London paper as the newest disease.

OTTO HEGNER is soon to make his first appearance in concert at Berlin.

VERDI's "Otello" has been sung at Stockholm with success in the Swedish language.

THE first two prizes of the Prix de Rome competed for this year at the Paris Conservatory, were awarded to the pupils Carrand and Bachelet.

TITO MATTEI, the Italian song writer, residing in London, has failed and gone into insolvency. He had of late been speculating in shares and stocks, hence the collapse.

HEINRICH BÖTEL, the one note tenor who sang here at the Thalia several years ago, is singing at Kroll's in Berlin, the latest rôle having been "Raoul," in "The Huguenots."

LILLI LEHMANN will begin her engagement at the Berlin Opera House during the coming fall. This dispenses of the rumour which has been heard here to the effect that her husband had succeeded in preventing her from singing in public in the future.

FRANK MILLETT, the artist, is designing the costumes for Julia Marlowe's Imogene and Beatrice. He designed the dresses for Modjeska for the same characters. He promises something new and novel, and at the same time artistic and historically correct, for Marlowe.

DION BOUCICAULT is quite feeble, but he is still energetic and is at work on two comedies, one for Sol Smith Russell and one for Roland Reed. Mr. Boucicault should write a book of memoirs and theatrical anecdotes. No one could make a more entertaining volume of this character.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN's first serious opera is under way, and the subject is Scott's "Ivanhoe," and it will be among next season's novelties. The American baritone, Eugene Oudin, is to sing the leading part, and his wife, Louise Parker, an American girl, is to have another prominent character.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Skinner, of Hamilton, have arranged with the famous Strauss band for a Canadian tour, touching at Toronto about September 17. In such an undertaking, where a great deal of money is involved, it is to be hoped Toronto's musical public will not be backward in showing their appreciation of the Messrs. Skinner's enterprise, and—we may well say from past experiences—courage.