

## IS THERE A DOMINANT RACE?

SLOWLY and steadily, by a peaceful process of natural selection, the Celt is swamping the Teuton in Britain. More than any other British type, he retains unimpaired the reproductive faculty of early and vigorous races. Already he possesses nearly half the voting power of the United Kingdom; and he must needs increase while the so called Saxon decreases, because all the great feeding-beds of towns, the nurseries of men, are situated in the Celtic half of Britain, while the Teutonic half of the population, being largely urban and therefore decadent, can only be kept up at its full level by continuous importation from these more wholesome breeding-places. Those who fear such a change, however, fall into a grave error as to the nature of race distinctions. They are in most cases themselves quite half Celtic by birth; and there is no real danger of the Celtic element making any change for the worse in the state of Britain, because, as a matter of fact, a very great proportion of what is best in our mixed population is and has always been of largely Celtic origin. The truth is, we talk glibly enough in our hasty way about Celts and Saxons, but who is Celt and who is Saxon, it would puzzle the best ethnographer among us all to determine with the slightest approach to accuracy. There are men still living in many parts of Britain whose skulls exactly resemble in every measurable particular the skulls of the very earliest preglacial inhabitants. The great lesson driven in upon us by the irrefragable conclusions of modern ethnography is the lesson of the folly and futility of all race rivalries and race animosities. Not only is it true that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth, but it is also true that the blood of all nations is so mixed and so blended that no pure race now exists anywhere in civilized Europe, Asia, or America. Nor has it ever been clearly shown that any one stock, in Europe at least, is intellectually or morally superior to any other. For years, for example, it has been usual to regard the fair-haired and blue-eyed type as the true Aryans, and as the highest embodiment of European culture. But the most recent historian of the Aryans, Canon Isaac Taylor, has shown grave reasons for doubting this supposed pedigree, and has pointed out that culture belongs historically rather to the smaller and darker people of central Europe than to the big-bodied and fair-haired Scandinavian mountaineers. The tall blue-eyed race has everywhere in Europe formed, by conquest, for several centuries, the dominant aristocracy; but the men of thought, the men of art, the men of leading, and the men of letters, have belonged, if anything, rather to the smaller and conquered than to the larger, fairer, and conquering type. On a balance of all good qualities, mental and bodily, I believe no one race can be shown to possess any marked superiority, all round, to another; but if in energy and activity of a military sort the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, in brain and eye the so-called Celt seems on the other hand to have somewhat the advantage.

It has been shown pretty conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mostly Celtic, while English engineering and English politics have been mainly Teutonic. Nor is that all. Even this mild form of dogmatizing on race superiority is itself deceptive; for there are no pure Celts, and there are no pure Teutons. All over Britain the intermixture is so intricate and so nice that one can hardly do more than say roughly of such and such a given large area that it is on the whole a trifle more Celtic or a trifle more Teutonic than such and such another. And the moral of this is, as the Duchess would have said to Alice, let us not be excessively puffed up with personal pride because we think ourselves, on one side out of a hundred, of pure Norman origin; and let us not despise our fellow-subjects anywhere because we imagine they have a smaller fraction of the blue Aryan blood, whatever that may be (a most doubtful point) than some of the rest of us. Everybody is a bit of a Norman and a bit of a chimneysweep. The very same people who are noble here are *roturier* there; the very same physical characteristics that mark in one place the haughty ruling caste mark in another the crouching pariah or the leper whom his neighbours shun with religious awe for fear of ceremonial contamination. In Spain, the Hidalgo is the Hi-d-al-go, the son of the Goth, the representative of the conquering Teutonic overlords; but just north of the Pyrenees his brother, the Cagot, is the dog of a Goth, the heretical Arian refugee, who refused to conform to Catholic usage, and whose descendants, therefore, till lately entered the church, like accursed beings, by a separate doorway. It is the same everywhere. The race that for the time being has the upper hand anywhere prides itself largely upon its noble and masterful manly qualities; it despises with all its heart the servile characteristics of the servile race. Change their places and you change their natures. The servile race becomes in broader circumstances generous and wide-minded; the degraded overlords sink forthwith into ignoble serfs. So the Saxon went down before the Dane, and the Dane before the Norman; and in the second generation after the conquest the English-born gentleman of Frisian blood degenerated into farmer Godric, the illiterate churl whom the mailed Normanknight despised as a vulgar boor. No race of slaves was ever anything on earth but slavish; no race of nobles ever failed to develop the chivalrous qualities of courtly life. Even the unspeakable Turk himself is "at least a gentleman," say his friendly apologists; and the southern slave-holder, whatever might be the vices of his private life, had usually the dignified and complacent manners of a Louis Quinze nobleman.—*Grant Allen in the English Illustrated Magazine for March.*

## SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

*Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!  
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.*

To give—an' giving pinches us,—is generosity,  
The gift that costs us nought is often vanity.

"Pay as you go," the preachers loudly cry, and yet  
A church is not respectable till it's in debt.

The married butterfly is one, who sipping, loves to roam  
Always at home, save when, alas! the rascal is at home.

Who deems himself a trenchant satirist,  
Is often but a fifth rate pessimist.

The farmer's hireling breathes a purer air  
Than the bank-clerk or bloated millionaire.

Some people are the very deuce  
At raising hopes—only to dash 'em,  
One half their lives are promises,  
The other half they live to smash 'em.

If girls who're "tailor-made" most suit the men,  
Then the tailor's shears are mightier than the pen.

They say "No mind has yet been found  
To make a rhyme with month,"  
Trot out old Pope who *lied* in rhymes,  
He'd do the thing at *month*.

Beware the scriptural business man,  
He who cants will ever reach,  
The wise hen seeks the highest perch  
When Sir Reynard 'gins to preach.

Lust goes no warfare at his own expense,  
His *quid pro quo*, with interest, he gains  
Who loans out pleasure to the youthful heart  
That pays him back with body, soul, and brains.

All labour's dignified, of course,—but still  
We wouldn't have a Caesar carrying "swill."  
Nor Hannibal, stern, dignified, and grand,  
Running a Carthaginian pea-nut stand.

This it is disturbs my slumber,  
This it is that flecks my hair,  
If two pears be not an apple  
Can two apples be a pair.

We covet that which we most lack. But see  
The low born snob invent a pedigree  
And *Lion couchant* crest that should have been  
A mushroom rampant on a field of green.

The shark guffaws when people say  
That human beauty's but skin deep,  
And *Leo* roars about the day  
When *Agnus* by his side shall sleep.

Her father and her elder brother twain  
Saw Ethel in the act of osculation,  
Her lover says he got those two black eyes  
As the result of "relative observation."

Bereavement leaves the Son of Dives richer still,  
It leaves the poor man poorer by a funeral bill,  
And somehow, reader, strange as it may seem to you  
The rich man's oft the shabbier funeral of the two.

Though "we sing of the realms of the Blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair,"  
We're uncommonly loath, if it must be confessed,  
To leave *this* for the land over there."

One nuisance Father Adam miss'd  
In the brave old days of yore,  
He wasn't ask'd by Mother Eve  
"Have you ever lov'd before?"

"Poor shots; them cockney gents? Poor shots is they?"  
(And these old Dick, the keeper's, diplomatic words)  
"Hi don't say that exact, but this hi'll say,  
As 'ow they's werry *marciful* to birds."

The man who makes no enemies,  
That man lacks balance as a rule,  
But he who makes a needless foe,  
Is, by long odds, the bigger fool.

"Quick!" quoth the gentleman *who's nameless*, "begone!  
Leave these fair halls of mine, or I'm undone,  
Up with the drawbridge swiftly!—Warders—*he!*  
Take in a railroad *magnate*!—Not for Joe!  
For if I did he'd beg, or sell, or steal  
Myself and every *water-front* in Sheol."

The still, small voice breathes a more potent call  
Than the loud utterance of Anger's thrall  
As, when soft dews (that weave the shroud of night)  
Obscure the landscape from the brakesman's sight  
As, wearily he treads his lefty round  
Unnotic'd falls the shrilly warning on his ear  
Yet neath the *Batt's*\* careens of softened sound  
Instinct awakes—the deadly arch is near.

Reverse, well used, is victory in disguise,  
Bereft of its true effort wanes and dies,  
Undue success is worse than dire defeat,  
Capua was more disastrous than retreat,  
For he, who by the Capuan ease undone,  
Dishonour'd, forfeits that which Canne won,  
And greater he who, oft defeated, still  
Fights on, untamed and undismay'd, until  
His steady courage bears his foeman down,  
And wrests from him the victor's laurel crown.

*Silent the anvil! Shadows veil the plain.  
Gentles! a fair good night—we meet again.*

THE BLACKSMITH.

\* The Batt is a long line of thin leather strips hanging over the track.  
When the standing brakesman feels their light touch in passing at night  
he is thus silently warned that a bridge is being approached.

## ART NOTES.

No fewer than ten lady students were among the successful competitors at the Royal Academy Schools this year, among them Miss Gertrude Hammond, whose design for the decoration of a portion of a building was deemed so excellent by the Council that the artist is to be given an opportunity of carrying it out.

THE exhibition of pictures illustrative of Art and Sport opened in London, Eng., near the end of January has not called together so many good pictures as was expected. Rubens and Snyders, Landseer and Morland, Fyt, Pard de Vos and Cuyp are all represented, but the exhibition as a whole has emphasized the fact that good animal pictures are much rarer than portraits, landscapes or *genre* pieces.

POSSIBLY to appease the discontent amongst English artists with the distribution of medals at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, Sir Frederick Leighton has been made a commander and Mr. Herkomer an officer of the Legion of Honour, while Messrs. Oulless, R.A.; Moore, A.R.A.; Leader, A.R.A.; Burne Jones, A.R.A., and Whistler have been nominated knights. In the American section Mr. Ridgway Knight and Alex. Harrison have received similar distinctions.

SINCE 1885 the Royal Academy has adopted the plan of having designs for decoration of public buildings carried out by the successful student, and the Autotype Company has just issued a reproduction of the first prize design so carried out, which is said to be a great triumph of photography. It is by Mr. Herbert Draper, and although it lacks the dignity of the great masters, it has a charm of its own and will give pleasure to many who see it. The subject is "Spring," with many figures of children, birds and blossoms, and it is executed by Mr. Draper on the wall in the nurses' refectory at Guy's Hospital.

THE object of the English "Art for Schools Association" is an admirable one. It is to supply schools at a reasonable price with adequate reproduction of works of art both ancient and modern. The importance of surrounding children with pictures which shall cultivate their sense of the beautiful can scarcely be overestimated. The debasing effect of the cheap German oleograph has to be counteracted, and the society which undertakes this work deserves all the support which the public can give it. The Association was primarily formed to minister to the needs of elementary schools, but it now numbers among its customers several public schools and a large number of secondary schools. This Association is able to give its subscribers more than a full equivalent for any aid it may receive, as good productions of the best works are procured at very low prices in quantities. It would be a great boon to the rising generation of Canada, if a similar scheme could be put in operation here, and there is little doubt that more lasting benefit would be received from a study of copies of good art than from the feeble attempts at teaching drawing and design in the public schools which amount to little or nothing in educating either the eye or the hand of the children, who cannot, in the multiplicity of studies demanding attention, devote sufficient time to attain any amount of facility with the pencil. A few lectures on the art of seeing and the picturesque, with a portfolio of examples to discourse on, would leave more impression on the minds of children and teach them more about seeing as artists see them than many hours of perfunctory drawing lessons of the usual kind.

TEMPLAR.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE London County Council has abandoned its scheme of compelling actors to take out licenses.

THE recital to be given by Dr. Von Bülow promises to equal the Sarasate D'Albert concert in interest.

LIONEL BROUGH is reported to be making a fortune out of his performances in Africa at the diamond fields.

A TRIAL has taken place at Prague of Dvorak's new symphony in G, composed for the Philharmonic Society, and it is spoken of in the highest terms by the musicians present.

PROF. CARL REINECKE has orchestrated his cycle of piano pieces entitled "From the Cradle to the Grave," and produced it at a Gewandhaus concert. The orchestration is said to be most graceful and appropriate.

SARAH BERNHARDT is making ready to play "Cleopatra." Nothing if not original, her European Queen will be black; of course, not coal black, but chocolate-coloured, like the modern Egyptian mule-driver of the streets of Cairo.

LEOPOLD LEWIS, the adapter of "The Bells," told a friend just before his death that Mr. Irving had for many years paid him privately an allowance sufficient for all his wants in recognition of the opportunity provided for him in "Mathias."

F. R. BENSON's production of "Hamlet" at the London Globe Theatre appears to be chiefly remarkable for the conversational tone adopted by the melancholy Dane, who is said to exhibit small concern either about his princely dignity or the exigencies of blank verse. In the closet scene Hamlet carries a portrait of his father in his bosom, and compares it with a picture of the usurper which stands upon the Queen's dressing-table. At the words, "A king of shreds and patches," he dashes the second picture to the floor and tramples upon it.