

democracy lies more in the obstructiveness of its conservatism than in its turbulence.

The youth of a nation is no bar to conservatism; for it does not hinder the possession of customs. Blackstone lays down the principle, that, wherever five Englishmen migrate to make a community, there goes the common law. This is not a theory, but a simple fact, meaning that five persons constitute a society needing conventions for their terms of intercourse, and that from force of habit those which Englishmen set up are the customs known as the common law. The founders of the American colonies did not have to originate social contracts; they brought with them usages and traditions. American life runs its roots back into history by individual inheritance; and this is the explanation of its conservatism.

In no way, perhaps, has America done more for free government abroad than by her example of peaceful adherence to institutions and fixed usages. Her conservatism has been a surprise to observers, but it has also been an assurance that in her territory there will not readily occur "the unmitigated fall of what has long flourished in splendor and honor."—*The American*.

INITIATED IN MASONRY.

THE BAD BOY GIVES HIS FATHER THE ROYAL BUMPER DEGREE.

I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa has been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could join the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and pretend to initiate, and pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me carried a goat that lives in a livery stable, and carried him up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could butt a picture of a goat every time. We carried a buck beer sign of a saloon man and hung it on a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge and improving our minds, and pa said that was right. There was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take a grand bumper degree, and pa lalled and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over his blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we ask him who comes there he must say, "a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat." Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she came in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never have tried it, the next time you initiate a man in your Mason lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a luffing, and I tie a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands and knees, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a luffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em and we told him it was a solemn occasion, but we couldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop luffing we could give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones, if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: "bring forth the royal bumper, and let him bump!" Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache and he sneezed once and looked assy, and then he sees the larger beer goat raring up and he started for it just like a cow catcher and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got hit and he grunted and said: "H-ll-o! what you boys doin'?" and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and in a was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma was screaming fire and the goat was blating and sneezing and butting, and the hired girl came into the hall

and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said: "Howly mother, protect me!" and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister who comes to see ma three times a week was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be initiated too, and gave him one for luck and then went down the sidewalk blating and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and as he didn't know the minister was there, he said bad words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to... sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that knissid goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival and an outpouring of the spirit, but none of them sat down but ma, cause the goat did not hit her.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

LA MERE ANGELIQUE.

BY J. H. ALLEN.

In the year 1599, there was inducted as novice among the nuns at Port Royal a child eight years old, grave and precocious, second daughter of a celebrated advocate named Arnauld, and and grandchild of an equally celebrated advocate, Marion. In the view of both father and grandfather, this was simply a convenient way of providing for one of a family of children, which in course of years increased to twenty. To secure for the child the succession to the convent rule, they did not even scruple, a little later, to state her age at least six years more than it was; and, further, to disguise her name by giving, instead, that which she had taken as a sister in the little community. This pious fraud had its effect, not only on the king's golem, but also upon the grave dignitaries of the church. At the age of eleven the child Jaqueline Arnauld, famous in religious history as La Mere Angélique, became Abbess, invested with full authority over the twelve or fifteen young women who then constituted the religious house. Until her death in 1661, at the age of seventy, the story of Port Royal is almost the personal biography of her who was, during all that time, its heart and soul.

For the first few years we may well suppose that it was something like playing at the austere-ities of convent life. Very quaint and pretty pictures have come down to illustrate this period. A morning call of that gay and gallant king, Henry IV., who, knowing that her father was visiting there, came, curious to see the pious flock under their child shepherdess: the little-maid herself, in full ecclesiastical costume, and mounted on high pattens to disguise her youth, at the head of her procession to meet her royal visitor at the gate; the kiss he threw over the garden-wall, next day, as he passed by on a hunt, with his compliment to Madame la petite Abbess;—these are bright and innocent episodes in the stormy story of the time.

But a great and sudden change occurred a few years later. The young abbess, now nearly eighteen years of age, became converted to the most serious and rigid view of the duties of her calling. Gently and kindly, but without an instant's wavering of purpose, inflexible to all temptation and entreaty, she resolved to restore the primitive austerity of the rule of the pious founder, St. Bernard. For one thing, this rule demanded that the time of morning prayer should be carried back to two o'clock from the self-indulgent hour of four; and, for another, that all little personal treasures and belongings should be given up for that perfect religious poverty which is the ideal of monastic life. In this, the example of the girl abbess, cheerful and resolute in choosing the hardest task always for herself, easily won the day. The crisis of the reform was when, with passionate grief, with tears and swooning, she stealthily refused admittance to her own father and brother, hardening herself against their entreaties, anger, and reproach, and would see them only at the little grating that separated the life within from the life without.

The true history of Port Royal dates from this crisis, Wick's Day, September 25, 1609. Just one hundred years and a few days later, early in October, 1709, the misdeed of the Jesuit party, which for more than half that time had shown a strangely persistent and malignant hostility, had its way. The grounds were laid waste. The sacred buildings were destroyed. Even the graves were dug open and the bodies that had been tenderly laid in them were cast out to be torn by dogs. All was done which insult and wanton desecration could do, to show that the heroic and eventful life of Port Royal was no more.

So far it is simply the fortunes of one religious house, perhaps no more famous than many others, and not greatly different from them in the sort of story it has to tell. In this view it is chiefly notable for being, as it were, a family history, connected at every point with the character and fortunes of a single household. Not less than twenty of the family of Arnauld—Angélique herself, her brothers and sisters, and children of a brother and sister—belonged to it, whether as simple nuns, as official head, as lay brother, champion, director, or adviser. Of these the most eminent in the lists of theology was "the great Arnauld," youngest child of the

twenty: famous in controversy; indefatigably busy as a writer, scholar, logician, and polemic; staunch in persecution and in exile to the very close of his long life of eighty-two years (1612-1694). But there is hardly a day or an event in that story, for more than ninety of the hundred years, in which the most conspicuous name on the record is not that of a son or daughter of the family of Arnauld.

A very characteristic feature in the history is the single-hearted fidelity and unwavering courage of the female members of this religious community, which quite surpasses, at one and another crisis, that of their chosen champions and advisers. At least, these religious heroines would neither understand nor admit certain terms of compromise which theological subtlety found it easy to frame and accept. The point at issue was not so much one of opinion as of conscience and honor; and, in the amazement of friend and enemy, a score of these gentle and timid women went without hesitation into prison or poverty for what, in humility of spirit, they made not the least pretension to understand; or, if they did waver, turned back with agonies of remorse to share the poverty or the prison of the rest. It came at length to be a mere question of fact whether five given propositions were contained in certain Latin folios they had never read and could not have understood; but the Pope and the Jesuits had challenged the conscience of the little community, and to give way on one point was to be guilty of all.—*Atlantic*.

SALVINI'S OTHELLO.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

It is a sort of compendium of his accomplishments; he puts everything into it, and the part as he plays it, has so full a volume that it may almost be said that it embraces all the others. There are touches in Salvini's Macbeth, touches in his Lear, very naturally, that are absent from his picture of the overwrought Moor; but it carries him to his maximum, and what he puts into it above all is an inexhaustible energy. There are twenty things to be said about it, and half a dozen criticisms which it is impossible that we spectators of English speech should not make. But the depth, the nobleness, the consistency, the passion, the visible, audible beauty of it, are beyond praise. Nature has done great things for the actor: with the aid of a little red paint, the perfect Othello is there. But I assume too much in talking off-hand about the "perfect Othello," who is after all a very complex being, in spite of his simplicity. It may seem to many observers that Salvini's rendering of the part is too simple, too much on two or three notes,—frank tenderness, quick suspicion, passionate rage. Infinite are the variations of human opinion; I have heard the performance called ugly, repulsive, bestial. Waiving these considerations for a moment, what an immense impression—simply as an impression—the actor makes on the spectator who sees him for the first time as the turbaned and deep-voiced Moor! He gives us his measure as a man; he acquaints us with that luxury of perfect confidence in the physical resources of the actor which is not the most frequent satisfaction of the modern play-goer. His powerful, active, manly frame, his noble, serious, vividly expressive face, his splendid smile, his Italian eye, his superb, voluminous voice, his carriage, his tone, his ease, the assurance he instantly gives that he holds the whole part in his hands and can make of it exactly what he chooses,—all this descends upon the spectator's mind with a richness which immediately converts attention into faith, and expectation into sympathy. He is a magnificent creature, and you are already on his side. His generous temperament is contagious; you find yourself looking at him, not so much as an actor, but as a hero. As I have already said, it is a luxury to sit and watch a man to whom an expenditure of force is so easy. Salvini's perfect ease is a part of the spell he exercises. The straining, the creaking, the overdoing, the revelation of the inelegance of the machinery, which we have been condemned to associate with so much of the interpretation of the dramatic genius of our literature,—there is no place for all this in Salvini's complete organization and consummate manner. We see him to day p rior at the latter end of his career, after years of experience and practice have made him as supple as he is strong, and yet before his strength has begun to feel the chill of age. It is a very fine moment for a great artistic nature. The admirable thing in this nature of Salvini's is that his intelligence is equal to his material powers; so that if the exhibition is, as it were, personal, it is not simply physical. He has a great imagination; there is a noble intention in all he does. It is no more than natural, surely, that his imagination, his intentions, should be of the Italian stamp, and this is at the bottom of his failure to satisfy some of us spectators of English speech,—a failure that is most marked when he plays Shakespeare. Of course we have our own feelings about Shakespeare, our own manner of reading him. We read him in the light of our Anglo-Saxon temperament, and in doing so it is open to us to believe that we read him in the deepest way. Salvini reads him with an Italian imagination, and it is equally natural to us to believe that in doing so he misses a large part of him. It is indeed beyond contradiction that he does miss a large part of him,—does so as a necessary consequence of using a text which shuts the door on half the meaning. We adore

the exorbitant original; we have sacred associations with all the finest passages. The loose, vague language of the Italian translation seems to us a perpetual sacrifice to the conventional: we find *ottima creatura*, for instance, a very colorless translation of "excellent wretch." But in the finest English rendering of Shakespeare that we can conceive, or are likely to enjoy, there would be gaps and elisions enough, and Salvini's noble execution preserves much more than it misses. Of course, it simplifies, but any acting of Shakespeare is a simplification. To be played at all, he must be played, as it were, superficially.—*Atlantic*.

FORREST'S COSTUMES TO BE SOLD.

The House Committee of The Forrest Home in Philadelphia, have decided to sell the costumes and silverware of the great actor. For ten years the committee have been at loss what to do with the things. For tradition's sake they wished to keep them. The committee now think that the money the costumes and silverware will bring will be of more use in the coffers of the Home than locked up in theatrical costumes. Some of these stage dresses are very magnificent, noticeably the regal robe in which *Coriolanus* makes his entry into Rome, and the costumes worn by the actor in the parts of *Spartacus*, *King Lear* and *William Tell*. All of the costumes and part of the silverware will be sold by Davis & Harvey in Philadelphia on February 14.

MISCELLANY.

On the 12th of February the hairdressers of London intend to hold "a grand fancy ball." No such ball has ever yet taken place in England. The head of each barber will be a specimen of the owner's skill, and the sight of all the heads in the ball-room will, a hair dresser declares, be proof positive "that the gentlemen in the profession in London form the most skilled and tasteful artists in the world."

We stated some time since that Mr. Mapleson's intended opera-house, which got into embryo existence and stopped growing, was in good and safe hands, and not likely to fall into those of the Board of Works. Rent has been punctually paid to them by the owner of the property, who is a princely wine merchant. He is reported to be willing to finish the building, and glad to have a tenant in prospect that will be to all intents and purposes to his mind and chum, in with his politics. The tenant is none other than the new Constitutional Club.

BRASSEUR.—This French actor could disguise his identity completely. At a dinner given to the company by the manager, he made a bet with his comrade L'Herrier that he could disguise himself so completely that not even he could detect him. He left the room. Soon after coffee was brought in by a waiter who was every inch a Gascon—black whiskers, bushy eyebrows, curly hair, and a bronzed complexion. He was the very personification of awkwardness, upsetting the things, spilling the coffee, and at last putting the sugar into L'Herrier's cup with his fingers. The latter sprang and dragged the rustic waiter to the door. With one gesture, however, away went wig and whiskers, and there stood Brasseur, exclaiming, "Sold old man; you have lost your bet."

MINNIE HARK ON SALARIES.—Miss Minnie Hark has been interviewed at Chicago and told what she knows about salaries. She was asked about the terms paid to herself and other artists. "Have you any objections," said the reporter, "to give us your own figures?" "Not in the least. I will tell you all you desire. But I may just as well say now that most of the sums mentioned in the papers as being paid to artists are fictitious, and that the thousands and thousands are not so liberally paid to them as is supposed by the public. As for me, I will tell you frankly that I get from Mr. Mapleson \$500 a night and all travelling expenses. In concert I get \$500 to \$800 a night, and there are agents right in Chicago who have made such engagements for me. But as all my colleagues in opera and concerts get so many thousands a night, and take so many hundred thousands back to Europe, I may just as well say also that I expect to make at least a million this season, buy me a palace like Vanderbilt's, and then get a castle and an estate to it as big as Montenegro. Paper is so very patient, so very silent, that you may add as many nights to these figures as you like."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OREID has been captured by the false Prophet.

THE steamship *Quebec* has arrived at H. J. head.

IT is said the Government intend to suppress the Irish National League.

THE Jersey City Bank defaulters have pleaded guilty and been sent to jail.

TERRIBLE storms and floods are reported throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

THE Government has approved of the calling out of the Irish militia for annual training this year.

IN the Dublin trials on Monday, Carey's evidence was continued, at the conclusion of which twenty-one of the prisoners were committed for trial.