

Rolf himself. This began the old English fashion of hue and cry, as well as our custom of shouting Hurrah when we are pleased or excited."

So if Ha Rou in any way corresponds to our word Hurrah, it is not "obscure," and we are glad to know the expression is of such ancient date. C. H.

### THE EDINBURGH RECEPTION OF MR. PARNELL.

WHETHER Mr. Parnell was or was not desirous to mislead Edinburgh last Saturday concerning his ultimate designs in Ireland, as we know, on his own authority, that he probably was to mislead the House of Commons eight years ago, we cannot say. When a public man once admits his leaning to tortuous policy, and shows by his public life that his admission is justified, it always must remain a matter of guesswork what the amount of difference between his true purpose and his avowed purpose really is. But whether he intended or not to mislead Edinburgh as to his ultimate designs in Ireland, there is no sort of doubt that he did what he could to mislead Edinburgh as to the history of the last nine years. He misled it as to the sole responsibility of the Lords for the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Any one would have gathered from his speech that he and his followers had done their best to support Mr. Forster in carrying that Bill, and that the Lords rejected it in the face of an enthusiastic vote of the Irish Party acting with Mr. Gladstone's Government. The fact was not so. The Parnellite Members did their very best, during the discussions in the House of Commons, to show their indifference to that Bill. A considerable number of them stayed in the gallery instead of dividing with Mr. Forster on one of the last stages of the Bill, and it was a perfectly plausible position for the House of Lords to take up, and if they had passed that Bill, they would no more have contented Ireland than they would have gratified their own prepossessions. The Irish Members did all in their power, consistently with their interests as representatives of the tenants, to weaken instead of to strengthen Mr. Forster's hands on that occasion—as, indeed, they continued to do, so far as they dared, when he was endeavouring during the next laborious session to pass the great Land Bill. It is simply a perversion of history to throw all the blame for the inadequacy of the Irish legislation of that period on the House of Lords. The House of Lords availed themselves, no doubt, of every excuse they could find to resist a policy which offended all the most cherished prejudices of the landlord class. But the House of Lords had the great advantage of knowing that, so far from having to face any hearty and cordial co-operation between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, they had no allies more sincerely anxious to weaken the hands of the Government, in its attempt to do justice in Ireland, than the party led by Mr. Parnell.

Again, Mr. Parnell could hardly have indicated a stronger disposition to mislead Edinburgh than when he said:—"The Act sanctioning tenants' improvements, which ought to have been passed in 1852, was not passed till 1881." Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1870 gave the tenants the right to claim the value of their improvements, though it was not secured with anything like the same solidity as in 1881. Still, from the time when Mr. Gladstone's first Administration came into existence, Mr. Parnell, as he well knows, might have had in the Liberal Party an ally of great influence, profoundly anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland—an ally whom, for that very reason, he and his friends did all in their power to paralyse, lest it should be shown that the wrongs of Ireland could be redressed without the concession of a separate Irish Legislature. And now he is doing all in his power to persuade the people that the obstruction and delay which he and his party promoted by every device in their power of open opposition to the known wishes of the tenants were due solely to the indifference of the British Parliament to Irish needs. If the Irish Party had acted with Mr. Gladstone then, as they are acting with Mr. Gladstone now, the Parliament of Great Britain would have given quite as good results for Irish legislation as they have ever given for British legislation. But the simple truth is, that the Parnellites never wished to see Irish legislation run too smoothly. They feared nothing more than any popular evidence that the Union would yield better results for Ireland—as it certainly has yielded—than the state of things which preceded the Union. And, of course, they were able to enhance greatly the legislative difficulties on which Mr. Parnell now relies to prove his case.

Coming nearer to our own time, who could imagine a much more obvious intention to mislead Edinburgh than in Mr. Parnell's account of the origin of the Commission, and his audacious attack on the Commissioners? He misrepresented gravely what the Government offered him—an action of libel against the *Times* conducted by his own counsel, the Attorney-General's name being only nominally inserted to enable the Government to defray the expense of a State trial; and he misrepresented gravely the facts of the case as to what the Commission had really done to clear his name from the imputation of having written the forged letters. It was the cross-examination of Pigott which cleared his name, and without the pressure brought to bear by the appointment of the Commission to induce the *Times* to produce Pigott as a witness, how would Mr. Parnell have secured the exposure of the fraud? To pretend that he has a serious grievance against the Government because the Act establishing the Commission was so

drawn as not to admit of an inquiry into the proceedings of the Loyal and Patriotic Union—an inquiry of which neither Mr. Parnell nor anyone else dreamt as necessary to his case at the time when he was so noisily demanding a Committee of the House of Commons, that most ineffective of all ineffective tribunals—appears to us so grotesque a charge, that hardly even an Edinburgh audience can have been deceived. In the first place, since the *Times* adopted, even if it borrowed, Pigott's charges, it does not in the least matter whether it borrowed them from Pigott or not, the only importance attaching to them being the fact that the *Times* did adopt them. In the second place, if it be ever so true that Pigott's authorship of the forged letters might have been discoverable only after an examination of the books of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, the Government could no more have anticipated this at the time the Commission was proposed, than they could have anticipated that Pigott would go to Madrid and shoot himself after his cross-examination. The real security for the eliciting of the truth was the power given to the Commission to insist on the discovery of all the facts of the case known to the various parties—a power in deference to which the *Times*, to its great credit, reluctantly disclosed the source whence it obtained the forged letters, while a considerable number of the witnesses on the other side have refused to obey the order of the Commissioners to be equally frank. Mr. Parnell's account of the origin and procedure of the Commission is as thoroughly misleading,—perhaps intended to be so, like his communications to the House of Commons in 1881—as his *résumé* of the story of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill and the Land Act. And anyone who relies on it will find that he has about as untrustworthy a notion of the facts of the case, as he would have an untrustworthy pledge for the future, if he relied on Mr. Parnell's assurances of the wish of Ireland to accommodate the action of her independent Legislature and Administration to the convenience and reasonable wishes of England.

Indeed, the only part of Mr. Parnell's voluble assurances which have any force at all is his appeal to the strength of England as irresistible if Ireland should prove unreasonable. The answer to that is, that the Liberal Party will never allow her to use that strength; that they have fallen so deeply in love with the habit of taking Irish grievances at Irishmen's own appraisalment that there is absolutely no limit to which, so far as we can see, they would not go rather than apply force to the solution of the Irish Question. If we are to take a stand at all it must be on the Union. Give up that, and the assertion that if we choose to wage war against Ireland we can do so, will be just as idle as would be the remark that if the next Liberal Government chooses to send Mr. Parnell to the Tower, or to indict him for high treason, they can do so. No doubt they could if they wished, but they would not wish. They are grovelling at Mr. Parnell's feet, and there they will continue to grovel, unless, indeed, the Irish Legislature should be granted and should launch itself on a policy so plainly defiant as to open even Gladstonian eyes at last. But where is the common-sense of giving up a constitutional and tenable position like the Union, for a long course of concessions which can only be terminated, if it ever is to be terminated, by Ireland's resolve to wear out our patience and inflict on us a humiliation? The Parnellites denounced Mr. Gladstone as the most tyrannical of Ministers at the time he was straining every nerve, short of Home-rule, to redress Irish grievances. It was not till he surrendered to them without terms that they began to flatter him as they do now. It will be the same with his future policy. If Mr. Gladstone gives them all they want, they will continue to flatter him. If he draws back at any point the whole story of denunciation and surrender will begin over again. We are weary of Mr. Parnell's successful attempts to mislead us. We had better take our stand where we are, and not follow a minority of the citizens of Edinburgh into a fool's paradise from which, if they have their foolish way, they will very soon be driven out in shame and humiliation.—*London Spectator*, July 27, 1889.

### ART NOTES.

THE *Art Journal* proposes to publish a new and complete history of the English Royal Academy—an institution which, in spite of much adverse criticism and some ridicule, has obtained a hold on the affections of the English people who associate the rise and progress of art in England with this institution, while in spite of the rise of a number of opposition art societies started by disgusted outside artists for whom there was no room among the select forty, the magic letters, R.A., are more coveted than ever as *addenda* to an artist's name. The history is to be under the supervision of Mr. Hodgson, R.A., aided by the present secretary of the Academy.

In George Moore's "Art for the Villa," in a late number of the *Art Magazine*, some ideas are broached to which artists would do well to take heed. Without going the whole way with Mr. Moore, who is a little given to laying down the law in rather a dogmatic manner, and assuming that there can be no appeal from his dictum, it is still worth while to consider if there be not some substantial basis for some of his statements, such as those dealing with the change in modern taste which prefers a light and cheerful style of art and a light pleasant subject, with not too much in it, to a dark and gloomy oil painting or even to an impressive historical subject on a moderately large scale. He says, "A great picture is out of place in a

private house. In a private house a great picture may even fail to impress; it requires the lofty light and peace of the gallery," and so forth. This is so evidently a question of taste that it seems to savour of Sir Oracle to lay down the law in this way. Nevertheless there seems little reason to doubt the fact that the modern drawing room is, with respect both to its decoration in art and furniture to be more attuned to cheerful brightness than of old. Massiveness and weight, solidity and solemnity seem to be now regarded as old fashioned, and in art, bright and pleasing water-colours or small oils in brilliant frames; vigorous etchings in light frames and clever sketches in black and white, all placed where they best fit in and catch the light well, are preferred to a more formal display of well balanced pictures of weighty subjects. Mr. Moore seems to object to picture galleries in private houses, but there can be little doubt that the best way to enjoy pictures is to hang them where the light is best suited for them; and it may be hoped that no important or expensive house in the near future will be built without some provision of of this sort.

TEMPLAR.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A WRITER in the *Boston Home Journal* describes a visit to the charming French artist as follows:—"We had just emerged from a strip of woodland, when we heard what seemed to be the sound of a distant train, but what proved to be the booming of the surf on Goose Rocks. A turn in the road, and we saw a few houses on the sand, and the first person whom we questioned—"Do you know Mdlle. Rhea?" smiled and pointed to a white house a little distance off. We dismissed the Concord waggon, wished the civil driver a more comfortable ride back, and stepped across a bit of green, and there in the doorway sat the familiar figure of Marie, and who that knows Mdlle. Rhea does not know clever little Marie, who is so closely allied to the charming actress? In another moment the piquant voice of Rhea herself was welcoming us with that cordiality which is one of her greatest charms. We were stripped of hats and wraps and gloves in the most peremptory fashion; presented to Mrs. Sheridan, with whom Rhea is staying, and who, by the way is an aunt of Emma Sheridan, the new leading lady at the Museum, and to Master Harry Sheridan, and before we could realize that we had really found the place we were out on the sands talking as if it were not two years since we had last grasped her hand, and heard her bonny voice, and surely looking at her it did not seem possible. Her dark hair hung in two braids plaited close to her ears—a most trying style, but looking pretty and becoming to her, and her gown had an unmistakable French air to it, but the charm of Rhea to me is to see her move about. She carries herself with a grace and an ease which few but French women have, and which forces you to follow her with your eyes when she is in the room with you, and she walked the sands with the same gliding grace with which she always treads the boards. The house, which is an ordinary beach house, has taken on a sort of characteristic resemblance to its occupants. The walls are covered with breadths of soft muslin, in a dainty cream colour with a small figure on it, and there was an upright piano, a few easy chairs and a few pictures on the walls, and a generous couch on one side of the room. It was the living and dining room, and the table to which we were bidden was most tempting—and served with that daintiness which is characteristic of the French."

A CORRESPONDENT writing from London says: "Edward de Reszke is a truly great basso. His voice is not specially low in compass, but in sonority and richness it is of the first quality. His art is almost flawless. He sings with the greatest possible taste and judgment and without any cheap *ad captandum* tricks. All his effects are legitimately produced. His 'Mephistopheles' is a superb piece of work, in which judicious and intelligent acting, full of sardonic humour, is combined with a bold and masterful vocal style."

MR. EDWARD SCOVEL writes to the *London Figaro* that he has been engaged for the season of 1889-90 by the Boston Ideals for "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Faust," and "Trovatore," to sing four times a week at a salary of £100 (\$500) per week, a statement that has made some of its readers smile, and some of them weep.

WHEN, on the 28th of September next, Mr. Henry Irving reopens the Lyceum Theatre with a revival of "The Dead Heart," writes *Atlas* to *The World*, London, a long familiar face will be missing from the audience. Mr. Walter Arnold, who succeeded his father, Samuel James Arnold, in the proprietorship of the Lyceum, died last week in the eightieth year of his age. Whatever tenant might be in possession of the lease, the deceased gentleman always held as his own appanage the large proscenium-box in the first circle on the right hand of the stage; and there, on every occasion of importance—so lately, indeed, as on the production of "Macbeth"—he might be seen with his friends. Fortune, which never treated Mr. Arnold badly, seems, indeed, to have taken special care in sending him for a tenant Mr. Henry Irving, at whose expense large portions of the theatre have been entirely altered and rebuilt, while still remaining the property of the original landlord. The deceased gentleman's brother, Mr. T. J. Arnold, well known as a London magistrate and a pleasant companion, not without literary tastes, predeceased him by some years.

TOM KRENE has added "Louis XI." to his repertoire for next season, and will play it in Chicago early in September.