

he has founded no school of operatic composition. Mr. Mackenzie is a clever musician and a follower of Wagner's theories; but Colomba cannot be said to do more than repeat the lesson of Wagner's heroic drama in accents less decided. It is from "The Meistersinger" and its abandonment of the ideal of Greek Tragedy, that a new school of operatic composition must be expected to take its rise.

H. H. L.

A FRENCH TOURIST ON THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.*

BARON DE MANDAT-GRANCEY's travels in the United States are favourably known to the French public, and have gained for their author the recognition of the Academy and the "Prix Montyon." Last summer M. de Mandat-Grancey ventured into regions less familiar to French and even to English travellers than "les montagnes Rocheuses" themselves. He took a journey into the wilder parts of Munster, and this lively and instructive little volume is the result. M. de Mandat-Grancey has some of the best qualities of a traveller. His powers of observation are quick, sympathetic, and close; his reasoning is terse and lucid; his judgment sagacious and impartial; and, like all good observers, he has a keen sense of humour. He argues on the broad facts of the situation as he saw them with his own eyes, and he applies to them first principles accepted as incontestable by "the whole civilised world."

The French tourist in Ireland has one inestimable advantage over his Saxon fellow-traveller. His nationality is a passport to the confidence of the people. M. de Mandat-Grancey was hospitably entertained in companies where English gentlemen, if received at all, would be viewed with coldness and suspicion. His introductions to the chiefs of the League were duly honoured, and among the peasantry of Munster the mere mention of his country insured him a hearty welcome. There was only one favour they refused him, and that, he admits, it was probably beyond their power to bestow. They would not tell him the truth. "An Irish peasant," he says, "unlike our own, is always very well inclined to talk of his affairs; only, if you chat twice with him at a day's interval, you discover often enough that what he said the second day is only very distantly related to what he said the first."

Before proceeding with the narrative of his journey south, he gives a temperate and accurate account of the rise and progress of the League and the present condition of the country. On the burning question of the day he is quite clear. The League is largely responsible for agrarian crime. He adopts, as was to be expected from a representative of cultivated foreign opinion, the reasoning of Mr. Gladstone—of Mr. Gladstone, that is, in 1882. Mr. Parnell, he argues, invented and advised boycotting, and effective boycotting is impossible without a discipline of iron, "et comme il n'y a pas de discipline sans sanction, il aboutit à l'intimidation. Or de l'intimidation au meurtre il n'y a qu'un pas. Les faits sont là, pour le prouver. . . M. Parnell ne peut pas nier que son système ne pourrait pas fonctionner deux jours si des assassinats n'avaient pas été commis. Il blâme les assassins, mais profite des assassinats." M. de Mandat-Grancey absolves the League of direct instigation to murder, but he observes that the Leaguers have never silenced their accusers by bringing the murderers to justice, as they could readily do. He records his bewilderment at the spectacle of a scarcely veiled conspiracy against the law, carried on publicly in the capital with all the pomp and circumstance of a Government department. The first duty of the Government, he thinks, is to enforce the law and to protect quiet citizens, and he very acutely observes that the spasmodic coercion of past Governments has been disastrous, not because it was severe, but because it was spasmodic. He even goes so far as to assert that the abolition of trial by jury is indispensable to the restoration of law and order. "So long," he argues, "as the jury system is in force in Ireland nobody will dare to rally round the Government, and all its enemies will be certain of impunity. The English Government displays an utter incapacity to protect the properties, and even to assure the bodily safety, of its supporters. It would be very strange if it had many." Three-quarters of the jurors, he alleges, side with the League through sympathy, and the other quarter through fear, and the statement is true enough of the common jurors outside Ulster.

He refrains from positively charging the League with communism, but he observes that the Leaguers' methods of agitation must command the hearty approval of the most advanced Communists in Europe. He quotes, too, from the speech of a former Irish member, and hints that to teach two or three thousand peasants, as this legislator did, that they were poor because others had too long held the lands that ought to be given to them, is to teach a doctrine that savours at least of communism.

A country house near Castle-Connell was M. de Mandat-Grancey's first halting place after leaving Dublin. His host belonged to the west bank of the Shannon. Unhappily he had fallen out with his tenants, and after being twice fired upon—once when going out to dinner, and once when entertaining some friends in his own house—he migrated to the Limerick side of the river, where M. de Mandat-Grancey found him. The man who made both those attempts upon Colonel —'s life died in America. On his death-bed he sent to beg the Colonel's pardon, and to give him the gratifying information that he had been paid a hundred guineas for the job, "the result of a subscription among all the tenants of the property."

M. de Mandat-Grancey visited two of the Morroe huts, and in his quality of Frenchman he was frankly welcomed. He asked one "victim of landlordism" whether Lord Cloncurry had not distrained his stock. "Oh, no," said the man, "I took care to remove them the day before. A

neighbour cares them for me." Thereupon host and guest agreed that "landlords were a very bad lot all over the world," and the tenant continued his confidences. He told his visitor that he had got some farms cheaply some miles away, and that he had sublet them at a pretty high rate to three under-tenants. "I asked him," says our tourist, "if he had no trouble with his tenants." "'Ah,' a-t-il répondu, 'je voudrais bien voir qu'ils ne me payassent pas!' Réponse qui a achevé de chavirer complètement mes notions d'un juste et de l'injuste, déjà bien ébranlées par tout ce que je vois et j'entends dans ce singulier pays."

From Castle-Connell M. de Mandat-Grancey paid a flying visit to Mr. Townshend Trench, at Lansdowne Lodge, Kenmare. He describes with wonder the start from Killarney with loaded revolvers on the car, the smoking room at the lodge bristling with arms, and the caution given him not to sit in line with the window after nightfall in the lighted room. On the road the tourist came across a shocking instance of rack-renting. High up upon the mountain side he found a wretched hovel built of loose stones, roofed with sods of grass and bundles of rushes, without chimney, window, or floor. Seven human beings inhabited this den—a man, his wife, his four children, and his mother-in-law. They were in rags that scarcely covered their nakedness, and the ashen tint, the hollow cheeks, and the drawn features of all told a terrible story of actual famine. All had to live on the man's labour, when he could get any, and on a "farm" of less than an acre of wretched land, with the right of pasture for two Kerry cows. The rent of this half-starved wretch has to pay is three pounds a year. M. de Mandat-Grancey was shocked at extortion so cruel, and asked Mr. Trench for an explanation. At the next turn of the road there lives a farmer with a hut almost as miserable as the one described. But here the misery is simulated, for the farmer's wife is a beggar by trade, preying on the tourists who mount the pass. The farmer has £500 in Kenmare Bank, some seventy acres of land, and a right of pasture on the mountain. He is the landlord and oppressor of the starved wretch among the crags. He holds, perhaps, three or four four others in like torment. He is sure of his rent, for he takes it in labour and in advance. Subletting is rigidly forbidden, and is a breach of the statutory conditions of the Land Act. But to expel this petty tyrant would require a company of infantry, grave risk to human life, and the certain denunciation of the evictor as an "exterminator" and an enemy of the people.

The serious lesson of this excellent book is—that the Irish problem is merely a phase of the greater problem that all Europe has to face—the problem of agricultural depression, caused by transoceanic competition. To try and solve this problem by violence, or by fresh agrarian laws, is simply irrational. The Irish law of landlord and tenant is already the most favourable to the tenant of any known to the civilised world. Again and again this French gentleman expresses his amazement at the way in which the consolidation of farms and other every-day acts of estate management on the Continent are looked on as atrocious moral offences, and even as legal wrongs, in Ireland. Irish leases contain clauses that no French owner would listen to and no French tenant would propose. Irish landlords are vilified and denounced by members of Parliament for inserting provisions that are "common forms" in every continental lease. Rents are at present possibly too high, but this accident is solely due to the action of unforeseen economic causes. The country gentlemen, as opposed to the land jobbers, did not as a class exact the competition rents from their tenants in the good years. That fact is demonstrated by the enormous prices paid for tenant-right in the past, and even now, when the tenant farmers of the richest departments of France are throwing up their farms, the Irish tenant can always find a purchaser. The true evils of Ireland are want of capital and excess of population. But capital will never be applied lavishly to the soil until Irish credit is restored, and Irish credit will never be restored until the reign of law is re-established. This, in M. de Mandat-Grancey's judgment, is the first and instant duty of the Government, a duty to be discharged even were there any real risk of insurrection, for it is the indispensable condition precedent of all improvement in the material lot of the Irish people. For the rest, he holds that Ireland can no longer maintain in comfort more than two or three millions of inhabitants. Extensive emigration, he reluctantly concludes, can alone give her permanent relief from the curse of chronic poverty.—*From The Times.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

PROBABLY the busiest and most successful of the New York publishing houses at present is that of the Scribners. While other houses are either resting on their oars after a prosperous season, or maturing plans for the fall and winter, this house continues amidst one of the busiest whirls of successful businesses in its history. That the new magazine of the Scribners has done much for their present business activity is an undoubted fact, since it has proved a most excellent advertising medium for the books of the house, as well as a substantial piece of literary property, so that in more respects than one can the new periodical be classed as a success. New literary connections have also been formed through the new magazines, and the house has been brought into closer relations with many of our most popular writers.

As Bar Harbor becomes more and more the Mecca for the "summer fashionables," it seems destined to afford endless material for the romancer and story-teller. Mr. A. A. Hayes' "Romance of Mount Desert" is a decided success, and this has doubtless stimulated Mrs. Burton N. Harrison to prepare her summer story, "Bar Harbor Days," for publication. The Harpers will issue Mrs. Harrison's story in about a week, and have secured the assistance of Harry Fenn and Mr. Hyde, the

* "Chez Paddy." Par Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey. Paris, E. Plon Nourrit et Cie. 1887.