

"the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Peggy to all around her," except to one person, her rival and pet aversion, George Ann Bellamy. These two were deadly foes. The rivalry between them reached its climax when they played in "The Rival Queens." Peg was dressed, we are told, in a cast-off robe of the Princess-Dowager of Wales, while Bellamy had sent to Paris for two magnificent costumes. Peg, in the great scene as *Roxana*, maddened by jealousy, rolled her rival in the dust, and pummeling her with the handle of her dagger, gave peculiar effect to the words, "Die, sorceress, die!" which were in her part.

EDMUND KEAN.

This is a small portrait of the eminent tragedian in the incongruous attire of a Red Indian. Kean, towards the end of his career, visited the States and Canada. While at Quebec his audience once included a number of Huron chiefs, who later expressed a wish to elect him as one of their tribe, and he was formally initiated as a chief under the name of Altenaida—an honour which, it is said, aroused the highest enthusiasm in him; so much so, that he at one time contemplated retiring to the backwoods in search of perfect peace instead of returning to Drury Lane.—ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

CARLYLE'S STYLE.

CARLYLE'S prose has its defects most assuredly. His periods are often like those swelled brick that have got too much of the fire—crabbed and perverse. His earnestness, his fury of conviction, made it too hot for them; his style becomes distorted. In the best prose there is always a certain smoothness and homogeneity. "In the very torrent, tempest (and as I may say), whirlwind of your passion," says *Hamlet* in his address to the players, "you must acquire and beget a temperance that will give it smoothness." If not external smoothness, then certainly internal—a fusion or blending that is like good digestion. Carlyle does not always have this; Emerson does not always have it; Whitman does not always have it, probably does not always strive for it; Browning rarely or never has it. There is a good deal in Carlyle that is difficult, not in thought, but in expression. To the reader it is a kind of mechanical difficulty, like walking over boulders. In his best work, like the life of Sterling, his essays on Johnson and Voltaire, and the battle pieces in Frederick, there is the least of this.

"There is a point of perfection in art," says La Bruyère, "and there is a goodness and ripeness in nature. He who feels and loves it has perfect taste; he who feels it not, who loves something beneath or beyond it, has faulty taste." In the life of Sterling, more completely than in any other one of his books, Carlyle attains to this goodness and ripeness of nature. He is calm and mellow; there is nothing to inflame him, but everything to soften and quiet him, and his work is of unrivalled richness in all the noblest literary qualities. But at other times he was after something beneath or beyond the point of perfection in art. He was not primarily a critical or literary force like Arnold himself, but a moral force working through literature. He was the conscience of his country and times, wrought up to an almost prophetic fervour and abandonment, and to cut deep was more a point with him than to cut smooth.

Again, his defects as a writer probably arose out of his wonderful merits as a talker. He was in the first instance a talker, and he came finally to write as he talked, so that the page, to retain all its charm and effectiveness, needs the Carlyle voice and manner, and the Carlyle laugh super-added. These would give it smoothness and completion. One rather likes a certain roughness in a man's style, but it must be a smooth roughness; the roughness of a muscular arm, and not of a malformed or an ill-shapen one. There is a widespread difference between the roughness of Shakespeare and the crabbiness and jerkiness of Browning. There is nothing abrupt in Shakespeare; the transitions, as a rule, are natural and easy, but Browning is a poet who, in his search after the intense and the dramatic, is very often forced to take up with the crabbed and the elliptical. One welcomes the vitality and activity of his mind at the same time that he is wearied by his want of ease and simplicity. I, for my part, do not care for acrobatic or gymnastic feats in literature: the man who walks along by simply putting one foot in front of the other pleases me better.—JOHN BURROUGHS, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE LESSON TAUGHT BY A DISENDOWED CHURCH.

I HAVE spoken all through of Disestablishment, but I fear that, after our unhappy precedent, that is certain to include Disendowment. The State had a perfect right to disestablish us, but I never could feel that taking our property was anything but robbery.* Deny, if you will, all that our Church claims of historical descent, and say that she only dates from the Reformation. Maintain, if you will, that wrong was then done in allowing the Church of the minority to gain what was intended for the whole nation. But it is now too late to re-open arrangements made in the reign of Henry VIII. Something must be allowed to prescriptive rights. If property might be taken from us which we had possessed for three hundred years, why not as well demand back from individuals Church lands bestowed on their ancestors by the favour of the Sovereign three

* Of course, I am aware that it is only in an improper sense that the words murder or robbery can be applied to any act of the Legislature, which, if the public good demand it, has a right to take the life or property of any subject. But it is now recognized that the shock which such acts give to the sanctity of life and to the security of property is ordinarily not compensated by any advantage gained in the particular case; consequently bills of attainder have become obsolete.

hundred years ago? I know it has been maintained that the State is bound to respect prescriptive rights in the case of individuals, but is at liberty to treat the property of the Church as liable to be diverted without impropriety to other uses. All I can say is, that the Irish people have never been able to recognize this distinction. They have felt that property dedicated to the service of God was held by the more sacred title of the two, and that those who could deal with that might equally confiscate any other. Consequently, as I expected at the time, the Disendowment of our Church struck a blow at the whole institution of property which has thrown back the civilization of the country for at least half a century. Since then the feeling has sprung up that the way for the nation to get rich is not by thrift and industry, but by getting Parliament to give men some of their neighbours' property. The sudden conversion of the English Parliament to do by a large majority what for a generation they had by equally large majorities refused to do has produced a feeling that there is nothing which the English Parliament would refuse to do if sufficiently pressed.* And long before a confession injudiciously made some little time ago, it was perfectly well understood here that outrages constituted a kind of pressure to which English statesmen were peculiarly sensitive. There has resulted a weakening of the Executive Government which gives rise to a general feeling of insecurity. No kind of tenure makes property safe. I am told that not merely as regards the land, but in mercantile matters also, the honest fulfilment of engagements cannot now be relied on as formerly. And as the law of the land has been weakened, there has grown up an unwritten law the vagueness of which makes it a real tyranny. A free country is one in which a man who refrains from doing what is forbidden by known laws may do anything else he pleases. A despotic country is one in which a subject does not know what commands the tyrant next day may issue or what penalty he may impose for transgression. The latter is the state of things in which we now live. No prudent man can now set up a manufacture in Ireland. As soon as he has sunk his money in it, some command may be issued his non-compliance with which may be punished by the destruction of his whole business. The paralysis of industry is evident to every one, but the cure of all evils is now looked for from something Parliament is to do; and, as an English Parliament will not apply a remedy, it is hoped that an Irish Parliament by protection, by bounties, and by direct aid will do something to develop industry which private enterprise looks on as unremunerative. Being an old-fashioned believer in political economy, I fear the remedy would be worse than the disease, and would only add a crushing burden of taxation to our other troubles. Holding, as I do, the Irish Church Act of 1869 to be the *fons et origo* of all the evils that have been let loose upon us, I believe that Englishmen do the part, not only of good Churchmen, but of good citizens, in maintaining the right of their Church to the retention of her property, and thus guarding the nation from entering on the path of revolution on which ours has been recklessly sent.—PROFESSOR GEORGE SALMON, in the *Contemporary Review*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—When and why was the English Court called the Court of St. James? Please reply in your next issue, and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

[St. James's Palace was erected by Henry VIII. on the site of the Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous." It was for long afterwards a royal residence, and the English Court has ever since been called the Court of St. James's.]

THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Given the correctness of Mr. Herbert Spencer's aphorism, that, "unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense," the natural deduction would be that because the senses compose the only medium by which outside intelligence can be conveyed to consciousness, therefore that which is beyond the sphere of sense is unknowable. Consciousness is supposed to be enshrined somewhere in the brain, and surrounded by a network of nervous wires which conduct outside intelligence to it, similarly as the electric wires conduct intelligence to a given point; and what these wires are not constituted so as to convey, cannot of course reach consciousness. But the question arises, How can Mr. Spencer know the limits of the powers of sense as a medium? He can only know absolutely, I submit, how far his own senses have been tried as a medium, or in other words he can only know what his own senses have conveyed to his own consciousness: the extent and variety of which composes the groundwork of his own individual knowledge. He cannot know whether other influences differing from any he has ever personally experienced have not used the physics of other men's brains as a medium to convey religious intelligence to other men's consciousnesses.

And, singular as it may appear to agnostics, religion,—that is, the Christian religion,—places itself exactly in accord with their own science, when they state that that which they cannot at present comprehend is beyond, not the "sphere" of sense, but "sense" itself. Sense is one thing; the sphere of sense is quite another. The Christian religion teaches that unless the wires of communication are touched at the far end by Truth itself, truth cannot enter into consciousness any more than what one never saw

* In a political cartoon lately published by a Nationalist newspaper, the Queen and Lord Salisbury sternly present an Act bearing the inscription, "Fundamental Law of the Empire; Union of Great Britain and Ireland," while Mr. Gladstone confronts them holding in his hand another "Fundamental Law of the Empire," torn to pieces, inscribed "United Church of England and Ireland."