

THE BACON-SHAKESTREPE CRAZE.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion,—the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits and in their literary habits as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order; both, what we somewhat loosely call philosophers; but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the things before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need,—finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination. Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought, in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus,—that Shakespeare of Christianity,—to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact, of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavoury sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and squibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humour; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humour for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his individual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs and joys and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world, and both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term: but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight; Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work and also the work of the other is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity.—*Atlantic*.

THE MARRIED WOMAN.

A SQUIB.

By a Barrister.

The title of this article is hardly an attractive one to a spinster; yet by a strange anomaly, she might perhaps obtain the greater benefit from the digestion of it. On the principal of the old saw, that it is not much use attending to the stable door after the horse has left it, the married lady may perhaps consider with comparative indifference, what further advantages and privileges she might have secured, before she put her dainty foot across the Rubicon. She is now in the enemy's country, and can only look about her and speculate upon the limit of her prison, and as to how far she can move with freedom. On the other hand the spinster who meditates (in her virgin mind) an alliance with Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield, is in a position, if not to hold out the citadel altogether, at any rate to dictate her conditions of surrender. Let me ask her before she does so, to read this cartel which I throw upon the point of a spear into her camp. If she surrenders at discretion without contract, she will enter into community (Civil Code of

Lower Canada, Act 1270) with Mr. Brooks and the consequences will be as follows: Mr. Brooks will become lord and master of all the movable property to which he has been laying siege (C.C. 1272), he will have the full enjoyment and benefit of it until the dissolution of the marriage when he or his heirs will become owners of one half. He will also take into his grasp, all the lands, houses and other real property which she will become possessed of afterwards, unless it be a token of affection from one of her ancestors, or falls to her by succession, (10 Em.) He will enjoy all her revenues and he will put into his pocket any movable which she acquires, unless the gentleman who presented it to her, has given him to understand that he shall not do so (C.C. 1276)—when Mr. B. retires from active life, and takes up his residence in a planet, Mrs. B. will enjoy again half of the property which has been wrested from her, together with half of his worldly goods acquired under similar circumstances, (1357 C.C.) As a consolation for his loss she will also extract from his heirs, her dower, a small *solacium*, consisting, speaking generally, of half of his immovable property (1434). And well will it be for Mrs. B. if her husband does not insert in the daily papers one of those cruel advertisements to confiding transients, to the effect that her credit shall be limited to small purchases of sweetmeats and medicine, and other necessities of the nursery. If he does this, or otherwise gives the tradesman to understand that it is against his consent that his wife is—investing; the wary shopman will hesitate before dealing with her (1292, 10 Em.) He knows by experience that he will have no action for his price, unless he is lucky enough to have pandered to the taste of the head of the house as well, and that gentleman has feasted on the groceries or worn the woollen shirts which she purchased. Otherwise the creditor must wait until the marriage is dissolved. If no such notice is given by Mr. Brooks (and it is not often that he does so) the trade may safely furnish Mr. B. with all that is necessary to the maintaining of her household and look to for payment. She is presumed to have a tacit mandate or order from her husband to purchase especially if he have once paid one of her accounts thus incurred (10 Em. 1791). Mrs. B. must live with her husband and obey him unless he insult her grievously, or otherwise ill-use her. Her domestic quarrels with Mr. B., in which she enforces her arguments with a poker and he perhaps retaliates with the leg of a chair, the law would hardly consider sufficient. They might come under the head of incompatibility of temper, but our law does not include this as a cause for separation, (10 Em. 189). Should Mrs. B. wish to sever as far as she can, her connection with her husband, she must apply by a petition to a judge, setting forth her reasons and asking to be allowed to sue for separation, and to be allowed to withdraw, pending the suit, to a place which she indicates, (10 Em. 194). She will lose her right of action if Mr. B. apologize for breaking the peace and she accepts that apology. During the suit she must leave her children with Mr. B., unless she can persuade the judge to give them to her, by showing that her husband is a brute. If she succeeds in this she will be allowed to keep them for the future, until they reach the age of 14 when they may choose for themselves with whom they will reside. (Stoppellben Vs. Huel, 2 Q.L.R., 255. Rivard Vs. Goulet. 1 Q.L.R., 174.)

ANALYTIC FICTION.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

The analytic method in fiction is interesting, when used by a master of dissection, but it has this fatal defect in a novel,—it destroys illusion. We want to think that the characters in a story are real persons. We cannot do this if we see the author set them up as if they were marionettes, and take them to pieces every few pages, and show their interior structure, and the machinery by which they are moved. Not only is the illusion gone, but the movement of the story, if there is a story, is retarded, till the reader loses all enjoyment in impatience and weariness. You find yourself saying, perhaps, What a very clever fellow the author is! What an ingenious creation this character is! How brightly the author makes his people talk! This is high praise, but by no means the highest, and when we reflect we see how immeasurably inferior, in fiction, the analytic method is to the dramatic. In the dramatic method the characters appear, and show what they are by what they do and say; the reader studies their motives, and a part of his enjoyment is in analyzing them, and his vanity is flattered by the trust reposed in his perspicacity. We realize how unnecessary minute analysis of character and long descriptions are in reading a drama by Shakespeare, in which the characters are so vividly presented to us in action and speech, without the least interference of the author in description, that we regard them as persons with whom we might have real relations, and not as bundles of traits and qualities. True, the conditions of dramatic art and the art of the novel are different, in that the drama can dispense with delineations, for its characters are intended to be presented to the eye; but all the same, a good drama will explain itself without the aid of actors, and there is no doubt that it is the higher art in the novel, when once the characters are introduced, to treat them dramatically, and let them work out their own destiny

according to their characters. It is a truism to say that when the reader perceives that the author can compel his characters to do what he pleases all interest in them as real persons is gone. In a novel of mere action and adventure, a lower order of fiction, where all the interest centres in the unraveling of a plot, of course this does not so much matter.—*April Atlantic*.

SAINT SAENS.

M. Saint Saens has a strange original physique. The first thing one sees in him is his nose—a majestic nose, a heroic nose, like the beak of an eagle. The nostrils are marked by deep furrows; the eyes are bright, yet of great softness, and lay hold of the interlocutor, although the gleams are hidden by a perpetual binocle. The brow is large and somewhat bold, his hair is becoming thin, his beard, which grows very thick, is clear chestnut. His mouth has thin lips and is large. Altogether, not a handsome man. He is of moderate stature and his deportment is as strange as his physiognomy. He is awkward and does not know what to do with his arms when they are not on the key-board. Usually he stoops, and his legs seem badly connected with his trunk. He walks like one walking on a pavement covered with ice. He trots and slides, his legs embarrass him; he walks, in fact, as if he were placing his feet on the pedals of his organ. His life has been little agitated, and hence his biography offers no peculiar interest. Well known and well appreciated in the world of musicians, Saint Saens is not popular. He does not aspire to the suffrages of the crowd, even if the crowd could arrive at a higher stage of musical education. He is a savant. His originality does not lie in the character of his inspirations, but in the personal manner in which he treats them. He is a scientist of the scientists. He has seen everything, read everything, studied everything, meditated everything, compared everything, sounded the depths of everything. The terrible science of counterpoint, the history of music, the works of the masters, are no secret to him. Born with almost phenomenal instincts for music, he has been able to develop his original faculties by an extraordinary capacity for work. While cultivating harmony he found time to become a virtuoso of the first order. He succeeded as organist at the Madeleine, the famous Lefebvre-Wely.

A LITERARY CRANK.

M. Philippe Villiers de L'Isle Adam, the author of the "Nouveau Monde," the wild play just produced at Paris, with *George Washington* as one of the characters, is, according to his friends, eccentric; according to his enemies, a crank. He is the last representative of the illustrious race which gave to the Knights of Rhodes their most famous Grand Master, is of moderate stature, wears his hair long, is handsomely dressed one day and in rags the next, and his eye is somewhat wild. He does the strangest things. About three years ago, being tired of gay life, he engaged himself to an undertaker, and was seen by his friends carrying a child's coffin along the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette. While thus engaged he wrote his "Cruel Tales," based on his observations. Afterwards he went into a lunatic asylum and played the part of a lunatic who had been cured. When any one came to the asylum the director summoned Villiers.

"Here, sir, is a gentleman who was quite out of his mind. Thanks to our treatment he has now recovered."

He gained \$40 a month by this occupation. In one of his plays he introduces a band of dumb people.

"Sire," says a herald, "here are some dumb men who wish to speak to you."

"Introduce their chief," replies the monarch. This is as good as Ponson du Terrail's "We men of the Middle Ages."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 17.

PEOPLE have "What to do with the Wellington Statue" on the brain. Among other odd proposals is one for elevating the Duke to the top of Mount Primrose.

THE Government propose to ask this year for £100,000 on account of building the new War Office and Admiralty.

THERE has been a pause for some time past in the manufacture of new clubs, but the little game is to begin again this season. One is to be called "The Harmony;" another, without a name as yet, is to be in the æsthetic line. Harmony is ever in season, the other thing has had its day—the public want a novelty. Who will invent it?

ONE of the oldest clubs in London is "The Cocoa-tree Club." The history of the celebrated members and the episodes that have occurred there would be curious reading, if a little antiquarian; but the pen that could do the deed must, of course, be a brilliant one. A new career awaits the favorite house, as it is to be henceforth a Members' Club—vice a proprietary one. May it flourish!

THE earliest trouble of Archer in his married state was to be severed from his dearly beloved wife at a high-class church, when he innocently sat down in a free seat with his beloved. He was at once bidden, with threatening mien, by a bold Bumble, to get out of that, and go in amongst the men. Archer bowed meekly, and went over to the race of males.

AFTER all, the report seems to be a correct one that the exterior of Westminster Abbey is in such a bad condition that it will be necessary to have considerable repairing executed. The estimate falls short of a hundred thousand; but nearly that sum will have been expended when all has been done that should be to put the sacred edifice in a substantial condition of repair.

THE handsome newly-finished building in Piccadilly—Prince's Hall—which is partially occupied by the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be opened towards the end of April. It will give the West-end one more large and handsome room capable of holding several hundred people. In the height of the season there is a great want of accommodation of this character when balls, grand dinners, and meetings abound.

IT is in contemplation to enclose the whole of Romney Hov, a part of the district of Romney Marsh. An immense tract of land would thus be recovered, and building would forthwith be commenced on a large scale, a railway, would be also constructed, and accommodation provided for steamers. Clearly, there is an idea that another fashionable sea resort will result from the carrying out of this grand scheme.

THE observance of Lent has been of late years on the increase in the Metropolis, but it has never reached the climax that it has this season. There are no balls, no dances of any kind and very few dinner parties. In fact, with the exception of the theatres, it is considered very "bad form" to join any amusement whatever until the (imaginary) fast of Lent is over, which will not be the case for nearly two weeks yet. The (supposed) observance of the forty days' fasting and penance has been on the increase of late years, but never to anything like the present.

THAT atheism is largely on the increase in the metropolis is a fact which the Secularist school crow loudly over, but which is too generally ignored. The lower orders of London ten or fifteen years ago were simply irreligious; now they are to a very large extent openly and avowedly infidel. In Germany, even in the universities, scepticism is said to be upon the wane. According to recent accounts, there seems to be a silent but widespread revival of Evangelicism throughout the Fatherland. In England the movement appears to be the other way. The disagreement of the jury in the Foote prosecution, in the face of clear law and clear evidence, is only a sign of the existing state of things.

MR. JOHN MORLEY was a tolerably well-known man in London society, in the lobby of the House, and even in our streets, long before he became a member of Parliament; yet to the astonishment of those who thought everybody knew him, he has been criticized almost like an utter stranger. He will, perhaps, be amused to learn that his appearance is regarded generally as "disappointing." People are sorry that there is no suggestion of the dreaming philosopher about him. His features are not such as one associates with the highest culture. His walk is criticized. Power there is in his face, but no suggestion in his bearing of that grace of style which makes some of his books models of English. People speak, therefore, with pity for the loss of another ideal, and talk almost as though they were ready to return to the worship of Oscar Wilde.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEY are kind to musical directors in Chicago. Hans Balatka was presented with a bag full of gold on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has presented Mme. Marie Roze with a handsome diamond brooch. It is intended as a souvenir of the recent concert given at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Music, on which occasion Mme. Marie Roze sang "Gounod's Ave Maria," accompanied on the violin by the Duke.

Mlle. MARIE FECHTER, the daughter of the celebrated actor, was married on the 29th ult. to M. Porée her cousin. The religious ceremony took place at the Church of St. Louis d'Antin, before a large company of friends, who met again later in the day at the dinner, and a ball was given at Lemardelay's in the evening.

WAGNER left a larger fortune than was thought, says the *London Figaro*. Herr Neumann alone paid him twenty-five thousand dollars a year in royalties, and the total income from this source is nearly three times that sum. Wagner has also left about fifty thousand dollars in cash besides his freeholds. The opera on which he was engaged at the time of his death is entitled "Die Bussler" (the Penitent). But it is in too incomplete a state to be touched by other hands.

EDWIN BOOTH's parting from Hamburg last week was made the occasion of even a greater ovation than that at Berlin. After he had been called out more than twenty times, the artists of the Thalia Theatre prepared a touching scene on the stage for the departing tragedian, in the course of which M. Formes, in an English speech, presented him in the name of the whole company with the branch of a palm tree, richly wrought in silver, as the fittest emblem of Booth's mastery over all his colleagues in both hemispheres.