

alliance with the Parnellites they brought upon themselves weakness as well as dishonour. Whether Jacobinism can afford to indulge in cynical intrigue or not, to Conservatism it is clearly fatal. There could be no doubt from the beginning that as soon as the Tory Government talked of restoring order in Ireland, Mr. Parnell's treacherous support would be withdrawn. The Conservatives will now, if they are wise, return to the path of principle which they have quitted, discard Tory-Democracy and all the fancies which Disraeli borrowed from Bolingbroke, and Lord Randolph Churchill has borrowed from Disraeli, take the primroses out of their button-holes, and stand by all who will stand by them in resisting Disunion, Agrarian Communism, and Jacobinical domination. Parties henceforth, if the party system continues, will be divided by a new line. On one side will be the party of property, on the other that of Socialistic confiscation. The issue is too serious for the nonsense of the Primrose League. Reform of the House of Lords and of the Church cannot be long delayed: in these, Conservatives, if they would avoid total shipwreck, will find it necessary to acquiesce. Act as wisely as they will, they are at present the weaker side, and they can make themselves the stronger and avert ruin only by formally welcoming the alliance of Moderate Liberalism, which has the mass of the commercial classes on its side, and is probably still the greatest of all the political forces in the country. Lord Randolph Churchill has been pleased, with his usual grace of language, to style a junction with Whigs "scrofulous and unwholesome"; if he persists in opposing it, after the pitiable catastrophe of his Tory-Democratic and "Celtic" policy, to put him under hatches will be the most urgent duty of the commander.

A good deal has been said on this occasion about the interference of the Queen. Her unwillingness to take back Mr. Gladstone may have arisen partly from aversion to his foreign policy, especially in regard to Germany, the relations with which are probably viewed almost as a family affair by the English Court. But if she was resisting Disunion, surely she was doing her duty to her people. She is bound as well as entitled to keep the crown upon her head and to guard the national unity, of which the crown is the symbol and the pledge. This is not one of those matters of policy in which the Sovereign is required by established usage to act under the advice of Ministers on whom the whole responsibility rests: it is a question of the integrity of the nation. The Cabinet, after all, is a body unknown to the law; it is merely a committee of the party majority in Parliament, and its almost unbounded powers have been acquired by gradual and tacit usurpation. The only body known to the law is the Privy Council. If the Queen in the last extremity would throw herself on the Privy Council, and with its support put a suspensive veto on any measure of Dismemberment, so that the nation may at least have a fair opportunity of voting on the vital issue, her action will be constitutional in the only rational sense of the term, and she will merit the gratitude of Englishmen in all parts of the globe.

The spectacle presented to us is a sad one for all to whom England is dear, and who have been accustomed to look up to British Statesmanship, not only as the object of national respect and confidence, but as a guiding light of wisdom and an example of public character to the world. A collapse so sudden, so ignominious, and so disastrous has few parallels in political history. But the situation has one redeeming feature. It must impress with decisive force upon the minds of the British people, and of all free communities, the truth that faction is not to be divested of its evil nature by calling it party, or to be prevented, by any philosophic drapery which its devotees may fling round it, from bringing the power and pride of a great nation to the dust. GOLDWIN SMITH.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS BEFORE THE U. S. SENATE COMMITTEE.

It occurred to Dorothea the other day to take an immoderate interest in the affairs of this nation as they are affected by the prospect of international copyright. Dorothea is a small, agreeable person from New York. Neither her present nor her future happiness depends upon international copyright to any degree perceivable with the naked eye. She has never guided a quill to her own destruction. The aroma of printers' ink is unfamiliar to her small, pink *insouciant* nose. She is neither an author nor the wife of an author. Her enthusiasms had, up to this time, been invariably crimped and trimmed with real Valenciennes. I was glad to encourage a new variety; and we betook ourselves, by means of the unspeakable herdic, to the Capitol to hear a debate upon the subject.

The Capitol is the grandest conception in America. It is mighty; it is classical; it looms up through a gray mist with its great, swelling dome,

like an Athenian temple. It materializes the dignity and strength of an advanced democracy. To live in sight of it is to dwell within the shadow of a sublime thought. Inside, the classical parallel is seriously interfered with. They didn't have "cuspidores" in Athens, for which Athenian shades probably thank Pluto. And I fancy the classical mien was more unruffled, the classical step more leisurely, than that of the wild Western delegate who guided us through the labyrinthine interior to the room where the Committee on Patents considered the advisability of a copyright law.

A number of gentlemen had endeavoured to illuminate the views of that honourable body. Mark Twain was in the act of contributing a ray or two as we entered. Our arrival didn't appear to disturb him. But Mark Twain is notable for his equanimity under all circumstances. At least that is Dorothea's theory of the nonchalance with which he continued his unemotional drawl, while she tripped over her umbrella and precipitated herself into the arms of the venerable Senator from somewhere. Mr. Clemens was dressed in a suit of pepper and salt. I couldn't hear what he said, so I devoted my attention to an analysis of his personal appearance. And his identity will be henceforth to me inseparably associated with a suit of pepper and salt. I can't conjure up the Clemens personality clad in evening dress. There's an incongruity about even a Prince Albert in this connection. His figure resembles a small rectangular cruet, his hair and complexion decidedly remind me of the condiments aforesaid; indeed, if Mr. Whistler will pardon me, I should like to label Mr. Clemens in my memory a symphony in pepper and salt.

Here and there somebody laughed, and Mark looked so grieved and astonished, that the unfortunate offender blushed to his collar, and everybody looked at him. Of course, Mr. Clemens talked in favour of a copyright law, but, judging from the expression upon the rough-hewn countenance of the Senator from Colorado, his arguments were not particularly convincing.

In the pause that followed, I surveyed the Committee, the authors who had come to expostulate for their rights, and the small fraction of the outer body politic that had gathered to see and hear. The Committee looked bored mostly. The chairman, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, appeared to be extremely alert, and asked the most irrelevant questions imaginable. Senator Chase, of Rhode Island, a little yellow gentleman, who vastly resembles a roll of mediæval parchment a good deal creased, made a point or two and seemed wrapped in an intelligent contemplation of the subject; the rest, with one keen exception whose name I couldn't find out and can't embalm, gave the matter the benefit of good-humoured tolerance to all appearance. One or two of these queries clearly indicated the attitude of the average senatorial Philistine toward questions of national honour, unsupported by any consideration of national interest. Dr. Howard Crosby had talked eloquently for half an hour about the lack of integrity involved in the present state of affairs, had appealed to every sentiment of justice and principle of right to remedy the flagrant wrong inflicted every day by the unwarrantable appropriation of foreign works by American publishers, and its prejudicial effect upon the interests of native authors; but without exciting a perceptible ripple of interest. This was the argument of a class—a comparatively poor and politically uninfluential class. These were Quixotic considerations to which the honourable gentlemen were begged to direct their attention. Such views were admirable as private theories, but hardly proper data for practical legislation. How would the people be affected by the correction of the system of thieving by which they at present reap the educational benefit of foreign genius at twenty or twenty-five cents per genius? I record as a matter of observation the fact that, until this question was satisfactorily answered, no perceptible progress was made in the interest of the bill under consideration. Yet this is not the affair of the people, save as they have dishonourably profited by the laxity of their representatives!

"Lots of *litterati*!" remarked the irreverent Dorothea. So there were. Horace Scudder, a gentlemanly little Bostonian, with a charming English accent, brown eyes, and beard also *à l'Anglaise*. R. W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century* and author of "The New Day," a volume of exquisite verselets, dainty and fine as Arachne's spinning when the dewdrops are on it and the moon is looking through it—and about as durable, I fancy. Mr. Gilder has a typical poetic physique and physiognomy. He isn't too well fed. A fat poet is an abnormal creation, and to be shunned by all lovers of the truly consistent in nature. He is thin, with a pale face and a shock of dark hair that stands out in wisps like a schoolboy's. His big, deep eyes are dark too, and have a peculiar dull glow that makes one think of poetic fire smouldering. And his clothes are quite Bohemian, not jaunty, like Mark Twain's, or soberly elegant, like James Russell Lowell's. "A lovely man," remarked the secretary of the New York Copyright League