

THE WEEK:

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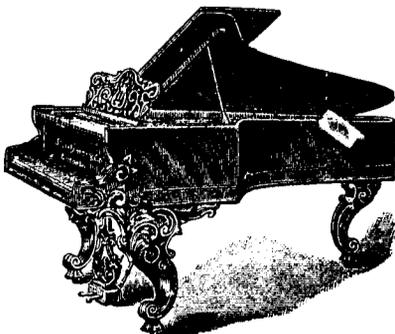
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THE WEEK.

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THE THOUGHTS OF THE ABBE ROUX.*

"Of making many books there is no end." What would the writer of these words have said, if he had lived in the nineteenth century? Who reads them? we ask, as the eye passes drearily and hopelessly over the weekly columns of advertisements. With what advantage to mankind might three-fourths of the volumes published be instantly converted into waste paper!

All this is true, and it has been felt and said many hundreds of times. And yet there is another side of the question. If many books appear which have no proper right to exist, there are also gems "of purest ray serene" that have never been brought out of their "dark unfathomed caves;" and there are Miltons or at least men of real genius and great power of expression whose voices are never heard by their fellow men beyond the "village" in which they dwell.

Such was very near being the case with the author of the volume now before us. The Abbé Joseph Roux is more than fifty years of age, and, although he has had lying in his desk for years the manuscript of "thoughts" not unworthy to rank with the very best of the kind produced by the writers of a nation which has always excelled in this kind of composition, it is only by a sort of accident that they have seen the light. In fact a considerable part of the MS. was lost some time ago at a railway station in France, containing, as the editor thinks, some of the author's best work, now for ever irrecoverable.

Joseph Roux was born in 1834, and was early destined for the priesthood. When he left the seminary, he was recognised by his Bishop as a man of unusual powers; but, whatever the reason may be, he has found hardly any opportunity for their display. For fifty years he lived unknown, and it was a surprise to himself and to his neighbours when some German men of science began to translate and comment upon some of his contributions to Limousin philology. "It is a profound truth," says M. Mariéton, in his introduction to these *Pensées*, "that no one is a prophet in his own country. The more lofty spirits are like those stars which may disappear from our horizon before a ray of their light has reached us." The writer quoted brought M. Roux into notice by publishing some portions of his philological studies in two French reviews, and it was through this circumstance that he came to introduce the present volume of thoughts to the world.

The earlier of these thoughts, M. Mariéton tells us, were written with a view to publication more or less remote. It was only when there seemed little prospect of realising this expectation that the author gave way to the guidance of his own subjectivity, and his editor thinks that his finest thoughts are the outcome of this. We would gladly dwell upon the excellent introduction to the volume; but we shall perhaps contribute more to

the information of the reader if we offer some extracts from the author's own thoughts, premising that it is impossible to give these in English without sacrificing much of their charm, perhaps the principal part of it.

M. Roux begins with a "prelude" upon Thoughts and Thinkers (*Les Pensées et les Penseurs*). How well he understands his predecessors may be seen from his remarks upon the chief of them. He says: "Pascal is sombre, La Rochefoucauld bitter, La Bruyère spiteful, Vauvenargues melancholic, Chamfort acrid, Joubert kind, Swetchine sweet.

"Pascal inquires, La Rochefoucauld suspects, La Bruyère acts the spy, Vauvenargues sympathises, Chamfort condemns, Joubert excuses, Swetchine pities.

"Pascal has a fixed idea, La Rochefoucauld a prejudice, La Bruyère a point of view, Vauvenargues a tolerance, Chamfort a rancour, Joubert an aspiration, Swetchine a hope.

"Pascal refers everything to a madness, La Rochefoucauld to a vice, La Bruyère to a caprice, Vauvenargues to a sentiment, Chamfort to an abuse, Joubert to an ideal, Swetchine to a belief.

"Pascal is profound, La Rochefoucauld penetrating, La Bruyère sagacious, Vauvenargues delicate, Chamfort paradoxical, Joubert ingenious, Swetchine contemplative."

There may be something a little fanciful in these distinctions; but, for the most part, they are not only true but ingenious and indicative of real insight on the part of the writer. We are not sure, indeed, that the most striking portions of the book are not the author's literary criticisms. It is possible that he was of this opinion himself: at any rate the first division of the thoughts is given to literature and poetry. We give some extracts from this section.

"Whoever publishes a work above mediocrity creates for himself a number of friends and enemies known or unknown." "I should define poetry as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions." "A beautiful language is Latin! I love it passionately (*d'amour*). It has been said of a Latinist that he spoke Latin in his cradle. I learnt Latin at college, but with as much affection as if it had been the language of my father and my mother. I have it not so much in my memory as in my very bones, so to speak. I have long thought in Latin, to speak in French. More than this, my prose and my verse still swarm with Latinisms. . . . Premeditated? No, the gift of grace."

The remarks on the drama are peculiarly excellent, and, particularly in regard to the French drama, display in our judgment more insight as well as more delicacy of taste than those of Schlegel. "The dramas of Shakespeare, of Goethe, of Schiller," he says, "even in translations, even in bad translations, have a wonderful power to attract, transport, excite. In presence of the personages whom they place before us—of their words, their tears, their aspirations, their struggles with others and with themselves, every one recognises himself, and, like the slave in Terence, cries out: *Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"

"Calderon. Happy Spain, where an author can write dramas which are decent, Christian, Catholic, devout. Calderon has been able to do this with tranquillity, with simplicity, with sublimity. Would our critics, who forgive the Spanish priest Calderon for having been a dramatic poet, permit a French priest to write religious dramas or melodramas, and have them acted? If he failed, what apish laughter! If he succeeded, what peacock cries!"

"Corneille, Racine. The sun does not enter into his glory at his rising. He must first struggle with the mists below, with the clouds above, but at last he prevails, and comes forth free, splendid. So it was with Corneille, so with Racine. A first bound placed between them and their masters who went before them a wide interval, which soon became an impassable chasm. Their aims being different, and their routes, their obstacles were unlike. Corneille had only to vanquish mediocrities. This is not his glory. His glory is to have grown great by himself without a model. Racine had to overtake Corneille. Without being his like, he was his equal—a supreme triumph!

"Corneille has a countenance austere, a little harsh; his speech grave, a little rough. He is a father whom we respect, a master to whom we submit, with his faults and his qualities. Racine has a caressing voice, an air sympathetic, gracious, sweet. He is a brother, a friend. Corneille lays hold of our mind like a conqueror; Racine plays around our heart,

* Joseph Roux: *Pensées*. Introduction par Paul Mariéton, Paris, Lemerre, 1886.

and penetrates it by slow degrees. In Corneille we have the unexpected, the rough sketch; in Racine the natural, the finished."

And thus he goes on for two or three pages, winding up with the words; "Some prefer Corneille; many love Racine better. Both are wrong, both are right." In close connection with these comments there are some excellent remarks on the writers of the Renaissance, which we must be contented merely to indicate.

There is much in the next section, on eloquence and orators, that public speakers will read with interest, and not without profit.

"Before beginning to speak in public," he says, "who has not felt an emotion almost overpowering. It is an agony which takes possession of the flesh, the blood, the mind, the heart. What must we do to subdue this rebellion of the senses, to appease this tumult of the soul? Rail at ourselves, curse ourselves, insult ourselves? Orator, my friend, in this crisis, pray, if thou art a priest; and, if thou art not a priest, still pray." "A preacher of Notre Dame said: 'In order to preach well a man must have the devil in his body.' He ought to have added: 'And God in his heart.'" "If in thy breast there beats a heart warm, loyal, generous, a heroic heart, then speak, oh speak! If not, silence, thou sounding brass, silence, thou tinkling cymbal. . . . Onesimus speaks elegantly, with a chill elegance. He is of ice, and his hearers too."

The remarks on Demosthenes are excellent, and those on Cicero also, whom M. Roux appreciates more highly than is usual in these days—a fashion which, no doubt, will change. "Cicero," he says, "is not an orator alone, like Demosthenes; he is also a philosopher, a literary man, and so forth. I say 'also' (*encore*), I do not say 'moreover' (*de plus*), as this diversity of aptitudes adds but little to his greatness. Ingenious, elegant, delicate, Cicero is generally lacking in the sovereign energy which characterises Demosthenes. In Demosthenes the orator is supreme, in Cicero the advocate. The one has most genius, the other most talent. The native land seems to be speaking by the voice of the Greek orator. . . . Cicero forgets himself less, effaces himself less. . . . *O fortunatam Romam me consule natam!*"

We have often heard the poet and the orator contrasted, and the contrast denied: *Poeta nascitur, non fit; orator fit, non nascitur*. M. Roux seems to us to hit the truth in respect to the latter. "The orator," he says, "is made, but eloquence is born (*L'on devient orateur, l'on naît éloquent*)."

In the third section, on history and historians, there are some admirable thoughts. We might specially refer to those on Joan of Arc. But, indeed, every part of the book abounds in gems. M. Mariéton draws special attention to the eighth section on the "Country and the Peasantry," which he says are perhaps the most interesting in the collection, the most original, and which should secure an enduring name for their author. Certainly he is right when he speaks of their sadness, or even of their bitterness. Here are some specimens:

"The peasant loves nothing and nobody unless for the use he can make of them." "If you do a kindness to a peasant, he will not perhaps love you; but if you do him an injury, he will certainly fear you." "For every peasant to become a great saint, it is necessary only to be by the supernatural what he is by nature, laborious, sober, patient, resigned." "'Can any one tell me what or whom I may have need of?'—here, in short, is the thought, the criterion, and the motive of the peasant." "The creation has not an animal more sober than the peasant in his own house, less sober in the house of another."

The ninth section is on love, friendship, and friends; the tenth on God and religion. We will give a few extracts from both.

"We love in others our own ideas, our tastes, our opinions. And our talents? No." "Have friends, not to receive, but to give." "How many have a strong love for God, so strong that they have no love left for their neighbour!" "What is love? Two souls and one flesh. Friendship? Two bodies and one soul." "There are some who smile to show their fine teeth, who weep to show their good heart."

"O thou who art calumniated, have patience! God knows. Thou who art ignored, have resignation! God sees. Thou who art forgotten, have hope! God remembers." "Man is naturally religious, he is only supernaturally virtuous." "Let us love God—not as much as He deserves; we cannot. Let us love Him as much as we can; He deserves it." "To believe in ourselves is to conquer the world; to believe in God is to conquer heaven." "Who does not love truth—speculatively?" "The same reasons which we feel to be strong when used against others, seem to us weak when turned against ourselves." "What do you mean by your deity *Chance*? This Being of reason has neither being nor reason." "Some philosophers call God 'the Great Unknown.' 'The Great Mis-known' would be nearer the truth."

FRENCH CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS.

BLACKWOOD has recently treated us to a critique and notice of some French novels which are readable by those who do not wish to neglect the cultivation of that brilliant language in its lighter forms, but yet feel compromised by the perusal of the latest works of the realistic school of Zola and Daudet (who is fast following in his wake), to whom Ohnet, promising as he was, must alas! be added.

THE first great wave of French fiction—so splendid, so varied and abundant—had not yet washed up against our shores in the beginning of the present age when the century was yet young. Balzac, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas had not begun. On the other side of the channel the silence was broken only by such phenomenal utterances as "Corinne" and "Delphine." What a wonderful difference now, both in the absent and the present! How many great names have been added to the list; how many infinitely small. The great school of French writers who arose in the days of Louis Philippe were not moralists; there was no literary tradition among them against the pictorial use of immorality when they found it. But it cannot be said of them that they selected revolting subjects or pretended to find in them the natural incidents of life; neither did they represent to us a society in which everything turns upon unlawful love. Yet with what power, what splendour and wealth and variety that great band of romancers did their work. The impression of boundless resource, of endless variety, of a flood and stream of animation, incident, and interest that never flags, has had a curious effect upon the mind of at least the English reader—an effect which perhaps is the result of a little slowness of national intellect, mingled with that faithfulness to an impression once formed, which is one of the special characteristics of our countrymen. The intellectual classes or those who consider themselves such, the clever people in society and everybody who hopes to be counted among them almost without exception, own an admiration for the French novel, a conviction of its superiority, which is in scientific language a survival of the fittest of the oddest description. Putting aside that section of the community which really enjoys filth, and considers the analysis of passion not much better than bestial to be a triumph of art, this generally expressed and quite honest belief is nothing but a reflection from the good days in which the French novel was in reality a work of genius. That time is past; the skies of France have narrowed—its world has contracted. It is not the cheerful bustling universe of Dumas, any more than it is the great world, seething with a thousand contradictory passions and sentiments as in Balzac—or big with fate and tragic, irresistible pre-ordination, against which man's utmost ingenuity is powerless, as with Victor Hugo. That large existence has shrunk into a monotonous, often repeated, never exhausted tale—the tale so called of love; at its best a thing of guilt and imposture, limiting the mental as well as infecting the moral atmosphere.

And this is life according to the French; and this is what the English reader, slow but sure, having got into his head the conviction of French greatness in fiction from the age of Balzac, Hugo, and George Sand, carried on with faith into the age of Zola and his innumerable imitators. When, however, a writer reaches the position of M. Ohnet, whose latest performance bears upon it the gratifying inscription of fifty-fifth edition, we are at a loss to account for his popularity, to understand the reason of it, or what it means. M. Ohnet, in short, is rather more respectable than most of his compeers, and "Noir et Rose," his latest performance, is as inoffensive as it is futile; it contains two magazine stories, one very *noir*, indeed, entitled, "Le Chant de Cygne," and the other a cheerful medley amusing tale of much the same calibre; "Malheur de Tante Ursule," which is perfectly adapted to be read in any young ladies' school. Perhaps this is the reason why it has reached its fifty-fifth edition. In the absence of respectable light literature, a very small matter which is innocent and decent may thus gain a fictitious acceptance. M. Ohnet besides is not always unexceptionable, and deserves encouragement.

The next in popularity, as in lightness, is a little book by M. Halévy, a collection of short stories such as seem to have become fashionable in France as in England. His book is not so correct as that of his brother author, but it gives us what M. Ohnet does not: an extremely lively and clever portrait of what we may call a new type of young lady, who is highly ambitious to make a good match, yet withal bright and amusing—a thoroughly nice little girl. Such a picture could only be Parisian, or rather Parisienne.

Very different from this pleasant froth is the last work of M. Cherbuliez, which ought to have been placed at the head of the list, not less because of the importance of the author, who is an Academician, one of the Forty Immortals, but also because of the book itself, which is in many respects of a very high class, full of philosophical observations and discussions, which are always clever and interesting, if somewhat above the range, we should suppose, of the ordinary readers of fiction. "La Bête" (the French seem to have taken a fancy to titles of this kind, witness "La Morte," by Octave Feuillet, a lugubrious name quite un-descriptive of the book which bears it) is the supposed original foundation of our human nature as discussed in different senses by the philosophers who surround the hero and teller of the tale, whose story as contained in the early part of the book is a miserable one. There are episodes, we must add, which seem quite unnecessary and out of place in such a work, which M. Cherbuliez must surely have put in to please the vulgar among his audience, to whom a spice of immorality is the necessary salt to tempt the palate. He has done ill to adopt this vulgar trick to secure, we suppose, the senseless audience who will not read his book, notwithstanding his bait. M. Hector Malot is one of the best known of French novelists in

England. His "Sans Famille," with its fine flavour of Dickens, mingled with its native piquancy and the innocence of the subject, so unlooked for by sober English readers, made him at once known and received. It is not always safe to trust even M. Hector Malot; but his present book, "Zyte," has very little against, and a great deal to be said for it. There is still that fragrance of influence from the great story-teller which may be detected in various French authors, not so much in the humorous parts, in which we ourselves prefer him, as in those domestic and sentimental pictures which we do not think generally Dickens' strong point. The French apparently are of a different opinion, and it is curious not only that they should be influenced by him rather than by Thackeray, for example, whom we should have supposed with his keener eye for all the shades of human character and caustic force of social criticism to have been much more likely to attract them than Dickens. "L'Affaire Froideville" is a work of a very different kind. M. Andre Theuriet is perhaps not so well known to English readers as his merits deserve. He is a fine writer, some of whose books breathe the very spirit of the woods and fields; but, alas, he has followed the bad example of his brethren, and in "Le Paradis des Enfants" has given us a miserable story of brutal intrigue. Apart from the destruction of his heroine, however, his tale opens up to us an entirely new field. French romance of the present moment seems to delight in presenting itself as illustrating the life and ways of certain classes of society. "Mœurs Militaires," "Mœurs d'Ouvriers," "Mœurs d'Employés,"—they abound in all senses. It is at once something more and something a great deal less than those scenes of the "Comédie Humaine," which Balzac set himself to expound with force and knowledge so tremendous. It is into the interior of a Government office in Paris in the year 1864 that our present guide introduces us. The *mœurs d'employés*, or official life, thus opened up to the world, is an extremely curious picture of the intrigues of office, and the humours and gaities of the book are full of interest.

"André Cornelius" is the work of a younger man, and one whose literary aspirations have not yet settled down into the beaten ways of romance. It is a gloomy but remarkable book, full of power, and a sweep and concentration of passionate feeling which will sometimes prove almost too much for the nerves of a simple reader. The severe unity of the subject and the few characters introduced increase the intensity of the narrative, the only defective point of which is the length of descriptions of agonised personal feeling, the cries and tears of which a French hero is nowise ashamed.

A military book is by no means a rarity, but a book which really tells us something about soldiers is. Tales of military adventure are common enough, and there will always be far too great a supply of sketches of garrison life and its humours; but we scarcely know where a genuine description of the *soldaten leben*, the interior life of the soldier, is to be found. This is the more remarkable in France, where, as the author of the "Cavalier Misery" says, almost every one has served his time in the army and is liable to be called upon to serve again in case of emergency. The story of the book consists of the rise and fall of Misery—the earlier part, and far the most interesting, treating of his gradual advancement till he receives his promotion, from which point it begins to fail.

The reigning school of French fiction has hardly been touched upon in these notes. It is an agreeable surprise even to find so many books of the day which can be handled without contamination.

ENGLISH MUSIC DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

UNDER this head Mr. Francis Hueffer, a competent authority, gives in the *Fortnightly* a careful review of the progress of music during Her Majesty's reign, of which we make the following abridgment:

It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception perhaps of natural science, there is no branch of human knowledge or human art in which the change that the half century of the Queen's reign has worked is so marked as it is in love of music. Fifty years ago music in the higher sense was to the majority of the people an all but unknown quantity, and there are still gentlemen of the old school who have a certain pride in confessing their inability to distinguish "God Save the Queen" from "Yankee Doodle." At a meeting convened for the discussion of the Royal College of Music, and graciously presided over by the Prince of Wales, at St. James's Palace, the speakers, including such men as Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Iddesleigh, Lord Rosebery, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury, almost without exception prefaced their remarks on the subject by saying that they knew nothing about music. This want of interest formerly so common can no longer be laid to the charge of intelligent Englishmen, and the revolution in taste and feeling which characterises the present century is in no small measure due to the enlightened encouragement of art and artists by the reigning sovereign. Queen Victoria has, from the first, acted upon the wise principle of encouraging the art quite independently of the narrow prejudices of nationality. Every foreign musician of distinction, from Mendelssohn down to Liszt, has met with a gracious reception at Windsor and Buckingham Palace; and before her bereavement withdrew her to a great extent from public amusements, the Queen was a constant frequenter of the Italian opera. In her public encouragement of arts, however, Her Majesty has essentially followed that principle of a constitutional sovereign which says "The king does not govern." She has governed neither concert-room nor theatre, and apart from the expenses of the private band, ably directed by Mr. Cusins, the royal exchequer has not been drawn upon for any of those contributions which continental kings and kaisers bestow upon their court theatres.

It is impossible to give even the briefest summary of the musical events of the last half century, or to do more than sketch in a few words the state of English music in the year 1837, and to indicate in what direction and by what means its development has been brought about. The concert season of 1837, we are told, may be dismissed without any reference; equally dull and dreary was the operatic season; as regards concerts, however, one important exception must be made—the first performance in London of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," which was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on March 7th, at Exeter Hall, after having been heard for the first time in England at the Liverpool Festival in the previous October, Sir George Smart acting as conductor. Virtually the only stronghold of music was, in those days, the Philharmonic Society, which still survives, although it has long been superseded by younger and more vigorous bodies in our musical economy. New and important works by contemporary musicians were frequently included in its programmes, and in the year 1837 it produced, among other things, a symphony by Onslow, and the overture "The Naiads," by Sterndale Bennett, then a young and rising musician, who subsequently became the conductor of the Society.

The Antient Concerts were already in a very attenuated condition, though they lingered on for many years afterwards. Their programmes consisted mainly of detached choruses and airs from Handel's oratorios, varied now and then by a song from Purcell, or from Cimarosa, or the English Bach, or an overture of Mozart. Even for a complete performance of one of Handel's works this venerable society, founded as early as 1776, had not strength enough left. Its performances were directed (not, of course, conducted) in turns by the Archbishop of York, royal and other dukes, and various members of the aristocracy, and the admission was so difficult that ordinary mortals were excluded. It was to make up for the shortcomings of the Antient Society that the Sacred Harmonic Society was founded in 1832, and five years later it had already done excellent work, performing "Israel in Egypt," the Dettingen "Te Deum," "The Messiah," Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," and other works in complete form. The opera season of 1837 was considered by contemporaries as a dull one, and yet we hear of Grisi's exquisite singing, Lablache's imposing attitudes, and those wondrous high notes of Rubini, as displayed in Costa's "Malek Adel;" and later on Pasta appears in a selection from "Tancredi," and "Anna Bolena," given on the same evening, June 29th, for the benefit of M. Laporte. All this took place at Her Majesty's Theatre. In the way of journalism music was represented, apart from the criticisms which appeared cursorily in the daily papers and in the *Athenæum*, by one organ of its own, *The Musical World*, founded in 1836.

Having thus completed a brief summary of things musical in London fifty years ago, it will now be necessary to consider what changes Queen Victoria's reign has brought about. The Antient Concerts have long ago gone the way of all things superannuated. The Philharmonic, as was said before, still exists, but is declined into the vale of years and shows signs of weakness. The Sacred Harmonic came to a close five years ago, although its name survives. Its very valuable library is now in possession of the Royal College of Music. As to Italian opera very different opinions might be held. Its Juggernaut car has crushed almost every manager approaching it from the time of Handel to our own, and yet the number of worshippers goes on increasing. In the current season there are to be no less than three and may possibly be four enterprises going on more or less simultaneously, and so to speak, cutting each other's throats; but in spite of this the glories of the institution are departed. Italy is the land of song no longer. It has only two composers of genius left, one of whom, Verdi, is an old man, albeit still in the full possession of his genius, while the other, Arrigo Boito, is too fastidious or too much occupied in other ways to give a successor to his "Mefistole." As to the Italian school of singing it is practically a lost art. Even on so important an occasion as the first performance of Verdi's "Otello," at La Scala, a few months ago, Italy was unable to furnish a cast of native singers. Mr. Mapleson last season introduced a score or so of American prima donnas, and perhaps one or two Italian tenors. Italian opera as a distinct type of art has ceased to exist, and its ruin is due to the so-called "star system" and the caprices and exorbitant pecuniary demands on the part of leading singers which it engenders. Fortunate it is that some of the stars are at least of such genuine brilliancy, as we observe in Madame Patti, Madame Albani and other excellent artists. The Antient Concerts are dead, but of new concerts, institutions with plenty of life and vigour in them, there are plenty. Orchestral music, for instance, has made enormous strides within the last twenty years. No one has done more for the higher forms of music than Mr. Manns, the conductor of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. Their programmes comprise almost the centre range of classical and modern music, and bear ample testimony to the universal taste and breadth of knowledge possessed by Mr. Manns and by Sir George Groves. Additional impetus to orchestral art in England was given by the advent of Hans Richter, by many considered to be the first of living conductors and certainly unrivalled in the interpretation of Wagner's music, whose dramatic works, together with Beethoven's symphonies, form the staple of Richter's concerts. Quite recently the London Symphony Concerts, founded and conducted by Mr. Henschel, have made an important addition to this branch of art, supplying at the same time the long felt want of high-class orchestral performances in London proper during the winter months. If orchestral music has been largely developed in the Queen's reign, it may well be said of chamber music, or at least of its public execution, that it took its rise in this reign. The credit in the first instance is due to Mr. John Ella, who, at the age of eighty-five, is still in possession of his mental powers. He started in 1845 a series of morning concerts of instrumental chamber music, which became known as the Musical Union, and were continued by him for thirty-five years, with the result that many works of that class, both classical and

modern, and very many of the greatest virtuosi of the day, were for the first time introduced to English amateurs. Mr. Ella, it may be incidentally mentioned, also invented the analytical programmes which have ever since played so important a part in concert rooms. The Musical Union ceased to exist in 1858-59, when the Monday Popular Concerts were started on the basis of good music at cheap prices. The first performance took place in February, 1859, being devoted exclusively to the works of Mendelssohn. In 1865 the Saturday Afternoon Concerts were added to those given on Monday evening. Like a mighty tree the Monday Popular Concerts have thrown out shoots more or less vigorous, which in the form of annual concerts and series of concerts come round every season. The educational impetus given to music in England was largely due to the late Mr. John Hullah, who, in his private and later on in his official capacity as Government Inspector of Schools, did excellent service in diffusing elementary knowledge among all classes. In 1841 he started at Exeter Hall classes for the instruction of schoolmasters, and from that modest beginning the vast development of musical training in elementary English schools has taken place. Among the great music schools of England only the Royal Academy existed prior to the accession of Her Majesty, having been founded in 1823. As far as outward prosperity and the number of its pupils are concerned, the Academy has never been in better condition than at present. It cannot, however, be said to be conducted exactly in accordance with the spirit of the age. That spirit on the other hand is in two different ways represented by two younger institutions, the Royal College of Music, over which Sir George Grove presides, and the Guildhall School of Music, ably directed by Mr. Weist Hill.

It is curious to observe the comparatively inferior position which the tendency of dramatic music, properly so called, occupies at all these schools, and the small number of vocalists at all equal to Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, which in consequence they have supplied to the stage.

The place of the deceased Sacred Harmonic Society has been taken by numerous choral bodies, amongst which the excellent choir conducted by Mr. Barnby must be mentioned. On the other hand, the largest city in the world is able to support an English opera only during one month, or at most six weeks, of the year. For the last decade or more the cause of English opera has rested entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. Carl Rosa, a veritable Atlas, who has borne the heavy burden to the satisfaction of innumerable audiences in London and the provinces. Mr. Rosa at the beginning had not only to get his singers where he could find them in America and England, but he had also to create a repertoire for them. That repertoire is of course not limited to works of English growth, but it includes a considerable portion of them, Mr. Cowen's "Pauline," Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda," Mr. C. V. Stanford's "The Canterbury Pilgrims," Mr. Mackenzie's "Colombe" and "The Troubadour," and quite recently Mr. Cordor's "Nordesa." The veteran composers, Mr. John Burnet, Mr. Charles Salamar and Sir George Macfarren are still alive; Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Barnby and Mr. Cousins are well reputed both as composers and conductors. Among the younger men, Mr. John Francis Burnet, Mr. Wingham, Mr. Stanford, Mr. Hubert Perry, Mr. G. H. Lloyd, Mr. Cowen, more successful as a writer of symphonies than as a dramatic composer, Mr. Goring Thomas, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Cordor and Sir Arthur Sullivan, so far as outward success is concerned, may be referred to as by a long way the first of English composers.

HAS IRELAND A GRIEVANCE?

A GREAT number of persons in the United States of America have been expressing opinions on the Home Rule Question in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. These opinions have been in favour of Home Rule, very often with vehement censure of those who oppose it. I will say nothing as to the propriety of this, nor of the decency of governing bodies in the States joining in it. All I will say is, that it would be as well for them to know the truth of what they are talking about. That they may have an opportunity of doing so, I write this paper. And as I am going to state matters of fact it is right I should say who I, the witness, am. I am an Englishman, *pur sang*, if there is such a being. I have no land in Ireland, nor interest in it or against it, save as I have in relation to Yorkshire, or any other part of the United Kingdom, its prosperity concerning me as much as that of Kent. I have been a lawyer and judge, with, I believe, a fair character, and am now retired.

So much for the witness, now for his facts. Ireland is part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The other part is Great Britain. There are some small islands, and there are the Colonies and India. The legislative bodies are the Queen, the House of Peers, and the House of Commons. The House of Commons is elected by voters in Great Britain and in Ireland. The population of Ireland is between one-sixth and one-seventh of the population of Great Britain and Ireland. The qualification of the voters is the same in all parts of the United Kingdom. The number of members returned by Ireland is somewhat larger than it would be if in proportion to its population. It is much larger than in proportion to its wealth. It is very much larger than in proportion to its taxation—its contribution to the fund of the United Kingdom of which it is part. Of course, the representatives of other parts of the Kingdom being over five times the number from Ireland, if they take one view and the Irish another the Irish are outvoted. So are the members for Yorkshire or Scotland, if they take one view and the other members another. So, I suppose, New York or Massachusetts might be outvoted if all the other States differed from either of them, but no one talks of tyranny

because such a thing may happen. It might happen that Ireland should be unanimous and outvoted. It is possible, as a matter of fact, but it never has happened and never will. England and Scotland have no interests opposed to those of Ireland. Their interest is in Ireland's prosperity as much as in that of any other part of the United Kingdom. To justify separation on the ground of a possible minority being obliged to give way to the majority would make the existence of a state impossible. Every county would be justified in seceding from the others; every parish in the county from every other; and, for aught I can see, every house from its neighbour. This is not a mere general argument; it is actually and practically true of Great Britain and Ireland. No one, not Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Parnell, or any American dynamiter, says that England and Scotland have anything to gain by the misgovernment of Ireland, or wish anything but its prosperity. Except, then, as the whole of a state governs every part of it, England does not govern Ireland save as Ireland governs England, *i.e.*, as part of the United Kingdom. Irish members have turned the scale. Their junction with the Liberals turned the last Conservative Ministry before the present out of office.

That Ireland is in no sense oppressed by the rest of the United Kingdom is beyond doubt. As I have said, it has a slight excess of representatives. Its taxation is less per head of its population than that of any other part of the kingdom. Some taxes levied on the other parts it is entirely free from. In a speech delivered at Aberdeen in 1871, Mr. Gladstone said:

"What are the inequalities of England and Ireland? I declare that I know none, except that there are certain taxes still remaining which are levied over Englishmen and Scotchmen which are not levied over Irishmen; and likewise that there are certain purposes for which money is freely and largely given in Ireland, and for which it is not given in England or Scotland."*

Positively strange as it may seem, the Home Rulers make no complaint except as to the land, and of that I shall have something to say presently. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his unhappy scheme he could not say there was any wrong to be redressed. All he could and did say was, that legislation did not come to Ireland "in an Irish garb." It seems incredible, but it is true. We hear a vapouring talk about Ireland as a nation, and a parliament on College Green, and Ireland for the Irish, but when they had got it they do not say what they would do with it; what wrong they would redress; what bad law they would get rid of; what good law they would make. Nor is the equality of British and Irish limited to legislative power. The Irish, in proportion to their numbers, hold as high offices in the state, army, navy, and church, as Englishmen.

Now as to the land. As to that, it is very certain what would be done by an Irish Parliament. The present owners of land would be deprived of their property, which would be given to the present occupiers. Observe, it would not be an adoption of Mr. George's scheme. The land would not be nationalised. Rent would not be received for the benefit of the community or state. The present tenants would remain in possession rent free. The owners would be plundered of their property. The man who had invested his money in buying a bit of land would be made a beggar. Do the Americans approve of this? Do they think it right? Do they think nothing can be stolen except what the thief can walk away with? This will probably be denied, and it will be said that the Irish only wish to get rid of excessive rents, and that if fair they are willing to pay them. They may, indeed, pretend to think so now, but the result would be as I have stated. Mr. Davitt, one of the Home Rule leaders, said that the landlords should have no rent except on the prairie value of the land. And so strongly did Mr. Gladstone feel this, that when he brought in his Home Rule bills he proposed that Parliament should find, at first, £150,000,000 to buy out the landlords. But it may be said that the landlords do exact excessive rents. I deny it, not on my own knowledge, but on the authority of Mr. Gladstone himself. He has stated that as a body they had behaved well, though there might be exceptions. But further, laws, exceptional laws, have been passed to prevent the possibility of injustice. The tenant cannot be disturbed in his holding if he pays his rent. The rent is fixed at a fair rate by a tribunal appointed on purpose. Owing to the fall in the price of farm produce distress has fallen on some farmers, and Parliament is now engaged in devising measures for their relief. It has been said, and is the truth, that nowhere in the world are the land laws so favourable to the occupier as in Ireland. An Englishman said he dare not explain the Irish law to a meeting of farmers in England for fear they should demand the same law for themselves.

It may be asked, Why, if this is so, is there that distress which undoubtedly exists in parts of Ireland? The cause is, that there is no industry in Ireland save the cultivation of the land, and the land will not support those who cultivate it. The north-east and east parts of Ireland can live, and live fairly well; but the miserable holdings of an acre or two in the west and south-west will not support their occupiers if given to them rent free. Let me put it to the good sense of my readers. Here are five men cultivating two acres each. One of them could cultivate the whole ten, but now each man works one-fifth of his time and wastes the rest. Is it possible that there should not be distress? In one of the last returns there was a statement of a man paying a rent of twenty-two shillings for his holding. Ten shillings and sixpence were taken off. What does this come to? A little over a farthing a day! Has rent anything to do with this man's case? He is relieved of one farthing, and still liable for the other. Some years ago the case was different. These men, these farmers, went, in harvest-time, to England and earned wages which enabled them to live for the rest of the year in a sort of idleness in Ireland. But owing

* London Times, September 27, 1871.

to the depressed state of agriculture in England, the diminished quantity of grain to be harvested, the use of machinery, and the poverty of English farmers, this source of income for the Irish is much lessened.

The true remedy for the condition of the congested districts is not Home Rule, not the plunder of the landlords, but a diminution of the number of persons seeking a living out of the land, a removal of the congestion, consolidation of the holdings, so that they may afford a living to the cultivator. How this is to be effected it would be foreign to my purpose to discuss, but I can safely say this: That the Parliament of the United Kingdom is as willing, as able, and as anxious to do it as any Parliament that could be formed in Dublin.

It may be asked, Why, if this is so, is there the popular desire for Home Rule, which is shown by more than four-fifths of the Irish members being Home Rulers, and by the people in their meetings, and otherwise? I have given one reason: The people are agricultural and want the land rent free. There is another reason. There is no doubt, a hearty hatred in Ireland of the English, not on account of what the English say or do now, but on account of what they have done, or are said to have done, in by-gone generations. Whether England has been as bad to Ireland as some would make out I will not discuss. I think a good deal may be said for our ancestors. They were struggling for their religion and their liberty. They, doubtless, were savage to the Irish, but the Irish retorted when they had the power. The massacres of Englishmen and Protestants, the latest not a century old, are not to be forgotten when we are talking of how the English have behaved. But I say I will not discuss who was right or wrong in the past; in the present I bitterly complain that I am an object of hatred to an Irishman, not for anything I have done, but for what some other Anglo-Saxons have done generations back. I feel it to be most unjust: I have never had any feeling toward Ireland except for its good. I remember, in 1829, when Catholic emancipation took place, the joy I felt, and the admiration for O'Connell that I had. So I was, too, when that act of justice was done, the disestablishment of the Irish Church—and I speak of myself for no egotistical reason, but because what is true of me is true of my Anglo-Saxon countrymen. Whatever the past may be we are not enemies of Ireland. We wish her well. We are interested in her prosperity. What ill motive or reason for bad conduct to Ireland can be imputed to us? None.—Lord Bramwell, in *The Forum*.

PRINCE ALBERT AND NAPOLEON III.

The following extract from Count Vitzthum's *St. Petersburg and London, in the Years 1852-64*, being a report of part of a conversation with Prince Albert in 1860, ten years before the overthrow of the second French Empire, gives a remarkable proof of the Prince's political sagacity.

"I should not like," began the Prince, "to call the Emperor Napoleon inscrutable (*unberechenbar*). I see in him no enigma. The events we have yet to expect will, upon the whole, not surprise me. He is, as he himself may sometimes think, the creature of a fatal destiny. His actions are the logical consequences of given premises. He *wills* far less often than he *must*. He is more to be pitied than blamed. His whole power is based upon falsehood. His system rests upon unsolved and insoluble contradictions, which assert themselves in mutual antagonism, and which must bring his system, if not himself, to a tragic end. To reconcile these contradictions is impossible. Napoleon would like to be Emperor by the grace of God, and at the same time *par la volonté nationale*. He can be either one or the other, but never both together. In France his power, if not derived from, at least rests upon, the Catholic priesthood. In Italy he is compelled, in order to escape the daggers of Orsini's confederates and to redeem the promises made to the Carbonari, to threaten and attack the Romish Church. In like manner the "l'Empire c'est la paix" stands in direct contradiction to the need of giving employment to his army. Eventually he will not be able to live without the halo of a campaign on the Rhine. Even in apparently minor matters the Nemesis of these insoluble contradictions pursues him. Take merely the architectural embellishments of Paris. Enormous sums were lavished to stop the mouths of hungry workmen; whole quarters of the town were pulled down and built up again. But when the work is finished, there will be no one in the most beautiful metropolis of Europe rich enough to enjoy its beauty. The most extraordinary thing is that the Emperor is really sincere in both directions. He honestly believes in what he says to-day, and just as honestly in what he will say to the contrary to-morrow. That things have gone tolerably hitherto is owing to his undeniable cleverness and to a certain exercise of prudence. But with all his gifts he is unable to appreciate that irreconcilable conflict of ideas, of which he is sure in time to be the victim. He is no philosopher. You will not be surprised to hear that I have vainly endeavoured to make this clear to honest Persigny. The only policy which, in my opinion, England has to follow with Napoleon can be expressed in two words: Dignified Silence. I trust we shall succeed in keeping our hands clean. No doubt this is more easily said than done in a country where the Press is free and the Parliament a power. If they took my advice, the Government would keep silence. That would be quite enough. What is now going on is very simply explained. Our national movement, the Volunteer Rifle Corps, even more than our naval preparations, have made Napoleon anxious to lull John Bull to sleep again. Up to a certain point he may succeed. At present we are not, unfortunately, in a normal condition. Since 1846 we have been wanting a great man to guide us, and hence the machine of State is not working as it should. What we want is a leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons like Sir Robert Peel. We have lost in him the rock against which the waves of democracy broke, the man who in the House of Commons struck with true instinct the keynote of resistance."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SUPPOSED TURN OF THE TIDE IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Those who are watching with interest the course of affairs in England must always be on their guard against the influence of intelligence seasoned to suit the Irish or anti-British taste of New York. I have correspondents in England who ought to know the truth, and who would certainly not conceal it from me. That the situation is still, and is likely for some time to be, highly critical there can be no doubt, but I see no reason for believing that it has of late changed seriously for the worse, or that Mr. Gladstone is much nearer power than he was three months ago. Allowance being made for vacancies and for the loss of two seats, the strength of the Government in the House of Commons appears unimpaired. The relations between the Liberal Unionists and the Government, as one of the leaders of the Liberal Unionists assures me, are as good as ever; and from the same correspondent I learn that the efforts of the Liberal Unionist party to organise throughout the country have been beyond expectation successful.

Two bye-elections have been lost by the Conservatives, and in others the Conservative majority has been reduced. But the probable account of this is that a number of Liberals who at the last elections left their party lines (some of them, as I can personally testify, only under very strong pressure) to save the Union, have fallen back into their party lines again since the Union has ceased to be the issue immediately before them. In the election for St. Austell, where the Unionist candidate seems to have belonged rather to the Liberal wing, so that Liberals could vote for him without prejudice to their party allegiance, instead of a falling off there was a very large increase of the Unionist vote.

Bye-elections are notoriously apt to be decided by local or secondary causes. Even the Cass affair may have had something to do with the apparent turn of the tide in the metropolis. The influences which decided the Spalding election, as I am assured by one who knows the district well, were local. The Conservative candidate was a stranger, the Separatist was a local favourite; and the Methodists, who are numerous, and who, at the last election, had stayed at home, were brought out by Mr. Gladstone's alluring half-promise of Church Disestablishment.

On the whole there seems to be no reason to doubt that were another general election held with the Union for the issue, the result would be the same that it was last year; while if Lord Hartington joins the Government there will probably be a permanent junction in defence of the Union of the forces which showed their collective strength the other day in St. Austell, and which combined are sure of carrying the country. The reverses in the bye-elections will no doubt encourage Irish resistance to the Crimes Act; but this seems to be about the measure of the disaster.

The Government seems to show confidence and vigour in the application of the Crimes Act. Mr. Parnell's tone on the other hand is greatly subdued, though it cannot be supposed that his designs are changed. The absence of the Liberal leaders from the banquet given in his honour indicates that there is among their more moderate followers a reluctance to be associated with obstruction and crime which they find it necessary to respect. Mr. Parnell has as yet taken no measures to call the *Times* to account, or to prove the spuriousness of the fatal letter; and Liberals who shrink from complicity with murder are not likely to be unaffected by this fact. There are symptoms, moreover, of estrangement between Mr. Parnell and the more violent and venomous men of his party.

The defection of Sir George Trevelyan was discounted long ago. From the moment of his losing his seat his restlessness and instability appeared. In saying that his final departure has removed a dry rot from the timbers of the Unionist cause, my friend, Professor Tyndall, gives homely utterance to an unimpeachable truth. Lord Randolph Churchill is bent on mischief, and he still has followers in the Music Halls and in the "Habitations" of the Primrose League; but in the House he leads a party of one, and his character is so well known and his machinations are so much upon the surface that he can hardly do his party much more damage by his perfidy.

The situation, I repeat, is still full of danger, as any one must mournfully admit who knows the character of the new constituencies into whose hands the supreme power and control over the destinies of the country have been suddenly thrown. But the exultation of the American enemies of England at the supposed turning of the scale in favour of Mr. Gladstone is founded, as I believe, on partial intelligence, and to say the least is premature. Old England is sorely beset both by enemies without and by traitors within, but she is not dead yet. Yours faithfully,

July 28.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LAMARTINE was once visited by a deputation of "Vesuviennes," furious female republicans of the *petroleuse* type. The captain was the spokeswoman. She told him that the "Vesuviennes" had come to tell him how much they loved him. "There are fifty of us here," she added, "and our mission is, in the name of all the others, to kiss you." This announcement made the poet shudder. The captain of the gang was tolerably good-looking, but the others were a horrible-looking, half-drunken and half-crazy set of viragoes. He was equal to the emergency. "Citizens," said he, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. This is certainly the happiest day of my life; but permit me to say that splendid patriots like you cannot be treated as women. You must be regarded as men; and, since men do not kiss one another, we must content ourselves with a hearty hand shaking." The ladies considered themselves highly complimented. "Vive Lamartine!" they shouted, and each one of them grasped his hand. When they were gone he fainted.

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WE hope the declaration of a Collingwood farmer to the Toronto *chroniquer* of the *Mail* the other day is something more than idle chit-chat. The farmers of the country ought to be the aristocracy of the country, and they might be, if their young men after passing through school and college would go back to the farm instead of herding in towns and villages and overcrowding the professions. It is impossible that all the doctors of medicine and laws that are fledged every year can find sufficient employment to keep them going while travelling that road to eminence that they doubtless all deserve. In common with other callings, the medical and legal professions are subject to the laws of supply and demand; and as a result of general prosperity and of the spread of education, the supply of educated able men in these professions has for long outstripped the legitimate demand. Many of these, we have little doubt, would do much better in trade, and trade would be elevated through them. Any calling must be elevated by the spread of education and refinement among its practitioners, and by so much the country would gain. Farming, however, is a laborious life, and its pecuniary rewards are small; and any large diversion of people from city life to the farm must, we fear, overcrowd a business that would seem now to produce more than can find a ready market.

DR. MCGLYNN has blossomed, in the pages of the *North American Review*, into a full-blown Protestant. In an article in that magazine, entitled "The New Know-nothingism and the Old," he declares that the Roman Catholic Church in America is engaged in a vast political scheme to convert the Republic to its own uses; and, in support of this, he avers that in the West and North-west the Roman Catholic churches are being deliberately Germanised. "The ears of American boys," he says, "born of German parents, are boxed by the religious teacher in parochial schools in St. Louis for the heinous offence of speaking the common language of America—the English—and a clerical superintendent, to reproach an American boy of German parents for manliness and independence, can find no better words to do justice to his reprobation than to say, 'Du bist ein Amerikaner'—(You are an American!)" And he points out the significance of the establishment by the Church of separate schools in hostility to the public school system. With something similar to this we are pretty familiar in Canada; the encouraging of Separatism in national sentiment and in education is as un-Canadian as it is un-American, and should come to an end in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario as well as the Western and North-western States. But this was as true before Dr. McGlynn was excommunicated as it is to-day; yet he had not a word to say against the system till he had a personal quarrel with the Church.

WE are glad to believe with Mr. Goldwin Smith that the somewhat adverse looking results of the recent bye-elections in England indicate no gain to the Home Rule heresy. "The topic of Home Rule," the *Standard* points out, "is now worn threadbare; not indeed in the estimation of thinking men, but in the minds of such as are incapable of fixing their attention for any length of time on a single subject, and to whom change of thought is always a welcome relief. Ireland has formed the principal subject of exposition in all the political speeches which have been addressed to the people for the last twelve months; and it is not to be wondered at if it no longer makes the same impression as it did when it was comparatively fresh." This, indeed, is a phase of the danger which Mr. Goldwin Smith has several times dwelt upon, and which he refers to again to-day, in his letter elsewhere; political power has been transferred to hands unfit to wield it, to men whose minds, if they ever receive a clear idea of a great principle or a great duty, are too feeble to retain it for long; to whom a "hoary rhetorician" having talked himself into their confidence, notwithstanding the glaring unwisdom of his acts, is as a god, and a king that can do no wrong; and who would cheerfully surrender the destinies of their country in a perilous crisis to the guidance of the most erratic and untrustworthy Minister it ever had, because they have no wider horizon than their paltry parish interests, and the Minister is a good man. As though the ability to read the prayers in church, and to persuade first oneself and then other people that every side of a question is in turn the right one, argues an ability to

govern an empire and to transform successfully in a day, and on a mere benevolent whim, a Constitution that has taken thirty generations of wise and valiant men to build up. We are glad to know, we repeat, that this supreme act of folly is not likely to be done; the gods have not yet marked England for destruction by making the greater part of the nation mad. The apparent Gladstonian gains are accidental and temporary—relative, not absolute; the conservative forces have suffered, not from a more formidable attack, but from the supineness and lack of power incident to fighting under two flags. Unity is required from both Liberal and Tory Unionists. Most men cannot fight under an unaccustomed flag—in this case but a little while ago a hostile flag to one or the other camp—and a new emblem must be unfurled. What that should represent—what besides plainly shows the true value of the late pretended Gladstonian gains, is indicated by the fact that in all the recent bye-elections where a seat was fought on distinctively Tory lines, by a typical Tory candidate, the result was defeat, as at Coventry, or a reduced majority, as at Paddington; while whenever a Liberal-Unionist appeared on the scene, as at St. Ives, nobody durst oppose him; or, as at St. Austell, where a Gladstonian ventured to contest a strong Radical constituency against a Liberal-Unionist, the Liberal-Unionist immediately pulled down the previous Gladstonian majority.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* speaks with impressive force of a danger to which the British Constitution is exposed as a result of the Liberal advance of late years. Mr. Gladstone in his speech to his American sympathisers appeared to exult in the possibility of the Unionists being put in a minority of 80,000 votes at the next Election (instead of the majority, amounting to that number of votes, which gave them power at the last Election), which would enable him to carry his revolutionary proposals. But as the writer of the letter justly says, it is nothing less than terrifying and shocking that a great constitutional change such as that proposed should be dependent on the shifting of a bare majority from side to side. It is clear that with a nation so evenly divided no fundamental change ought to be made in its Constitution. A bare majority has a perfect moral right to keep things as they are—as the Unionists are doing—for there is evidently no overwhelming desire for change; but to justify a revolution such as that rashly proposed by Mr. Gladstone, very much more than a bare majority ought to be in its favour. There should exist such an universal consent to it, that the majority in its favour, while independent of parties, should be so great as to be absolutely overwhelming. "Hitherto," says the writer of the letter, "we have maintained our stability in two ways: by taking historical institutions for granted, and by keeping active political power in the hands of a class, the fundamental assumptions of whose members were identical, however important might be the practical differences among them. Neither of these safeguards any longer exists. Nothing is taken for granted, and there is no governing class. The Liberal leaders have taught their adherents to look upon the House of Lords as a contemptible assembly, existing only to be bullied and squeezed. The result is that that much despised thing, a paper Constitution, alterable only by something much bigger than a bare majority, would be a godsend. . . . A year or two ago Mr. Goldwin Smith warned us that our problem was to organise our democracy in this sense. The counsel has been greatly enforced by what has happened since." "Organise your democracy"—educate your masters—is the pressing thing to be done, while withstanding the onrush of revolution, gaining time by such assistance as the House of Lords can still afford. This is not inconsiderable, now the best of the Liberal leaders have rallied to the Conservative forces of the country; but all the strength of the nation will be required if it is not to be overturned by that return swing of the pendulum Mr. Gladstone so much desires. No country can continue to stand whose form of Government depends on so unstable a regulator as a pendulum.

A CONSPICUOUS and admirable characteristic of the Irish people is the purity of its women. No one can throw a shadow on this splendid fact, for which the Irish race deserves all honour; but to say, as the Irish and Mr. Gladstone are perpetually doing, that the Irish are otherwise also innocent is to claim too much. In a letter to the *Times* Mr. W. Ambrose shows, from official statistics, that while in England 71 per 10,000 persons are accused of indictable offences, the proportion in Ireland is 94 per 10,000, notwithstanding that in Ireland a great number of offences are dealt with summarily that in England are indictable. And another correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "Statistician," adds that in England and Wales, while 16,763 Irish men and women were committed out of 562,474 Irish inhabitants, only 134,750 English and Welsh persons were committed out of 25,974,000 inhabitants. The Commissioners of Prisons report that "The points which are most remarkable in the returns

are the great excess of criminals in the population of Irish birth who have immigrated to England, and the great excess of females to males among the criminals from Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, especially the latter. The proportion of criminal females to males of English birth is about one-third women to two-thirds men, the Welsh and Scotch are about half of each, while the Irish amount to three-fifths women to two-fifths men." Now, the Irish and the Gladstonians assert that the object of the Crimes Bill is to diminish political freedom, but manifestly there is among the Irish something worse than political freedom to coerce.

EUROPEAN politics are just now an interesting study. For months past Europe has seemed to be on the eve of great events, yet the great events do not come, although every day shows that so deep rooted is the quarrel among certain of the Great Powers that probably nothing but an explosion and the defeat of one or the other can settle matters. The Slavophil party in Russia see in the rise of the German Empire an obstacle to the spread of Russian influence and power; the French see in it the loss of two provinces, and, worse still, of the prestige which is as the breath of life to France. Germany, her very existence menaced on either hand by these two Powers, now certainly in alliance for a common object, gathers allies about her for defence, as best she may, and can only await events, hoping that in the chapter of accidents the opposed alliance may be broken up, or one of the allies become so engaged that the other may be settled with alone. Any complication that would absorb the attention now bestowed by France or Russia on Germany would be most welcome to Prince Bismarck; with Russia especially engaged elsewhere, he could not afford to miss the opportunity to struggle out of his present difficulty. Germany is menaced with very serious danger—danger which is constantly increasing, and which will tax all Prince Bismarck's astuteness to avert. He has seemed disposed to yield very much to Russia in the Bulgarian dispute, to conciliate her; but it is hard to see how when it comes to the point he can consent to the strengthening and aggrandisement of so determined an enemy to Germany, by giving her Constantinople, which, moreover, will not remove the animosity of the Slav towards the Teuton. His patience has limits, as shown by the recent financial war against Russian credit in Berlin. Through the newspapers there he has poured red-hot shot into the financial resources of Russia, and has by this simple device fairly crippled his threatening enemy, a feat which, performed at a critical juncture, we take to be one of the most skilful even of Prince Bismarck's many achievements.

FRANCE on its part is a brooding volcano. The National Fete day passed off in quiet, only because the Paris mob saw unmistakeable signs that the Government had made up its mind to disperse any rising with gunpowder. The Radicals, who send to Paris a third of the Deputies and are in a great majority in the larger cities of France, mean war with Germany, and they are at open feud with the present Moderate Republican Government. An accident may any day overturn this Government; the Right, by whose grace it is maintained in power, are half inclined to step aside and let the threatened Revolution loose. They are restrained, however, by the knowledge that a revolution would probably mean foreign war, and if the war proved successful the Radical *régime* that carried the country to success would be immoveably rooted in popular esteem. Then good-bye to the hopes of the Right, the Legitimists and Bonapartists—the Monarchists of all kinds, whose fight of kites and crows with the Republicans now makes up the internal history of France, and perhaps saves her from rushing to destruction. In her disappointment and sullen jealousy France has repelled from her side every Power that might help her, every natural ally she has, for the sake of allying herself with the one that hates Germany most. This is the bond of sympathy between Russia and France, two Powers whom history and tradition would place—the one as oppressor, the other as friend, of Poland—in opposite camps. Spain, more perhaps than any other Power, is a natural ally of France. She could give France invaluable help in her projects on the Southern shore of the Mediterranean; and not being a Great Power, of whom France is therefore jealous, nor having manifested the least desire to interfere in Egyptian questions, it is to Spain that France might be disposed to entrust the military custody of the Suez Canal. Yet even Spain has not altogether escaped the effects of the pervading ill temper and jealousy of French statesmanship, and has been perhaps by this time forced in self-defence into the Central European alliance against France. But the hatred felt toward England by France is the most remarkable feature of the present situation. England has done nothing since Waterloo to deserve such hatred. It is hardly possible that it has been excited wholly by events in Egypt, which indeed are rather a pretext than a cause for hostility. Yet it would seem that France would

rather go to war with England than with the Power that has brought all this disgrace upon her. Perhaps she feels that in case of defeat she would not suffer as much from England as from Germany, who, victorious, will certainly "bleed her white" once for all, and so end this agony for a generation or two. The only cause, in fact, for French hostility to England is the consciousness that France has lost first place among European nations, while England, in spite of internal trouble, goes on prosperous. It is her loss of prestige that galls proud France; and this might be recovered in a war with England without the danger attendant on one with Germany. Certainly the lost provinces would not be recovered; but if France could regain some of her prestige, by any means, she would be in a better position as regards Alsace and Lorraine, whose loss indeed would not be so much felt were the greater wound to French honour healed.

THE Sultan is reported to desire to re-open the Anglo-Egyptian Convention negotiation; and we suppose if he is ready now to ratify it in the form that was agreed upon, there would be no insuperable objection to his doing so. But no changes in its provisions can be made, changes which have no doubt been prompted by France and Russia. The Convention was agreed upon between England and Turkey, and England's demand for its ratification was supported by Germany, Austria, and Italy, that is by all the peaceful powers of Europe, whose goodwill for Turkey is thoroughly sincere, while it was opposed by France and Russia, the only two aggressive States in Europe. A consideration of the character of the two groups of Powers ought to have been sufficient to determine the Porte to ratify the Convention; but if, in its weak state, it choose to lean upon so infirm a prop as the friendship of two such powers as France and Russia, no one will be to blame but itself when the natural consequences follow.

It appears from the text of the Convention that, contrary to the general impression, Turkey, instead of having a joint right with England to re-occupy Egypt with troops in case of "external danger, internal disorder, or failure of the Khedive in his duties as a vassal," had an independent and prior right of interference, for reasons some of which, as in the last of the three cases mentioned, could hardly affect England at all; and the Porte thus had conferred upon it by the Convention a right of independent interference in Egypt which it has in fact, though not in theory, entirely lost. The first annex to the Convention declares that the refusal of any Mediterranean Power to agree to the Convention before the expiry of three years shall be held to constitute "a danger from without," and so to justify the postponement of evacuation. This is the actual position; and while France refuses to agree to this Convention, "a danger from without" exists which will prevent England from evacuating the country. Reviewing the correspondence published with the Convention the *Times* says:—"On January 15th of the present year, Lord Salisbury summed up the result of the twelve months of discussion that had already taken place, and placed on record the unalterable resolution of Her Majesty's Government 'in no circumstances to leave Egypt to the danger of renewed anarchy, or to accept as an admissible contingency that the void left by the retirement of our troops should be filled by the forces of any other Power.' That despatch clearly indicated the limits of the concessions which it is possible for this country to make without immediate dishonour and disaster, and the history of the subsequent negotiations is simply a history of sedulous efforts on the part both of France and of Turkey to push us beyond these limits. Our right of re-entry in case of external menace or internal disorder was represented by the Turkish diplomatists as an infringement of the sovereign rights of the Sultan—an amusing contention in view of the fact that he owes to this country every vestige of real authority that remains to him in Egypt as well as every guarantee he possesses for the payment of his tribute. The French, on the other hand, have been equally bent upon obtaining an unconditional promise to evacuate on an early date. They absolutely ignore the conditions in which this country is placed, and do not condescend to anything that can be dignified with the name of argument. Frenchmen do not like to see Englishmen in Egypt, therefore Englishmen are to walk out at once. That is all that the French representations come to, and it is pretty evident that the principle involved—*ste-toi que je m'y mette*—is capable of the most far-reaching application.

REFERRING to Mr. Gladstone's oft-repeated declaration that in the matter of the Irish question he has the whole civilised world with him, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich, says: "From our countrymen in the United States we know what difficulties there, also, are thrown in the way of a prosperous, social, and political development of things by the Irish revolutionary element. On American as well as on its native soil it rebels

against law and right, against labour and progress, and disavows all the responsibilities on which our civilisation reposes. Every policy which is calculated to intrust power to such people and their friends we must reject as disastrous. Transient differences of opinion may arise between England and Germany, and these have never been lacking whenever Mr. Gladstone was at the helm. But between Germany and the Irish revolution, with its appeal to the brute fanaticism of the masses, to plundering and murder, any understanding is impossible."

TWO SONNETS.

I.

I THINK of all the hunted things that be ;
 Things that run fast, pant hard before the wind,
 With cruel noises in their strained ears dinned ;
 I think of all the threatened things that flee
 Into the kind dark night's profundity.
 I see pale women who have never sinned,
 And those who have, with flushed cheeks fever-thinned,
 Beating the air of their captivity ;
 Things manacled and barred, things bound and strapped,
 Confined and crowded, loathing their vile chains ;
 All these I see in anguish, dogged and trapped,
 And of all these the gross or subtle pains
 Are less than those that to my portion fall—
 I am the meanest slave among them all !

II.

I think of all the freest things that be,
 And say within myself—I will not pause
 Upon my fresh-found way to ponder cause,
 Or plunder star-worlds, watch the unerring sea,
 Or weigh the pollen on the honey-bee ;
 Lo ! I will keep the smallest, shortest clause
 Of all my new-born being's new-made laws !
 Thus will I emulate the sovereignty
 That Nature to her meanest creature gives,
 Forego all fealty even to the wise,
 Dismiss the doubtful, apprehend the true,
 Regain the regal that was once my due,
 Slay all but self-allegiance and arise
 The equal of the freest thing that lives !

SERANUS.

RISTORI'S MEMOIRS.—II.

RISTORI was eighteen years of age when she for the first time acted the part of Mary Stuart in Schiller's drama. Recalling that event, she says : "How much did that great, profound, and most difficult study cost me ; how hard and thorny was the road I had to traverse to obtain the object of my desires, it is almost impossible for me to relate."

Speaking of her romantic marriage, she says :

The time came when my art no longer sufficed to satisfy the desires of my soul. The passion I always had for children was not only innate in me, but was developed to an extraordinary degree, and it seemed to me that in them was to be found the realisation of true felicity on earth. Maternal instinct was even so strong in me that I revolted from playing the parts in which it was overlooked. For all that, I considered the duties of marriage incompatible with my art ; but fate had in store for me a partner of congenial spirit, who shared my worship for the fine arts, and who, far from suppressing my ardour, urged and stimulated me to pursue my way with increased energy.

After a series of strange and romantic incidents, which have been named by many of my biographers, I was united in marriage to the Marchese Guiliano Capranica Del Grillo. Many painful circumstances obliged us to be frequently separate during the earlier years of our wedded life. I had the inexpressible happiness of becoming the mother of four children, two of whom were cruelly torn from us by an early death. We were almost insane with grief ; but the two surviving children were destined to fill the void left in our hearts by the loss of their poor brothers. We were never separated from them. We kept them always with us, and they were the source to us of great happiness.

By degrees I began to perceive that the sweet influence of maternal affection gained such hold upon me that, imperceptibly, my enthusiasm for art diminished gradually, and its sway over me became less powerful.

To her triumphant journey through France, Ristori devotes considerable space, the most interesting portions being those which relate to Rachel, France's tragic queen, who was then in the zenith of her fame.

Ristori had no sooner reached Paris than she expressed an earnest desire to meet Rachel. Her friends, however, dissuaded her from calling upon the French actress, or writing to her. Actuated by pride, they awaited some word of welcome from Rachel. None, however, came, and Ristori feared that her sister actress was regarding her in the light of an intruder, who had come to France to win away, if possible, her laurels.

The friends of the two great actresses did everything in their power to prevent a meeting, although they themselves, it appears, were naturally

willing to meet. Of the interference of Rachel's friends in this respect, Ristori writes :

Rachel's numerous and faithful admirers did everything in their power to influence her against me ; whatever efforts my friends and her acquaintances made to draw us together, in accordance with my intense desire, none seemed to succeed. It was a pleasure with many of her jealous friends to impress upon Rachel's mind that I had spoken disrespectfully of her. Others again came and reported to me that Rachel, in a fit of artistic jealousy, had used malicious expressions concerning me. They tried to make me believe that, desirous to be present at one of my performances of "Myrrha," and yet anxious to escape recognition, and avoid the observation and comments of the curious, she seated herself, closely muffled up, at the back of a box ; that after the fourth act, which contains some of my most important scenes, and in the midst of the public applause, she not being able any longer to control herself, tore to pieces the book of words she held in her hand, and exclaiming, "Cette femme me fait mal ; je n'en peux plus !" left the theatre in spite of all the persuasion of those who were with her. I never believed such gossip, and I should have wished to hint to the friends of the great artiste that the way to calm her was by proving to her that her immense merit placed her above the instability of public opinion, and that in spite of the reality of my success this could, in no way, diminish the potency of her genius.

Ristori was determined to see Rachel act, and one evening, contrary to the advice and wishes of her friends, she attended the performance of "Horatii," in which Rachel assumed the character of *Camilla*. It was the first time that Ristori had ever seen her great rival, and her impressions are thus given :

The moment she appeared on the stage I understood the potency of her fascination. I seemed to behold before me a Roman statue ; her bearing was majestic, her step royal ; the draping of her mantle, the folds of her dress—everything was studied with wonderful artistic talent. Perhaps criticism might have been able even to find a little fault with the unchanging arrangements of the fold, which never fell out of order. As a woman it was easy for me to understand the reason for that arrangement ; Rachel was extremely thin, and used every pains to conceal it. But with what marvellous skill she did so ! She knew thoroughly how to modulate her voice, and at times it was magical. At the wondrous culminating point of the imprecation flung at Rome and the Romans such accents of hate and fury rushed from her heart that the whole audience shuddered at her. I heard and saw her, and I paid her tributes of the most frantic applause. How fully I appreciated the judgment of the critics when they ascertained that there were no such points of contrast between us as could be used to our mutual injury ! She was the tragic genius of France, and we followed two widely different paths. We had two different modes of expression ; she could excite the greatest enthusiasm in her transports, so beautiful was her diction, so statuesque her pose. In the most passionate situation, however, her expression was regulated by the rules imposed by the traditional French school, yet the power of her voice, fascination of her look, were such that she compelled admiration and applause. We of the Italian school, on the contrary, do not believe that in culminating moments of passion this self-possession is possible. When a person is overtaken by unexpected sorrow, or sudden joy, is it not the natural instinct to move the hand to the head, and, as a necessary consequence, must not the hair be disarranged ? The Italian school of acting holds that one of the chief objects of the stage is to represent nature in a living and truthful manner.

Space prevents my going further into extracts from these "Memoirs ;" those which I have given will, however, serve to furnish some idea of the character and highly interesting nature of this important work.

Her tributes to the work and talents of her great Italian contemporaries, Salvini and Rossa, are several. Of the former she says :

Salvini is justly admired for his rare dramatic qualities ; they have nothing conventional about them, but are characterised by that spontaneity which is the truest and most convincing revelation of art. The richness of "pose," of which Salvini makes use, is in him a natural gift, brought to perfection by his close study of nature, which the teachings of no school could have produced or fostered in him. In a word, Tommas Salvini is to me the living incarnation of Italian inspiration.

The American edition of the "Memoirs" will be published early in May, simultaneously with its appearance in England, France, Italy, and Germany.

New York.

WILLIAM J. BOK.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is pleasant to note the success of Canadians in magazine literature, both in England and the United States, especially the former, where cultured and scholarly competition is so much greater than with our friends of the Republic. The place of honour in the present number of *Macmillan's* is given to a very delightful paper on "The Revived Study of Berkeley," by Professor J. Clark Murray, whom we think we are not wrong in believing to be Professor J. Clark Murray of McGill, whose spirited defence of Mr. Blake was a feature of *THE WEEK* in a recent issue.

Scribner's opens this month with the Thackeray letters which have done so much toward securing an immediate popularity for that magazine. There is nothing new to say about them, for they are revealing nothing new regarding the genial novelist. They charm us now chiefly by their quips and pranks and sunny revelations of ways and manners given through the round spectacles so prominently caricatured by their merry owner. An interesting and discriminating paper on "The Picturesque Quality of

Holland," is contributed for all art-lovers by George Hitchcock. If another word could be patiently listened to regarding "Realism and the Art of Fiction," we find it in Mr. Arlo Bates' article on that subject, who really seems to know what he is talking about, and why he is talking about it. There is a delightful variety in the fiction of the number: a romantic short story of Germany, "The Lost Rembrandt," by T. R. Sullivan, Harold Frederic's strong dialectic serial "Seth's Brother's Wife;" Professor Boyeson's "Perilous Incognito," and a graceful and clever little Spanish sketch by Lizzie W. Champney, "Father Acacio's Little Game."

THE *Atlantic* has a timely and sympathetic article upon "The Spell of the Russian Writers," by Harriet Waters Preston, and a keen and logical word from George Frederic Parsons on "The Growth of Materialism." Dr. Holmes is a privileged person, but we don't like to see him devoting his chronicles to serious criticism of London tailors and bootmakers. Mr. E. H. House, a personal friend of Charles Reade's, gossips pleasantly about the novelist's characteristics. "The Second Son" growth of that curious Oliphant-Aldrich graft leaves its humble heroine in a most thrilling predicament, and the scene of Crawford's "Paul Patoff" changes to the East with great gain to the colour and interest of the story.

THE Lippincotts have given us a *chic* little bit of writing in Sidney Luska's novelette, not such a worthy work as the young New York journalist has put his name to before, but bearing a decided smack of originality and freshness. That prolific writer of short stories, Professor Boyeson, is here with a bit of pathos he calls "Life for Life." Edith Thomas blossoms into poetry in *Lippincott's* as in *Scribner's*, and Edgar Fawcett tells what he believes to be "the truth about Ouida," which is not, however, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

PEOPLE interested in General Guzman Blanco, President of Venezuela, who care to scan his lineaments, will find what seems to be an admirable portrait of him as the frontispiece of *The American Magazine*. The portrait accompanies a pleasant sketch by Dr. W. F. Hutchison, "Along the Caribbean." Julian Hawthorne's name is the most notable in the list of contents, but his "Village Types" is very poorly and weakly written indeed, for Julian Hawthorne.

THE contents of the *Magazine of American History* are, as usual, important and interesting. A very remarkable specimen of the engraver's art forms the frontispiece—a reproduction of the "Presentation of the Resolute to the Queen," the large portrait picture painted at the time by Her Majesty's orders, which now hangs in Sydenham Palace. The accompanying article is written by one who took part in the ceremony, and whose face is on the canvas, Dr. Fessenden Otis. The contribution of the month's accomplished editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, is "A Love Romance in History," which deals with the fortunes of the Schuylers.

THE *Forum* opens with an article by Gov. J. B. Foraker, on "The Return of the Republican Party," which contains suggestions that will cause the Democrats to look to the significance of their lightest official act, and seems to point, as many articles do, to the prospect of a political war, strictly between North and South, at the election of 1888. The Rev. Howard Crosby has a sensible word on "The Forgotten Cause of Poverty," which he remembers to be improvidence. Gen. A. W. Greely contributes strong adverse testimony to the use of "Alcohol in High Latitudes," and John D. Champlin explains to us rather unsatisfactorily "Why we Have No Great Artists." *The Forum* has this month, however, a more than ordinarily imposing list of writers, with a rather less than ordinarily satisfactory list of contents.

THE *North American Review* has its usual startling list. A paper which Canadians will appreciate is Moncure D. Conway's "Queen of England," a discussion not of Her Majesty's character or person, but of the history, position, and prerogatives she represents. "Arthur Richmond" is not heard from this month; we hope his (or her) last insult to the Hon. James Russell Lowell choked that brilliant and versatile writer. Dr. Searle tells people of sedentary habits to drink tea or coffee or wine, or smoke tobacco, to prevent dyspepsia and biliousness—advice antipodal to that usually given such people by physicians of their personal acquaintance. Mr. Dion Boucicault rallies once more to the fray in a paper on "Coquelin-Irving," in which he dissects the lately expressed views of both these men of the footlights. The climax of sensationalism is reached perhaps, in Wong Chin Foo's "Why Am I a Heathen?" which completes the list of denominational interrogation points, we hope, unless the enterprising editor should succeed in eliciting a confession of faith from a Mormon or a Mohammedan.

A MUCH idealised portrait of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe forms *The Century's* frontispiece, and in the "Open Letter" department that lady tells us how she came to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—a little thing which it is remarkable the *Century* people did not think of before. The war element is stronger than ever in this number; it must be that the privates are contributing their views individually now. The opening article "Snubbin' Through Jersey," has a flavour of the inimitable *Tile Club* articles of old time, and is charmingly illustrated.

HUGH THOMPSON'S comical illustrations of "Sir Dilberry Diddle," form the most attractive feature of the *English Illustrated*, which has still however, much to learn from its American rivals, if not in execution in choice of subject and design. Mr. Crawford's story, "Marzio's Crucifix," passes through some chapters of very vivid writing, and Miss May Crommelin's "Visit to a Dutch Country House," gives us much entertainment with its light glimpses of foreign domesticity, and promises more.

RECENT FICTION.*

"MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE" is the title of a novel brought into the world by Mr. Edgar Everett Saltus, a gentleman whose "Philosophy of Disenchantment," and "Anatomy of Negation," are still rippling the waters of literary criticism, though published nearly a year ago. As might be guessed by the titles of his former works, if not known by their contents, Mr. Saltus is a pessimist—in print at least. His novel is written primarily to make a distinct sensation, of which it will not fail; and secondarily to illustrate his theories of life and living, which it also abundantly accomplishes. It is known that Mr. Saltus experienced much difficulty in finding a publisher for his work of fiction, although his theories found a market easily enough. Which shows that one may speculate in a general way as unpleasantly as possible about humanity with impunity, even with credit, but when one embodies such speculations in a set of people, in their ideas, motives, and conduct, it is quite a different thing—a thing to fight shy of and condemn.

Nobody will be surprised after reading "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" to learn of the author's difficulty. It is a significant comment upon the tolerant moral tone of the time that Mr. Saltus could find anybody willing to shoulder the responsibility of providing him with a vehicle for his insult to his race. Most people will reflect after reading it, upon the extreme points of space the modern literary world swings between. There is Tolstoi in his semi-barbaric country, under all its limitations of ignorance and subservience, writing books to convince people of the sublime practicability of Christian life (in the archaic sense) in this present nineteenth century; here is Saltus, a genius of infinitely smaller and inferior sort to be sure, but still a genius, writing them to show the blackness of human depravity, and the hopelessness of effort to whiten it. The inspiration is of course wholly different—we cannot at all believe in the American's sincerity—yet it is noteworthy that such antipodal doctrines should choose the universal channel of communication with the public of to-day—the novel. Mr. Saltus' story is briefly told—the more briefly the better. Mr. Incoul is a New York widower-millionaire, whose character is depicted from childhood in neutral and unpleasing tints. He meets Miss Maida Barhyte, a Hebe-like damsel, with whom he falls in love—in the covetous sense. Miss Barhyte is poor, has a grasping mother, and a lover, Lenox Leigh, whom she has met at a watering place, the other visitors at which are supremely and reasonably scandalised at their joint behaviour. Lenox Leigh is not a marrying man, and when Mr. Incoul proposes to Maida, suggests flight to Europe *sans ceremonie*, religious or other. When she declines to entertain this suggestion, although circumstances have made it surprising that she does, Lenox consoles himself that even in the event of her marriage he may still be a part of her life. Somewhere in Spain, at a realistic bull fight, a very bad, unnecessary, and inartistic incident which Mr. Saltus might have made his humanity quite gross enough without, Mr. Leigh interrupts the wedding trip. It should have been mentioned that by stipulation Maida is Mr. Incoul's wife in name only until such time as she can learn to love him. In Spain Mr. Incoul discovers his wife's past and the part Leigh is likely to have in their future. Then with diabolical system he cheats at cards so that the suspicion attaches to Leigh, who commits suicide rather than live disgraced, and murders his wife very ingeniously without the possibility of being found out. The story closes with this murder, and the spectacle of Mr. Incoul going over his accounts with his courier.

It will be easily seen that a vast amount of skill would be necessary to make such a story, with all its details and minor characters, which are most harmonious, at all bearable. This skill is in no sense lacking. The people and situations are treated with the truest artistic reticence; there is a beautiful finish in the writing; the characters, with the exception of Mr. Incoul's, cleverly conceived. Mr. Incoul is inconsistent. We are given to understand that he is redeemed by a religion of refinement and what passes in the world for honour. Such a man could never condescend to a dishonest device at cards, to punish another man. Such a man, moreover, could never have had as a boon friend and travelling companion the coarse Blydenburg. The strong points of Mr. Incoul's fiendishness are lost, moreover, by lack of contrast. Mr. Saltus has not let light enough into his picture to see its shadows. The conception is of course false, abnormal, absurd, as a whole; the working out of a grotesque and horrible idea, that could have no parallel in human life or experience. Here and there there is an extravagance, or a sub-affectation, which one welcomes as showing more easily these qualities in the book as a whole—the catalogue of the notorious books in the French villa, for instance, and the very title of the book, in which Mr. Saltus' sarcasm quite overdoes itself. It will be apprehended that there is little reason to congratulate either Mr. Saltus or the public upon this novel—the best wish we can express, in fact, for the author's literary future is that he may live to regret having written it.

"ZURY: THE MEANEST MAN IN SPRING COUNTY," by Joseph Kirkland, surely marks a period in realism. Whether the reader will hope it is a period of progress, or a period of limitation, will depend upon the direction of his literary education in great measure. The liking for realistic literature has been, to a great extent, a recently cultivated growth; while the passion for romance has swayed the human breast ever since the human mind could apprehend it; and, admirable art as is the former it finds no little adverse criticism from those whose favourite motto is, "*De gustibus non est disputandum*."

* "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," by Edgar Everett Saltus. New York: Benjamin and Bell.
 "Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County," by Joseph Kirkland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.
 "The Crusade of the Excelsior," by Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.
 "Victims," by Theo. Gift. New York: Henry Holt and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

tandum," and who apply it exclusively to their own opinions. There will be those who will find in this magnificent study of life and character and country development of the American West only a collection of trivial and uninteresting episodes, couched for the most part in a vulgar and dreary vernacular. And there are others who will recognise in it some of the best work that has fallen into the hands of American publishers for years. "Zury" is a boy, in the beginning of the book, travelling with his parents and a weakly baby sister with a waggon—"Mayflower of the West," four hundred miles to take up a frontier farm in Illinois. His shrewdness, his pluck, energy, and enterprise appear from the very first, and the reader watches almost with pain the tightening strings of the influences which contract his naturally noble nature to that of the "meanest man in Spring County." It is a tribute to the genius of Mr. Kirkland that—even in reading of Zury that he half-drowned a puppy for a boy that had been given ten cents to do it and had no heart to, on receipt of the ten cents, picked up the wretched little beast on its arrival on shore to complete the operation, discovered it was of the sheep-dog variety, took it home to be the mother of many puppies, sold a duplicate puppy to the original boy for thirty-six cents and his note for the rest of fifty, with the dog as security, and took back the animal when the boy failed to pay—we never lose respect for him. All through the illness and death of the baby sister we get tender glimpses of Zury that assure us of his manliness, and prepare us for the slow, sure process of softening and dissipating his miserliness which sets in on the arrival of Anne Sparrow, the district school-teacher, who has adventured to Illinois from Boston, disappointed in the fallacies of Fourierism and the chances of life in the East. Anne is the weakest conception in the book, and we grudge her her importance. Her talk is stereotyped and unnatural, and so is her conduct in some cases. She lacks the embodiment that is given to the rest, and she elicits no sympathy from the reader. This may be because Mr. Kirkland has spent so much on her himself. She helps immeasurably, however, in bringing out the strong, vivid, and faithful portrayal of frontier life as the author gives it to us. It is this, in fact, and Zury, that gives the book its exceeding value. The life is bound up in the man, and works through all his instincts, while he binds the interest of a keen intelligence, a strong will, a masterful nature, and a good heart to the circumstances in which we find them. We cannot think "Zury" the great American novel that some critics find it to be; it has not the movement, the scope, the human elements of a book that might fairly be called typical of American life; but we recognise in it many qualities which will be indispensable in the great American novel—sincerity, clear-sightedness, resolute non-sacrifice to artistic effect—in a word, truth, and that brain-force and discrimination, without which truth is a tool in unskilful hands.

BRET HARTE'S dominion over the Spanish West of this continent is still undisputed, although the once merry and *insouciant* ruler is beginning to write as one who feels the cares of a crown. We miss this earlier quality of Mr. Harte's writing more than we rejoice over any virtues that the years have added to it. His buoyancy was always that delightful part of him that served to blind us to his defects. It seemed ungracious to be critical of one so jocund. But "The Crusade of the *Excelsior*" is written clearly by a jaded pen. Its humour is forced, and its gaiety mechanical. There is none of the author's wonted volatility in it. The plot, too, is one that affords plenty of room for this vanished feature. Briefly, the *Excelsior* is a ship that leaves New York nominally bound for San Francisco, but really under control of one Señor Perkins, a Spanish-American gentleman, infatuated with the idea of visiting the Central American Republics, who directs her movements to subserve his purposes. On board is the usual medley, chiefly American ladies. The party find themselves, by the coöperation of a storm, along the Lower Californian coast, thrown upon the hospitality of the settlement of Todos Santos, of six square leagues, cut off from the interior by the rocky wilderness, and from the knowledge of outward passing vessels by a constant, impenetrable fog, for fifty years. Here the Alcalde rules, and the Church is supreme, and the people's knowledge of history stops with George Washington; and here the fortunes of the party are brought through their necessary complications to a close—a happy one for all except the gentle Perkins, whose execution we strongly regret, as an unnecessary and inartistic incident, which dampens our spirits even more than the melancholy which seems to envelop Mr. Harte's genius.

As will be guessed from this rough outline, the idea of "The Crusade of the *Excelsior*" is, in its daring, originality, and ingenuity, well worthy of Bret Harte. As of old, his descriptions are inimitable. Nobody will read the book without feeling the familiarity of a personal experience in Todos Santos. The author appears, too, to have thought out his people with more care than usual; there is little or nothing of the sketchiness usually to be observed in his work. In some cases, notably that of Mrs. Brimmer, we are not grateful for the elaboration. Mr. Harte is not often happy in the delineation of feminine character, by the way, but it tells admirably in Perkins, who is really a masterpiece.

IN "Victims" we are confronted with a mixture of Jewish, Protestant, and Roman Catholic persuasions that is not attractive on the face of it. The Jewish people live in London; the Protestants and Catholics in a little town on the French coast. There is a young French girl *ingénue*, a beautiful Jewess, her companion and teacher, an aristocratically-connected doctor, who loves the French girl first and the Jewess after, a wicked Count, a weak mother, and others. The story is conceived with spirit, and brightly written; but we wish the authoress had not made her purely arbitrary distinctions among her people. She has not been able to give us anything more Jewish in her Jews than their aquiline noses and their

Hebrew names; her French are somewhat better, but, as this element is subordinate, our grievance regarding the children of Israel is not abated much. They are very nice, jolly, friendly people, and Leah, the heroine, is really a well-painted person. Miss Gift's idea seems to have been to show that the much-abused Jews are precisely like everybody else, and, if her readers can persuade themselves to take those of her history to be in any way typical, she succeeds.

THE ARTS.

AMONG the sketches and finished pictures in the summer exhibition at the Dudley Art Gallery which have received a flattering notice is "Our Lord among the Doctors in the Temple, both hearing them and asking them questions," by the Marchioness of Waterford, a powerful sketch of sixteen of the figures in her ladyship's fresco at Ford Castle. The fresco itself is now famous, and this study recalls, it is said, the manner of the old masters in the quiet dignity of the composition, and the broadly effective treatment of the colouring. "Mount Hermit—A Pass in the Canadian Rocky Mountains," is described as a masterly drawing of peculiar interest, being the work of the President of the Canadian Academy, Mr. L. R. O'Brien. "The Three Linns, Braemore, Ross-shire," is a very strong picture by Walter Severin, the president of the Dudley Gallery Society. A vista under some trees, with children looking for their strayed dog, "Where are They," by George Marks, is one of the successful drawings of the exhibition, while "Fourscore," by Henry Terry, is a grand old study of a female head.

IT is a pleasant change after wearying the eye with miles of canvas in the larger and more ambitious galleries, to visit Mrs. Allingham's dainty little exhibition, entitled, "In the Country," which is being held in the rooms of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street. Here everything can be seen, for all the pictures are on the line, nor does the collection contain anything garish or inharmonious. Red-roofed cottages, old world gardens, sandy lawns, heather-clad downs, and the blue distance of the Surrey Hills, these are the materials of Mrs. Allingham's art, and out of them she has created such pictures of one of the most charming districts in England as are never seen elsewhere, except in Mr. George Meredith's novels.

MISS HILDA MONTALBA is painting some of the Burano girls, makers of the exquisite old lace, the manufacture of which has been lately revived by the Queen of Italy and her court ladies. She is also assisting her sister, Miss Clara Montalba, in the execution of a large canvas representing the scene of the late Venetian festivities, as witnessed by these ladies from their windows.

THE most costly etching ever purchased by an American is a proof of the first state of Rembrandt's "Christ before Pilate," now on exhibition at Wunderlich's Gallery, New York. It was bought by Mr. Hermann Wunderlich at the recent Buccleuch sale in London. It is one of the only two proofs of the first state of the plate known to exist, the other being in Paris. The etching is 15x17 $\frac{3}{16}$ inches, and the price paid by its owner was \$5,750. Another etching purchased by Mr. Wunderlich at the same sale was Rembrandt's "Portrait of Dr. Petrus Van Jol," for which he paid \$4,000. The proof is that of a state intermediate between the first and second.

MR. DAVEY BATES, an American painter who has lived nine years in England, where he is well established by his success in portraits, evidently belongs to the denationalised class, since he tells the following story of his artistic experiences in Pennsylvania: Mr. Bates painted the portrait of ex-Governor Patteson for the State of Pennsylvania. It was intended for the reception room of the Capitol at Harrisburg. The picture proved satisfactory, but the Secretary of State objected to the presence of Mr. Bates' signature in the corner, on the ground that it was an advertisement. Mr. Bates replied that it was the time-honoured custom of artists to sign their pictures. This statement made no difference to the great American bureaucrat. He remarked that the State paid for a likeness, but did not intend to advertise any one. So Mr. Bates sadly departed to procure a tube of paint. During his absence, however, the Secretary of State reconsidered his determination, and the offending signature was allowed to remain.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has never been as much appreciated by the public as at the present time, owing probably to the splendid exhibition now open there, which includes the important works recently given to the Museum. During the first four weeks of the summer season, 48,000 persons visited the galleries and 8,000 catalogues were sold. The extension of the building now being erected has reached the third story.

THE STAGE.

RE-DECORATED and replete, as the house agents say, with every convenience for the public, the Olympic Theatre, which Miss Agnes Hewitt lately opened, started on its new career with a most unpromising production of the much talked of "Golden Band." Its authors are the Rev. Freeman Wills and Mr. Henry Herman. In some respects the play is very powerful, a great deal of the dialogue being commendable; but on the whole it is tedious and melodramatic to the verge of burlesque in many scenes. Mr. Brander Thomas has a telling part which he plays exceedingly well; while Mr. George Barrett, in his performance of the faithful servant, has a close imitation of his part in "The Silver King" which was

excellently rendered. Miss Agnes Hewitt was rather overweighted by her rôle, and did not appear to the best advantage.

MRS. BROWN POTTER receives a more favourable notice of her performance of "Civil War" at the hands of the English Press than from the journalists of her native land. The play, which was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, say the critics, gave the lady in question a good chance of displaying her emotional powers. Her tender and sympathetic rendering of Faustine's love struggle was one of the most effective scenes in the whole play. Mr. Kyrle Bellew too meets with more encouragement from the other side of the Atlantic. We hear that England possesses no better lover than him, that his performance was fine throughout, but he requires to speak louder to make himself heard. Mrs. Brown Potter is also congratulated on the improvement she has made, the mannerisms and staginess so marked in Anne Silvester ("Man and Wife") being much less evident in her portrayal of the heroine of "Civil War." Taken as a whole, however, the actors let their spirits flag on the first night, and that dulness was at once communicated to the audience, which accounts probably for the apparent want of success attributed by the New York journals to the American actress' second appeal to a London audience. "Civil War," we are told, is beautifully mounted, and the exquisite gowns worn by Mrs. Brown Potter elicited great admiration.

MR. HENRY IRVING and Miss Ellen Terry are to sail for New York on the 30th October; their season commences at the Star Theatre two weeks later.

A GREAT success has been achieved in Buffalo by the production of Mr. Steele Mackaye's new play of "Anarchy," at the Academy of Music, which was crowded by an audience that represented the most cultivated classes of the city. An American critic says he went to see the piece prepared for disappointment, and afterwards saw it several times, on which occasions he studied every detail and every line, the result being he considered "Anarchy" one of the most powerful efforts of national genius. As a playwright Mr. Mackaye has achieved more success than any other American author; his adaptation of "Rose Michel," in which not a line of the original was retained, ran one hundred and twenty-two nights at the Union Square Theatre. "Won at Last," an original play, made a great hit at Wallack's last season, during the engagement of Henry Montague. "Hazel Kirke," another original piece, ran about five hundred nights at the Madison Square Theatre.

THERE is trouble brewing between Miss Rose Coghlan and the Wallack Theatre management; she already stipulates that she shall have first choice of leading parts, and Miss Florence Girard shall have those she rejects, an arrangement not apparently satisfactory to the latter lady.

AGAIN the New York reporter jumps heavily upon poor Mrs. Potter Brown, and foretells that her approaching tour in America will be a most unsatisfactory affair, and prove a heavy failure to Mr. Harry Miner, who has undertaken the responsibility of piloting her through America at a heavy discount.

BUFFALO BILL is still the height of fashion. We learn that the Princess of Wales and family, and a number of other members of foreign royal courts, attended an exhibition of the Wild West Show recently. They all drove in the Deadwood Coach, the Princess of Wales sitting by Buffalo Bill on the box, who was driving. Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Prince George of Wales rode horses belonging to the company, and made some excellent shooting. So great and unqualified is the success of this exhibition that the managers of the Hippodrome in Paris are arranging for it to be brought over there.

SARAH BERNHARDT is reported to have invested all her recent earnings in American securities: perhaps this is a step towards naturalisation à la Mrs. Langtry.

CURRENT COMMENT.

MR. MAPLESON is trying to reform the social customs of London. He has not only lowered the price of seats for Italian opera to the theatrical level, but he has graciously given his patrons permission to appear in the parquet without swallow-tail coat, hitherto *de rigueur*. But having changed his rule forbidding women to keep on their hats, the parquet is now invaded by high head-gear. It has been suggested that Mr. Mapleson is endeavouring in this manner to conceal the shabbiness of his scenery from the audience.—*The Epoch*.

WE shall not know how much harm has been done to Westminster Abbey in preparing it for the Royal thanksgiving service until the scaffolds have been removed. More care, it is believed, has been taken than on some previous occasions, but one wanton piece of mischief has certainly been committed. We shall scarcely be believed when we say that the Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour Street brown, and varnished it! Yet this is true. The chair, made six hundred years ago to contain the stone which even then had a long story behind it, has suffered much from hard usage and from the hands of the mischievous. But not even in the perilous time when George IV. was crowned was it attempted to take away the chair's age and make a new thing of it. Now, when we pride ourselves on knowing more about old art work than our fathers did, this has been done, and the throne of twenty-six monarchs has been vulgarised into the semblance of a hall chair of a Cockney Gothic villa.—*The Athenæum*.

THE sum of it then is this, that as a remedy for the moral evil of intemperance prohibition is wanting in the first principles of true morality. Its advocacy on moral and religious grounds is pernicious to the last degree; oppressive to the conscience; restrictive of a true liberty of mind; dishonourable to the Christian idea of manhood; and discreditable to the Church that can write its name upon her banners. Prohibition is, or must be, a civil measure, sustained by civil reasons and looking to social ends. Notwithstanding its involvement in and suggestion by social conditions which display immoral aspects, it yet stands as a civil measure on the same level as the tariff law, and is as much out of place in the pulpits and Church courts as a discussion of the fur trade would be. Such exclusion, of course, does not bar out the discussion of intemperance or of all moral means for its removal. Intemperance is a sin loudly demanding the animadversions of the Church and her consecrated efforts for its reduction, in which she would have been more successful than she has been, but for those delusive counsels which have thrust so many obstacles in her path.—*Sanford H. Cobb, in New Princeton Review*.

No business in this day can possibly be more miserable and cruel than that of addressing large bodies of ignorant poor men as to certain ideal rights which "the world owes them," and which Government might as well give them as not, but wickedly refuses to give. Any editor or speaker who deals in *a priori* rubbish like this is an enemy to society and to the State, and a very poor friend of the honest and industrious man. His stock argument is easily written. The world is full of hardships, and poverty is the author of nearly all of them, and the State promotes poverty for the benefit of a few capitalists who are very, very rich, and as wicked as they are wealthy. Nobody labours or does anything but men who are "hired," and the earth is, therefore, theirs, rightfully, with all that there is in it. It is a short creed, but it would land us speedily back much further than the Middle Ages if it could only once be acted upon. The intelligent Americans who are feathering their nests and making themselves notorious, and the politicians who are catering to them, on its behalf, are doing a worse thing than any man does who sells a glass of beer in this city on Sunday. Unfortunately, we cannot restrain the first offence by a statute any more than we can abolish poverty by law; but it is the most eminent truth of this time that those who commit it have taken upon themselves one of the most fearful of responsibilities. The sowing of dragon's teeth and the supposed result make but a feeble picture of its natural consequences.—*The Hour*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

GENERAL SHERMAN has given way to the pressure brought to bear upon him to contribute to the *Century's* series of war papers, and in the October number an article by him, entitled "The Grand Strategy of the War," will be printed. General Sherman's article will practically bring the series to a conclusion.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S "Life of Christ" in verse will, in all probability, be first published in parts in magazine form. The work has received the poet's most interested and careful labour, and now at its conclusion he writes: "It has made me a better man, and that is reward enough for me; still, I would like to see it in print and before the public before I cross the 'River of Rest.'" The poem is in five parts.

MR. R. W. GILDER, in his recent address at Wesleyan University and Wells College, remarked that but few of the younger generation of writers in this country have been graduated at college. He doubted whether the public "yet realise how little, comparatively, the college has done directly for our present literature." "Stedman," he said, "was at Yale, but was not graduated; Bret Harte, James, Howells, Stoddard, Aldrich, Cable, Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Burroughs, Bunner, Lathrop, Edward Eggleston, Julian Hawthorne, Janvier, Marion Crawford, Stockton—a few of these started upon, but not one of them finished, a college course, while most of them never even started. Nor have the women who are now prominent in American literature enjoyed the advantage of the higher collegiate education."

MR. MOWBRAY SAUL, the manager of the New World Travel Company, has started for Europe by the steamship *Alaska*. He will stop at Liverpool and London to complete some important arrangements which will considerably increase the facilities of his company for American tourists going to Europe. From England he will go to the continent and visit the principal cities on business connected with the organisation of a regular system by which European travellers intending to visit the United States, Canada, Mexico, etc., can do so with the greatest possible comfort under the auspices of the New World Travel Co. Rumour has it also that there are negotiations pending to utilise the large net of European correspondents in favour of one or two trunk lines.

The Theatre (New York), published July 27th, is one of the most interesting numbers since its first issue. Its important feature is the full text of Molière's "Les Precieuses Ridicules," as adapted by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus for the Lyceum Theatre, and which contains two illustrations. The frontispiece is a superb engraving of a portrait of Miss Alice Lawrence, of the Amateur Comedy Club. Mr. Edgar S. Kelly contributes a clever article entitled "Poesy versus Mechanics," in which he demonstrates that there is music in a nail factory. There is a very fine engraving of M. Delaunay, comedian of the Comédie Française, and also a portrait of R. M. Field, manager of the Boston Museum, accompanied by an article by Henry Whiting. The whole is under the editorship of Mr. Deshler Welch.

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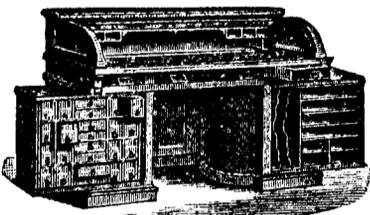
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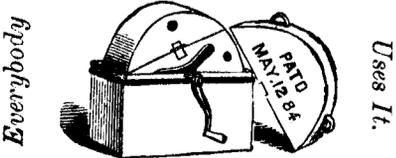
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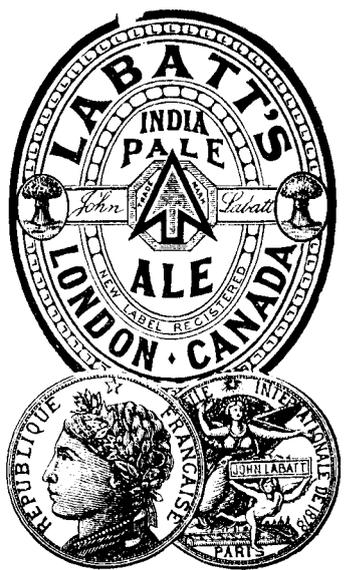
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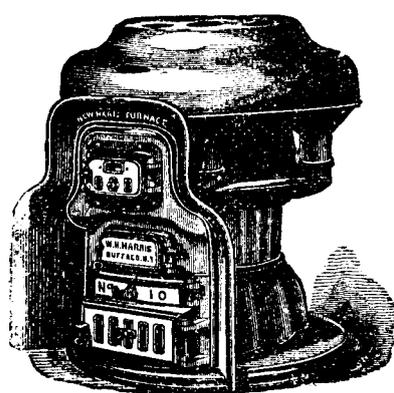
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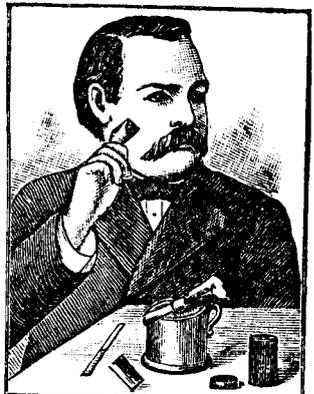
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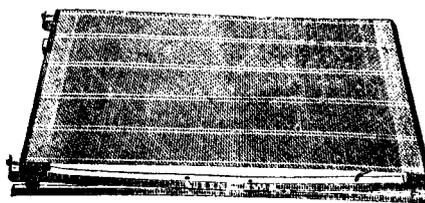
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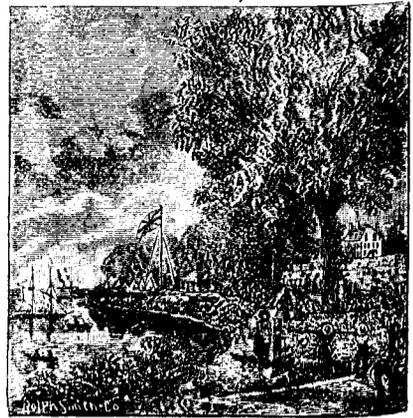
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