

# THE WEEK:

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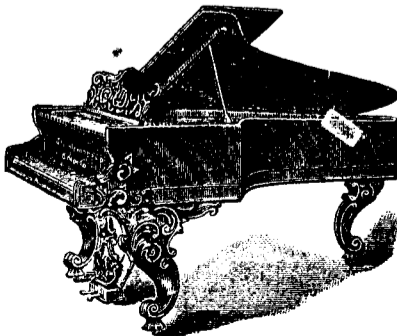
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## THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.\*

We have arrived at that period of the year when books are a burden, and "much study is a weariness to the flesh." And yet, to many of us, a holiday without a book would be intolerable, and those productions which are distinguished by the name of light literature are often apt to become very heavy; so that we know not where to turn. We want something that shall give us themes for thought without exacting an amount of labour which we are unable to supply.

We cannot imagine any class of literature that will more perfectly respond to this demand than that which is put forth under the title of *Thoughts*—a kind of writing which is peculiar to no people or language, but in which the French may be said, above all other writers, to have excelled. Of course we have admirable specimens of this kind of literature in Hebrew, such as the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes; in Greek, as the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, and the *Manual of Epictetus*; even in Latin, as the *Morals of Seneca*, to say nothing of the *Confessions of Augustine*, and some of the writings of *S. Bernard* and *S. Anselm*; in German, as the *Monologues of Schleiermacher*, the *Quiet Hours of Rothe*, and the *Table Talk of Luther*; in English, as the writings of *Hales*, of *Hall*, and of *Coleridge*, especially the *Aids to Reflection of the last*. But after all, the French are the masters in this kind of writing. Whether the genius of the people has given its form to the language, or the language has moulded the genius of the people—and probably both of these theories have a measure of truth—as a result we have a language unequalled for lucidity and preciseness, the supreme language not only for conversation and oratory, but also for epigram. Let any one attempt to put a number of the terse sayings of the best French thinkers and epigrammatists into another language, and he will be made conscious of the remarkable excellence of that vehicle of expression which is possessed by Frenchmen. And yet there is perhaps no language ever spoken by man so easy to translate, in general, as the French language.

That which Amiel says of the *Pensées* of Joubert is, in a great measure, true of more French writers of this kind of literature: "The merits of Joubert consist in the grace of the style, the vivacity or  *finesse* of the criticisms, the charm of the metaphors. . . . Altogether he is a writer of reflections rather than a philosopher, a critic of remarkable gifts, endowed with exquisite sensibility, but, as an intelligence, destitute of the capacity for co-ordination. . . . It is not that he has no claims to be considered a

philosopher or an artist, but rather that he is both imperfectly, for he thinks and writes marvellously, *on a small scale*. The whole is more subtle than strong, more poetical than profound, and leaves upon the reader rather the impression of great wealth of small curiosities of value, than of a great intellectual existence and a new point of view. . . . He is one of those men who are superior to their works, and who have themselves the unity which these lack."

Although Amiel considered this view of Joubert, whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has made known to the English public, to be somewhat severe, and liable to subsequent modification, he did not, in fact, greatly modify it. Of the *Correspondence* contained in Joubert's two volumes he says: "It has greatly charmed me; it is remarkable for grace, delicacy, atticism, and precision."

Of this kind of literature in general Amiel remarks: "The *pensée* writer is to the philosopher what the dilettante is to the artist. He plays with thought, and makes it produce a crowd of pretty things of detail, but he is more anxious about truths than truth, and what is essential in thought—its sequence, its unity—escapes him." Here we must interpose a remark. A great deal of this is excellent and admirably expressed and widely true. But we must put the great Pascal in a class by himself; and certainly many of these brilliant sentences are entirely inapplicable to him. With this protest we allow M. Amiel to continue. "In a word, the *pensée* writer deals with what is superficial and fragmentary. He is the literary, the oratorical, the talking or writing philosopher; whereas the philosopher is the scientific *pensée* writer. The *pensée* writers serve to stimulate or to popularise the philosophers. They have thus a double use, besides their charm. They are the pioneers of the grand army of readers, the doctors of the crowd, the money-changers of thought, which they convert into current coin. The writer of *pensées* is a man of letters, though of a serious type, and therefore he is popular. The philosopher is a specialist, as far as the form of his science goes, though not in substance, and therefore he can never become popular. In France, for one philosopher (Descartes) there have been thirty writers of *pensées*; in Germany, for ten such writers there have been twenty philosophers." Were we not, then, right in saying that the light literature of thoughtful men must be found in the *pensées*, and that we had better go to France for the best of them?

If we have placed the name of Pascal in the list at the foot of the page, it is not with any thought of recommending this great thinker. That is a stretch of audacity to which even the omniscient editorial mind could hardly attain. We merely want to say that for the ordinary reader the cheap and handy edition of Havet in one volume will be quite sufficient, and is very superior to all the editions put forth before Faugère published the text as Pascal left it. For special students of Pascal, the larger edition of Havet, or the edition of Faugère (when may we expect the long promised edition of the complete works?), and for those who wish to see the very words of Pascal as he spelt them, the beautiful edition of Molinier may be recommended.

The *Pensées* of Joubert, long ago introduced to English readers by Mr. Matthew Arnold, quite deserved perusal, although nearly all that Amiel has said respecting them is perfectly true. Of the Abbé Joseph Roux, in some respects the most remarkable writer of this kind after Pascal, we must treat in a separate paper, and consecrate what remains of the present to the posthumous journal of the late Professor Amiel, of Geneva, from which we have already quoted. Amiel, like a good many Swiss thinkers and writers, has a strong graft of German in his constitution and in his thought. In this respect he resembles his distinguished countryman, Vinet, to whom he often refers, and his contemporary, Scherer, who edited his *Journal*. Born at Geneva, educated to some extent in Germany, appointed first to the chair of *Æsthetics*, and then to that of *Moral Philosophy* in his native city, Amiel was in the superficial sense of the word an incurable sceptic, and was oppressed through all his life by the burden of doubt which he was never able to shake off. For this reason, chiefly, it was that his great abilities never had free play, and he disappointed the expectations which all his friends had formed of his literary achievements.

\* *Pensées de Pascal*, edition of E. Havet, Paris, 1883. *Joubert, Pensées*, 2 vols., Paris. *Amiel's Journal*, translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan; 1885. *Joseph Roux, Pensées*. Paris, 1886.

For this very reason also perhaps his Journal, which he kept for more than thirty years of his life [he died in 1881, at the age of sixty] is of peculiar and unique interest as reflecting all the phases of the meditations of a deep and earnest soul. Amiel was a man who, unlike many of those who came under the influence of Goethe, believed not only in God, but in human sin; and it is these two beliefs, which he was never quite able to harmonise, which explain the sombre cast of the thoughts which he set down in his Journal.

Referring to a series of papers by Ruge and others, he says, "These papers make me understand the radical difference between morals and intellectualism. The writers of them wish to supplant religion by philosophy. Man is the principle of their religion; and intellect is the climax of man. Their religion then is the religion of intellect. There you have the two worlds. Christianity brings and preaches salvation by the conversion of the will; humanism, by the emancipation of the mind. One attacks the heart, the other the brain. Both wish to enable man to reach his ideal. But the ideal differs; if not by its content, at least by the disposition of its content, by the predominance and sovereignty given to this or that inner power. For one, the mind is the organ of the soul; for the other, the soul is an inferior state of mind; the one wishes to enlighten by making better; the other to make better by enlightening. It is the difference between Socrates and Jesus. *The cardinal question is that of sin.*

. . . What is it that saves? How can man be led to be truly man? . . . If science does not produce love, it is insufficient. Now, all that science gives is the *amor intellectualis* of Spinoza, light without warmth, a resignation which is contemplative and grandiose, but inhuman, because it is scarcely transmissible, and remains a privilege, one of the rarest of all. Moral love places the centre of the individual in the centre of being. It has at least salvation in principle, the germ of eternal life. *To love is virtually to know; to know is not virtually to love.*"

Again, "Moral force is then the vital point; and this force is only produced by moral force. Like alone acts upon like; therefore, do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling; do not hope to excite love except by love. Philosophy then can never replace religion."

Amiel's relation to current religious thought may be partially understood from the following: "I am astonished at the incredible amount of Judaism and formalism which still exists nineteen centuries after the Redeemer's proclamation, 'It is the letter that killeth'—after His protest against a dead symbolism. The new religion is so profound that it is not understood even now, and would seem a blasphemy to the greater number of Christians. The person of Christ is the centre of it. Redemption, eternal life, divinity, humanity, propitiation, incarnation, judgment, Satan, heaven, and hell—all these beliefs have been so materialised and coarsened that with a strange irony they present to us the spectacle of things having a profound meaning and yet carnally interpreted. . . . Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine—there is a relative revelation; each man enters into God so much as God enters into him."

This Journal deals with many subjects, literary, social, and political; but the religious side of things is ever the prominent and the dominant. "He speaks," says Mrs. Ward, "for the life of to-day as no other single voice has yet spoken for it, in his contradictions, his fears, his despairs; and yet in the constant straining towards the unseen and the ideal, which gives a fundamental unity to his inner life, he is the type of a generation universally touched with doubt, and yet as sensitive to the need of faith as any that have gone before it; more widely conscious than its predecessors of the limitations of the human mind, and of the iron pressure of man's physical environment; but at the same time—paradox as it may seem—more conscious of man's greatness, more deeply thrilled by the spectacle of the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe."

The book has already appealed to many minds of fine quality. Our readers will thank us for giving the judgment of one of these on its contents. The late Rector of Lincoln, the well known and distinguished Mr. Mark Pattison, wrote to the editor: "I wish to convey to you the thanks of one at least of the public for giving the light to this precious record of a unique experience. I say unique, but I can vouch that there is in existence at least one other soul which has lived through the same struggles, mental and moral, as Amiel. In your pathetic description of the *volonté qui voudrait vouloir, mais impuissante à se fournir à elle-même des motifs*—of the repugnance for all action—the soul petrified by the sentiment of the infinite; in all this I recognise myself. . . . I think it a duty to the editor to assure him that there are persons in the world whose souls respond in the depths of their inmost nature to the cry of anguish which makes itself heard in the pages of these remarkable confessions."

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

A TREMENDOUS change from the brightness and gaiety of Wiesbaden is it to this quaint out-of-the-world place. One can hardly realise that only a few miles of hill, dale, and forest separate the two. Wiesbaden, delightful till the summer really sets in, is soon unbearable with the heat, for, lying in a hollow at the foot of the Taunus range, no breeze seems to cool its blazing streets, and though one leaves with regret the charming little town in which still lingers a flavour of the days when the quality thronged there to take the baths or break the bank, one breathes freer and feels fresher when well away from the languid, flower-scented air. As the train prepares to crawl out of the station, I hear the last of the local gossip. "Do you see that old lady?" some one says. "She is Princess Louise, a niece of the Emperor's, banished years ago from Berlin. She had a husband once, with whom she used to quarrel to such an extent that he resorted to the drastic measures alluded to by Dr. Grimston in 'Vice Versa.' Once she was found on the top of the white china stove in her sitting-room, whither she had climbed to get out of the way of her spouse's avenging arm and hunting-stock. It was all her fault. None of the Royal people ever notice her." I look, and see a venerable grandmother, with dark eyes glancing from a shrewd, ugly face. An ancient dame is with her, as ill-favoured as herself. The "love, obedience, honour, troops of friends," which should accompany virtuous old age, is lacking in this case, giving place to police supervision, to a sentence of banishment, to solitary existence in a lonely villa in Sonnenberger Strasse. There is much rough justice in this world, and it is on the cards that Her Royal Highness may have her deserts. "Nothing is stolen; everything is paid for," was one of the great Napoleon's wise remarks. Princess Louise is doubtless now engaged in settling bills incurred during the days of her stormy youth.

OVER the level green meadows lying between us and the neighbouring villages, through the gatehouse, past the stone statue of the Bishop, and so into lovely Limburg, come the country people—as never-ending a stream as the river itself—to buy or to sell, bent on pleasure or business in the crooked streets that lead up to the beautiful church on the rocky height above us. An odd, high-swung calèche, lined with striped cotton, passing, transports one back into the last century. Then clatters a milk cart, full of bright tins, and drawn by a big, faithful dog, like the hero of Ouida's charming story; and anon, as the swallows skim low, and a light breeze springs up, the children run out of the schoolhouse, and out of the town-gates, and so into the fields as if the Hamelin Pied Piper were in their midst. The fine gray arches of the crucifix-crowned bridges have spanned the Lehn for nearly 600 years. I find myself idly speculating on the life which has tramped over here, never stopping, since the days when we in England were mourning our Black Prince. In the pleasant yellow sunshine, with the shadow of the divine figure falling alike on young and old, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, with the bells clanging for vespers and the brown waters murmuring musically at one's feet, it is impossible not to feel touched by the presence of that peace which the world cannot give, always the heritage of such cloistered spots. The same story goes on here, year after year, century after century. The hopes and fears of a place so little important could not be made interesting, one would think; and if the carved Bishop who benignly leans forward told the story of the people he has blessed as they have gone backward and forward, winter and summer, it would differ little from a similar description of, for instance, the dwellers in the Hampshire minster towns, or Christ Church, or Wimborne. The peasant faces look much the same as those belonging to our English labouring classes, and the presence of that beautiful cathedral on the cliff, with its seven gray towers sharply cut against the blue sky, affects them as little as a building of the same class with us affects the Hodge who tills our fields, or the little Hodge clinging to his mother's skirts as she gossips with her neighbours. Yet there are wonderful treasures within a stone's throw of where I stand, the value of which these people are conscious of in their dull-witted way. For in that sister church near by they show you uncut jewels set in goblets of great price, given by pious folk into the charge of those good Carmelite brothers who served in the darkening aisles, fragrant with incense, where the tourist who has by chance strayed in finds rest from the glare of the streets. And there is part of St. Peter's walking-staff—once broken in three, a portion being given to Cologne, another to Treves, and one in a gleaming gold case laid here. And there is a mitre belonging to the Bishop of Limburg, very gorgeous with precious stones; and there are bones of saints tied up in white satin and artificial flowers, like wedding-cake; and last, coveted by the South Kensington Museum, a portion of the true cross, embedded in a frame of Byzantine work of exquisite beauty. Angels, with many-hued wings, shine from their gold background with as much freshness as if they had only just been called into being by the artist's skilful fingers. This precious possession ("for which the London gentleman from the Museum offered £500, and we may keep it, they say, if we would only let them have the case; but no, no,") belonged to a descendant of Constantine's, who married a German prince in the tenth century, and left it at her death to the church in which she had trusted all her life. Now with the rest of the Carmelite treasures, the priceless work of a nameless Eastern visionary reposes in the odour of sanctity behind double glass doors, its daffodil-coloured leaves still guarding jealously a small fragment of wood. And the Bishop, keeping watch over the jewelled crozier, or mitre, or glittering goblet, esteems no jewels or gold so highly as this strip of that cross at the foot of which all Christendom kneels.

FROM great London—which seems so far from this quiet place, so far it might almost be in another planet,—I hear of a supper party, given by the Royal Academy last week to the Kings and Queens, Princes and

Princesses who have filled our palaces lately. "It was pretty to see them receive and embrace one another," writes "Derby Day" Frith. "Ladies of the party sank down in deep curtsies when a foreign prince shook hands with them—daughters of our dukes and earls bowing before a lout of a German prince who has perhaps nothing on earth in his favour except a bit of ribbon and a twopenny-halfpenny star. The Princess of Wales looked lovely, and the Crown Princess of Germany is much as she was when she sat to me for her brother's marriage-picture in '63. I saw the King of Denmark, very unlike Hamlet's uncle, grown very thin and old. There was much dissatisfaction at the way the supper was arranged: all the painters in one room, and the Royal party in another. I call it very snobby: guests should not be too proud to eat with their hosts." Frith, by the way, has just finished his "Memoirs," which Bentley has bought, and declares himself much pleased with. Autobiography is surely the most interesting of any class of literature. The book—two large volumes like Yates's "Reminiscences"—comes out in the autumn, and is to be enlivened in all probability with first thoughts of the "Railway Station," "Ramsgate Sands," etc. Frith has known most people of any interest for the last forty years, and combines an admirable memory with a power of accurate description which Wilkie Collins describes as the rarest of all gifts. He is as liberal and truthful personally as in his painting. Even those who cannot admire his colour, his composition, or what not, must own that the crowds he draws set "in the glaring vulgarity of a summer day" (*vide* Oscar Wilde) are crowds that the next time one goes out of doors one meets, dressed in the same reds and blues and greens he uses; and one is, or should be, grateful for truth. Artist he may not be in the highest sense of the word, but he is a painter through and through, with the keenest sense of delight in his work, of perseverance and conscientiousness the most astonishing, and is of a type rapidly going out, giving place to the Whistlers and Sergeants which it is proper now to admire.

APROPOS of books, F. Anstey is deep in another, non-supernatural, I hear. He is on the *Punch* staff, and contributes those admirable poems for young reciters. He also wrote a capital account of his visit to Buffalo Bill, where he frankly owns he was bored, and he has done much in many ways to enliven a paper which is apt to be a little dull, but without which Wednesday mornings would seem odd indeed. Are the Colonies as fond of our hump-backed friend as we are, I wonder, and do they too gaze with admiration on Du Maurier's charming ladies, and laugh at Keene's old-fashioned humour? What a delightful thing it must be to please the great British public. The *Graphic* pays sixty per cent., and has been known to pay a hundred to its original shareholders, and one would like to hear what Agnew makes out of *Punch*. Mr. Black declares if he wrote regularly, he could earn £10,000 a year. Mr. Rider Haggard must be rolling in riches. As for Mr. Payn, his wealth should be boundless, and it makes one jealous to think of the fortunes of such people as Miss Braddon and Miss Rhoda Broughton. But thoughts like these don't suit Limburg, where there are no books, and no fortunes, and where I doubt if they have heard of Queen Anne, and where I am sure the news of her death has never penetrated. Bells ring, church doors open, or that the sun or the moon rises, snow falls, or rain, these are events here, events to people who have never been to a cricket match at Lord's, never heard of Browning, never seen Irving, and to whom the knowledge of Miss Angela Ramsay's extraordinary Cambridge success is not of the smallest importance.

WALTER POWELL.

Limburg, July 7.

### THE PLAYWRIGHTS OF PARIS.

MR. THEODORE CHILD has an able article in the *Contemporary* on the French dramatic authors, which proves interesting as a sequel to Mr. H. Quilter's "Decline of the Drama," in which he attributed the degeneracy of the English stage to a great extent to extensive adaptation from Gallic plays.

From the point of view of the English playwright, says Mr. Child, the actual condition of the French stage should appear to be most satisfactory, for the reason that their plays are becoming less and less suitable for adaptation, consequently that happy day is approaching when London managers will be obliged to appeal to the dramatic talent of their countrymen instead of wasting money upon Parisian novelties.

Take the playbills of the theatres of the French capital during the past ten years. Who are the prominent authors? Who are the veterans and who are the young campaigners? The founders of the modern French stage (Scribe, Hugo, and the elder Dumas) have not yet been entirely relegated to the museum of literary antiquities. Augier and Labiche have retired from active service, but still win applause and laurels. Meilhac and Halévy have dissolved partnership, and Meilhac alone has failed to keep up the reputation of the old firm. Then we have the younger Dumas, Sardou, Dennery, Pailleron, Ohnet, and Becque, and finally the novelists Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola.

Of the above-mentioned celebrated authors, the best known have already ceased to exercise literary influence. No French playwright, for instance, would think of taking Hugo as his model; the more recent revivals of Hugo's pieces have been found intolerable even when interpreted in the most excellent manner. His characters are conventional, cast in moulds that vary but slightly in his different plays. Saint Vallier, Nangis, and Ruy Gomez; Blanche, Marion, and Doña Sol, are identical masks although they bear different names in the three pieces of "Le Roi s'amuse," "Marion Delorme" and "Hernani." Nowadays the French still applaud the poet, no longer the dramatist, and yet the plays and prefaces of Hugo sounded in the old days like the clarions of war and of victory. Yes, but the great

object of the dramatic movement in France was to overthrow the formula of classic tragedy; there was no question of substituting realism for conventionalism. The Romanticists opposed passion and sublimity to cold correctness. The Romantic movement was simply a question of costume and rhetoric. The historical drama of the elder Dumas seems to be as thoroughly worn out as the romantic drama of Hugo; the modern drama and the melodrama alone remain. The ordinary drama, which depends upon plot and construction, is purely physical in its results; the effect is sure and violent, and literature and taste have nothing to do with it.

Sardou, I need hardly say, does not enjoy the literary esteem of his French contemporaries. No one would be foolish enough to deny his prodigious skill, his comprehension of scenic effect, his qualities of amusing movement. He has written one historical drama, "Patrie," which holds the stage; he aimed at literary success and failed in "La Haine," and since then he has deliberately sought vulgar applause and the money it produces, with a cynical singleness of purpose which at least fortifies him against criticism. His plan is to choose some actual event, to present it by means of the requisite number of characters who will enact a drama with accessories that lend themselves to the painting of manners. Such pieces are "Rabagas," "La Famille Benoiton," "Dora," and "Fedora." Sardou made a successful incursion into the domain of spectacular drama with "Theodora." In "Georgette" he trespassed on Dumas' territory, and was punished by failure. In "Le Crocodile" he attempted to dethrone Jules Verne in the realm of the scientific-geographical spectacular piece, and was so miserably routed that he almost ruined the theatrical manager who seconded his venture. Labiche for more than thirty years has personified laughter in France. He has achieved the ideal of the vaudeville, into which he has put a wonderful amount of observation, and yet he is neither a moralist nor a philosopher, but simply a laugher who even in vice sees comic incidents; and is not laughter, after all, the essence of the vaudeville, where even the most abominable and tragic situations neither revolt nor terrify, since we know it is all make believe—*puisque c'est pour rire?* Meilhac and Halévy are laughers too, but their laugh is not like the broad jolly Rabelaisian humour of Labiche, it is rather a nervous laugh, less human, less spontaneous. The invention of the piece is narrow, the manners depicted are not common in French humanity; on the contrary, they are almost exclusively Parisian, and the wit and dialogue are perhaps not thoroughly intelligible outside the fortifications of Paris. In all the comedies of Meilhac and Halévy, however, there will be found an admirable endeavour to put on the stage, with scrupulous exact material surroundings, some originality of detail revealed by a clever analysis of modern French life. The humanity depicted by Alexander Dumas, the younger, is even more exceptional than that of Meilhac and Halévy, for one cannot always describe it as Parisian; it is a humanity created specially by Dumas, who is a preacher and a moralist, and regards the theatre as a sort of lay pulpit from which to proclaim social, moral, and philosophical truths; he wishes to be, in his way, a legislator, and to transform the world, and whether he poses as preacher or legislator he must have an audiece. Now, the only way to attract an audience is to interest, to move, to amuse; and therefore Dumas employs all the means he can command for this purpose, and, so to speak, dazzles one with theatrical fireworks. This method is directly contrary to the theory of art for art's sake, but is both taking and successful with the general public.

Now, admitting the relative humanity of some of his characters, notably the women, one is tempted to condemn Dumas as a corrupter rather than to laud him as a moralist. The atmosphere of all his pieces is laden with the equivocal odours of infidelity and immorality, which are doubtful means towards an end, however legitimate. The most successful author of his day and of the century, both as a dramatist and a novelist, is M. Georges Ohnet. By the number of his editions, and by the long run of his plays, he leaves far behind him all his French contemporaries. Indeed, his success is unparalleled in the annals of French bookselling and in the annals of the French stage. M. Ohnet is both prudent and ingenious; he never risks a new story or a new plot; his subjects are all old staggers which have been tried and approved by the public; his inspiration is twofold, bourgeois on the one hand and romantic on the other—bourgeois, inasmuch as he delights to paint the victory of the plebeian over the patrician; romantic, in that he invariably depicts the triumph of virtue over vice.

Next let us come to the reformers and revolutionaries, to the malcontents whose ideas have been making rapid progress within the past ten years, and whose leaders are Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Edmond de Goncourt, in theory and by his considerable literary influence, Henri de Becque, who battles on his own account in the same cause.

In all arts the only safety is to start from reality. Reality must inspire the artist's thoughts, for healthy and robust novelty comes from new observations, and not from a new formula. Daudet's "Sapho," and his new piece "Numa Roumestan," Becque's "Corbeaux," and "La Parisienne," Erckmann-Chatrains' "Lami Fritz," are opposed by the conservatives of the drama, as being *pas du théâtre*. What does this mean? It means that during the past fifty years plot, intrigue, and frame work have taken the lion's share in French dramatic literature, enabling the authors to manufacture plays for exportation—plays which can be acted anywhere and everywhere, because they have no stamp of individuality, in which the characters are mere Marionettes who can be dressed in any costume, and adapted to any country. You can adapt into English "Le Maître de Forges;" you can make an Anglo-French marmalade out of "Odette" or "Fedora;" you can mutilate a vaudeville and convert it into "Pink Dominoes," but you cannot transplant "L'Arlesienne" from her native soil any more than you can render the character of Sir John Falstaff by a French translation of the

rôle. This fact helps to explain my anticipation of the revival of English dramatic art, owing to the very dearth of adaptable French material. The morality of the French stage and the nature of its subjects are apart from the question here; suffice to say that the old formulæ are going out of fashion, and that by starting from reality in the spirit of the modern French artists, English playwrights may hope to create personal, original, and native pieces, peopled by national characters acting in a setting of national life and manners.

Daudet undertakes to reproduce upon the stage aspects of real life as he has seen and felt them. His aim is to free the theatre from conventional characters, and from dramatic tricks, and to substitute for them the illusions of reality, of surroundings and of atmosphere, which he obtains in the novel by means of description and observation. This, too, is the ambition of Becque and of Zola. Indeed the latter regards the stage as a living picture in which man is the most important element, where facts are determined only by acts, and where the eternal subject remains the creation of original figures animated by human passions, as illustrated in his "L'Assommoir," and "Le Ventre de Paris." The continual progress of the realistic tendency is certain, and the consequences will be that French plays as they become less conventional will become less adaptable, and the French stage will be more and more unintelligible to an English audience. English managers will be therefore obliged to call upon English playwrights for native pieces. English life, both middle class and popular, presents a vast field for observation, and surely reality is more interesting and more inspiring than a scenario by Victorien Sardou.

### CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

In February, 1810, Napoleon discussed and decreed the establishment of a Censor Board, to superintend printing and publishing in France. Booksellers could only obtain a license if their manners were irreproachable, and their conduct above suspicion with respect to patriotism, but, above all, in attachment to the dynasty. Printers had to keep a diary of all the work they turned out, with name of author, etc.; this diary was to be always open to the inspection of the police. The censor had the right to examine each work, indicate changes to be made, suspend the printing, seize, if necessary, the sheets struck off, and even break up the type. The latter attentions were paid to Madame de Staël's "Allemagne." In addition, there were fines and imprisonment; the former constituted the salary of the censors, so the more they condemned the more they gained. Society, said Napoleon, ought to consider death as the fitting punishment for those who aim at its destruction; that printing was an arsenal which ought not to be at the disposal of everybody; it was not a natural right, and no one should be accorded a patent to print unless enjoying the confidence of the Government, that is, who was in harmony with its politics.

Curiously enough, it was a bull of Pius VI., then prisoner at Savona, which came first under the censorship. Napoleon sent Comte Portalis, the director of the Board, at once into exile for not stopping the publication of the Pontiff's manifesto. Two generals were next entrusted with the censorship of journals, books, theatrical pieces, etc. It became thus the reign of the sword, not of the scissors. Side by side with the "shearers," as the censors were dubbed, was a body of writers, paid—out of "a reptile fund"—to manufacture public opinion. Barère, the hideous victim-finder of the guillotine, was among the enrolled. Having passed his life denouncing politicians, he next considered it right to breakfast with the prefect of police, and accept a fee for denouncing *littérateurs*. The police became the real censors—and fearing not to do enough, did too much.

A report of the proceedings of the censors was presented weekly to Napoleon; and from being eight at commencement the censors rapidly increased to eighty. Every work recalling souvenirs of ex-royalty was tabooed; it tended to revive affection, and so wounded the interests of the State.

After the Pope and Madame de Staël, Turgot was put in the Imperial "Index." In a history of Louis XVI. all that personally related to His Majesty was emasculated. In one "Universal Biography" the articles on Charlotte Corday, Cromwell, and Chémier were so scissored that their authors would be justified in disowning such an affiliation. Dictionaries were pitilessly Bowdlerised. A trick was once played off, when, under the term "spoliator," "Bonaparte" was the sole definition given.

Flattery did not hit the mark always, for the Corsican Pietri having written "the Emperor was worthy to overthrow kings," the censors added "he overthrew only his enemies." Another writer having eulogised the Russians, the censors considered that in time of peace there was no harm in praising a nation which His Majesty had the glorious habitude to beat in time of war. In a history of the cruelties of the Turks towards French prisoners, the recital was struck out, because in case France made war against the Ottomans, it would be necessary to utilise these atrocities to crack up the French army. The "Life of General Monk" was suppressed; it was viewed as a kind of Banquo's ghost. The "Memoirs of Madame Clarke" were also prohibited, because showing up royal mistresses would degrade the dignity of kings by drawing attention to their human frailties. Dante's "Divine Comedy" had also to undergo an operation; so had a volume of Christian Anecdotes, as they exalted the Pope above the Emperor. It did not follow that a work, having been officially disinfected, would be allowed to be printed, and often, when printed, it was refused the permission to be sold. Poetry, to wrap round *cossaques*, was not interdicted, as it was an attempt to apply poesy to sweetmeats. Madame de Genlis published a book on the influence of woman in literature; it was sum-

marily suppressed, because it added nothing new to what was already well-known. Some works were even prohibited for having no literary merit. Composers of songs were harshly dealt with; one writer was allowed to sing his own stanzas to afford him the advantage of being hissed.

General Kleber having been described as a rival to Adonis, the author was reminded that the remark was untrue; the General might be as beautiful as Mars, but not as Adonis. A Guide to Versailles, Paris, and London was objected to; the author was considered ignorant of orthography, and so perverse as to be unable even to copy correctly. One lady-writer was accorded permission to publish, her penmanship was so beautiful. The Imperial censors were very severe against obscene publications, and when the Empire disappeared, the same men who protested against the censorship under Napoleon were the first to demand its continuance against the Press for the restored Bourbons; among the inconsistent were Guizot and De Sacy. When Napoleon returned from Elba he expelled the Royalist censors; Louis XVIII. reinstated them after Waterloo. Chateaubriand observed a part of the task of the censors commenced after sunset, as there is some work that can only be executed in the dark. Villemain, after being one of the most rigorous of censors, became one of the warmest advocates of liberty of writing.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### MONKEY NATURE.

A GANG of apes, old and young, came down to the beach regularly every morning to look at the ship. The old men and women would seat themselves in rows and gaze at us, sometimes for an hour without changing their places or attitudes—seeming to be absorbed in wonder. I became quite familiar with some of their countenances. The young people did not appear to be so strongly impressed. They would walk about the beach in twos and threes—making love, most likely, and settling future family arrangements. The children, meanwhile, would be romping around the old people, screaming and barking in very delight. If a boat approached them the old people would give a peculiar whistle, when the younger members of the tribe would betake themselves at once to the cover of the adjoining jungle.

A hunting party, landing here one morning, shot one of these old apes. The rest scampered off, and were seen no more that day. The next morning, upon turning my opera-glass upon the beach, I saw the monkeys as usual, but they were broken into squads, and moving about in some disorder, instead of being seated as usual. I could plainly see some of them at work. Some appeared to be digging in the sand, and others to be bringing twigs and leaves of trees, and such of the *débris* of the forest as they could gather conveniently. It was my usual hour for landing, to get sights for my chronometers. As the boat approached, the whole party disappeared. I had the curiosity to walk to the spot to see what these semi-human beings had been doing. They had been burying their dead comrade, and had not quite finished covering up the body when they had been disturbed! The deceased seemed to have been popular, for a large concourse had come to attend his funeral. The natives told us that this burial of the monkeys was a common practice. They believed in monkey-doctors, too, for they told us that when they have come upon sick monkeys in the woods they have frequently found some demure old fellows looking very wise, with their fingers on their noses, sitting at their bedsides.—*Scene in the island of Pulo Condors off the coast of Cochín-China, in "Service Afloat," by Admiral Raphael Semmes.*

#### A VERY PUNCTUAL HUSBAND.

I WOULD solemnly warn all women about to marry to ascertain beforehand that their contemplated husband is not what is called a fidget. A leaning towards intemperance may be greatly mitigated in a husband by one's keeping the cellar key and not allowing him any pocket-money; but a fanaticism for being always before the time, it is difficult to repress and impossible to extirpate. Better that a bridegroom should not be at a church door until after the rubrical hour, and your marriage be postponed for a day, than that he should prove himself a fidget by presenting himself at the altar before the clergyman or yourself is ready for him. Your self-love may suggest that such haste is only the result of his eager devotion; but do not deceive yourselves, young women—he would have been at the church equally early if it had been to bury you. Tompkins himself is in many respects an excellent husband, and I do believe is very fond of me; but it is timeliness first and feelings afterwards with him, I know. When business calls him on a journey, only one eye drops a tear at parting with his wife and offspring; the other is fixed on the clock to see that the cab is sent for in time to catch the train. That "catching the train" is the thought that makes him thin and keeps him so. Much of his time is of necessity consumed in travelling, but not nearly so much as he spends in preparation for his journeys. The day previous to an expedition is mainly occupied in packing his carpet bag and writing out his direction labels. He leaves over night, as in a will, the most elaborate directions for the proceedings of next morning, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he first considered soon enough. This last command is wholly superfluous, since he always wakes of himself long before the appointed hour and proceeds to ring the house up. Previous to this he has kept me from my rest since earliest dawn by perpetually getting out of bed to see if it is going to be fine. Upon this depends the momentous question: "Shall he take his waterproof coat, or not?" If he does, it should be strapped up at once with the other things already lying on the

hall table ready for departure; not a moment is to be lost. His toilet is hasty enough, but not speedy; for in his eager desire on retiring to rest to have everything ready for the morning, he has generally packed up his brushes and comb, or some other indispensable thing, which has to be disinterred from the portmanteau. He generally shaves over night; but, if not, I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.—*James Payn: Holiday Talks.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## INDUSTRIAL IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As the young men who in the future will rule Canada are readers of your journal, and as so many attempts have been made to mislead the public on the Irish agrarian question, I venture to state a few little-known facts collated from recent reliable authorities.

First, as to the quality of the soil of Ireland. Mr. Parnell has stated in one of his speeches, addressed to a meeting mainly comprised of Irish farmers, that, taken altogether, the farmed land of Ireland is ten per cent. more fertile than the farmed land of England. Mr. Parnell is the owner of two Irish estates, one comprising some of the best land in the country, the other of far inferior quality. He has also seen a great deal of both countries, and, therefore, on such a point, is a reliable authority. From his zero valuation of the rents of other landlords, his cue would have been to have made exactly the opposite statement—rents being much higher in England—but he well knew when he spoke that too many people were acquainted with the facts of the case to make it safe to depart from the truth.

On his basis, then, the farmed land of Ireland ought to produce on the average per acre ten per cent. more than that of England. What are the facts?

In the London *Economist*, the leading financial and statistical authority in England, there have been published two very minute and valuable statistical valuations of the agricultural yields in England and Ireland, the last appearing in its issue for January 12, 1886.

It appears by these two valuations that, leaving out mountain-land, bogs, and commons in both countries, and in a similar manner deducting for seed and agricultural horse-keep, England—the less fertile of the two countries—produces £1 11s., or \$7.54 more per acre of net saleable produce than its more richly endowed sister-land. As, deducting mountain-land and bogs, there are upwards of thirteen millions of farmed acres in Ireland, this represents for that country, when compared with England, an annual loss of £20,150,000, or about \$98,000,000.

Why is there this fearful annual loss? If any of your young statesmen readers would like to look at this question from all points of view, they should read the two small twenty-five cent volumes, published by the London *Times*, entitled "Home Rule," where they will find a vast number of letters from all sorts of persons, giving, among other subjects, very full information as to the agricultural condition and lackings of Ireland.

In addition, a Mr. Robert Dennis has very recently written a valuable book, "Industrial Ireland" (published by Murray, of London; price six shillings), which gives "a practical and non-political view of Ireland for the Irish." With a vast amount of information in it, it yet lacks one essential, like so much of what Irishmen have written and spoken—he does not go to the root of the matter. It puts one in mind of the story of the play of "Hamlet" with the character of Hamlet omitted. No point is made of the total want of security for investments in land in that country; also the absence of personal security, and the interference by Mr. Gladstone with the rights of property and the laws of Political Economy. We cannot repeal such laws; we can break them, but not alter them. But the facts he gives, coupled with this legislative partial confiscation and the absence of personal security, with all that such conditions mean, to a great extent explain to reflective and unprejudiced minds the great annual loss of \$98,000,000.

Take, for instance, the hay crop. It appears from statistics that, on an average of fifteen years, the crop of hay in Ireland averages two English tons (nearly two and a quarter Canadian) per statute acre. In England the average is one and a half tons. In Ontario, on an average of four years, not quite one and a third English tons. Mr. Dennis (p. 19) speaks of "the disgraceful way in which it is mismanaged in Ireland." "It is a fact, though well-nigh incredible, that the Irish farmers have not yet learnt the simple art of compressing hay for carriage by rail, and that, for want of this knowledge, thousands of tons are annually left to rot, which in Liverpool would fetch £4 per ton. Some few years ago the Midland Railway Company of Ireland got from America four of the most improved trussing machines. They sent them through the country, and tried to instruct the people in the trussing of hay, but they would not learn. That was when hay, unsaleable at the place where grown, would have been eagerly bought for £4 a ton in Dublin. The machines are now lying idle."

Then, with regard to the butter trade (p. 32): "So far as soil and climate go, Ireland, as a dairy-farming country, is favoured far beyond any of the countries of Europe," yet (p. 36) Irish butter fetches the lowest price in the London market—Danish, German, Belgian, French, and Swedish all fetching far higher prices (the prices are given). "In Ireland the methods of sixty years ago are employed to-day; the cows are half-starved in winter." "The result is that the average yield of an Irish cow, which ought to be two hundred pounds of very superior butter per annum,

is only one hundred and twenty-three pounds of very inferior butter." "The preparation of butter is performed after a fashion that hardly bears relating." "You may at any time walk into the house of an Irish farmer and find the milk placed all round the bedroom to set for cream." "Eventually it finds its way to the market, either in lumps tied round with a cloth or in a dirty firkin."

In a similar manner, he goes through the various industries of Ireland, and shows a most deplorable state of neglect and apathy. Even in the export of live cattle to England, through the slovenly way of doing it there is an annual loss of £1,000,000 (see p. 24). With reference, evidently, to the 200,000 small farms, he shows (page 141) "that for at least six months in the year, the Irish peasant, man and woman, boy and girl, is idle."

(Page 16.) "The Irish know next to nothing about the rotation of crops. Hundreds of tenants go on planting year after year precisely the crop their fathers planted before them. They have no notion of giving the land a rest or a change. Irish agriculture has been described as the most barbarous in Europe, because of the small number of crops that are cultivated. The English farmer goes through the regular rotation of wheat, turnips, oats, mangolds, barley, vetches, hay, clover, and so on, but of this sort of farming the Irish tenant is absolutely ignorant. One of the first necessities in effecting any real improvement in the condition of the people who live upon the land is to teach them their business." (The italics are mine.)

As showing one of the evils of the very small farms in Ireland, it is proved in the *Economist* for December 4, 1886, that on the rented lands in Ontario, on an average, two men raise from the land in net saleable produce £104 0s. 4d. per head, but on the Irish small farms the average is only £28 6s. 8d. per head; in both cases rent, etc., would have to be deducted from these figures to show the net profits.

Your readers should especially note this fact, that in England farmers are tied down by their landlords to cultivate properly—if they don't do so they are evicted. This is one of the reasons why, with an inferior soil, the English farmer averages £1 11s., or \$7.54 more of net saleable produce per acre. But in Ireland, since the interference in 1868, and Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1880, the landlord practically can't interfere. Even before 1868 it was only at the risk of his life. Now, he is obliged in most cases to look on rentless, with folded arms, while his property is being deteriorated. If there had always been in Ireland the same protection for the rights of property and person that there has been in England, the lazy and the bad, and the majority of the very small farmers, would have been got rid of, and the rest compelled to cultivate the land properly, to the great benefit of themselves and the whole nation. With regard to the small farmers, instead of half-employing their time in netting a trifle per week, they would have been compelled to earn in other countries from three to five times as much. There is much truth in the Irish bull, "I will be drowned, and no one shall save me."

Trench shows in his "Realities of Irish Life" (there is a cheap 20 cent edition), that improving landlords in Ireland have always been hated, and often their lives have been attempted. There was a curious case reported in the New York *Herald*, by its special correspondent in Ireland, during the year of scarcity (1880), where a landlord had built improved cottages for his tenants, but his life would have been endangered had he persevered. This was corroborated by Land League authorities, with whom the special correspondent consorted. The tenants grieved for the genial warmth of the cow, the dung-heap, and the close quarters of time-honoured arrangements.

Considered in all its bearings, the interference of Mr. Gladstone with admitted laws of Political Economy and the rights of property, as recognised in all civilised lands, is the strongest instance at the present day of the evils arising from tampering with well-recognised principles. With regard to improving the condition of Ireland, it is an exemplification of Dickens' satirical description in "Little Dorritt" of the Government office—"How-not-to-do-it." For statesmen, a high degree of common sense, combined with principle, is of vastly more value than the greatest oratorical gifts lacking those qualities.

To reward such violence, dishonesty, laziness, and unthrift by the freedom from the payment of just debts and the gift of property belonging to others, and, in direct opposition to Divine law, to discourage law-abidingness, honesty, industry, and thrift, is to injure the well-being of a nation both physical and moral. Like all such infractions of law, they result in great suffering. It is mere mockery to call such statesmanship Liberalism. It is the liberalism of the "Unjust Steward." Mr. Gladstone has made permanent in Ireland a lazy and wasteful small-farm system (five to fifteen acres), and to such farming applies the description of the Highlander's gun, which, as he said, only wanted a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel to make it a really good weapon.

The special correspondent in Ireland during the year of scarcity, of the Radical *Daily News* reported the request of an old Irishwoman, who, unthinking, set forth the *reductio ad absurdum* of Gladstone's Land Act Legislation—"If the Government would only give us the land for nothing, and also the money to carry on the farm, we could manage to get along."

The preceding facts and reasons go to prove that above all things it is necessary for the statesman to adhere to the laws of Political Economy, and to protect property and person. The absence of these conditions has reduced Ireland to its present poor and discontented condition. The carrying of them into force, in spite of all clamour, by some resolute statesman, will make of that country one of the most prosperous nations in Europe. Until the advent of such a man we shall continue to see chronic poverty, suffering, discontent, and more or less of lawlessness.

Yours,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE United States Government has acted well in the matter of the last Behring Sea seizure. It would have been better if the seizure had never been made, if the United States' revenue cruisers had been instructed not to comply with the wishes of the Alaska Company by treating all foreign vessels in the Alaska Seas as interlopers in an American lake; but, the mischief having been done, the prompt release of the seized vessel and the admission that the seizure was illegal is all that can be expected at present. The United States ought, however, to give up definitively the untenable claim that the Behring Sea is a closed sea. The United States Government disputed that pretension when Russia owned all the territory on both sides of it; and now that the territory is divided between Russia and the States it is doubly impossible for the latter to maintain the claim.

M. MERCIER had an admirable reply for the deputation of bankers who waited on him the other day respecting the Quebec Commercial Tax. He was in Opposition when the Government, that had been maintained for many years by the English capitalists of the Province, proposed this tax, and he strenuously opposed it; now that it had become law he could do no other than enforce it; and if the English capitalists desired to see the policy that imposed the tax reversed they must, in common consistence, lend support to him and his Government. That was the only way indeed in which it was likely the tax could be dispensed with: supported by the influential men of the Province in the coming Provincial Conference, his Government might receive the additional revenue that would enable them to repeal the Commercial Tax Act. M. Mercier is evidently master of the situation. The tax is a monstrous imposition, designed, as a first step in the process, to shift the cost of government from the shoulders of the *habitans* to those of the moneyed classes and institutions, which are mostly English. It was resisted, but instead of taking ten test cases into court, one for each class of corporation, as urged by the then Opposition, and, indeed, by many friends of the Government, no less than four hundred and thirty-two cases were pushed through, at a cost of \$100,000, evidently for no other purpose than to give employment to a firm of Conservative lawyers connected with the Government. The present Government is in nowise responsible for this, nor for the existence of the tax; and when they are asked to repeal it M. Mercier has too good a reply not to drive it home. The class represented by the deputation is largely responsible for the state of things that produced the tax, and if they wish another state of things to prevail they must support another system of government.

THERE is one way, it appears to us, in which the deplorable ruin that, according to Mr. Wiman and the Commercial Unionists, and according to these alone,—is coming upon us, may be postponed at any rate, and that is the method usually adopted by a prudent person whose expenditures are growing too heavy. Instead of striking at the source of his income, as recommended by the Unionists, and thereby running the risk of leaving himself without any, such a person would turn to the other side of the account to see whether the guinea of expenditure cannot be reduced so as to fit the pound of income. We do not admit that Canada has any need yet to take to this cheeseparing; on the contrary, the public expenditure is well within the revenue; and in spite of the doleful arithmetic of our would-be helpers, we are of opinion that this country as a whole is in a better condition financially than any similar part of the United States. Still, we own there is one direction in which waste is going on that, as waste, ought to be stopped. We are far too much governed. We are not an uncommonly lawless people; yet it takes nearly 600 legislators to keep us supplied with laws and represent our interests in the Parliament and Legislatures of the Dominion and the Provinces, while about 150 Senators and Legislative Councillors besides are employed at the public expense in the purely ornamental function of buttressing the viceregal and several gubernatorial thrones. This is a too expensive luxury for a young nation to indulge in overmuch. It costs, we see, for Legislation \$1,195,037 a year; and for Governors and Ministers, \$324,600. Every soul in Canada pays 35 cents a year to keep itself and some four and a half million other souls supplied with fresh laws and the splendour of guber-

natorial display. Does that pay? Could it not be done at a cheaper rate by condensing the too numerous Legislatures into three or four, stopping the pay of the Senators and Councillors, and electing as Governors, with a small salary sufficient to pay the office expenses incident to the position, men of fortune who would consider the honour an equivalent for the outlay any display might entail?

THE pressure of competition from foreign imported labour in the manufacturing and mining districts of the States is so severely felt by the native workmen that the Knights of Labour are apparently going to make the restriction of immigration a live question in the near future. The indications are that a good deal will be heard from the Knights on this subject within the next few months; and we trust that in the discussion it will be conceded that Commercial Union would confer such benefits on the States that they can afford to leave the door open to admit the vast body of Canadian artisans and workpeople whom the adoption of Commercial Union would probably throw out of employment here. The current *Forum* contains an article by Professor Boyesen proposing to restrict the immigration of persons likely to be dangerous to the State by reason of their character; but the Knights' proposal is to restrict, not on account of character, but on account of quantity. The argument of Professor Boyesen is that the foreign element is of necessity a discontented population which remains unabsorbed and alienated, and threatens society with Socialistic danger; while the Knights' objection to more immigrants is that their arrival in such numbers tends to lower wages, and to prevent those already here from obtaining a fair compensation for their labour. But it appears to us that there is much to be said against both positions. If, for instance, the lower class of foreign immigrants is to be shut out inexorably, the business of mining and other kindred industries must suffer, for the native Americans, even Americans of one generation only, will not use the pick contentedly; the farm, the shop, the merchant's warehouse, is what they look to, leaving the hewing of wood and drawing of water to the unskilled foreigner. And on the other hand, while, however foolish it may appear, it is perfectly logical, after having by excessive Protection stimulated wages to an abnormal height, to prohibit the operation of the laws of supply and demand by preventing the inevitable inflow of competing labour attracted by the high rate of wages; yet, in fact, an open door admitting all comers is, in the long run, the best protection for the working man, as a means of preventing the worst extravagances of Protection, and saving him from its ill effects, which ultimately fall on him most heavily.

It would be rather a startling development of the McGlynn case if that excommunicated individual should turn and prosecute the Roman Catholic Church for boycotting. If excommunication were as effective to-day as it used to be, it would be a severe boycott; and that is a punishable offence in the States; but fortunately, or unfortunately, it is hard to say which in this case, the times are against the force of excommunication; and the only effect of the thunders of the Church now will be to reduce Dr. McGlynn from the *status* of a semi-socialist clothed in some sort with the authority of the Church, to that of thousands of seculars who will not now be overtopped by the priest. This will strip him of much of his influence, but that influence ceased to be his by right the moment he disobeyed his ecclesiastical superiors, and he now has to fall into the ranks of other citizens, and stand on his merits alone. Meanwhile he has published through Henry George's paper, the *Standard*, a version of his controversy with the authorities of the Church that does not help his case a whit with impartial observers. He has been excommunicated, not for any political opinions he held, but for refusing to obey a summons to Rome to confer with the supreme authorities of his Church and explain his opinions. As a priest he owed that obedience, and nothing can excuse his refusal—certainly not the excuse he makes through the *Standard* that he dare not make the voyage because he is troubled with a serious heart affection, and that he had not the necessary pecuniary means. It is well known that these means would have been furnished him by his friends for the voyage if he had chosen to undertake it; and as to the heart affection, a voyage to Rome would certainly not aggravate it so much as his recent active participation in a Socialistic crusade, and his threatened contest with the Church and usurpation of its rites, "in spite of bishop, propaganda, and Pope."

MR. GLADSTONE is naturally much elated at the evidence apparently in his favour furnished by the bye-elections, and he is right to make the best use of it he can in his present struggle; but he will do well to remember that his great rival Lord Beaconsfield was lured to his destruction in 1880



by similar evidence. When the Beaconsfield Government appealed to the country in that year, there was every appearance of halcyon weather for the Conservatives. Bye-elections had been held a few weeks previously at which Conservatives had been returned by large majorities; but at the General Election following immediately these very constituencies returned Liberals by equally large majorities; and the Beaconsfield Government was swept away. So may Mr. Gladstone's hopes be swept away. He has as much reason perhaps to regard the result of the Spalding election as a symptom of a general revolution of feeling in his favour, as the Unionists had to regard the result at St. Austell as indicating a revulsion against him; but he will be as wrong to build on his hypothesis as they were on theirs. Bye-elections are evidently utterly untrustworthy guides to general feeling: at a bye-election the attention of the electors not being fixed so firmly and enthusiastically on great issues as at a General Election, local politics come more into play, and the election is probably often decided by causes purely local. It takes but a few abstentions or changes of votes ordinarily to alter the result in any constituency.

THE Crimes Bill has received the Royal assent, and thus Ireland is placed, as to the law, very much in the same position as Scotland. In Scotland the existing and permanent law and practice closely correspond to the provisions of the present Crimes Bill, and the Irish have little ground to complain that their country is treated exceptionally among the Three Kingdoms. What is exceptional is the amount of crime in Ireland, and an organised conspiracy that has usurped the functions of the Queen's Government there; and these have created a necessity for putting into operation in Ireland a system of law that, in many respects in a more stringent and far-reaching form, is the system of law of Scotland also. Nearly the whole of Ireland has been proclaimed, for the purpose of restoring the authority of the Queen's Government; but we have reason to hope that with a watchful Liberal Party holding the check rein, due consideration in applying the law will be given by the Government to the exceptional condition into which Ireland has been brought by the political agitation of the past few years.

It is to be hoped the settlement of the long-pending Afghan Boundary dispute may prove to be the beginning of a reconciliation between England and Russia. There is no reason whatever why the two Powers should not march amicably side by side in Asia. Russia is doing a civilising work there that certainly could not be done by England; and England, we feel assured, may rest for another half century in perfect security as respects India. Not India but Persia is menaced by the Russian advance; through Persia is the road to the sea that Russia has in view. An air-hole to breathe her vast land-bound populations she must have, in Asia as well as in Europe; and the sooner she has an outlet through the Persian Gulf the sooner may Asia breathe in peace. India would then be separated from the Russian Power by the deserts of Beloochistan, as she now is by the deserts of Afghanistan; and it should be the beginning and end of the Eastern policy of England to keep Russia on the far side of both those desert countries, to penetrate either of which, from Turkestan or from Persia, amid hostile populations, would leave any invading troops little able to cope with the fresh force that England could muster for the defence of India. Russia seated on the Persian Gulf, would, besides, be open to attack by a naval Power, as she is not now; which would be a pledge of good behaviour that might to some extent countervail a Russian control of the Bosphorus. With the overwhelming military strength of Russia, the unity of national sentiment, and the endurance and persistence of that great nation, it is hardly possible that Russia can be forever kept out of Constantinople. That is her main aim no doubt; it is the great cynosure at present of Russia's aspirations, and there is no power at present visible in the world with both sufficient force and sufficient motive to withstand her. In possession of Constantinople she would threaten all Europe, and yet be safe from attack; and it would be no small advantage to have her at the same time seated on the Persian Gulf, which would be one vulnerable point in a colossal empire otherwise almost invulnerable.

THE shocking death of young Mr. Macdonald on Saturday was due to almost criminal carelessness somewhere. Explain it as we may, multiply words about the explanation as much as we may, the fact remains that this unfortunate lad was shot to death while passing, unconscious of danger, where any other citizen might have been, where every citizen has a perfect right to be: and the crass stupidity that permitted firing over that spot is responsible for his death.

"PLUS D'ANGLETERRE" is the amiable title of a French continuation of the "Battle of Dorking" series of nonsense books. In it the Gallic

author composes the feud between France and Germany by a successful French invasion of Great Britain; whereupon the conqueror offers Heligoland, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Cape Colony, the Island of Ceylon, New Zealand, Vancouver's Island, and the Fiji Islands, to Germany, in exchange for Alsace-Lorraine. The fortifications of these provinces having been demolished, France and Germany shake hands over the discomfiture of perfidious Albion. But unfortunately for our French cook, it is in the first place quite certain that the dish he has prepared would not tempt Germany to let go of Alsace-Lorraine, and in the second place, the hare is not caught yet that is to furnish the meal.

*La Patrie*, of Montreal, complains of the ill-will and systematic partisanship displayed by the cable correspondents in selecting from the English press, and failing that, from the German press, the most unfavourable comments that can be found on what is said and done in France. This, it says, is without doubt what is called in England "fair play." We do not know what England has to do with it: these cable correspondents are notoriously Irishmen, all whose fictions about Irish affairs our Anglophobic friends of the French-Canadian press receive and disseminate among the *habitans* without a scruple. Perhaps, if *La Patrie* will explain to its readers that the anti-British ideas they have been fed with for a year or two mainly come from the same source as the present anti-French accounts, they may begin to suspect there may be another side than the one they are acquainted with to the Home Rule Question.

*Science* has published a useful sketch map, showing on a gnomonic projection the relative merits, in point of distance between England and Eastern Asia, of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the American Pacific railroads. The map extends from England in the East to Yokohama in the West. It makes it clear why the North-west and North-east passages were so eagerly sought for. They are the nearest to the great circle (*i.e.*, the shorter line) between England and China, which runs right through the Polar Basin. The nearer a route approaches this great circle, the shorter it is. Therefore it is seen from this map that the distance from London to Yokohama *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway is by far the shortest. There are several facts, however, which detract from the value of this route. The great circle between London and New York crosses Newfoundland. Yet ships do not keep close to the southern point of that island, on account of the numerous dangers obstructing their passage, but prefer to go a roundabout way, keeping far south. The same difficulty is encountered in approaching Halifax; and therefore the longer route to New York is by far to be preferred to the shorter one to Nova Scotia, particularly in the latter part of the winter and in spring, when ice is met with in the Atlantic Ocean. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is not navigable during part of the year, on account of the heavy masses of ice. Thus the shortness of the route from England to Nova Scotia is more than counterbalanced by the dangers of navigation. But even from New York the Canada route to Japan is far shorter than that by way of San Francisco. The difference in length between the great circle San Francisco-Yokohama and Vancouver-Yokohama is seen on the sketch map. It must be considered, however, that the latter cannot be made use of, as it crosses Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. Steamers must keep farther south, and must strike the San Francisco route near the longitude of the west point of Alaska Peninsula. This makes the distance from Vancouver to Yokohama somewhat longer than it would be without this chain of islands intervening. The distance from New York to Puget Sound by way of the Northern Pacific Railroad is longer than by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, as Lake Michigan extends so far south; but when the road from Umatilla Junction to Tacoma is finished, the difference in the two distances will not be very great. The sea-route from Tacoma to Yokohama is of course essentially the same as that from Vancouver. The great circle between these places and the ports of China runs nearly through the Tsugaru Strait, passing Hakodadi. When the work on the Canadian road is completed, it will probably not be more frequently obstructed by snow-drifts than the Northern Pacific, but the difference in distance between these two lines is not so great as to exclude successful competition.

WITH respect to the Hudson Bay route, *Science* says: "The railroad question is of the greatest importance for the development of the North-west Territories,—Athabasca, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Manitoba. The distance to the nearest ports is so long that export is very difficult; therefore endeavours have been made to open a new route by making use of Hudson Bay. The proposed Hudson Bay route from Liverpool to Port Nelson is very short and straight, and would offer a splendid opportunity for the export of the North-west Territories. We believe, however, that the character of the seas will prevent the plan being carried

out. The railroad-route from Winnipeg to Port Nelson has been surveyed, and no serious obstacles are said to exist; but the railroad must be continued farther north to Fort Churchill, as Port Nelson is not a safe harbour. The navigation of the west coast of Hudson Bay, particularly for large vessels, is very difficult on account of its shallowness, and the construction of piers in Fort Churchill will be expensive and difficult on account of the ice. The principal difficulty is the navigation of Hudson Strait. Its eastern entrance is blocked by pack-ice until the middle of July. A passage may sometimes be forced early in June by a ship well strengthened against the pressure of the ice, but navigation cannot be opened until about the 10th of July. About this time, ice is still whirling around in Ungava Bay, patches are found near Charles Island, and Fox Basin is filled with very heavy and dangerous masses of ice. We believe these form the principal obstacles to navigation. The light ice of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait will not form serious obstacles late in the season; but a spell of northerly winds will invariably drive the heavy masses of Fox Basin into the Strait, and a ship caught in this ice will be in an extremely dangerous position. The floes are small, and attain a thickness of from twenty to thirty feet. This ice frequently blocks up the passages between the islands at the western entrance of Hudson Strait, where it is kept in rapid motion by strong currents. Log-books kept by whalers show that it is frequently found in Hudson Strait in September. We should say that the passage will never be safe, and that large freight-steamers, such as would be required for this trade, cannot be run longer than from the middle of July to the first days of October. It is improbable that under such circumstances a railroad to Fort Churchill and a line to Hudson Bay would pay. The shortness of the season and the dangers of the ice are so great that this line cannot attain a great commercial value."

REFERRING to the Hudson Bay route, Mr. W. A. Ashe, of the Observatory, Quebec, in a subsequent communication to *Science* says: The special objection I would point out as to this route, apart from the ice-question, is the difficulty of the passage itself: an unknown, an unlighted coast-line, with very few harbours of refuge, or none at all, and very little room to ride out a gale; extreme depths of water, one hundred fathoms being often found right up to the shore, with generally very foul holding-ground where the depths are more moderate. In foul weather, no sounding being possible that would be of value, a vessel would receive no warning of her proximity to the coast until the information would be of little or no avail. Although fogs are of less frequent occurrence than off the Newfoundland coast, where the necessary conditions are most favourable, they are not infrequent during the season of navigation, Belle-Isle having an average of 1,600 hours fog during the year, as compared with 420 for the Strait during the same period. On the other hand, although the total amount of precipitation in the Strait was not great, rain or snow fell on an average of a little more than every other day, with its attendant thick weather. In addition to and in connection with these difficulties, we must not forget that the proximity of the Strait to the Magnetic Pole results in the horizontal, or directive, force of the magnetic needle being so diminished that the common compass is perfectly useless: and even in the case of the Thompson compass, disturbing elements on ship-board have, in consequence, their values so increased (relatively) that sources of error might arise, the effects of which could not be counted on during thick weather. . . . A fact well established by these observations [the Government Expedition, 1884-6] was that navigation was limited in these years to three months for the ordinary ocean-steamer; and that for a class of steamer specially constructed to withstand the lateral thrust of the ice, and to push her way amidst the outflowing arctic ice, four, or at most five months would be the limit, depending on whether the season was a late or early one. We must not forget, however, that in the earlier days at least of this route, before the telegraph and cable will have reached these waters, steamers will not attempt the passage at these earlier dates, fearing an arrival off the mouth of the Strait and an inactive wait for a late season's opening, so that practically such an advantage would be lost, and two months and a half become the period over which a steamer could be certain of making an uninterrupted passage during any season. . . . That the people of Manitoba are seemingly satisfied with the feasibility of this route, there can be no doubt, if we may judge from the advance they have made with the construction of the railway from Winnipeg to Churchill; but, in face of the facts obtained from the observations made in the Strait, one must conclude that the resources of Hudson Bay itself and the country intervening are looked upon as reason sufficient for the construction, independently of the value of the road as a connecting link to the Hudson Bay route. In conclusion, although it would be difficult to say that, with the appliances science is constantly developing to meet par-

ticular cases of difficulty, the navigation of Hudson Strait will not be possible for five or six months when the necessity arises, we cannot but conclude that with the means at our disposal to-day, the navigation of Hudson Strait is possible for such a limited period, and under such serious disadvantages, that as a development of the "New Route from England to Eastern Asia" we need not consider it as an immediate probability.

#### CANADA.

THOU heir of victory! through whose life-ducts run  
The vintage sap of virtue and renown—  
Unwithering myrtle twine thy starry crown,  
Which thou through stress by constancy hast won!  
Thy strength is waxing westward like the sun;  
Thy heart-sweet maple burgeons more and more;  
Thou hast become of age! Wide swings the door  
Of empire! Thy inheritance has begun.

Yet thou hast dangers too,—the sordid heel  
Of faction skulks behind thy sluggish might.  
Arise, thou slumberer! flash thy torch's light!  
Strike dead corruption for the commonweal!  
Wise-minded, royal-hearted, thewed like steel,  
Stand firm, thou proud young paladin, for thy right.

C. L. BETTS.

#### ENGLISH INFLUENCE ON CANADIAN THOUGHT.

IN THE WEEK of July 7 there appeared an article of some length on "American Influence on Canadian Thought," prompted, I presume, by more or less direct or indirect association with the American Republic. The writer states that "There is a wide difference, though comparatively few years span it, between a colonial and a Canadian, and we may not unnaturally look for a corresponding difference in their productions. The most obvious of these is perhaps the great number of American books and magazines that find ready readers here," namely, in Toronto. Further on the writer says: "Any bookseller in the city will tell us that for one reader of Blackmore or Meredith, he finds ten of Howells or James; any book-reviewer will testify to the largely American sources from which the volumes of his praise or objugation come; any newsdealer will give us startling facts as to the comparative circulation of the American and English magazines, and if he be a Toronto newsdealer, may add a significant word or two about the large sale in this city of the *Buffalo Sunday Express*." In conclusion the writer adds: "The market for Canadian literary wares of all sorts is self-evidently New York, where the intellectual life of the continent is rapidly centralising." If these facts are true, and I conclude they are not advanced so positively without due enquiry and investigation, they are much to be regretted, are lamentable, and are deplorable, indicating a Canadian preference for what is obviously inferior, though good of its kind, over which it is better to draw a veil than to tear it aside. In the opening clause of the writer's assertion, I take "Colonial" to represent the pilgrim fathers of Canada, and "Canadian," the scions of that hardy race; those born, bred, and reared in the Dominion, who should be instinct with some of that patriotic sentiment breathed forth so ably by Mr. Howland, in his late eloquent speech. If there is anything in heredity, as science teaches us, a Canadian, apart from the associations of his birth, should have largely absorbed those traditional influences of his parents which it takes many generations to obliterate, and which become the natural heir-looms of a transplanted nation. It seems to me that the French-Canadians set us a good example in the strength of their allegiance to the lilies of France.

When such a large majority of the American nation in that New York referred to, so openly worship the British Lion, what does it indicate? Anglomania, however it may be ridiculed by the middle classes of the Republic is one of the most salient features of that metropolis. The ambition of the scores of millionaires who, according to Mr. Wiman, flourish there more luxuriously than in any other known spot upon the globe (not including San Francisco), is to possess English horses, dogs, carriages, harness, servants, habits and customs. No one who is at all within the circle of that wealthy aristocracy, "the centre of the intellectual life of the continent" (which, by the way, I should locate at Boston), can fail to be impressed with the fashionableness of the British element, from a natural made groom, to a tailor-made gown. As to Boston, it is so notoriously English, even in speech, that it is not an uncommon thing to mistake a Bostonian for an Englishman—a mistake which is most keenly appreciated, as I have personally experienced. Now what does this worship of the British Lion by the American Eagle indicate? We Canadians, Annexationists, Commercial Unionists, Nationalists, are all equally willing, I hope, to acknowledge that our cousins across the line are a very bright people, a very clever people, a very "smart" people, and that their judgment is quick and keen. When they so plainly demonstrate their admiration and appreciation for any particular style, fashion or nationality, I conclude it to infer that the article receiving the seal of their approbation by its adoption is an evidence of its being the best of its kind. Now, that the wealthiest, consequently the most travelled, and naturally the best informed members of New York society, and the exceptionally educated members of Boston society, have stamped England and things English with this seal, I

think no one can dispute. It is unfortunate for the cause and utility of American influence that its allegiance should be so openly given to what is so essentially British.

With regard to American books, it seems to me almost incomprehensible that Howells and James have a larger circulation than the standard English authors, who, apart from Blackmore and Meredith, are certainly equally attainable now in cheap form. I blush for the taste of my countrymen and women, if this is so. Messrs. Howells and James, Marion Crawford, (the ablest writer of his country, now almost denationalised), "Craddock," Miss Woolson, Mrs. F. Hodgson Barnett, Cable, Stockton, and Aldrich are charming individual writers, especially the three latter, of the short story variety, but did it never strike any Canadian reader how purely local all but James, and occasionally Howells, are? Do they never weary of the dialectic style and find it a trifle monotonous at the least? An able American critic censured his own contemporaries lately thus strongly: "Dialect is difficult to handle and often hard to read; of itself it cannot give local colour. Yet the success which has attended Mrs. Cook, Harte, Cable, Harris, and Miss Murfree (George Egbert Craddock) is enough to encourage others to follow in a line which they so happily pursued. There is an element of danger in such success: Josh Billings found that the only way to make people read his sayings was to mis-spell them. Let us hope the fancy for mis-spelled literature will not grow into a cult." Apart from English authors passed away in the last sixty years who have reached the enviable world-wide reputation of "Standard," such as Walter Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, George Eliot, whose writings may be studied to far greater advantage than those of the above-mentioned American authors, we have as the English contemporaries of the latter, George Meredith (the least known, referred to recently by a noted literary authority, "as a great novelist who is now entering into the fame long since his due"), Robert Buchanan, Blackmore, and Thomas Hardy. W. D. Howells gives in the July *Harper* a criticism or rather an eulogistic notice of Mr. Hardy's latest novel, "The Woodlanders," he says "contains the best qualities of the writings of Charles Reade and George Eliot," a somewhat curious combination; of course he gives us the key by explaining that "one half this story, 'The Woodlanders,' in its sympathetic and conscientious study of village folk, will remind the reader of George Eliot, and the other half in its manipulation of events will recall Charles Reade. The enquirer into literary heredity," he adds, "will find here a very pretty study and a proof that every writer is the creature of his time and influences, while he will be rewarded with pleasures which no one but Mr. Hardy can impart." In the short story competition let me add that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson holds his own with either Cable, Stockton, or Aldrich, to which list it is only fair to add Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who has created a unique type of tale in which she is quite unrivalled in low life; though Mrs. Horatio Ewing, in England, has also created an unique type of high life tale, as touching as it is quaint, though especially devoted to childhood.

It seems to me that a careful perusal and study of contemporary American and English novelists will prove to any discriminating mind the point I wish to call attention to, namely, that general reading ought to conduce to general information. The writer of the article on "American Influence on Canadian Thought," conveys the impression that it is amusement solely that the Canadian reader is in search of, not information. American authors write down to the level of their readers. English authors try to write their readers up to their level. Which system best advances mental improvement? Which writers have the widest grasp of men and things? Robert Buchanan, with his noble work, "The Shadow of the Sword," a graphic picture of the first Napoleon and his times; or W. D. Howells with his "Minister's Charge," criticised by one of his own countrymen thus: "The young learner of social forms in Boston and the Boston suburbs, may find this work a suggestive manual. For the general reader it will doubtless while away an idle hour in the train, or relax thought in a mind occupied with serious themes, being written lightly in the newspaper manner by one [mark you] who would be well fitted for a society reporter of the best grade, full of the requisite predilections and turn of observation, and whose style, considering the matter, is a *passably good one*?" George Meredith's "Diana of the Cross Ways," is a brilliant account of English society a century ago, with which Henry James's analytical "Princess Cassamassima," though excellent work, bears no comparison. To contrast Miss Murfree's Tennessee stories with Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," which has been called a modern classic, or his "Alice Lorraine," seems as impossible as to contrast Mrs. Barnett's "Lass o' Lowrie," with them, and it is scarcely possible to mention Stockton, with his keen sense of humour, even in the same day as Thomas Hardy, at least scarcely possible to any but a critic with strong American tendencies.

To turn to the question of magazines. *Harper's* and the *Century* have a larger circulation, not only in Canada but in Great Britain, than the English magazines, as I have ascertained by enquiry, but does it never occur to our writer that their illustrations affect their market? These are the most admirable productions of the engraver's art. No English magazine except the *English Illustrated* attempts to compete with them. English illustrative talent has been entirely absorbed by its weekly papers, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, *Pictorial World*, *Sporting and Dramatic*, etc. *Scribner's*, revived this year, ought to outbid its older rivals, for in the matter of literary contents which, from the point I am contending—general information, is the important one, it is far superior to either *Harper's* or the *Century*, and, recognising probably their local issues, it is spreading wide its borders. In the July *Harper* there are but two articles, "A Central Soudan Town" and "Mexican Notes," besides a novel of Russian life, by Kathleen O'Meara, which are not of the States, national. In *Scribner's* for July there is a paper on the "Physical Pro-

portions of the Typical Men," "Some illustrations of Napoleon and his Times." The fourth instalment of the unpublished letters of Thackeray, "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago," French Traits, and three stories. The *Eclectic Magazine*, which has a very large circulation in the States, is entirely a reprint of articles from the English magazines and papers. Any comparison between the literary contents of the best American and the best English reviews such as *The National Review*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary* and *The Fortnightly*, seems to me impossible. I have before me an article from one of the highest literary authorities, who says: "The English intellect at its best combines grasp of detail, with comprehensiveness of survey; poetical imagination with practical common sense; capacity for patient labour with aptitude for daring speculation in very exceptional proportions; it has become one of those forces which have secured for England at the present moment the primacy of European thought."

Let me in conclusion echo Mr. Howland's patriotic words on the growth and progress of a national spirit in Canada, and also plead for the creation of a national literature which shall not seek a market in New York for its books any more than for its "broilers." In the effort to produce this literature let me hope that our Canadian youth will seek the best models and the highest standard the century can offer, always bearing in mind that it is as impossible to thrive mentally upon American localisms as physically upon these "broilers" alone. E. S.

#### RISTORI'S MEMOIRS.—I.

THE English translator's manuscript of the "Memoirs" of Adelaide Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne, has lately reached New York, and is now being put into type for early publication. It has been my privilege to be the first to read over the most interesting portions of the manuscript of the great actress's record of her life and stage career.

Mme. Ristori having been born in 1821, her "Memoirs" cover a career extending over sixty-six years. That her life has been a remarkable one needs no statement, but how really remarkable it was is now told to the public for the first time.

Ristori shows from her work that the pen is not an unfamiliar instrument to her hand, and her whole narrative is written in an interesting and most entertaining fashion. At times she is inclined to pay herself credit, but this is pardonable when it is remembered how remarkable are her abilities as an actress, and how her life has been studded with success.

She opens her work with this concise summary of her life and achievements:

"Life is a journey," they say. Certainly this proverb could be applied to me. My existence has been wholly passed in long journeys, and I have carried on my art in all countries. Under every sky I have personated the immortal heroines of immortal masterpieces, and I have seen the powerful accents of human passion thrill with intense emotion the most different peoples. I have brought into this task, often very heavy, my whole heart and conscience; I have sought even to live the actual life of the persons I represented; I have studied the manners of their times; I have gone back to historical sources, which enabled me to reconstitute faithfully their personality, sometimes gentle, sometimes terrible, always grand.

The applause bestowed upon me has rewarded my honest effort; but I must say again that I have experienced the most lively pleasure when I succeeded in identifying myself sufficiently with the characters of the tragedies which I was playing; when I felt myself inspired by the great breath which animated them, and my whole soul vibrated to the passions I was to interpret. I have often left the stage, after extreme tension of nerves, half dead with fatigue and emotion, but always happy because I adored my art.

Of her first appearance on the stage when but a baby, three months old, she says:

Born a member of an artistic family, it was natural that I should be dedicated to the dramatic art, and this being, as it were, my natural destiny, it is not surprising that my parents should have accustomed me to the footlights even from my very birth. For I was not yet three months old when, a child being wanted in a little farce called "The New Year's Gift," the manager profited by the occasion to avail himself of the services of the latest addition to his company, and I, poor baby, with my mother's consent, made my first appearance in public.

From this time on she acted various children's parts, until, when having barely reached the age of sixteen, "I was offered the important post of permanent 'first lady' on very advantageous terms."

Fearful that the strain of such a position might injure his daughter's health, Ristori's father refused the offer. Thereupon more modest parts were offered her, and one of these, that of an *ingénue* at the Royal Theatre at Turin was accepted.

My power of giving expression to the stronger and fiercer passions gradually increased, though my natural disposition led me to prefer those of a more gentle and tender kind. I carefully observed and studied them, in order to learn how best to blend the contrasts between them into one harmonious whole—a most minute, difficult, and sometimes tedious task, but one of the greatest importance and necessity. The transitions in a part in which two extremely opposite parts are called into play are, to it, what the *chiaro oscuro* is to a picture—they unite and amalgamate its various portions, and thus give a truthful representation without allowing the artifice to appear. To succeed in this it is needful to take those greatest cultivators of art for a model, and, being endowed by nature with a well regulated artistic intelligence, to be careful not to circumscribe it by ser-

vile imitation, but rather to try to accumulate rich stores of scenic erudition, which may be given out to the public, stamped with the hall mark of original and creative individuality. There are some people who fancy that the accidents of good birth and an excellent education are enough to enable them to tread the stage with the same ease and freedom that they would enter a ball room, and they do not hesitate to appear there in the full belief that they can acquit themselves as well as an actor who has grown up upon them. This is a huge mistake. One of the principal difficulties they encounter at the very outset is that of not knowing how to walk upon the stage, which by the sensible incline of its construction makes the steps of a novice so unsteady, especially at the exits and entrances. I may cite myself as an example of this difficulty, although I had been dedicated to the stage from my earliest infancy, and instructed, day by day, with the greatest care, by my parental grandmother, yet, even at the age of fifteen, my movements had not acquired that freedom and naturalness necessary to render me perfectly at home on the stage, and I always felt the slight nervousness which I have just hinted at.

Addressing herself to beginners on the stage, Ristori offers this bit of advice from her own experience :

It is my decided conviction that no one who desires to devote his life to the stage ought to begin his studies by assuming parts of great importance, whether in comedy, drama, or tragedy. The task is too great for a beginner, and may result in effects damaging to his future ; either by leaving him overwhelmed with discouragement in consequence of the difficulties he has encountered, or by filling him with excessive vanity because of the consideration with which his attempt has been received, and which will probably cause him to neglect the study essential to further success. By confining himself, on the contrary, to small parts, whether they are congenial or not, he will render himself familiar with the stage, and acquire a correct and natural way of acting, and he may rest assured that by taking pains to render these correctly he will be preparing for better things, and his study will be more accurate.

That Ristori's passion for the stage was absorbing from the time when she first trod the boards, is evident from the following :

I never felt any fatigue, and such was my passion for the stage that when my manager chanced to give me a quiet evening in order not to overdo my strength, and perhaps also a little with the malicious design of making the public miss me, I felt quite like a fish out of water. It was in vain I meant to devote those leisure evenings to the study of a new and difficult part. I applied myself to it with the greatest ardour, but when the hour struck for the play to begin I was seized with such restlessness, such disquietude, that nothing sufficed to calm me. I seemed to hear the first chords of the orchestra, the impatient murmur of the audience, the intoxicating sounds of applause. I walked up and down my room with rapid and impatient strides, seeking to distract my mind. I tried to repeat from memory some of the passages in the play I had been studying ! It was all of no use ! I could apply myself to nothing, and at last I hastily entered my mother's chamber, saying : " Shall we go for an hour to the theatre ? " " Well, let us go then," she answered, " if you cannot keep away from it for one evening." Immediately we put on our cloaks and hats, and went. As soon as we reached the theatre my spirits rose, and I was happy.

Frequently fits of depression came over her which completely overpowered her :

On such occasions I would wander, by choice, in the cemetery of the city at the dead of night. I would often remain there for long periods, reading, by the help of the moon, the inscriptions of the various gravestones. Then I would return home full of sadness, feeling as though I had myself been one of the sufferers in those sad scenes and cases. Thus, also, it was my custom, when I arrived in a city hitherto unknown to me, after I had visited the picture galleries, to obtain permission to inspect the lunatic asylums ; for if I did not go to the cemetery it was there that the nightmare which for the moment possessed me, impelled me to wander. Mad girls were those who attracted my deepest sympathy ; their sad, tranquil lunacy allowed me to penetrate into their cells without danger of any kind, and I was able to stay long with them to gain their affection and confidence. Gradually, however, as years rolled on, I outgrew these eccentricities ; my nerves began to acquire the temper of steel. I learned to confine my romantic ideas within reasonable limits, and I applied myself with redoubled energy to the study of my art.

WILLIAM J. BOK.

New York.

### CHARLES READE.\*

How shall we form a judgment respecting the relative merits and position of literary men ? In some sense such a judgment will never be formed, and can never be formed, for one simple reason, that we cannot agree about our jury. Shall we determine the question by " count of head ? " This is clearly inadmissible. Think of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the high priest of culture, who declares that majorities are almost always wrong ! Certainly in regard to literary judgments Mr. Arnold is here right. But how shall we find our jury of experts ? Men equally capable, as far as their neighbours can judge, express opinions almost as conflicting as those of the man of culture and the Philistine.

Perhaps there can be no ultimate judgment but that of time which results in the survival of the fittest. Here we have a combination of the judgment of the best and that of the majority. The floating opinion of the many goes for very little after those " many " have passed away :

\* Charles Reade, D.C.L., Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist. A memoir compiled chiefly from his literary remains. By Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade.

the ages collect the judgments and the testimonies of the few ; and the resulting judgment will generally not be far wrong : at least there is very little to be gained by resisting it, and there is no appeal from it.

This is too early to determine the place of Charles Reade among the English novelists, or those of his own age. In some respects, particularly from the inequality of his work, it is not quite easy to place him, as we shall presently see ; but it is not too early to make nearer acquaintance with a man of such striking personality, whose contributions to English literature and to the English stage have been so important and influential.

Mr. Reade's nephews have shown good taste in the compilation and composition of the volumes before us. They are of moderate length ; they contain no words which can give offence to any living persons—as far as we are able to judge. They give us an adequate account of Charles Reade himself, his origin, his comparatively uneventful history, his character and peculiarities, and his writings. The selection of the extracts from the letters and journals has been made by Mr. Charles L. Reade, the residuary legatee of the author ; and the actual writing of the book has been done by Mr. Compton Reade, who is himself a literary man of some mark, and was, for some time, chaplain of the college in which Charles Reade was a fellow—Magdalen College, Oxford. We have noticed only one slip in regard to accuracy, a curious one to be made by an Oxford man. Mr. Compton Reade confounds T. Mozley, author of " Reminiscences of Oxford," the contributor to the *Times*, with J. B. Mozley, his brother, who was Regius Professor of Divinity.

Charles Reade was fond of tracing his own mental peculiarities to certain ancestors who were men of note, English gentlemen for many generations back, nor did he fail to recognise with gratitude a great grandmother, the beautiful daughter of a blacksmith, who, he supposed, had brought some new power into the family.

No doubt there is a good deal in heredity ; Mr. Reade may have been right in accounting for himself in this way. His noble and generous impulses, his hatred of injustice, his endless warfare against everything which he thought wrong and mean and base may have descended to him from his forefathers, and not least from the fine old squire, his father, and from his beautiful, pious, cultivated mother. But the eminent man had another side ; he was impatient, litigious, cantankerous, and sometimes even very violent in speech.

These things must be put down in part to nature, in part to education. In the latter respect, he was distinctly unfortunate. If he had gone to a public school, he would probably have made a much better start, and would have been better prepared to enjoy his university life. As it was, he is one of the few men of cultivated and literary tastes who have cared hardly at all for the great university of which he was a member, or for the beautiful college in which he was first a Demy and afterwards a Fellow.

Charles Reade was a student of literature and a critic long before he became an author. On one point there can be no doubt, he was eminently conscientious, if he was also crotchety, as a dramatic and literary artist. The labour which he underwent in the preparation of his plays and novels is perhaps greater than that undergone by any contemporary writer. Lord Lytton was probably quite as great a reader ; but it would be difficult to name another writer who was equally careful to get all the information necessary for the understanding and representation of the period, the persons, the circumstances, with which he was concerned.

Two faults have been thought to be conspicuous in the novels of Reade. The first is their character of pamphleteering. It does certainly appear as though the conspicuous endeavour to expose and denounce some abuse would, to some extent, mar the literary character of works of fiction. Most readers must have had this feeling when reading such books as " Never too Late to Mend," " Hard Cash," " Put Yourself in His Place." It is felt much less in his greatest work, " The Cloister and the Hearth." But, after all, the question is, whether the aim of the writer was allowed to interfere with the objective accuracy of his pictures ; and on this point we must give a verdict in his favour. We could enumerate many novels which have been supposed to occupy a place almost in the first rank, in which there is no evident purpose, which are saturated with the subjectivity of the writer. From this Charles Reade is free. He belongs to the great family of objectives, in which Homer, Shakespeare, and Scott find their place.

There is one curious apparent exception to this in the second fault which has been charged against Charles Reade. We refer to a kind of Jack Hornerism which from time to time breaks out in his pages. " What a good boy am I ! " He insists on your appreciating literature, the literary artist—nay, himself. He sometimes seems to stop and ask the reader what he thinks of *that* ! If he had been remonstrated with on this point, he would probably have said that the public was so great an ass that it needed to be told what to admire. This may be true ; but asses are stubborn, and will not always do what they are bid. It is better to hold out the bundle of hay, and say nothing about it.

Charles Reade's genius was essentially a dramatic one, and when he penned his epitaph he put " dramatist " first after his name. He was very angry when some of his plays failed, and when others were rejected by the managers. It was another case of " asses." The man, however, who put upon the stage " Masks and Faces," " Never too Late to Mend," and " Drink," has some right to strong opinions. Even his play of " Gold," which was declared to be a failure, had such success that it saved the manager of the theatre in which it was played from ruin.

Some of his novels must be placed not only in the first class, but in the first rank. " Never too Late to Mend " took the world by storm. " Put Yourself in His Place " has scenes, notably the description of the bursting of the reservoir, which no reader will ever forget. " Hard Cash " is a

story of singular power. But it is generally agreed that his principal work, as it is his longest, is the "Cloister and the Hearth," a work of true genius, of creative imagination, combined with the most rigid historical accuracy. It would be easy to write much on the subject of this remarkable book; but we trust that many of our readers will have recourse to the memoir, which can now be purchased on this side of the Atlantic for a few cents, and which is easy, pleasant, and interesting reading. The present writer was unable to lay it down until he had read it from beginning to end.

In the memoir the judgments of two eminent literary men are recorded, those of Mr. Besant and Mr. Swinburne, more particularly on the comparative merits of Reade's great work and George Eliot's "Romola." Without repeating what has been well said by these distinguished persons, with much of which we coincide, it may here be remarked that there is no likelihood of any general agreement on such a subject. The interest of "Romola" is psychological, that of the "Cloister and the Hearth" is dramatic. Many persons may be found who delight in either, and are unable to read the other. However this may be, these are the two works by which their respective authors would wish to be judged.

### ARTIST AND ACTOR.

THE fact that the Grosvenor Gallery has proved a formidable rival to the Royal Academy this season has already been commented upon in these columns, though but a short notice was given of the pictures exhibited there, with the intention of supplementing it later from English criticisms which now review all the exhibitions in turn in an abbreviated form, giving extensive detail in the shape of a "second notice." With regard to the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. Quilter is of opinion that it would be better as a general rule that the Royal Academicians should send their chief works of the year to the Royal Academy, even if the pictures lost some of their attractiveness by this mode of treatment. The members of the Royal Academy have great privileges, and it were well they did something to keep up the credit of the institution by which these privileges are afforded. There is not so much original and poetical work exhibited at Burlington House, that that exhibition can easily dispense with the aid of Mr. Poynter and Mr. Watts, and (since he has accepted Academic honours) Mr. Burne-Jones. Mr. Poynter's "Corner in the Market Place" is a notable work from his hand—notable, if only because it shows a striving after beauty, which has not always been a characteristic endeavour of that artist. In contrast to a work of such classical conception is Mr. Walter Crane's "Chariot of the Hours," which proves, unfortunately, how seldom a clever decorative artist succeeds when he attempts serious work for which he is not fitted by a course of sufficient study from nature. Mr. John Collier, on the contrary, is an artist who rarely attempts anything he cannot carry out. His "Lilith," however, is not equal to his usual work. It is a picture devoid of poetry and feeling, though good in execution, and its bad points are very apparent when its merits are compared with those of Mr. Philip Burne-Jones' painting entitled "Shadow of the Saint," in which the idea is ingenious, and the subject-matter, which is almost entirely architectural detail, shows that Mr. Burne-Jones is gaining considerable dexterity from his father. Among much that is eccentric and much that is dull in the Grosvenor Gallery, Miss Dorothy Tennant's pictures, both there and in the Royal Academy, deserve no small meed of praise, and are well worthy of the attention bestowed upon their delicate fancy, and their sense of grace. It is pleasant to notice that Miss Tennant has returned to her pictures of children, for which she has a streak of distinct genius, and has left the rounded nymphs of Mr. Henner's studio, with their shadowy contours and surroundings of blue water and green woods. Her children's figures are nude, prettily drawn and full of action, and the composition of these works is especially delicate; moreover, it is essentially a lady's work and as refined as fanciful.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES is an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and has contributed a painting to the Jubilee Album which the Society has presented to Her Majesty. The subject of the picture is a landscape from nature, freely and effectively treated, but at the same time full of exactness of finish and minuteness of detail. Several members of the Royal Family have also contributed to the album in question.

MR. B. W. MACBETH, R.A., is about to take up his residence in Spain, in order to make important etchings from the following celebrated paintings in the Madrid Gallery: "The Surrender of Breda," "The Tapestry Workers," and the "Portrait of Alonzo Crus," all by Velasquez, "The Garden of Love and St. Margaret," by Titian. These works will be published by Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, London.

AGAIN the fortunate Metropolitan Museum of Art is made the recipient of a valuable picture; this time it is, strange to say, in the face of our last week's comments, a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, dated 1780, the portraits of three gentlemen, the Hon. Henry Fane, Charles Blair, Esq., and Irving Jones, trustees of the tenth Earl of Westmoreland, for whom it was painted, and in the possession of whose family it had remained up to the present day. The canvas is a large one, measuring eight feet eleven inches by twelve feet, and is valued at \$50,000. The donor is the American banker in London, Mr. Junius S. Morgan, who still retains the interest in his country which prompts so princely a gift. In the representative collection which the Museum is slowly forming, an example of the best English art of last century is very acceptable.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, of Philadelphia, has the satisfaction of knowing not only that he paid an enormous price for his big Munkaczy but that he

might have secured it for a smaller one. It appears that the enterprising dealer once sold it to Governor Alger, of Detroit, for \$90,000, but succeeded in escaping his bargain on receiving Mr. Wanamaker's much larger offer. The Governor, however, secured from Mr. Sedelmeyer, "The Last Days of Mozart." Next season is to be rendered memorable by the importation and exhibition of a still vaster canvas, "The Crucifixion," under the auspices of Mr. Sedelmeyer, who must have proved himself a valuable agent to Mr. Munkaczy.

THE version of "Mdle de Bressin," in which Mrs. Brown Potter appeared at the Gaiety on the 27th of June, is called "Civil War," and is pronounced by the American papers to be as great a failure as "Man and Wife." Poor Mrs. Brown Potter is evidently not destined to encouragement from her countrymen in the career she has adopted; their severity is unlimited. They tax her with again attributing her want of success to the fault of the play, and add, "poor little vain woman; she had more difficulties than herself to contend with in 'Civil War'; her cast included Amy Rosella (Mrs. Arthur Dacre). It was hardly wise on the part of a novice to put herself in contrast with an emotional actress of the first rank and a lovely woman to boot." Another serious drawback to Mrs. Potter was Mr. Bellew (an American actor). Even a practised actress could hardly, on a first night at least, sustain with equanimity the experience of being used as a piece of furniture for Mr. Bellew to pose against in his sweet, artless way." Certainly Americans do not spare themselves in their criticisms.

ANOTHER American actress is about to test the patience of the English public in the person of Miss Leonora Bradley, a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's and other well-known companies. Miss Bradley contemplates the somewhat doubtful experiment of taking a west-end theatre during August, and will produce "Jess," a new play by the author of "My Sweetheart."

A NEW comic opera will be brought out at an early date at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It is an adaptation from the French of "La Rosière" and will be called either "The May Queen" or "Margerie."

MISS ELLEN TERRY's appearance in Mr. A. C. Calmour's fanciful poetic drama, "The Amber Heart," was one of the events of the season. There are many faults in the young dramatist's work, but the general impression left upon the mind by its performance at the Lyceum was so pleasant that criticism seems invidious. Given a charming and pathetic story, rhythmical and telling lines, the incomparable Lyceum mounting, and such a heroine as Miss Terry, what need is there to dive into the depths of a play and tear it to tatters? Only Miss Terry could have created the ideal *Ellaline* of Mr. Calmour's fancy, for it is a study of every mood that she alone can perfectly portray. A fitting companion picture to her creation was Mr. Willard's *Coranto*—in every way a finished and scholarly performance. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's *Silvio* was not altogether loverlike, but his later scenes left nothing to be desired. Miss Terry has been presented by Mr. Henry Irving with Mr. Calmour's play, "The Amber Heart," as a mark of his appreciation of her beautiful rendering of the heroine's part, the eminent manager having bought the manuscript from the author on the day following the performance.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY will open his season in London, next spring, with his beautiful revival of "The Taming of the Shrew." This will involve the transport to England of all the scenery, costumes, and appointments; for Mr. Irving's example has inspired Mr. Daly with the desire to emulate it. The Daly Company during the London engagement will, as before, be under the management of Mr. William Terriss.

MR. CECIL CLAY and Miss Rosina Vokes did not go to England this summer; they are spending their vacation at various American watering places. Mr. Elliott will not be a member of their company for next season, although Weedon Grossmith, "Courtenay Thorpe," and others have been engaged. By the way, there are strange rumours abroad as to the identity of Mr. C. Thorpe's sex. Mr. Elliott is an excellent actor, and Miss Vokes will find some difficulty in replacing him.

MANAGER GRAU has contracted for an American tour with the celebrated French actor, Coquelin, commencing next June, in South America, whither he so successfully conducted the divine Sarah. In the following August he will make his first appearance in the United States, his repertoire to include "The Polish Jew," corresponding to the "Bells," "Ruy Blas," "Don Cesar de Bazan," and *Falstaff* in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." He will also present several of Molière's comedies. E. S.

IT was a gracious act of Mr. Goldwin Smith to invite to The Grange on Saturday all the printers, with their wives and sisters, in the office of *The Week* and the other journals published by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, together with the bindery staff, from the same premises, of Mr. W. Blackhall. About eighty were present on the grounds, where music and games were provided, and all spent a pleasant and enjoyable afternoon. The old historic residence was itself thrown open, and was a great attraction, especially the library, both to the men and to their lady friends. The portraits of the great figures of the Commonwealth, and the other historical treasures and art bric-a-brac in The Grange were also objects of interest, as well as the conservatory and the beautiful grounds. Substantial refreshments were provided in a tent on the lawn, to which all did justice. A vote of thanks was cordially tendered to the host and hostess, which drew forth a happy and instructive speech from Mr. Goldwin Smith, in which he felicitously referred to the printer's art, to phases in its historical development, to amusing typographical blunders, as well as to his own personal indebtedness to members of the craft. All enjoyed the afternoon, and will remember with pleasure their visit to The Grange.—*The Globe*.

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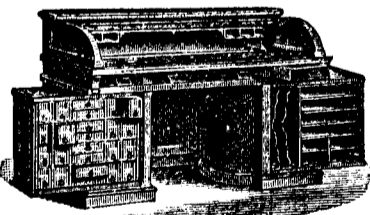
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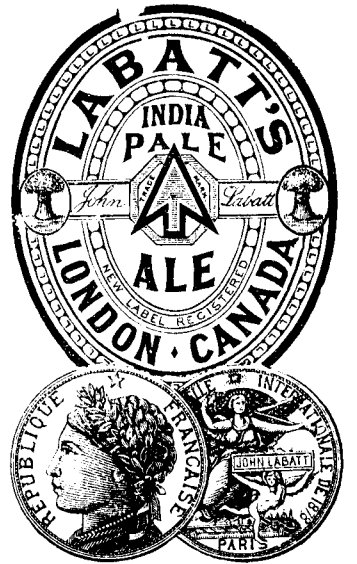
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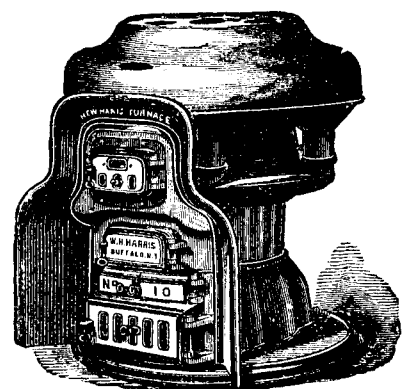
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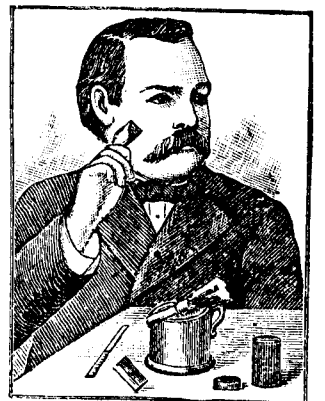
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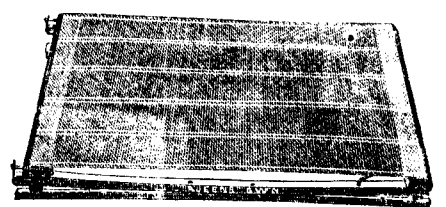
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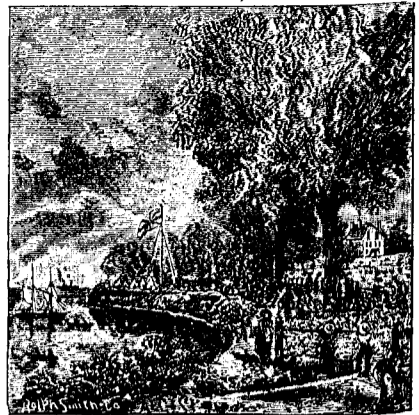
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