

THE WEEK:

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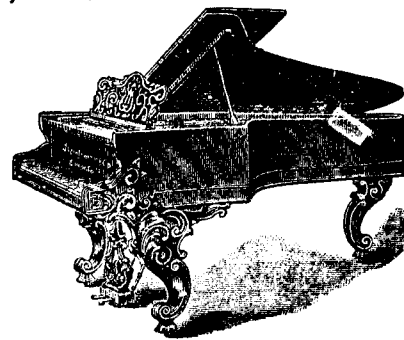
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CLERICAL INCOMES.

SOME time ago we drew attention to the very important subject of the incomes of the ministers of the various Christian Churches, and we are glad to see that the subject is being taken up and kept up in a thoroughly intelligent and satisfactory manner by the *Mail*. It is a sign that the laity are becoming alive to their own interest in this question; for, in truth, it is quite as much a layman's question as a clergyman's. Indeed, in one sense it concerns the laity more; for we can imagine a time coming when the clerical order might be extinct, or when the office of the ministry would be sought only by men who would be overpaid, however little they received; and in that case it would certainly be the laity that would suffer, rather than the clergy.

Curiously enough, these articles in the *Mail* have appeared contemporaneously with an article in the *Evangelical Churchman* which seems to us to reproduce the very worst form of sentiment on the subject of clerical stipends—the sentiment of suspicion and oppression, the sentiment which bids us believe that, if clergymen are not made entirely dependent upon their flocks, they will neglect their duties, and hold on to their posts merely for the sake of the endowments.

No doubt there are, and always will be, clergymen of this kind. Let it also be granted that such men will be fostered and perhaps increased by a system which renders them more or less independent of those to whom they minister. But this is not the question. We have further to consider whether other and greater evils may not result from the clergy being entirely dependent upon their congregations for their very subsistence.

Let us remember that the clergy are not the only officials who may be supported by these different methods: there are masters in schools, there are various kinds of officials in the service of the public. Is it proposed to make the same principle applicable to such officials as these? For example, is it proposed that the Principal of Knox College, of Wycliffe Hall, of Trinity College, shall be dependent upon the subscriptions of the friends of those institutions—which may rise or fall according as these functionaries "give satisfaction" to their supporters; or are they to have a fixed income guaranteed to them by the council or trustees by whom they are appointed?

It really does not seem to us that there is any great difference between these two applications of the principle in question. But what would be the result of making these incomes uncertain and precarious? Undoubtedly, one result would be that, in most places, a very inferior order of men would be appointed. Certainty of tenure, certainty of income—a moral certainty which should deliver the holder of an important post from the continual fear of being removed or of having the means of subsistence withdrawn—seems an absolute necessity, if we would in these posts have men worth having.

Now, we have no manner of doubt—judging of a matter in which we have no personal interest whatever—that, whatever may be the evils connected with the clergy having a measure of independence secured to them by endowments, the evils resulting from an underpaid and dependent clergy are far greater. It is a serious matter, indeed, for a clergyman to

speak unpopular truths in the presence of his people when the result may be a serious diminution of his income.

It is common enough to hear opinions like these snuffed down with a pious disdain which assumes that the opponent of the merely voluntary system is a worldly-minded person who is incapable of understanding the relations between a Christian pastor and a spiritually-minded congregation. We are not to be daunted by sneers at the "natural man," and by being told that these mysteries are "spiritually discerned." No lofty assumptions can get over the evidence of plain, hard facts. Readers of books like the "Shady Side," published some time ago in the States, know that the ministerial hardships there depicted were drawn from the life, and were in no way imaginary, or even infrequent; and we have no reason to think that those hardships have ceased?

Will it be gravely maintained that every Christian congregation, or that most Christian congregations, are willing to have their evil ways laid open and condemned every Sunday in the pulpit? Will it never happen that a Christian preacher may be constrained by a sense of duty to denounce the vices which distinguish the holder of the purse-strings in his congregation? Will it never happen that the richest man, or the four or five richest men or largest contributors to the funds of the Church in any particular place, will think that they deserve special consideration from their clergymen and from their fellow-worshippers? And if this cannot be denied, will it not be hard for a man to speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, when he knows that the probable consequences will be the loss of money necessary to carry on his children's education, or, in some cases, to procure them bread?

It is easy to say that a Christian minister ought to be superior to such considerations. And the ideal man might be; but the actual man must feel the force of them, however little he may yield to them. In a general way the clergy deserve the greatest admiration in this respect. Generally speaking, they are remarkably outspoken. But there is a danger of which they are hardly conscious, springing out of their sense of dependence. There are not a great many men who will deliberately say in the pulpit what they do not believe—not, perhaps, very many who will deliberately or consciously keep back what they deem it a duty to proclaim. But the process by which truth comes to be withheld is a more subtle one. The teacher thinks he must find out "acceptable words," he must win his people, he must beware of alienating them, and so, by degrees, he comes to be the mere echo of their opinions, perhaps often the mere mouthpiece of their prejudices.

Now, it is necessary for us laymen to say we do not want teachers of this kind. They can do us no good—they can do us nothing but harm. Unless the preachers of the Christian Church are to be prophets sent from God, they had better come down from their chairs. Let us have platforms on which we may exhort each other, give mutual counsel, help, comfort, as our knowledge or experience may enable us. This may be a reality. A minister of Jesus Christ who brings us no message from above, but only tells us what we bid him, and what we pay him to tell us, is an impostor who is receiving money under false pretences. He is professing one thing and practising another. There is another aspect of the subject, less tangible, perhaps, but not less real. The spirit of the Christian minister is broken, his tone lowered, his authority impaired or destroyed, not merely by the fear of man, the sense of bondage, but also by the wear and tear of earthly cares and anxieties. What is the great work of the evangelical teacher? Undoubtedly to keep the great facts and principles of Christian truth before the minds of his hearers, but also to set up a lofty ideal before the eyes of those whom he teaches, reminding them of something which they must be continually aiming at, which alone can satisfy their aspirations. Even an unbeliever like Renan holds that man is lost when he has forsaken his ideal; how much more one who believes in the Ideal of Humanity in the Incarnate Word? But how will this loftiness of tone be preserved in one who is forced to ask every day of his life: How shall we eat? And how shall we be clothed? and if he does not ask it, who will be asked by others whose sufferings are more to him than his own? Many a case has occurred of men beginning their ministerial work with the highest aspirations who have sunk to the level of mere drudges by reason of the pressure of earthly cares. What worse calamity could happen to the Christian community than such a degradation of their teachers?

While contending for a measure of independence for the Christian teacher, we are not advocating his being entirely deprived of the free-will offerings of his people. In many ways it is most important that a portion of his income should be derived from this source. Such a method enables a congregation to express the respect and gratitude which they may feel for their pastor. It will also enable a clergyman to discover in what esteem he is held by his people. Our argument against the entire dependence of the Christian minister in no way conflicts with the view that he may properly be made to know how he stands with his congregation. Unfortunately, clergymen are sometimes lukewarm, slothful, neglectful of their duties. It may be well that the diminution of their incomes should compel them to inquire into the cause. It may be that some are suffering for their fidelity. If so, they will have the martyr's reward. It may be that they are being punished for their neglect of duty; and in this case, too, it is well that they should be made aware of it.

Certainly there need be no fear that the small annual payments now coming to the city rectors will make them so independent of their congregations that they will instantly become negligent in the discharge of their duty. Those who know human nature best will probably judge that men who have given themselves to the work of the Christian ministry will not discharge their duties with less devotion because they are delivered from the anxiety of finding bread for themselves and their family. It may be that they will be less inclined to listen to the dictation of the few, but they will not, therefore, be less considerate of the legitimate wishes of their people in general; and we can hardly regard this state of things as hurtful to the Church of England or to the real interests of religion.

Let us be generous, and ever more generous, to those who have the rule over us, who speak to us in the name of the Great Shepherd. If they cannot thus do their duty to Him and to us, as faithful under-shepherds, we may be quite assured that no kind of compulsion, based upon temporal needs, will make them more faithful or more devoted.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

In a broad leafy road on the south side of Wiesbaden, just where the sun strikes hottest, and the roses smell sweetest, there lives an old lady belonging to an ancient German family. In her charming *salon*, arranged in the queer, stiff fashion affected in the early part of this century, Fräulein Von Scherf has, oftener than she can count, received the great Kaiser Wilhelm, who never fails, when he is at his palace in the market-place, to pay daily visits to her in her villa in Nicolas Strasse. He sits on the cornflower-coloured brocaded sofa, and speaks of the time when all the world was young, when limbs did not ache and eyes were undimmed, of the days when Elsa, Princess Ratzville, was queen of his heart. The old maid listens, and answers: tells how she conveyed his love letters to her friend, and fondly recalls what Elsa said, how Elsa looked, when reading those precious sheets. They live again each small event. They cherish every remembrance of the girl who has been dead these many years, whose face, never forgotten, comes so often before the monarch, and whose anguish at the knowledge that a more suitable marriage must be arranged for the young Prince still rings in the ears of her devoted foster-sister. These two—this old man and woman, this most puissant ruler and this maid of honour,—are swayed by the emotions of sixty years back. No one living can charm the Emperor as does the quiet lady of Nicolas Strasse, with her all-powerful, "Yes; I remember." Loitering in the sunshine outside the flower-decked house, passers-by try to catch a glimpse of their idol. "What can he have to say?" they ask each other. "If he were taking coffee with Bismarck or Moltke now, one could understand, but to stay an hour chattering with an old woman!" In the shaded blue rooms, forgetful of time, see the pathetic figure of a victorious king, who, having all, has nothing; who has cried out for over half a century for just that something which a cruel godmother, showering all manner of other gifts at his christening, thought fit to withhold. The other side of the table, to balance His Imperial Majesty, with doubtless an ache in her heart on her own account, the Fräulein clicks her knitting pins, and sighs "Ach" in sympathy. . . . It is like a fairy story. Hans Andersen would have taken it as a *motif* for one of his inimitable sketches of "What the Moon Saw;" only I think he would have exercised his magic and altered the end: he could not have left his king complaining, unhappy to the last. But "which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied?" Perhaps Empress Elsa after a time would have been no more of a success than Empress Augusta; who can tell?

By the way, in connection with the prophecy which all the world knows, that the Emperor will live till he is ninety-six, they supplement it in Germany by declaring the same sybil predicted the Crown Prince would die of starvation. This is handicapping Morell Mackenzie with a vengeance.

Is it too late to say a word about our National *Fête* of this week? The following is written by the author of a recent "Life of Giordano Bruno."—"Would you have liked to see me on Jubilee Day, on the shady side of St. James's Street, with a cool north-eastern zephyr blowing up among the weathercocks, and right against the capital of the Corinthian columns where little birds build, at Crockford's, now the Devonshire?

The fluted columns were full of dust, and so was I, for the carpenter was in too great a hurry to finish, or I was in too great a hurry to arrive, and the red cloth wasn't all tacked down, or the yellow fringe on. Out of the window I stepped, like King Charles going to execution: such a sight in the streets! I was perched over the ambulance, a modern innovation I could have done without; I wish the people had been left to faint by themselves. Twenty-one were carried over the road under our noses in an hour and a quarter, besides a dead soldier, a woman with her arm broken, and another in hysterics. It was a wonderful sight, and all the Princes and Princesses looked delighted, as well they might, for they all must feel sure no revolution can touch them after this. There wasn't much taste; red and yellow were the prevailing hues, and portraits of the Queen, hideous to behold, were stuck in many windows which ought to have known better. But there was no doubt of the loyalty. It wasn't only for the show, but for the Queen the people turned out, and she must have felt she was surrounded by love and respect. Y. was at Devonshire House, and says she was crying as she passed. The Kings and Queens were in shut carriages, and might have been bakers: but what fetched me was the body guard of Princes and the Indian Royalties. It was like a Roman triumph, and more splendid even in what it suggested than in its appearance. You would not have known the town at night; every commonplace street shone like the New Jerusalem, and the brick walls looked as if they were studded with jewels. A great many very small coloured lamps were used, and they had an excellent effect; and there were millions of Japanese lanterns—the sky was quite still, and a deep royal blue—and most of the houses and all the great clubs were brilliantly magnificent. The next day the Park was impassable with the children! Such a block: carriages were kept till the schools marched out, and the result was that every one going out to dinner had to walk."

Almost untouched by the Jubilee fever which has attacked all England, we yet lay claim to be as loyal as the heat and the distance from the scene will permit. Did we not heartily join the thanksgiving service appointed by the Church, and push and scramble for places in the Kurgarten on the evening of the 20th of June, when the Queen's initials, in barbarous mauve and red, flashed from the bridge spanning the lake; when English lads, newly released from Eton and Harrow, and coaching for the army or what not, called for cheers for Her Majesty, and rockets, flaring into the sky in her honour, lighted scores of English faces? The ordinary types are to be seen in the gardens in plenty. He of the wide straw hat is a cadet of an old Devonshire family, who, gambling away every farthing he possessed, and much that wasn't his, in the days when the tables stood in the gilded Kurhaus rooms, now lives on a small allowance sent four times a year by his kindred. A formal note is despatched every Christmas which sets forth that if he returns to England that allowance is discontinued. "I am coming back; I cannot endure this exile," he writes sometimes, after a disastrous night at *ecarté*. But he has never yet been so bold as to venture to leave, and is often to be heard mentioning to his latest table acquaintance his scorn and loathing for his island home in no measured terms. And there is the Irish landlord with his wife, who was once a noted beauty, and the ten children of all ages (like Mr. Du Maurier's delightful families in *Punch*), whom he desires to educate as cheaply as he may, for these are awful times, and where once he could securely reckon on thousands, he now thanks his stars on the receipt of as many hundreds; and there are rich widows with no encumbrances, and poor ones with many small boys and girls; and colonels with daughters, from South Kensington; and generals with daughters, from Clifton. None of us are especially interesting, though the Queen of Greece—dressed in quiet tailor-made gown, and plumed hat—is our latest arrival, and the Max Müllers of Oxford notoriety are to be found at the "Rose," and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has not been gone long from our midst. English people who live abroad do so, as a general rule, for reasons that do not tend to make one lively.

As I write, my papers are fluttering on a table that stands in a garden at the Nürnberger Hof (a delightful old farm, off the high road, just before you come to Frauenstein), where, if one is lucky enough, one may see the wraith of Goethe. That wonderful face, so familiar to us all, is bent over his note book. The people tell you with pride that much of "Faust" was composed here: that in the summer of 1815, when the Waterloo cannons were roaring and Emmie Osborne was praying for George, the poet had to wander up here from his inn in the hot narrow streets of the town (the inn still exists in Wiesbaden precisely as it was when Goethe lodged there), and write, and write, and write for hours, with the most beautiful scenes at his feet, of fertile valleys opening down to the Rhine, of sombre woods, of hills wreathed with vine-garlands, of dense forest stretching far away in the distance. Shifting shadows lie on the pines. Brilliant sunshine touches the silver-gray water—a pure streak delicately illuminated with little flying figures of ships, all shapes and sizes, with brown flapping wings, giving much the same effect to these fair leaves from nature's book as that produced by the faintly-coloured margins of old missal pages. Here and there villages of plum-coloured, glistening roofs and quaint twisted church towers call cheerfully to each other across the meadows with a tinkling chime of bells. Who was it said nature was too green and badly lighted? Neither accusation would hold good this perfect June evening.

Away to my left I can see the trees of the Park at Biebrich—a name recalling the Kickleburys and their memorable "Journey"—which park surrounds the wonderful palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau. Since the reign of good Queen Anne the red brick castle has blinked its many windows at the Rhine as it flows past the great iron gates. Once children laughed on the terraces, and lords in cocked hats and ladies in striped hooped skirts have wandered on these famous lawns, into the shadow, out again into the sun-

light and along these stately avenues like the charming do-nothing dwellers of Watteau Land. And there was feasting in those silent rooms in those days, and merry talk echoed up and down the wide staircases, and small counts and countesses, princes and princesses, held mimic court in the dusty deserted nurseries. Now there is no sound to be heard in the length and breadth of the palace. The few pictures that are left on the walls are of no value, and look idly down on some pieces of cumbersome, worthless furniture. In the park, where the grass is as high as one's knees and the shrubs are untrimmed, nightingales still trill as sweetly as if the owners of this deserted paradise were within call of their songs, and not as if their sole audience consisted of dull-eared villagers passing quickly on their way to the fields, or open-mouthed tourists wondering what all the desolation means. One discovers at last that when Nassau was taken from the Grand Duke in 1865, he retired from this charming country house, from Palais Pauline at Wiesbaden, from his Jagd-Schloss on the Taunus Hills, as his quarrel with the Emperor was of such a fierce nature as not to permit him even occasionally to breathe the same air as His Majesty. They say that twenty years have cooled the heat a little, and that on the marriage of his daughter Hilda to the grandson of the Emperor he gave her this picturesque place, and she and her husband contemplate living here every summer. It is like a palace of the sleeping beauty, and requires but a touch from an enchanter's wand to set it in motion again.

For years the same pair of storks returned to the same chimney in the Kirchgasse, but a telegraph wire erected above their empty nest while they were wintering in Egypt or elsewhere, frightened the cautious couple from their old home, so they settled at Erbenheim, three miles off on the Frankfurt road, and are to be seen every afternoon on the swampy meadow outside the village teaching their young to fly—the only storks for miles round. One would like to know where these faithful birds live for the eight months spent away from German eyes. Did you ever hear of a Nuremberg scholar who wrote on a slip of parchment, "Pretty swallow, tell me where you pass your winter?" and tied it beneath the wing of a bird which had built for many a season so close against his window as to be quite tame, and which was just setting off again on its travels? And do you know that in the following spring when the scholar heard the twitter of his favourite and caught the little creature he found a new slip beneath its wing, on which was inscribed in Greek, "At the house of Glaucus, of Athens, the Vinedresser: who asks?"

WALTER POWELL.

Wiesbaden.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SIR CHARLES DILKE concludes his five articles in the *Fortnightly* upon the "Relative Position of the Great Continental Powers of Europe" by the following analysis of the present condition of the British Empire.

WE have seen that England is past her fighting days unless moved by a very powerfully irritating cause; in the first place, on account of her admitted military unreadiness, and in the second place, on account of her strong desire for peace. It seems sufficiently established for any one who has followed my arguments in my preceding writings that it is impossible for the United Kingdom to adopt a policy of disarmament, or of effacement, without the gravest danger for her future. No doubt her chief Colonies are able to defend themselves; no doubt her carrying trade can be protected by naval means without a great resort to additional expenditure upon the services; but I cannot honestly pretend that England is in such a perfect position of defence at home as to be, under all circumstances, safe against the possibility of invasion. She has to face the fact that she is one of the least popular of the Powers, and that if she alone were attacked no hand would be raised in her defence. When I find myself compelled to write of England's unpreparedness for war I must at once admit that it is not in expenditure she falls short; she spends, indeed, more upon her war service than does any other empire in the world, and perhaps more, not only absolutely, but even relatively, in proportion to her enormous responsibilities. Considering, indeed, how much she spends, how little can she show for the money? Now, what is the most scientific foreign opinion with regard to her present military position? If we collect the statements of the leading foreign writers upon the subject we find that they point out that her colonial garrisons are singularly small; for example, in Trinidad there are 106 men (they take no account of volunteers); in the Bahamas, 93 (black); in Honduras, 226 (black). On the other hand, the French keep in French Guiana 1,000 soldiers (white men); while England keeps in British Guiana 163 (black troops). The French have in their West India Islands more men than England has in hers; and furthermore, the French have strongly fortified their chief colonial positions, Fort de France, in Martinique, and Dakar, in Senegal. It is also shown that, in now beginning to fortify her coaling stations, England seems to forget that they will require garrisons; that she is under an obligation to defend Belgium, but is, in fact, unable to do so; that upon her Indian frontier she will have to fight the Russians, and that it is impossible to prophesy the result of this inevitable struggle; that her army corps is sufficiently supplied with possible infantry forces to form eight army corps, but that not more than two such corps could be used abroad on account of the want of cavalry and artillery. Altogether the scientific summary of England's position is far from favourable to the views in the direction of retrenchment which have been expressed by the last three Chancellors of the Exchequer, although it is undoubtedly difficult to maintain that she gets at present the greatest possible return for her expenditure. England may regret as much as she pleases the progress of destructive weapons, and the fact that since she built her fortresses they have

virtually gone out of date, and may lament the growth of the military power, and of the rapidity of mobilisation of her neighbours; but it is a fact that, quite apart from her obligations in India, in Asia Minor, and in Belgium, she probably may have to increase her expenditure upon home defence. Her commercial ports are at present virtually undefended, even against the lightest of light attacks, and she is far indeed from having reached a point at which the assurance of her national existence can be looked upon as complete. It being assumed that for the moment England has to give up all idea of acting upon the Asia Minor Convention, or of defending Turkey in any manner upon land, and that she is to put Belgium out of sight and think only of the defence of India and of England, and the protection of her colonies and her trade, it is nevertheless the case that, even upon this reduced estimate of her responsibilities, in the opinion of all competent men, she falls short of the power to accomplish her task.

Less than five corps in all, prepared to take the field, appears to constitute the actually available army upon which nearly forty millions sterling are expended by the Empire, for only a small portion of this forty millions is expended upon the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers; and the volunteers, without the support of mobile field artillery, are not much more useful than the inferior Indian troops.

It is a little difficult to make an exact comparison of the expenditure of each Great Power upon its army. Germany spends about eighteen millions and a half; Russia, rather more than Germany and Austria together, and France comes next, but none of them are spending anything like the enormous sum of fifty-two millions sterling, which represents England's outlay, not including the local expenditure of the Colonies; in spite of which vast sum, however, she has not kept pace either with France or Germany in the introduction of repeating rifles, or of new shells. The reduction of the horse artillery and the want of ammunition columns are serious defects in the present military management.

It is only, however, by comparison with the army that I think the navy in a sound position, and I do not admit that it is sufficiently satisfactory to give no cause for anxiety. As long as France remains at peace, and spends upon her navy such enormous sums as she has done during the last few years, she will be sufficiently near England, as a naval power, to make her position somewhat doubtful, to make it depend, that is, upon how the different new inventions may turn out in time of war. It would be as idle for England, with her present naval force, to hope to thoroughly command the Mediterranean and the Red Sea against the French without an Italian alliance, as to try to hold her own in Turkey or in Belgium with her present army. As against a French and Russian combination she is weaker still. Englishmen are hardly aware of the strength of Russia in the Pacific, where, if England is to attack at all, she must inevitably fight her. While talking about their European fleets the Russians are paying no real attention to them, and are more and more concentrating their strength in the Northern Pacific.

If the British protection of Belgium has gone, how much more has that of Turkey disappeared into the background? The occupation of Cyprus was considered at one time as a material element in maintaining the independence of Asia Minor; but the fact is now only too patent that England is unable to reorganise an army to defend Asia Minor for the Turks, even if her people wished her to do so. It is certainly necessary for her at any rate to defend India, which is not, under present circumstances, a much easier task. India, I shall venture to assume, is worth keeping at all hazards, for the sake both of its people and the British nation. To hold her own upon the Afghan frontier, and to carry war into Russian territory by an attack upon Russia's Pacific shores, is the most she can expect to achieve. What hopes are there that England will be able to carry out this design? I am sorry to say that the more inquiry one makes, and the more time one spends upon the army and navy estimates, the more is the belief—nay, I might almost say the certainty—forced upon one that, while England has a small efficient white army in India, even in India the greater portion of the troops she nominally possesses are non-efficient, and in England, with an equal expenditure, her army, in a modern sense, may be said to be non-existent. It seems necessary, therefore, to consider of a system which will give her a better return for her expenditure than that pursued at present, as what England has mainly to look to is the defence of India, the defence of England, and the supply of a possible expeditionary force. Instead of trying at one time to imitate the Prussians, at another time the French, she should strike out a thoroughly national system for herself. If the theory on which her existing army system is based had any relation at all to fact, there might indeed be much to say for it. When, however, we find that, after years upon years of reorganisation and years upon years of fabulous expenditure, she is virtually without an army, and that England and India together, with an expenditure greater than Russia, can put into the field a force capable of fighting against European troops only equal to the force of Roumania, surely the time has come when revolutionary measures should be tried.

Just two years ago a hope was expressed by a distinguished military writer that a federation of the British Empire might be formed for general defence. The Colonial Conference which has been lately held with that view proved that the chief strength which can be gained from England's possessions for general imperial defence must come from Australia. As regards Canada, the predominant feeling is friendly; but it is useless to disguise the fact that there is a good deal of separatist feeling in Canada, and that there are at times dangerous ups and downs in Canadian sentiment about the Empire and its advantages. Moreover, Canada has an overshadowing neighbour of enormous power in the United States, with whom she has, from time to time, causes of sharp difference. The South

African colonies have a vast preponderance of native population. The Australians alone are in the happy position of being completely masters in their own house, and of having no very near neighbours, and certainly none of whom they are afraid. The chief outcome of the Colonial Conference has been the establishment of a joint system of naval defence in the Australian seas, which is only a very small point actually gained when the amount of contributions required is considered. At the present time some of our chief colonies are either in doubt or opposed entirely to federation schemes; yet there can be no doubt that, even in the absence not only of strict federation but of general military agreement among the various portions of the Empire, England does nevertheless carry with her into European Councils much of the weight which comes from the possession of India and the Colonies. She cannot appear in Europe merely as Great Britain, or merely as the United Kingdom, but takes with her, wherever she goes, both the strength and the weakness that attach to her world-wide position.

There is one special source of national weakness to the United Kingdom and to the Empire, both military and general, which I ought to name, which is to be found in the condition of Ireland. If the Irish question were once settled, not only would England be able to take once more a better place in Europe, but lasting friendship would become possible between Great Britain and her chief daughter country. The Canadian fisheries troubles would not be found difficult of solution were it not for Irish discontent. Given the existence of this friendship, it would be to England a source of pride that the independent branch of her race which is seated in America, rapidly becoming as flourishing and as powerful as the whole of Europe, affords a pleasanter picture than that which Europe itself just now presents.

MODERN ETCHING.

THE fashionable craze in London of late years has been etching, and as it has to a limited extent spread to Canada, some information on the art, which is obtained from the *Fortnightly*, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

It is only twenty years since Mr. Philip Hamerton, writing in advocacy of the art of etching, endeavoured to find a reason for its unpopularity; to find the reason of its popularity would be the more appropriate task for the writer of to-day, especially as, with one or two exceptions, it is not the popularity of the great masters—it is rather the diffusion of work that is not individual. Great etching has been esteemed in limited circles—the circles of the instructed in this matter—for the last 200 years; in proof of which there has hardly been one generation during which the etchings of Rembrandt and of Claude have failed to increase in money value. Nor were they collected only as rarities by the millionaire and the curiosity-hunter; they were cherished intelligently by faithful admirers, of whom some, like the Chevalier de Claussin, were among the educated poor. The bulk, however, of modern etching which has acquired popularity appeals but little to the qualified students of Rembrandt and Claude, of Van Dyck and Hollar; but what it has secured is a measure of attention to the method of the art, which has obliged even the strictest and most orthodox of connoisseurs to admit that in the hands of gifted and peculiar men things have been done in our generation which they would hardly have held possible, and that even the legitimate province of the art has been confessedly extended by the increased attention bestowed by workers upon etching, not only from 1868 downwards, but since the first revival of the art by Meryon and Bracquemond, Jacquemart, Whistler, and Seymour Haden a dozen or a score of years before.

Of the etchers whose names we have just mentioned, each is individual, and more than one has wrought in fashions that were a surprise. To answer and refute the often not unreasonable doctrine that etching is sketching upon copper, comes Meryon, whom Mr. Haden in his comprehensiveness values, and of whom Mr. Whistler engagingly declares that he is not a great artist. Meryon, whom Mr. Haden describes accurately enough as "a great original engraver, whose work was not impulsive and spontaneous like etchers' work in general, but reflective and constructive, slow and laborious, and made up less of etching proper than of touchings and workings on the copper which do not admit of exact description."

Charles Meryon, thus variously estimated by the two most brilliant living etchers, was, as a matter of fact, the greatest nature that has expressed itself through etching since the days of Rembrandt. He is unlike almost every other great etcher in that it is upon his etchings alone that he must depend for fame. He was not a colourist, a defect of vision forbade him to be a painter. One great etcher of the past, and one alone, he resembled—Wenceslaus Hollar—by his devotion to a single art and by his deliberate and engraver-like method of working.

"His method," says Haden, "was this; first he made not a sketch, but a number of sketches, generally on vellum two or three inches square, of parts of his picture, which he then put together and arranged into an harmonious whole, which whole he first bit in, and then worked into completeness by the dry point and burin." What is singular as a proof of his concentrativeness is that the result has none of the artificial character usual to this kind of treatment, but that it is always broad and simple, and that the poetical motive is never lost sight of.

Whatever character for eccentricity Mr. Whistler may enjoy in the present, it is he who in the future will be voted by common consent to be that which experts in the matter declare him at this moment—the representative etcher of this generation, succeeding to Meryon's sceptre, but by what a different title! It is not a generation after all, but it is an appreciable number of years, that divides the two. Meryon's principal etchings

were executed in Paris between 1850 and 1854. He died in 1868. Before the first date there was some work in preparation; after the last there were some years of decay. The earliest etching by Mr. Whistler is of 1858, and, like all Meryon's work, was done in Paris; he was then a very young man. His latest ends with the record of a print executed in the summer of last year. Whistler's etchings number over 250, and while thirty years divide the first from the last, there have been intervals during which he has never handled his needle. Painting in oil, painting in water colour, drawing in pastels, lecturing to smart people, compiling neat pamphlets derisive of criticism, and contributing to newspapers have occupied him instead. In all the variety of his labour and pleasure, however, Mr. Whistler has never been untrue to his conception of art, and he has produced nothing that has not been replete with freshness of mind, nothing that was not keenly felt and beheld with penetration. Thus it is that every stroke is interesting. The effect of all etchings depends upon the printing, and Mr. Whistler has taken care that not a single impression shall go forth which does not fully satisfy him; from this precaution much of his success has resulted. On the whole, and even by original etchers, the work of printing is injuriously neglected.

Mr. Seymour Haden, though for years in extensive practice as a London surgeon, has been almost as prolific an etcher as Mr. Whistler. Sir W. Drake has catalogued one hundred and eighty-five of his plates, and he has been much more popular. If his style be less subtle and less elegant than that of Whistler, it is manly, vigorous, energetic, penetrating, and decisive. Mr. Haden is no mere amateur favourably circumstanced, and so producing something appreciably better than the ordinary amateur work; his sympathies have been with art, profoundly; half his gifts were in that direction, and he was wise enough to live for a while the life of an artist; these things account for the admirable qualities that lie open to notice in his etchings.

In whatever order and at whatever distance apart we may decide to place them, Whistler and Haden are the artists to whom the revived interest in etching, both in England and America, is chiefly due. Duveneck and Parrish, two of the most brilliant of the Americans, are distinctly their followers, and their followers in England are too many to name. But in England at least one other etcher has been influential with the younger men; this is Monsieur Legros, some of whose work was done before he came over to England, and long before he assumed the direction of the Slade School at University College. Like several other artists of a very high rank, M. Legros is a native of Dijon. His very cleverest follower is Mr. Strang. Legros has essayed chiefly landscape, and his landscape partakes of that of the early masters. He is a man of genius who has never attracted the public at large. He is also a belated old master.

Jules Jacquemart's work in etching is not wholly original; he is a link between the creator and the copyist, and his illustrations of fine objects of art and vertu are very perfect, as displayed by his etchings for the "Histoire de la Porcelaine" and in the "Gemmes et Joyaux de la Couronne." Mr. Ernest George and Mr. Axel Haig are understood to be in the enjoyment of a wide popularity, but we cannot consider them brilliant. Merits of a kind both these men have, like Mr. Farrer, who has carried skies much farther than they have generally been carried in etching, and Mr. David Law, with his finished pictures on the copper; both are original artists with tendencies of their own.

Among all the painters, perhaps, Mr. Herkomer may also be regarded as a proficient in the art of etching, and he is hardly among the permanent masters. Is Mr. Macbeth among them? He has individuality and power of interpretation, and is consequently more interesting than another skilled craftsman, like himself at the height of fashion, M. Walthez, who is a flexible, dexterous, various translator, and has worked triumphantly. In our own time alone artistic personalities, as different, nay in some cases as opposed, as those of Meryon and Whistler, Haden and Legros, Macbeth and Jacquemart, have been revealed to us in etching, and so the new individuality may find in etching the novel method of expression.

AN AUSTRIAN STATESMAN ON MR. GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

INDEPENDENTLY of the demerits and dangers of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, he has, to my mind, little or no excuse for introducing it, and the parallel he draws between it and the dual system I inaugurated is utterly fallacious. Agrarian agitation is the plea which he uses for giving the Irish people a separate Parliament. I believe that the agrarian system in Ireland has for centuries been a bad one, and the land legislation of 1881—whatever people may think of it from a moral point of view—will unquestionably bring about good results. But how these results are to be beneficially increased by giving Ireland a separate Parliament, and handing over its government to the avowed enemies of England, I cannot see, for one of its first acts would be to pass laws—virtually decrees of expulsion—against the landlords, to banish capital from the land, and materially to aggravate the general condition of the peasantry. As an old statesman I should consider that the establishment of an Irish Parliament, raising, as it unquestionably would, aspirations on the part of the people to free themselves from the English yoke, and increasing the power of political agitators, is fraught with the gravest danger to England. I cannot understand Mr. Gladstone quoting Austria-Hungary as an example, for, independently of the great dissimilarity between the two systems, Mr. Gladstone forgets the condition of Austria when the Hungarian Parliament was established. Austria had been beaten after a short, but most disastrous war; Prussia had forbidden her any further interference in German

affairs; the country was almost in a state of latent revolution; and an outbreak in Hungary, promoted by foreign agents and foreign gold, with Klapka doing Count Bismarck's bidding, was in the highest degree probable, and would, had it occurred, have led to almost overwhelming disaster. Knowing this, I felt bound to advise the Emperor to accede to the views of the Déak party, securing the solidarity of the Empire by the guarantees afforded through the systems of delegations and joint budget. Mr. Gladstone cannot urge upon your House of Commons the same reasons for granting Home Rule to Ireland. England has not been, and I trust never will be, beaten as Austria had been beaten. No foreign foe has been dictating terms at the gates of London. No revolution is latent, and, a point also worthy of consideration, the population of Ireland is only about five millions, including those Protestants who are against the Home Rule scheme, as compared with what I should think was the wish of the great majority of the thirty millions composing the population of Great Britain; whereas the area of Hungary is greater than that of Austria proper, and its population is nearly one-half of the total population of the Empire.—*Memoirs of Count Beust.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRIAL SCENE IN "PICKWICK."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :—

SIR,—In a late number of THE WEEK you give some of the most interesting particulars respecting the Pickwick papers. You may not know (indeed, it is not likely you would know) that every member of the "Trial Scene" is a portrait, and a most excellent one. I used, for several years, to attend the Assizes at Winchester, and knew the face of every judge and counsel who attended the Assizes there on the western circuit. I knew every board in the wooden partitions, and may say every knot-hole.

The picture shows the Southern Court in the so-called Castle of Winchester (it was more like a great stone barn than a castle). The view of the court is correct; the portraits of the barristers are perfect. The little attorney in black, sitting just under the judge, was Mr. James Hoskins, to whom I was articled; Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz was Mr. Serjeant Bompas, and Dickens must have heard the style of that gentleman's oratory or he could never have so perfectly paraphrased his speech in the report of the trial.

It is more than sixty years ago, or I could have individualised every one of the counsel; I knew them all as well as I know the leading counsel in the courts in Canada.

In the court partitioned off at the northerly end of the castle, fastened to the wall at the back of the seat of the judge, was the ancient and veritable King Arthur's Round Table, a massive oaken structure, the names of the knights sitting round, and the king, on a faldstool in the middle. The history of this most venerable piece of furniture is fully set forth in the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," which also has a plate of the table exactly as it has been restored in modern times.

The sketch of that plate must have been taken in court at assize time, some time after the first number of "Pickwick" was published.

Port Perry.

E. L. C.

THE EXCLUSION OF IRISH MEMBERS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your issue of July 14 you express some doubt as to the truth of the report that Mr. Gladstone has explicitly agreed to the retention of the Irish members at Westminster as a condition of the creation of an Irish Parliament. Why should there be any doubt in the matter when Mr. Gladstone said in the Home Rule debate that he was willing to retain the Irish members at Westminster, if any one would show him how it could be done? It was never Mr. Gladstone's desire to exclude the Irish members from the House of Commons, and the exclusion clause in his bill was due simply to the difficulty of so arranging matters that while the Irish members would be able to take part in business relating to the Empire at large, they would be debarred from taking part in business relating only to England or Scotland. A moment's consideration will show how hard a problem this is to solve, and neither Lord Hartington nor Mr. Chamberlain has ever offered a solution. Mr. Morley's attitude on the subject is not one of hostility to the retention of the Irish members. It is simply a recognition of the difficulty above referred to. The meaning of the telegrams on the subject probably is that some understanding has been arrived at—not as to the desirability of having Ireland represented in the House of Commons, for on that point all the Liberal members have always been agreed—but as to the footing on which the Irish contingent will be placed at Westminster. The true remedy is a federal constitution, with a provincial parliament for Scotland, and another for England; but for this the time does not seem to have quite arrived. Pending the greater change, Mr. Gladstone's plan of leaving the Irish members out of the House of Commons is probably the least objectionable solution of the difficulty.

Toronto, July 14, 1887.

WM. HOUSTON.

SUNDAY STREET CARS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Permit the expression of a few considerations on this question on the opposite side to those which have lately appeared in your columns. I suppose it will be conceded that in the abstract, and but for strong

and outweighing reasons to the contrary, this species of labour ought not to be carried on on Sunday any more than any other kind of toil. Why then should the work which Sunday street cars will entail upon man and beast be an exception to the rule against Sunday labour? Is there any over-mastering necessity, any unquestionable advantage, to justify so marked a deviation from the ordinary rule in regard to the observance of the Lord's Day.

It is argued that cars are required to take people to church, but in Toronto there are places of worship belonging to all churches and denominations within easy walking distance of everybody's residence. Surely the gratification of a whim, or predilection for any particular preacher or service, is not sufficient cause for breaking in upon the Sunday's rest of the over-worked car horse and his driver. But, say the advocates of Sunday cars, they are needed to carry the people to the fresh air and green fields. Have the oxygen and verdure which can be enjoyed in such streets as Beverley, St. George, Jarvis and Sherbourne, and in such parks and squares as Riverside Park and Clarence Square become exhausted? Although the dimensions of the Queen's Park have been grievously curtailed, to the great loss of our labouring classes (and a thousand pities it is that this should be so), there is still a good deal of space left in it for Sunday strollers. Why should not the grounds which surround the Normal School, St. James's Cathedral, the Metropolitan Church, and Osgoode Hall be utilised, under proper police regulations, as places of resort and recreation on Sunday, as are the Horticultural Gardens? All these places would afford as much pleasure as those at a distance from the city, and in many cases be found more convenient.

Another argument advanced in support of Sunday cars is, that since the rich man rides in his carriage, the poor man ought to have his Sunday street car. To this I submit there are several obvious answers: (1) The use by a comparatively few persons of their private carriages does not involve anything like the same amount of hard and continuous labour for man and horse that street car service for half or any part of Sunday would. It is probably no hardship at all to a gentleman's horse to be driven to church and back, but far different must it be for the unceasingly worked car horse; and the same difference exists, to a considerable extent, between the case of the gentleman's coachman and the street car driver. (2) The authorising of the running of the street cars on the Lord's Day would be a public and official act; if not a Sabbath desecration, at all events, of interruption of the quiet and calm of Sunday, and differs considerably from the interference with the rights of private liberty, and of individual conscience, which the putting down of private carriages would involve. It would be well, however, that this liberty and conscience were exercised in the direction of using these as sparingly as possible on the day of weekly rest. (3) But granting that both are equally wrong, "two wrongs don't make one right."

In discussing a question of this kind, there is a consideration which seems too often ignored or lost sight of, and it is this: that the inferior animals which yet depend

"Not more on human help than we on theirs,
Whose strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects,"

have their rights, which it is the duty of their superiors of the human race to regard, and of which man cannot deprive them without incurring a serious moral responsibility. Of these rights none is more indisputable than that of rest on one day in seven, except in cases where some real necessity to the contrary exists.

A proper sense of the divine precept contained in the fourth commandment, a due cultivation of that righteousness which causes a man to regard the life of his beast (while the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel), should certainly lead our civic authorities to defer as long as possible the evil day when our Toronto Sunday shall be marred by the jingle of street car bells and the sight of fagged horses struggling under the weight of overloaded cars. Such sights and sounds will be anything but promotive of the mental and moral well-being of our citizens.

"Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what He deems no mean or trivial trust."

It seems superfluous to dwell upon the yet greater objections which might be urged against the invasion of their right to rest, recreation, and worship which Sunday cars will bring upon drivers and conductors. The argument as to them is of course much stronger. It is worth remembering that the incident which gave occasion to the famous saying, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," was a Sabbath walk through the fields, but the walk did not involve any extra labour for either man or beast.

Toronto, July 17, 1887.

X. Y. Z.

Of all the Jubilee offerings which Her Majesty has been asked to accept none has been simpler than two new-laid eggs which a poor Irishwoman sent the Queen by a bishop, hearing that the bishop of the diocese was going to London the Jubilee week. This Irish loyalist asked him if the Queen would accept two eggs for her breakfast from an Irish widow. The bishop brought them across St. George's Channel and transmitted them to Windsor with a description of the donor's poverty and loyalty. They were accepted by the Queen, who is making inquiries as to what would be the most useful present in return.—*Edmund Yates, in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Week.

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THE Fishery Question is giving no trouble this year. Not a seizure has been made so far; which is accounted for by the Government organs on the theory of increasing watchfulness on the part of the cruisers, which effectually prevents all chance of poaching; and by the Opposition press, by alleging that the Americans are freely allowed to fish within the three mile limit, provided they keep up appearances by sheering off when a Government cruiser comes in sight. But the truth seems to be that there is a better spirit on both sides than last year; our Government is not so punctilious, and the Americans are not so aggressive. The custom-house regulations have been modified in an accommodating spirit on the Canadian side; while the American fishermen have generally received instructions not to enter the disputed waters, save for shelter or wood and water. There has been a reasonable degree of concession on each side; and so unseemly and mischievous quarrelling has been avoided.

To ask Canadians to consider the commercial aspect of Commercial Union by itself and not at present to take into account its political consequences is much like advising a mouse to walk into a trap and taste the cheese, and not concern itself about the consequences. Will Commercial Union lead to Annexation, is the very crux of the question to most people; and we are persuaded that if the farmers who are now holding up both hands for Commercial Union could be brought to see—what we have little doubt is the case—that its probable effect would be such a state of things in Canada that Annexation would flow as a consequence or be sought as a relief,—if this could be made clear, there would be a speedy end to the agitation. It is impossible indeed to consider the project of Commercial Union without taking account of its political aspect, unless we wilfully shut our senses; the political aspect of the question is forced on us the moment we look beyond the statements of its Canadian advocates to the opinion and comments of the Americans. Mr. Wiman, for instance, tells us that Commercial Union will prevent Annexation; that if affairs are permitted to drift as at present Annexation will be inevitable, whereas Commercial Union will confer upon the Dominion all the advantages of Annexation without any of the penalties. Well, we might, as advised, taking Mr. Wiman's dicta on trust, go on discussing Commercial Union, and so perhaps forwarding it, without reference to Annexation; but what says the *New York Tribune* by way of comment on Mr. Wiman's statement?—Americans, it says, "do not desire to drag any of the Canadian Provinces into the Union, nor to encourage premature agitation of the question. Nevertheless, they are convinced that the incorporation of those Provinces in the American Union is inevitable, and . . . while they are not anxious to anticipate the future with importunate solicitations and ill-timed agitation, they are reluctant to block the road to Annexation. When, therefore, Mr. Wiman tells the Canadians that Annexation must come speedily unless Commercial Union can be effected, they [the Americans] are disposed to let the frontier tariffs stand. It may be true, they will conclude, that with Commercial Union the Provinces will have all the advantages of the American state system without any of the responsibilities; but why should so one-sided a compact be made? Why should the British Colonies on this continent obtain all the commercial benefits of membership in the Union, while they remain outside, and are dependent upon the Crown?" So, if it be really true as claimed by the Canadian Unionists that Commercial Union will prevent Annexation, we shall have none of it. The Americans believe the absorption of Canada to be ultimately inevitable, and believing that, they will certainly not agree to Commercial Union, if that is to "block the road" to the absorption. But, "Let us make their tariff, and we'll soon make their politics," says the *Chicago Tribune*, the leading Republican paper of the West, and this is unquestionably the true state of the case. Commercial Union would not prevent Annexation, or block the way to it. If it did we should not get it—that is shown by the *N. Y. Tribune*; but, in fact, this argument of Mr. Wiman's was fabricated for Canadian consumption, and has no currency on the other side.

THE annual exhibit of the United States Treasury for the financial year just closed shows an excess of revenue over expenditure for the year

of near one hundred and three million dollars. The receipts from customs were the largest ever received from this source, except in the year 1882, when they amounted to two hundred and twenty million and a half, while last year they were only three million less. This enormous revenue from imports in face of a high tariff certainly goes to support the opinion that Commercial Union would not operate an exclusion of British trade. While indeed such an immense volume of food stuffs from this continent finds a market in Great Britain, a return trade must flow over the tariff barrier, however high that be raised. Meanwhile, the collection of customs duties to near double the amount required ought before long to force the subject of tariff revision on our neighbours. The most likely method of reducing the surplus would appear to be a proportionate reduction in customs and internal revenue taxes, which would take about a third off the amount of the present duties, a reduction that might bring Commercial Union measurably nearer.

OUR neighbours have set us a worthy example in throwing off party fetters to no inconsiderable extent of late years; and the tone of popular comment on the present hostile attitude of the Grand Army of the Republic to President Cleveland shows distinctly the temper of the people toward the party "machine"—at least the party machine in masquerade. The annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, an organisation which includes every male citizen who blew so much as a tin horn in the service of the Union, is an affair of national interest. This September it is to take place, with special significance, in the southern city of St. Louis, in token to the world that the issues of the rebellion are no more things of the past than its animosities. In February last the Grand Army sent a courteous invitation to the President to honour the Encampment by his presence, and receive such honour as the Chief Executive of the nation might at the hands of the men who had saved it. In the meantime, however, Mr. Cleveland did two things that excited the wrath of the Grand Army of the Republic. He vetoed the Pension Bill of the session, and he proposed the return of the Confederate flags, taken in the recent struggle between North and South. His straight veto was received with applause by everybody not immediately interested in it, for the National Treasury has been for years so systematically rifled upon one pretence or another to catch the "old soldier" vote that the word "veteran" is beginning to have a distinct suggestion of bombast and boodle about it. With regard to the flags, the President's motives cannot be impugned, although his common sense may. The South is too solidly Democratic as it is to require propitiation, and if the negro vote could be affected by any sentimental consideration, it would be of course, in the opposite direction. The flags, however, were fairly taken from the enemies of the Union by its defenders, and to return them is simply to stir up not unnatural feelings of protest in the breasts of those of whose victory they are the pledges, without making the fact that the men who carried them were beaten any more palatable. To send them back is, moreover, to recognise a bi-partite Union, otherwise there is "nothing and nobody" to return them to. "The South" is supposed to have only a geographical existence in the present state of peace and harmony that the citizens of the Republic fondly believe exists there. While the South contended with the North, it was the enemy of the United States. In ceasing to be the enemy of the United States, it ceased to be at all in any sense of separation from them.

BECAUSE of these two Presidential acts, especially, it is more than hinted, because of the first, the attitude of the Grand Army toward Mr. Cleveland has become decidedly hostile. Windy orators of the Tuttle and Fairchild type have indulged in the most offensive criticism of his conduct; whole detachments of "veterans" have signified their intention of staying at home if he is present at the Encampment, and he has been threatened with insult and violence should he attend. Thus far the Grand Army has not officially repudiated these manifestations, and as it has had plenty of time, the President and the nation are justified in accepting them as indicating the prevailing sentiment of that body. Acting upon this belief, Mr. Cleveland has sent a manly and dignified letter of refusal to the Mayor of St. Louis and the Grand Army of the Republic's representative. And now everybody except the rabid Republican element is in a ferment of indignant enquiry as to whether the dignity of the Chief Executive's office is to be wantonly degraded by an organisation, assuming to be national and representative, that is sore-headed because its extortionate claims are at last defied.

FULLER information about the recent bye-elections in England goes to show that the Unionist reverses were due mainly to want of organisation. That is, while the Gladstonite candidates represented a united party, their opponents represented two parties—the Conservatives and the Liberal.

Unionists, who are not yet fused sufficiently to win for their common candidate the votes, on the one hand, of many Tories who dislike Liberalism, and on the other, of many Liberals who cannot bring themselves to vote for a Tory. The formation of a National Party that shall command the support of both these classes is now the problem, if the country is to be saved from disruption. It may be a difficult task in face of the supposed dislike of the English people to coalition; yet a proposition to form such a coalition of Tories and Liberal-Unionists in a National Party under the leadership of Lord Hartington, contained in a published letter understood to have been written by Mr. Jesse Collings, has attracted much attention, and the idea has apparently been received with favour. But such a party it is felt must be a Hartington-Salisbury Party rather than a Hartington Churchill Party; and in it to carry the Radical Unionists Mr. Chamberlain must have a prominent place.

THE concessions made by Mr. Gladstone, that form the subject of Mr. William Houston's communication in another place, really, we think, amount to this, that Mr. Gladstone is willing to admit the Irish members to a Federal Parliament at Westminster. He, in fact, insists on transforming the present Imperial Parliament into a Federal Parliament which shall have no control over the Parliament at Dublin in purely local Irish affairs. He consents that the Irish shall be represented at Westminster for Imperial purposes—that is, as respects the Imperial interests of Ireland, but he thinks they have no business there in respect of local Irish interests, which should be dealt with exclusively at Dublin. This arrangement would deprive England and Scotland of the right to interfere in case of unjust legislation at Dublin directed against the Protestant minority or any other dissentients. It is Federation pure and simple; a thing for which England and Scotland are certainly not ready.

THE attempt to settle the Egyptian Question has proved abortive; and England remains in possession of the country, freed, it is believed, from the engagements made by Mr. Gladstone not to declare a protectorate and to evacuate the country. England and Turkey having come to an agreement that the Government of Egypt has been re-established sufficiently well in their opinion to permit the withdrawal of the British at a time within sight, provision was made that that withdrawal should take place within so many years, if the present orderly state of the country continued, and that the British should return if peace was threatened by internal or external disturbance afterward. Whereupon France and Russia interpose and prevent the ratification of the agreement, practically showing either that in their opinion the conditions of evacuation—the restoration of order and the establishment of a strong Government—set down in the agreement of 1885 with Turkey had not been fulfilled, and consequently that Britain had no right to leave; or that Turkey is not a free agent. This latter is unquestionably the case. France, by threatening Syria, and Russia, by threatening Armenia, have intimidated the Sultan into refusing ratification; and it now remains for England, not to return to the *status quo*, for that was ended when the Convention—the attempted fulfilment of England's obligations—was abandoned owing to the opposition of France and Russia, but to sit still in her coigne of advantage awaiting the outcome of the present embroilment in European politics.

M. PASTEUR is doubtless to be felicitated upon the verdict in favour of his system of inoculation for hydrophobia, recently brought in by eight of England's most distinguished scientists and specialists. But it is a little startling to find that their endorsement is accompanied by the advice that it should be adopted compulsorily. It would no doubt add vastly to one's comfort to be able to walk abroad in these present dog-days with the secure possession of an antidote in one's veins for the micro-organism that any cerebrally disturbed cur may take a fancy to put there. And doubtless we should soon get over our antipathy to the enfeebled virus with its unpleasant associations, and take to inoculation for hydrophobia as we now do for small-pox, as if we loved it. But anticipation of the struggle that would ensue between the compulsory inoculators and the anti-compulsory inoculators all over the land is a prospective horror that ought to weigh something against hydrophobia.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is a largely inflated person who came from his native heather to America some half century ago a poor boy, and is now the wealthiest iron master in Pittsburgh, Pa. His remarkable success, even in a country of remarkable successes, so prejudiced him in favour of the institutions of the country in which it was made that he wrote a book not long ago with the generous desire to share his enlightenment with people less fortunate, which he called "Triumphant Democracy." It was

based upon a visit to Britain, and set forth the changes which Mr. Carnegie was sanguine enough to predict for the miserable British if they only would adopt American ways of doing things. It was written in a tone of kindly patronage of his former fellow subjects and their ideas of government, which should have gratified them, especially as it was followed by another book descriptive of a coaching tour through England in which favourable comment was made upon English scenery and traditions. Mr. Carnegie has earned a reputation as a philanthropist in other ways as well as in the dissemination of the political gospel of the new American dispensation to the benighted of the Queen's Dominions. He has made substantial gifts to Pittsburgh. All of which is a good deal simply to introduce the gentleman on whose behalf a representative American made a very bad blunder the other day. At some Edinburgh festivities in honour of Mr. Carnegie the Hon. James G. Blaine undertook to compliment his Scotch audience, and did it by felicitating the nation upon producing that immortal genius—the Rev. Sydney Smith! Sydney Smith, who originated that remark about the joke and the awl and the Scotchman's head! Surely Mr. Blaine has deprived himself, by one fell stroke, of the United Scotch Republican vote of 1888.

ELSEWHERE will be found an interview with Mr. W. D. Howells, published by the New York *Tribune*, which we have thought of sufficient interest and importance to reproduce for the benefit of our readers who know Mr. Howells' general views upon literature chiefly as they percolate through the "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine*. The author of "A Modern Instance" stands at the head of the American realistic school; his precepts form the fundamental practice of his own work. They have the further value of being those of the most popular writer of fiction with both the productive and the non-productive literary class in America; and while in conservative Canada they will hardly find general endorsement, they will not fail of the consideration to which the acknowledged position of Mr. Howells entitles them. The *Tribune's* editorial upon the interview in question says that the novelist "ignores Thackeray altogether," as if it were done with *malice prepense*. This is absurd. In the course of half-an-hour's conversation with a newspaper young man Mr. Howells could hardly contrive to give an opinion upon universal fiction, although in touching the extremes of Tolstoi and Haggard he has very fairly essayed it. He says nothing about George Eliot or George Sand, or Balzac either—he probably was not asked; but we can hardly, therefore, construe his silence to mean contempt.

WITH reference to our recent paper on University Federation, we are happy to learn from a prominent and respected member of the Methodist Society that the question is practically settled, and that Victoria University will certainly enter into Federation.

"THE average American idea of the way they do things in England," says the New York *Truth*, "was never better proved than in the fact that within the past fortnight no less than three agents of American showmen have gone over to London with a view of purchasing the robes in which Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee. The showmen think rightly enough that the genuine identical robes would be a great card here if placed on exhibition. But the great difference between America and England in one respect is that while there is no blessed thing on this broad continent that has not its price, there are a few things in England considered sufficiently sacred not to be sold. I am told that one of the agents in question had a commission direct to the Queen herself, and was authorised to make her an offer. He will come back wiser, though perhaps not much sadder, for he will be sure to have a good time over there on his employer's money, if he should escape being locked up as a lunatic."

THE Americans are becoming unwary and somewhat disrespectful in the confidence with which they regard the matter of Commercial Union. Says one of them in *The Century*, in an article ostensibly upon a sporting subject: "There is one more splendid call of which I wish to speak. It is the honk of the Canada goose. On a drizzly October day, when the ducks are migrating southward in great flocks, you will suddenly hear that weird, unnatural, and powerful cry." This is rather foolishly contemptuous, seeing that, willing as some of us appear to be, we are not yet bagged. And, considering *The Century's* circulation in Canada, it is surely indiscreet to remark further, "Unfortunately for the goose it can be imitated to perfection, and the unhappy bird frequently meets its end by paying too much heed to deceptive notes." True, but how premature! At this rate the Canadian goose will begin to understand the imitative warblings of the American Press before the decoys are successful.

A LINE FROM EMERSON.

"But thou, God's darling, heed thy private dream!"
 To thee is given to know that the ideal
 Is the immortal spirit of the real;
 From every liquid-throated bird shall stream
 Thy wordless joy; for thee alone shall gleam
 The stars, the flowers; e'en grim old age shall steal
 Upon thee soft as summer twilights feel,
 And Death's dread touch thy mother's arms shall seem.

To thy soul's highest instincts, oh, be true!
 Though thick around thy heaven-girt solitude
 The earth's low aims, low thoughts, low wants shall teem;
 The myriad voices of the world shall sue
 With scorn, persuasive wile, or clamours rude,
 "But thou, God's darling, heed thy private dream!"

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

LITERARY PERSONALITIES.

THE extent of the claim of ordinary human beings upon extraordinary human beings has been so long and so unsatisfactorily in dispute that the conclusion that it never will be fairly determined is not wholly unreasonable. The fact that it includes one individual, body, soul, and shoe-strings, and quite falters before the lightest possession of another, seems to show that it is arbitrated by the extraordinary themselves; and if the opinions of this very various class must form the basis for its adjustment it is clearly seen to be unadjustable. So long as the earthly tabernacle in which genius is set, with its likes and dislikes, its prejudices and its habits of life, is permitted a controlling interest in the invaluable stock it represents, so long will the general public be perplexed to know its privileges in the matter. And that, unless Socialism, carried to its legitimate end, some day propounds it as criminal to inherit brains as other property, and demands for everybody a share in the immediate proceeds of the divine afflatus, is likely to be always. It is, of course, only to the living author that the choice as to whether he will hob-nob with *hoi polloi* in his private relations, or not, is given. He may leave his dictum in the matter, with his other effects, to his relatives and friends, when it is sometimes regarded, and sometimes, as in Carlyle's case, disregarded. Even when the trust is most sacredly held, as the years roll on that separate the mortal from the immortal part of him, the responsibility grows less binding, and the home truths leak out. It is not long since we read poor Keats' love letters.

The ethics of his relations toward the subject and toward the public anxious to be enlightened are the Scylla and Charybdis between which the biographer must sail. He is fortunate indeed if he does not fall a prey to both—if he is not accused of pandering to morbid curiosity on the one hand, and of withholding important facts for unworthy or unsubstantial reasons, on the other. To keep the mean between the action of a literary scavenger and that of a grasping monopolist of interesting and valuable information can be no easy task, especially when the mean has its own particular obloquy attached to it. The sins of the "bad Bart." of "Ruddigore" are doubtless venial compared with those of the bad biographer of modern times, but his position and all that it entails should be considered in passing sentence upon him. He is pre-eminently the martyr of the literary class.

Perhaps one most reasonable extenuation even for "morbid curiosity" concerning people familiar to us as authors is the part and lot they have in our being. They have it quite unconsciously, and are justified, on this ground, in resenting our disposition to presume upon it. Yet they cannot be said to have it unintentionally, and therefore should resign themselves philosophically to the consequences. Far finer and stronger than the common social tie is the bond by which the great mind that is inspiration and refreshment to us draws us to itself. Our favourite author does not know the fruit of our vine or the shade of our fig-tree, perhaps; but he is more closely and sacredly our friend than nine-tenths of the people who do. He enters into our holy of holies; between the covers of his confessional we leave the thought that never finds expression. He is the exponent, to us, of the world's intellectual best. We tingle spiritually with his thought as we should bodily with wine on the lees, thrice refined. He represents by all odds the most potent of the forces that enter into the life that is usually broadly distinguished from the physical. It is to employ the terms of a patent truism, to say that the *rapport* which most of us have with certain well-thumbed pages is the keenest and finest of earthly delights. It is legitimate and natural that we should desire to know of masters in art as they walked and talked among lesser men and women.

The lineaments of a friend are of such an uncommon facial type that we suffer when they are unnecessarily veiled. Vulgar and abnormal curiosity demands information a friend would rather not have, cavils where a friend would accept, criticises where a friend would ignore, and has its source not in admiration or sympathy, but in the characteristic that showmen operate upon—the desire that draws the crowd to see the dog-faced man.

"All I want from a celebrity," said the husband of one to me not long ago, "is his work. His personality does not affect me, and does not interest me. If I meet him, I meet him as one civilised human being meets another, not as a genius masquerading in evening dress, and I find him agreeable or disagreeable on his merits in that capacity only."

This rather laboured divorce of the author, artist, or musician from his brains struck me at the time as being a possible result of a doubtless uncomfortable experience of the literary and unliterary curiosity of this world, of long standing, as one of the fortunes my acquaintance had found in matrimony; and I refused to believe it a general or a favourite view. We cannot dissociate the product of a man's genius from him as we do that of his potato patch. If the verse of Browning or the canvas of Tadema or the impersonation of Irving, or the score of Liszt were all we cared that they should give us—or sell us—then his generalship would be all we should want from Gordon, and there would be no hero-worship in the world; and as hero-worship is about our noblest capacity, the source and reason of our loftiest endeavour, to salvation itself, this would be unfortunate. But the work of genius, no more than that of intrepidity or any other semi-human, semi-divine quality in the world, can be wholly bought, sold, or possessed. Its value to humanity cannot be approximated in the tables of civilisation, much less rendered in the book-shops. It makes for the general uplifting of mankind, and there is a cosmic suggestion in its leverage. We can hardly take too vivid a personal interest in the agency through which its work is done.

It would be hard to maintain that this interest is unwarrantable when it is not based upon any very profound knowledge of greatness as exemplified in its works. Doubtless many people noted with attention Mr. Browning's negotiations about his Venetian palace, who would not know dramatic monologue when they saw it; and the most bookish among us can hardly claim the intimate intellectual acquaintance with every man of letters that alone fully justifies a demand to know how he got on with his mother-in-law. Perhaps, after all, the dignity of literature and the general fitness of things demand as a minimum only an intelligent apprehension of the intrinsic difference between a genius and a dog-faced man. In any case it would seem that the greater evil of unlimited consumption of personal detail concerning an author, by a public only vaguely familiar with him in the capacity that made him great, redounds chiefly upon the public itself. It propagates an entirely false idea of what constitutes literary culture, by elevating this love of gossip about celebrities—discriminating as it may be, it is love of gossip notwithstanding,—to the place of a refined taste. There is not the least doubt that in this day and in this country of somewhat superficial acquirement—save the mark!—thousands of people know literary life that have the slightest possible knowledge of literature. It will be interesting to know, after a proper interval, how the sale of Beecher's biographies compares with that of the great preacher's sermons. Naturally the masses are better with this savour of the thing than totally without it; the harm is that they insist upon confounding the savour with the thing itself—the shell with the kernel. The interior of the house in Cheyne Row, as revealed by Mr. Froude, passes current for an immense amount of Carlylean philosophy. We substitute for a knowledge of Mr. Spencer a careful mastery of the details of his controversy with Mr. Harrison and the Appletons, know Rosetti by the pathetic story of his manuscripts in his wife's coffin, construct Thoreau out of his forest hut, and are happily conscious that we have taken all literature to be our province.

Upon genius perhaps, grand, self-centred, inexplicable as the Sphinx, the wave of popular deification beats and retreats harmlessly, as on a rock; but upon talent, whose family resemblance to genius is marked enough to give it prominence and ensure for it public regard, the effect must be more or less undermining. It cannot but set a limit to everything but the most inspired endeavour to find with comparative ease such abundant recognition as awaits effort in America. To rest upon his laurels must be the constant temptation of many a Pegasus over the border whose wings are hardly grown. The ease by which reputations may be made on this side the Atlantic must tend to change too the quality of the inspiration. "Go to, now; let us be famous!" might very naturally be the burden of many a youthful *littérateur's* communings with himself, with the result that he finds in his art a means and not an end. Lord Tennyson to the contrary notwithstanding, the "desire of fame" pales into futile insigni-

ficance beside the love of art; and the workman whose passion is for himself and not for his mission subverts the true significance of his relation to it, and robs it vastly of its value to mankind.

It is interesting to observe how rapidly this idea has grown to be generally accepted during very recent times. N. P. Willis in one of the sketches in "People I have Met," makes quite an ideal young man, Philip Ballister, long supremely to devote his life to painting for the "distinction" it would give him. How amusingly ingenuous an author Mr. Willis would be considered if he permitted Philip to be swayed by any such ignoble motive in chronicling his doings to-day. In the liberal "encouragement" American papers and magazines offer to budding literary effort, there is as much of a tendency to blight as to nourish. In the glory which is easily gained through them, it is not hard to find thriving conditions for egotism, which is the worm at the root of all endeavour; and sooner or later the "American way" will be found to be a "way" that has done its best to degrade American literature.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE COMING CATHEDRAL.

A RECENT writer in THE WEEK has drawn attention to the fact that we are shortly to have rising, not in our midst, but in a north-western corner of the City, a structure to be called St. Alban's Cathedral. As a supplement to the excellent remarks contained in that article, a few facts may be cited with regard to the Anglican service—facts which are singularly plain and highly important to all classes of the community, and as may be gathered, supremely so to Anglicans themselves.

As long as our colony remains a dependency of the British Empire, and retains the mark of British colonisation, the Anglican ritual must remain an integral part of our scheme of civilisation. As a matter of sentiment it does so survive. As an old and honoured Church, dating from the third century to the present time, it deserves, and probably meets with, that reverence for the traditional, the distinguished, and the titular which is latent even in colonial breasts. The system has had its faults—what religious system has the world ever looked upon that has not had its faults?—but year by year they are being gradually purged away. The service may have some drawbacks; but we can think of no other service which possesses so few, and it exists to-day as pure and sensible a ritual as the mind and comfort of the average man can demand. Regarded then as the Church of England, the Church of our Queen, the Church which is our natural inheritance, the Church which possesses a broad, historical, and often corrected foundation of thought, and as a Church capable of interesting, elevating, and maintaining many classes and types in earnest religious activity in a very high degree, it is our clear and general duty to uphold it, but—to uphold it in its truest and best form. And its best and truest form will accordingly be its most correct and most truly Anglican form. It is believed by many competent to judge in these matters that the Church of the future will be a species of gigantic caravanserai, all systems worshipping, so to speak, under one tent, where the quaint Gregorians of the Roman Catholic delegates will be followed by the consecutive fifths of the Moody and Sankey selections, where the cotton flag of the flannelled Salvationists will float gaily from the apex, side by side with the embroidered banner of the High Church party, and where the flowery and colloquial orations of Evangelicals and Dissenters will succeed the plain and practical addresses of the parish priest and the prosy platitudes of the youthful rector. Such a thing may be. So much levelling in all directions goes on around us in these days, such a perfect audacity of converting everybody to think like everybody else, or attempting it, that such a thing may be. But it is not going to happen just yet, and until it does, it seems wisest, while allowing and recognising perfect and positive freedom of religious opinion and practice, to maintain to the best of our ability, as citizens and souls, that system and ritual which may happen to please us best individually.

If it is worth while being a Methodist, it is worth while being a genuine one, and upholding the principles of grand John Wesley as he would like to see them upheld. If it is worth while being a Presbyterian—and a good many besides Scotchmen find that it is worth while—then let us be consistent, grave, and thoughtful Presbyterians, worthy hearers of that fine species of sermon with the true old Covenanters ring about it that we still sometimes hear in out-of-the-way pulpits and unfashionable places. And if it is worth while being an Anglican—that is to say, a member of the grand old historic Church of England—it is surely worth our while to preserve its traditions, uphold its salient features, and render as adequately as we can its cultured and remarkably interesting service. Whether the sects are just so conscientious is of course open to opinion. Dissent is clearly no longer the somewhat gloomy thing it was. It countenances gay music, church concerts, all kinds, modes, shows of entertainment that do denote it truly. It is consequently a much more cultured thing than it was. It is sometimes difficult to recognise in the aggregate, though nearly always easy to apprehend in the individual. Episcopacy in the same way has been acted upon by many changes, both in England and throughout the colonies, until a few concessions to modern thought and custom have undoubtedly been made, although without injuring in the least the chief attributes of the ritual. In Canada the progress of Episcopacy has been

wonderful, considering the absolute ignorance of many of its professors and inculcators touching these same attributes, and in spite of the fact that few endeavours have been made to set the Church of England on its proper footing, and in the proper light. When Anglicans themselves refuse to believe what they are told, and continue to maintain a service, as so many congregations do, incorrect, incomplete, and uninteresting, they must not be surprised if not only the surrounding sects smile at their weak results, but a few of their more enlightened members do so as well.

Now, the future Cathedral of Toronto demands a very large share of the interest and support of the Anglican residents in this city. The Cathedral should be *centrally* situated—this we were almost saying, beyond all—it is really important. It should be central because most Cathedrals are central, and all ought to be if they are not, and because it will thus easily become a landmark, such as the interesting old Church of Notre Dame in Montreal, the English Cathedral there, and all Roman Catholic erections wheresoever. And the reason why all Cathedrals should be central is that old-world Cathedrals are the very heart and sun and pivot of the towns in which they rise, towering over the business structures and the material life of the world as the spiritual thoughts they may suggest surely predominate over the grosser ones they have supplanted. This, it may be objected, is sentiment. Well—having a Cathedral at all in our midst is sentiment. We might have done very well without one, but, since we are to have one, let it be the best approximation to an old-world Cathedral that we can have for the money. Of the latter a good deal is sure to be subscribed and expended—it will be a great pity if it be afterwards complained that the expenditure was rash, hasty, and unwise.

Secondly, having got a central locality, the Cathedral should be a Cathedral, or at least, as true an approximation to one as in Canada we have a right to expect. And there is really no reason why we should not have a very fine approximation indeed to the glorious old piles of Salisbury, Exeter, and Wells. It ought to be Gothic, decidedly Gothic. If constructed after the Norman manner, it might not approach the University in general beauty, which would be unfortunate—for itself; and the exceedingly handsome structure at the corner of Sherbourne and Carlton Streets, belonging we understand to the Methodist body, might resemble it too closely for certain important distinctive purposes. It should stand quite by itself, with as much ground about it as it is possible to obtain, part of which should be entitled the Cathedral "close," and every effort made to preserve the beauty and dignity of its several surroundings and offices. The Metropolitan Church, also belonging to the Methodists, and situated in a central part of the city, is a living example of the importance of the last clause.

Thirdly, having erected a genuine, correct, and imposing Cathedral in a central, imposing, and spacious God's acre of its own, there should be performed in it a genuine, a correct, an imposing, and, let us hope, an elevating and spiritualising Cathedral service. The time surely is past for ever when Canadians were each and all under the impression that a surpliced choir meant the first step towards Romanism. There was such an impression abroad in Toronto once, and stubbornly was it held to, in spite of the assertions from those who, having lived in England, knew better than their Canadian friends what they were talking about. The Church of England has never lost members through maintaining her own proper service with the dignity and grace and complexity of ritual that marks her correct aspect. She has, much more likely, lost members by a hesitation, an inconsistency, an incompatibility in her administration which is eagerly seized upon by those restless and unstable minds to whom wavering is fatal, and delay pernicious. It is a common matter to hear of "Church Parlours" and "Church Armies" now within the precincts of the Anglican rail, and the beautiful hymns contained in the "Ancient and Modern" collection are, while being eagerly sought after by the Dissenters, frequently replaced in Anglican services by the Christy minstrel effusions of Bliss and Sankey. While acknowledging the usefulness of these helps to salvation, we had rather see the Church of England occupy herself with rendering her own service in an artistic and elevated style, and she will have enough to do if she manages this difficult feat even creditably. How many English Churches in Canada do give such a service? Whereas in the United States, the improvement in the English services is a steady and ever increasing one. Boy choirs are the order of the day; organists know their business, and clergymen theirs, and the result is, a vast number of dignified and harmonious services scattered all over that clever and adaptable country by the side of whose well-rounded but imitative achievements, our own, which should be so much more warm and spontaneous than they are, look so small and sound so very badly. If we are English, and our Jubilee demonstrations prove it still to be the case, let us respond to the claims upon us in the interests of our new English Cathedral. As when we visit the Mother Land it is no small thing to bend the knee even out of service on the cold white slab that has been worn hollow by thousands of other knees, pilgrims', soldiers', poor women's, knights', and children's; to touch with reverential finger the blackened oak of a chorister's stall, or the tarnished steel of the battered helmet that hangs heroic upon the wall, or to view the slender spires and tapering minarets that pierce the blue of an English sky, or the shady cloisters that have known the meditations of reverend monks, and the pleadings of reverend martyrs—so shall it be no small thing in the memorable years to come, when some exiled Englishman shall stand beside a pile as noble if not as venerable as one he has left behind in Lincoln, or in Ely, or at Wells, where the moat and drawbridge stand, and the Bishop's garden green, just as they did five or six hundred years ago, and marvel at the love of the Old Land and its institutions, which, beneath the far Canadian sky, shall have raised such a magnificent memorial to her history and to her Church. SERANUS.

MR. HOWELLS ON SOME MODERN NOVELISTS.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, who is rusticated at Lake George, has been discovered by a *Tribune* reporter and duly interviewed. Before we strike into the heart of the interview, we are told that Mr. Howells occupies that long, low rambling cottage on the sunset side of the lake which was built by, and was for many years the home, of Judge Edmunds, whose fame as a spiritualist was quite as great as his fame as a jurist. When discovered, the novelist "with his family about him" was seated upon the front piazza of his cottage, in a soft felt hat, a white flannel shirt, and a large easy pair of corduroy trousers. He looked the picture of good health. Evidently he had not shunned the sunlight, for his face was darkly tanned. After the customary salutation the process of interviewing began:

"Are you contemplating any new literary work, Mr. Howells?"

"Yes. I have just written the first pages of a new novel not yet announced. I began it, in fact, only the day before yesterday. It will be a purely American story, its chief events centred in a New England country town, though it will relate to both city and country life. I have not thought of a name for it yet, nor, though I have its plot pretty well sketched out in my mind, should I feel at liberty to detail it to you just now. The nature of my arrangements with the Harpers, who have contracted with me for all I write, is such that entire good faith requires me to leave with them the time and form of any extended announcements. We shall not leave Lake George before October, and by that time I hope to have the book in fairly good shape."

"How do you work here?"

"There is my little office," replied the novelist, pointing to a little one-storied wing of the house. "Will you look at it?"

It is a pretty room, with a hard-wood floor and plenty of shelving, plentifully stored with books. A picture of Lincoln, after that lately reproduced in *The Century*, and pictures of Tolstoi, Bjornson, Hawthorne, and others were on the walls. A large flat desk and several easy chairs completed the room's furniture.

"I write here for about four hours every morning after breakfast," continued Mr. Howells. "Yes, I become vastly interested in my work. It quite possesses me. Of course there are times when I feel myself unable to think and when it really palls on me, but that is every man's experience in every kind of effort. . . . The real sentiment of to-day requires that the novelist shall portray a section of real life, that has in it a useful and animating purpose. All the good work of our time is being done on this theory."

"Then you do not regard the work of the present English school of romancists as represented, we will say, by Haggard, as 'good work'?"

"I regard the writing of that school as nothing more than a counter-current. It is no real tendency of the times. Every great current has its counter eddies, and the fiction of the present day, which is pre-eminently realistic, has its spasm of romantic endeavour, just as in Scott's day, when the sentiment ran universally toward romance and extravagant fiction, there were ebullitions of realism. They amounted to little. They were entirely insignificant as showing the feeling of the age. They held to the century the same relation as is now held by the essays of English romancists."

"In proof of this, just glance at the work which public sentiment has passed favourably upon in all intelligent countries. Russia has led in the new school, and holds the foremost place among the nations that have produced great modern novelists. England stands at the very bottom of the list. Hardy is a great, I may say, a very great novelist. His pictures of life are life itself. Mrs. Howells and I have heard under our windows in England the very thoughts, yes, the very accents, which he has attributed to his English peasantry. His truth and sincerity are admirable. And Black, too, so far as I have read him, is an able, skilful writer. But the Russian novelists lead the world. Indeed, I affirm that Tolstoi occupies to all fiction the same relation that Shakspeare occupies to all drama. He has a very strong ethical side, and not only teaches it and portrays it, but lives it. He has given himself up to it. He believes that men should live precisely and literally as Christ lived, and abandoning literature, where he stood at the summit of fiction, he has adopted the daily life of a Russian peasant."

I remarked that that seemed like simplicity itself, and received this retort:

"Isn't that because our civilisation is so sophisticated? We read, and say we believe that Christ is God, but sometimes our actions imply that we scarcely think He meant what He said about the conduct of life."

"Who do you think ranks next to Tolstoi as a writer of fiction?"

"Tourguéneff."

"Do you mean to say that the greatest writers of fiction the world has ever produced are both Russians?"

"Yes, I think I am prepared to say just that. The novels of these men are absolute truth. They are nature bared. They are greatest because their writers have the ability and the courage to paint humanity and its affairs just as they are. That I regard as the highest art."

"Where, then, do you place Dickens?"

"Dickens was a man of his times, and it is only fair to him to view him in that light. The age just before his was extravagantly romantic. The work then done did not fully satisfy the rapidly growing practical thought of Dickens' time. One of the discoveries of his age was that while fiction sounded stilted and unreal when clad in the garb of poetry, yet there were things in life quite as romantic as any of the paintings of the poets. The Russians, and the realistic school they lead, not only dispute this, but urge that fiction does not need the adventitious aid of unreal imagination to give permanent interest. They contend that the daily life of men and women

with its thousand cares and hopes and ambitions and sorrows is of itself full of interest. If any one dared to show it as it really is, without the slightest gloss or draping, he would be giving out the most absorbing fiction."

"How do you answer the charge that real life is commonplace?"

"By asserting that the very things that are not commonplace are those commonly called commonplace. All the rest has long since become hackneyed. In the preposterous what is there to invent? Nothing, except what is so preposterous as to be ludicrous."

"I think my first ideas as to the rare beauties of natural simple fiction that dealt with the actual hopes and fears of men as they are universally shown, came from reading Bjornson's exquisite stories. In Scandinavian literature realism has attained a rare degree of perfection. Most of the modern Italian and modern Spanish novels are of the new schools, and it cannot be denied that the best works in all the Continental tongues show the growth of this tendency."

"Of course we all know the character of the modern French writers. Zola is a great writer. I may regret that he has concerned himself so much with the disagreeable and unhappy things of life, but I do not base my objection to him on that ground. Strange as it may seem, if I objected to him at all it would be that he was a romancist. He is natural and true, but he might better be more so. He has not quite escaped the influence of Balzac, who, with Dickens and Gogol, marked the inauguration of the realistic era by taking realities and placing them in romantic relations. As to Gogol, I should qualify this remark somewhat, for he came much closer to the high art of natural fiction than either Dickens or Balzac. To me the beautiful and inspiring things of life are much more worth writing about than the ugly things, to which the French have run. Perhaps the worst picture of what is false and bad in humanity that fiction affords is given in Maupassant. A true arrangement of the literatures in which realism has obtained the supremacy over romance would place the Russian first; the French, by virtue of Zola's strength, second; the Spanish next; the Norwegian fourth; the Italian fifth, and the English last."—*The Critic*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH FOUR CENTURIES AGO.

THIS is how we appeared to the intelligent foreigner about the year 1496. It will be observed that the views of intelligent foreigners have undergone surprisingly little change on many points during the last four hundred years or so. The remarks occur in a report drawn up for a Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Henry VII., by a gentleman of his *suite*. The English are, for the most part, both men and women of all ages, handsome and well-proportioned; and I have understood from persons acquainted with these countries, that the Scotch are much handsomer; and that the Englishmen are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them; they think that there are no other men but themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that "he looks like an Englishman," and that "it is a great pity that he should not be an Englishman;" and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him, "whether such a thing is made in their country?" They take great pleasure in having a quantity of excellent victuals, and also in remaining a long time at table, being very sparing of wine when they drink it at their own expense. And this, it is said, they do in order to induce their own English guests to drink wine in moderation also; not considering it any inconvenience for three or four persons to drink out of the same cup. Few people keep wine in their own houses, but buy it, for the most part, at a tavern, and this is done not only by the men, but by ladies of distinction. The deficiency of wine, however, is amply supplied by the abundance of ale and beer, to the use of which these people are become so habituated that at an entertainment where there is plenty of wine, they will drink them in preference to it, and in great quantities. Like discreet people, however, they do not offer them to Italians, unless they should ask for them; and they think no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress. They all from time immemorial wear very fine clothes, and are extremely polite in their language; which, although it is, as well as the Flemish, derived from the German, has lost its natural harshness, and it is pleasing enough as they pronounce it. In addition to their civil speeches, they have the incredible courtesy of remaining with their heads uncovered, with an admirable grace, whilst they talk to each other. They have a very high reputation in arms, and, from the great fear the French entertain of them, one must believe it to be justly acquired. But I have it on the best information, that when the war is raging most furiously, they will seek for good eating and all their other comforts, without thinking of what harm might befall them. They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island but to make themselves masters of it, and to usurp their goods.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

VIRGINIA and Massachusetts were the two original germs from which the great majority of the American populations have sprung; and no two peoples, speaking the same language and coming from the same country, could have been more dissimilar in education, taste, and habits, and even in natural instincts, than were the adventurers who settled these two colonies. Those who sought a new field of adventure for themselves, and

affluence for their posterity, in the more congenial climate of the Chesapeake, were the gay and dashing Cavaliers who, as a class, afterwards adhered to the fortunes of the Charleses, whilst the first settlers of Massachusetts were composed of the same materials that formed the "Praise-God Barebones" Parliament of Cromwell.

These two peoples seem to have had an instinctive repugnance the one to the other. To use a botanical phrase, the Puritan was a seedling of the English race, which had been unknown to it before. It had few or none of the characteristics of the original stock. Gloomy, saturnine, and fanatical in disposition, it seemed to repel all the more kindly and generous impulses of nature, and to take a pleasure in pulling down everything that other men had built up; not so much, as its subsequent history would seem to show, because the work was faulty, as because it had been done by other hands than their own. They hated tyranny, for instance, but it was only because they were not themselves the tyrants; they hated religious intolerance, but it was only when not practised by themselves.

Natural affinities attracted like unto like. The Cavalier sought refuge with the Cavalier, and the Puritan with the Puritan, for a century, or more. When the fortunes of the Charleses waned, the Cavaliers fled to Virginia; when the fortunes of Cromwell waned, the Puritans fled to Massachusetts. Trade occasionally drew the two peoples together, but they were repelled at all other points. Thus these germs grew, step by step, into two distinct nations. A different civilisation was naturally developed in each. The two countries were different in climate and physical features—the climate of the one being cold and inhospitable, and its soil rugged and sterile, while the climate of the other was soft and genial, and its soil generous and fruitful. As a result of these differences of climate and soil, the pursuits of the two people became different, the one being driven to the ocean and to the mechanic arts for subsistence, and the other betaking itself to agriculture.—*Service Afloat: Admiral Raphael Semmes.*

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

WE referred last week to the notable fact of the want of patronage given by the American buyer to the English picture market, and commented upon the peculiarity of the absolute dearth of a representative British school of painting in the United States. The heavy American import tax applies equally to both London and Paris purchases, so the reason of this apparent neglect does not lie here. The system of studio-training in the French metropolis, so superior to that of the English Academy, has inevitable attractions for American students, and has formed an artistic connection between the two republics; where the students go the parents and the patrons also do congregate. Paris has become therefore the school and market of art to the American, who, with his keen appreciation of personality, thoroughly enjoys the contact with the great painters of the age. In London a pilgrim from the west knocking at the door of an Academician is told that he is never at home except by appointment. In Paris on the contrary, he would have opportunities of access to the greatest studios, and that he appreciates the difference his purchases only too distinctly indicate.

THE marvellous process by which Messrs. Braun, of Paris and Dornach (whose agents in London are the Autotype Company), have succeeded in overcoming the long despaired of intractability of certain colours when dealt with by photography is exceptionally shown by a numerous body of lately published transcripts of pictures in the National Gallery, Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and on the Continent. The result of this achievement is the most precious gift of modern science to art. Messrs. Braun have outmanœuvred the obstinate blue, taken captive the recalcitrant red, and beguiled the Proteus-like green. They have secured for us unlimited opportunities of study; saved immeasurable time and money, and given to experts means for acquiring knowledge, such as only long journeys, large outlay, and much time could formerly have afforded to a few enthusiasts and well-to-do students. Apart from the truthful rendering of the originals, the power of making real fac-similes is precious, because within certain limits not definable in a short notice it is now possible to compare the designs, *technique*, and other elements of the works removed from each other by the width of Europe, and submitting them to the standard of criticism, re-enforce as well as improve that standard itself. The finest transcript is said to be from Bellini's "Doge Loredano," which gives the lustre of the ancient Venetian silk mantle on his shoulders, and defies the most subtle eye to follow the multitudinous wrinkles of his shrivelled skin, the clearness of the lights, the depth of the shadows. Among other gems are Van Dyck's portrait of himself (Windsor) whose very brush touch is distinct; and a capital Rubens. From Florence comes the beautiful study in chalks of the head of a smiling angel by Da Vinci; a finely drawn head of a young woman in red chalk by Del Sarto; also the learned sketch in the same medium by Raphael, of the draped Virgin, made for the large picture painted for Francis I.; a Del Sarto in the Louvre; and a Rembrandt at Vienna.

It was of his "Friedland, 1807," lately presented to the Metropolitan Museum, by Judge Hilton, that Meissonier wrote to A. T. Stewart, at the time of the original purchase: "It is with feelings of deep emotion that I part with a painting so long the life and joy of my studio. Receive it as a friend—not as that which pleases for a time and is forgotten, but to improve more and more upon closer acquaintance. I am convinced—and I do not say so without a certain pride—that its value will increase with time. The criticisms of the subject will pass, but the painting will remain an honour for you and me. An artist only, and an artist of great experience, can tell what time, what trouble, and what patience have been

necessary to unite so many diverse elements—how difficult it is with such varied material to put aside the artifices so often employed in art to conceal defects. I will conclude with offering you my portrait; you desired to possess one, and I have had the pleasure of painting this for you." The portrait accompanied the picture as a part of Judge Hilton's gift to the Museum.

MEISSONIER is now studying with his usual thoroughness Mr. Edward Maybridge's instantaneous photographs of men and animals in motion.

Mr. L. R. O'BRIEN has pitched his sketching tent for a portion of the summer season at Banff, North-west Territory, and the series of pictures on which he is at present engaged, it is said, will far excel his first efforts to cope with this to him a new field of mountain scenery.

THE dramatic market is dull this week; the only interesting item concerns the divine Sarah, and her recent tour, which is reported to be the longest and most profitable starring trip on record. It began on April 24th, 1886, in London, and has therefore lasted fourteen months, besides the months still to be played out in England. From London the company went to Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Montevideo, on the east coast of South America, around the Straits of Magellan to Chili, Peru, Ecuador, and the United States of Colombia, where performances were given in the chief cities. Cuba and Mexico followed, and the United States and Canada have come last. In the former the trip has been from Boston to San Francisco, covering all the principal cities, and several that are not principal. There have been 250 performances in all, and the gross receipts have been over a million dollars, while the profits amount to half a million. Bernhardt's share is over \$300,000, which put into francs, to make it sound bigger, is 1,500,000 francs—quite a fortune for even so liberal a spender as Dona Sol.

Madame Bernhardt is under contract to Abbey, Schreffel, and Grau for four years longer. She will appear in Sardou's new play at the Porte St. Martin next autumn, in Paris, and will remain there the whole season. In October, 1888, she will begin a tour of Continental Europe, taking in Russia with Turkey and Egypt, where she has never been before. The Exposition and Sarah will probably divide attention in Paris, beginning in October, 1889, and in the same month in 1890 she will begin another American engagement.

E. S.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. RUSKIN will write the preface of a new sixpenny illustrated magazine, to be published in England under the name of *Atalanta*, and Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard will contribute to the first number.

"ADIRONDACK" MURRAY and J. Armory Knox, of *Texas Siftings*, are to collaborate in the writing of a book descriptive of their yachting tour of the lakes and rivers of Canada and the United States, which they are now enjoying.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S "Ben Hur" and H. Rider Haggard's new story of "Allan Quatermain" have been keeping the presses of the Harpers running almost continuously day and night during the past week. New plates of "Ben Hur" have just been made, and an edition that will bring the total number of copies printed to 190,000 is now on the press. The popularity of this wonderful story remains unabated, as finds its best evidence from the orders from all parts of the country which reach the Harpers daily. Of "Allan Quatermain" more than 8,000 copies were sold during the first week of publication, and, notwithstanding the eight pirated editions on the market, Mr. Haggard's latest story seems destined to outsell even his tale of "She," of which it is estimated that more than 75,000 copies have been sold in America—this total including all the different editions, authorised and otherwise. In London, 10,000 copies of "Allan Quatermain" were subscribed for before publication.

THE views of one who has been so successful as a story-writer as William D. Howells upon the requisites of writing a good, short story, must naturally be interesting. We give, therefore, *verbatim*, the novelist's expressions as they were told to a friend a few days ago: "The American short story-writers have done excellent work in that line. This country, I think, is a fine field for short story-writers. The demand for short stories of a high order always exists. The novelist and short story-writer do not necessarily exist in one, for I know few novelists who can write short stories of a high order. It seems to be a separate art, and the greater does not, as a rule, include the less. Many short story-writers cannot write novels; it is beyond their province and art. I admit that you seldom ever find a novelist, though, who has not written short stories. I advise young writers by all means to practise on short stories, and work them out in a natural and plausible manner. If an intricate plot is used in a short story, it is usually all plot and little story. In short story-writing the same methods should hold good as in novel-writing. No attempt should be made to write in an artificial way. If I write anything in an affected style, my feelings almost immediately repudiate it, and I destroy what I have written. Artificial methods are often brought about by an attempt to be humorous. Humour is something that flows naturally, and cannot be forced. If I should offer any advice to young writers, I would ask them to write as they feel, and avoid striving after grand effects. A sensible, concise style is always more forcible than a stiff and unnatural one. Then, too, I would caution them not to take any model, but to write up everything as they conceive it, holding the characters up to human nature so closely that any one who reads could discover real and not improbable people."

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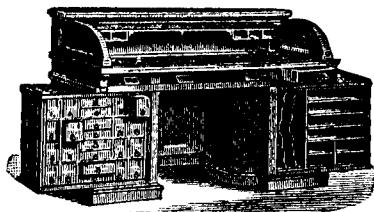
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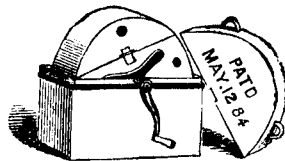


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Contents for July, 1887.

Portrait of Henry Laurens.
Frontispiece.

Henry Laurens in the London Tower.
Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

Some Account of Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg.
Illustrated. Gen. Arthur F. Devereaux.

Manuscript Sources of American History.
Justin Winsor.

One Day's Work of a Captain of Dragoons.
Gen. P. St. George Cooke, U.S.A., A.M.

The United States Mail Service.
John M. Bishop.

The Biography of a River and Harbor Bill.
Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D.

Journalism Among the Cherokee Indians.
George E. Foster.

Short articles by Hon. William D. Kelley, Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, James E. Deane, Walter Booth Adams, and others.
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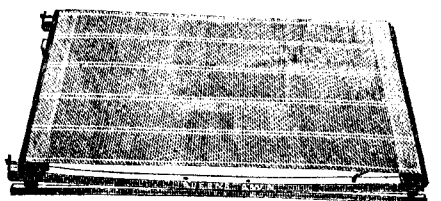
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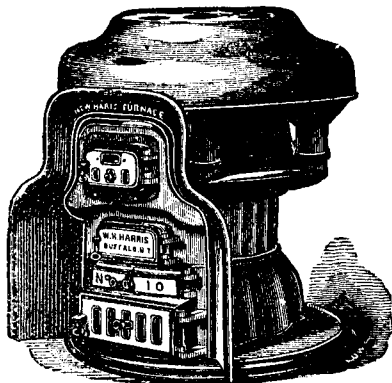


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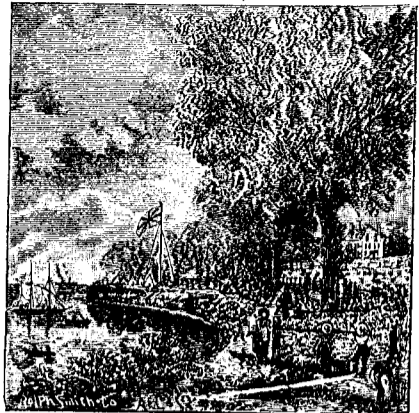
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