THE WEEK:

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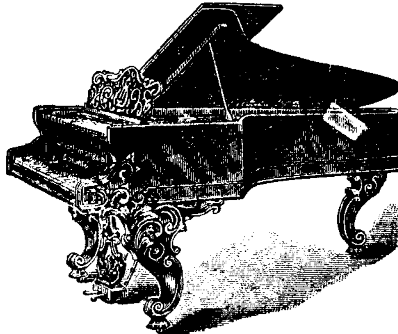

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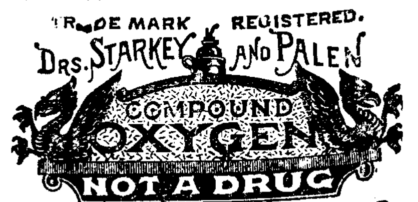

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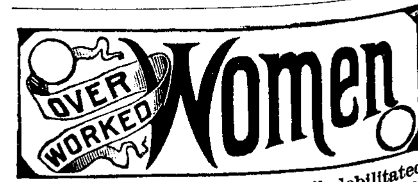

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EVICTION.

ALL thinking persons are agreed in believing that there is an immense amount of nonsense being talked on the subject of Irish affairs. Most persons seem also to think that there is a great deal of unreality, even of a kind of sheer hypocrisy, in the utterances of many of our public men. The meddlesomeness of the legislative bodies of the Dominion at large, and of the Province of Ontario, has been commented upon and rebuked by our most eminent thinkers, speakers, and leaders of opinion. We doubt very much whether those gentlemen who, by their votes, condemned the present effort of the English Government to re-establish law and order in Ireland are not, by this time, heartily ashamed of what they have done. At least, they are perfectly aware that every one knows they did it for no other reason than to catch the Irish Roman Catholic vote.

These are not things to be said lightly or inconsiderately, or, indeed, otherwise than with feelings of shame. No one should feel pleasure in making such statements, or should allow himself to make them at all except as a duty. For the men who have been guilty of the unworthy conduct which we denounce are our own representatives, men whom we have chosen, for whom we are responsible, because their acts are our acts. That which is done in our representative assemblies is done by the country.

It is, then, for this reason chiefly, that the country may know what it is doing—for it knows it very imperfectly,—that we must return to some of the recent doings of our representatives, and point out their flagrant inconsistency.

But first, let us remember the occasion of the Crimes Bill, which is now before the Imperial Parliament. It has been occasioned chiefly by a wide-spread conspiracy to deprive the owners of property in Ireland of their rents, unless they will accede to the terms laid down by the Land League. If the landlord refuses the offer of this association, then he can be paid nothing; the tenant is as good as compelled to pay what has been offered to the managers of the "plan of campaign;" every means are to be taken to prevent the defaulting tenant from being evicted; and if any one shall venture to enter upon the holding which he has vacated he shall do it at his own risk, boycotting being the least of the dangers to which he is exposed.

Even if the land laws of Ireland were among the worst, we cannot imagine any principles ever sanctioned by civilised man that would justify such a course of action. But the land laws of Ireland are not among the worst, but among the best. Indeed, it may be said that, even as they stand, it is hardly possible for any tenant to be oppressed or burdened, for any length of time, with a rent greater than he is able to pay.

Now, a considerable majority of the legislature of Ontario have actually declared, by their votes, that there is no need to take any special measures to put an end to a state of things in which the law is set at defiance, in which there is a public conspiracy to commit robbery. The charitable supposition is, that these gentlemen did not really know what they were doing. We honestly believe that many of them did not know, but we fear that a good many did not care very much, so long as they felt safe of securing some votes at the next election from disloyal men in this country, who sympathise with the conspirators and rebels in Ireland.

But at least one thing is certain, that the majority of these sympathisers with "Irish wrongs" either did not know what they were doing, or were strangely and grossly inconsistent. The law of eviction in Ireland is by no means a stringent one. As carried out in practice, it is very lax. Very few tenants in Ireland have been evicted if they have paid even a moderate instalment of the rent which was due. Even after being evicted they may return to their holding if they pay their rent within a certain time. At this moment Mr. Kilbride may send Lord Lansdowne, or his agent, Mr. Trench, a cheque for his rent, and return to the stately mansion, with all its sumptuous appointments, of which we have heard so much during the last few weeks. Not a very rigorous state of things is this, by any means. Yet it appears to be highly displeasing to the tender-hearted legislators of Ontario. They cannot bring themselves to think of it with any sort of satisfaction.

And now let us see what these same legislators think of this subject of eviction in their own part of the world. Surely they will not be less tender-hearted to the poor and needy at their own doors than to the same class separated from them by some thousands of miles of ocean. Let us see:

In the session of 1886, the Ontario legislature (see Mr. Douglas Armour's letter in *The World*) passed an Act (chap. 29, sec. 1), declaring that in every demise (or lease) thereafter made, unless otherwise agreed there shall be deemed to be included an agreement that, if the rent, or any part thereof, shall remain unpaid for fifteen days after any day on which it ought to have been paid, the *landlord may evict the tenant without making any formal demand for the rent.*

It is quite true that we have had a fresh election since this Act was passed, but the majority of the members of the Assembly are the same, the state of parties is the same, and the Ministry is the same. Here is a matter really worth thinking of. Has Mr. O'Brien been furnished with a copy of this Act, that he may tell his countrymen, when he returns home, what is the law of eviction in the country to which some of them will soon be emigrating?

But this is not all. By another Act of the same session (chapter 20, sec. 16) though provision is made whereby a landlord cannot evict a tenant for breach of the conditions in his lease without first giving him an opportunity to remedy the breach, *this provision does not extend to non-payment of rent.*

The result of this is—as Mr. Douglas Armour quite accurately observes—that if a tenant owes $10 for a month's rent, and pays $9, the landlord can evict him if the balance of $1 is not paid within fifteen days after it fell due; and the *tenant is not only powerless to regain possession, but he loses any improvements which he may have made.*

The gentlemen who passed these provisions into law are doubtless well acquainted with the circumstances and needs of this country. To ordinary minds these terms seem hard, even slightly unmerciful, but it may be that they are necessary. Far be it from us to decide in a matter which must, after all, be determined by a large acquaintance with the condition and circumstances of landlords and tenants.

But what can we think of the consistency of the men who promulgate a law like this, and then condemn the enforcement of a much milder law elsewhere; nay, who condemn the attempt to put down a conspiracy to defeat one of the most humane systems of land law which can be found anywhere upon earth?

We have little hope of producing an impression upon men who have sold themselves to Party, and who seem to consider any policy good enough if it can only keep them in place. Their answer is simple, and it is ready: "You may argue and bluster as you please, but we must do as our master pleases, or he will not keep us in our seats."

It is very likely that there was some foolish Protestant bluster at the time of the last election; but, if so, the bluster was in the manner, not in the matter. We fear the case is even worse than it was represented; and we believe the electors are beginning to awake to a sense of the mischief which is being wrought by Roman ascendancy in the politics of the country.

We repeat, we do not expect to make much impression upon the gentlemen who can evict "with a light heart" in Ontario, and weep over the much less cruel evictions in Ireland; but we are not without the hope that some of these facts, gravely considered by reflecting men who have votes, may stir them up to require a little more consistency of their representatives, or else to send them about their business.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SCHOOL IN ART.

So much has been said and written of Turner and his influence upon English painters, that the following notice of Constable and his followers, prepared from an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, ought—in connection with the progress of art in Canada, so ably treated of lately by Lord Lansdowne, in his speeches at Montreal, on the opening of the Royal Canadian Academy, and in Toronto, at the distribution of prizes at the Art School,—to be of great interest to all those who are not such ardent disciples and admirers of Turner as Mr. Ruskin would wish them.

THE present fashion of pitting one century against another may be as fairly followed in art as in literature. From the early struggles into freedom of the Florentines and Siennese down to the confident facility of our own time, each century has had its characteristic movement; of this the centre has been now in Italy, now in the Low Countries, now mainly in France and England. The interest of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is chiefly historical; of the early sixteenth, ideal; of the seventeenth, in Holland, descriptive, showing a record of human life and habits; of the eighteenth, under the guidance of France, reproductive of the past; the nineteenth century is scientific and analytic of the elements of natural beauty. The ideality of the early Italians and the humanity of the Dutchmen require no advocate; but the curiosity of the nineteenth century, in France and England, can scarcely be put on the same level with these other inspirations. Looking down from the height of over eighty years of the last hundred, it is clear that in the youth of the present century a new aim appeared in art; until then all painting had been more or less constructive. From the Madonnas of Duccio and Cimabue down to the landscapes of Claude, and his English and French disciples, a balance based on symmetry had never been absent long. Even in the freest of the Dutchmen this decorative idea, this regard for something outside the frame which harmonised with something within, was never absent. The aim of Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Van de Velds, was not to search for truth, and record it, but to take facts in their breadth, and out of them create a whole, which should have the unity of a Doric column. They had no belief, and none who lived up to their time, had either, in the unity of truth. In their view, tints, forms, natural arrangements, had to be profoundly modified before they could be fit for art. Of all landscape painters, Jacob Ruysdael was, no doubt, the *purest* artist, without the human sympathies which have made Hobbema, Cuyp, and Claude so popular in England. He had a finer instinct than any of them for those effects of nature which could be welded into unity. In his best pictures we find—and it is very rare—an active knowledge of what paint could *not* do. His conceptions are based on the obvious features of his own world. There is little in them that indicates research; but they are well arranged and complete: nothing can be taken from or added to them with impunity. His inspiration was rather from within than from without; he was content; he never wanted to learn; he beheld Nature without a spark of the true modern fire of curiosity being kindled within him, and he did not pry too closely into her secrets. In his works there is none of the variety of a modern landscape painter; his whole range might be displayed in two or three pictures.

In all this Ruysdael was true to the time in which he lived; so much of the character of his art is given, because the late Eugene Fromentin traces the great French school of landscape—the school of Rousseau and Corot and Diaz—to his example, though there is an essential difference between his work and theirs. With Ruysdael, landscape was a half-unconscious outlet for deep and narrow feelings; while Rousseau and his French brethren were intensely conscious. Their attitude was objective rather than subjective, rather external than internal; they went to Nature for knowledge rather than sympathy, watching every change in the sky, every characteristic mood of light, every form and tint in tree or hill. Rousseau especially, instead of being content to reduce a favourite effect to its simplest expression, and to repeat that again and again, studied Nature in all shapes and seasons. He discovered a thousand unpublished beauties; his store of sympathies was immense.

Looking back on the first bloom of modern painting in the sixteenth century, Italy, we observe, was influenced by the intellectual progress of the day, by the authors, poets, sculptors, and architects of the Renaissance. It will be seen in the present day, that art is affected in a similar way by literature and science, and the distinctive spirit of the whole is curiosity, a new-born readiness to be content with research, to collect materials, to lay foundations, and, in art, to believe, more than ever before, that what is, is beautiful; in other words, a realistic spirit is abroad.

The progenitors, or at least the forerunners, of the new movement were a poet and a painter—Wordsworth, born in 1770, and Constable, in 1776. Each in his own way set the example afterwards followed by Darwin, viz.: they trusted to Nature. They went to the fields and the hillsides, not to adapt the view to ideas already formed, but to take what they found there, selecting, of course, those facts that their art could grasp and reproduce, caring for no tradition, and turning a deaf ear both to praise and blame. Constable did not intend that art should be imitative, or that to sit down in a field, and copy all one found there, would make a picture. He meant that landscape should be true, as a novel is true; that a painter's fame should depend upon his treatment of his subject, and the impression it was capable of producing upon the observer.

Constable, apart from the glory that belongs to him as an originator, stands in the very front rank of artists. His pictures have a repose almost as profound as Ruysdael's. During the last year, this celebrated artist could be well studied in London. The famous "Hay Wain" was presented to the National Gallery by Mr. Henry Vaughan, being in the same room as the "Cornfield," and the "Valley Farm." At South Kensington, there are six examples in the Permanent Collection, two of which are among his finest works. All these pictures, except the "Valley Farm," were painted between 1810 and 1831. In England, in those years, landscape of another kind flourished in the hands of Turner, the painter of Norwich, and the growing school of masters in water colours. In France, it was practically non-existent. Corot, the first born of the great men, was twenty years younger than Constable, and came late to maturity. The only Frenchman who painted landscapes with some original power in the earlier years of the century was Georges Michel, and he was so little known, even in his native Paris, that men believed him dead twenty years before he actually laid down his brush. Corot was born in 1796; Camille Hers, in 1802; Jules Dupré, in 1809; Diaz, also in 1809; Rousseau, in 1812; Troyon in 1813; Millet, in 1816; so that in the year 1825, when one of Constable's pictures won a gold medal at the Salon, and another a similar prize at Lille, the oldest of the great Frenchmen was under thirty, and the youngest not yet ten. The sensation the English canvasses made was great. Critics abused them, painters understood them, and in a day they gave their author a fame in France scarcely less wide and secure than two generations have built for him in England.

Of those who confessed their debt to Constable, Rousseau was by far the greatest. As an artist, pure and simple, he was inferior to him; his pictures, as a rule, are without the Englishman's unity. As a colourist (in the abstract) he was, however, at least as good as Constable; while in the difficult art of modelling landscape he had no rival. We can walk under and about his trees, down his lanes, over the brow of his hills, with a sense of ease and space. Rousseau is the most thorough of landscape painters; a botanist can enjoy himself in his entangled underwoods.

Dupré had more sense of unity than Rousseau. His paintings possess more constructive quality, but his colour is often lurid, resembling nothing in nature so much as the light which gleams across a landscape from a break in thunderclouds. His connection with the movement of his time, however, is obvious enough, in spite of the more stately features of his work. Constant Troyon is generally classed among the animal painters; but, like Cuyp, he showed his genius more in the landscape surrounding his cows than in the cows themselves. Like Dupré, he was inclined to become false in colour; but the signs of Nature-study are never absent from his work. Millet, Corot, and Daubigny are divided from these men by their greater subservience to general traditions. They have none of the variety of Rousseau, and little of the simplicity of Constable, Dupré, or Troyon. With Corot and Millet landscape is more of a means to an end than with the rest and in that they are less entirely in the movement of their time; but, so far as they go, their pictures are painted wholly on the modern principle. The facts are gathered under the blue sky, and the decorative idea is never allowed to do harm. With Daubigny, the last and least of the constellation, appear the first sure signs of a new mannerism which is fast reducing landscape in France to a condition not much above that from which Constable and his successors freed it. The men named above were followed by the Impressionists, who, in anything like a complete history of the movement, would occupy the unenviable place of those who kill an idea by stretching it to its utmost capacity. It is curious how little foothold this school has gained on the other side of the channel.

It has been said that, as far as England was concerned, the movement started by Constable came to an end with him. This is only partially true. Correctly speaking, Constable found no immediate followers in his own medium. Even when he died, his name was by no means a household word in his native land, and his works brought but very small prices. Turner and the Claudists held the field. English patrons did not indeed leave Constable to starve as the French did Millet; but they gave little encouragement to others to follow in his steps, and when Constable's career came to a sudden end in 1837, there was but one man in England who applied his principles with sincerity and success, and that was David Cox. Another preventing cause was the influence of Turner. Ideas vary, and may yet vary for years, as to the rank of Turner's own work, but there can be no two opinions as to the injurious example he set. Under his hand paint became unnatural, sensational. It was taken into a sphere for which it was so unfitted that it could only be kept alive there at all by personal genius. All the men, and they were a good deal more numerous than is sometimes thought, who tried to follow the same road came to grief on the way. The true aims of landscape were obscured, so that artists, who otherwise might have been content to go about it in the natural but reserved fashion of Constable exhausted themselves in the attempt to achieve impossibilities. Three things, therefore, combined to neutralise Constable. 1. The fidelity of the upper classes to Claude and the Dutchmen, which deprived the English painter of substantial success in his lifetime. 2. The preference for water colour of the best artists living at Constable's death. 3. The influence of Turner. To these causes may be traced what is a very curious phenomenon in art history, that of a prolific example set in one country (England) and followed mainly in another country (France).

For the full scope of the revolution effected by Constable we must turn to other arts than his own. The most interesting development of the last few years has been the revival of etching. Ever since the time of Rembrandt, of course, artists have etched; but it is only in the last thirty years that the etched line has been used as it was two centuries ago, with a comprehension of its peculiar powers. The immediate honour of the revival belongs, no doubt, to men like Seymour Haden, Meryon, and Whistler; but their work, and especially that of the first named, would have been impossible but for the new standards elevated by Constable.

At the present date the ideas of which the source has been suggested above seem to be gaining in England, and losing in France. On the

other side of the channel, devotion to one particular technical quality threatens to establish a standard hardly less artificial than that of a century ago; but among English artists the stimulus which missed the painters of dry land struck the painters of the sea with its full force, though each practically confines himself to some favourite aspect of the ocean, Mr. Hook paints the breezes and broken water; Mr. Henry Moore the heavier movements of the waves; Mr. Colin Hunter paints the ocean as a liquid jewel; Mr. Macallum the play of sunlight through the mists which lie upon it; and so on with some half a dozen more. There is not a single painter of landscape proper whom we can put side by side with these men, unless, indeed, it be Millais.

The same spirit is to be recognised in the best modern portraits. A hundred years ago, good portraits were, above all things, decorative. Painters like Reynolds and Gainsborough were content to catch a likeness and to finish a head on a system, leaving much of their canvas to be covered by their pupils. A few sittings of an hour apiece were all they asked. It was inevitable that works produced in this way should have little individuality; in fact, nothing impresses one so strongly, in a gathering of portraits from the eighteenth century, as the want of variety among the sitters. On going back further, this becomes still more strongly marked. Kneller, Lely, even Vandyck, seem to have been content with likeness in the head alone. It was not so with the Dutch. The portraits of Van Der Halst, Frans Hals, and Rembrandt are more comparable to modern work in essentials than any landscape of their school, and the best of our living portrait painters are more closely allied to them than to those Venetians on whom they prefer to fix their eyes. It is only at the present day that the practice of Rembrandt and Hals has been revived, and that the character of the sitter has been allowed to decide the whole treatment of his portrait. The first man of the English schools to work conscientiously on this principle was Lawrence, who, whatever his faults, could at least model a head when he had one before him; but to see it thoroughly grasped, we must turn to living men, like Millais (at his best), Holl, or Bonnat, and to see its results in perfection, to portraits like those of Mr. Hook, of Mr. Chamberlain, and M. Thiers. The object of this article, if it has succeeded, is to point to one particular phase of modern art, as characteristic of the nineteenth century as its author. This phase is based on curiosity, the new substitute for faith. Men no longer dogmatise upon Nature; they go to her, and find out what she is, and they bring back what they can. Hogarth foreshadowed the new motive in one of his smaller works; and this new trust in Nature has given an art of its own to the nineteenth century—an art which is likely in time to be placed with those of the sixteenth and seventeenth—to be called the Inquisitive.

THE TRUE POSITION OF FRENCH POLITICS.

This subject may be effectively studied in the *Nineteenth Century*, where the present situation in France is most graphically treated by M. Renaud, who deplores the fact that the English nation at large should be hopelessly ignorant of matters concerning politics on the other side of the channel. "Where do English people," he asks, "study our public affairs and statesmen? I will not hesitate to declare that they derive their information from the *Figaro*. We have in Paris at least half-a-dozen newspapers, carefully and conscientiously edited, from which—due allowance once made for party prejudices—a stranger might make himself acquainted with the true position of our affairs. If any one of these journals be read in London by more than twenty-five people (not reckoning the French colony), I will undertake to study for six months nothing but German metaphysics. The *Figaro* alone is the favourite paper, yet there is on its staff but one political writer who is gifted with sound common sense; I mean M. Magnard. We have in France a number of writers of very great merit, who make the mistake of being rather too honest. Do the English know them? No. They know the literary mountebanks. Our *savants*, our philosophers, our philologists, write and publish works frequently of the highest order, but as *Figaro* takes no notice of them they do not so much as suspect their existence. But if at the shop of some scandalmonger one of those shameless novels should appear, which not even a monkey could read without a blush, and which are excluded from our homes, lo! the title of that book, and the name of its author, will immediately hover over every British lip. *Figaro* has spoken, and the exclamation is, What a horrid race those French people are!

"*Figaro* persistently deceives the English nation. Allow me to refer to the last two instances. Eighteen months ago we had in France a general election. Thanks to the culpable division of the Republicans, thanks also to the slanderous reports spread against the Tonkin expedition, two hundred Monarchists succeeded in forcing their way into the Chamber of Deputies; thereupon the *Figaro* began to trumpet forth a hymn in favour of the coming Restoration, and for three whole months the English press echoed the dirge of the Republic. Meanwhile the feud among the Republicans had to some extent abated, and the Monarchists of the House, incapable even of proposing in due form the restoration of the Monarchy, were discovered to be capable only, after the fashion of Irishmen, of parliamentary obstruction. Scarcely had this demonstration been made when the Republican Government, worried by the incessant intrigues of the pretenders, determined upon expelling them. 'The French nation,' wrote the *Figaro*, 'will energetically condemn this iniquitous, odious measure.' A fortnight elapsed; the electors were called upon to re-elect one-half of the departmental assemblies, and behold! the Royalists suffered a defeat which culminated in a disaster. The measure, which was to shake the foundations of the Republic, strengthened them so well that several deputies gave their adherence to the constitutional principles. Still, on the faith of *Figaro's* assertions, Englishmen are convinced that General Boulanger is 'the first man in France.' It is said and written seriously in England that since Napoleon at the zenith of his power, and Lafayette in 1830, no man has ever enjoyed in France a popularity comparable to his; and that he is (with the exception of M. de Lesseps) the only one really popular with us.

"The natural inference from this idea is that General Boulanger is the most popular man in France; now, the most popular man in France ought to be the head of the Government; therefore M. Boulanger will be, ere long, the head of the Republic. So let us turn to General Boulanger, especially as the public abroad have not yet formed as decided opinions as we have in France. General Boulanger enjoys an immense popularity; no doubt this popularity does not rest, like that of Lafayette, on a revolution; like Bonaparte's, on victories; or like Gambetta's, on his country's honour saved by him; it is an undefined confidence, a mysterious expectation, and this makes it all the deeper and stronger. I will, however, set General Boulanger aside, with his political acts, which have been sharply and very properly criticised; and his qualifications as a military man, the value of which no one has as yet had an opportunity of gauging. For, to assert that Gambetta considered him as one of the four best generals of the French army is most incorrect. Well, I certainly acknowledge General Boulanger enjoys a large share of popularity: (1) among the rank and file, because he has shown a praiseworthy desire to improve their condition; (2) among a certain number of young officers, because he himself is still young; (3) among certain members of Parliament, because he is often willing to yield to their requests; (4) among the extreme sections of large towns, because he is on intimate terms with certain leaders, and also because of his excellent horsemanship. But this popularity, in reality, is simply notoriety, and it would be superfluous to show that notoriety and popularity differ as essentially as a figure differs from a number. To be a man much talked of is not a common lot; it is, in fact, a good deal; still, that cannot be called popularity.

"If to be talked about is sufficient to constitute popularity, who could be more popular than Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, or M. Constant Coquelin? General Boulanger enjoys an immense and unexpected notoriety—this is unquestionable. It is because people do not take the trouble to distinguish between two nouns and two things that they make the mistake I have been endeavouring to point out. In our parliamentary constitution, Parliament determines in reality the choice of the President of the Council, and appoints the President of the Republic. Can any one see a plausible reason for raising to the highest magistracy of the country a man who may possibly be a good Minister of War, but who would not be accepted to play the political part of any of our parliamentary leaders.

"But how is this error to be explained?

"By two essential causes. First, nations, even the most forward in civilisation and democracy, experience the childish desire of personifying their hopes in the name of one man. Now there was rather a scarcity of prominent men at the very time when a succession of fortuitous circumstances brought General Boulanger to the Ministry of War. Gambetta had died, and after him, Chanzy, Victor Hugo, and Admiral Courbet. With all his skill, M. de Freycinet had never succeeded in appealing to the heart and to the imagination of the country. M. Leon Say, who was but one man in an eminent but limited group, lived a more or less voluntarily secluded life. The elections of the 4th October had crushed M. Brisson's expectations. M. Ferry was still bearing the heavy brunt of the Tonkin expedition. M. Clemenceau had allowed his opportunity to slip, and was at the time the subject of much distrust. Just then General Boulanger was caracoling his black charger in the Champs Elysées. Secondly, there was at that precise hour a great stir in the Republican party in favour of the army. Up to the time of the Tonkin expedition it had been a defeated army. The splendid enterprise aimed at and carried out in the far East showed that the young French army was both strong and valiant. It had brought victory to our standards. When political passions began to cool down, the popularity of the army grew apace, and with it that of the head of the army. Had his name been Lewal Thibaudin Thoumas instead of Boulanger, matters would have been exactly the same. The cheers raised on the 14th July, 1886, when the army of Tonkin was reviewed, were intended for the heroes of that expedition. These cheers were intercepted by the present Minister of War; that was all, but at the same time it was a great deal. The position of General Boulanger shortly after his elevation was materially strengthened by the action of M. de Bismarck, who appeared to require his dismissal from the important office to which he had been lately appointed; this was sufficient immediately to check the opposition of all his enemies.

"Our political parties may have many defects, but they are patriotic to the bone. When the great Chancellor seemed to require from us the humiliation of France, the sacrifice, not of a gentleman called Boulanger or Durand or Dupont, but of the soldier who stands at the head of our army, as if by a tacit and unanimous understanding, or by a kind of watchword which no one had given, but which all readily accepted, General Boulanger's name was from that moment no longer to be mentioned until the storm had blown over, viz., till the end of the German elections.

"All European nations err in the matter of the French desiring war. None is really in itself so anxious for peace, all the more so as our army is not an army of mercenaries, but an army including every Frenchman, whether rich or poor, educated or ignorant, capable of handling a gun; in short, every available man from eighteen to forty. At the beginning of the present year General Boulanger said to me, 'Any man wishing to go to war is a madman or a criminal and ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat.' 'Ay!' replies M. de Bismarck, 'but not a single minister has

been found yet to declare from the tribune that France renounces for ever Alsace and Lorraine.'

"Would any Englishman advise us to make such a declaration; and because we do not wish to disgrace ourselves does it follow that we wish to go to war?

"In the general attitude that has been maintained in France, the silence observed with regard to M. Boulanger, has been but a detail; but this attitude has been at the same time both dignified and high-minded. It has in fact shown the world what immense progress the public mind has made under the Republican Government within the last fifteen years. Never had a nation, strong and confident in its strength as it is in its right, been subjected to a more deliberate and gross provocation, and yet within that nation, considered as superficial, frivolous, and inconsistent, not one man, not even the least of the journalists, however eager he be for noise or excitement, took the slightest notice of these provocations. The Germans wanted a pretext. We did not so much as offer them the shadow of one. They tried hard to make us overstep the limits of our legitimate right. We strictly, persistently, remained within those limits, though I venture to believe that from that day the general opinion and verdict of the civilised world was on our side."

SCENES IN HAWAII.

AMONGST the many places to be visited on the Hawaiian Islands, the volcano of Mauna Loa, and the lake of fire at Kilauea on Hawaii, are, perhaps, the most interesting to those who do not mind a rough voyage between the islands, and an equally rough journey by land. The Inter-island steamers vary much in their degrees of comfort, but perhaps the largest and best are those which convey the tourist to the port of Hilo, from where one must take horse for a long, steady ride up-hill to the Volcano House, as the stopping place for visitors to the far-famed volcano is called.

Any steamer leaving the wharf at Honolulu is a source of immense interest always to the natives; they are very fond of travelling from one island to another, and invariably accompany their friends for a final leave-taking. The chattering and laughing is also mingled often with shedding of tears and wailing, in both of which accomplishments the Hawaiian excels. They can command tears without any provocation, and it is a most curious sight to see two old women meet on a wharf, not having seen each other for some time. They will cry "Aloha"—embrace in the fondest manner—and with a jerk of their Holokus (peculiar to themselves, and not to be described in words alone), sit down in the dust, *à la Turque*, throw their arms around each other's portly form, and forthwith begin a swaying motion, the tears pouring down their brown faces, with hats on the back of their heads from which the black hair streams, and wailing at intervals, with a long cry, low at the beginning, and getting louder and louder, till it finally sinks away to silence, only to be raised again immediately, in precisely the same manner.

After several minutes' duration the wailing would stop as suddenly as it had begun; the tears dry up, and the much loved pipe, black, short, and very dirty, would make its appearance. One of the friends would produce the rank, strong tobacco which is grown plentifully on the islands, fill, and light up, take a whiff or two, and present it to the other, who would follow suit; their countenances clear as if by magic, and presently the old ladies would rise, take each other by the hand, and march off together to see some mutual acquaintance, where in all probability the whole performance would be repeated. In travelling, they always take their mats with them, and generally some gourds of poi. With these, they are quite independent, and on getting on board they at once disappear behind the curtain of matting, which is supposed to divide the steerage from the cabin. If the weather be smooth, they will talk, laugh, and chatter most of the night, in all likelihood playing cards, of which they are passionately fond. But, generally speaking, the passage is a rough one; and being bad sailors as a rule, the results are not, strictly speaking, pleasant. Cabin passengers are each given a narrow, clean mattrass, and two pillows, and one has to make the best of this scanty accommodation. Meals are served in the dark, musty little saloon below, but I never descended, even to explore these regions. One could take fruit, biscuits, etc., and thus be tolerably comfortable.

Hilo is the port next in importance to Honolulu, and there travellers make arrangements for the ride up to the great Crater of Kilauea.

A mule purchased in Honolulu for $150 turned out a valuable animal; for, besides being stronger and more sure-footed than a horse, he was sold for $25 advance in price at the end of the expedition, having carried his rider well, and thus cost nothing.

The ride is a long one—thirty miles—and very lonely and quiet, the road lying partly through forests of ohia and ku-kui trees principally, nearly all covered with a species of creeper, which, as it grows, throws out branches which have tops like palm trees, only smaller leaves. The ferns in this forest were very high, quite twenty feet or more, most luxuriant in growth, some green, some brown, others a deep red, and with those half dead or quite decayed, gave colouring to the mass of jungle.

During the twenty miles, one was supposed to get some refreshment at two "half-way" houses, but the houses were apparently deserted, and nothing to be seen but a pail of water and a tin cup hanging beside a veritable drinking fountain, of which both mule and rider were glad to take advantage. The Volcano House was reached in due time, a comfortable enough hotel, not far from the crater, which is obliging enough to provide travellers with excellent sulphur baths, which soon remove all stiffness incurred from the long ride. The dinner consisted of shoulder of wild goat, excellent potatoes, and Indian corn. Wild goats are plentiful, and good game; the meat when young is tender, and very palatable to the hungry visitor.

From the veranda of the hotel the red glare of the crater was seen very distinctly through the deep tropical darkness, and though undoubtedly the best time for seeing the lake of fire, the guide refused to take us at night, so a good rest after the fatigues of travelling was most acceptable.

The next morning after breakfast, the guide accompanying us, we started for the crater, walking at first through a jungle of small ohia trees, then in full blossom, bright crimson in colour, mingled with a shrub called by the natives turkey wings, bearing red berries, which the guide declared good to eat; they were much the same in appearance as small cherries.

The jungle sloped down, and at the foot of the bank we came on the bed of cooled lava, and walked over it to within a hundred yards of the burning lake of lava, called by the natives Hanamau-mau, a truly grand sight. About fifty feet off was a hill, or crest of lava, on which the guide would not let us go, as he said it probably would give way at any moment, for the lava on which we were then standing was quite hot.

For more than two miles we had walked on lava, merely a thin crust over the fires, and liable at any time to burst out with fresh force. About a hundred and fifty yards from where we stood the guide showed us a dark-looking hole from which, a fortnight before, an immense quantity of lava had issued, and only six months before, the lava had flowed up to the very edge of the bank which we had come down.

The lake itself, about four hundred feet by one hundred, looked of an iron-gray colour, and here and there we could see the red hot lava flowing along the surface; then a wave would cross, the sun shining so brightly on it, one might fancy it a wave of the sea, topped by a red crest instead of a "white horse." The edge of the lake was all fire, and on the side nearest to us, at short intervals, the red lava would be thrown up twenty to thirty feet. Often it is thrown as high as one hundred feet, we were told. For a few seconds all would be apparently quiet, and then a rolling wave would cross and burst into a myriad of leaping fires, showing a constant terrible force at work below the earth's surface. The lake and its surroundings are constantly changing—immediately below us, and on our right, the lava was quite still, and only three days ago it was a heaving mass, flowing and molten.

The guide volunteered then to take us to where he said only three visitors had gone; so off we set, and soon stood on the western side within eight feet of the very edge of the lake itself, so close that the lava broke off, so brittle and hot was it, with a slight blow of the pole we both carried. Watching the gray, sullen mass before us, broken every few seconds by the leaping flames, thrown in some instances far above us, one could only feel in the presence of some terrible invisible power, working quite independently of human agencies. Only a short time could we stand so close to this "fire fountain," as Miss Gordon Cumming calls it, as the fumes of the sulphur threatened to suffocate us. As it was, we were not free from headache in consequence of our venture.

The bed of lava in the crater is quite four miles in extent, probably more, and specimens very beautiful in shape and colour can be picked up in many directions—and some curious material, like spun glass, brittle and shining, very fine in substance. It is known as "Pele's Hair," Pele being the presiding goddess of the volcano, and to this day the natives sacrifice to her by throwing silver, or white pigs and hens, into the fires, thinking to propitiate her, and perhaps avert the calamity of an overflow of lava, which superstition has a curious resemblance to the offering made by the Scottish peasants to their holy wells of olden fame, into which are thrown pennies and sixpences; formerly the killing of a red cock was considered a necessary rite to appease the wrath of the earth spirits.

When any unusual eruption of the volcano takes place the natives are terror-stricken, believing that some fresh sacrifice is demanded of the people to appease Pele's wrath, and in the days of the autocratic government by the great chiefs, human lives were offered for that purpose, and such is the superstition of the Hawaiian of to-day that a few months ago the sister of the present monarch, Princess Like-Like, who had been ill for some time, but who was recovering, hearing of the sudden stoppage of the fires of the crater, which then threatened to burst forth in a terrible overflow of lava, hurling destruction on all villages between it and the sea, and believing that by giving her life she could prevent such a calamity, literally turned her face to the wall, and died from sheer inanition, refusing all nourishment for three days, and disregarding all appeals from her physician; probably her own native Kahunas, or "praying doctors," had induced her to believe that her life was a necessary sacrifice. What has Christianity done for these poor people when such things can be? The missionaries and church people have worked hard, but apparently to little effect, when one of their highest chiefs can think of nothing better than to yield to one of their oldest superstitions. Hanamau-mau signifies "House of Everlasting Burning."

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

PROFESSOR RAMBAUND is a most careful student of the social side of modern history. The second volume of his "History of French Civilisation" deals with the status of the clergy, the nobility, the army, and the inferior classes; also the privileges, the abuses, and the state of education of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when absolute monarchy was dominant. Incidentally he touches on an interesting matter: "Why did the French Revolution overthrow everything, good as well as bad, and attempt to reconstruct a new order of society modelled after antiquity—Athens, Sparta, and Rome?" Because the lower classes were wholly with-

out instruction, and the upper strata had only a confused and mongrel knowledge of classical literature.

Judge how the schoolmaster was abroad. No one gave a thought to primary education before the Revolution. Royalty left all that to the clergy, the municipalities, and the religious orders. It only wanted subjects to pay taxes and men to fight battles. In the West of France, illiteracy was proverbial, and it is the dark spot still on the instruction-map of the nation. In Burgundy there were not more than nineteen per cent. of persons who could sign the register on being married. In Auvergne there was only one school for a score of villages. As for teachers, these practically did not exist, as there were no normal schools to train them. The first comer who wished to gain an honest penny was free to present himself for the office of schoolmaster; he had only to submit to a summary examination—to recite and write the Lord's Prayer—before an official as ignorant as the candidate. Provided with a permit to teach, the diplomaed had next to go in quest of pupils, and a situation. He was virtually a tramp. In Normandy, there was actually a fair for the hire of schoolmasters, as there was for domestic servants.

The pay of the schoolmaster, before the Revolution, was merely nominal, and even that pittance had to be accepted in kind. The money annual salary of a teacher was twenty to twenty-five sous—about one farthing weekly—"per head," of pupils. This compelled the teacher to become positively a pluralist; thus he was by turn, beadle, grave-digger, bell-ringer, public penman, barber, and tailor, and further, he was engaged by the year, like a farm servant. For schoolhouse, he had but his own one-room hovel where he lived, slept, cooked, and cultivated trees of knowledge. No wonder middle and lower class society ran wild, when, in 1789, sovereign power fell into their hands as from the skies.

ANOTHER instalment of the "Memoirs" of the Comte de Falloux has appeared, treating of the events of the years 1834-35. The Comte was a royalist, but not the less joined the ministry of Louis Napoleon. He was introduced to Wellington. He states the Iron Duke presented a strange aspect; had an enormous head, on a small and slender body: his nose was extra Bourbonian, and his chin was very prominent. He was at the same time full of natural dignity, with a most pleasing expression, and gave the intelligent foreigner a shake of the hand, expressive at once of loyalty, nobility, and simplicity of character. In the entrance hall of Apsley House was a beautiful bust of Napoleon.

Relative to O'Connell, the Comte viewed him not only as the representative, but the incarnation of Ireland—impetuous, vehement; of varying humour; neglectful in dress; wig badly made and worse worn. He was irregular and roughish, but never losing for a moment his character of a right good fellow. O'Connell never separated action from speech, and was always the "Great Agitator." Side by side was his patriarchal life; in his home he was regarded with the most profound respect and attention. His London house was a little Ireland, and his stock subjects of conversation were his country and the Church.

THE PERMANENCE OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

EVERYBODY who looks at politics from either the historic or the philosophical point of view, is asking just now whether it is possible that a grave change has passed over the English national character. The people have seemed for some time so irresolute, so devoid of self-confidence, so timid in decision, so incompetent to state in what morality they believe, so reluctant to inflict suffering, and above all, so ineffective in action, that the question is not unreasonable, and the usual answer is obviously insufficient. The people, it is customary to say, have not changed, but the depositaries of power have. The country is now governed by the proletariat, and it is foolish to expect from a proletariat the qualities displayed either by a middle class or by an aristocracy. The Ten-pounders were not sentimental, but the Householders are. That answer implicitly asserts that there is no such thing as a national character, but only a class character, and is at variance with the leading facts of history; while, as applied to England, it presents this especial difficulty. The quality of hardness, now supposed to be growing deficient, was specially the quality of the class which has now come into power. No one was so hard, so little moved by sentiment, so unforgiving, as the English peasant or worker of the towns. We are, therefore, on this theory, in presence of the phenomenon that a nation has not only become softer, but has become so because its hardest class has risen to the top. That is not likely, to say the least of it; and as an increase of apparent softness in Englishmen is undeniable, we are driven to inquire whether national character ever does really change; so change, that is, that it will, when under strong emotion, or from any cause acting instinctively, take a totally unexpected course. The question is one of great difficulty, because so many of the more ancient peoples of mankind have mixed their blood; but we should say that, on the whole, the answer must be in the negative. The Jewish character, for example, seems to resist all pressure of circumstance, and to be substantially what it always was—that is to say, of a singularly stubborn or "stiff-necked" people, very earthy in their desires, though full of capacity; not spiritual, yet able to produce from time to time men of lofty spiritual gifts; not artistic in temperament, yet possessing in the most marked and special degree the organisation which enables those to whom it is given to surpass mankind in music, whether as composers, singers, or instrumentalists. A certain receptivity has, it is alleged, come upon the Jews, who, everywhere except in England, acquire a veneer from the country of their adoption; but it is acknowledged that the essential Hebrew character is never lost, and receptivity of a kind marked the nation always. One object of the Mosaic law was to keep the Jews separate; their chiefs were always afraid of Canaanitish or other Gentile influence; the Babylonians during the Captivity did materially alter Jewish theology, and the tendency of Hebrews to "Grecise"—recollect nothing is so opposite as Hebraism and Hellenism—was in the time of Josephus the subject of angry comment and complaint among themselves. The Arabs, nearly as pure a race as the Jews—not quite, we fancy, for the Jews had not the Arab wealth of slaves, and were not brought into such contact with the Negro—appear, from the account of all travellers, to be precisely the people they were when, 1,200 years ago, they burst upon the decaying Roman world. We will not speak of Greece—first, because the Greeks are deeply crossed with Slav and other blood; and secondly, because when Englishmen speak of Greeks, they mean the thirty or forty thousand families of Attica who displayed for a moment in history matchless intellectual qualities, and then in all human probability died out; and we can only say of the Romans, who can hardly be proved to be the ancestors of the modern Italians, that for a thousand years they exhibited an unchanged type—strong, narrow, resolute business-men, determined to govern, but almost superstitious in their reverence for law. We may, however, quote the French as evidence of unchangeableness. They are to-day, in all essential qualities, the Gauls whom Cæsar conquered, and Taine could still describe his countrymen in the great Roman's words Where is the change in Welshmen since they gave up the fight for independence; or can any one point out the characteristic German trait which, throughout her history, can be proved to have died out in Germany? The Spaniard remains the man he was in all but his fierce energy, and that may have declined only because those who possessed it transferred themselves almost *en masse* to the New World, where the Spaniard has made an impression in many respects as wonderful, though possibly not as enduring, as that made by the Saxon. The evidence is not perfect, because we know so little of the past outside Greece and Rome, and because of the existence in so many States of the slave system, which corrupts, or, at all events, mixes the blood; but there is a heavy balance of probability that national character changes less than language, and is always, under all circumstances, in its essence the same. Even faith changes it very slowly, the barbarians who accepted Christianity remaining for ages the half-tamed savages that they were before.

Then, can anything be added in the course of the ages to character so as materially to modify its manifestations? That is a subtle question, requiring a wider knowledge, perhaps, than any one man can possess; but we should say that it could. The singular tolerance or placability of the Italians, which weakens all their jurisprudence and much of their statesmanship, is entirely modern, yet is regarded by all foreign observers as a main factor in the Italian character. It is difficult to believe that the history of France could have gone on as it did for nearly a thousand years had the passion of envy so dominated the people as it does now; while in England the quality of sympathy for suffering which now affects the whole people, is of less than two centuries' growth. Up to 1700, and probably much later, the people, though not exactly cruel, and comparatively free from the thirst for blood, were entirely callous to suffering not their own, thought an outrageous code of punishments quite natural, felt nothing for slaves, did nothing to relieve the sufferings of the mass of the feeble poor, and tolerated scenes of brutality which now would drive whole cities mad. Now sympathy with suffering, especially the suffering of the weak, has grown so strong that it disturbs the judgment, interferes with the repression of crime, threatens many of the rights—we mean the moral rights—of property, and constantly makes the whole nation doubtful as to its freedom to use force. A masterful race bears rebellion if justified by allegations of suffering; a fierce people scarcely endures the punishment of death, and a nation singularly given to the subjugation of others is uneasy whenever it acquires more subjects, or is told that others had better be enfranchised. The feeling is so powerful that it modifies all action as much as if it had modified national character; but still, as we conceive, it has not done so. Sympathy is a superaddition, and therefore liable to disappear whenever events are rough enough or the provocation is direct enough to cause it to be inconvenient. When Hindoos murder officers, or Socialists threaten shops, or Invincibles assassinate popular men—that is, when the people are really stung, actually feel loss, or injury, or insult—the old character seems to us to revive at once, and there is as little pity in the punishment as weakness in the fighting. We do not see that unpopular murderers are let off the gallows, or that open rebels are allowed to win, or that there is any hesitation in using armed force in repressing insurgent Socialism. If Ireland rose in rebellion, Ireland would be quelled; and if the rebellion involved massacre, the repression would for a time be pitiless. The nation has become merciful to weakness, not through a change of nature, but through an acquired sense of sensitiveness to others' pain; and the moment the new sense produces visible evil instead of good, it is laid aside or repressed, and the genuine character, which is hard both to inflict and to suffer, reappears in all its strength. The people, in fact, is English, though in its new rest from pain it has begun to feel sympathy for the pained; but the sympathy, as an active force, would not survive keen suffering. At least, that is how we should read phenomena which are not a little puzzling, but the reality of which has as yet hardly been tested by events.—*The Spectator.*

DUTY.

And rank for her meant duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.—*George Eliot.*

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher.*

IT seems to us that the majority at the Board of Trade meeting the other day made a mistake in refusing to adjourn the discussion of Commercial Union. It is not a *vote* for or against that is wanted, so much as a free and exhaustive discussion of the whole subject by men capable of forming a correct judgment. The general public look to such a body as the Board of Trade for guidance in forming their opinion on these questions; and it is a disappointment to see a discussion cut short when only one side has been heard, and a decision rendered by feeling rather than reason. We are not in favour of Commercial Union, as our readers know: we believe that several insuperable obstacles to its adoption exist, and that many serious objections may be urged against it. Nevertheless, we should like to hear every word that can be said in its favour. Such arguments are the very best means of rectifying and fortifying one's own belief, if that is true; and if not true, one were better without it. In common fairness, opportunity for the fullest discussion is due to the advocates of Commercial Union, whose argument cannot at all events be disposed of by a vote: the result of attempting that will be that the discussion will go on informally and unsatisfactorily till the Board of Trade again takes it up, and finally disposes of it, by squarely facing every point at issue in a manner it does not seem inclined to do now.

WE cannot affect to feel much regret at the mobbing of Mr. O'Brien. Ruffianly conduct is always to be deplored; but the agitator himself set the example of ruffianly conduct to his assailants when he proclaimed his intention to hunt the Governor-General from one end of Canada to the other. He would not have done that in the way he himself was hunted about the streets of Toronto; but was this method less manly than the wilful lies and slanders that he, knowing them to be so, proposed to use? Mr. O'Brien is one of those men that can feel no insult less material than a knock-down blow, and we cannot regret that he has received one. We do not for a moment excuse his assailants; but, while condemning the instrument, we cannot but regard the punishment as well-deserved. And, moreover, it will serve the useful purpose, we think, to exhibit the real feeling of the great mass of our people about this Irish agitation as nothing else can. Mr. O'Brien was allowed to lecture quietly in Montreal; the people in general simply ignored him, leaving him in the hands of the Irish; not a single man of any prominence attended his meetings, or in any way countenanced his errand; the Press, with the exception of a rabid Irish organ, condemned it; and yet, because his attempted mischief-making was thus tolerated—and toleration, not approval, was the utmost accorded him—he had the effrontery to telegraph to his friends here that "Quebec is solid." Similarly, Ontario would have been reported as "solid" too, if the Loyalist meeting in Queen's Park had not been held. Now, it is of the utmost importance that the true feeling in Canada about this agitation business should be known in England; and that is the great service that will have been done by the Loyalist meeting, whose meaning, though clear enough to people here, might not be so abroad without this rough "send-off" by way of emphasis that Mr. O'Brien received. In the ridiculous story the agitator is since telling about the country as to the attack on him "organised by Lord Lansdowne's friends, almost under Lord Lansdowne's window," we have a specimen of the intolerable lies that would have filled out his account of his reception in Toronto, if this had not been accompanied by some unmistakable counter-demonstration. But the brickbats that flew about his head dissipated his last chance of making out Ontario as well as Quebec to be "solid" for him. It is deplorable, on abstract principles, that Mr. O'Brien was so molested; even the worst malefactor ought to be safe in our streets from mob law; but yet, men cannot help being swayed by feeling, which manifestly has run very strong against this cowardly and immoral enterprise. The assailants of Mr. O'Brien, however, were not the people of Toronto; it is absurd to charge against all the inhabitants of a city of a hundred and twenty thousand the fault of a few dozen disorderly men who, for a few minutes, got beyond the control of the few police that happened to be on the spot. And when a man is every day of his life breaking the law, he cannot be surprised if, now and then, a stone or two of the wall he is engaged trying to pull down should fall on his own head. Mr. O'Brien passes his life in inciting mobs to disobey the law; how can he complain when he catches a whiff of the whirlwind he is trying to raise?

AT Kingston, also, Mr. O'Brien has received rough treatment; which is regrettable, but not surprising. If he persists in flinging himself among us, as a firebrand among inflammable tow, the natural consequences must ensue—it looks, indeed, as if he were designedly courting these consequences. Unquestionably his errand to Canada was to raise a disturbance: he knew enough of Kingston when he arrived there to dub it the "Derry of Canada;" and it is hardly likely that when he started from Ireland he was so ignorant of Canadian opinion as to suppose that we were all Parnellites. He must have intended to set our people by the ears. His errand, no doubt, is a sequel to the revolutionary propaganda begun by Mr. Gladstone, when, himself having surrendered to the Irish Jacobins, he went on to set class against class, nationality against nationality, in order to carry his unhappy Home Rule proposals. With those proposals he drove a wedge into the fabric of the Empire wherever the English, Scotch, and Irish dwell together; and now by his countenance he sanctions the widening of the rift wherever possible by any means the Parnellites choose to employ. Mr. O'Brien is a delegate from Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, invited here by our legislative demagogues to disturb the peace of Canada. His errand was avowedly to raise the country against the Governor-General; and unless he is a very simple man he must have foreseen that his design would be opposed, and perhaps violently opposed, by every one with the least sense of fair-play and decency. Why did not the Government, anticipating this, save Canada from being turned into a battle-ground of Irish factions? Why should loyal Canadians be offended by the slanderous talk of this mercenary agitator? The only evil that now afflicts Ireland is caused by such agitators as he; it is too bad that the dissension it is their trade to sow and foster in Ireland should be transplanted to Canada. The right of free speech among respectable citizens must be kept sacred; but we need not allow the "victims" of Kingston Gaol or St. Vincent de Paul to go about the country preaching robbery, treason, and murder.

THE counsel for the plaintiff in Brenon *vs.* Ridgeway (the "Black Pamphlet Case," in which a London jury awarded a past Fenian £500 damages against a London publisher), in addressing the jury, asked them "not to give any one an excuse for shrinking from a public investigation, but to show the world that an Irishman when wronged could appeal to a British jury, and plead not in vain." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with heavy damages; yet Mr. Parnell shrinks from the ordeal, and allows judgment against him to go by default.

A LETTER in *The Times* gives a very clear exposition of the meaning of American "sympathy" for the Irish cause, an exposition which, with some change of circumstance, is equally applicable to the "sympathy" of our own Local Legislatures and Parliament. The writer, remarking on the announced intention of Governor Hill, of New York, to preside over a meeting called "to protest in that State of the American Union, against the passage by the British Parliament of a bill for reinforcing law and order in one of the constituent parts of the United Kingdom," asks, not what business Governor Hill has to do this, for nobody knows better than Governor Hill that he has no business to do it; but, Why does Governor Hill do this thing he has no business to do? The answer is because, "should the Democratic National Convention of next year decide not to renominate Cleveland for the Presidency, it is quite 'on the cards' that Governor Hill may be selected as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1888, just as Governor Cleveland was in 1884, in order to carry New York. That New York State cannot be carried by any Democratic candidate in 1888 without the Irish vote in the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn is just as certain as that without the electoral vote of New York no Democratic candidate can be made President. It was the defection of the Irish vote in those cities which brought Governor Cleveland in 1884 within an ace of defeat, Governor Cleveland's course as Governor having convinced the Irish leaders that he is at heart hostile to the Irish interests on grounds both of race and of religion. Governor Hill will either be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year, or he will be held responsible by his party for the loss of the election if the electoral vote of New York goes against the Democratic candidate." These, says the correspondent of *The Times*, are the facts. In the light of these facts Mr. Gladstone or Judæus Apella may believe that Governor Hill presides over Irish meetings to show his disapproval of British Legislation about British affairs. But no grown man in America does him the injustice to suppose this; and no grown

man in Canada, we may add, believes that our Local Legislatures or Dominion Parliament disapprove of exclusive British legislation about British affairs; their impertinent interference in business that does not concern them, and that evidently they do not at all understand, is simply a prostitution of their office as representatives of the people, for their own personal advantage, that they may secure re-election through the Irish vote.

WHETHER the bargain, to which we referred last week, made between Russia and Austro-Hungary prior to the last Russo-Turkish war, was ever reduced to writing is uncertain, but is also immaterial. It seems clear that there was such a treaty, and that its existence was concealed from Germany; and the question now is what object has Prince Bismarck in making it known at this moment? If the publication were directed against Russia, it might with greater force have been made months ago, when most bitter attacks were being made on Germany by the Russian Press. But it looks rather as if it is directed against Austria, as a warning not again to attempt any such double dealing behind Germany's back.

INTERESTING in their relation to the value of certain sorts of literary production in the United States, and more interesting as showing how rapidly the profession of letters is becoming a business, and a not over-squeamish business at that, are certain facts regarding the Beecher biography now being canvassed in the newspapers of his enterprising nation. In the words of one correspondent, who seems to have caught the colour of the situation, "The anticipated row has broken out over the biographies of Henry Ward Beecher. The closest friends of the dead pastor, even his relatives, are at odds in the matter. For a while, it looked as though Mark Twain could keep the lead. He had a contract completed with Mrs. Beecher and her sons, within two weeks after the demise. The terms were that Twain and Mrs. Beecher should share the profits equally, the costs of production being first paid. It was given out that no other biography would be countenanced by the family or Plymouth people, and a strong feature of the book was to be an account of the scandal trial, left by Beecher himself." We are further informed that "the enterprising Joseph Howard, jun., son of another Plymouth deacon, engaged to write a life of Beecher in two weeks," and that "Joe declined to be turned from the scheme, although strong influence was brought to bear," and we are confronted with the "real surprise" that "the Rev. S. B. Halliday, assistant pastor of Plymonth Church, has gone into a rival biography scheme," in which he is to be assisted by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the work to be got ready for canvassers ahead of the Twain book. "The controversy," concludes the despatch, with an excellent illustration, "has already become personal and quarrelsome." The death of no other American could have given rise to circumstances that show so unhappily the deterioration of literary effort, ruled as it is by the rapacious spirit of the age. In few men's lives is the public more keenly interested, therefore the opportunity for money-making is great. And in the recording of no contemporary life is there stronger necessity for sympathy, for accuracy, for impartial wisdom and calm discrimination. Mr. Beecher's potent personality, and the great influence his mind has always wielded upon current religious thought, makes this indispensable in a biography acceptable to either his admirers or his detractors. But these high considerations are so conspicuously sacrificed to speed and quick returns, that even the digestive organs of that literary ostrich, the American public, might be expected to resent the result. Another feathered simile might apply to the biographers, for anything more vulture-like than their reported conduct in relation to the dead preacher would be difficult to imagine.

A YOUNG recruit at Strasburg has earned six months' imprisonment, and probably denial to be allowed to enter the German army, "as being unworthy to don the Kaiser's uniform," by getting his body tatooed all over with the words, "*Vive la France*." The startled military surgeons who examined him preparatory to his entering the ranks, twined and twisted him about, but found there was only one exception to the inscriptions with which he had adorned himself, and that was an equally brief sentence expressive of the utmost contempt for the Prussians. It is not quite clear whether the recruit intended to fling himself—a living Treasonable Cry—among the German troops, in earnest or in jest; if a joke, it was a stupid one, as any one who has indulged in a little unobliterable tatooing will admit; if in earnest, it is another sign of how the wind blows in Alsace-Lorraine.

A STATISTICAL reporter of the *Paris* has questioned a number—a hundred, he says—of Parisians of the male sex who abstained from meat on Good Friday, as to the motive of this deviation from their usual practice. Several of them replied that they did so in deference to old custom, and because they saw most people around them doing so. Not a few declared that they abstained from choice, as they really enjoyed a fish dinner once in a way. Four ate fish to please their wives, four because their mothers asked them to do so, and one because he knew it would make a good impression on the mother of a young lady whom he hoped to marry. Three answered that they left their dinner *menu* entirely to the cook, and that she had sent up nothing but fish. Two of the number were strict vegetarians. A young clubman owned that he fasted simply because it was "chic." In only two cases was there any acknowledgment of a religious motive. One man answered, "because I am a Catholic," and another, while admitting that he never put foot inside a church by any chance, stated that he was "haunted by a remnant of belief" which indisposed him to a meat dinner on Good Friday.

Two human skeletons have been discovered in a cave on the banks of the Orneau, in the commune of Spy, province of Namur. From an examination of the circumstances made by Prof. Fraipont, and reported in the *Bulletin of the Royal Belgian Academy*, it appears that they must have lived during the early period of the mammoth, and long before the beginning of the reindeer age. They belong to the Neanderthal type, whose presence in Europe during the early mammoth age has now been traced from Staengenaes in Scandinavia to Olmo in Italy; but whereas the Neanderthal man was, according to Virchow, very old and crippled, probably unable to support himself, and therefore not a type of his race, this latest "find" enables science to describe the men of that day as a "short but far from feeble folk, thickset, robust, walking knees foremost [projecting?] and with a figure somewhat analogous to that of the modern Lapps. Their broad shoulders supported a long, narrow, and depressed head (different, therefore, from that of the true Papuan, which is long, narrow, and high), with very prominent superciliary arches, cavernous orbits, low and retreating brow, high and massive cheekbones, and receding chin."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. James's Gazette* cites from the diary of Bishop Wilberforce a curious passage referring to Mr. Gladstone. "Up betimes," says the Bishop, under the date of August 31, 1864, "wrote; a walk with Gladstone along ridge of stone quarries and on the shoulder of Penmaenmawr Mountain; curious to see his strong mind so unbend; his head easily giddy; cannot bear even the near approach to a precipice." "The reason," adds the correspondent, by way of comment, "why people whose heads are already giddy cannot bear the near approach to a precipice is that if they do approach it they feel an irresistible inclination to fall over it. They shun the precipice more fearfully than others just because they are more fascinated by it than others. May not (he asks) the mysterious relation between mind and body warrant us in finding, in this record as to Mr. Gladstone's organisation, some explanation of the singular fact that till recently none more than he professed greater enmity to Irish rebellion, and, that now, suddenly, none more than he is its ardent advocate?" It was the fascination against which he was struggling that gave fire to his former declamations against Irish rebellion, and now that he has fallen over the precipice he is infatuated with what has lured him to his ruin. There is but little chance, it may be feared, of a return to sober sense; all is now imagination; theory is seen as fact; a fanaticism has taken the place of statesmanship.

NOT many people can afford to learn Spanish merely for the sake of the literature, especially as Cervantes has been pretty well translated. But some may like easy access to an acquaintance with the Spanish drama. They may obtain it through four little volumes of selected dramas of Lope de Vega and Calderon, translated into French, those of Lope de Vega by M. Baret, and those of Calderon by M. De Latour. (Didier et Cie.) Contemporaneous with our Elizabethan drama, and the fruit in great measure of the same historical conditions, the Spanish drama is yet very different in structure. In character it is thoroughly national, representing vividly the superstition, the fierce and jealous passion, the devout loyalty, the fantastic pride and sentimentality of Spain. No one would place either Lope de Vega or Calderon on a level with Shakespeare, but they may challenge comparison with the best of the other Elizabethan dramatists. They are strong, especially in startling incidents and situations. Their most obvious defect, perhaps, is the high-flown and flowery language which they put into the mouths of valets and waiting-women, as well as of heroes. Lope de Vega wrote too much to produce anything of first-rate. His fecundity was portentous. He produced, according to Bouterwek, whose estimate Hallam seems to accept, no less than two thousand original dramas, of which three hundred were printed, and in all 21,300,000 verses. He would write a play in three or four hours. Yet his popularity seems never to have flagged.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Dost thou know where lies
May, the month so sweet,
Who more swiftly flies
Than the wood-deer fleet?

Embosomed in the secret bowers
Where springtime ever bides,
Deep in the verdure and the flowers,
The month of pleasure hides.
The gentle zephyrs form her train,
The spring flowers deck her lovely way,
And, as if snows had come again,
The apple blossoms bend and sway.

The burning sun has left the sign
Of Taurus underneath the Twins,
And with its leaflets bursts the vine,
That sweet consoler of our sins.
What perfume from each flow'ret floats
Above the fields of purple hue,
What living music from the throats
Of birds and insects in the blue!

The lark, before the dawning, sings:
A signal for each songster gay,
And from each leafy covert rings
A welcome to the coming day.
From out the bosom of the grain
The quail or partridge makes reply,
The swallows wheel and turn again
About their home with twittering cry.

At noon, from burning cliffs above,
The cuckoo's note goes echoing by;
At even-tide the turtle-dove
Vibrates the myrtles with her cry.
When forest leaves are turning brown
The nightingale will come again,
And 'neath the moonlight streaming down,
Will trill aloud her loving strain.

The new love, nestling in the heart
Of maiden fair, in smiling spring,
Does to her beauty more impart
Than eye can see or voice can sing.
My country lass is fair of face,
When leading through the waning light
(In simple coif devoid of lace)
To cooling streams her flock so white.

Dost thou know where lies
May, the month so sweet,
That more swiftly flies
Than the wood-deer fleet?

Montreal. WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

OUR LATENT LOYALTY.

THE simple minded American, looking up into skies guiltless of aristocratic cloud of ominous portent, and across broad lands on which no more hateful shadow of lordly tenure than a railway company's indemnity belt has ever rested, and beyond into what he has lately fallen into a trick of calling "Lansdowne's country," finds us, doubtless, a peculiar people. Some of our peculiarities, such as those which have not yet ceased to provoke his criticism regarding our disposition of our own codfish, must be simple and obvious to him; others must have a degree of intricacy puzzling to an intelligence nurtured in the pure air of untroubled democracy.

There is no use in endeavouring to disguise our complexity. Much as we might desire to assume a virtue that we are totally without, and stand forth among the nations of the earth a simple unit with a single purpose and unadulterated methods of achieving the same, candour compels us to admit the ramifications that history and geography have conspired to bring about in us; and even while we deprecate them, to acknowledge that it is the chiefest joy of our politicians,—the savour of life unto our newspapers, that they exist. Frankly confessing then that we are complex, even in the fractional sense—for does not our Government exist at Ottawa by virtue of itself and two-thirds of Quebec?—and that we are disposed to revel in the fact, let us, for the benefit of our untutored neighbour, even now engaged in a vain struggle with our national problem,—endeavour to explain ourselves.

While it is by no means exceptional to find an otherwise intelligent American believing that we regularly pay to England the taxes that still make tea an odious article of diet to Bostonians of high principle, and have so affected his whole nation that the brewing of it is an unknown art to this day, believing also that our Governor-General rules the land with a sway as absolute as His of all the Russias, it is no more uncommon to come upon one who has a fair knowledge of our system of government and our relation to Great Britain. Such an one, knowing our practical independence in all senses, crosses the line to find it loudly voiced by the press and echoed by the people, without animus for the most part, and without blame or remonstrance from any quarter. He discovers that similar conditions have brought about the adoption of economic principles very like his own, that the body social is governed by much the same laws, that individual opportunity exists to almost the same extent as in his native republic. He finds us tacitly acknowledging that hereditary monarchy and a privileged aristocracy have been reduced by the remorseless action of the centuries to the limited functions of the surviving castles of the feudal lords, in being landmarks of history and picturesque accessories to the national life. He finds too a very general, impersonal, unimpassioned belief that the latter will outlast the former in this pleasing capacity. He sees the honour of knighthood loftily smiled at by everybody not remotely expecting it; he hears occasionally, not often, for the fact is too patent for frequent comment, how impossible would be the existence of the English social fabric in this country. If this come to his hearing anywhere in Western Ontario it may be voiced in nasal syllables that have a dear familiarity in his ear. He sees American goods in our shops, American methods in our advertising, American slang in our newspapers, and a large number of people desirous of following Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Erastus Wiman into the broad highway of Commercial Union which Mr. Butterworth is so industriously preparing for the feet of them that love not the N. P. He may well be pardoned for supposing that one great tide of political faith and social hope and religious charity pulsates from the Arctic Ocean to the Rio Grande, national in all but name. Yet he finds even the Prohibitionists still loyally toasting Her Majesty Queen Victoria in the beverage of their preference; "God Save the Queen" still lustily rendered by Canadian lungs; her birthday still the occasion of harmlessly enthusiastic gunpowder plots; the jubilee year of her reign originally celebrated by every town and village in the Dominion; and the contemptible assailant of her representative greeted with something of the warmth his mission deserved. He comes upon a little court at Ottawa whose precincts he is kindly but firmly deterred from invading uninvited, even though he be a nabob of Gotham who has considerately telegraphed his intention beforehand. He finds the little court, alien to our social system as it is, transferred from place to place with marvellous adaptability, and whole democratic communities standing on tip-toe to see Viceroyalty drive by. He sees a tumult of enthusiasm arise wherever Their Excellencies present themselves, and he goes home perplexed to know why the ordinary piece of humanity he sends to the White House every four years cannot make his pulse beat as this fragment of an effete civilisation does when the band plays the National Anthem in his honour, and all the people rise to pay him homage.

These are the facts: the explanation is less easily stated. Sentiment is difficult of analysis, and the sentiment of the flag of the most difficult sort. We owe more to Britain than we are ever likely to pay; gratitude may be detected in it. We love our Queen: for the span of a long lifetime she has been to us the embodiment of all the tender virtues of a woman, all the noble graces of a queen. Thousands of her subjects in Canada were born in her kingdom; and nothing is more contagious than the loyalty they colonised with. Rideau Hall is an isolated fact in our social life. It has, and can have, no translatable meaning as a centre for the very irregular circumference it should dominate. Such old-world practices as obtain there we rather rejoice to see, feeling again in their dignity the bond of connexion with the most dignified of commonwealths, and in their great incongruity, assurance that they never can become indigenous. We are glad to know that Her Majesty's representative is comfortable at Ottawa, and can be made so in his own way; and for esteeming his presence there or here an honour, with the history he bids us share, the traditions he commits to our keeping, and the flag he points our love and loyalty to, we cannot think of apologising.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

LOVE.

What's love? Why love (for two), at best,
Is only a delightful jest;
As sad for one as bad for three,—
I wish you'd come and jest with me.—*George Eliot.*

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

ONE of the principal features, we believe, about the present Royal Academy Exhibition in London is the difference of opinion expressed by the leading press authorities with regard to the merits and demerits of the pictures hanging on its walls. That which one journal criticises favourably another just as decidedly rejects. The only course, consequently, to be pursued is to mention the paintings of a few individual artists who are well known, and judge dispassionately according to our lights.

Sir John Millais' "St. Bartholomew's Day," the companion to his "A Huguenot," is severely handled, regret being expressed that he should have lived to produce such a work, so utterly have all the tenderness and beauty of his early painting disappeared. Mr. John Sargent, on the contrary, exhibits a picture entitled, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," in which he has succeeded in creating a work, notwithstanding the apparently fantastic nature of his subject (two fair-haired children lighting Chinese lanterns in a garden surrounded by flowers), and notwithstanding the originality with which he has treated it, that is truly beautiful as a whole.

From this twilight garden to the crowded circus in front of the Royal Exchange is somewhat of a change, but the latter subject is the one Mr. Logsdail has chosen for his picture, which is, after Mr. Sargent's, the cleverest in the exhibition. It is simply a piece of marvellous perception and dexterity of handling—a coloured photograph in its reality of incident, a picture in its grouping, its selection of facts, and its concentration.

The younger artists have carried off the laurels of this season, and one of their greatest triumphs is to be found in Mr. Frank Herkomer's portrait of his father, the Royal Academician and Slade Professor at Oxford. This is a dark, almost black, picture, the sitter in his University gown, very thoroughly and carefully painted, and unusually well drawn; the hands unfortunately are somewhat defective, being coarse and clumsy, but the likeness is excellent, the suggestion of colour very harmonious, the flesh-painting distinctly good, and very unaffected. As a contrast to the dark Professor, comes Mr. Albert Morris' delicately robed maidens in thinnest draperies of orange and white—a very elaborate and delightful piece of decorative painting, artistic in its every touch, and admirable in the attainment of the desired purpose in the most direct way. It is notable that this painter has not yet been elected to Academic honours, though his work for the last ten years has had no rival in its especial line. "The Last Watch of Hero," by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., is only partially successful; the heroine's face is, to tell the truth, uninteresting; perhaps the imagination is too severely strained by being asked to see a whole tragedy in a half length of a nicely draped female with her eyes wide open.

WITH something approaching a fifth only in number of the works to be found in the collection at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery presents a large proportion of idealistic subjects, and at least a few portraits of leading interest and merit. Some of the Royal Academicians who do not exhibit this year at the former institution sent strong examples of their skill to the latter. Among the intentional culprits are Messrs. Poynter, Watts, Burne Jones, and Calderon, and their contributions are a valuable addition to the collection.

MR. HARRY FURNISS has prepared an unique exhibition for London society, which he calls, "His Royal Academy;" it consists of a series of eighty-seven black and white drawings, on view at the Gainsborough Gallery, Bond Street. The artists whose style he has so cleverly travestied are, with very few exceptions, members or associates of the Academy. The infinite humour and skill with which Mr. Furniss has caught the distinguishing features of their various methods, and brought out their peculiar mannerisms, is remarkable; some of them are, of course, widely extravagant, but all are supremely funny.

THE scenery in the opening act of the "Red Lamp," produced at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, is described as being exquisite in taste, colour, and effect. It represents the Morakoff salon of the Princess Claudia of that name. The whole room is arranged in white and yellow in Louis XIV. style, the heavy silken folds of curtains and draperies shining golden against the white walls, and throwing into relief a bronze figure of the dancing faun and a huge palm in a cloisonne pot, which are the only contrasting notes of colour in the scene, save one, the "Red Lamp," whose sinister glare shines with a crimson lurid light, dimming the glitter of the many wax candles in the Watteau sconces and the chandeliers hanging from the painted ceiling. On the parquet floor are strewn white bear skins, and on the right of the scene is a glimpse of the verdant growth of tropical plants in the conservatory; while in the background from the open windows can be seen the Neva, pale and blue, in the magical light of a Russian midsummer night. A more perfect stage picture of a luxurious drawing-room was never seen. The "Red Lamp" shows every sign of a successful run. It has been played to crowded houses since the opening night. Many faults then observable have since been remedied.

THE fiftieth night of the revival of "Lady Clancarty" was reached the first week in May, and the play shows every sign of retaining its place in the programme of the present season.

"WERNER," which will be revived on the occasion of the Westland Marston benefit on June 1st, will be rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the cast will include Miss Ellen Terry as well as Mr. Irving.

THE successor to "Man and Wife," at the Haymarket, it is said, will be a play by Sir Charles Young; but it is uncertain whether it will be a new production in which he will have the valuable assistance of Mr. Sydney Grundy, or a revival of "Charms," played some ago at the Queen's Theatre.

BETWEEN July 16, when Mr. Irving's season at the Lyceum terminates, and the early date in September when Miss Mary Anderson makes her re-appearance, extensive preparations will be in progress for the production of "A Winter's Tale," which she has been urged to present as her opening piece. The scenery is to be very fine, and as it will be brought out under Mr. Alma Tadema's management, a series of strictly correct and beautiful pictures may be expected.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE's season at the Opera Comique commenced on the 16th May, with the dramatic version of Mr. Philips' novel, "As in a Looking Glass," which the adaptors have decided to call "Lena Despard."

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S æsthetic opera of "Patience," was presented last Tuesday and Wednesday at the Grand, under the patronage of their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and greeted on the opening night with a crowded house. The Harmony Club must be heartily congratulated on their most successful production of a piece which taxes severely the powers of the ordinary amateur. Miss Robinson, who took the principal part of Patience, both sang and acted charmingly, and added fresh laurels to those she has already won upon the Toronto boards. Miss Walker made a most graceful and winning Lady Angela, and Miss L. Birchall and Miss Annie Howden (the latter of whom had never been on the stage before), in the characters of the Ladies Saphir and Ella, left nothing to be desired, the dancing of the three latter in the trio of the second act being especially worthy of the applause it elicited. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon Miss Strong for her excellent rendering of the rôle of Lady Jane, the comic element of which she treated in a spirit not easy to catch and on which at the same time depended the chief success of the opera. The chorus of maidens was also extremely pretty and effective; the masculine element of the Harmony Club was very strongly represented, and the dragoons share the triumphs of "Patience" equally with the maidens. Mr. Sykes was born to the part of Bunthorne, and Capt. Geddes created for the rôle of Grosvenor. Mr. Michie, as the Colonel, made a decided hit throughout, as did Mr. Rutherford in the æsthetic trio of the Pre-Raphaelite Youths. Mr. Broderick was unfortunately suffering from a severe cold, which prevented his voice from being heard to its usual advantage, for which all allowance must be made. E. S.

ORACLES IN COUNCIL.

BEING a Report of the first Meeting of the Philosophico-Poetico-Professorial "Committee of Public Safety," appointed to preserve the British Empire from dissolution.

PROFESSOR T-ND-LL *(confidently)*.—Well, Gentlemen, thank Heaven and the *Nineteenth Century*——

PROFESSOR H-XL-Y *(emphatically)*.—*And* the *Fortnightly Review*——

MR. R. L. ST-V-NS-N *(mysteriously)*.—Not forgetting the *Contemporary*——

PROFESSOR T-ND-LL *(impatiently)*.—Well, thank Heaven and our Monthly Mentors, that confounded Talking Shop at St. Stephen's——

MR. R. L. ST-V-NS-N.—Of which we are all so ashamed——

MR. M-TTH-W ARN-LD.—Which is so dismally lacking in lucidity, so wanting in sweetness and light, and——

PROFESSOR T-ND-LL.—Oh, bother! Don't let us be the slaves of catch-words, the fools of phrases. I was saying, thank Heaven, and—well *us*—that Talking Shop at St. Stephen's is at last superseded, or at least suspended; and we, appointed as a Committee of Public Safety with dictatorial powers *pro tem.*, have now set before us the business of *Saving the State!* How shall we begin?

PROFESSOR H-XL-Y.—With the Endowment of Science and the establishment of a proper System of State-directed Technical Education. I have a plan here *(drawing from his pocket the MS. of a lengthy Magazine Article)* which I flatter myself——

MR. M-TTH-W ARN-LD.—Ahem! Stop a moment. Highly important, of course, my dear Professor. But hadn't we better settle the Irish Question first?

OMNES *(angrily)*.—Hang the Irish Question!

MR. M-TTH-W ARN-LD *(sweetly)*.—With all my heart. Only, we can't hang it *up*, unfortunately. It stops the way.

PROFESSOR T-ND-LL *(irritably)*.—But that's exactly what the sophistical old Sciolist of Midlothian says! *(General howls.)*

MR. D-C-Y.—I entirely agree with your—ululations. Still, the question *must* be settled, though, of course, not in the Hawarden Incubus's scatter-brained style. *("Hear! Hear!")* I have here an article—*(murmurs)*—which I *intended* for Frank Harris—*(producing a manuscript roll)*—but which may find fitter use here. It is a complete plan for the settlement of the Irish Question. It may save time if I read——

PROFESSOR T-ND-LL *(nervously)*.—Pardon me, my dear Professor, but as Chairman I feel bound to suggest that we should introduce some measure of law and order into our debates.

ANONYMOUS ORACLE *(From the T-m-s)*.—By the way, talking of Law and Order, *there* lies the root of the matter—of *all* matters, indeed. I've been hammering away at it, in my "leaders," for months, but nobody pays any attention to me. The primary duty of a Government is——

MR. R. L. ST-V-NS-N *(acidly)*.—Oh, yes, yes, my dear Sir, we know all about that. *(Aside—"We ought to.")* But what *is* Law? What *is* Order? If Mr. Hyndman and his horn-blowing supporters have their way, Law will lap and swaddle Liberty into the infantile impotence of senility. Our legislation already grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with

new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. As to Order—order is not everything. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than——

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd *(impatiently)*.—Pardon me, but it seems to me I have read something very much like this before—*somewhere.*

Mr. R. L. St-v-ns-n *(drily)*.—Very likely. You seem indeed to have read a good deal—*somewhere.*

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd *(hotly)*.—What we want is a good, sound, manly, Palmerstonian, *Civis Romanus sum* Imperial policy, that shall teach the brutal Boers to tremble at the name of——

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld *(dulcetly)*.—Oh, come, come, Mr. H-gg-rd, *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi* is all very well—in fiction. But this is *not* novel, nor are we here engaged in novel-writing.

Mr. Fr-de *(innocently)*.—By the way, what *are* we engaged in?

Professor T-nd-ll.—Why—a—a—Saving the State, to be sure.

Mr. Fr-de.—Have you read "Oceana?"

Professor T-nd-ll *(warmly)*.—*Everybody* has read it, my dear Sir—of course. But——

Mr. M-ll-ck.—Seems to me to advocate Tory men aud Radical measures. I don't object to the combination, if you will show us how to work it. But I think I've a better plan, which I *was* going to send to the *National Review*, but which, if you'll allow me, I'll——

Lord T-nn-s-n *(abstractedly, and à propos de rien)*.

I hold it true with him who sang
"*The Fleet*," that England's going to pot;
That all this talk is utter rot,
And all you babblers may go hang.

Omnes *(appealingly)*.—Oh come, I say, my *dear* Lord.

Lord T-nn-s-n *(gathering his cloak around him)*.—*Come?* Nay, I *go!* [*Does so.*

Professor H-xl-y *(sardonically)*.—Just like these Poets!

Mr. Alfr-d A-st-n.—Well, there are differences and degrees, Professor. We're not *all* alike.

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld *(sotto voce)*.—No, thank Apollo.

[Hereupon the Council breaks up into groups of two or three each, and argue angrily their various points, each man flourishing fiercely a bulky roll of manuscript. The Poets take the lead in this hot polemic, the Professors making a good second, the Politicians out of work being "well up." The terms "sciolist," "dreamer," "pedant," "dogmatist," "Philistine," etc., etc., fly about freely. Earl Gr-y, not being able to make his voice heard above the din, sits down in a corner to write one more denunciatory letter to the *Times;* and Mr. G-ldw-n Sm-th, who has come over for the occasion, drafts a brand-new Coercion Act, empowering himself to exercise summary jurisdiction over all his polemical opponents, and pop all amateur legislators into strait jackets "on suspicion" of insanity, without the formality of a trial.

Professor T-nd-ll *(making himself heard at last)*.—Gentlemen! Gentlemen! *This* is not Law and Order; neither is it Sweetness and Light. I adjourn this Committee for a month, to give yourselves time to cool down. Up to now we're "no forrarder" I fear, but our next sitting will no doubt be a settler. Your respective manuscripts, which I am sorry not to have utilised on this occasion, will no doubt come in handy for the Symposia of next month's magazines. When we reassemble——

[But here he finds himself alone, all the members having rushed off with their MSS. to the offices of their respective publishers.—*Punch.*

RECENT MISCELLANY.

We ought to know a good deal about modern Mexico. Gossippy old Prescott is on everybody's shelves. More reliable and less entertaining historians have succeeded him, and the mushroom growth of handbooks—for which the recent international Cutting affair is directly responsible—has not been without a large percentage of practical value to the public. The conquered of Cortez, however, despite the baked fragments of their civilisation, which are constantly and variously exhibited in divers places, are still but vaguely identified in the minds of most people. Lucien Biart has taken note of this unfortunate state of things which must have come under his observation equally in his own country, to write "The Aztecs; their History, Manners, and Customs," which has been translated by J. L. Garner, and published by A. C. McClurg and Company, of Chicago. Our ignorance should be more than dissipated by this work, since it actually affords information unspecified in the title, an opening chapter devoted to the physical geography, products, and scenery of the Mexico of to-day, and many paragraphs profusely scattered through the volume of a reflective sort, which can hardly fail to improve the student of Nahuan affairs morally as well as intellectually. He will be struck also with the author's polite habit of apologising for his subject at frequent intervals, and with the unwavering nature of his faith that in "The Aztecs" he has given the world a compendium that leaves nothing to be desired. If, as the author believes, the race which forms his subject is "too often confounded with that of the heroes of Fenimore Cooper," which is a very sad thing to know, his book is not without justification, and will not, doubtless, fail of ready appreciation. It is very well printed, bound in cloth, with an appropriate and suggestive Aztec deity on the back.

A neat little volume, containing an important utterance upon a subject the merits of which have been temporarily obscured by the multiplicity of recent themes and events, has reached us from the press of Dawson Brothers, of Montreal. Although distinctly disclaiming the right to speak for the body of his Church, the Very Reverend James Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, must be aware of the weight which the public will attach to his opinions when he voices them upon such a subject as the "Organic Union of Canadian Churches." The Dean approaches the matter in a spirit of the warmest favour; and while he acknowledges its difficulties, the object of his book is not to present them, but rather to dwell upon its facilities. Beginning with the general argument for Protestant union, with a special reference to Canada as a favourable field to test them in, the reverend author proceeds to show the scalable nature of the walls between the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist systems of church government, by a historical outline of the three, and puts the main strength of his effort into a forcible showing of the "points of reasonable or actual agreement between the standards of the three systems." Those who have faith in the ultimate union of all bodies of Christians will find it strengthened by Dean Carmichael's views; and those who neither expect nor desire such union will be constrained to admit, from his calm and unaggressive yet sincere and fervent argument, that a very good case can be made out in its favour.

Of interest to read as further embodying the views of the Episcopalian Church upon the subject of unity, are "Five Lectures," by the Rev. Hartley Carmichael, M.A., of Hamilton, printed in paper covers by the *Spectator.* The latter clergyman devotes two of his lectures to the arguments commonly used in favour of union, and the rest to historical sketches of the various sects. They are written with the simple and earnest pen of sincere conviction.

A more interesting work upon an exceedingly dry subject than Mr. Edmund P. Dole's "Talks About Law" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company) does not come easily to one's recollection. Mr. Dole has deliberately set himself to make certain general legal principles not only intelligible but entertaining to the unversed public, wisely choosing those which affect the people most directly, intimately, and generally, eschewing all technical terms but the most necessary, and explaining those. While taking no pains to avoid subtle and complex phases of his subject, Mr. Dole adopts so simple and clear a method of treating them that their difficulties are not obvious to the casual reader, who pursues the author's thoughts almost as he would the thread of a story, with sincere admiration of the vigorous and excellent English in which it is written. "Marriage," "The Divorce Question," "Employer and Employé," "Pulpit and Pew," "Contracts," "Land," "Insurance," are some of the titles of Mr. Dole's able chapters, which Canadians must read with a constant reference to our own statutes, yet cannot fail to profit by both in the acquirement of information regarding the American courts and in knowledge of certain legal principles fixed wherever justice is administered and English spoken.

Anything that Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has to say upon the somewhat miscellaneous subjects he is in the habit of treating, is tolerably sure to find acceptance with a great many people besides female suffragists And though his "Hints on Writing and Speech-making" were given to the public some time ago through the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*, the good sense that is pleasantly embodied in them quite merits the reproduction in the neat little cloth volume, which they have received at the hands of Lee and Shepard, Boston. Having absorbed Col. Higginson's theories as a preliminary and precautionary measure, the callow contributor or orator will be doubly reinforced by the practical assistance afforded him by a new and revised edition of Archbishop Whately's "English Synonyms Discriminated," brought out by the same firm. It is some time since the usefulness of this book became firmly established in the public mind, and nothing in the present period of rapid and necessarily slip-shod literary production will tend to shake that impression.

The visitation that has come upon us in the person of Mr. Rider Haggard, is not, it appears, to be taken as the limit of the vengeance which some unknown literary deity is wreaking upon us. Burlesques of Mr. Haggard's original sin are even more to be abhorred, and the book-stalls are infested by them. A perpetration in red paper covers, called "King Solomon's Wives," by Hyder Ragged, which has by the monumental asininity of the British public reached its twenty-fifth thousand, has been kindly sent us by the publishers, Vizetelly & Co., London, for review. The Week believes itself to be as patient and tolerant and long-suffering as the average literary journal, but the line of martyrdom must be drawn somewhere, and a "review" of "King Solomon's Wives" is on the other side.

We had heard of Mr. Edward Heron-Allan, as an ambitious and audacious young person, who had lately succeeded in inspecting the palms of a number of New York society ladies, with the result of giving the occult science which he professes quite a drawing-room popularity for the time; but we were not aware that he had contributed so much to its literature, as the free and frequent allusions he makes to his more elaborate works in his "Practical Cheirosophy," just published by the Putnams of New York, shows him to have done. He so deeply apologises for the fractional nature of his present treatment of the subject, and so constantly refers us for a true and adequate idea of its grandeur and possibilities to his former books, that we cannot but observe the fervour of his belief in himself, and the sincerity of his desire to communicate it to others. The "practical" part of "Practical Chierosophy" is not easy to detect. There are chapters on the physiology of the hand and the old superstitions concerning it, and a great deal of the loose matter with which we are familiar

through the pages of the *Ladies' Journal*, and other worthy publications, regarding the lines of the palm and their foreshadowings, certainly. By its aid every belle may discover a brilliant marriage from a star on the "mount, at the root of the first finger; "artistic temperaments" may identify themselves, and Philistines be confronted with evidences of their own guilt. But even for the sake of the mind-culture and economy involved in being one's own chierosophist, the reading of Mr. Edward Heron-Allan's tiresome chapters is rather an exorbitant price to pay.

If there be room for another book of aimless travel, it is a pity that it is taken up by M. M. Ballou's "Due North, or Glimpses of Scandinavia and Russia." Boston: Ticknor and Co. The author has taken great pains to collect and arrange a voluminous mass of superficial information in a wholly unobjectionable manner. He has let no detail escape him as he travelled that could possibly be noted from a car window or a hotel piazza, and the result is a very large and compendious volume indeed, which would have gratified us exceedingly a quarter of a century ago, and which will doubtless gratify a great number of us even now. But we have learned to look for a greater degree of vitality in books of this sort than M. Ballou has given us; a deeper importance, arising from a stronger grasp of the relation of foreign to domestic humanity than is possessed by the average newspaper correspondent. Yet the always pleasant and sometimes picturesque manner in which the author has described his experiences will ensure for them a large sale and a ready popularity.

A publication which will interest everybody with a theological bent has lately appeared from the press of John B. Alden, New York, an "Apocryphal Life of Jesus," by Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph.D. Such a work has not previously existed in the English language, although the sources from which its links are taken have a limited familiarity to students of extra-canonical history. More important than its value as a literary curiosity, however, is its bearing upon the development of spiritual thought during the period in which its traditions are supposed to have been put into shape. Mr. Alden has followed his usual practice in bringing the volume out in cheap and accessible form.

From a pamphlet sent us by the writer, Mr. H. S. Howell, of Galt, into whose possession a bunch of the keys of the Bastile have fallen, we extract the following story of how the famous custodians brought their grim significance to Canada:

It appears that when the great prison-fortress fell, in 1789, the Governor —the old Marquis de Launay—was dragged out into the street and there despatched; while the mob surged into the building to put an end to the Swiss Guard and Invalides (had they not surrendered) and to search for trophies. Among the first who entered the courtyard of the Bastile was one Carwin Lechastel by name, and when the drawbridge fell he secured a bunch of keys from one of the fleeing gaolers. These he stuck on the end of his pike and carried through the streets. Those who took part in this event were considered heroes by the Parisians at that time, and Lechastel kept the keys in his possession as a great trophy of the Revolution; and they remained in the family until 1859, when a descendant of his emigrated to America, taking the old keys with him. Not long afterwards he found himself in very reduced circumstances in the city of St. Louis, Mo., and having gone through what little money he had he resolved to sell the old heirloom. At first he was unsuccessful; few believed his story, and he could speak but little English, but one day his attention was directed by the sign of a "great golden key," hanging outside the locksmith's shop, belonging to Mr. John Hamilton, on Morgan Street, and he went in and made him understand what he had for sale. I do not know what he asked for the old relics, but Mr. Hamilton bought them and placed them on exhibition in his shop, at the theatre, in newspaper offices, and various places during the last twenty-five years. After fruitless endeavours to communicate with the "Keeper of the Keys," I went to St. Louis in September, 1886, for the express purpose of tracing up these antiquities, and after a great deal of trouble I found them. The owner would not part with the curiosities at first, as he had kept them so long, and had refused many offers for them, but eventually I arranged to purchase the keys and brought them home with me to Canada. Here they are, five in number, the largest looking old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot, the Prevost of Paris, who built the Bastile in 1369. It is nearly twelve inches long and very heavy. The smallest is of fine workmanship; it is made of steel and the socket is shaped like the clover-leaf or *fleur-de-lis*. This key is supposed to have belonged to the treasure-room—for Henry IV. of France kept his valuables in the Bastile. One of the keys has a heavy-bevelled head and is six inches in length; and the other two are about ten inches long and seem to have been at one time plated with brass—traces of which are still to be seen.

We have received also the following publications:

Andover Review. May. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
New Princeton Review. May. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.
Overland Monthly. May. San Francisco: 415 Montgomery Street.
English Illustrated Magazine. May. New York: Macmillan and Company.
The Pansy. May. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine. June. New York: 53-7 Park Place.
Queries. May. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton and Company.
Church Review. May. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
Macmillan's Magazine. May. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
Book Chat. April 30. New York: Brentano Brothers.
American Magazine. June. New York: R. T. Bush and Son.
St. Nicholas. June. New York: Century Company.
Nineteenth Century. May. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

MUSIC.

With regard to the strictures passed by "G. H. B." upon certain remarks relating to the music of Mendelssohn in a late issue, one, of course, must admit to each one his opinion. As to the truth of those remarks, any one who is intimately conversant, as the present writer is, with the orchestra and piano scores of Mendelssohn's finest works, must assign him a far higher place than Dvorâk and Brahms. One is obliged to repeat the assertion that in order to rightly appreciate Mendelssohn one must know his best works; the quartets, quintets, two piano trios, the violin concerto, the piano, and 'cello duetts, the "Walpurgis-Nacht," the "Antigone," and "Œdipus" music, the descriptive overtures, the symphonies, the oratorios.

Brahms' fame will rest upon his superb symphonies, and that of Dvorâk chiefly upon his magnificent setting the "Stabat Mater," but while both are geniuses of the first order, they will never usurp the place of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner, even Chopin and Schumann.

It is, of course, slightly the fashion to depreciate Mendelssohn in these days, as the present writer has elsewhere observed. This is specially the case with young people, who, it is to be feared, will be reared on the mysticisms of extreme modern music rather than on the clear form, original melody, and healthy vigour of an older school. The music of Mendelssohn is at once the antidote against extreme formality on the one hand, and against an unmelodic extravagance on the other. It supplies a link between the clearness and prettiness of Haydn, and the Titanic force and splendour of Rubinstein. It possesses all the fire and vigour, energy and passion, of a strong man's individuality, while it contains the soft and clinging tones of a sweet content which might seem only to fully emanate from the feminine mind. The Violin Concerto is a marvel still of fiery and melodic strength. Concertos and concertos have been written, and still nothing appears to surpass it. That of Max Bruch seems unequal, long-drawn-out, too highly Hungarian; that of Mackenzie (the great Concerto writer for the Birmingham Festival) altogether wanting in unity and directness, by contrast with its simpler strength and clear inspiration. The chamber music is all characterised by extreme fire and delicacy combined. The preludes and fugues are models of calm, dignified, and impressive writing, manly and strong in the highest degree. And, probably, the "Antigone" music reveals the versatile composer at his best. In this, weirdness and beauty combine to form one of the most striking works in the world of music.

With all this, one fears that the public, even the occasional critic, pretends to understand Mendelssohn while knowing him only as a writer of pieces for the piano.

The present writer's knowledge of Dvorâk includes the "Spectre Bride," the "Stabat Mater," the fine Piano Trio in F, many piano pieces and songs, concerted works, etc., etc. As a writer for the piano, he is not altogether satisfactory. The trio in question is, however, as a whole, one of the finest since those two of Mendelssohn's referred to. In all that he has written there is much borrowing from the folk-music of his country; a fact which, while it heightens the colouring and intensity of his conceptions, weakens his position as a great original writer. Unless Dvorâk produces another work as unique in treatment as the "Stabat Mater," while less nationally coloured than his concerted pieces, he will fall naturally into the second rank, where such geniuses as Grieg, Gade, Brahms, Rubinstein, etc., stand in perfect knowledge of their own true status as creative artists.

Seranus.

THE HENSCHEL RECITALS AT QUEEN'S HALL, MONTREAL.

Mrs. Page-Thrower, who occupies such a prominent place in the musical circles of Montreal, and who has done so much to advance the higher culture of these circles, has yet further increased the indebtedness of the citizens to her by having been the means of securing two Recitals from the distinguished vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel. Audiences more enthusiastic never gathered together in Queen's Hall than those of last Wednesday and Friday, and the unanimous verdict appeared to be that a richer musical treat had never been afforded Montreal. It is not easy to imagine anything more unique and ideal, more absolutely perfect than these concerts. Above criticism, a review of the recitals becomes, as a Boston critic says, "of necessity merely an eulogy, for both the singers are perfect in almost every direction, and so entirely complement each other that each programme is a well-rounded musical delight." Unfortunately the space at our disposal is too limited to permit of any review of the programmes, and where all was so excellent it is difficult to particularise. Every school of vocal composition was touched upon, the German, French, Italian, English, Scotch, ancient, modern, the lied, the opera, the folksong, the dramatic, the playful, and the sacred vein, and in each school and each vein the accomplished pair were equally happy, equally charming. A very striking feature of these concerts are the accompaniments, all of which are played by Mr. Henschel himself, and with a power that is simply marvellous. And not the least delightful part of the Recitals were his own compositions. Truly a great musical genius is Mr. Henschel.

Dr. Talmage, says the *St. James's Gazette*, has done good service in divulging the authorship of "Junius." A learned gentleman once offered to tell who "Junius" was to a lady if she would marry him; but she h sisted even that bribe, and so the only man who was supposed to know rhe secret took it to his grave with him. Dr. Talmage, however, seems to tave got it from a private source. "You are unsatisfied," he says sadly, "because you do not know who 'Junius' was—whether John Horne Tooke, or Bishop Butler, or Edmund Burke." Here Dr. Talmage lets it out unintentionally. Hitherto Bishop Butler's name had never been mentioned as the possible author of "Junius"—perhaps because he died some seventeen years before the first letter was printed. So the letters were posthumous works of Butler's. We always suspected this.

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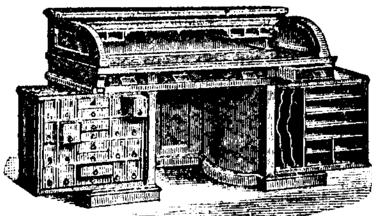

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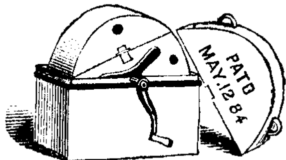

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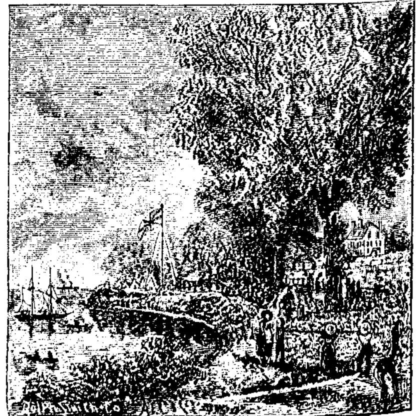

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