THE WEEK:

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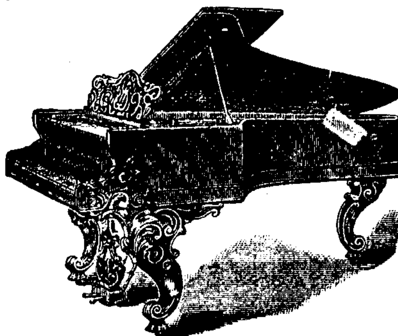

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// THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE
NATION BUILDING.—II. ... *John Reade.*	591
SOME SAYINGS OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—I. ... *George Murray.*	592
THE LITTLE HANDMAIDEN (Poem) ... *A. Lampman.*	593
GERMANY	594
MR. ANDREW LANG'S CANINE VIEWS	595
TOPICS—	
"While Sir John Lives"	596
Canadian National Character	596
The Canadian Club	596
The *Globe* and the Young Married Women	596
The *Spectator* on the Land Bill	596
India and Home Rule	597
Compromise Between Germany and France	597
The Future of General Labour Federations	597
"Whitmania" in Boston	597
THE PARSON'S VOTE ... *Garet Noel.*	598
RECENT FICTION	599
ART NOTES	600
THE STAGE	600
CURRENT COMMENT	600
LITERARY GOSSIP	601
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	601

*NATION BUILDING.—II.**

IN his interesting and instructive work, "Words and Places," the Rev. Isaac Taylor has the following remarks on the ethnological value of American local names: "If we were entirely destitute of any historical records of the actual course of American colonisation, it is evident that, with the aid of the map alone, we might recover many most important facts and put together an outline by no means to be despised, of the early history of the continent; we might successfully investigate the retrocession and extinction of the Indian tribes; we might discover the positions in which the colonies of the several European nations were planted; we might show from the character of the names how the gradually increasing supremacy of the Anglo-American stock must have enabled it to incorporate and overlay with a layer of English names the colonies of other nations, such as the Spanish settlements in Florida and Texas, the Dutch colony in the neighbourhood of New York, and the French settlements on the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi."

What Mr. Taylor says is not less true of our own Dominion than it is of the rest of the continent. If all written records had perished, the historical inquirer would find in its geographical names no inconsiderable evidence as to the stages by which it reached its present condition. He would have little trouble in discovering that it had once been in possession of nomadic tribes whose languages bore no resemblance to those of the Indo-European group. While he sought a key for those languages, he might seem to hear approaching the voices of an energetic and hopeful civilisation, and to discern a new light in the eyes of the dusky lords of the forest primeval. He would then be aware of other figures on the scene, stately nobles, fair and pious ladies, gentle and zealous priests, and by easily recognised tokens he would know that he was in the presence of the beauty and chivalry and devotion of the fair land of France. For more than a century he might in fancy see the wilderness bursting into bloom and fruit—often at fearful cost—until at last the *Angelus* floated soothingly over hundreds of peaceful hamlets, named thankfully after saints and martyrs. But his reverie is disturbed by the noise of conflict. Far and wide and long the battle rages, and clearer and clearer grow the accents of the intruders. Then there is a hush, and he knows by signs not to be mistaken that France's foes have triumphed. The flag of England flutters above the Citadel of Quebec.

Such a vision of successive predominance—Indian, French, and British—may be conjured up by any gazetteer or post office directory, but its significance is not exactly the same as it would be if the scene were some old world centre of population. In Europe, with rare exceptions, the stage at which the inhabitants, by the contrast of their physique and language, offered clear confirmation of the testimony of topographical nomenclature, has long gone by. It is only after careful study and research that the limits afforded by names of places are developed into facts. A community of mixed origin, speaking a common composite tongue, is what is generally met with. In Canada it is otherwise. The three successive waves of occupation have blended so slightly that as yet they have given rise to neither a new form of speech nor a new ethnic variety. To this day, with some local exceptions here and there, they remain apart in distinct groups of population. Those exceptions are, nevertheless, of considerable importance from the standpoint of ethnology, as indications of a tendency which almost all races living in close contiguity have, sooner or later, found it impossible to resist. Before calling attention to the illustrations of conformity to that tendency which genealogical research has hitherto unfolded, it will be necessary to say something of the great race divisions of the Canadian aborigines.

When Jacques Cartier landed at Hochelaga, however well disposed he may have been to his kind-hearted hosts, he could hardly have fancied that they were even remotely cognate with the proud nation that obeyed his royal master. He was aware that the Basques had been in the habit of visiting these shores to reap the harvest of the fisheries, but it did not occur to him that in braving the storms of the Atlantic they had been literally exemplifying the truth of the adage that blood is stronger than water. It is, notwithstanding, a theory which some ethnologists have not disdained to accept that the wide-spread race of exaggeratedly agglutinative speech which preceded the Celts in Western Europe was allied to some of the aborigines of this continent. Writers who differ widely on other points are inclined to agree that the early peopling of America took place by the Atlantic as well as by the Pacific. Mr. Horatio Hale urges, in his delightfully instructive work, "The Iroquois Book of Rites," that the early Europeans, of whom the Basques are the sole survivors, and who have retained their original language, may have been the same stock as the Huron-Iroquois of the Lower St. Lawrence. In certain qualities, he maintains, those primitive West-Europeans (Iberians or Euskarians) were wholly unlike the Aryans, an inland and pastoral people; whereas those whom they conquered were proud, adventurous sailors and hunters. The union of these two races, with the Euskarian element in strong proportion, constituted a people different in many respects, and especially in love of liberty, from the natives of Eastern Europe, in whom that element was weak or wanting. Strange to say, a theory which has the sanction of one of America's foremost ethnologists was, by implication, supported by a man whom his own contemporaries ridiculed as a foolish dreamer. It was, as Charlevoix tells us, one of the vagaries of Guillaume Postal that, in a time which antedated the beginning of the Christian era, the eastern coasts of North America were frequented by the Gauls. Prof. Paul Gaffarel, of Dijon, is inclined to believe that there is some basis of truth in the traditions which credit the Basques and their neighbours on the shores of the Atlantic with a knowledge of America long before the close of the fifteenth century. They were accustomed to make long voyages westward as early as the beginning of the fourteenth. The Rev. M. Harvey, in his "Newfoundland," writes that seven years after Cabot's discovery the fishermen of Normandy, Brittany, and the Basque Provinces were engaged in the cod fishery on the banks and along the coast of Newfoundland. Not long since attention was directed by Mr. Harvey to a couple of tombstones in an ancient cemetery near Placentia which bore inscriptions in a language unknown to the islanders. Last summer Mr. Courtney Kenny, M.P. for Barnsley, Yorkshire, while on a visit to Newfoundland, copied those inscriptions, and, on his return to England, submitted them to Dr. Robertson Smith, the well-known Orientalist. With little hesitation the learned Professor pronounced them to be Basque. "Who could have expected," asks Mr. Harvey, in telling the story in the Montreal *Gazette*, "to find such a relic of a world that has passed away in such a remote and little known locality as Placentia? What changes have passed over this new world since those ancient mariners lay down for their long sleep in the Placentia 'God's acre!' Their names cut deep in one of our hardest rocks have been able to resist the gnawing tooth of time." A good many philologists besides Mr. Hale, including Archdeacon Farrar, M. Alf. Maury, and Prof. Whitney, have been struck with the analogies in grammatical structure between the Basque and the American languages. "The Basque language," says M. Jules Vinson, in the preface to his translation of Rebary's "Essai sur la Langue Basque," "is one of those forms of

* See THE WEEK of June 23 for I.

speech which have most engaged the attention of specialists. Its position in the general series of idioms is now well defined. It is an agglutinating and incorporating language, with tendencies towards polysynthetism. It consequently belongs to the second great morphologic class, between the Finnic dialects and the languages of America."

"Here, therefore," writes Dr. Daniel Wilson, in his paper on "The Lost Atlantis," read before the Royal Society of Canada, "is a tempting glimpse of possible affinities; and Professor Whitney accordingly remarks, in his 'Life and Growth of Languages,' that the Basque 'forms a suitable stepping-stone from which to enter the peculiar linguistic domain of the New World, since there is no other dialect of the Old World which so much resembles in structure the American languages.' But this glimpse of possible relationship has proved, thus far, illusory."

Dr. Wilson does not doubt, however, that the Norse sea-rovers, after discovering and colonising Iceland and Greenland, "made their way southward to Labrador, and so some way along the American Coast. How far south they actually explored the New England shores is matter for dispute, but that does not, in any degree, affect the present question." Mr. Charles G. Leland, author of "The Algonquin Legends of New England," claims in that work to have found abundant traces of Norse influence in the "Myths and Folk-lore of the Mic-mac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes." "It may," he writes in his Introduction, "very naturally be asked by many how it came to pass that the Indians of Maine and of the farther north have so much of the Edda in their sagas; or, if it was derived from the Eskimo tribes, how these got it from Norsemen, who were Christians. . . . Is it not likely that they listened to the Northmen?"

John Reade.

SOME SAYINGS OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—I.

At page 772 of the *Nineteenth Century*, for May, 1884, in an article on "Wordsworth and Byron," Swinburne, the poet, writes as follows:—"It was Augustine, I believe, who invoked, in jest or earnest, a curse on those who had anticipated him in the utterance of his ideas." Men as well-read as Mr. Swinburne have ere now made mistakes about this saying. Mr. James Russell Lowell, in his "Biglow Papers," page 195 (Macmillan's Edit.), writes: "We might well exclaim with Austin (if a saint's name may stand sponsor for a curse), '*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint.*'" Mr. Lowell here misquotes, besides attributing the saying to Saint Austin or Augustine. The original sentence has the last word *dixerunt* in the indicative, not *dixerint* in the subjunctive, though the latter would have been equally good Latin, as giving the reason for the anathema. Singularly enough, another famous American author slightly misquotes the saying, and apparently thinks that it is a line of poetry. At page 129 of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," we find mentioned "That familiar line from Donatus, '*Pereant illi qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*'"

In St. Jerome's exposition of Ecclesiastes, i. 9, he quotes a saying which is found in Terence (Eun. Prolog. 41): "*Nullum est jam dictum, quod non sit dictum prius,*" *i.e.*, "There is no saying now that has not been said before," and continues: "*Unde præceptor meus, Donatus, cum ipsum versiculum exponeret, 'Pereant,' inquit, 'qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.'*" See, also, Warton's "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," Vol. I., p. 88, where he relates the same anecdote, and refers, in a note, to "*Ante-Baillet*, Tom. II., p. 207." Lord Jeffrey thus utilised the *dictum* of Donatus: "In our own times, all the higher walks of literature have been so long and so often trodden, that it is scarcely possible to keep out of the footsteps of some of our precursors. The ancients, it is well known, have stolen most of our bright thoughts, and not only visibly beset all the patent approaches to glory, but swarm in such ambushed multitudes behind, that when we think we have fairly gone beyond their plagiarisms, and honestly worked out an original excellence of our own, up starts some deep-read antiquary, and makes it out, much to his own satisfaction, that heaven knows how many of these busybodies have been beforehand with us in the *genus* and *species* of our invention."

In the seventeenth century the Chevalier d'Aceilly expressed himself more tersely in the following epigram:

"Dis-je quelque chose assez belle?
L'Antiquité tout en cervelle
Prétend l'avoir dite avant moi.
C'est une plaisante donzelle!
Que ne venait-elle après moi?
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle."

Alfred de Musset, also, in "Namouna," Chant II., says:

"Il faut être ignorant comme un maître d'école,
Pour se flatter de dire une seule parole,
Que personne ici-bas n'ait pu dire avant vous—
C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux."

Burton, in a passage of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," which has actually been plagiarised by Sterne, thus expresses himself on the subject: "As apothecaries we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and, as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, and pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same net, and still twist the same rope, again and again." It was a consciousness of the truth of such assertions as these that led Lord Lytton to say in "The Caxtons" (Part III., chap. 2): "One could not open one's lips, if one were bound to say what nobody else had said." Hence, also, some Frenchman declared: "*Tout est dit,*" and Voltaire adopted the maxim that "originality is nothing but judicious imitation."

None of these sayings, however, are intended to palliate deliberate plagiarism. Let us see what ingenious excuses have been urged in its defence by professional authors. A well-known English writer sophistically pleads in *Macmillan's Magazine*: "The works of unsuccessful, or only partially successful, authors, do not wholly perish. Whatever seems good in them is reproduced by some successful author, who does or does not put his own distinctive mark upon what he has taken. Not one of the numerous tribe of unsuccessful authors can repay such attentions as these, or he would be held guilty of plagiarism—an offence which can be committed with impunity only by the rich towards the poor, and by the strong towards the weak. Indeed, if an unsuccessful author, from whom a successful one had borrowed, were to make any fuss on the subject, he would probably be condemned as an impostor, and would, in any case, be told to hold his peace. There is no harm in this, so far as regards the general interest of readers. If ideas, expressions, passages, personages, possess value in themselves, their origin need not be too closely inquired into. They belong to him who has used them with most effect, as, in the industrial arts, inventions belong to those who have known how to apply them. The first discoverer has every right to pity himself, or to be pitied, for being deprived of the honours of his discovery. But if it has been taken into better hands than his, and better presented than he could have presented it, the public are gainers by the transfer, in however arbitrary and unjust a manner it may have been effected." It is useless to controvert such language. Its rank injustice and want of reason must be obvious to every one.

Similarly, Emerson, in his essay on "Shakespeare," writes thus of Chaucer: "He steals by this apology—that what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and the greatest where he leaves it. It has come to be practically a rule in literature that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own."

I cannot but think that Emerson's apology for plagiarism, which simply amounts to saying that "stealing is no theft," is far too outspoken—calculated, as it is, to encourage a literary crime which is usually and deservedly condemned.

This somewhat long preface has been occasioned by the following paragraph from a recent number of Laclede's "Ephemerides," in the *Montreal Gazette*:

"An English essayist has just written quite a long paper to prove that Disraeli's famous sneer in 'Lothair' about literary critics being mostly literary failures, was a plagiarism, and he cites passages from many authors, chiefly French, and one Latin epigram, embodying the same thought. The best of all these, however, is the following from Dryden, in the prologue to the 'Conquest of Granada':

'They who write ill, and they who ne'er durst write,
Turn critics out of mere revenge or spite.'"

In the June number of *Temple Bar*, the saying in question is briefly discussed, but this is probably not the article to which "Laclede" alludes. Without trespassing at all on the manor of any other writer, I wish to add from my note-book some illustrations of the Earl of Beaconsfield's paradox, and to subjoin further proofs that it was his habit to convert *meum* and *tuum* into *suum*. He fully recognised the fact that, if the same remarkable phrase is used by different men, the most celebrated will have the sole credit of it. Accordingly, he has frequently done less famous men the honour of borrowing their *mots*, and has used them with such effect that they may be said to have become his personal property. No doubt, this is hard on the plundered men, but there seems to be no help for it. The "survival of the fittest" is an inevitable law.

"To-morrow," exclaims Mr. Phœbus to Lothair, "To-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are—the men who have failed in literature and art." A devoted admirer of Earl Beaconsfield writes thus, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, of "his lightning wit that flashed off a short sentence, or an apt reply." "Here," he says, "there is scarcely need to quote. Every one knows his aphorisms—'the hansom cab,' 'the gondola of London,' and the critics, 'the men who have failed.'" These, and many other instances that the reviewer quotes from the speeches and writings of the Earl of Beaconsfield are unfortunate as specimens of his "lightning wit," for the simple reason that there are not *his* at all. The phrase about the critics, besides being untrue as regards the present century, is as old and hackneyed a saying as can be found, and occurs in at least twenty authors of different times; while the 'gondola of London' existed long before the date of "Lothair," in the pages of writers whom Disraeli had probably read.

"Laclede" has cited a distich from Dryden, which anticipates the phrase about 'the critics.' Here is another quotation that occurs in Dryden's dedication of his "Translations from Ovid" (1693): "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they, as the best poet and the best patron (*i.e.*, Sackville, Earl of Dorset, in his address to Ned Howard) said:

'When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar, and come again in play.'

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a criti

Again, John Haynes, who left the stage in 1700, the year of Dryden's death, says:

> "When poets' plots in plays are damn'd for spite,
> They critics turn, and damn the rest that write."

So, also, in the Epilogue to Congreve's "Way of the World," we read:

> "Then all bad poets we are sure are foes,
> And how their number 's swelled, the world well knows.
> In shoals I've watched 'em sitting in the Pit,
> Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit;
> But that they have been damned for want of wit.
> Since when, they by their own offences taught,
> Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault."

In 1711 Pope wrote thus in his "Essay on Criticism":

> "Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
> Turned Critics, next, and prov'd plain Fools at last."

The twenty-sixth of Shenstone's "Essays on Men and Manners," is on "Writing and Books," and contains the following sentences: "A poet that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar." Passing over similar sentiments in Hazlitt, and in Horace Smith's "Tin Trumpet" (page 316), I may quote from page 4 of Coleridge's "Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton" (J. P. Collier, Ed. 1856): "Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, etc., if they could; they have tried their talents at the one or the other, and have failed." The words of Walter Savage Landor in his "Imaginary Conversations" should not be omitted: "Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as authors turn reviewers." So, too, at page 49 of "The Relics of Shelley" (edited by Richard Garnett, and published by Moxon in 1862), we read: "Reviewers, with some exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic." Captain Marryat says the same thing at page 142 of his "King's Own" (Ed. 1864): "It is one of the necessary qualifications of a good reviewer that he should have failed as an author, etc." Emerson, also, has touched on the subject in one of his latest essays, entitled "Poetry and Imagination," and remarks: "A critic is a failed poet or philosopher." Lastly, I may here quote an epigram addressed by George A. Sala to his assailant Hain Friswell, which may be compared with the sentences from Shenstone cited above:

> "Janus, a scribbler, weak and void of spirit,
> Thinks as a critic he perchance may shine;
> He may—if sourness really be a merit—
> Fair vinegar is made from sorry wine."

Before taking leave of "the critics," notice should be drawn to the fact that the sentiment of Mr. Phœbus may be found in the pages of Balzac, an author to whom Lord Beaconsfield has been frequently indebted. In "*La Cousine Bette*" we find: "*Wenceslas avait beaucoup de succès dans les salons; il était consulté par beaucoup d'amateurs; enfin, il passa critique, comme tous les impuissants qui mentent à leur début.*"

It is in "Lothair" also that we read: "A hansom cab—'t is the Gondola of London." This expression, like the one about "the critics," may possibly be adapted from Balzac. In his "*Physiologie du Mariage*," he writes: "*Votre femme monte-t-elle en fiacre? Ne sait-on pas où vont et d'où viennent ces gondoles Parisiennes?*" Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards says: "When Mr. Disraeli called our street cab 'The gondola of London,' he borrowed from 'Friends of Bohemia,' a wild, brilliant novel by the late Edward Whitty." It is certain that the phrase may be found in a clever satire in four cantos, entitled "Mayfair," that was published by Mr. Harrison, of Old Bond Street, in 1827. Mr. Disraeli was assuredly not the author of the poem, or he would have claimed it; but it contains his words almost exactly in the following couplet:

> "Here Beauty half her glory veils,
> In cabs, those gondolas on wheels."

It is of course perfectly within the range of possibility that both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Whitty used the phrase without knowing that it had done duty before. It was in 1827 that Edward Michael Whitty first saw the light, and his "Friends of Bohemia; a Satirical Novel of London Life," in two vols., was published in 1857. Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair," as every one knows, was produced about thirteen years later. Mr. Hayward, in one of his entertaining essays in the *Quarterly Review* on "Alexander Dumas," tells us that "its heroine, Theodora, bears so strong a resemblance to the Olympia of 'Half a Million of Money,' as to raise a compromising conviction of identity." I may here mention that I have failed to find "the gondola of London" in Mr. Whitty's epigrammatic volumes; but the phrase has been adopted by Mr. R. L. Stevenson in his "New Arabian Nights," and by the writer in the London *World* of "Letters to Celebrated People," in an epistle addressed in 1882 "To the Archbishop of Canterbury." GEORGE MURRAY.

Montreal.

"VICOMTE"—that was his title in the Chamber of Peers—Hugo was the balm in Gilead, the physician of consolation, to Louis Philippe. The latter deplored he was not a Louis XIII., in order to make Thiers a cardinal, as he would have made an excellent instrument of government. Once at an artistic dinner, the painter Ingres was present: he was so small that his chin only reached the table, and his necktie was mistaken for a napkin. The King complained of the inability to find real ministers—good servants are ever rare; those he had quit always a cabinet council with the relief and joy of scholars. On one occasion when ministers were defeated, Marshal Soult was sent for; on arriving, he met the Duc de Broglie dancing in the corridor for joy, with other ex-ministers, delighted at having got no more work to do. "You entered as wise men, and you retire like fools," observed the Marshal.—*Criticism of Hugo's "Choses Vues."*

THE LITTLE HANDMAIDEN.

THE King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry.
He little knows for his toil and care,
That the bride is gone and the bower is bare.
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

The sun shines bright through the casement high,
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry—
The little handmaid, with a laughing eye,
Looks down on the king's son, strolling by.
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

"He little knows that the bride is gone,
And the Earl knows little as he;
She is fled with her lover afar last night,
And the King's son is left to me."

And back to her chamber with velvety step
The little handmaid did glide,
And a gold key took from her bosom sweet,
And opened the great chests wide.

She bound her hair with a band of blue,
And a garland of lilies sweet;
And put on her delicate silken shoes,
With roses on both her feet.

She clad her body in spotless white,
With a girdle as red as blood.
The glad white raiment her beauty bound,
As the sepals bind the bud.

And round and round her white neck she flung
A necklace of sapphires blue;
On one white finger of either hand
A shining ring she drew.

And down the stairway, and out of the door
She glided, as soft and light
As an airy tuft of thistle seed
Might glide through the grasses bright.

And into the garden sweet she stole—
The little birds carolled loud—
And her beauty shone as a star might shine
In the rift of a morning cloud.

The King's son walked in the garden fair,
And the little handmaiden came
Through the midst of a shimmer of roses red,
Like a sunbeam through a flame.

And the King's son marvelled, his heart leaped up,
"And art thou my bride?" said he.
"For, North or South, I have never beheld
A lovelier maid than thee."

"And dost thou love me?" the little maid cried,
"A fine King's son, I wis!"
And the King's son took her with both his hands,
And her ruddy lips did kiss.

And the little maid laughed till the beaded tears
Ran down in a silver rain.
"O foolish King's son!" and she clapped her hands
Till the gold rings rang again.

"O King's son, foolish and fooled art thou,
For a goodly game is played:
Thy bride is away with her lover last night,
And I am her little handmaid."

And the King's son sware a great oath, said he,—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry,—
"If the Earl's fair daughter a traitress be,
The little handmaid is enough for me"—
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

The King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry—
And the little handmaiden walketh there,
But the old Earl pulleth his beard for care—
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

A. LAMPMAN.

GERMANY.

Sir Charles Dilke's treatment of the European question in the *Fortnightly* has been so able and so widely discussed, that it is hoped it will be of interest to readers of The Week to give an abstract of his article on Germany.

The predominance of Germany in Europe may be said to date really from 1866, and nominally from 1870. The present reign of force in Europe dates from the period of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. Although the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany in 1871 was perfectly defensible, looking to the circumstances of the war, and necessary according to the opinion of the Prussian Staff, none the less it must be considered to have been the least cause of that predominance of force considerations which has been noted since 1878. The desire of France to profit by the first general war to recover her lost provinces, and the necessity, as stated by Count Moltke, for Germany to stand in arms for fifty years to defend the provinces which it had taken so short a time to win, were the leading factors in creating that race in armaments which has successively drawn all the European Powers into a rivalry in numbers of men, numbers of ships, and figures of military expenditure. The Treaty of Berlin in itself was like all treaties at the end of a great war—in form an act of restitution as well as of peace. Unfortunately that which ought to have been the basis of a long standing, if not of a permanent, peaceable settlement in Europe became the opening rather of a period of despair to the disciples of Richard Cobden.

We have now to calculate, so far as possible, the forces and the policy of that European Power which is not only the most central in geographical position, but which is supposed to be the strongest,—the Power which certainly dominates politically the European situation. The first enquiry to be made is, Who are the men who guide and direct its policy? To this question in the case of Germany but one answer is possible, as so long as he lives Prince Bismarck alone counts; and his name and his policy—bold as the statement may seem—alone will count after he is dead. One doubt which may fairly be raised on this point arises from the consideration of the future position and well-known opinions of the Crown Princess. It is no secret that at times the Crown Princess has been unfriendly to Prince Bismarck. They are perhaps two personalities, too strong to easily co-exist in the same Court. In spite however of the future difficulty in Prince Bismarck's way, it is almost a certain fact that when the Crown Princess of Germany becomes the German Empress, complete accord will reign between Prince Bismarck and herself. His policy, it may be roughly stated, is a policy maintaining that unity of Germany which is his work. The idea that the Crown Prince has a different policy from his father, and that this other policy will obtain after the old Emperor's death, has no foundation in fact. The Crown Prince it must be admitted, intellectually speaking, is largely by his own will, the Crown Princess; but that most able lady, when she shares the German throne, must inevitably have for her policy the Bismarck policy—the strength and glory of the German Empire. The Princess Royal is an interesting figure upon the European stage; she belongs to a family in which there are many able members. Her mother, Queen Victoria, is, considering the pressure of detail on her daily life, one of the most able persons, king or queen, who has ever sat upon a throne. But the Princess Royal has that which her mother's perpetual hard labour upon limited and special work has necessarily kept from her—much deep reading, and great knowledge of literary and general affairs, which have made her as strong a Liberal in many matters as the Queen is a powerful Conservative. The Crown Princess is not popular in Germany. The reasons of this unpopularity are upon the surface: she has been the patron of reputedly free-thinking clergymen, and has been accused of being a complete free-thinker. This makes her unpopular in some quarters; she has often turned German prejudices into ridicule, and this makes her unpopular in others; she is very clever, a quality which in Courts makes princes unpopular with fools: she is somewhat learned, which everywhere makes people unpopular with the ignorant. The Crown Princess used at one time to excite great hostility in Germany by proclaiming great admiration for France; that practice, however, is a matter of the past, though she still on occasions ruffles the feelings of the Court, as for instance in her strong sympathy with the English admiration for Prince Alexander of Battenberg. But surely there can be no doubt, whatever may have been the dream cherished by France, that when she comes to reign in Germany she will come to the throne as a good German, and reign as such. Political influence with her eldest son it is said the Crown Princess has not. This son is Bismarckian, and his wife is orthodox. Those who best know the Crown Prince himself say that he is very conscious of the limitations of his own abilities, which are not so much of the mind as of habit.

Prince Bismarck's figure is one so considerable that it is unnecessary to say much about it. To ascribe to him the astuteness of a Machiavelli, or even a Talleyrand, is to give him credit for—or perhaps to give him the discredit of—qualities which he does not possess. His strength is the strength of a man who knows what he wants, and who, having in years past played very boldly for high stakes, has happened to win, and having won is strong enough to hold his own. Given the Bismarckian policy, which is clear the means to the end, shift and change day by day, the first point to be considered is that of the relations of Germany to France. Germany permanently alienated all France in 1871, and prevented the growth in France of a peace party by taking Alsace against the will of the population, thus giving a great shock to French patriotic feeling. Germany occupies a vulnerable military position in the centre of Europe, with no strong natural frontier. Her territory is situated between that of three great military Powers, of which only Austria is certainly inferior to her in military strength. She has bound herself in a defensive league to the weakest of these three—Austria—because she cannot permanently bind either of the other two. Tied thus, she is exposed to the attacks of the more powerful two, with this further consideration that the military weakness of Austria has lately become apparent.

Obviously the main object of Prince Bismarck must be to prevent a Russo-French alliance by all possible means. Even with a purely defensive attitude on the part of Germany, Russia would hold a German field army of 200,000 men upon the Vistula, and vast garrisons in the German eastern fortresses. There has been a great deal of nonsense written upon the subject of the Austro-German alliance. This alliance, as agreed upon at Vienna in October, 1879, by a treaty which was ratified at Berlin in October of the same year, was a defensive alliance against Russia and against France, and this is the alliance which substantially stands. Its weak point is that it may not be very binding under a great strain; still it has for ten years sufficed to keep Europe quiet. Looking to the dislike to Russia which exists in Germany, and which unites even Prince Bismarck and the Crown Princess, and to the dislike of Germany which exists in Russia, it is at least possible that Germany would back Austria in any war with Russia into which Austria could be driven. It is less certain that Austria would back Germany in any war into which she might be driven.

Prince Bismarck's views, obtained from his most intimate friends, on this subject are: not to allow Austria to do anything calculated to precipitate a war between her and Russia. Not only as against Russia, but generally, Prince Bismarck will not fall into the errors of the first Napoleon. He will not threaten or bluster; he will not dictate or help to dictate to people; and he will not embark in a reckless policy of adventure. Moreover, in a military sense it is necessary for Germany to keep quiet. France is isolated unless she will accept a Russian alliance for purely Russian objects; but if Germany found herself at war, of course at any moment France might be on her back. It is on the simplicity of Prince Bismarck's policy that all who consider it carefully have to insist. It is a plain and straightforward policy of the defence of the German Empire. The relations of Germany to Turkey are rather in doubt; still, from time to time Prince Bismarck has carefully considered the condition of the Turkish Empire, his action at Constantinople for many years past has been friendly to England, and his influence there is one that never wanes. Prince Bismarck has besides a certain admiration for the Turks as a military people, and considerable sympathy with their view that reforms must wait when there is not money enough to pay the troops.

The relations between France and Russia are of course of the highest interest to him; he knows that there is no alliance between these Powers. Still it suits France to show Russia in the background, as it suits Russia to show France. Both Germany and France intend to keep out of war; but war between them will some day come, and it would come sooner if there were an obvious disproportion of power on one side or the other. France has done a fabulous amount of military work since 1870. She has built miles upon miles of fortresses, behind which the least instructed of her men could fight, and it is probable that she possesses an army of 2,500,000 men, with artillery and cavalry proper for an army of 2,000,000, able at once to stand in line upon the frontier and to carry on simple though not complicated movements in the field. The Germans could put upon the ground a very inferior force in numbers, if we count the whole of the reserves upon both sides, but the Germans have more thoroughly trained men, and have had more confidence until lately.

While the Austrian army is much weaker than was supposed a year ago, and while the Russian army has been enormously increased of late in numbers, and the French military system has been maturing itself by lapse of time, the army of Germany though splendid has comparatively speaking been standing still. Germany in a military sense has been living a little upon the prestige of her mobilisations in 1866 and 1870. The two great rivals of the continent are now each too strong for the other, France, even with a Russian alliance, could not easily pass Metz and Strasburg or cross the Rhine, could not pass through Switzerland, and could not safely pass through Belgium. Germany, on the other hand, except through Belgium cannot now get into France at all. The new French frontier has been made as strong by art as it is weak by nature. It is quite certain that in a duel between Germany and France, none of the powers except England would think of coming to the assistance of Belgium. Once Belgian neutrality is violated by either party, whatever promises are made, her independence will be gone. It is unfortunate that Belgium does not seem inclined to increase her army, which is at present unequal to her defence.

With regard to the position of Germany, as it affects England, some few years back it was supposed that Prince Bismarck had taken such a dislike to the English Liberal Party as to make the holding of office by that party a danger to the country. It is almost unnecessary to state that Prince Bismarck has never had any quarrel with the Liberal Party as such, nor any love for the Conservative Party. The men of either party are equally acceptable to him; but he differs in one respect from those about him—he does not rate too low the military capacity of England.

The only point upon which any serious difficulty with England was likely to arise, the gallant advocacy by Germany of land claims in the Pacific islands, which, though preferred by German subjects, are often of an indefensible kind, has been tided over by commissions, and time, precious in such cases, has been gained. On the whole, therefore, with the reservation of Australian interests, far more threatened by France, with its commercial and its convict policy, than by Germany, little harm to English interests has been done by Germany since she became the foremost of Continental powers, and few occasions of serious difficulty between the countries are likely to arise.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S CANINE VIEWS.

The present tropical dispensation is fruitful of doggish suggestions. At no other time of the year is the friend of man so prominently before the public, his interests in such peril, or his value in such hot dispute. People who like dogs express a dark suspicion of the moral integrity of people who do not; and people for whom the canine race has no attraction, but is on the contrary, a hairy nuisance and a vociferous obstruction with an unpleasant Pasteurish association, go about giving voice to a profound contempt for weak-minded individuals of opposite opinions. The latter class among our readers, if they are unfamiliar with Mr. Andrew Lang's contribution to that delightful little book printed by the Edinburgh University last year, "The New Amphion," will be glad to find their side of the question taken by this distinguished *littérateur*, whose amusing essay we make no apology for reproducing :—

I meant to call this paper "Other Men's Dogs," by way of saving a shred of my own character, and pretending that I merely hate *le chien d'autrui*. But truth is too strong for me, and I frankly admit that I detest the whole race of hounds, *odora canum vis*, as the Roman poet justly styles them. In this matter I am with the Prophet whom the fanaticism of our fathers called Mahound—very inappropriately. The poor Indian may deem what he pleases about his 'equal sky,' but neither Skyes nor any other curs will be admitted into the Paradise of Mahomet. Perhaps I might be more tolerant of dogs if they were not in a conspiracy to destroy and blast my character. "Distrust," says Mr. Tupper, or Mr. Edwin Arnold, or some other Eastern sage, "the man who is disliked by dogs."

I am that man, and probably am therefore distrusted. I am not conscious to myself of a disposition more than usually treacherous; but it is a fact that dogs think they have found me out. They don't care for me. They don't wag their tails at me when I say "Poor old fellow, then!" as I am ashamed to confess I sometimes do. They force me into a cringing conciliatory attitude—make *me* wag *my* tail as it were—to gain their goodwill, and then they don't give it me. There is no reciprocity here. Their behaviour naturally causes me to be regarded in society, which goes about with dogs much, as a suspicious customer. If dogs really are "the best judges of character," I tremble to think what *mine* must be. No one who is thus set at naught can be expected to be fond of the canine race. If "Love me, love my dog" be a truthful proverb, then, like the Dutchman defended by the biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn, I am incapable of the tender and gallant passion. I don't love any lady's dog, and if, in the Euclid of the affections, "he who is unequal to loving a dog, is unequal to loving its mistress," I am an outcast from the hearts of the best and fairest portions of our fallen race. Fortunately, they don't *all* like dogs.

I have not succumbed without a struggle to hatred of the dog.

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,

and I once made an effort to love a dog, or at least to keep one. I thought it best and wisest to begin with a very little one, a toy terrier, black and tan. There was so little of him that I thought the prohibition against keeping dogs in college hardly applied. I wore him as a kind of buttonhole in the breast of my coat, his head peeping out, and I believe the Warden, who was short-sighted, thought he was a gardenia. He didn't smell at all like a rare exotic, however. Goodness knows that I struggled hard to love that dog, but love is like faith and refuses to be forced. He was a nervous little brute (Gelert, I called him), and would not sleep anywhere except on my bed, being afraid, I believe, of ghosts. Finally I gave him away, and his end is "wrop up," like the "buths" of James Yellowplush, in a "mistry."

My later relations with dogs have been alien and hostile. They "come between me and the skies," like Oriana, or at least they interfere with my purest affections. My dearest friends, my nearest kindred, have been men and women who kept dogs, and who, therefore, have been estranged from me. Dogs are the tomb of affections:

> I have had playmates, I have had companions;
> All have been the prey of dandies and fox-terriers—
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces,

Take the example of one of the very best of men, Sir Walter Scott. Once he was expected to dine with a friend; doubtless "the oldest lamp was lit" (though why age in a lamp should be a proof of excellence I can't imagine), doubtless the best wine was drawn, and many good men and fair women were expecting to enjoy the society of Sir Walter. He never arrived, but he sent a message to say that he had lost a friend by death, and could not come. The friend was a bull-terrier named Camp, and for this he disappointed mere human beings. The absurd but edifying part of the story is, that Scott has been praised for this conduct, which shows how deeply dogs have demoralised the human heart, and ruined all honourable instincts.

This is merely one illustration out of myriads. Who has not suffered thus? I take a walk with a friend,—a poet, philosopher, and sportsman, and we are deep in a discussion about prosody, or the Infinite, or Lohmann's bowling, when suddenly he becomes inattentive and distraught. He has lost his dog! The brute, so famous for its fidelity, has deserted him, led away by love, or war, or the passion of the chase. As to the manifold and unspeakable annoyance caused by Aphrodite, when she sways the hearts of hounds, it were too painful to speak in detail. "Happy is he who knows them not." Dogs (like music) are the bane of conversation. Does any man like to see young ladies making an idol of a decrepit fox-terrier, and setting the brute on a pedestal too high, in my opinion, even for a baby?

The self-consciousness and vanity of dogs might disgust even a minor poet. I have known a collie—certainly a very handsome collie—pass his days in contemplating his own image in a glass. I know a Dandie which actually *makes eyes*, being conscious that he possesses these organs very large, brown, and decorative.

Who has not seen a dog morally corrupt a family?—reducing them to the slaves of his impulses. Tip wants to take a walk; Tip wants to go out of the door; then he wants to come in again; then he appears at the window and scratches; then he fancies the most comfortable arm-chair, and ousts a jaded and middle-aged man-of-letters. I am acquainted with a dog so eager for excitement and display, that he roams from room to room, making every one open the door for him till he finds what he considers the best society in the house. Then he sits down on the fender, and uses the most shocking and abrupt language when any one treads on his toes, which, of course, frequently occurs. His yells resemble a railway steam-whistle carried to the highest power. Of course he expects all the legs of grouse, and whatever else is going, and he whines and yelps till he gets what he wants. There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which this dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a single redeeming feature in his repulsive character. Yet he is adored by the people he owns, with an affection which they do not bestow on one whom I consider eminently more deserving.

It will be said by the friends of the dog, that this picture is drawn in too gloomy colours. If I could, like Shelley, dip my pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse, I should consider these highly suitable vehicles for a study of the unclean animal. I shall be told that he has redeeming features; that he is "faithful," for example. Well, he knows when he is well off, but the "fidelity" is really all on the side of poor despised Man. It needs a great deal of fidelity in Man to cling as he does to the dog, licking, as it were, the paw (the muddy paw) which tramples him. Then he is "brave." Try a dog with a ghost, or anything which, in his degrading superstition, he takes for a ghost, and see him howl in an ecstacy of terror. Why, one has known dogs to *die* of a ghost, which merely turned a man's hair white, or perhaps did not even affect him so much as that. They tell us of Gelert, Llewellyn's hound, which was thought so much of for killing the serpent (it should be a serpent, but the corrupt myth says a wolf) instead of biting the baby. But in the first place, the conduct of Llewellyn himself, who knew the brute, shows what he thought the dog capable of:

> "Hell-hound, by thee my child's devoured,"
> The frantic father cried,

with very natural impatience, and, as we know, he acted on his first impulse. Now "first impulses are generally good," and I would be the last to blame Llewellyn. But every one should know that the whole story, out of which so much capital has been made for the dog, is a Hindoo myth. It was originally told beside the shores of Indus, not about a dog at all, but about a *Mongoose*. Now Mongeese do kill serpents—it is meat and drink to them; but I never heard of a dog that tackled cobras, even supposing cobras to flourish in Wales, which is absurd. The wolf is a more plausible interpretation. So much for Gelert. The other legendary animals, the St. Bernard dogs, and the dog of Montargis, I dismiss as fabulous.

Any circumstances of a palliatory and extenuating character which affect the dog, would here be mentioned if I could think of them. Ouida is fond of dogs, and Lord Byron preferred their virtues to those of his fellow-men. But was Lord Byron, my brethren, a judge of virtue? As to the conduct of dogs at night, when they bay the moon, and keep men and women awake, I could write several chapters of a comminatory character. But, perhaps, to have murdered sleep, like Macbeth, is one of the minor defects of the flattered, pampered, and overrated hound, whom so many persons worship with all the blind credulity of the Dog tribe of the Indians.

Conceive a little, narrow-shouldered man of between forty and fifty, with long, straight hair, a magnificent forehead, dark yet brilliant eyes, and a manner full of alertness and intellectual grace. This was George Lewes, whom Douglas Jerrold had once stigmatised as "the ugliest man in London," averring at the same time that he had caused the chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens to die "out of jealousy, because there existed close by a creature more hideous than itself." But George Lewes, though not an Adonis, was certainly not ugly. The great defects of his face were the coarse, almost sensual mouth, with its protruding teeth partly covered by a bristly moustache, and the small, retreating chin; but when his face lighted up, and his eyes sparkled, and the mouth began its eloquent discourse, every imperfection was forgotten. Conceive, next, the tenth muse, or sibyl, lounging in an arm-chair, and shading her face idly with a hand-screen; a powerful-looking middle-aged woman, with a noticeable nose and chin, a low forehead, a fresh complexion, and full and very mobile mouth. Dress, on this occasion, a plainly-cut, tight-fitting dress of blue cashmere, fastened at the throat with a cameo brooch. This was "Mawrian Evans," as Carlyle called her, the George Eliot of the novels. She realised in face and form the description I afterwards gave to her in the "Session of the Poets":—

> George Eliot gazed on the company boldly,
> With the limbs of a sylph and the head of John Locke!

I had been particularly struck by her resemblance to Locke's well-known portrait engraved as a frontispiece to the "Essay." At that time her figure was graceful to elegance. When I last saw her, shortly before her husband's death, she stooped painfully as she walked, and wore an old-fashioned crinoline.—"*A Look Round Literature*," *by Robert Buchanan.*

The Week,

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"So long as Sir John lives, the Conservative party is likely to hold together," "So long as Sir John lives, Commercial Union and other great issues are bound to be held in play," "So long as Sir John lives, Confederation will last," are some of the sentences that drop carelessly but significantly from Canadian lips every day. Significantly as showing the astonishing impress of a single personality on the destinies of a country of the area and population with which the geographies credit ours. If we were a petty German principality of yesterday or a Central American republic of to-day this one-man-power among us would be less remarkable, but that two millions of people, of antipathetic races, warring creeds, and the diversity of interest that must exist with the diversity of natural conditions from Halifax to Victoria, should look to a single potent individual for the settlement of their concerns so long as he is able to settle them, is a paradox upon self-government. That the majority outside his own immediate followers look to him not actively and hopefully, but passively and with the cynicism born of long acquaintance with his political methods, makes the national attitude more inexplicable still. It might reasonably be supposed that a people as virile and intelligent as Canadians would take it upon themselves to decide their own future. Yet "while Sir John lives" is the limit of their prediction. So long as that wily politician remains on earth he may be confidently expected to remain in office. His policy is fairly well known, except during periods of general election, when its contortions are only temporary. Up to his death, therefore, we know in part and we prophecy in part what is to become of us. Beyond that paralysing event, knowledge is lacking and prophecy fails.

IN the meantime we are drifting towards Sir John's obsequies, melancholy as the fact may be, and forces are openly and assiduously at work preparing us for the crisis that will follow them. Chief among these are the influences of the two great dailies and the host of little dailies that borrow their opinions, of contact with our American neighbours and all that it implies, of British connection and history. All these are bearing heavily upon native character, which is no longer colonial but Canadian in every sense, of full stature, of independent thought and word, of conscious power to arbitrate its own destiny whenever "Sir John" unwillingly relinquishes that pleasing duty. The outcome is difficult indeed to foresee; but it is regrettable that, amid the clangour of arguments with which the people are assailed just now, more is not said about the dignity and worth of our national entity. We are very far from being British, equally far from being American, yet we are willing to defy the charge of being unduly puffed up when we assert that some of the best qualities of both are assimilated in the Canadian character. We are imbued with American characteristic principle and progressive spirit, with British ideals of justice, religion, and culture. We have made our educational system one of the finest in the world. Our people are law-abiding, church-going, thrifty. There are, the *Globe* is fond of telling us, a million Canadians in the United States, many of them occupying positions of responsibility and honour, and doing so well as one distinct sixtieth of the population that their success has become notable even among the remaining fifty-nine sixtieths. What is the tap-root of their prosperity? Canadian national character, wrested from the soil, inbreathed with the air, absorbed with the mother's milk of this country. We hesitate to cut down a goodly spreading tree that has outlasted the storms of a quarter of a century, to raze to the ground old walls about which clings the ivy of sentiment and tradition, yet some of us talk thoughtlessly of sacrificing the incomparably more valuable growth of a nationality, born with many pangs and reared through much adversity, as if it were a matter of inconsequence. In reality it is a matter of the most supreme consequence, and Canadians may well pause and reflect upon any measure purporting to advance their commercial prosperity that threatens their national annihilation.

THE report having circulated somewhat freely in certain New York publications that the Canadian Club was not successful enough to warrant a continued occupancy of its present quarters, we are glad to see a letter from its secretary, Mr. Jackson Wallace, in emphatic contradiction. "The Canadian Club," says Mr. Wallace, "is entirely successful, far beyond the expectation of its founders; it has a membership of over four hundred, and has no intention of giving up the building it now occupies and removing to smaller quarters." The Canadian Club long ago justified its existence in New York. It is an organisation which has always had a mission, and has never been in a position to do more important work for Canadian interests than at the present juncture.

IT is possible that the young married women of Canada may give heed to the shocking parallel drawn by the *Globe* of last Saturday, with the assistance of the *Saturday Review*, between their moral condition and that of the youthful matrons of England, but the grave probability is that they won't. The *Globe's* predilection for crying "wolf" without the slightest lupine provocation, is so well known that even the frivolous and fashionable young married ladies may reasonably be expected to have heard of it, and to fail to be seriously disturbed when informed that the animal is in their immediate neighbourhood. The facts at the bottom of the *Saturday Review's* social observation, which resulted in its wholesale charge of flippancy, and more than flippancy, upon this class are simply these: Young ladyhood is England is severely repressed. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the limitations which are set upon it, but nobody doubts that the result is a very timid, diffident, and unformed young person, whose self-consciousness makes it rather a painful duty to converse with her. When she is married, however, these characteristics vanish. She becomes self-poised, unafraid, and altogether more attractive. Naturally she receives more attention. The masculine butterflies of society prefer the full-blown rose to the carefully sepalled bud, and this cannot be called remarkable. High-class and middle-class English home-life and character is the purest and most sacred in the world, in spite of the occasional aristocratic scandals that gain their vast significance chiefly from the fact that they are aristocratic. Nor will the public generally believe that English society is going to the demnition bow-wows simply because the *Saturday Review* sees unwarrantable belles in young married ladies, and the *Globe* agrees with it. And it will be evident to most people that, even were the *Saturday Review's* deductions justifiable, no parallel can reasonably be drawn between the society that furnishes them and that of Canada, where the conditions under which young womanhood is launched into the world are so essentially different.

IT is a very general conviction that Ireland's salvation must be brought about by the introduction of a peasant proprietary on a large scale. If the Irish tenant is to become a proprietor, however, it is evident that he must alter his condition for himself. The temper of the British people and most of their leaders, in relation to Ireland, has reached a point which makes it clearly impracticable to establish him in this enviable position with the assistance of the British tax-payer. Opinions may differ as to the moral right of the Irish tenant farmer to this assistance, but there is great unanimity in the opinion that it is useless to invoke and impossible to obtain. With general premises to this effect the *Spectator* says: "But if the Irish tenant farmer is to buy out his landlord for himself, we must make it his interest so to do. And the great danger of the present Land Bill appears to us to be that it puts so many and such grave difficulties in the way of obtaining even the most reasonable rent from a tenant that does not choose to pay it, that the keen Irish farmer will see at once that it may be his interest *not* to buy out his landlord—at all events, at any price which it is conceivable that we could require the landlord to accept." The *Spectator*, in enumerating these difficulties, points to the twenty-second clause of the measure, defining "the power of the Court to stay eviction" very properly finding, in the provision that the Court may extend the time of payment as it thinks fit, and order payment in such instalments as it pleases, the interests of the landlords completely at the mercy of the Irish Courts. Says the *Spectator* very moderately, "An immense amount of very difficult discretion must be exercised by the Courts under these large powers. It is to be feared that it will be often exercised under some dominant prepossession—either the prepossession of sympathy with the landlord or the prepossession of sympathy with the tenant, and in either case alike the result must be very mischievous." The latter "prepossession" will strike most people as the probable one, and even the *Spectator* thinks it "the more likely event of the two," in which case it is very evident that the Courts' satisfaction will be far from being the landlords'. And the tenant, in the full knowledge that by paying a nominal rent he can induce the Court to stay eviction, will without doubt take this course, with one eye upon his bank account and the other upon Mr. Parnell and the no-rent millenium. Its remarks the *Spectator* most appropriately heads, "The Great Danger of the Situation."

During the Home Rule debate last year there were frequent mutterings of a coming demand for Home Rule for India. At the General Election more than one Indian gentleman offered himself for election with the avowed purpose of inaugurating a Home Rule movement for India, and pressing the subject on the Government which was expected to grant that boon to Ireland. But that Government did not return to power, and we have heard little of the matter since, the task of procuring Home Rule even for Ireland having proved a much heavier one than was anticipated by its confident advocates. Remembering this agitation, it is somewhat startling to find that, little reason as there is for granting Home Rule to Ireland, this reason is a mountain in comparison with the infinitesimal right to a similar concession possessed by India. Some degree of capacity or fitness for self-government is surely needed before this privilege may safely be granted; but however it be in Ireland, in India there is visible next to none. It appears that the total number of graduates in Indian Universities during the twenty years preceding 1883 did not amount to 5,000. There are other educated natives besides these, but it is said to be impossible to reckon the educated natives of all classes at more than 25,000 in all. The native population is 250,000,000. Of the 25,000 educated natives but a very carefully selected minority are fit for the Civil Service; which brings us to the result that out of 250,000,000 crying for Home Rule, only about 10,000 are in any way fit to take part in the business of Government, whether as civil servants, magistrates, or legislators. Evidently an Indian party in the House, to succeed the Irish obstructionists when they go to Dublin, would be premature at present.

When the French march to Berlin was arrested, and the leaders of the victorious German troops were enabled to dictate terms of peace at Versailles, it was right that France should pay the price of defeat. For ages the French had encroached upon the property of their neighbours; they are to-day in possession of Nice and Savoy, obtained it is true as the price of a bargain, but none the less Italian territory, forced from its rightful owner in a day of need. After the defeat of that arch-robber, Napoleon I., the frontiers of France were put back to the limits of 1792, and La Grand Nation was made to give up part of the art treasures it had carried away from every quarter of Europe. After the fall of Napoleon III., and the collapse of the new French enterprise against Germany, the price was exacted of two hundred million sterling in cash, and the cession of two provinces, which Germany considered necessary to her safety against future aggression. The severing of these provinces from France it is that, according to French statesmen, has created a cause of eternal war between the two nations; and this may be the case. It is not likely that if a money indemnity alone had been exacted from France, she would, notwithstanding her loss of prestige, for sixteen years have exhausted her resources in preparation for a war of revenge. Yet it is not so much the loss of the provinces that France rages at; it is that under a foreign flag they are a sign to the whole world that France has lost her predominant position in Europe. They recall Sedan and the series of misfortunes that France fell into when she was led to her ruin by her screaming gutter heroes of 1870. They are to France as is a red rag to a bull. This is quite natural; France is one of the four or five great nations of the earth. Without her the world would lose much of its salt; and however wrong and blameworthy we may think her, in some respects we cannot but sympathise with her in her misfortunes. She evidently cannot reconcile herself to the loss of these two provinces; and if a new and terrible war, to which that of 1870-1 would, as Prince Bismarck says, be mere child's play, must ensue in consequence, would it not be wise in Germany, to which such a war must surely be full of peril, to avert it if possible by timely concession—if anything can be found the concession of which may satisfy France? An article in the *National Review*, written by an old German resident of Alsace-Lorraine, gives a hint of a possible means of reconciliation. It points out that while Alsace, which is essentially German, was taken by Germany for imperative reasons of military security, and must under no condition be given up, Lorraine, with the exception of a few border towns, is not a German country. Its union with Alsace hinders the latter from becoming wholly German again, and it is its loss that is so particularly galling to the French. Said an old keen-sighted Alsatian to the writer of the article, in 1872, "I perfectly conceive that Germany was obliged to take Alsace, but Metz—*c'est l'épée dans les reins de la France.*" The military importance of Metz, which perhaps forms the chief value of Alsace in German eyes, is contested. Marshal Manteuffel was convinced that Germany could dispense with Metz if she had another strong fortress north of Alsace. Such a place Luxembourg would be, which, after the death of the present King of Holland, to whom it belongs, will fall to the Duke of Nassau, and may become part of the German Empire. The treaty of May 11, 1867, neutralising Luxembourg under the guarantee of the Great Powers, would have to be abrogated; but if France consented to this and to Germany's making it into a first-class fortress, undertaking at the same time to abandon every plan for the recovery of Alsace, then Lorraine with the exception of the German border towns might be re-ceded to France in compensation. Such a compromise appears to deserve the most careful consideration. Seeming to offer the only possible means of averting the threatened war between the two countries, it would be a reasonable satisfaction to wounded French honour; without which in some shape no lasting peace seems to be possible.

The report that the Knights of Labour are "breaking up" seems to be well verified, notwithstanding Mr. Powderly's punning but unconvincing reply that they are breaking up "as the ploughman breaks up the soil," etc. Disintegration in any general labour federation is a foregone conclusion. Its members, to speak roughly, are educated to the point of appreciating the desirability of self-help, but ignorant of the science of self-helping. Its various classes represent diverse and often conflicting interests which cannot be guided by one set of reins, no matter how skilful the hand that attempts to control them. The reasoning of such a body is more than apt to be illogical, its demands arrogant, and its methods unjustifiable; therefore public sympathy is sooner or later withdrawn from it. In assuming to control capital it reverses the relation of the hands to the brain, and in attempting to dictate a cast-iron equality of wages it lays an impotent finger upon the fundamental law of human nature that long ago decreed an inequality of capacity for labour. While these forces are bringing about the predestined end of this would-be labour monopoly, and its adherents are trying to understand the coming collapse of an organisation that gave sanguine hopes of so great results with so little trouble, wise reminders of certain immutable laws which govern all prosperity are offered to them on every hand, Howard Crosby's "Forgotten Cause of Poverty" in this month's *Forum* being provocative of most of them. It is very natural, if not very reasonable, that workingmen should turn with impatience from old facts and figures that point to the three T's—Toil, Thrift, and Temperance—as the only safe basis for a successful industrial career, to theories that promise reward without effort, accumulation without care, and future comfort without present self-denial. Yet the hundreds of millions of dollars spent by English-speaking workingmen on this continent upon liquor alone, still offer their silent contribution to the arguments of the Anti-Poverty Society, although for some reason the Anti-Poverty Society declines to avail itself of such statistics; it is still a patent fact that the industrious thrive while the lazy and the discontented become impoverished; the world is still convinced that it is willing to reward excellence above all things, and craftsman's excellence in no unfair proportion. All through the recent agitation the same old principles have been working away in the reward of human toil, a trifle obscured perhaps, but in no way disturbed; and their continued operation is the one thing we can be quite sure of in a future of religious, social, and political doubt. The perfect apprehension of the fact that they are principles and not platitudes, and the determination to accept and conform to them, would bring out the inconsistency and inutility of such unwieldy organisations as that of the Knights of Labour, in the minds of working men, like the figures on a magic lantern.

"Whitmania," as Mr. Swinburne calls it, seems to be taking a practical form in Boston. It is some time since we heard of an effort being made in England for the good gray poet's pecuniary relief, which must have been successful, since quite recently he avowed frankly that chill penury no longer repressed his noble rage, and that, while he was still in a mood to accept thankfully any donations a large-hearted public might feel disposed to bestow, he was no longer in actual need of them. Certain of the Bostonese, however, have seen fit to disregard this avowal, and issued a circular looking to the formation of a "Walt Whitman Society," which is a curious document. The "objects" of the Society are "A weekly pension for Walt Whitman, the promotion of his ideas of spiritual and social life in general, and the establishment of a library, devoted to the literature of all nations and times." In addition, we learn that "every book contained shall be in the original language in which it was written;" also, that "assistance in any way will be highly appreciated by all who love our 'dear old Walt.'" The connection of a pension scheme for Walt Whitman, who is anything but a literary poet, with a universal library, will strike most people as queer, and the appeal for funds for "our dear old Walt" a trifle undignified. Walt Whitman is little read in Canada, but in case this circular should fall into the hands of any of his admirers and impel them to charity, we would advise them, from its general appearance, to remit to the good gray poet direct.

THE PARSON'S VOTE.

"I don't believe it; he'll not do it," old Judge Roy said, thumping his stick angrily against the ground.

"Parson's a fiery man," answered his companion, who was sly-looking, with a shifty glance. "I mind the time the Whigs voted away the Church lands how he preached at them, down into their very faces, for all they were his own party."

"That was one thing, this is another," said the Judge obstinately; "Vote against a man that has sat under him from a boy, that everybody speaks well of, and for a Catholic too!" and the Judge felt his churchism as well as his Toryism boil up at the thought. "That's what comes of clergymen meddling in politics."

"Come, come, Judge!" said a decent looking man who was crossing the square, and stopped at the last words, "A man's a right to his own opinions if he is a parson. It's my belief a man's born Whig or Tory like as a cabbage is a cabbage, and you can no more make a decent Tory out of a man that's born Whig than you can expect a cabbage to turn out cauliflower. It ain't in the nature of things."

The three men separated, the Judge stumping across to the court house, frowning, and shaking his head. For it was the universal opinion in Elderberry that Parson Jermyn had got himself into a hobble this time with his politics. An ardent Whig, he had insisted on voting with his party election after election, in spite of the scandal it caused in his Tory congregation, and time after time they had forgiven him, for the sake of the real affection they bore him. But this time matters had come to a crisis, and couldn't be winked at any longer, for wasn't the Tory candidate a member of his own congregation, one who had sat under him from a boy as Judge Roy had said, a man well to do, and of good standing in Elderberry, while to cap everything, the Whigs had brought forward on their side a Roman Catholic, a man of no birth whatever, "who didn't even know how to come into a room," as Mrs. Roy said plaintively. There was no doubt about the strong feeling in the congregation that their pastor had been indulged long enough, and that this time he must yield.

It was this very matter that Dr. Jermyn and his wife were discussing in their little parlour one day shortly before the election. The Rector, or Parson Jermyn, as he was commonly styled in Elderberry, was walking quickly up and down the room—his wont when excited—his hands behind his back. He was a tall fine-looking old man, with a resolute air that boded ill for concessions.

"But, John," Mrs. Jermyn said in her dubious, hesitating way, "suppose you didn't vote at all. You could just stay away you know, and not vote for anybody."

"Yes, that would be so like me, Mary," answered her husband sarcastically. "Hide like a rat in my hole because I was too much of a coward to face the consequences! No, I'd rather vote on the other side than do that."

"The man's such a good man in every way," pleaded Mrs. Jermyn; "You've not a thing against him but that he's a Tory."

"Oh Mary, Mary," retorted the Rector with a half comical, half angry expression, "that's the way with you women. So long as the man's not a liar or a thief, you can't see why it won't do as well to vote for him as anybody else. Besides the other, poor wretch, is a Catholic," and the Rector laughed as he recalled the solemnity with which an old lady of his congregation had said to him that it was "his duty as a Christian and a clergyman to keep down paganism." His didactic parishioner meant Papacy, but made a mistake.

Mary Jermyn sighed as her eyes wandered round the pleasant little parlour, and out through the open window, to the grassplot beneath.

"But John," she said soberly, "suppose they force you to resign."

The Rector stood quite still a second or two. Then he went over and sat down beside his wife, all his excitement gone.

"Mary," he said gently, laying his hand on hers, which was resting on the arm of her chair, "you've been a good wife to me all my days. What would you have me do? Vote against I what believe to be right for the sake of my own interest, and for fear of the consequences?"

Mary Jermyn was silent a moment, then with a half smile, half sigh, "Ah, John, John," she answered, "you've far too much fight in you for an old man and a parson." And Dr. Jermyn knew well enough which way her sympathy went.

Election time was an extraordinary period in Elderberry. Market-day, usually the most important in the week, shrank into insignificance beside it. Not only was it a kind of general festivity for unruly spirits, delighting in rioting, but of late years the parties had become evenly matched enough to make the contest an exceedingly hot one. The usual swaggering prophecies were made on both sides, but a very general hope and fear prevailed that the balance was going to dip in favour of the Whigs. The hustings stood not far from the market-house in a corner of the square, giving the place a look of unusualness, and creating a sort of anticipatory excitement in the inhabitants, especially in the children, who played round them and over them, and held mimic elections in imitation of their elders. The very returning officers, as well known to most of the townspeople as their own doorposts, had an unfamiliar air about them as they walked down the main street the morning the poll opened, newly clothed upon with the importance of the occasion.

At first the polling went quietly enough, but as the day wore on the square gradually filled with people. There were country folk from all the neighbourhood round, coming in three in a seat as the fashion was; French-Canadians from the nearest settlement, the quaint neat dress of the women lending picturesqueness to the scene; quite a sprinkling of Indians too, whose votes were of no value but whose political opinions were nevertheless strictly defined, for as "Old John," one of the chiefs, said, "White man lose, he cross, no whiskey; white man win, give John much whiskey." So the Indians were generally to be found on the winning side, and were rarely disappointed.

In the afternoon matters began to look more serious. One or two plumpers had occurred, a plumper being the lumping of an elector's votes in favour of one candidate, the constituency, a large one, returning three members; and plumpers always had a bad effect on the temper of the crowd. Women began to leave the square. There was much scuffling to get up close to the hustings, and remarks began to be enforced with occasional stones. Liquor too had circulated pretty freely. Votes worth one glass of brandy earlier in the day now brought three and four. Many of the little back-parlours of stores round the square were turned into impromptu grogshops, where the zealous on either side plied doubtful voters with whiskey and arguments, till they brought them to see matters in a proper light, after which they had generally required further support to the hustings. The Whig candidate, on trying to make himself heard, was greeted with a yell of "No Popery!" to which a low-minded Catholic in the crowd promptly responded, by planting a rotten egg full in the respectable Tory chest which sent it forth, bidding him take his rotten opinions home. About five o'clock, when the excitement was at its height, a whisper ran through the outskirts of the mob, "The Parson's coming! Parson Jermyn's coming!" Everybody knew about the Parson's dilemma; and everybody had wondered how he would get himself out of it. Some thought he would stick to his party; others declared, "Principles were all very well, but when it came to a man's bread and butter——," with an expressive hiatus.

Dr. Jermyn came up to the crowd with the long, swinging tread that seemed to belie his age, his head slightly thrown back, as was his wont when acting out a difficult resolution. The people parted for him readily enough. Some of the members of his congregation threw themselves in his road, with an anxious attempt at joking, "Well, Doctor, going to hold by your own this time, I hope!" But the Rector pushed by without answering, and when he stood right in front of the hustings, in his distinct, sonorous voice, coming out more distinctly than usual in the momentary hush, he gave in his vote for the Whig candidate. A loud cheer went up from the one party, and groans and hisses from the other, quickly suppressed however, for it was "the Parson" after all, and a parson everybody liked, in spite of his politics. But as he threaded his way back through the crowd again, it was wonderful how his Tory friends got out of his road, while friendly Catholics appeared on every side, anxious to fraternise and shake hands. On the outskirts he met Judge Roy. The two men had been cronies for the last forty years, ever since John Jermyn, a slim young Englishman, had come out and settled in the little Canadian town, having a pitched battle every election time, and then tacitly agreeing to bury politics for the sake of the friendship between them.

"Well, Judge," said the Rector, stopping from force of habit, but the old man glared at him with a half-angry, half-defiant look, as much as to say, "How dare you make me quarrel with you?" and passed him without speaking.

John Jermyn walked rather more soberly home. The tinge of excitement, which made anything in the shape of a contest pleasurable to him, had faded, and certain rather unpleasant consequences began to loom before him. Mary's quick ear even caught a suspicion of anxiety in the triumphant tone with which he said, as he seated himself opposite her at the tea-table, "Well, Mary, I voted with my party, and I think we're pretty sure of our man too."

Next Sunday morning the congregation of St. James' turned out to a man, but it was not to the little wooden church opposite the square that they wended their way. Down they flocked to the Kirk, to the embarrassment of the beadle, who could scarcely find them all seats, and not at all to the gratification of the worthy minister, who was treating his flock to an old sermon that day, a little trimmed over to pass for new. Precisely at his usual time Dr. Jermyn came out of his vestry and mounted the pulpit stairs. The unusual stillness had prepared him for something, but not for what actually met his gaze. The church was almost literally empty. Perhaps there were a dozen there altogether, perhaps not so many. A few women who wouldn't have thought "the Doctor" could do wrong if he preached Mormonism to them, some children and one or two men, the latter chiefly from other churches, brought thither by curiosity. The bare pews seemed to look reproachfully up at him, as if saying "How could you empty us so?" But those that were there that day said when they went home that never had the Rector preached a better sermon, and it would be a bad day for St. James' when it fell into the hands of Chum, as the lanky curate, Cholmondeley, was called with the brevity that sometimes passes current for wit. All that week Dr. Jermyn waited to hear from his congregation, but they made no sign. The injury was too deep. If the Tories had won the day all might perhaps have been forgiven; but to lose the election, and have their clergyman turn against them too, rankled in every Tory breast and could not be forgotten. If he met any of them on the street they either affected not to see him or treated him with formal politeness. He declared he saw Judge Roy dodging up a back lane to get out of his road.

Dr. Jermyn preached the second time to empty pews, and the following day sent in his resignation, which was accepted, and the curate appointed in his stead. Nothing now remained for him but to preach for the last time and yield up his position to another. There was no fear of his not having a congregation this time. Back the people flocked with a sensation of comfort at falling into their old places and routine once more, with an undercurrent of conviction too that the days of good preaching were over for St. James', for the curate was dry in his youth, "and a man doesn't

commonly get sappier as he grows older," as Sam Butt observed. It was only when the Rector looked down on the upturned accustomed faces that he realised how much he had missed them the last two Sundays. How familiar they all seemed—as much a part of the church as the gallery pillars or the monumental tablets on the walls! There was old Judge Roy at the door of his family pew, as he had sat Sunday after Sunday for the last forty years, his bushy eyebrows drawn into a perpetual frown, as if to belie the really warm heart hidden underneath; and a little behind, another antique, Alexander Stewart, who wore an immense stock like a counterpane wound round his throat; and there in the front of the gallery was Sandy Higgins' the "Rector's timepiece" as he was called, because he regularly fell asleep every Sunday at the beginning of the sermon, and awakened when he felt it was time to go. Every feeling of bitterness passed away from Dr. Jermyn, as he looked down at them all, and he only felt the closeness of the tie about to be severed. His address was very simple, and spoken almost without preparation. He went back to the time he had come amongst them a young man, and dwelt briefly on their mutual relation as pastor and people up to the present time. But when with a few affectionate words he took leave of them as their pastor, the people even to the men were all in tears, and when he came down from the pulpit and passed into the vestry, they crowded in after him just to shake hands and beg him to bear them no malice for what was irrevocably done. And John Jermyn shook hands with them kindly and soberly, saying they knew him well enough to be sure he bore them no ill-felling. And when he was left alone, he took off his gown and folded it with a grave, tender solemnity, almost as if he were putting off much else with it. Then he seated himself in his accustomed chair by the little table. It seemed strange to the still strong and vigorous man, this laying down suddenly of the work that had become part of his life. There was a curious feeling of freedom about it and of loss at the same time. It was like taking off the roof and letting in the sun, the rector thought quaintly, and the sun is good, but one misses the roof. Then he remembered that Mary was waiting, and rising he went to a cupboard at the other side of the room, and still with the slow, tender deliberateness so unlike his usual manner, he unlocked it and took out a handsome prayer book and Bible, given him by his Bible class some years before. Then going back into the little church, full of shadows now, for he had chosen to preach his last sermon in the evening, he passed out of the door almost like a man in a dream, and taking his wife's arm they went home together. Neither spoke, for the thoughts of both were travelling far and fast, but as they went up the Rectory steps the lurking smile crept back to the Rector's eyes, and the corners of his mouth twitched, as he said, "My! but it did those old fellows good to have a cry; they should double my retiring allowance!"

And so John Jermyn lost his charge, and held his opinions.

Garet Noel.

RECENT FICTION.

There is a temptation to linger over the notice of such a novel as "Red Spider," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, possibly from the fact that the name of the author is so little known amongst readers of current fiction in this country. One is disposed to advance the claim—dear to the *blasé* reviewer—of having discovered, or in part helped to reveal, the qualities of a novelist who, belonging both to the romantic and realistic schools, possesses the best characteristics of both. "Red Spider" is a charming and unconventional tale of "truly rural" life in a small Devonshire parish. Village superstitions and county customs have all been worked into a family story of absorbing interest; and from Hillary Nanspian, in his badger-skin waistcoat, lined with a warm crimson, down to Charles Luxmore, a drunken, all but worthless knave of a soldier, the characters are all well sketched, and all act with sufficient consistency to justify the plot and point the inevitable moral. The incidental pictures of curious old customs, now rapidly passing away, such as the "hare-hunt," the "Revel," and Coryndon's charity, and the terrible feats ascribed to the *main de gloire*, or Hand of Glory, a well-known factor in ancient tales of the horrible, are all described with great fidelity to the truth, as becomes a master of the realistic style, and yet just sufficiently made alive and picturesque to show that imagination, the dower of the true romancist, is present in full force. The book, as a whole, will doubtless recall the earlier works of Thomas Hardy. There is much of the same knowledge of country folk and village lore, much of the same occasional fine descriptive writing, and much of the same quaint diction. Indeed, as nothing succeeds like success, Mr. Baring-Gould has only to write half a dozen more books as good as "Red Spider" to find himself occupying, if not a position equal to Mr. Hardy's, at least one not very far beneath his. The only fault in the book is a certain tendency to make all the characters talk in proverbs. Mrs. Veale, who is housekeeper to a rich land-owner, Taverner Langford, and a white-skinned, white-lashed, blinking, horrible creature, is remarkable for her conversation, which is made up of old saws and maxims—enough to stock a dictionary of folk-lore. But when the practice spreads to the gentle Honor Luxmore and her weak-minded father, it loses its novelty, and, as a kind of *leit-motif*, recurs too often to be effective. Very possibly there is something a trifle too transpontine about the catastrophe which overtakes the ill-fated Mrs. Veale; however, being, as Charles Luxmore would have said, a thorough "bad 'un," it is not undeserved, and the groans of the self-poisoned wretch, imprisoned in the stone coffin inside of Wellon's Cairn or Tumulus, make all the more cheerful by contrast the happy termination of the pretty love-story of Honor Luxmore and Hillary Nanspian the younger.

"Daniele Cortis," translated from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzaro, by Mrs. J. R. Tilton, is a decided acquisition to our somewhat limited stock of modern Continental fiction. If we except the Russian and the German, and the typical French, there is very little else to count upon. There is the thoughtful French of course, and the thoughtful Italian, and of the latter perhaps a finer specimen could hardly be found than this "Daniele Cortis," which is a noble book, with a noble hero, curiously enough, "another Daniel," in thoughts, words, and aspirations—the Daniel Deronda of George Eliot. The extraordinary popularity of illicit or inordinate affection as the motive power in modern novels is fully sustained in this foreign effort, and we must suppose that modern taste must prefer what is such a hackneyed theme though one capable of many variations, else the theme would not be so sought after. This special variation however demands a respectful hearing and a favourable verdict, for few novelists of the analytical school have pursued the workings of a woman's mind—a woman placed in such a situation as the heroine, Elena Baronessa di Santa Giulia—as minutely and accurately as our Italian author. Her husband is the conventional brute we expect him to be; her cousin is Daniele Cortis, the hero of the story, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a man of exceptional honour and self-restraint, since he has enough strength of character to order their unhappy lives aright, even when great mischief has already been done. The narrow vulgar soul of Elena's mother and the criminal habits and vicious propensities of Daniele's mother set one wondering where their children can have procured such sterling virtues. Count Lao, a whimsical, musical, good-hearted, eccentric, and brusque old invalid, is beautifully drawn. Cortis is a public man, has "views," and when Elena is taken from him by his own doing, he consecrates himself to the social renovation of Italy upon democratic and Christian grounds. Thrilling as the thread of love story is, one does not read the book altogether for this, but also for the many interesting pictures of modern Italy it affords, these especially of political life being the freshest and most striking. And it should be a cheering thought for Italian patriots to think that it has been in the power of one of their novelists to depict so true and honourable a gentleman as Cortis, with so correct a sense of natural religion, and so rigid and pure a self-contained and self-taught morality. The translator has done her work excellently well, but one is disposed to doubt the wisdom of having omitted certain political letters, notes, and disquisitions which she supposed might not be interesting to American readers. Italy, with her fatal gift of beauty, is one of the most interesting of all the European nations, and one seeking for scraps of information concerning her social and religious development could hardly do better than consult such a careful novelist as Antonio Fogazzaro.

Miss Anna Katharine Green's stories are mostly, as every one knows—that is, those who read and those who review them,—*rechauffés* of Gaboriau and Boisgobey, given American colouring and local habitation. A forced title, an ineffective plot, and a lame conclusion are the chief characteristics of her latest book, entitled "7 to 12," a detective story. How rich the literary world would be if a real American detective would set to work, and compile a book of his own experiences, and how utterly unchanged the literary world remains though such "adaptations from the French" come in by hundreds! "One Hour More," a short story in the same volume, is somewhat better, more readable and easy, and has an affecting *denouement* much after Daudet. A word against the really dreadful illustrations. Even for the price—twenty-five cents—the Knickerbocker Press, G. P. Putnam and Sons, could surely supply something a little better.

In order to appreciate "Miss Gascoigne," it is necessary to believe as an absolute, eternal, and heaven-born truth which has never and can never have failed to hold good, that in every case, whatever the individual circumstances or character, it is a mistake for a woman to marry a man much younger than herself. At least that appears to be the idea with which Mrs. Riddell has written this novel. Miss Gascoigne, a beautiful and unselfish woman at the age of thirty-one, falls in love with a mere boy, who nevertheless strikes the reader as having already about as much in him as Miss Gascoigne, and who certainly has the power to mould her almost completely to his will. Not quite, since, proving satisfactorily to herself that if she marries him she *must* make him miserable, she frees herself, in a grand, heroic style, after three days' ardent love-making, and sends him adrift. Of course in a year's time, being only a man, he engages himself to some one else, and writes to tell her so. The shock is so great that she goes to bed in some sort of fever, and has a terrible illness. On her recovery, a few months afterwards, she accepts as a lover an old admirer, who knew her years before the advent of young Cyril Cragleigh. So much for modern woman, and—man! The authoress evidently possesses the power of writing a readable book, in which the characters are well contrasted and thoroughly natural, while there is much genuine power in the scene where poor Miss Gascoigne receives on St. Valentine's Day the cruel letter that almost robs her of her life—certainly, for a while, of her reason.

The author of "Philip Hazelbrook" is an Englishman by birth, who, having settled in Buffalo, N. Y., is desirous of making his new neighbours more accurately acquainted with the workings of the Anglican Church at home. The book in question is evidently written in the most conscientious and painstaking manner, and reveals a knowledge of affairs in such a typical High Church parish as St. Swithin's which can only have come from somebody who has been on the spot. Mr. Darnell is also the author of a book dedicated to Miss Cleveland, and his writings appear to give great satisfaction in his adopted town and the vicinity.

ART NOTES.

The Salon had already been lightly touched upon in these columns before the more extensive notices of Mr. Albert Wolff's "Figaro Salon," with its fine reproductions of most of the successful pictures exhibited, had been received. Our first impression of the growth of a new species of horrors of the realistic order has been fully endorsed, with the addition that in comparison to its lugubriousness of tone, all previous efforts in this direction must pale, the climax being reached in "Le Cholera-morbus dans un Village." Notwithstanding the prevalence of harrowing details, however, the Salon contains some noble productions, prominent among which are the vast decorations for the Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne by Puvis de Chavannes, already alluded to, and which are evidently inspired by the principle of Raphael's cartoons, with this difference, that while in the "School of Athens" and the "Dispute" the great Italian master made use of definite individual personages to represent the sciences and arts which they created and adorned, the French artist has employed symbolical types and incidents, the forms and facial types in the composition being reduced to the simplest and severest elements.

There are also many beautiful landscapes in the Salon which, if they lack the serious charm of the elder school of the century, attain considerable decorative effect, besides high achievements in the branches of *genre* and portraiture. Of the "Figaro Salon's" fine illustrations we are only impressed strongly by three. W. Bougereau's "L'Amour Vainqueur" shows a triumphant Cupid carrying through the air a beautiful female child clinging and submissive. The drawing and grouping of these two figures is perfect, and the whole subject is treated in a perfectly ideal manner. Another charming conception is "A Travers Champ," by Jules Breton, forcibly recalling Millet's delineation of peasant life, the picture representing a group of female figures just preparing to quit the field at the close of day. There seems to be as much force and power in these rustic women as in some of those of the dead master; while the slight details of the surrounding landscape are admirably suggestive. "L'Etang de l'Ilette—Le Matin," by A. Nozal, is a charming little bit of landscape, combining a reach of shimmering water with a fine study of trees and grass in the foreground.

The *Magazine of Art* for August has for its frontispiece an excellent photogravure of a picture called "Here's to My Health," painted by Jose Domingo, which is replete with the reckless spirit of a jovial ne'er-do-weel. We learn elsewhere that there is no living artist of equal eminence of whose life so little is recorded as that of Jose Domingo. In the catalogue of the Morgan collection, not long since dispersed in New York, it is stated in a meagre note appended to his name that he was a pupil of Meissonier, and it has also has been said he studied under his talented countryman, Fortuny. It is true he was for some time in the studio of Fortuny, who early recognised his ability, but he worked there as a friend, and not as a pupil. The most important of his early works were purchased by the Spanish Government. The first specimen of his painting seen in England, "Behind the Scenes," was purchased direct from the artist's easel by Mr. Myers, whose discrimination and judgment introduced many of his other works likewise. The beautiful little gem, "A Ma Propre Santé" ("Here's to My Health"), was sold recently at Christie's, at the dispersal of Col. Hawe's collection, and is now on view at the Guardi Gallery in the Haymarket with two others by Domingo, "The Old Painter," and "The Challenge." His works are now keenly sought after by Americans. The landscape representing an effect of the white glaring heat of a midday sun in Spain, in the possession of the Vanderbilt family, is thought by Domingo to be his greatest and most noble effort.

An admirable example of the modern method of water-colour painting accompanies the *Art Interchange*, in the shape of a brilliant study of oranges, fruit, and flowers. "The Watering Trough" is another supplement, a very pleasing composition in black and white. There is the usual abundance of designs for various purposes, one an exceedingly pretty floral idea for vase decoration. The text contains directions for the use of the studies that accompany and the miscellaneous information that is always to be found in the *Interchange*, a very pleasant feature being the gossipy book talk.

The English newspapers continue to "draw out" Mr. Ruskin on all manner of topics. In referring to the critical attitude of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Ruskin says: "No function can possibly be to-day more honourable or needful than that of a candid and earnest art critic, whether of music or painting. Of the 'so-called' art critics, surely you need not ask for my opinion! But I am not bitter against them—they only echo public conversation, and I would rather that conversation turned on art than politics."

THE STAGE.

The London dramatic season is drawing to a close. Several of the successful pieces are advertised to be withdrawn, among others, the "Red Lamp" which disappeared from the stage of the Comedy during the middle of July. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has arranged with the proprietors of the Haymarket for the management of that theatre, and will revive Mr. W. Tristram Outrame's successful play on the 15th of September.

Mr. Tree is also contemplating a gorgeous revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by way of a Christmas novelty. If the grand presentation of Shakespeare's fanciful play is given it will be on a scale never attempted before. Tree suggests the Bernard Beeres. We hear that nothing finer has been seen in London than Mrs. Beere's impersonation of Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-Glass." One critic says: "From the top of her head to the toe of her shoe she was the gay, reckless cynical woman of the world, and every word she uttered, every action she made, betrayed that she had studied Lena Despard from the life. Her death scene too is terrible in its intensity of power. I have seen Sarah Bernhardt and Modjeska in all their greatest parts, and I have more than once witnessed Croisette's great death scene in 'Le Sphinx' but I have never seen anything that even nearly approaches Mrs. Beere's death scene in 'As in a Looking-Glass.' If she only could *not* speak a language that is understood, and were *not* English, you know, all London would be tumbling over itself to try to buy stalls and boxes."

We gave last week a not unfavourable report of Miss Agnes Hewitt's new venture at the Olympic, "The Golden Band" which is partially endorsed by the New York press. One paper says, "There is in the 'Golden Band' the making of a good play; the fault of the drama is unevenness and want of balance. In its present state the story is uninteresting and unsympathetic, but it may yet be worked up into a success." *Apropos* of Miss Hewitt, she lately committed herself to print on the subject of her profession and some of its representatives, and said of Mrs. James Brown Potter, "She is a lady for whom I have the greatest esteem. Possibly she is not a great actress—we can't all be Ellen Terrys or Dorothy Denes —but she did her best with what I consider by no means a great part, in Anne Sylvester. The audience was most unsympathetic on her first night, and was enough to put anybody out. She must be a plucky woman to stand the unfairness of the press and the badgering from the management she has done."

Mr. Locke, the manager of the National Opera Company, in a recent interview with a New York reporter, said, "The ballet is a failure; the American people do not want it. Of course we shall continue some ballet dancing in operas that call for it, but the ballet proper will be abandoned. It was a flat failure in Boston and San Francisco. In St. Louis we did pretty well, because it was a novelty, but the Coppelin ballet, which is very artistic, has been shunned by the public." Much more was said by Mr. Locke to show that the ballet is not appreciated, and must go.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy, whose name has lately been associated in the Canadian Press with Mr Wiman and Staten Island, where he has brought out a spectacular play called the "Fall of Babylon," in which the costumes were severely criticised, enters a protest in his own behalf as follows:— "There is not one costume in the 'Fall of Babylon' that has not been made for that production, either in Europe or New York, from designs expressly studied and historically correct."

Gilbert and Sullivan are said on the authority of a London newspaper man, who is very close to the D'Oyly Carte management, to be preparing an opera on an American subject with special reference to the Wild West craze, which Buffalo Bill has made fashionable in England. Cow-boys, scouts, and good and bad Indians will figure in it extensively, and it will be produced simultaneously in London and New York.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We had a dull dinner at Lady ——'s, a party of —— chiefly; and O! such a pretty one, blue eyes, gold hair, alabaster shoulders and such a splendid display of them. Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking —how kind that man has always been to me!—and a Mr. Simeon, of the Isle of Wight, an Oxford man, who won my heart by praising several parts of *Vanity Fair* which people won't like. Carlyle glowered in the evening; and a man who said a good thing. Speaking of a stupid place at the seaside, Sandwich, I think, somebody said "Can't you have any fun there?" "Oh! yes," Corry said, "but you must take it with you." A nice speech, I think, not only witty, but indicating a gay, cheerful heart. I intend to try after that; *we* intend to try after that; and by action and so forth get out of that morbid, dissatisfied condition. Now I am going to dress to dine with Lord Holland; my servant comes in to tell me it is time. He is a capital man, an attentive, alert, silent, plate-cleaning, intelligent fellow; I hope we shall go on well together, and that I shall be able to afford him. . . . Boz is capital this month, some very neat, pretty natural writings indeed, better than somebody else's again. By Jove, he is a clever fellow, and somebody else must and shall do better.—*Thackeray Letter, in Scribner's Magazine.*

It has been deplored of late that poetry appears to be decaying, and various ingenious efforts have been made to account for this. The real cause for wonder is that poetry should have stayed so long in a world which has rejected nearly everything upon which it battens. Materialism is the death of song, and the more prosperous it grows the more prosaic does it become. Hitherto, indeed, we have been living largely upon our inheritance in this regard. We could not at once exhaust the great store of imagination which descended to us from ages that preserved ideals and did not wholly exclude the spiritual from existence, and upon that ancient stock our poets have drawn. But now we are approaching the end of this inheritance, and as we begin to fall back upon the original products of our own time, their aridity strikes a death-chill to the heart of poetry, and it fades and withers. There is, however, so nicely shaded a gradation in the process by which, as in the working of "dissolving views," one tendency disappears and a new one takes its place, that paradoxical occurrences sometimes mark the transition. Thus among the leaders of scientific materialism to-day may be seen men of genius, who unconsciously

derive from the idealism of their ancestors an imaginative force and brilliancy which they employ in the destruction of the influences furnishing their strongest and most effective weapons. The scientific imagination owes its vitality to the ideal which it denies. It is to this dishonoured ideal that the world is under obligations for whatever it enjoys and possesses which is not at the bottom barbarism.—*Geo. F. Parsons, in August Atlantic.*

Second-rateness, combined with obtuseness to the fact,—as we think of the causes producing vulgarity of this definition, in the community, do we not at once hit upon the second-rate newspaper? I think we each know of a newspaper whose influence is constantly vulgarising, because it is invariably on the side of the second-best as against the first-best in everything. With its single second-chop aim at a huge subscription list, it is always on the safe side of hitting a low enough average appreciation, instead of any high and exceptional appreciation. Its editorials are so plainly written down to a supposed low grade of intelligence that even this low grade would seem certain to detect and resent it. Its very news is so dressed as to make sure, at all hazards, of suiting the most vulgar palate among its patrons. With its amplification of second-chop events by second-chop writers, its puffs of second-chop people and their books or other achievements, its hot advocacy of second-chop office-seekers, with their second-chop political notions,—what can it be but a vulgarising influence? On the other hand, do we not know of a journal whose whole tone—in editorials, in news and news comment, in political discussion, in literary review—is the tone of candid talk between gentlemen? It is plain in every line that each writer is offering, not a second-best, supposed to be suited to a duller intelligence or inferior opportunities, but the best knowledge and opinion by him attainable. Any considerable acquaintance with its issues, moreover, gives one a confidence that the writer undertaking a special topic in its columns has some competency to speak upon it. In other words, it maintains the reputation with its readers of being a journal prepared by first-class intelligence for first-class intelligence. We all feel that we must keep up with the news of the world. We insist on taking our "fifty years of Europe" in daily, or at least weekly, instalments. Is it not, now, a most strange and vulgar taste in us if we prefer —or even if we submit—to take this indispensable news through a medium perfectly recognised to be second-rate in morals, manners, and intelligence, when there is a better to be had? "The power of the press!"—we are always eulogising it as one of our boasted modern blessings. Yet in my own private judgment I take the liberty of thinking that the evil newspaper afore-mentioned has done more harm in this country in the past dozen years than any other one influence. In social aims, in political morals (or immorals), in general tone and atmosphere, it has done its worst, and is doing its worst, to vulgarise the country.—*August Atlantic.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Marion Crawford will, it is said, return to America in October and spend the winter in Boston, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The publication of the Darwin biography is now definitely announced for next October, when a new edition of Darwin's "Descent of Man" will also be brought out in London.

This is what Mark Twain writes about his new book: "Yes, I am writing it; have been writing it for three years and it is nearly half done. You see, yourself, there can be no hurry about naming it yet."

Living quietly at his Chelsea home in true old-fashioned New England style, Mr. B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) last week celebrated his seventy-third birthday. The author is now in feeble health, and, owing to his infirmities, it is doubtful whether he will ever again write for the public.

The Thackeray letters will be issued by the Scribners in a handsome lap paper *edition de luxe*, as well as in popular form. The manufacture of the book is now progressing, and the work will probably be ready in October next. The illustrations to the book will be printed in colours of appropriate tints.

At a recent sale in London a copy of the first edition (1667) of Milton's "Paradise Lost," printed in old Roman letter and strongly bound in old calf—a clean and perfect copy—was started at £10, the biddings running up rapidly until they reached £35 10*s.*, at which sum the volume was knocked down to a firm of dealers.

There will be 1,200 illustrations in Paul B. Du Chaillu's forthcoming work, "The Viking Age." The author has devoted seven years of incessant labour to the collection of materials from every available source for this work. Most of the illustrations will be taken from the antiquities discovered by M. Du Chaillu in mounds, cairns, and bogs, during his researches. The Scribners will publish the work in America.

Judge Tourgee will put forth three new books during the fall, one of which will be the series of "Letters to a King," now being published in a syndicate of religious newspapers. "Button's Inn" is the title given to a story of which the author says: "It is merely a little romance thrown about an old hostel, perched on the hills above Lake Erie, with a background of early Mormonism. It is really a portrayal of the life out of which Mormonism grew." Mr. Tourgee's third book will be a novel, to which he has given the curious title of "Black Ice."

Mr. Brander Matthews is another author who has not less than three pieces of literary work under way, one being the writing of a drama of Californian life, in collaboration with Mr. George A. Jessop. After this is finished Mr. Matthews will begin work on a novel of about the same length as his "Last Meeting," but relying for its interest rather on the character-drawing than the plot. Early in the fall a volume of literary essays by Mr. Matthews, printed in various periodicals and magazines, will be published through Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

As usual, Thomas Stevens' remarkable experience "Around the World on a Bicycle," is the chief feature of interest in *Outing*, but the number on the whole sustains the magazine's reputation for general sprightliness and recreative reading very well. James Ricalton's "Travels on Next to Nothing" afford us in this instalment some glimpses of Russian life which we have not had elsewhere, and Stephen Power's "California Days" is full of graphic detail. The illustrations, with the exception of the frontispiece, are somewhat below the average.

In this month's *Andover Review* Dr. Adams trenchantly discusses "The Alleged Failure of Christianity as Redemption," to which a corollary is supplied in an editorial upon "The Present Aversion to Theological Controversy." Hamilton Wright Mabie writes in his usual thoughtful and penetrative way a paper upon "Robert Browning," from which we quote at length elsewhere. Professor Francis H. Stoddard gives us the results of his personal observation in "Conditions of Labour in England," and Anna Laurens Dawes indulges in a good many platitudes in her "Sober Afterthoughts on Literature and Character."

Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose articles, "Prisoners of Poverty," attracted such widespread attention throughout the country, sails for England on August 27th to make a careful study of the tenement house system of London, as well as to observe the habits and describe the homes of the working women of the English metropolis. Mrs. Campbell states that the misery which exists in the great city of London among the poor and lowly has been so graphically described to her by practical people who have travelled abroad and critically observed these crying defects, that she considered it her duty to investigate for herself, and give the world the benefit of her observations, which she will do in a book, to be published late in the autumn.

The *American Magazine* has been sold by Mr. R. T. Bush to a stock company of New York men, who will henceforth conduct it, or rather conduct it until they tire of losing money in conducting it. The figure which Mr. Bush received for the magazine is not made public, but that he has lost considerable money in the venture is very certain. What the policy of the new owners will be is not yet settled, but some radical changes in the general management of the periodical will doubtless occur. The magazine has up to this time shown but little judgment, either in an editorial or business way. As an instance the single case may be cited where Edgar Fawcett was paid $3,600 for the novel "Octavia Delaplaine," now running serially in the magazine, whereas he would have readily accepted $1,000 for it, the highest price ever paid him for a novel. Of course Mr. Fawcett was perfectly right to obtain as large a price as he could, but it was scarcely wise judgment to pay him what he knows himself to be a ridiculous price. Mr. Bush is very glad to be relieved of his literary white elephant, being business man enough to see but little hopes for its ultimate success, and rather than have his name identified with the crash that must inevitably come, he has disposed of it.

The taste continues to develop for the works of Balzac; this is not surprising, as we are never weary of reading about, or witnessing the representation of some act in that exhaustless play-world, Society. Messrs. Cerfler and Christophe have brought out a kind of handy guide, an alphabetical biography of the 2,000 characters Balzac has created—and all typical. Next to the wonderful work of creating these existences, is the marvellous dexterity of the great novelist, never to entangle any member of his prolific family with another. His thought may be often heavy, his style occasionally clumsy, but his Jupiter power not the less remains intact. Balzac is at his best when neither chimerical nor romantic, but simply the lucid historian of the society of his day. He reveals us all its secrets, as if photographed; we see, besides the soldier of the Empire, the middle or bourgeois class, emerging from the *débris* of the *ancien régime.* He does not frame—because never trying—his portraits with the captivating charm of Jules Sandeau; but for their boldness of relief, for their profundity of expression, Balzac has no equal. He possesses, more than any other writer, the instinct of life, the sentiment of secret passions, and the knowledge of domestic interests. He has failed to seize the character of woman; the more he tries to analyse her, the more she escapes. That defect does not destroy his work, for they are the male persons who drag the Juggernant of his human comedy. And Balzac's romances are the more interesting as social documents, because not based upon facts or historical personages. His characters are the unknown that history disdains; his heroes are nobody, and yet every one. In accordance with true art, Balzac drags no historical celebrity into his world of imaginary actions; his creations are the types where poets can find their immortals.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following publications:

Outing. August. New York: 140 Nassau Street.

The Andover Review. August. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

Domestic Monthly. August. New York: 853 Broadway.

Eclectic. August. New York: E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street.

St. Nicholas. August. New York: Century Company.

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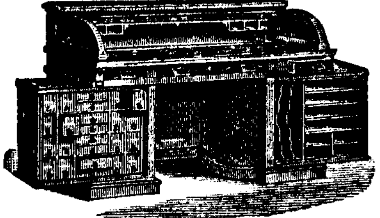

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Contents for August, 1887.

Presentation Scene, with Portraits.
Frontispiece.
Presentation of the Arctic Ship "Resolute" by the United States to the Queen of England.
Illustrated. Fessenden N. Otis, M.D.
The First Newspaper West of the Alleghanies.
Illustrated. William Henry Perrin.
The Latrobe Corn Stalk Columns.
Illustrated. Eugene Ashton.
Origin of the Federal Constitution.
Prof. Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D.
Indian Land Grants in Western Massachusetts.
E. W. B. Canning.
A Love Romance in History.
Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
Lafayette's Visit to Missouri.
Judge William A. Wood.
The Value of Historical Study.
Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D.
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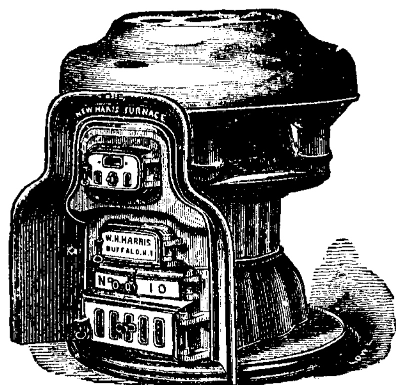

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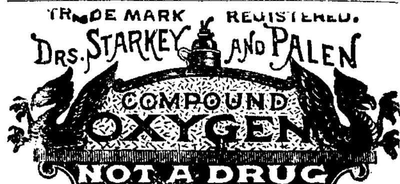

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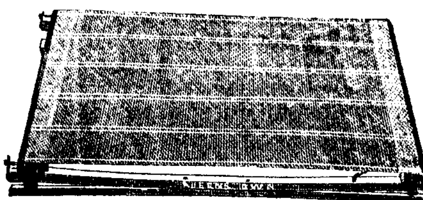

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