

its unrivalled place in the thought and speech of the English race.

Moreover, if the Bible is to be regarded purely in a literary light, and only as a source of reference and allusion useful to an educated man, we are bound to say that the motive for its study is lessening every year. The reason is that to employ Biblical phraseology is to employ a tongue which is becoming more and more unknown. Nobody who writes or speaks can fail to have perceived this. If you venture to borrow a phrase like "their chariots drove heavily," you are sure to get a query from the proofreader—"drove?" If some Biblical expression leaps to the lips of a public speaker—"abomination of desolation," let us say, or "the mystery of iniquity"—the blank look he observes on every face shows him that he might as well have talked Greek. Thus the purely literary motive for studying the Bible breaks down in another way. If the old Biblical associations in men's minds have disappeared, why should writer or speaker equip himself with even a noble English phraseology which will surely be caviare to the general? We conclude, therefore, that the only way in which the old familiarity with the Bible can be revived is by bringing back the social and religious conditions under which it was "the one book" to a whole people and the man of their counsel. But we hear of nobody who thinks that in fact those conditions can really be restored.

MUSIC AND MANLINESS.

One of the most puzzling of all æsthetic problems lies in the fact that the English, who have achieved such splendid results in some of the fine arts—notably poetry and painting—have so long remained an unmusical nation. A thousand years ago, every Englishman was expected to be able to sing and accompany himself on the harp; and in Shakespeare's time the English appear to have been as fond of music as any Continental nation. These good beginnings, however, never led to great results. For a long time it was taken for granted that the hostility of the Puritans to the art of music had checked its growth; but several recent writers have argued plausibly that this hostility has been exaggerated, and that it could have hardly had such far-reaching consequences. British commercialism, and the great national devotion to politics and to outdoor sports, then suggested themselves as explanations; but these, too, did not seem to cover the whole ground.

New light is thrown on the problem by the musical critic of the *London Times*, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, in his recent volume, 'English Music in the Nineteenth Century.' One need not go so far as to agree with him that there have been born in England since 1847 five composers—Mackenzie, Parry, Gor-

ing Thomas, Cowen, and Stanford—who constitute a school or group that can be compared with any that the world of music has seen, and some of whom will ultimately be generally accepted as among the greatest composers of all time; but he certainly proves that there has been a musical renaissance in England since the middle of the last century, and that music is held in much higher esteem than formerly. The ideal of a National Opera is still unfulfilled, but the mere fact that the plan has been discussed as practicable argues progress in the right direction. That the London County Council should spend a large sum every summer in giving frequenters of the parks the opportunity of hearing good music would, writes Mr. Maitland, "have seemed incredible not long since." The number of concert-halls and concerts has increased enormously, and at a much higher rate than the general growth of the city. Students no longer have to go to foreign capitals for their musical education; and when they appear on the stage, they may safely dispense with the customary "Herr," "Signor," or "Mme.," and boldly use "Mr." or "Mrs." In short, "in a thousand ways the musical atmosphere is more favorable than it was to native talent."

Of special interest is what Mr. Maitland says about the attitude of the people generally toward music. He finds that in every class of society the standpoint of the average person in regard to it is completely different from what it used to be. The ordinary man no longer sees anything to be proud of in the confession that he does not know one tune from another; and the typical lady no longer thinks it a matter of course to indulge in loud conversation during a musical performance. The frequency with which ladies and gentlemen, in the truest sense of the words, have become professional musicians attests the honor in which the art is now held, and has also helped to raise the tone of the profession itself. But most important of all is the change in the attitude of men toward music:

"Formerly, the average English parent considered it an almost unmentionable disgrace that a taste for music should manifest itself in the case of the male children; the daughter who had a shapely arm was obliged to play the harp as a matter of course, and any two sisters nearly of an age were bound to display their charms in pianoforte duets; but a son who should take to singing or to 'wasting his time' at the piano was held to be a sort of disgrace to any respectable family, and to require some grave treatment, medical or other, for his cure."

To-day, if we may believe our informant, the normal English parent sees no more objection to cultivating the talent for music than a taste for another art, or for a science. Be that as it may, does not the passage just cited suggest a solution of the mystery regarding the failure of the English to have great

names in music? So long as music was regarded as an unmanly art, it was natural that the manliest and most ambitious men should devote themselves to other arts or occupations. It may be said that real musical genius is an irresistible impulse, and unchangeable, but that is not always the case; indeed, great genius is apt to be versatile. Richard Wagner had the poetic and the pictorial faculties almost as highly developed as the musical. Had he lived in England, he probably would have been simply a poet or a painter, allowing his musical faculty to lie dormant.

It must be clearly understood that what we mean when we deny the England of the past a place among the musical nations is not so much that it has not produced good singers and players, as that it has not given birth to a single composer of the first rank. In the matter of performance, music is both manly and womanly; violinists and pianists of the fair sex are nearly as great as their male rivals, while sopranos and contraltos are quite the equals of tenors and basses. But, on the creative side, music is distinctly a manly art. The very fact that it has always been held to be more or less of a feminine art, and that, nevertheless, we have not a single immortal melody written by a woman, argues that virility is essential to musical creativeness. If the English, therefore, have given up the absurd idea that music is not an art for men, this change in itself will raise bright hopes for the future; and it is not impossible that, a hundred years hence, an historian of England may be able to write what a German historian can truthfully say to-day—that the two most prominent and most manly figures of the past century in his country were a politician and a musician—Bismarck and Wagner.

A FRENCHMAN'S DIARY IN OUR CIVIL-WAR TIME.—II.

November 12, 1864.—New York. Breakfast at the Union League Club, where I had to make a speech and acquitted myself as best I could, feeling that mistakes would be overlooked in a foreigner. Goldwin Smith, an invited guest like myself, made a genuine discourse. If he carries back to his own country all the messages given him to-day, he will have his hands full:

"Tell England that we are her best friends, and can never dispense with her esteem and friendship." "Tell her," said another, more of an *Aleeste* than a *Philinte*, "that we have become indifferent to her praise and censure alike." "We are but one and the same nation," said a third; "John Milton was an American, and George Washington was an Englishman." "All America," shouted a fourth, "is a new England." "What distinguishes us from England," says a fifth, "is that there is nothing insular about us; we are an idealistic people like the French." "You are a Liberal," said the Episcopal Bishop Cox to Mr. Goldwin Smith; "you speak ill of England's aristocratic classes, her prelates, the high

dignitaries of her Church. As for me, I like your Tories and your High Church." There were no fewer than twenty speeches. Among the guests I will name Bancroft, Evarts, George William Curtis, John Jay, Henry Ward Beecher, the aged poet Bryant.

November 13.—Dined with Richard M. Hunt, the architect, who studied at the Paris Beaux-Arts; together with John Jay, Bancroft, Goldwin Smith—the last very severe on Palmerston for his quarrelsome policy and on the recent expedition to China. "We are interfering in a host of countries in contempt of all international law, and, once there, we are indignant if these laws are violated in the most insignificant particulars by people who have never heard of them."

November 15.—Boston once more. Dined at the Revere House with the officers of the *Kearsarge*, the ship which sunk the *Alabama* off Cherbourg. Very beautiful speech by Everett in favor of Lincoln, and good remarks by R. H. Dana, jr. Captain Winslow tells in a very simple manner of his cruiser's pursuit of the *Alabama*.

November 23.—Accompanied Wendell Phillips to a lecture by Oliver Wendell Holmes, both original and agreeable. I made the acquaintance of Agassiz, who is very cordial and charming, possesses a great deal of warmth and vigor, is powerfully built, with an enormous head, strong jaws, a very speaking eye always in motion. He discusses with me Darwin's evolutionary theory, to which he is greatly opposed. He speaks enthusiastically of the American people, their generosity and love of science. They give him all he wants for the Museum he has founded.

Heard a lecture by Emerson on "American Life." He reads very badly, turning his leaves backwards and forwards. This is disturbing, but at the same time fixes the attention; every moment we catch a piquant expression, an unexpected metaphor, a paradox, a profound thought. You could have heard a fly. Emerson has his disciples—I can imagine it. There emanates from him a sort of happy serenity, a peace. He makes no pretence of eloquence; he is content to be a thinker.

November 28.—With Wendell Phillips visited courts and schools. Dined with J. B. Smith, a colored caterer, Boston's Chevet. He sent my wife, on our arrival, a magnificent bouquet. I went with Mr. Phillips to thank him. I found him at his home in Cambridgeport, with his wife (very white and well bred). In his parlor I saw portraits of Sumner, Phillips, and Garrison, a fine photograph of young Colonel Shaw, killed at the head of a black regiment in an assault on a Charleston fort. I did not decline Smith's invitation to dine with him. My wife and Mrs. M. W. Chapman were with me; the other guests were Sumner and Longfellow. The dinner was excellent. Longfellow was extremely gracious, and conversed with much warmth. Smith was evidently very happy, but nothing that he said was put on or exaggerated.

Called on Longfellow at Cambridge, in the old mansion once Washington's headquarters. Dined with Longfellow and his three daughters. He inquired about our writers, particularly Musset, and showed a lively admiration for Lamartine—"a bird that soars very high." He prefers Schiller to Goethe, and finds "Faust" unwholesome.

December 1.—Agassiz conducted me

through his Museum of Natural History, immensely stocked with material. He explained to me his theory of embryonic development parallel with the historic and chronological. Dined at the club with Mr. R. H. Dana, jr., who gave me details about the Supreme Court and the character of its judgments. Soirée at Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's, she reciting verses composed by her in honor of Bryant.

December 2.—Another æsthetic soirée at the house of James T. Fields, the publisher: a lecture by Henry James on Carlyle before a very select audience. Mrs. Fields, with downcast eyes and delicate crossed hands, in a velvet gown cut in the manner of some of Raphael's portraits, had a pose full of grace. Without being a regular beauty, she possesses very great charm.

December 5.—With Edmund Quincy and my wife I go to Concord to visit Emerson. His house is old, and simple in the extreme; the parlor is furnished with a few old pieces, with faded red curtains, and branches of evergreen over doors and picture frames. A small room adjoining serves for a library; the books, ranged on wooden shelves, almost all in paper covers and showing marks of use. I notice good engravings of Michelangelo's "Sibyls" and great frescoes, a head of Dante, aged and angular, a crayon of Dante in his youth, a head of Pindar crowned with laurels.

Emerson talks at some length of Hawthorne and his morbid shyness. Mrs. Emerson (a second wife) is a tall woman with a spare face, in which a trace of beauty still lingers; large and somewhat wandering eyes. After the very simple but abundant dinner, Emerson took us out in a small carriage which he drove himself. He showed us the small obelisk erected on the bank of the Concord River, at the point where the first shots were exchanged between the British soldiers and the American militia. He also pointed out Hawthorne's home, of painted wood, like all the houses of the neighborhood, with a sort of square wooden tower where Hawthorne betook himself to work undisturbed. Near the obelisk Emerson called our attention to an old house minutely described by Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

The Concord landscape viewed on this winter's day, the leaves already on the ground, has a certain analogy with Emerson's talent: beneath the stratum of fertile soil is hard gneiss, is granite. A beautiful light lends something aerial to a severe nature. Great benevolence, slightly skeptical, is the basis of the man's character. His spirit is broad: *humani nil a se alienum putat*. He is fond of Agassiz, but also of Darwin. He likes Sainte-Beuve, because Sainte-Beuve talks to him of everything. We encounter in Emerson's writings Montaigne, Carlyle, Indian philosophy, Plato, Swedenborg; but under his pen everything takes an original turn, a racy flavor. The Concord grape is the American wild grape improved by cultivation. Though for ever borrowing, Emerson's genius is the most original in America.

December 6.—Lecture by Wendell Phillips on the situation. He is a well-nigh perfect orator: diction, choice of words, elegance, fluency, richness of imagery, voice, figure, nobility of attitude and of countenance—nothing is wanting.

December 20.—Called on Mr. Perkins, a Hartford (Conn.) lawyer, and on Mrs. Har-

riet Beecher Stowe, a relative of the Perkinses. I found her in a house of her own designing, crowded with articles brought back from Europe. She is greatly aged, as abstracted as formerly, less sprightly. Her husband is seventy-two years of age, and has a patriarchal air; he has much wit and humor.

December 23.—With Bancroft, visited the New York Historical Society, and saw Audubon's original drawings representing all the birds of America life size.

December 28.—With John Jay, visited the Astor Library.

December 29.—Dined at Bancroft's with Admiral Farragut, an excellent, perfectly simple and unaffected man. He is from the South, and his wife from Virginia. He has been faithful to the Union and the flag. He spoke to me with admiration of Grant as a man full of resources, very bold in conception, very resolute in action. At this moment Grant directs Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan, three men of action rather than strategists. "I made Grant's acquaintance," said Farragut to me, "at Grand Gulf on the Mississippi, and told him *that* was the direction for threatening Vicksburg. He reflected, studied the map carefully, and instantly changed his whole plan of campaign. He had caught my idea." The other guests were Baron Osten Sacken, the Russian Secretary, an intelligent man and distinguished naturalist; Miss Helen Russell, Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon; Miss Cary, a relative of Agassiz's; Mrs. Barton, daughter of Livingston, former United States Minister to France.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

DUBLIN, July 6, 1902.

About 100 members of Parliament, town mayors, councillors, and other representative men are now in prison for terms of from two months to a year, practically for denouncing the system of government in Ireland, the over-taxation of the country, and for advocating legislative reform. Some few of these men are treated as first-class misdemeanants, but the greater number are committed, under an act passed 600 years ago in the reign of Edward the Third, as rogues and vagabonds, who refuse or are unable to give sureties to be of good behavior when so required by the magistrates. This act of Parliament has long been obsolete in England, but has been of late years reapplied to Ireland, not by the magistrates generally, but by those known as "removables," i. e., magistrates paid by and dependent on the Crown. The evidence given in these cases is usually that of the police; and when even that evidence would not warrant a conviction for the alleged offence, the magistrates can and do call on the accused to give bail under the statute of Edward III., "to be of good behavior" for a stated period. This is almost invariably refused, and the accused is then sent to jail as a "rogue" within the meaning of the musty act of Parliament.

Needless to say, the land question is at the bottom of the trouble, and the advocates of radical reform are held to be "rogues." Meantime, the country is almost crimeless; whether it will continue so when the right of public meeting and the free expression of opinion are persistently suppressed, remains to be seen. That legis-