

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL ON HOME RULE.

At the recent Social Science Congress in Glasgow, Sir George Campbell (ex-Lieutenant Governor of Bengal), read the departmental address on "Currency and Trade," in which he made forcible statements in favor of Home Rule. Referring to the overwork of Parliament, he said:—

Every day it becomes more and more apparent that our Parliament is far too large and unwieldy a machine to deal with all the requirements of modern society. When great measures and great experiments are necessary we find its time frittered away on small and local measures. The machine is too large and cumbersome. Believing, then, that the social reforms which we require must necessitate many experiments in many directions; that to effect them we must enlist local experience, local energies, and local interests; that one Parliament cannot do this, but that localized institutions may do it, I am so far a Home Ruler that I should like to see a large portion of our self-government transferred to local assemblies. In this respect, at any rate, I would, in a great degree, imitate the American system. I think that very much of the management of Irish affairs might be transferred to an Irish House of Representatives, or probably rather to two separate Assemblies, representing two Irish provinces, North and South. I think that a very large portion of our Scottish affairs might be much better managed in a Scotch Assembly. It may be that England might advantageously be split up into provinces. I feel confident that such Provincial Assemblies might do great good, and that very ample work would still be left for an Imperial Parliament. Not only might many social reforms receive in local assemblies that attention and elaboration which they cannot have in a great Parliament of the nation, but also I think that there would be very great advantage in the variety of local experiments which might be tried in different parts of the country and under various conditions. One province would profit by the experience, the successes, and the failures of another, a healthy competition would be excited, and out of various trials progress real and substantial might be achieved. The difficulties in our way are so great that they will never be overcome without the concurrent efforts of many minds and as the issue of many trials. Such efforts and such trials might, I think, be obtained under a sort of federal and provincial system of government. I do not think that they will be adequately obtained under the present system."

The question is often asked—What effect can the Irish Home Rule agitation have? Here is an answer. The Irish Home Rulers in one year have brought the idea of federal union, which is now discussed at every learned meeting in Great Britain. A good deal has been done in getting the question fairly before the country. Every such utterance as this is valuable, as showing how sound is the present political agitation in Ireland.

THE IRISH CAPITAL.

BUILT in the midst of a fertile plain, fronting upon its superb bay, there are but few cities in the world that can boast of a finer situation than the Irish capital. Neither are there many that can vie it in the beauty of its streets and squares, the magnificence of its public building, the variety of its literary and scientific associations, and the number of its benevolent and charitable institutions. Sackville street is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest streets in Europe. It is about three quarters of a mile in length, and 120 feet in breadth, perfectly straight, with broad side walks, and lined with splendid houses. In the days of the independent (!) Irish Parliament we are informed that over thirty peers and double that number of commoners had their residence in this street and as many of these kept a retinue of from twenty to forty servants and spent their incomes with prodigality, it may well be surmised that the houses now occupied by thrifty shopkeepers, presented a somewhat different appearance in the days when Grattan thundered out his demand for independence in the College Green, backed by the "moral force" of 100,000 bayonets in the hands of the volunteers, with Napper Tandy's artillery audaciously labelled—"O Lord, open thou our lips, and our lips, and our mouths shall sound forth thy praise." Well those events took place before that unsightly effigy of Nelson, squinted down on Sackville street, else perhaps the irate Tandy might have been tempted to make a target of the monstrosity which obstructs the most magnificent city panorama in the British Islands.

But if any of our readers who have not yet seen Dublin, should visit that city, we would direct them to more interesting localities than even Sackville street or College Green. Let them go to Thomas street, and any person they meet there will point out the spot where the dogs licked up the blood that flowed from the headless body of Robert Emmett. Within a pistol-shot of "where gallant Robert died," and on the opposite side of the street, stands the house of Nicholas Murphy, the feather merchant, in which the gallant "Lord Edward" battled against such fearful odds for life, liberty, and Ireland. Let them then go to the church of St. Michan's, and the sexton will point out the incorruptible corpses of "The Brothers." Should they seek for more mementoes of Ireland's gallant dead, let them visit Glasnevin, where repose in Irish soil the ashes of Curran, O'Connell and M'Manus, each of whom breathed his last far away in the land of the stranger. But above and before all, let them not forget to visit that beautiful cemetery near Harold's Cross, where, in the vault beneath that splendid statue which the love of his friends and the genius of Ireland's great sculptor contributed to raise, lies the mortal remains of the greatest Irishman this century has produced. Thomas Davis.

It is stated that a son of Charles Dickens has been appointed a policeman in Canada.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

DRYDEN'S MONEY-MAKING.—As regards dedication fees, it is notorious that no flattery was too fulsome, no depth of self abasement too profound, for Dryden's mendicant spirit. If the pay was proportionate to the degree of adulation, he was certainly entitled to the maximum. He dedicated his translation of Virgil to three noblemen, with what Johnson calls "an economy of flattery at once lavish and discreet." What this investment of praise yielded him we do not know; but in his letter of thanks to one patron (Lord Chesterfield), he characterizes his lordship's donation as a "noble present." The extraordinary feature in this case, however, is that in addition to dedication fees, Dryden received for his Virgil both subscriptions and copy money. The copy money consisted certainly of £50 for every two books of the 'Æneid,' and probably of the same sum for the "Georgics" and the "Pastorals." The plan of subscription was ingeniously contrived so as to create a supplementary galaxy of patrons, each of whom was propitiated by what was in effect a special dedication. There were two classes of subscribers. Those in the first class paid five guineas each; those in the second, two guineas. The inducement offered to the five guinea subscribers was that in honor of each of them there should be inserted in the work an engraving embellished at the foot with his coat of arms. The bait took wonderfully. There were in the end 102 subscribers of five guineas, representing the sum of 510 guineas, which, calculating the guinea as Dryden did, at twenty-nine shillings, amounted to £739 10s. Indeed, Dryden was a cunning speculator as well as a shrewd bargain-driver, as his publisher found to his cost. According to the Pope's estimate, Dryden netted from his Virgil the sum of £1,200.—'Quarterly Review.'

CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—As many as 18,700 letters were posted in the United Kingdom in 1873 without any address. Nearly 500 of the letters contained cash, cheques, and bills of exchange to the value of more than £13,000.

REMUNERATION OF LEADING ACTORS.—The 'Boston Advertiser' says:—Novelists and poets of the first rank are not nearly so well paid as actors of equal eminence in their chosen profession. Mr. Sothorn, for instance, has played "Lord Dundreary" nearly 5000 times, and if he has received on an average 400 dols. for each performance, this single character has brought him the enormous sum of 2,000,000 dols. Mr. Jefferson has appeared about 2000 times as "Rip Van Winkle," and if he received 500 dols. for each representation (his terms, when he plays for a certainty, are 650 dols., and when he shares with the management he often takes 4000 dols. for half a dozen performances), he must have acquired 1,000,000 dols. by this single happy creation. It would therefore appear that the "youngest of the sister arts" is far more lucrative as a profession—to those who win the highest honors—than literature. But poets and novelists have one compensation—their fame is broader and more enduring than the actors.

RISTORI.—As according to recent Sydney news, Madame Ristori, the celebrated actress, is now performing at that city, it may be of interest to quote the following paragraph from the 'Pall Mall Gazette':—The American Telegraph Agency has forwarded the following telegram, dated Valparaiso, August 23—"The tragic actress Ristori implored and obtained the pardon of Munoz, who was about to be shot. The Government was induced to commute the sentence of death, Ristori signing the act of clemency. Enthusiasm indescribable." Madame Ristori, the great Italian actress, who came to us a season or two ago, "says the London 'Weekly Times,'" and left us all too quickly, has lately saved the life of a soldier who was condemned to be shot. This is not the first time she has been the heroine of a similar adventure. In 1857, between the scenes of "Medea," a lady came to her and begged her to intercede for the life of her son, who was condemned to be shot on the morrow. Without removing her stage costume the great tragedienne walked into the Royal box where the Queen Isabella was seated, and refused to continue the performance until her Majesty had granted her a favor. The Queen, who was also a passionate admirer of dramatic talent, readily granted her request, and the condemned son was restored to his mother's arms."

NEVER DESPAIR.—An American contemporary encourages men and youths to fight manfully the battle of life, by giving the following examples from American history:—Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive-builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times to come. Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the 'Tribune,' and made it worth a million dollars. Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation. The founder of the 'New York Herald' kept on failing and sinking his money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth. Stephen A. Douglas made dinner-tables and bedsteads and bureaux many a long year before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress. General Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago "he brought up" on the top of a wood-pile "teaming it" to town for 40dols a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.—The fescoes of Michael Angelo are the wonder and admiration of every appreciative person who has looked at them on the lofty ceilings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome; but compared with the mural paintings at Rome, traced centuries before, they look dim and almost lustreless. The mural paintings are as bright as the Nile itself, and still appear likely to claim the admiration of visitors for thousands of years to come. The colors of the ancients, when exposed for years to moisture, do not lose their brightness, while their woven fabrics, long buried in the earth resist decay, and even timber, preserved by some unknown process,