beaten—a strange result, considering that it was Mr. Gladstone who passed the Land Act of 1881 which so greatly bettered the position of the tenant farmers. The causes are curious and deserve to be put on record. In the five Protestant and semi-Protestant counties of Ulster there are three parties nearly equal in numbers to one another: the Liberals, who are almost wholly Presbyterians; the Tories, who are either Episcopalians or Orange Presbyterians; and the Roman Catholics. In every constituency, except, perhaps, one or two divisions of Belfast, where Toryism is very strong, any two of these parties are numerous enough to outvote the third. At all previous general elections the struggle has been between the Liberals and the Tories, and the Roman Catholics have usually voted with the Liberals. This adhesion, while it gave the Liberals a temporary advantage, contributed to damage their candidates in the eyes of Protestants generally, because in Ulster religious animosities are still keen, and the ignorant Protestant looks on a Catholic as his natural enemy. This feeling, joined to the power of the Tory landlords over both their Protestant and their Catholic tenants, had given the Tories the large majority of Ulster seats up to 1880, when the Liberals, by the help of the Catholics, carried a good many. Then came the lowering of the electoral franchise, which in Ireland was a lowering in boroughs as well as counties. It might have been expected to work in favor of the Liberals, because the Episcopalians are chiefly in the richer classes. But it has worked against them. For while Liberalism is strong among the tenant farmers in the counties and the middle classes in the towns—persons who previously enjoyed the suffrage—the new voters, workingmen and agricultural laborers, are mostly either Presbyterian Orangemen or Roman Catholics. Now the Orangemen vote Tory, and the Roman Catholics obey with singular docility the bidding of their leaders—that is to say, of Mr. Parnell.

When the present general election approached, there was a prospect of a sort of triangular duel between the three parties, and the idea at once occurred to both the Protestant parties that, as their differences from each other were smaller than the differences which divided them from the Parnellite enemies of the Union, some sort of combination ought to be made whereby they should secure as many Ulster seats as possible for Loyalist candidates. One or two Liberal leaders talked of an arrangement with the Parnellites against the Tories, but the general Unionist and Protestant sentiment of the Liberal Presbyterians condemned such an alliance. Negotiations were accordingly instituted between the Tory and Liberal party managers. In two cases these negotiations led to a fair arrangement, which was honestly kept. The Liberals of North Tyrone promised to support the Tory candidate for that division if the Tories of East Donegal would support the Liberal in that division. Both observed their bargain, but while the Tory carried against a North Tyrone Parnellite by 400, the Liberal lost East Donegal to a Parnellite by 1,100. Elsewhere the Liberals were, as they say, jockeyed, or, at any rate, outmanœuvred by the Tories. In some places they ran candidates against a Tory, or against both a Tory and a Nationalist, and were beaten; in others, feeling their weakness, they left the Tory to fight the Nationalist and looked on. This happened especially in the two remarkable cases of Londonderry City and West Belfast. The Parnellites allege that the Liberal chiefs had promised that their voters should stand neutral in these constituencies, leaving Nationalists and Tories to fight it out. The Liberals deny the promise, and add that they could not control their voters, who are by no means so docile as the Parnellites. What is certain is that in these two boroughs the Parnellites attribute their defeat, in both cases by very narrow majorities, to the fact that some Liberals voted against them for the Tory candidate. This is probably true, and no one who knows the strong Protestant feeling of the Ulster Liberals will be surprised that many should have voted for a Tory rather than see the Parnellites make good their boast that they would capture seats in historic Londonderry and ultra-Protestant Belfast.

But the material point is that these contests determined the action of the Parnellites in the county constituencies, where the polling came on a later day. Already disposed to damage the Liberals in Ulster, as they were damaging them in England, resentment at their behavior in Londonderry and Belfast led the Nationalist chiefs to throw their voters everywhere on the Tory side. In Antrim, in North Down, in Londonderry County, the Catholics went for the Tories, and the Liberals were helplessly routed. Another curious incident must be noted. In two divisions of Belfast there was a split in the Tory camp, and independent Orange candidates, representing the democratic working-class wing of the party, opposed the "regular" candidates brought forward by the hitherto ruling clique. The Tory strength was so great in these divisions that a Nationalist candidate had no chance. Accordingly, the Parnellites directed their men to vote for the Orange Democrats, as against both the regular Tories and the Liberals, and the surprising spectacle was witnessed of thousands of Roman Catholics casting their ballots for an Orange Grand Master (Mr. Cobain) in one division of Belfast, and in another for Mr. William Johnson, the most rabid Orange Protestant that even Ulster has produced, and who has won notoriety by nothing but his furious attacks on the Pope and the Catholic clergy. Such is the admirable discipline to which the Nationalist leaders have brought their army, even in a district where they are not supreme.

The impression produced by the elections on the Loyalist upper class in Dublin, and generally through the south and centre of Ireland, has been enormous. They are doing their best to minimize it to their own minds, and to the English, by declaring that the Nationalist League has skilfully organized itself so as to destroy freedom of voting. The enormous majorities recorded for Parnellite candidates are, it is declared, due simply to the coercion practised on the humbler class of voters by the Leaguers and the priests. Many have voted out of fear, many more have stayed away from the polls: the result is not to be regarded as an expression of the wish of the Irish people, but merely as a proof of the strength of the Parnellite organization, and so far as an additional reason for resisting, or even for suppressing it. Some of our journals and their Dublin correspondents, who do their best to misrepresent, no doubt quite honestly, Irish facts to English eyes, enjoy this kind of argument, and it is sometimes trotted out on English platforms. But it does not really blind the English. They perceive that a people, interrogated in the regular constitutional way, have returned, from four-fifths of the island, an all but unanimous answer, and they feel that they cannot, without far stronger evidence of intimidation than has yet been adduced, go behind that answer and deny its validity. They are therefore beginning to be much exercised in mind. Prima facie, the Irish seem to them entitled to have the self government they ask for. But would this self-government not land both Ireland and England in even greater difficulties than those of the *status quo?* While they ask this question, opinion in Dublin declares that nothing can well be worse than the *status quo*. All minds are unsettled, business almost suspended. There is a prospect of a general cessation of rent and a recrudescence of agrarian outrages. English government is beginning to be regarded, owing to the variations and vacillations of English parties, with something like contempt. The news, now generally believed though not formally authenticated, that Mr. Gladstone is prepared with a measure of home rule, has therefore startled Dublin less than England, for Dublin has begun to think all things possible. But it has startled Ulster most. For the respectable classes of Ulster, knowing and caring comparatively little about what passes in the rest of Ireland, have been living in what they now fear may turn out a fool's paradise of reliance on English sympathy. Y.

SARDOU'S "GEORGETTE."

PARIS, December 17, 1885.

YEAR after year I observe that French society abdicates in favor of the French stage. There are no *salons* left, but every night there are many theatres open. A new play by Dumas, by Sardou, by Pailleron, is a great event. There are still a few places where you can find a few discontented conservatives, a few dowagers, lamenting the wickedness of the time; but these modest meetings, to which only very few are admitted, where a new face always seems dangerous, do not recall the ancient *salons*. When society meets, it is only in great balls or routs, where you can shake hands, but exchange no words, and where you see your friends in the crowd of the anterooms or the staircases, while you are impatiently waiting for your carriage.

Society has lost its homogeneity, as well as its importance. The political parties are too much divided, and in each party there are coteries—what the English call "sets." The Élysée has its set, the Moderate Republicans have theirs; there are some Republican families, you might almost say dynasties, which keep their doors hermetically shut on the Radicals. In the world of finance, there are the *parvenus* and the *arrivés*; in the Faubourg St. Germain the fusion is not yet complete between the pure Legitimists and the Orleanists. It has become the fashion to remain as long as possible in the country, to stay during the hunting season in the châteaux (hunting has become as favorite a pleasure in France as it always has been in England). When people return to Paris they have, so to speak, no occupation; and then comes the time for the first representations. There is no good *première* without the presence of certain people. I have often asked myself what are the qualifications for the privilege of going to these *premières*. The press, of course, has many places; the great critics, such as Francisque Sarcey, of the *Temps*, are the lions of the occasion. On their judgment depends, in a great measure, the success of the play. But besides the critics and the journalists, there are many men of the world, gentlemen belonging to the fashionable clubs; there are the lions of the bourse, of the bank, of politics; and there are also many men and women who make a part of "Tout Paris" for no definite reason—familiar names, which come naturally to the pen of the persons who describe these *premières*, as they would describe a great race.

It is not unnatural that the dramatists should be very much afraid of this public of the *premières*. This public is thoroughly *blasé*; it is essentially frivolous; it has a very keen sense of the ridiculous; it is sometimes moved by a word, an attitude, an intonation; and it remains perfectly cold before scenes which are, in the writer's mind, the most pathetic. This public has a good and a bad influence. In my opinion, it has a good influence on the actors, as it will not bear anything false, pretentious, vulgar; it has a bad influence on the dramatists, because it inclines them constantly to look for new and extraordinary combinations of passions and of characters. One after the other our dramatists have brought on the stage types which were formerly excluded. Alexander Dumas gave the signal with the "Dame aux Camélias" and the "Demi-Monde." Sardou has within a few days brought out a new piece, which is called "Georgette," and it seems as if he had tried to walk in the footsteps of Dumas: he has brought before the public one of those social questions which inspire the eloquence and the wit of the author of "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" and so many other pieces of the same kind.

Georgette is, in my eyes, a type which ought to be banished from the stage. I can accept all sorts of passion, but the element of venality is one which I cannot accept easily. *Georgette* has been a dancer, she has sung in a music-hall, she has been notorious for the disorder of her life in Lyons and in Marseilles; she went under the name of the handsome Georgette. She has had a child by *M. de Cardillac*, one of her numerous lovers, an officer garrisoned in Marseilles. *Paula*, the child, is the heroine of the play. After her birth *Georgette*, the mother, is seized with a desire to accumulate wealth for the child, and to make a position for her. The courtesan is a good mother. This is not a great discovery in the field of morals: the 'Imitation of Christ' declares it in these admirable terms: "Something divine lingers in the most degraded being"; and it might say also: "There is something satanical left in the best of us."

Georgette, in order to make a good position for her daughter, had first to make one for herself. She continued her life of adventure, while *Paula* was young, then she got married in America, at Cincinnati, to a millionaire who left her his millions. With these millions she has bought an authentic and penniless old duke, *Lord Carlington*. We see her in the first act as *Lady Carlington*, a true duchess, devoted exclusively to her daugher *Paula*. You see at once what is going to happen. *Paula* is perfect, *Paula* is an angel, and she will inspire love in a gentleman. This gentleman will be ignorant of the past, he will not see in the *Duchess of Carlington* the circus-rider, he will allow himself to be led to the foot of the altar, till somebody comes who *knows*, and who informs his family of the true situation. And then we shall have to solve the problem, Can a gentleman marry the nice daughter of a courtesan?

Before going any further, I will say that I do not consider such a subject a moral or healthy subject. Let us suppose many things. Let us suppose that a *Georgette* can so completely transform herself that no eye can discover in her the slightest trace of her past degradation; that she can play the part of an honest woman to perfection. Let us suppose, also, that the world has become so wide, so enlarged, that her secret can be kept for years, and that she can enter the world with all the advantages of a perfect education and an irreproachable past. Let us suppose that there is no truth at all in the law of heredity, and there remains nothing in the daughter of the sin of the mother. It remains to be seen whether such a marriage as the marriage of the daughter of *Georgette* the courtesan, enriched by vice, with a gentleman, is one of those unions on which it is pleasant to look, and which seem to be made in heaven before they are made on earth. Such a marriage, if it did take place, would always appear something exceptional, fraught with danger, a perilous experiment. Why should we, then, examine such a case too closely? Why should the dramatist play with our best feelings and with our common sense? Why should he force us to go with him into a world of adventures, of shams, of lies? I am afraid it is because we want, nowadays, strong colors and brutal contrasts. We are not content with leaving virtue here and vice there; we bring them together, as a chemist brings together the acid and the base, and we do not care if the compound is an explosive.

Some secondary questions are raised in the play of "Georgette." She meets the gentleman who has known her in old times, and who exclaims at once, "*Georgette!*" She asks him to keep her secret. This gentleman, *M. Clavel de Chabreuil*, tells her, of course, that he will; but when he finds out that the *Duchess of Carlington* wishes her daughter to enter the family of his sister-in-law, he becomes embarrassed. He finds himself, like *Olivier de Jalin*, of the "Demi-Monde," between his intimate friend *Nanjac* and the *Baronne d'Ange*, and he behaves like *Olivier de Jalin*—he sacrifices the adventuress: he cannot, he will not, allow a marriage between *Paula* and young *Gontran*.

Sardou does not know how to treat such situations in the incisive manner of Alexandre Dumas. There is a scene between the young lover and *Clavel*, who has revealed the truth, before the lover's mother, which is painfully cold and sophistical. What do you think of a gentleman who says to his mother, "You will not accept *Paula* as a daughter-in-law, though one of our ancestors was the mistress of Henri IV., another was the mistress of Louis XV., and it is to this King that we owe our title"? "Ces choses-là," as the French say, "ne se disent pas"; and one would almost be inclined to say with *Bridoison*, in the "Mariage de Figaro": "Il y a des choses qu'il ne faut pas se dire à soi-même."

Of course, *Paula*, the perfect *Paula*, is totally ignorant of the past history of her mother; this loving, tender, devoted mother is in her eyes the ideal of perfection. But she cannot be kept in a fool's paradise for ever, and here we come to the master-scene of the drama—to the scene which will save the rest and console the spectator for the tedium, the triviality, the mediocrity of other parts. *Paula* begins by having a few doubts. There are things which she cannot explain to herself—the incertitude of her lover's family, the sudden coldness of its members. She becomes uneasy, she cross-examines a servant, and suddenly the light flashes on her eyes—a veil is torn. The actress who plays the part is very remarkable; she is Mademoiselle Brandès, a rising star. How intense is her despair, how noble at the same time! Her adoration is in an instant converted into horror. At this moment, *Clavel* comes—*Clavel*, who has betrayed her mother. She opens her heart to him, expresses her indignation, and then *Clavel* tells her that if she has herself such a high sentiment of duty, of honor, of all that is good, and honest, and virtuous, she owes it to whom? To this mother, who probably knew that the day would come when all the sentiments which she nursed in her child would turn against herself. The mother had prepared her own sacrifice; she had given all to her daughter, even the love which her daughter felt for her. She knew that the day would come when she would remain alone, and feel the weight of her own child's contempt. At this moment the mother enters; and *Paula*, moved by the words of *Clavel*, throws herself in her arms, and says simply, with many sobs, "My mother, my mother."

This is the great scene, the scene for which probably all the rest was written; and how does it all end? Sardou has not dared to accomplish the marriage. There is no end; the two mothers cannot agree, nor can they agree with their children; and while all is left in the air, and impossible conditions are made all round, a servant enters: "Dinner is served," and the curtain falls. You are free to imagine how time will amend the situation. Is *Paula* married by this time or is she not? You can give the solution yourself. Sardou does not distinctly give it, but he inclines to the negative. The drama of life has really no end, and the old rules of Aristotle were long ago despised and forgotten.

Correspondence.

REALISM AND IDEALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion on realism and idealism in the columns of the *Nation* has been a very interesting one, and Mr. Stillman's valuable contribution to it (No. 1070), in transferring the ground from literature to the plastic arts, tempts me into the field also.

There is so much mere word-juggling in discussions of this kind that Mr. Stillman's clear definition of realism and idealism respectively as work done from nature and work done from an inner conception, is of great service. I also accept his view that music is the most purely ideal of the arts, and that no "relation to the real" can be found in it. But when his reasoning carries him to the point of stating that "the more purely ideal a work of art is, the less it resembles nature," one is somewhat staggered. If he means this to apply to the plastic arts, how does he account for the fact that Pheidias, the greatest of idealists, attained a resemblance to the actual quality of *flesh* never equalled before or since in sculpture; or that the great Venetians impress one with the actual presence of a breathing, palpitating body in a way that the most realistic of Dutchmen cannot do? He says again:

> "In the better epoch of Italian ideal painting and sculpture alike we do not find any study of the special individual head. . . . Giotto, for instance, is as free from any tendency to expression of transitory emotion as was a Greek sculptor of 450 B. C. Expression as a quality of art came in with the use of portraiture, and when art had become naturalistic to a certain extent, though not yet realistic."

The first question that occurs to one in reading this is, What does Mr. Stillman consider the "better epoch of Italian ideal painting and sculpture"? That of Giotto? But if the lack of expression and of individuality of head is to be the criterion of ideality, it would seem that one should go back to Cimabue, or further. Is it not true that the progress made by Giotto consisted in a return to nature and a closer study of the men about him, thus breaking away from the purely "ideal" types of the Byzantine artists? Is it not true that the succeeding artists were constantly approaching nearer and nearer to realistic truth until the culmination of Italian art in the sixteenth century; that the work of the "goldsmith school," sculptors and painters, which made possible the great ideal work of the Cinquecento, was preëminently portraiture? It would seem that there must be a flaw in Mr. Stillman's reasoning, and it seems to me that the key to his difficulty is in the term "naturalistic," which he does not define. What do we mean by a naturalistic school of art as opposed to an idealistic school or a realistic school? This is the question for which I should like to find an answer, and, if one could find it, I think the problem would be pretty nearly solved. My contribution to the desired solution is this.

The art of painting has two distinct sides: a purely ideal side, corresponding to music; and a purely realistic or imitative side. A work of absolute idealism would have to be confined to the mere *musical* arrangement of colors and lines, without any resemblance to natural objects. Such an arrangement might be very beautiful,