

solid, there has not been any fear of a force bill. It was when a Republican was president that the south tried to separate from the Union. A great many of them now say that the result of the war was best; that it was too late to try to build up a slave empire; that slavery itself was a far deeper injury to the white race than to the black. But those same men, when asked to vote for a Republican president, are in an instant transformed. A sneer gathers on their lips and it is plain to read in their faces, even if they do not express the thought in words, "Vote for a black Republican? Dishonor our forefathers? Dishonor the graves of our glorious dead? Never, never, never!" And while those men remain in any considerable strength in the south, the south will be solid. On festal days, in reunions a great many southern men can talk beautifully about a restored Union and about the joy of the restoration of the old fraternal feeling between the north and the south. But that does not count. The pride of the south was broken by the war and every southern man who was a man at that time, or was born about that time, feels it a duty up to this day to do reverence to that broken pride. The south has never yet forgiven General Longstreet for accepting a position in his old age and in his poverty whereby he could earn a living from a Republican president, though that president was an old friend and brother soldier years before the war.

No doubt that many business men of the south would like to have things change there, but when it comes to an election those men do not control, but the politicians, and the old spirit is still dominant there. Hence we look upon all arguments to prove that the gulf states will go Republican just as we would to see an article to prove that Texas or Arkansas was going Republican.

There is a fair chance to carry Maryland, for Maryland never went out of the Union. There is a fair chance to carry Missouri, for Missouri never went out of the Union, and, moreover, tens of thousands of men from the north have settled in Missouri in the last twenty-five years. But to speak of carrying Georgia for the Republican ticket is simply a waste of time.

#### For Local Artists.

In the Commercial Club are beautiful samples of the work of our native sculptor, Mr. Dallen. We believe that one great secret of his success is that he has been true to himself. In his childhood he saw many Indians and Indian ponies, and the impressions of them which were stored away in his brain have materialized to the admiration of all who see them. In this he has brought out a thought of Emerson's. Long ago he wrote: "The soul creates the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any; and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habits and the form of the government, he will create a house in which all there will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also. Insist on yourself. Never intimate."

That surely should be good reading to a youth who in Utah feels within himself powers which only need expression to make him famous. He will find no grander scenery anywhere than here. If his mind is original it will create the themes that he needs. We do not discount the benefits he will receive by seeing

all the best of the Old World, but if he is going to succeed he will not receive the inspiration from the outside; he will have to call it up from his own soul. For instance, the different styles of architecture of the Old World grew into form through local conditions. As we copied recently, the Gothic was but a change from the worship in the groves, to the worship in a house, the house taking on the lofty columns, branches and colonades of the forest.

Why can there not be a distinct type, an American type, of architecture which would be a reproduction of some presentation of nature in our own country? It is the same way with the finer arts. Mr. Dallen's Indian and Indian pony will outlast the savage and his steed. To the American artist we would say, "You can find exquisite work in the Old World, but when you do you will find it but a copy, the inspiration was local."

Then if it is the inspiration that is needed, why nature has done as much for America as for Europe, and the lives of a thousand Americans supply as much that is high and grand and noble as all the generations of the Old World have furnished. There are no dawns or sunsets in the Old World finer than can be seen every week in the year in Salt Lake City. Appomattox is grander than Austerlitz, for above the scene in the haze the spirit of liberty is putting on its helmet and the angels of mercy and of love and of justice are smiling through their tears. What episode in European history compares with a scene at Valley Forge? The ringing of the old Liberty Bell when the Declaration was adopted, was in truth a right about face and forward march of humanity—an exalting of the human race.

What men are they were born to be, and every accomplishment comes of study and of labor, and when an artist realizes this and visits foreign lands for the purpose of intensifying his ideals, the visit will do him good; if, not confident of his own powers, he goes away to copy what he may find, and he will be a disappointment to himself and all his friends.

To succeed the artist must first believe that he will succeed, and then must come to him the thought that what he does he must carve out for himself and work on that thought, or he will surely fall.

#### What Her Majesty Was.

James Brice, the ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, writes in the North American Review an article on the late Queen Victoria, inspired by her published letters. We think perhaps Queen Victoria was better understood by some people in the United States than by her own countrymen. A teacher is often a better judge of the child than its own parents. The men in the United States judged Queen Victoria by what she was and not through any awe of her place or any personal affection for her, such as fills the soul of every Englishman, and their thought is that Queen Victoria was about the truest woman that ever sat on the throne of Great Britain. She was not nearly so brilliant a woman as old Queen Bess, but was vastly more true and sincere and withal she had as clear a judgment as did "the virgin queen." She was never once arrogant in her life, but she knew all the time that she was queen of Great Britain and that certain dignities belong to her office which must not be trifled with. Then she was a good judge of human nature. Some of her prime ministers she trusted implicitly, others she came as near hating as she could hate anybody. From the beginning she insisted that the British court should be rid of the vices which had possessed every other court in that country. From the first she would not knowingly have about her men or women who were not true. Her charac-

ter shone out most when our great war of the rebellion was raging. With a clear intuition she from the first saw that it would not do for the British empire to endorse a slave empire, and she set her face against her own nobility and against the very rich men of Great Britain, and how hard it was to do that, no one can understand, one does not know thoroughly English history, how at first the lords thought it was their right to rule the people and never gave up that thought. She stood almost alone. John Bright was by her side, the poor of Lancashire were by her side, but her own prime minister was intriguing all the time to see if a diversion could not be made in favor of the Confederacy, and he was backed by the nobility of the kingdom, he was backed by the manufacturers and the great exporting merchants. They were building ships for the Confederacy in their harbors; they were running the blockade perpetually to carry supplies and arms to the Confederates. That Queen Victoria never faltered in all those days, but was as true to us as she was to herself and her country, will cause her for all time to rank with the foremost of sovereigns on this earth.

She, too, was in every way an example to her sister women. She was the best of mothers and her love for her husband was something passionately high, although she had from the beginning an impetuous temper. She reigned for sixty years and during her reign the world was transformed. The steamship, the magnetic telegraph, the ocean cable, and myriads of inventions all came during her reign, and under them all the world was transformed. It is enough to say of her that she kept up with the world's progress, and the verdict of the centuries to come will be not only that she was a great queen, but that she was one of the great women of this earth.

#### Actors and Genius.

A writer in a current magazine asks if it is necessary for an actor or actress to have genius. It certainly is if they are going to be perfect in their profession. A great many without genius get along, but their memories do not outlast their own generation through. Nearly every actress plays the part of Juliet, and if they are beautiful women and know the part they get along well enough, but the impression they leave is that of an American or an English Juliet, of a woman perhaps twenty-two years old, very beautiful, with many accomplishments, and the play runs its length and is interesting. But when Modjeska first came to this country she spoke most imperfect English, she was not beautiful, and she was then, if we remember correctly, about thirty-three years old. She essayed that part and it will be remembered that in Shakespeare Juliet was but fourteen years old, howbeit the girls of southern Europe mature more swiftly than they do in colder latitudes. Well, Modjeska attended the party and there she was an indifferent, careless, don't-care-a-cent kind of a girl. When one cavalier crossed the stage, with the utmost indifference she asked who it was. Then a second one passed and the same question in the same indifferent way, but when Romeo crossed the stage there was just one accent and one gesture added to the former question. The woman was at once transformed, and those who were looking on and listening caught glimpses of a genius such as most women can never comprehend, much less possess.

That was the wonderful faculty of the elder Booth, and of Edwin Booth. Indeed, there is no place that genius develops itself so splendidly as in an actor, and while a great many who are not geniuses pass their lives on the stage, there is, once in awhile, one that simply by the inflection he gives his voice or by a gesture, or even by his walk, shows at a glance that he is looking