

THE EXAMINER

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL NOTES.

WE are informed that Sir Garnet Wolseley will be succeeded in the Governorship of Cyprus by Sir Samuel Baker.

WE understand that one of the reasons why the supreme military as well as civil command in South Africa has been conferred on Sir Garnet Wolseley is, that a difference of opinion on the conduct of the campaign has arisen between Lord Chelmsford and Major-General Crealock.

THE note addressed by the German Government to the Khedive has created an undeniable sensation on the Continent. This and the support given by Germany to Greece are construed as an expression of kindly feeling towards M. Waddington, and it is believed that Prince Bismarck is anxious to help the latter to a diplomatic success, so as to make him appear indispensable in Paris. The German Government views with no little apprehension the accession to power of a Radical Ministry at Versailles, and is therefore doing as much as possible to strengthen the present one. With respect to Greece, Germany is the only Power which has, up to the present time, fully and entirely supported the demands of France. England has recommended the Sultan to make concessions, but has not advised that Janina should be given up. Russia is looking on quietly, not at all anxious to enlarge Greece, as by doing so she would diminish Bulgarian influence. Austria thinks only of Novi-Bazar and a possible advance to the Egean Sea, against which a future greater Greece might prove a barrier. Italy favours an autonomous Albania, but no extensive rectification of Greek frontiers. As the advisers of the Sublime Porte are thus divided in opinion, the Turkish Government will have an excellent excuse for doing nothing at all.

THE leading article which appeared in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on Tuesday evening last on the subject of German intervention in Egypt has created the greatest surprise in political circles. No one had sup-

posed that German interests in Egypt were so important, and the dangers which threaten them so great, as the inspired Imperial Conservative organ describes. That Germany would, together with the other Great Powers, be inclined to make representations to the Khedive was accepted as natural, but the intimation that she would, if joint action could not be arranged, proceed at Cairo independently, has caused great astonishment. The members of the Reichstag are taken by surprise as much as the outside public, for hitherto Prince Bismarck has never cared to interfere in any quarrel for the sake of financiers, and the high interest paid by Egypt in consequence of the notorious risk of the loans makes this case one in which activity on the part of the Chancellor was less than ever to be expected. The pathetic assurance of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine* that "the times when German interests abroad were liable to be injured without any chance of redress are now over" is almost comical when applied to the few Prussian stock-jobbers who have speculated in Egyptian loans. But there can be no doubt that these arguments are only intended to conceal the real reasons of the German intervention, and to deprive it of any international importance. It is pointed out above that Prince Bismarck's object is not so much to assist the few German creditors of Egypt (if there be any, which some persons take leave to doubt) as to support M. Waddington's policy in the East. We are informed that the German Chancellor had a long conference with Lord Odo Russell on Monday last. After having addressed a joint note with France to the Khedive, England has notoriously expressed her unwillingness to do anything more, and there was some danger that France would be left alone to be the champion of the European speculators. But Germany has a special interest to help M. Waddington to a diplomatic triumph, so as to strengthen his position in the Assembly. And, besides, Prince Bismarck is anxious to get all his neighbours entangled in the meshes of Eastern Politics. He has succeeded in compromising and weakening Austria through the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; he is now attempting to perform the same kind office for France. The results of such a policy would be that neither France nor Austria could

for many years do anything against Germany, even by a combination of forces. This explanation of the Prince's objects is much more likely to be true than the official one.

As far as the political future of Germany is concerned, the mere fact that the new Protectionist tariff has passed a second reading is comparatively unimportant. The real significance of this event lies in the circumstance that this movement marks an entire change in Prince Bismarck's policy. By his alliance with Windhorst and the Ultramontanes he has resigned the halo with which the Liberal legend surrounded his head. He is no longer the slayer of the Popish dragon. The Emperor William's celebrated answer to Pius IX. from Gastein has ceased to be a historical document. Prince Bismarck admits that when he began the *Kulturkampf* he made a mistake, and the "National Liberal" Party, who supported him for the last ten years, has virtually ceased to exist.

WELL-INFORMED persons in Vienna do not believe in a satisfaction of Hellenic aspirations, encouraged though they be by France and Germany. Greece is too weak to back its claim up by force. The Cabinet of Athens is therefore constrained to attempt to undermine the Ottoman Power by other means. We hear from a generally trustworthy source that Greek agents are busy fomenting disturbance, striving to create a Bulgaro-Greek insurrection concomitant with the rising in Macedonia. Large means are said to have been placed at their disposal for this purpose by France.

A CURIOUS detail reaches us regarding the interview between M. Lockroy and M. Faustin Hébert. The former confided to his counsel that the Republic had lost a great deal of ground in the provinces during the last three months.

THE French Government and Chamber of Deputies are still engaged in vain and sterile discussions. Between the Blanqui and Cassagnac questions they have already wasted a week without having come to any definite conclusion. The first skirmish took place about Blanqui, when 171 votes agreed with M. Clemenceau that Blanqui should be provisionally set free in order that he might have an opportunity of appearing in the Chamber to defend his election. Of course once set at liberty it would have been morally impossible to put him back in prison. The action of the Bonapartists and Legitimists in voting with the extreme Radicals, in order thereby to discredit the Government, deserves the gravest censure, and is an act of political dishonesty which will be remembered against them for some time. As for M. Paul de Cassagnac, his first passage of arms with M. Goblet in the Chamber threatened to result in a duel had not the seconds of both sides been of a pacific nature. And the ridiculous spectacle would have been offered of an Under-Secretary of State for Justice going out as a duellist, in direct contravention of the laws which he is called upon to enforce.

THE new elections for the Austrian Reichsrath are to take place between the 22nd June and the 10th July. The excitement is general. The prospects of the Liberals, which in Austria means the German element, are not more unsatisfactory than usual, but it is to be regretted that the organisation of that Party is not so disciplined as that of the Slavs and Ultramontanes. There are many splits in the Liberal camp. They hold together, it is true, in several provinces, but as a whole

they pursue different interests. There are among them opponents of the Bosnian occupation and its advocates; there are Oppositionists and Ministerialists *quand même*; Progressists and Moderates, Dualists, Centralists, Advocates of Personal Union, and so on, and each of them pursue their individual aim regardless of the collective interests, to the great delight of the Slavs and Reactionaries. The position of the Government is characterised by the utterances of Herr von Stremayr, the President of the Cabinet; he pointed out that the legislative barrenness of the past session is to be attributed to the disunion among the Liberal Party, and that the Eastern policy of Austria is part of an "historic fate;" that Austria must uphold her Oriental influence at any cost; and, thirdly, that at the present juncture in Austro-Hungary all questions of political liberty or forms of government must sink into insignificance compared with the financial and economic questions which stare every Austrian in the face. This last utterance is, to those who know Austria, a natural one, and in the mouth of a Minister on the eve of an election, it possesses a peculiar significance.

VIENNA CORRESPONDENTS write about great excitement among the Mohammedans owing to the Austro-Turkish Convention. We have reason to believe that these so-called disturbances are secretly fomented by the Austrian Government to precipitate the occupation of the Sandchak of Novi-Bazar, under the pretext of preventing a repetition of the Bosnian campaign.

PRINCE BATTENBERG, or, more correctly, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, has, we are informed, declared at Berlin and Vienna that he will not enter his new principality until the frontier question is settled. Several European Powers have, it is stated, in consequence addressed notes to the Boundary Commission to accelerate their labours.

QUITE a sensation has been caused at St. Petersburg by the disappearance of Count Nicolai Koskool. The missing man is brother to the Russian Minister in Brazil, and is connected with the leading families in St. Petersburg. A few weeks ago he went on a journey to Germany, and the afternoon following his return he left his house with the intention of visiting his solicitor. Nothing has been heard of him since, and all endeavours to trace his whereabouts have proved fruitless. The Count was an extremely wealthy young man, of regular habits; and since the police took possession of his mansion they have found that he had as much as 42,000 roubles in his bureau, showing that money matters could not have caused his disappearance. The supposition is that he has been kidnapped by the Nihilists as a hostage on behalf of the revolutionists condemned to death at Kieff, Koskool being a near connection of General Gourko's. The Nihilists already have one such hostage in their possession—General Wahl, Governor of Kharkoff, who was spirited away the day after he assumed charge of Krapotkin's duties. Recently the Government received a letter from him, saying that his captors were about to hang him as a reprisal for the execution of Dubrovin, and as nothing has been heard of him since, it is imagined that he is dead.

DUBROVIN'S death has had the effect which the Russian Government ought to have anticipated. It has made him a martyr. The clever scribes connected with the revolutionary party have seized upon the event to bring out a popular little work, giving the biography of the hero-

lieutenant, and illustrated with a number of wood-cuts displaying the final scenes in his life. On the earlier part of his career the authors are advisedly concise. It is after his connection with the "emancipators of the people" that the narrative becomes detailed, and in a series of scenes the heroic points of the revolutionist's career are graphically portrayed. In the first of these we find the gay and careless lieutenant of the Wilmanstrand Regiment becoming conscious that eighty millions of people are pillaged and oppressed by a corrupt and brutal bureaucracy. The perusal of the Nihilist pamphlet, "Brothers—What are Ye?" sets a seal upon his conversion, and henceforth his sole desire is to pull down the pillars of autocracy, and to disperse the ill-gotten gains of the governing class among the masses. Inspired with heroic fervour, he travels through the country forming circles, holding midnight meetings, denouncing tyranny, succouring the oppressed, and in other ways acting the part of a secret revolutionary Robin Hood. Then comes the visit of the gendarmes to his house at Stari Roos, his fight single-handed with a dozen gendarmes, his capture after a terrible struggle, his trial at St. Petersburg, and, finally, the wonderful courage he displayed on the scaffold of the Petropavlooski Fortress. It requires no knowledge of the sympathetic and impulsive masses of Russia to appreciate the effect which this Life of Dubrovin (Jizu Dubrovina) will have upon them. The exciting narrative of his tragic career will have greater results, we believe, than even the popular "Story of a French Peasant," or "Whither do ye Go?" or any other of the subversive pamphlets which have been sown broadcast over the land. Hitherto, with the exception of the shooting of Kovalsky at Odessa last year, the Government has nominally been content to punish revolutionists with imprisonment and exile. It is only now when the army has returned from Bulgaria, and the thoughts of commanders like Gourko, Miliutin, or Todleben are suffused with blood, that a more sanguinary era is opening. In a few days time a series of executions is fixed to take place at Kieff, and the adage that the tree of liberty is watered by the blood of martyrs is once more to be brought home to Europe by the beneficent Emperor of Russia.

A FRESH conflict is stated to have occurred between Alexander II. and the Heir Apparent. The Czar having expressed a desire to be accompanied to Berlin by his eldest son, on the occasion of the forthcoming golden wedding of the German Emperor and Empress, the Czarevitch declared that he preferred staying at home. From Livadia, Alexander then conveyed a second invitation to him in the form of an order, given through a General. All the powers of persuasion of this messenger proved, however, of no avail, although he represented to the Grand Duke that his persistence in the refusal might throw the suffering Czar upon the sick-bed. In his excitement the Grand Duke is said to have exclaimed:—"After all, it would be better if the Czar were on the sick-bed, than that Russia should be so!" With this the interview was, of course, at an end.

INFORMATION reaches us from Russia that General Karopatkin, Governor of Kulja, has telegraphed to the Minister of War that the Chinese General, Tso Tsoun Tan, has expressed his intention of invading Kulja on the 1st July if the province is not previously evacuated by the Russians. Should Tso Tsoun Tan carry out his threat, General Abramoff, reputed the best Russian officer in Central Asia, and at present the Governor of

Ferghanah, will be entrusted with the duty of repelling the invasion.

PENDING the appointment of a new Governor-General of Turkestan, the post vacated by General Kaufmann will be temporarily entrusted to General Kolpakovsky, the Governor of the Semirelchinsk District. Nothing definite is known respecting the Czar's intention in regard to the administration of the Russian possessions in Central Asia, and it is believed that no determination will be arrived at until General Kaufmann has had a consultation with his Majesty at Livadia.

WE hear that General Bazilevsky, Governor of Kovna, has tendered his resignation to the Czar on account of his inability to cope with the Nihilist movement, which he affirms is rapidly spreading throughout the whole of Western Russia.

A LETTER received from East Russia states that besides the 12,000 exiles appointed to leave Nijni Novgorod this summer there are 3000 at Kazan and 5000 at Samara, thus making an aggregate of 20,000 individuals. This enormous figure has nothing to do with the 20,000 people arrested at St. Petersburg, or with the crowds of Nihilists in prison in every Russian town. For the Nihilists living on the coast a more summary method is to be adopted of deporting them to Siberia than by the slow and tedious journey in hooded conveyances overland. As we pointed out last week, the cruisers of the Patriotic Fleet have been hired to convey the Nihilists at Odessa from their native home to the desolate island of Saghalien, and we now understand that steamers are to be chartered in the Baltic to transport General Gourko's victims from St. Petersburg to the mouths of the Siberian rivers. A gentleman who has just arrived from St. Petersburg and who has had exceptional facilities of gauging the number of arrests that have taken place assures us that not less than 6000 persons are confined at the present moment within the walls of the Petropavlooski fortress. Of this number it is estimated that fully five-sixths will be banished to Siberia, and most of them will be conveyed by sea to the mouth of the Lena River. It is a notable circumstance which admirers of Alexander II. should bear well in mind, that the enormous influx of exiles into Siberia has only become prominent during his so-called beneficent reign. In 1810 the transportation did not exceed 2000 criminals a year. In 1840, eleven years after the Autocrat Nicholas—who is generally regarded as having been a tyrannical monster—had ascended the throne, the figure was still as low as 5000, although in the meanwhile innumerable secret conspiracies had been suppressed by the Government. In 1856, the year of the coronation of the Emancipator, the total was 8000. Since then it has grown with amazing rapidity until in 1876 the Government announced that the number of exiles that had been sent to Siberia in the course of that year was 23,000. Last year the total was 25,000, and this year it promises to be 50,000. These facts some people may consider as being thrown into the shade by the emancipation of the serfs, but such admirers of Alexander II. will do well to remember that that measure was already prepared in the time of Nicholas, and that if the Autocrat had lived a few years longer, he would no doubt have promulgated the edict himself. The truth of the matter is that instead of Alexander II. being more mild and humane than any of his predecessors, he is quite the reverse, and has all their tyrannical tendencies without the remarkable qualities which endeared

Peter the Great and Catherine the Second to the people.

WE are a highly moral nation, and our public officials are quite above the slightest suspicion, yet occasionally little matters leak out which in any other country would cause society to make ugly remarks about bureaucracy. Lord Chelmsford said he had written a certain letter to the Duke of Cambridge. His Royal Highness swore he had never received it. Judging from what occurred during the Indian Mutiny, we are inclined to believe that neither Lord Chelmsford nor the Duke of Cambridge has been guilty of inaccuracy. We have since heard of two other cases in which there are very suspicious circumstances. In one, which we shall call the Sealing-wax Department, an old public servant of the highest character and services asked for a little favour. To his surprise he was informed that his immediate superior had reported so badly of him that, not only could no favour be granted him, but he might consider his professional career at an end. Utterly dumbfounded, he went straight to the immediate superior, and learnt that so far from the reports being damaging, they were extremely laudatory! In the Circumlocution Department, the head of a branch was anxious to get something done in the interest of the public. Everything hinged on the production of a certain report which he had sent in. The receipt, however, of this document was denied; the writer of it asserted positively that he had sent it in, and still possessed a copy, which he would produce at the next meeting of the Board or Committee. That evening his rooms, which were in the building where the work of the department is transacted, were broken open, his boxes rifled, and the particular document stolen! These stories are almost incredible, but they are true. Possibly it may occur to some that our irresponsible clerks have a little too much power and opportunity of working mischief.

THE 42nd Highlanders are still suffering from the consequences of their little trip to Cyprus. About a month ago they had only eighty-eight rank and file available for duty. It is true that at that time two companies were struck off duty to go through a course of musketry. Still even before those companies began their course the regiment was in a very inefficient condition, there being more men in hospital than "duty" men, the number of the former amounting to about 200.

FROM a correspondent in Afghanistan we have just received a story which we should hesitate to publish did he not vouch for its accuracy in all essentials. It runs to the effect that during the advance of General Biddulph's command to Candahar and Girisk there was such a mortality among the camels that some sixty of their drivers and owners found their occupations gone. The men consequently expressed a desire to return to India, and this was duly reported to the General in command by the Colonel of the regiment to which they were attached. But there being no escort available for sending them to the rear, the General offered them employment as coolies—an employment for which a camel-driver is about as well-fitted as a cabman would be to perform the duties of a dustman. The proposal having been rejected, perhaps contemptuously, the unfortunate men were turned neck and crop out of camp and told to find their way to India as best they could. The "best" in this case would have been full of peril, for the road was known to be infested with bloodthirsty marauders. How-

ever, the camel-drivers would certainly have had to make the attempt, but for the kindness of a political officer who on his own responsibility told off thirty armed Beloochees to escort them to Pisheen. If this account be true it is not very surprising that the Indian Government should generally experience considerable difficulty in securing transport for military purposes.

ORIENTAL pilgrims have a far easier time of it than was the case before Western enterprise introduced railways and steamers into the East. Our Lahore correspondent estimates that the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway alone conveyed a quarter of a million of natives to the late Hirdwar Fair. No doubt the southern and western lines must have brought a very much larger number, as they run through those parts of the peninsula where Hindooism is the predominant faith. Our correspondent calculates that fully a million of pilgrims, young and old, must have used the railways, more or less, on this occasion, and he affirms that the terrible overcrowding and consequent outbreak of cholera at Hirdwar were due, in no slight measure, to the improved facilities for reaching the holy spot. Dreading lest similar consequences should ensue at the great Chiragan Mela, held near Lahore, the local government proclaimed by beat of tom-tom that the fair would not be held this year owing to the prevalence of cholera. It is becoming evident that the authorities throughout Hindostan will soon have to adopt more efficient sanitary precautions at all the great gatherings of pilgrims.

A VERY finicking, fussy Colonel once said in defence of red-tape that it meant order, method, and regularity. There was some truth in the observation, but a virtue may be carried to such excess as to become a vice. Such is the case at Gibraltar at the present moment. Up to this year every summer the officers and men have always worn a loose red serge jacket on all occasions when the tunic would have been worn at home. This was but a common-sense proceeding, for, as everyone knows, the Rock is sweltering hot in summer. Indeed Lord Napier remarked that he felt the heat at "Gib" last summer more than he ever did in India. In the winter, however, a red-tape and regulation General went out to command the infantry brigade, and his military soul was sore distressed at finding the officers suitably clothed, though no regulations sanctioned the common-sense practice. He therefore referred the matter to England, and of course was informed that comfort and health were to be sacrificed to conformity and the letter of the law. Hence this summer, though the men have got red serge frocks, the officers have been ordered to wear the tunics whenever they would wear them at home. A subaltern's turn for guard comes round every five days, so the tunic is pretty frequently worn. The subalterns of the three Highland regiments especially are sufferers, for in addition to the buttoned-up tunic they have to wear not only a thick sash and heavy cross-belt, but also a heavy, hot plaid. If therefore our Gaelic heroes are denied the opportunity of bleeding, they have constant chances of perspiring for their country.

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THE EXAMINER.

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."—SWIFT

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

THE CHANGES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" has obtained a hearing from the Government, and what ought to have been done two months ago has at last been tardily put into execution. Seldom has public opinion in England, as represented by the above-mentioned chatter, been more unanimous than during the past few weeks, and the disapproval of Sir Bartle Frere's policy, as explained by him in his own despatches, produced a singular harmony of opinion between Liberal and Conservative journals. That these journals were really expressing the views of an overwhelming majority of thoughtful Englishmen there can be no doubt whatever. The House of Commons, it is true, did not go so far as to censure the Government for not having recalled Sir Bartle Frere and superseded Lord Chelmsford. But then Ministers had censured Sir Bartle severely, and thus preserved intact the ranks of their supporters *quand même*, while poor Lord Chelmsford had written himself down as incapable of coping with the formidable task on which he had entered, in such unmistakable words that his opponents were disarmed for very pity. Many weeks ago we pointed out that the loyalty displayed by the Government towards men who had forfeited the confidence of the country was in this case an exaggeration of a sentiment all consider honourable, and showed that the magnitude of the interests at stake was such that private feelings, however sacred, must give way to public duty. Government, however, determined to give Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford one chance more. The former has, by his acts and by the despatches sent home since March 22nd, shown distinctly that he was not inclined to carry out the instructions from home. The visions of a great united Southern Africa, to extend from the sea to the Zambesi; of governments, provinces, and districts; of the British flag waving from the pinnacles of the apocryphal Mountains of the Moon, and ships in the harbour of Zanzibar and in Table Bay, had evidently taken too firm a hold of his imagination. The dream was too beautiful to be so easily abandoned. To rank with Hastings and Clive as the founder of a new Empire, to extend the blessings of Christianity and inferior rum over thousands of square miles where both are unknown, was an idea of which the imposing grandeur might well tempt even so eminent a man as Sir Bartle Frere. To allow these poetic and imaginative notions to be nipped in the bud by an unsympathetic Colonial Secretary, to be cruelly blighted by an un-Christian Cabinet, was clearly impossible. Sir Bartle Frere therefore argued, and, it must be confessed, argued better than might have been expected. But his impetuous logic has fortunately been of no avail, and he will now have to find in the comparatively limited sphere of Cape Colony itself space for those lofty aspirations which a narrow-minded Ministry and a parochial Parliament refused to satisfy. Whether he will succeed better in this smaller field than he did in the larger is indeed doubtful. It appears to us not improbable that, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the Government has sent him to Cape Town without any nominal alteration of his authority in order to "let Sir Bartle down easy," and it would hardly be a matter of surprise if the High

Commissioner does not now spend more time in South Africa than is absolutely necessary.

Although much has been said of him who has in fact, though possibly not formally, superseded Sir Bartle Frere, and though Sir Garnet Wolseley's career has been dwelt on by all our contemporaries with that verbose complacency which so frequently greets the rising sun, the chief advantage possessed by our new High Commissioner, and probably the one which most influenced the Government's choice, has not been spoken of, except incidentally. We allude to the fact that Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out early in 1875 to reorganise affairs in Natal, which had been seriously disturbed by Sir Benjamin Pine's and Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone's injudicious proceedings against Langalibalele. Lord Carnarvon's appointment turned out singularly successful. Sir Garnet did what he had to do very well. A number of the minor unjust sentences passed on individuals of the Amalubi tribe were cancelled; the innocent Putilis, who had been expelled from their territory, were reinstated and compensated, and the code of native law was remodelled. The beneficial effects of his administration and the excellent results of his incessant activity were soon apparent, and the only misfortune was that he left Natal so soon. But short as was the period during which he governed the Colony, colonists and natives alike well remember his wise rule, and will greet his return with the liveliest satisfaction. Sir Garnet goes out to Natal with a full knowledge of the difficulties with which he has to contend and of the country in which they have to be overcome; he knows that his pacific mission will meet with the greatest opposition on the part of the very men whose duty it is to second his views; but it is not likely that the energy and abilities which carried him successfully through the Ashantee campaign, and the administrative intelligence which characterised his former government in South Africa, will now desert him. We have every reason to expect that Sir Garnet Wolseley will speedily bring a terrible war to a conclusion, and will, while zealously careful of British honour, yet succeed in concluding a humane and permanent peace.

FRANCE.

ALTHOUGH M. Paul de Cassagnac's violence in the Chambers on Saturday last was scarcely calculated to raise the opinion entertained by impartial spectators of the moderation or good sense of the Bonapartists, it would, we think, be a mistake to suppose that their cause has been seriously injured by the scene their champion brought on. Similar occurrences have not been unusual in the French Chambers, and if they were possible under the calm presidentship of M. Grévy, their recurrence has become probable now that an impetuous politician, himself the chief orator in many stormy discussions, occupies the chair. To argue that this particular incident is one likely to affect the political future of France, proves a singular ignorance, not only of the state of parties, but of the French character and public opinion. The latter has, with a rapidity hitherto unexampled, modified its judgments on most of the men who have been concerned in the great events of the last ten years, and there is no reason to suppose that the views held at this moment by a majority of the Press, and alleged to be those of the majority of the people, will be more permanent. After the intense explosion of hatred of Napoleon III. and all things Imperial, which was a natural

result of the disasters of the war with Germany, followed a still greater burst of horror at the crimes of the Commune. Trochu and Jules Favre were the short-lived heroes of the first siege of Paris; MacMahon and Thiers of the second. All France applauded when the very men who are now being joyfully brought back from New Caledonia, fettered and made much of, were condemned before a series of military tribunals whose judgments, however just, were sweeping and severe. Gambetta himself was probably only saved from incurring the obloquy heaped on men who, politically, had hardly gone further than he had, by his unremitting and courageous, though unsuccessful exertions for the relief of Paris and the expulsion of the strangers. He remained in opposition, popular among Radicals, but a terror to that enormous but cowardly "party of order," whose weakness and readiness to accept any Government thrust upon them has always been the curse of France. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate how for three years Thiers was considered the saviour of France, and how the great majority bowed down and worshipped the vigorous, patriotic, and astute, but obstinate little veteran. It will be sufficient, too, merely to remind our readers how it was suddenly discovered that Thiers was not France's saviour, or, if he was, that he had done his work and might go. A fresh saviour was invented: the General who, however plucky as a commander, had been signally out-manceuvred and outwitted by the Germans, having redeemed his character by the second capture of Paris, was discovered to be the real man for the Presidential chair, and was called in to save France once more. He "saved" his country well for another short period, during which the disillusionising process went on as usual. The majority discovered what a few intelligent persons had known for years, that the Marshal was only a brave *sabreur*, but was lamentably deficient in political intelligence, and so painfully weak that he was liable to be led into all sorts of blunders by any group of unscrupulous men able to overwhelm his very poor reasoning powers with proofs of imminent sedition and ruin. The Marshal disappeared to make room for a real Republican Government. This time there was to be no mistake about it. Clad in all the austere virtues of ancient Rome, President Grévy occupied the Presidential chair amid the acclamations of the multitude, and, to the astonishment of everyone, Gambetta, the impetuous partisan and violent orator, who had himself been called to order more frequently than any other member of the Chambers, whose speech at Romans had quite recently almost set France once more in a blaze, was called on to keep in order an assembly than which a more turbulent one has hardly ever existed.

But it now appears that the era of happiness under a real Republic has not yet arrived, and that the process of knocking down idols so recently set up is going on faster than ever. There can, we think, be no doubt that, whatever be the virtues of the Ministry over which M. Waddington presides, it is sadly wanting in back-bone. It is, like all the rest of the present arrangements, of a purely opportunist nature. It lives by the goodwill of the Left, and has hitherto scrambled along somehow on sufferance. Its measures remind us, in some respects, of Sir Bartle Frere's policy in South Africa. They are planned by a bold and vigorous head, but put into execution by weak and vacillating hands. M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill has been designated by more than one of our contemporaries as a gross attempt to interfere with the liberties of the individual, as an illiberal and retrograde measure. To make such accusations against it proves that the writer is entirely ignorant of the circumstances which called it into

existence. They are the aggressive tendencies of the Catholic priesthood, which, since 1871, were singularly fostered by the personal views and overwhelming influence of Pius IX. The new Bill excludes certain religious corporations from an influence on the education of youth which they have for the last seven years grossly misused. It is not a measure of repression, but one of just defence against aggression. On the mere grounds of equity and justice, there can be no doubt that no more salutary step could be taken. But, notwithstanding its justice and even necessity, no greater blunder could well have been committed than to introduce the Bill just now. It is a measure which only a strong Government could pass, and therefore one likely to wreck a Government so exceptionally weak as that now holding office. It is ill-timed, for it would have been fair and comparatively easy to attempt some direct arrangement with Pope Leo XIII., whose comparatively liberal views are already well known, instead of quarrelling, in pure gaiety of the heart, with the whole power of the Church. In fact, although no crime, M. Jules Ferry's Bill is a great blunder. And, in comparison to such a blunder as this, the violence of a notoriously intemperate partisan like M. de Cassagnac sinks into insignificance.

Hardly less mischievous in its effects is the prosecution of the *Pays* on which the Government has resolved. In the excitement created by M. de Cassagnac's conduct, people are apt to forget that its original cause is the prosecution of his newspaper for attacks on the Ministry. Probably nothing could have been devised by the most inveterate enemies of Republicanism more damaging to the Republic than Press prosecutions for political articles. However infamous the attacks, however justifiable (in law) the actions, such proceedings remind everyone too forcibly of the Imperialist régime. Napoleon III. raised a number of wretched scribblers to the rank of martyrs; M. Waddington's Cabinet appears anxious to follow in the same path, and to convert a rowdy duellist into a statesman. And even those who cannot for a moment sympathise with M. de Cassagnac, and totally repudiate the sentiments expressed in the inculpatory article, will join in condemning the repressive measures instituted by a Republican Government against one offender, while hundreds of others, whose crimes are of infinitely greater magnitude, are being brought back from exile, and welcomed as martyrs in a just cause. The Republic is, in fact, doing exactly what the Empire did. The Empire imprisoned and fined Republicans, while Bonapartists were called back from Leicester Square, from Geneva, and from America, to be covered with honours. The Republic is prosecuting Imperialists, while Communards are brought back from New Caledonia (and also Leicester Square) to have the Legion of Honour and pensions bestowed upon them.

It may well be doubted whether there is in all this any promise for the future, any sign of political quiet and permanent progress. We fear not. Political prophecies are always dangerous; they are more dangerous for France than for any other country. We cannot venture, therefore, to predict absolutely what will be the course of events during the next twelvemonth; but it is safe to declare even now that if President Grévy and the Moderate Republic collapse—which appears but too probable—they will fall, not through the attacks of their enemies, but through the blunders of their own Ministers, and will be succeeded by an Extreme Government, which may, though we hope it will not, deprive those who believe in a real Republic of all hopes of seeing their aspirations realised.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

THE treaty of peace is at last definitely concluded with Yakoob Khan, the terms being identically those which we published three weeks ago. Article III.—which stipulates “that the foreign affairs of the Ameer shall be conducted under British advice, and that the Ameer shall be supported by the British Government against foreign aggression”—is perhaps the most important clause of the whole; for although Yakoob Khan will be nominally an independent monarch, with a British resident at Cabul connected with Simla and Calcutta by telegraph, “British advice” may be read as British orders. There is, as will be seen, nothing in the treaty which in any way binds us to support Yakoob Khan against internal revolts; we only guarantee him against foreign aggression. But it is generally understood that he will be firmly established on his throne; for were it otherwise, as we have already pointed out, the treaty might at any moment become waste paper. All the territory in our possession will be restored, excepting the Khurum, Pisheen, and Sibi valleys; and with these in our hands we hold Cabul and Candahar at our mercy. The Khyber and Michni Passes will henceforth be under our control, so far as it is possible to administer the lawless tribes, and we bind ourselves to pay the Ameer an annual subsidy of £60,000. To those unacquainted with Oriental policy it would seem strange that the victor should pay money to the vanquished, but in the East the reason will be well understood; and, although there are arguments on both sides, it is a subject on which persons in India are quite capable of forming a proper opinion. It is perhaps to be regretted that we have not secured a strong position in Herat, for the first signs of trouble are generally begotten in that district. True, we have power to march our troops from north to south and from east to west, besides being able, in times or on matters of emergency, to send residents to any part of the country. Still, we cannot help feeling that if we are to have trouble, Herat will be the locality that will require the most careful watching. On the whole the treaty may be considered as a satisfactory and at the same time a lenient one, and if Yakoob Khan performs his part loyally, we have every reason for congratulation.

The announcement that Sir Garnet Wolseley was about to proceed to the seat of war in South Africa to assume the chief command both civil and military will have been received with a general feeling of satisfaction and, notwithstanding Colonel Stanley's playful badinage on the luck and good fortune her Majesty's Government had experienced in finding *quite by chance* the gallant General in England, without any great surprise. It is useless to deny or endeavour to hide the fact that both Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford have been superseded. Nor do we see any reason why the Government should be so tender-hearted on the subject. Both are public servants who have hitherto failed to carry out what is required of them; and it is but natural that some one should be sent who is believed to be more fitted for the task. Indeed it is almost a pity that the “deposition” has not been more complete and the lines more clearly laid down. For whatever there may be written in Sir G. Wolseley's instructions, at present there seems a strange jumble of High Commissioners and Generals. The military point is soon settled; but when besides two Lieutenant-Governors and other officials there are two High Commissioners in the field, civil affairs are apt to get somewhat “mixed.” Certainly Sir G. Wolseley will have

an exceptional and perhaps somewhat unfair chance of distinction. He will arrive in South Africa with all the shortcomings and blunders of his predecessors as a warning and guide to him, besides finding an army which has learnt in the bitter field of experience how to avoid mistakes. Truly his is a lucky star; and we sincerely hope that before the new Commander-in-Chief reaches the Cape, Lord Chelmsford will have retrieved his laurels and gained such advantages as may render Sir G. Wolseley's presence almost unnecessary. Any day may bring us news of the greatest importance, as by this time offensive measures have again commenced. Never hardly in the annals of Parliament has more nonsense been talked than on the subject of the Zulu War, and the appointment of the new command gave opportunity for a further display of eloquence. The Government were hard pressed to define Sir Garnet Wolseley's position, and, however inconvenient was the pressure, they certainly brought it on themselves, for nothing seems to be accomplished without an absurd amount of secrecy, culminating in a surprise almost equal to a pantomimic trick. Of course the Irish contingent have been busy, and have managed somehow to find an Irish grievance in the centre of the Transvaal; but perhaps the most dangerous and perplexing position is the one in which Mr. Parnell intends to place the Ministry, by “using every form in order to stop supplies until the terms of peace with Cetewayo shall be disclosed.” We commend to his notice the fable of the frog and the bull. Sir Garnet left by the *Edinburgh Castle*, and will be joined by Colonel Colley (his Chief of the Staff) in Natal; the rest of his Staff accompanied him. Whatever his other faults may be, Sir Bartle Frere is one of those men who make their duty hold the chief place, and although he may feel sorely hurt at being suspended, he is the last man to let private feelings interfere with his public vocations. It is well that this should be so, for it is uncertain how the Boers may look on the change; and unless there is cordial co-operation between the various cooks employed to make soup out of Sir Bartle Frere's “hot water,” the proverb will come true, and the broth will be spoilt.

WAR AGAINST WOMEN.

WHEN women actively and enthusiastically take part in a revolutionary or national movement, even to the extent of sacrificing their lives, it is always a sign of a people's feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of tension. So great a strain upon the more delicate nature of the fairer sex cannot be borne very long. It is, therefore, at a time of extreme crisis that the unusual event occurs. Russia, at this moment, is passing through such a crisis. Week after week we hear of women, often ladies of high rank, being arrested on a charge of conspiracy or of attempts against the life of the tools of tyranny, as well as of sentences of imprisonment, aye, of death, being passed upon them by the Czar's tribunals.

Some of the most notable occurrences of this kind took place a few days ago, in the State trials at Kieff. A daughter of an Imperial councillor, Miss Nathalie Armfeldt; another lady who ranks as a noble, Miss Mary Kovalevski; and Miss Katharina Sarandovitch, the daughter of a *tchinovnik*, or official, were condemned to hard labour, as accomplices of a revolutionary conspiracy, for fourteen years and ten months. Again, Miss Mary Politzinoy, the daughter of a retired staff officer, was condemned to four years of hard labour for not having informed the police of what she knew of the doings of

the incriminated men. Before these severe sentences were delivered, two of the accused men—one of them a German, the other a Russian subject—had been sentenced, in the same sitting, to be shot. It is reported that the conduct of the accused, men and women, was all through the trial characterised by the utmost firmness. None of them acknowledged that they had committed anything which could be considered a crime. Nor did they offer a word in palliation of their acts, when called upon to do so before the judges withdrew to consider their verdict. On hearing the penalty of death pronounced against Brandtner and Antonoff, Miss Sarandovitch, however, fainted, and Miss Armfeldt fell moaning to the ground. When we remember the infamous cruelties practised in Russian dungeons upon political prisoners—cruelties the existence of which was proved not long since during the memorable trial of Vjera Sassulitch—we can well understand that a woman's strength should be overcome at the prospect of sufferings before which men have not seldom quailed.

In the present case there was even further cause for these women to feel somewhat unnerved. On a previous day another lady of rank, Miss Sophia Leschern von Herzfeld, whose name indicates German descent, had been sentenced to be shot; and in all probability Miss Sarandovitch and Miss Armfeldt expected, on hearing the sentence of death against Antonoff, that theirs would be the same fate. But the judges were in a merciful mood; hence the condemnation to fourteen years and ten months' hard labour—only! Such is the barbarous cruelty which Alexander the Benevolent has to use against ladies of high culture, and belonging to the upper strata of society, for the sake of maintaining his intolerable despotism. The rottenness of the whole Russian State structure could not show itself more strikingly.

This war against women is nothing new under the government of the present magnanimous Czar. The persecution under which Vjera Sassulitch suffered is one of the most terrible cases in point—unmatched, we believe, in the history of the most relentless despots of the world. As a school-girl of seventeen she had known the sister of a student who afterwards became a political exile; she was—for no other reason than having taken care of a few letters addressed to him—thrown into a Bastille and kept a prisoner for two years. There was nothing to incriminate her. No attempt was made to prefer any charge against her. For a mere unfounded suspicion she had to pass one year of misery in the Litowski Prison, another in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. At last she thought she was forgotten and might have to pass her whole life in a dungeon until the end of all troubles would come by death. Suddenly released after two years, she had scarcely returned to her broken-hearted mother when she was re-arrested and transported by gendarmes to a distant province by way of banishment. No change of dress, not even a mantle was she permitted to take with her. Had not some compassionate soul given her a fur on her weary way, she might have perished from cold on the road. During nine more years she was then driven, "moved on," from place to place in distant provinces; the only variation in this "infernal circle" of involuntary wanderings being an occasional re-imprisonment. The poor girl's mind was thus wrought to phrenzy. Between all these sufferings of her own she heard of Trepoff's treatment of political prisoners, whom the arch-villain had knouted, whilst, with a refinement of cruelty, he enacted a pantomimic use of the instruments of torture before the female section of prisoners, as if an indiscriminate castigation of all the inmates of the dungeon were intended.

The conclusion of the drama is in everybody's recollection. Trepoff fell severely wounded from a pistol-shot of Vjera Sassulitch; but twelve men good and true—almost all, without exception, titled men, aulic councillors, and the like—gave a verdict of "not guilty." For a moment, the liberated heroine was borne in triumph through the masses at St. Petersburg, then deposited in a coach so as to allow her to recover as quickly as possible, in domestic quiet, from the sufferings she had for so many years gone through. The day after she had disappeared—nobody knew whither. A secret order of the police has since been discovered, ordering her re-arrest. The judicial forms of trial were afterwards changed by an Imperial ukase. Finally, trial by jury was entirely done away with for cases like those of Vjera Sassulitch, until the last possible stage in official terrorism has now been reached—namely, the establishment of courts-martial for women, to pass sentences of death on them.

A Liberal contemporary which in the Eastern Question has taken the part of the Russian Government, declares that "the feelings of modern politicians are hardly accustomed to the infliction of martial law on ladies," and that public opinion in Russia will scarcely be reconciled by a course of action which is nothing but sheer intimidation. It also remarks that Sophia Leschern von Herzfeld "seems to have been a wild woman, whom nothing would frighten;" that "ladies like her are not daunted by the prospect of martyrdom—quite the reverse;" and that "any measure that would prevent women from staining their hands with blood would be, so far, beneficial," but "that the chance of being shot will not give pause to ladies of this cast of character." There is a great deal of truth in these remarks, which may be readily acknowledged, even though the phraseology of our contemporary appears to verge, here and there, upon the unjust. The public bearing of advanced women in Russia, even when they keep within the limits of what is there called law, is certainly sometimes marked by an eccentricity which must strike the most unprejudiced observer unfavourably. Unpractical extremes are easily engendered by a brutish oppression which leaves no scope for sensible reform. Women, being pre-eminently a highly impressionable sex, readily allow themselves, when thrown from their accustomed lines, to be carried over into the very dreamland of impossibilities and into the most eccentric practices. Among Russian men themselves, utopian views are often the only solace wherewith they can bear up against the present tyranny. Yet, the only measures that could stay this development of the more visionary tendency in human nature are systematically withheld by Autocracy which will not permit the slightest display of popular sentiments within the lawful domain of representative government. But then Nature takes its revenge, and the closing of all safety-valves ever and anon occasions the inevitable outburst. Thus the internal war goes on, until one day the catastrophe comes, which will overwhelm a hateful tyranny, but also bury in its ruins many a luckless, innocent victim together with the most perversely guilty.

IS CANADA LOYAL?

THE political pulse of Canada has invariably been difficult to divine, even in its abnormal manifestations. Its susceptibility is extraordinary. A phrase uttered in the Imperial Parliament, or a sentence printed in the *Times*, is quite sufficient to produce alternations of a more or less advanced type. Canada likes to be petted,

to look for support from the mother-country, and to have specific guarantees of good wishes in shapes more practical than sentimental. When all goes well, there will be a sufficient expression of lip-loyalty calculated to deceive the credulous. When all goes ill, then the public mind will explode and give spontaneous vent to its pent-up and suppressed emotions.

Canada has not proved the easiest of colonies to govern. Political "dead-locks" were of such constant occurrence that at one period a strong disposition was evinced for annexation to the United States. The fact is, the political machinery would not work. The old Union between Upper and Lower Canada led to constant contentions, from which emanated bitter animosities, jealousies, and heart-burnings. At length a formidable crisis came, when it was found that even a Coalition Cabinet could not carry on the work of the Province. In 1864 the initiative was taken by the Provincial Parliament, when a secret committee was appointed to inquire into the political condition of the country, and, if possible, devise a remedy. The subsequent proceedings have never been disclosed. Meanwhile, the two great political parties, or factions, made a desperate effort to create order out of chaos. They sank for the nonce their characteristic political and religious antagonisms, and essayed to content the colonists and set the Governmental machinery going by bringing about a federal union of the whole of British America.

The next move was the appointment of Delegates by the several Governments of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the other Provinces refusing their co-operation. These Delegates duly assembled in the Parliament House, Quebec, in order to agree upon a basis of action. The representatives of the principal newspapers—one being the Special Correspondent of a leading metropolitan journal—were refused permission to attend the proceedings of the Conference on the alleged grounds "that it is inexpedient, at the present stage of their proceedings, to furnish information which must of necessity be incomplete; and that they are of opinion that no communication can properly be made to the public until they are enabled definitely to report the issue of their deliberations to the Governments of the several Provinces." Such was the tenor of the official document addressed to the Press representatives by the Executive Secretary of the Conference. It is clear that the members of the Conference were apprehensive of public opinion until certain efforts had been made to conciliate it. The masses of the Canadian population had not then the remotest idea of what the Confederation Scheme meant. Accordingly, one of the Government officials was appointed to "tune" the Press, with the two-fold view of allaying public excitement and inducing acquiescence in the new movement. A species of bribery was resorted to, which, in our estimation, nothing could justify. Circulars were addressed by the Provincial Secretary to all the influential newspapers of the Province, urging that Confederation should be recommended to the people, and offering as a reward the promise of the Government advertisements. As editors did not respond to the extent anticipated, these circulars were repeated, with no very gratifying result, in the first instance. Indeed, with the exception of the *Toronto Globe*—the property of Mr. Brown, then a member of the Cabinet—and a few other journals, newspapers shrank from discussing a political policy which many regarded as a leap in the dark, if not positively suicidal. Finally, after some opposition, the Scheme was carried through, and eventually ratified by Imperial authority, when Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united under the title of the

Dominion of Canada. Strange to say, some of the most strenuous advocates of the measure subsequently condemned it as impolitic and disastrous; while in Nova Scotia popular excitement grew so great as to approach revolutionary violence.

Just as a new political existence had been proposed for Canada, the country was in a lamentable condition. There was scarcely a township that had not borrowed heavily on the credit of the Province. Some of these were largely indebted; others, in a dastardly manner, repudiated their obligations. The Province itself could scarcely pay its way. Political party was set against political party. Religious rancour raged vehemently. Loyalty and attachment to the mother-country—sentiments never remarkably strong or extensive—were very low. The people grew weary of incompetent statesmen and of political "dead-locks." Not only so, but an unmistakable disposition was manifested for an alliance with the neighbouring Republic. How far the working of Confederation has changed the ordinary tone of thought it is difficult absolutely to pronounce. But politicians and others who profess to see below the mere surface of things do not take a particularly pleasant view of affairs. Neither do they form a sanguine forecast of the future. Confederation was coldly accepted as a *dernier ressort*. Had anything better been offered, the political alliance of the Provinces would undoubtedly have been rejected. We greatly doubt whether Confederation has restored harmonious government, done away with political intriguers and factious partisans, or induced a strong sentiment of loyalty to the British Throne. At the very time the Quebec Board of Trade were giving a banquet in honour of the Delegates, the President was asked this pithy question:—"As a leading French Canadian, what is the bent of the intelligent minds of your countrymen? Would they prefer continuing under British rule, or becoming absorbed into the United States?" The response is suggestive:—"That would depend upon what the United States would offer us!"

Unfortunately, the ills to which Canada seemed heir have not passed away under the operation of the new remedy. When the aid of the British nation was needed in order to obtain grants of money or loans a mock cry of loyalty, as delusive as it was evanescent, was raised. When individual ambition had to be gratified, coveted dignities to be obtained, vested interests to be advanced, there was no difficulty in making hollow professions, or exaggerating, if not misrepresenting, the real condition of public sentiment. We apprehend that a change of political system has not removed the old evils. Party feeling is as rampant as ever. Religious jealousies and enmities have not died out. Neither has ministerial corruption ceased to create mistrust.

To speak of such a mixed population as that of the Dominion of Canada, now consisting of seven Provinces, as being loyal, is simply a delusion. Loyalty is defined as fidelity, or firm and faithful devotion to a sovereign; while a loyalist is represented to be one who religiously professes and observes an inviolate adherence to a monarch. Why, the Canadian population of French descent numbers about one million and eighty-three thousand; the Irish population eight hundred and fifty thousand; natives of the United States number sixty-five thousand, to say nothing of Swiss, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, Greeks, Mexicans, Indians, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and even Chinese and Japanese. How can the people of such nationalities be expected to form an attachment to the British Throne, or even the British nation? The Irish, it is well known, are hostile to Eng-

land, and sympathised with the Fenian movement when a raid was made upon Canada. Not only so, but they had formed rebel organisations among themselves, and, no doubt, would have aided the invaders had their project been successful. Even Lord Dufferin, during his tour of the Dominion in 1874, seven years subsequent to the passing of the Act for the Union of Canada, spoke thus guardedly of the political feeling of the Colonists:—"Everywhere," remarked the late Governor-General, "I have learnt that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects, and with the prospects of their country; satisfied with their government and the institutions under which they prosper; satisfied to be subjects of the Queen; satisfied to be members of the British Empire." Further, his lordship referred to the sentiments of Canada towards Great Britain as being "more friendly" now than in past times when the political intercourse of the two countries was disturbed and complicated by an excessive and untoward tutelage. A notable difference, however, exists between a loyal people and a people merely "satisfied" with, and "more friendly" to, the ruling power.

Nor has the action of the Home Government served to stimulate or revive a drooping loyalty. When the Confederation policy became ratified, the colonists had not the remotest idea that the main body of the British Army stationed in the Dominion would have been suddenly withdrawn, or that the country would practically be cast aloof and left to her own resources. Canadian statesmen, no less than merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and traders, became disappointed and chagrined. Consequently their feelings towards the mother-country are not of the warmest or most desirable character. The owners of fixed property are dispirited, while Capital, which steadily gravitates towards the United States, avoids seeking investment in a country whose destiny is dubious. It would appear as though the pocket-nerve was the most susceptible part of Canadian political organisation. And doubtless to many persons the continuation of British connection means ruin, and a change of allegiance prosperity. Under such conditions loyalty cannot be said to flourish.

KANDAHAR, AND ITS USES.

IN a pamphlet of some thirty pages, Mr. Demetrius Boulger discusses the question of our permanent footing in Southern Afghanistan. He asks on his title-page, "Ought we to hold Candahar?"* and the tenor of his reply is an affirmative. Were Public Opinion on these matters a living reality, we think it probable that the majority would be on his side. As it is, Public Opinion is merged in Party considerations, and, right or wrong, the decision rests with Ministers and the higher servants of the Crown. Outside the Houses of Parliament, however, there is no reason why the question raised should not be considered on its true merits, and why a few words should not be said about things which have escaped the notice of the representatives of this great country, or do not come within the lines of debate described for them by their leaders.

If we understand Mr. Boulger rightly—and he does not write obscurely—his main argument for holding the capital of Ahmed Shah is political. The presence of our troops there influences both Russia and Persia; and raises a formidable obstacle to intrigue from any quarter where it is likely to be dangerous to British India. At the present time mischief may be looked for north of

Kabul, where it is hinted that one Jahandir, ex-Mir of Badakhshan, is likely to dispossess the nominee of Shir Ali, a reforming and consequently unpopular Saiyid; and where Abdu-r-Rahman awaits to take advantage of the practical experience and substantial treasure he has gained in Russia to assert his claim to sovereignty over Afghanistan. Herat also presents a clouded aspect; for Aiyub Khan, brother of the Amir Yakub with whom we are treating (but whose capabilities for treating and abiding by treaties may have been over-rated), is possibly little more than an instrument in the hands of Persia, towards which Power "he has always had a tendency to gravitate." Now, according to the writer of the pamphlet, the knowledge that there is a British force at Kandahar, ready to march through Kalat-i-Ghilzai to Kabul on one side, or through Girishk and Farah to Herat on the other, should strengthen Yakub's hands in the event of a movement being set on foot hostile to his sovereign control in either quarter, to the extent of warding off the blow, if struck, or arresting any attempt at aggression at all. It "inspires caution to Persia," and causes her to hesitate in moving troops to the Afghan frontier at this moment.

There is much common-sense in Mr. Boulger's views, and much truth in his estimate of the dangers to be apprehended north and west of Afghanistan. But he fails to show justifying cause for the appropriation, even under the mild form of occupation, of territory and populations not our own, when the war has been ostensibly waged against an individual; and here we discover the one serious objection to claiming Kandahar, or even an advanced frontier, as a *condition* of peace with Yakub or any other Afghan ruler. There is, however, another light in which we are disposed to regard the pending negotiation. If the recognised Amir himself represent that our moral or material aid is requisite to protect him against aggressive pretenders on the side of Persia or Turkistan, or indeed from among his own people, he may well admit, also, that a military occupation of Kandahar offers almost the only solution to the question, How British India can carry his wishes into effect? For him, and for the consolidation of his power in Kabul and Herat, the measure would then become most desirable, and the Amir's own request would justify our action. As for the country itself—whether we refer to development of resources or the welfare of its inhabitants—the introduction of British rule in Kandahar cannot fail to mark an important epoch in progressive civilisation, and its prolongation or permanent establishment would be as beneficial as its withdrawal would be injurious. Language such as this is no mere platform or Party talk; it is rather the outcome of a close study of Oriental politics, and of a conviction which arises from that study.

But how is it that Mr. Boulger, and those who think with him, miss one sound argument for separating Kandahar from the rest of Afghanistan, which is written in bold characters in the local annals and traditions? Divided government is the normal state of that country, which never was a consolidated kingdom before the ambition and energy of one man made it so in 1747; which fell to pieces soon after that one man's death in 1773; and which approached nearest to consolidation again, in after years, through British gold and British moral support, to say nothing of British bayonets. Never, in the ordinary course of events, or in following the genius of its varied and scattered population, has Afghanistan been a solid and united monarchy. Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar are, to all intents and purposes, politically separated, under the authority of historical

* W. H. Allen and Co., Waterloo Place.

precedent. Nor do we see that as much has been said as might have been said, in the pamphlet just issued, on the advantage of a proximity to Central Persia obtained by a British occupation of the last-named city. Our interference has already been actively exercised in the quarter indicated, under the Sixth Article of the Anglo-Persian Treaty of 1857. It would be well to follow up that interference by endeavouring, in the spirit of the same treaty, to bring about an era of peace and prosperity to the whole line of Persian frontier from Herat to the sea, of which the greater part has been defined in late years by British agency.

As regards the future of Herat, the question of its political importance to England must depend on the new position of British India under the terms of the Gundamak Treaty. In any case or contingency, whoever or of whatever Party be the eventual Governor, the establishment of a British Agent in that town would appear to be the first step towards change or consolidation.

PROFESSOR BAIN ON EDUCATION AS A SCIENCE.

THE annual meeting of the Education Society was held on Monday last, when Professor Bain, after being formally inducted into the office of President, delivered a very remarkable address on the Scientific Aspects of Education. The Education Society is itself a very young institution. It has existed for about two years, but very little had been heard of its proceedings till the publication of Professor Bain's recent work on Education roused the members to considerable activity. During the present session meetings have been held nearly every week, and Professor Bain's book has been made the text of the discussions, and has been subjected to the most searching criticism.

It may be doubted whether anything which Professor Bain has yet written on this subject is equal, in point of merit, to the short address which he delivered to the members of this Society on Monday last. The discussions which have already taken place on the President's recent work, and the criticisms of numerous reviewers, were not without effect in showing Professor Bain the weak points in his own book, and no one would be more likely to be grateful for such candid criticism than the author himself. This he showed in his address, the greater part of which was devoted to the consideration of the preliminary question, which is very cursorily treated in his published work, Is a science of Education possible, and, if so, what are its limits and possibilities? We know that there are some people who look with considerable contempt on the efforts of men who are endeavouring to construct a science on which the practical rules of teaching can be based. There are some who go so far as to doubt if any rules worth knowing really exist, and who profess to believe that there is nothing beyond natural aptitude which distinguishes the good from the bad teacher. Others, again, are inclined to exaggerate the importance of training and the use of scientific method in the work of an educator, and are apt to think that as soon as Education is studied as a science the royal road to knowledge will be open to all. That neither of these extreme views is correct must be admitted by all who have thought carefully on the subject. But it is important that the attempt should be made to reconcile, if possible, these conflicting opinions, by clearly indicating the value of the claims of Education to be regarded as a science, and the practical results which may be obtained by so regarding it.

To clear the ground from all misapprehensions, it must be at once conceded that Education can never become a science of the same class as Astronomy, Physics, or Chemistry. The ultimate principles on which it rests are far more complicated, and except in the matter of statistics it does not admit of the application to it of the laws of number, which give to these sciences their special exactitude. But there are many other subjects of a scientific character which may be classed with Education, the principles of which rest on a shifty and a not altogether thoroughly ascertained basis. Such a subject is Political Economy, which some of its exponents would have us consider a deductive science. As Professor Bain well pointed out, there are two kinds of sciences: there are those which may be called theoretical, or knowledge-giving, and there are those which obtain important aid from the theoretical sciences, but which are supported and advanced by accumulated experience and traditional facts. These latter are practical sciences, and into this class Education may aspire to be admitted. The criteria by which the claims of a subject to be regarded as a practical science may be tested are two: *First*, Does it repose on the established truths of theoretic science? *Secondly*, Is it capable of being treated by scientific methods? Now the science of Education is derived primarily from the laws of Psychology; and the methods of analysis, of observation and experiment, and many of the operations subsidiary to induction are the instruments by which the scientific educationist may hope to establish new principles of teaching. The science which Professor Bain seems to think bears the most striking analogy to that of Education is the science of the laws of Health, which he regards as satisfying more completely the criteria of a practical derived science than Therapeutics. Physiology, Chemistry, Physics, and other sciences are the bases from which the laws of Health are derived, and the knowledge of these subjects leads to the establishment of certain practical rules of considerable importance with respect to the management of our own bodies and the prevention of disease. In the same way the study of Psychology, of Logic, of Rhetoric, and other subjects enables the practical educator to build up a scheme of well-determined principles of teaching, the knowledge of which facilitates the work of the instructor and enables him to guard against various errors. Professor Bain pursued this analogy still further by showing that each science has its unsettled and unsolved problems, which continue to engage men's minds; that the question of the use or abuse of alcoholic drinks has its counterpart in the discussion with respect to the beneficial or harmful effects of moderate doses of sensational narrative in the education of the young. One element of difficulty in the way of the advancement of educational science, to which Professor Bain referred with considerable emphasis, is the drag of sectarianism. If Education is ever to become a really practical science, the moral as well as the intellectual training of the young must be considered apart from the prejudice attached to traditional opinions. This view of the scientific aspect of Education is likely to excite considerable opposition; and the time is yet far distant when people will be satisfied to regard individual morality as a mere department of social science. This very suggestion opens up for consideration the important question whether the ordinary sanctions of society are alone capable of producing the highest morality, and of advancing the human race to the realisation of the noblest purposes. We very much fear that the scientific educator may meet with more opposition in the conduct of experiments which

shall have for their object the determination of this vexed question than any against which the most determined vivisector has had to contend. It is quite possible that when Education is formally installed as a science and our schools are turned into laboratories for independent research, the zeal of the teacher may lead to the necessity of State interference to prevent the performance of experiments in Education which, however interesting they may be from a scientific standpoint, may prove of doubtful advantage to the pupils concerned. But to admit this supposition shows that Professor Bain has gone far towards convincing us that a Science of Education is really possible.

THE IRISH "NATIONAL" POET.

ON Wednesday last, the 28th inst., the citizens of Dublin, with that enthusiasm which so distinguishes them in matters considered national, celebrated the centenary of Thomas Moore. The house where the poet was born was illuminated, fervid speeches were delivered by Lord O'Hagan and others, an ode from the pen of Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy was recited in public, a procession marched to the tunes made familiar by "Moore's melodies," and Moore's words were sung with a spirit at once patriotic and bacchanalian. It appeared to be agreed on all hands that Moore was the representative poet of Ireland, and that he occupied the same position in relation to his country as that filled by Burns in relation to Scotland, and Beranger in relation to France. If this be really the case, so much the worse, in our opinion, for Ireland and for Irish literature. Thomas Moore was no doubt what his countrymen would term an "ilgant" poet, and he has written some verses which go brilliantly to music and are well adapted to the atmosphere of drawing-rooms in all parts of the world. He evinced, moreover, in his arrangement of words for the exquisite national melodies a most refined taste and a well-nigh perfect judgment. To have seen him seated at the piano, his white hands rambling over the keys, and his voice warbling forth the best of his own compositions, must have been a treat of no common order; as a refined entertainer, indeed, he seems to have been without a peer. But seen at last in the light of a popular apotheosis, in the rosy and somewhat alcoholic glare of a great nation's enthusiasm, he seems to us as poor a literary figure as may well be conceived. Nearly every line he wrote is pregnant with platitudes and literary affectations; nearly every song he sang is either playfully, or forlornly, or affectedly, genteel; and though he had a musical ear, he was deficient in every lofty grace, every word-compelling power, of the divine poetic gift. Above all, he lacked simplicity—that one unmistakable gift of all great national poets, from Homer downwards. And the cardinal defect of the verse was the true clue to the thoroughly artificial character of the man. Beginning in early life as the friend of young Ireland, as the born companion of Robert Emmett and other martyrs of the hopeless days of the rebellion, he ended as the adored "musical wit" of London drawing-rooms, the pet of London publishers, the "agreeable rattle" of fashionable literary gatherings. Handsome, agreeable, courteous, affable, even dignified, he lived to become the friend and confidant of Byron and most other distinguished men of his age. At the height of his popularity Mr. Murray gave him a princely sum for "Lalla Rookh"—a poem which, as Hazlitt wittily remarked, "he should not have written even for a

thousand pounds." There was a period when a patient public found poetry in his "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," and saw pathos in his episode of "Paradise and the Peri." He was the biographer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of that infinitely greater Lord who died at Missolonghi. Society tittered at his epigrams and politicians delighted in his political satires on behalf of the Whigs. He dressed well, went everywhere, knew everybody, and wherever he went generally sang for his supper; in a word, he was a parvenu and fine gentleman. If we compare this spruce little courtier, with his enthusiasm of gentility and his sham revolutionary sentiment, with the picture of Burns in his exciseman's coat, or that of Beranger in his old, shabby dressing-gown, we may see at a glance the difference between a playful singer of the *salons* and a true poet of the people.

We have granted the merit of Moore's verses and the amusing nature of his personality; but we must protest in the name of justice against his acceptance as the national poet of Ireland. If Irishmen accept him and honour him as such, so much the worse for Irishmen, for his falsehood of poetical touch must respond to something false and unpoetical in their own natures. We have said that a national poet must be simple—Moore was always ornate in the bad sense. We listen to him when he is "patriotic:"—

"Forget not the field where they perished;
The truest—the last of the brave!
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave!"

Or elsewhere when he cries in more ringing cadence:—

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader;
When her Kings, with standards of green unfurled,
Led the Red Cross Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger!"

Compare any of this fustian with "Scots wha hae," or the "Marseillaise," or "Les Gaulois et les Francs;" compare it even, which is more to the point, with Curran's "Wearing of the Green," or Thomas Davis's "Green above the Red." Another characteristic of a truly national poet is what is termed "local colour." Beyond making a tautological parade of the shamrock (the only trefoil he appears to have ever seen) Moore never even attempts to depict the common objects of the landscape of his country. Even when he sings of Arranmore he can only tell us of "breezy cliffs," "flowery mazes," "skiffs that dance along the flood," "daylight's parting wing," and all the stock phenomena of the albums. His "Vale of Avoca" might be situated anywhere between Ireland and Japan; there are a thousand "sweet valleys" where "dark waters meet," but surely an Irish poet might have conveyed by some felicitous touch or image that the waters in question met in the Wicklow Mountains? As in his pictures of nature, so in his renderings of the transports of love. Who that has read Burns's "Highland Mary," or Tannahill's "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," or Beranger's "Lisette," can tolerate the affectations of "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear," or "Lesbia hath a beaming eye?" Again, a national poet should be pathetic. The high-water mark of Moore's pathos is to be found in such lyrics as "She is far from the land," which is the mere twaddle of a keepsake compared with "Ye banks and braes," or "Adieu, charmant pays de France," or (to come back to Ireland again) with Clarence Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," or Banim's "Soggarth Aroon."

Lastly, a national poet should have humour. The humour of Thomas Moore is not even good wholesome "blarney"—it is the merely fluent *persiflage* of a dinner-out.

The question which occurs to us, apropos of the present centenary, is not a merely literary one. Criticism has long ago settled the poetical rank of Thomas Moore, and no amount of local enthusiasm, no association of that delightful melody to which his falsest songs are set, will alter the supreme fiat of the critical world. But we cannot help asking ourselves again whether or not the choice of so shallow and insincere a poet is an indication of shallowness and insincerity in the Irish character itself? We are very unwilling to think so. We would rather believe that the apotheosis of Thomas Moore is the work of an over-zealous minority, and that the great strong heart of the people has no real response for such a singer. A national poet represents his nation, as Burns represents Scotland, as Beranger represents France. We should be sorry to believe that Moore represents Ireland—sorry, we mean, for Ireland's sake. We have heard Irishmen, quite alive to Moore's defects, defend his fame by saying that he is, if not a great poet, at any rate the greatest Ireland has produced. This is a matter of opinion. Judged by the voluminousness of his works, he is perhaps paramount. But do not let us forget that Ireland can boast of such poets as Thomas Davis, John Banim, Gerald Griffin, Callanan, Curran, Samuel Lover, Wolfe, Samuel Ferguson, Edward Walsh, and Clarence Mangan. Where in Moore's tinsel poems shall we find such a piece of wondrous workmanship as Mangan's "Vision of Connaught in the 13th Century," such a heartrending ballad as Banim's "Soggarth Aroon," such a torrent of native strength as Ferguson's "Welshmen of Tirawley," such a bit of rollicking vigour as Lysaght's "Sprig of Shillelah," or such a thrill of simple pathos as Gerald Griffin's "The tie is broke, my Irish girl?" John Banim sleeps unhonoured, Clarence Mangan lies forgotten, Gerald Griffin is best remembered for his masterly piece of prose fiction. Yet these men were truly national poets, every word they wrote had an Irish ring, and their simple and noble efforts in Irish minstrelsy have gone right home to the spirits of the people. We are sorry indeed for Ireland, if, with such men for singers, she can persist in crowning as her laureate the ghost of a parvenu gentleman in tights and pumps, who spent his days and nights among the Whigs in London, whose patriotism was an amusing farce, and who, merely to make himself look interesting, pinned a shamrock to the buttonhole of his dress-coat and warbled cheerful little dirges about the sorrows of the country he had left behind him.

THE SALON.

THE Salon is wont to open simultaneously with the waxen blossoms of the heavy-leaved chestnut in the Champs Elysées. This season the Lottery and the temperature have equally retarded them both; but if the black east wind has somewhat injured the delicate freshness of the one, the art show is of more than usual importance, that of last year having been sacrificed by the public to the overwhelming interest of the International Exhibition. An increase of more than nine hundred numbers swells the list to very nearly six thousand, upwards of three thousand of which are oil-paintings, and has necessitated the opening of several new rooms, and the hanging of three—in some cases four—rows of

pictures. It is long since the central room has been distinguished otherwise than for the size of the works it contains. Chance, regulated by an alphabetic arrangement, has dealt hardly with it on this occasion, and interest drifts away from it right and left. It is pleasant to note a thoroughly impartial distribution of talent, a central position in a panel being the only favour awarded to the most eminent artists.

Bonnat, by reason of his own genius and that of the model he has chosen, deserves first mention. His portrait of Victor Hugo is a wonderful bit of painting, second in nowise to that of M. Thiers—considered his *chef d'œuvre*—and much more attractive, the meditative expression of the one affording a more interesting study of physiognomy than the dapper figure and slightly caustic *bonhomie* of the late President. The poet is seated on a low chair, covered with somewhat faded red velvet, clothed in his ordinary garb of black, loose to the figure, a small portion of linen only visible above the closely-buttoned waistcoat, into which the right hand is thrust up to the knuckles. A small fat hand, plentifully streaked with blue veins, almost as important an item in the likeness as the Olympian brow itself, with its network of hard-earned wrinkles. It is Hugo as he is, not a crow's-foot being omitted; there is the closely-cut, stubbly grey hair, the falling moustache framed by two heavy lines, the round cropt beard, and steadfast eye hardly dimmed by age. The head, inclined slightly, is supported easily and naturally on the left hand, while the elbow rests on a worthy plinth—a brown volume of Homer. Most of the surroundings are brown, sober, and rich in tone, including the blurred background, from which the head hardly stands out in sufficient relief, doubtless owing to the amount of white used in the hair and the bare breadth of the temples.

Next in distinction as a portrait painter stands Carolus Duran, the able manipulator of costly silken tissues, who exhibits a full-length figure of a somewhat mature Countess. The brilliance of the handsome white damask robe, trimmed with sparkling beads and soft falling fringe, is tempered by the rich tones of a long black mantle, edged with fur, exquisitely painted. Less care seems to have been bestowed on the face, perhaps an expressionless one at best, framed in by coils of light brown hair. Her small aristocratic hand flourishes a gold eye-glass, with an artificial, though doubtless a familiar gesture. Little Pierre Bardoux, the son of our late *Ministre des Beaux Arts*, is a pretty child, charmingly delineated by the same artist. His big brown eyes peer from beneath a lock of light hair, and the gravity of his small pouting mouth seems only assumed for the occasion, with his Velasquez collar and tunic of green velvet. As for Carolus Duran himself, he is admirably portrayed by one of his own pupils, M. Sargent, who has hit off the dark gipsy-colouring and posture of the master in his own peculiar style.

The public is wont to complain of the sameness of Henner's compositions, but in this, as in other matters, he imitates certain old masters—Giorgione in particular. His palette seems to contain fewer colours than others'; but with what art he uses them! How round and firm are the limbs of his nymphs; no superabundant indications of the anatomy, the pearly-white of the flesh-lights shaded off by delicate touches of the soft brush to the rich brown shadows without any loss of vigour. There is a poetic charm, also, in his landscapes, in spite of their conventionality. In the "Eglogue," wherein one pastoral nymph is piping to another, the dense black foliage is cut out against a sky of that ethereal blue of which he

alone appears to possess the secret. His "Jésus au Tombeau" is a work full of deep religious sentiment, the exquisite repose and greenish half tints betokening death, while the unmarred beauty of the outlines seems the herald of a speedy resurrection.

One of the *toiles à succès* of the Salon, concerning which opinion is likely to be much divided, is the work of M. Duez, hitherto a groper in the dim bye-ways of the "Impressionistes," and now a student in the pre-Raphaelite school. It is a triptych illustrating three scenes in the life of St. Cuthbert. In the central and principal division the worthy Bishop of Lindisfarn, clothed in full canonicals—green velvet robe, with gold embroidered stole—and armed with his crozier, has just accomplished a miracle; an eagle with a fish in his mouth is flying towards him from the sea. At his feet, uplifting his hands in pious wonderment, is a child, the companion of the wanderer, exquisitely drawn. There is also much dignity and, on close inspection, pathos too in the saint himself, in spite of the ungainly stiffness of his attire. The fresh English landscape, with its verdant meadows, perspectives of a village and orchards, and the distant estuary, are charmingly rendered. The other two compositions show St. Cuthbert in his youth tending his flocks by moonlight, and again as a decrepit old man in his last retreat, leaning on a hoe, and apostrophising the birds of the field who are feeding on the seed he has sown. Both are full of sterling qualities, joined to a certain affectation of simplicity and a slight abuse of black in the shadows and outlines.

Simplicity is certainly not the fault of Doré's huge picture, "La Mort d'Orphée." Grotesque are the attitudes of some of the Mænades, caricatured, as it were, by the gnarled branches of the trees that overhang the rocky glen wherein the Bacchanalian revellers have just immolated their victim. But the composition is broadly imagined, and there is a dreary solemnity about the landscape. In the centre a Fury of heroic stature shakes aloft the head of Orpheus, while a number of female figures are grouped in the background against the rock and on the grass, which is of a most inharmonious hue of brilliant green, to which the artist is extremely partial, placing it alike beneath pine woods and on Alpine slopes.

Jean-Paul Laurens, on the other hand, has painted a most stirring incident in a pacific fashion that robs it of half its interest. Can it be that the author of the "Death of Marceau," "The Interdict," and "The Burial of William the Conqueror" has portrayed corpses so often that he seems unable to imbue his living figures with an appearance of animation? The "Délivrance des Emmurés de Carcassonne" is nevertheless one of the important works of the Salon, and conspicuous for the rich harmonies of its colouring. Four men are busy with crowbars, tearing down the freshly-built masonry, behind which are immured the unfortunate prisoners of the Inquisition. The town Consuls, robed in red velvet, superintend the work, but the central figures are Jean de Picquigny, clothed in yellow, and the monk, Bernard Délicieux, haranguing the multitude of men, women, and children who, in the quaint garb of the fourteenth century, press into the courtyard. A very effective break in the monotonous back-ground of red brick is afforded by a glimpse of turret and tower over a corner of the high wall.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SON'S Patent SOSTENENTE PIANOS
gained the Highest Honours at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, namely, The
Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Gold Medal, and also the Silver Medal.—
18, WIGMORE STREET, London, W.

THE DERBY.

THERE are few racecourses in the kingdom at which such a cynical disregard of the comfort and convenience of the public is displayed by the executive as at Epsom, and though the number of people who go to see the Derby and the Oaks keeps on increasing, the accommodation for enabling them to effect that purpose is no greater than it was twenty years ago. Whatever may be the fate of the Racecourses Licensing Bill now being discussed by the House of Lords, it is not at all probable that in the event of its being carried, its provisions would be limited to the ten miles from Charing Cross which are at present specified as the boundary beyond which magisterial action is not to extend, and if carried beyond that boundary, Epsom, unless matters mend, may not impossibly be included in the condemnation passed upon Bromley and Streatham. It is to be regretted that such an eventuality should be contemplated as even dimly possible, but the sights and sounds which greet one's eyes and ears at Epsom upon a Derby day might well excite the wrath of the most lenient of magistrates; and after all said and done there is no particular reason why the Derby should not be run for at Ascot or Newmarket as well as at Epsom. The managers of the Epsom meeting are most niggardly, too, in their endowment of the prizes, adding the magnificent sum of nothing to the Derby and to the Oaks, and reserving all their pecuniary encouragements for those two-year-old races and handicaps which are the plague-spots of the Turf. It is a very high tribute therefore to the popularity of the Derby itself that, in spite of all these drawbacks, it always attracts great multitudes of people and excites immense interest, and the reason for this doubtless is that the Derby is looked upon as the test race for the three-year-olds.

It is so in most years, no doubt, but we may be permitted to question whether the race run for last Wednesday was not an exception to the rule, and whether, as was the case when Daniel O'Rourke won under very similar circumstances twenty-seven years ago, the leading horses did not owe their position to the mud. There can be no difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of Stockwell and of Daniel O'Rourke; and though no Stockwell was in the field this week, the horses which finished in the rear of Sir Bevys on Wednesday probably comprised two or three which will, when the ground is harder, take their revenge upon him. It is, however, a merit of no mean order for a horse to be able to travel well in the mud, and there are so few stayers on the Turf at the present time that the accession to their ranks of this colt is a matter for much congratulation. In other respects, too, the result of the Derby is calculated to give satisfaction, for Sir Bevys was bred by Lord Norreys, whose support of the Turf, so far as it goes, is disinterested exceedingly. The son of Favonius—a horse who won the Derby of 1871 for the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild—took the fancy when a yearling of "the Baron's" nephew, and it was arranged between Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and Lord Norreys, whose colours are rarely seen, that the former should run him and that his winnings, whatever they might be, should be shared between them. This will account for some of his nominations being made in the name of Mr. "Acton"—the pseudonym of Mr. de Rothschild—while the ones contracted for him before this arrangement was made, stand to Lord Norreys. There is much goodness in the strain of blood from which his dam, Lady Langden (a daughter of Haricot), descends; and it will be

remembered that Hampton, half-brother to Sir Bevys, signalled himself upon several occasions in races such as the Doncaster and Goodwood Cups, the Northumberland Plate, and other prizes where stamina will be served. But it must be confessed that the antecedents of Sir Bevys were very much against him, and the odds at which he stood will have enabled his owner and friends to derive a large profit from any knowledge they may have possessed of his having improved since he last ran. After failing to get a place in two races at Ascot and Newmarket in the summer, Sir Bevys did not run again till the autumn, when he figured successfully in a small sweepstakes, one of the conditions of which was that horses entered to be sold for a certain sum received an allowance of weight. Sir Bevys, not being one of these, had to carry the normal impost, but he only beat by a neck—conceding her 11 lb., it is true—a filly claimed after the race for £300, and this did not look much like “Derby form.” A fortnight later he was beaten a head by Out of Bounds, giving her 2 lbs., for the Dutch Mile Nursery at Newmarket; and as the winner had run very well, and as the race was a long one for two-year-olds, Sir Bevys went into winter quarters with the reputation of being a colt for whom time would do much. But even those who may have been most confident as to his future prospects could scarcely have anticipated his being the hero of such a surprise as greeted all those who went to Epsom on Wednesday; still less could they have expected that his most formidable rivals would have been two horses that no compiler of “probable starters” would have included in his list ten days beforehand. These, it need scarcely be said, are Palmbearer and Visconti, who started respectively at odds of a hundred and of sixty to one, and against the former of whom odds of even 1000 to 5 were betted twenty times last Saturday. Rumour has it that the owner of Palmbearer stood to win £80,000 by the success of his colt, whose two-year-old performances were even more moderate than those of Sir Bevys, but who has run several times this season, and who only a week ago was successful in two small races at Doncaster. Palmbearer was ridden by John Osborne, who is also his trainer; and, incidentally, of the jockeys who rode in the Derby it may be remarked that the leading places were occupied by riders of the old school, with the exception of Constable, who got third on the hapless Lord Rosebery’s Visconti. First and foremost came George Fordham, who, after retiring from the saddle, has been compelled by circumstances to don silk again, and who showed by his riding on Wednesday that he had not lost an iota of his skill. The masterly manner in which he nursed Sir Bevys, who got the worst of a not very level start, during the early part of the race, reminded the older generation of racing men of how his nearest rival on Wednesday, honest John Osborne, rode Lord Clifden in the St. Leger of 1863; and though it has been said of Fordham that he never won the Derby because he was afraid to come down Tattenham Corner, there was no sign of fear when he brought M. de Rothschild’s colt down that famed declivity and sent him in hot pursuit of the leaders. The victory was not fairly gained until within a hundred yards of the winning-post, but when once Sir Bevys got on terms with the leaders the result was not for a moment in doubt. He won with great ease, and, when Fordham came back to weigh in, the enthusiasm of the crowd was so great that horse and rider had great difficulty in making their way through. It is very certain that no such ovation has ever been bestowed upon a jockey before, and though it is undesirable to encourage the popular tendency to make heroes

of our principal riders, there can be no doubt that Fordham well deserved the reception which he met with, for his professional career has been unspotted, and the misfortunes which have recently fallen upon him in private life have evoked much sympathy upon his behalf.

But the happiest man at Epsom on Wednesday was Lord Rosebery, for not only did he win largely by the success of his relative’s horse, but his own colt, Visconti, ran so well that he was in the enviable position of being able to say, “I knew I was right,” with regard to Visconti’s performance at the Two Thousand Guineas. It may be remembered that Visconti was brought to very short odds for that race upon the strength of a trial, in which he was rumoured to have accomplished something wonderful; but as he was badly beaten in that race—beaten, too, by the stable-companion sent to make the running for him—Lord Rosebery got very much laughed at. Time, however, has brought round its revenge, and Visconti on Wednesday finished third, not only turning the tables upon the horses which beat him a month before, but defeating his stable-companion, Victor Chief, who started at a tenth of the odds laid against him. It will be no easy matter, however, for Lord Rosebery to prove that Visconti is a good horse, and the more reasonable inference to draw is that all the competitors for the Derby were a bad lot, and Sir Bevys the only one of them which could stay at all in deep ground. If Lord Falmouth had been so fortunate as to have entered Wheel of Fortune, the race would not have been in doubt for a single instant, and failing her, Peter would have won it for the late General Peel; but in their absence there was little to make the pulse beat faster, and those who remember how the fields for the Derby were in former years composed must regret the absence of two animals which would probably have deserved to take rank with a Blink Bonny or a Blair Athol.

AUGEAN STABLES.

THE OUTSIDE DIVISION.—VI.

THE MEANS TO THE END.

IN our former descriptions of the class to which the above heading refers we gave a brief outline of the lives of some of the more notable members of the guild; but, as will doubtless be remembered, while showing the way in which they passed their time, and the various ups and downs to which they were subject, we exposed hardly any of the methods they adopted to obtain the necessary ready-money to enable them to stave off the pangs of hunger and purchase articles for which no credit is allowed. It has been, and still is, a mystery to many how those who are known to be impecunious and without visible means of existence manage to appear well dressed, well fed, and with “loose change” always in their pockets. We will now endeavour to lift a small corner of the veil and throw a ray of light behind the scenes. In the smoking-room of a West-End club the following conversation of four of the leaders of “the Division” was overheard, who, having dined with one of their number, as yet still a member of the club, were recounting *inter se* their experiences, and calculating the amount of money they had each been able to obtain by their own astuteness. The host, an undersized young gentleman rather inclined to stoutness, whom we will call Mr. Short, leans back on the settee, and having selected a large regalia from the box brought by the attentive waiter, commences the conversation in a low key. Addressing his three guests, he first asks them if they have had “a good time” of it lately; and is answered by a pale, thin man, who

might, if he passed a short time under the hands of one of Mr. Truefitt's assistants, be considered not otherwise than good-looking. He comes of a good family, and claims a handle to his name, which he finds exceedingly useful in small financial operations; and although Lord No-cash's signature is not held in much repute among the bill discounters, as the sequel will show, they are glad to enrol him as their ally. "Well," says the nobleman, "I did pretty well at Monte Carlo last month; you see" (pointing to one of his companions) "Smart and I hunted in couples and divided the spoil." At this juncture he is interrupted by Smart, who strikes in with "Yes, we did hunt in couples, but the division of the spoil was rather a one-sided affair." Paying no attention to the remark, Lord No-cash continues:—"There were a lot of men over there playing high, and of course were wanting money bad; so our old friends, Hitch & Co., said to me, one day, 'Why don't you go over there? You know lots of men. Take a sheaf of bill stamps with you, and anyone that wants money and is good, with a name up behind, can have it from our agent in Nice. If you get the bill done and take it to our correspondent, and he thinks it all right, he will cash up, you can have 15 per cent. down for the introduction, and what you like to get out of the other parties.' The idea was a good one; so after nailing Hitch & Co. down on black and white to 25 per cent., and borrowing a hundred for expenses, I started. The first man I came across was young H—, of the Hus-sars. I found him at the hotel lamenting over his bad luck, and saying he could not raise a cent in the place. 'How much do you want?' said I. 'Oh,' he replied, '£500 or £600 will do.' So I told him if he could get a good man to lend his name I thought I could manage it for him. And after dinner I got him to sign a bill for £650 at three months, with old Temple's name at the back. Next morning I started off to Hitch & Co.'s agent, who had received instructions by wire, and cashed up £500 for it, giving me £40 commission, and with another 'pony' out of H—, I did very well for a start. A few days after I ran up against Smart here, and he knowing a lot of military men, we did some real good business, Smart working the oracle for Lewis at the same terms that I was doing for Hitch & Co. Altogether, I think I made about £500, what with commissions and an occasional game of écarté. And now, Short, let's hear what you've been doing, and the Hon. John, who has been silent for such an age." Thus adjured, Mr. Short orders a stiffish glass of brandy-and-water and commences, "I can't say I have been in such clover as you two fellows—in fact, I have been at rather low water. You remember the row at the Gun Club, when that fellow tried to rook me, when I was tight? Well, I had to pay him something to keep him quiet, and then I suppose he put some of his friends up to say that I did not play fair at billiards, and for a long time I could get no one to play. Well, just as I got over that, I met young Tooth-pick. He was looking out for some horses, so I managed to do a bit of business by buying him three nags; but, as bad luck would have it, one of them turned out unsound" (here there is a general laugh, for Short's purchases are known to the trio to have a knack of going unsound). "Of course I said I was very sorry, but he cut up rough and would not deal with me any more. I had a windfall the other night, at the Rashleigh, where I was dining with the Hon. John. We both cut into a rubber with two unmitigated duffers, and he and I were partners. After we had won four or five rubbers they proposed écarté, so we agreed, John taking one man and I the other. We had both Ar luck, and skinned the

lambs completely." Hardly worth while staying to hear the Hon. John's experiences, for they are doubtless much on a par with those of his compatriots. So let us leave them where they are, and as we find ourselves again in pure air, we will hope that our readers have learnt some of the expedients "the Division" use for "raising the wind." It is a harassing life at the best, and despicable withal, this constant struggle against the world and all people therein; but that men of good birth and good education should have sunk so low as to become "touts" for those harpies of Society, the money-lenders, is indeed a disgrace, and it does not say very much for the intellect and perspicuity of the poor fools who allow themselves to be fleeced by an "outsider," or dazzled by the handle affixed to his name. Still, if you remonstrated with them you would be told "they must live," and as they feel the necessity of living very strongly, so long as there are sheep to shear there will be found a goodly body of the "Outside Division" ready to assist at the operation. Therefore the more light thrown on their manners and customs, the harder will they find the process of fleecing.

GOD THE KNOWN AND GOD THE UNKNOWN.—II.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

PANTHEISM.—I.

THE Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his "Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, &c.," defines Pantheists as "those who hold that God is everything, and everything is God."

If it is granted that the value of words lies in the definiteness and coherency of the ideas that present themselves to us when the words are heard or spoken—then such a sentence as "God is everything and everything is God" is worthless. For we have so long associated the word "God" with the idea of a Living Person, who can see, hear, will, feel pleasure, displeasure, &c., that we cannot think of God, and also of something which we have not been accustomed to think of as a Living Person, at one and the same time, so as to connect the two ideas and fuse them into a coherent thought. While we are thinking of the one, our minds involuntarily exclude the other, and *vice versa*; so that it is as impossible for us to think of any thing as God, or as forming part of God, which we cannot also think of as a Person, or as a part of a Person, as it is to produce a hybrid between two widely distinct animals. If I am not mistaken, the barrenness of inconsistent ideas, and the sterility of widely distant species or genera of plants and animals, are one in principle—sterility of hybrids being due to barrenness of ideas, and barrenness of ideas arising from inability to fuse unfamiliar thoughts into a coherent conception. I have insisted on this at some length in "Life and Habit," but can do so no further here.

In like manner we have so long associated the word "Person" with the idea of a substantial visible body, limited in extent, and animated by an invisible something which we call Spirit, that we can think of nothing as a person which does not also bring these ideas before us. Any attempt to make us imagine God as a Person who does not fulfil the conditions which our ideas attach to the word "person," is *ipso facto* Atheistic, as rendering the word God without meaning, and therefore without reality, and therefore non-existent to us. Our ideas are like our organism, they will stand a vast amount of modification if it is effected slowly and without shock, but the

life departs out of them, leaving the form of an idea without the power thereof, if they are jarred too rudely.

Any being, then, whom we can imagine as God, must have all the qualities, capabilities, and also all the limitations which are implied when the word "person" is used. But we cannot conceive of "everything" as a person. "Everything" must comprehend all that is to be found on earth, or outside of it, and we know of no such persons as this. When we say "person" we intend living people with flesh and blood; sometimes we extend our conception to animals and plants, but we have not hitherto done so as generally as I hope we shall some day come to do. Below animals and plants we have never in any seriousness gone. All that we have been able to regard as personal has had what we can call a living body, even though that body is vegetable only; and this body has been tangible, and has been comprised within certain definite limits, or within limits which have at any rate struck the eye as definite. And every part within these limits has been animated by an unseen something which we call soul or spirit. A person must be a "persona"—that is to say, the living mask and mouth-piece of an energy saturating it, and speaking through it. It must be animate in all its parts. But "everything" is not animate. Animals and plants alone produce in us those ideas which can make reasonable people call them "persons" with consistency of intention. We can conceive of each animal and of each plant as a person; we can conceive again of a compound person like the coral polype, or like a tree which is composed of a *congeries* of subordinate persons, inasmuch as each bud is a separate and individual plant. We can go farther than this, and, as I shall hope to show, we ought to do so; that is to say, we shall find it easier and more agreeable with our other ideas to go farther than not; for we should see all animal and vegetable life as united by a subtle and till lately invisible ramification, so that all living things are one tree-like growth, forming a single person. But we cannot conceive of oceans, continents, and air as forming parts of a person at all; much less can we think of them as forming one person with the living forms that inhabit them. To ask this of us is like asking us to see the bowl and the water in which three gold-fish are swimming as part of the gold-fish; we cannot do it any more than we can do something physically impossible; we can see the gold-fish as forming one family, and therefore as in a way united to the personality of the parents from which they sprang, and therefore as members one of another, and therefore as forming a single growth of gold-fish, as buds unite to form a tree; but we cannot by any effort of the imagination introduce the bowl and the water into the personality, for we have never been accustomed to think of such things as living and personal. Those, therefore, who tell us that "God is everything, and everything is God," require us to see "everything" as a person, which we cannot; or God as not a person, which again we cannot.

Continuing the article from which I have already quoted, I read:—

"Linus, in a passage which has been preserved by Stobæus, exactly expresses the notion afterwards adopted by Spinoza: 'One sole energy governs all things; all things are unity, and each portion is All; for of one integer all things were born; in the end of time all things shall again become unity; the unity of multiplicity.' Orpheus, his disciple, taught no other doctrine."

According to Pythagoras, "an adept in the Orphic philosophy," "the soul of the world is the Divine energy which interpenetrates every portion of the mass, and the

soul of man is an efflux of that energy. The world, too, is an exact impress of the Eternal Idea, which is the mind of God." John Scotus Erigena taught that "all is God and God is all." William of Champeaux, again, two hundred years later, maintained that "all individuality is one in substance, and varies only in its non-essential accidents and transient properties." Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant followed the theory out "into a thorough-going Pantheism." Amalric held that "All is God and God is all. The Creator and the creature are one. Ideas are at once creative and created, subjective and objective Being. God is the end of all, and all return to Him. As every variety of humanity forms one manhood, so the world contains individual forms of one eternal essence." David of Dinant only varied upon this by "imagining a corporeal unity. Although body, soul, and eternal substance are three, these three are one and the same being."

Giordano Bruno maintained "the world of sense to be a vast animal having the Deity for its living soul." This, I believe, absolutely true. The inanimate part of the world is excluded from participation in the Deity, and a conception that our minds can embrace is offered us instead of one which they cannot entertain, except as in a dream, incoherently. But without such a view of evolution as was prevalent at the beginning of this century, it was impossible to see "the world of sense" intelligently, as forming "a vast animal." Unless, therefore, Giordano Bruno held the opinions of Buffon, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck, with more definiteness than I am yet aware of his having done, his contention must be considered as a splendid prophecy, but as little more than a prophecy. He continues,—"Birth is expansion from the one centre of Life; life is its continuance, and death is the necessary return of the ray to the centre of light." This begins finely, but ends mystically. I have not, however, compared the reviewer's rendering with the original, and must reserve a fuller examination of Giordano Bruno's teaching for another opportunity.

Spinoza disbelieved in the world rather than in God. He was an Acosmist, to use Jacobi's expression, rather than an Atheist. According to him, "the Deity and the Universe are but one substance, at the same time both spirit and matter, thought and extension, which are the only known attributes of the Deity."

My readers will, I think, agree with me that there is very little of the above which conveys ideas with the ease, precision, and peace of mind which accompany good words. Words are like servants: it is not enough that we should have them—we must have the most able and willing that we can find, and at the smallest wages that will content them. Surely, in the greater part of what has been quoted above, the words are barren letters only: they do not quicken within us and enable us to corceive a thought, such as we can in our turn impress upon dead matter, and mould that matter into another shape than its own, through the thought which has become alive within us. No offspring of ideas has followed upon them, or, if any at all, yet in such unwonted shape, and with such want of alacrity, that we loathe them as malformations and miscarriages of our minds. Granted that if we examine them closely we shall at length find them to embody a little germ of truth—that is to say, of coherency with our other ideas; but there is too little truth in proportion to the trouble necessary to get at it. We can get more truth for less trouble in other ways.

But it may be urged that the beginnings of all tasks are difficult and unremunerative, and that later develop-

ments of Pantheism may be more intelligible than the earlier ones. Unfortunately, this is not the case. On continuing Mr. Blunt's article, I find the later Pantheists a hundredfold more perplexing than the earlier ones. With Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, we feel that we are with men who have been decoyed into a hopeless quagmire; we understand nothing of their language—we doubt whether they understand themselves, and feel that we can do nothing with them but look at them and pass them by.

In my next article I propose to show the end which the early Pantheists were striving after, and the reason and naturalness of their error.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

GAIETY THEATRE.

THE bill of fare provided by Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety Theatre on the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th inst., was an attractive one. The entertainment commenced with Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta, "Uncle's Will," Mr. and Mrs. Kendal playing the parts of Charles Cashmere and Florence Marigold, and Mr. Chevalier that of Mr. Barker. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are so well known in these characters, which they have almost made their own, that criticism is superfluous. Suffice it that they presented themselves with their accustomed skill, and that Mr. Chevalier gave a careful rendering of old Barker. Following the comedietta Miss Rose Kenny recited, or rather endeavoured to recite, "The Curse of Camille," a translation from "Les Horaces" by Corneille.

Miss Kenny shows a considerable amount of dramatic talent, which if properly directed may in the course of time enable her to become an actress, and, what is more, a good one, but before she can aspire to that position she has much to learn, and years of hard study to go through. Heaven-born geniuses are few and far between, and on the stage fewer than in any other sphere of life, and the principle of beginning at the top of the ladder cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is sure to end in having to come down and commence where the start should have been from in the first instance—the bottom. Miss Kenny is at present wholly unequal to tragedy. Her voice is not strong enough nor formed, and her gestures too forced and stagey. In her recital, after the first few lines she became hoarse, and towards the end unintelligible. We strongly urge on her advisers the necessity of legitimate study, instead of encouraging her futile endeavours to jump at a bound into the front rank.

The performance concluded with selections from Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," in which Mr. Arthur Sketchley appeared as Sir John Falstaff. There had been much speculation on this event as to how he would bear himself in the part, while it was admitted by all that, so far as figure went, Mr. Sketchley had been specially endowed by nature, and that a more perfect model for the bombastic knight could hardly be found. Although there were very evident signs of "the amateur," he gave a reading of the character above the average. Scarcely enough bluff and swagger, the voice at times too low and indistinct; yet there were some parts that could not be improved on, the simulation of the King in the "Tavern Scene" being particularly good. The performance was a very uneven one, and briefly to sum it up we should say, from an amateur point of view it was excellent, but from a professional one mediocre. There

was a want of confidence and interest in the part that Mr. Sketchley doubtless will be able to remedy, if at a future period he again portrays "Sir John." Mr. Barnes played Hal, Prince of Wales, too much after the fashion of the present-day young man, appearing with a gilt "crutch stick," though happily without the accompanying toothpick. Mr. J. Maclean's Henry IV. was a striking performance, and Messrs. Royce and M'Intyre did well as Francis and Bardolph, though the latter's drunkenness, notwithstanding the excellence of the acting, was to our mind excessive and unwarranted. Mr. Fawcett appeared as Poins and Mrs. Leigh as Dame Quickly. To-day, Miss E. Farren takes her benefit and deserves a crowded house.

A FARCICAL comedy, entitled "Campaigning," was given at a *matinée* at the Criterion on Saturday. The piece is very amateurish and weak, and is hardly likely to be heard of again. Pending the re-appearance of Madame Dolaro in comic opera, "The Love Chase" has been revived at the Folly. Mrs. Bernard-Beere played Constance after an artificial and unsatisfactory fashion, and the remainder of the cast may, without irony, be termed respectable.

MUSIC.

"LES AMANTS DE VERONE."

EVEN giving Mr. Gye credit for the astute calculation that he could bring out, "on the cheap," a new opera which follows almost scene for scene an old one already in his repertory, we can find no excuse for the production of such a weak, insipid, unoriginal, and tedious work as "Les Amants de Vérone." We honestly regret that a composition so worthless, and which the best connoisseurs in France did not hesitate to regard with indifference, should have been allowed to find its way on to the stage of our chief opera house. Still more do we regret to see that the impresario of Covent Garden inherits the paternal weakness for effusions of illustrious amateurs. Truly, as we have said, he has been able in the present instance to indulge the family idiosyncrasy at comparatively slight expense. But the fact remains that the recent example of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's "Santa Chiara" *fiasco* has been entirely ignored, while the same doubtful course has been ventured on for a personage so much lower in the social scale as M. le Marquis d'Ivry. As musical amateurs of exalted rank the Duke and the Marquis stand on common ground; and there is little to choose between them. "Les Amants de Vérone" deserves oblivion no less speedy than which attended "Santa Chiara," and to this fate the verdict of Saturday's audience undoubtedly consigned it. We hope, too, that the hisses which saluted the ears of Mr. Gye will have the further effect of allaying his *penchant* for operas of this description. They should remind him that art has a right to a small place—however small—in his thoughts; and throughout the whole code that governs art he will find no such regulation as "noblesse oblige." He would surely not have us believe that from a business point of view he was right in placing the Marquis d'Ivry's opera before his subscribers. M. Capoul, who brought it out at the Ventadour, lost thousands of francs by the venture, and a subsequent attempt to popularise the opera resulted in equal failure. Here, consequently, was the significant fact that the French public, ever ready to award praise to its own, refused to do so in this case. To what motive, therefore, besides that which we have above suggested, are we to attribute the production of such a palpable failure at Covent Garden?

It would really be a waste of time and space to do more than touch on the salient features of this amateurish example of the French operatic school. It follows pretty closely the librettos of previous settings of Shakespeare's play, and no one will accuse M. d'Ivry of want of ambition—we had almost said presumption—in making this attempt to succeed where Bellini and Gounod have partially failed. They at any rate did not do so for lack of melody; but we had to wade through exactly one act and a quarter of "Les Amants de Vérone" before we came to even a semblance of a tune. With this (a duet for the lovers with florid accompaniment for flutes) the occupants of the gallery were so taken by surprise that, fearful of not discovering another tune for another act and a quarter, they demanded to hear the piece again. They were wise; for the Marquis had been careful to commit himself no more—a tendency later on to rhythmical melody in a long song for Mercutio being prematurely nipped in the bud. In the chamber duet passion and sentiment are totally absent, and anything more dull and tiring than the music of the last scene it would be impossible to write. Some of the finales are spirited, and the orchestration is appropriate, if sometimes noisy; but these are the only redeeming features in the work. We have, perhaps, been a little hasty in calling it unoriginal, since its music is not like that of any other opera in particular. The style employed is to a certain extent that of the noble composer, and with this style we are not at all anxious to renew acquaintance. We are sorry, in fact, that we ever had the honour of an introduction, and but for the admirable performance of the principals it would have been infinitely more difficult to sit out Saturday's representation. Mdlle. Heilbron looked and sang the part of Juliette to perfection, acting even better than she does as Violetta, which is saying much. She was well supported by M. Capoul as Roméo, although he frequently exaggerated even more than usual. His fight with Tybalt was an extraordinary piece of business, capably managed, but more suggestive of a wild beast practising "carte and tierce" than an angry human being fencing in earnest. Signor Cotogni as Capulet, Signor Vidal as Laurence, Signor Sylvestri as Tybalt, Signor Corsi as Mercutio, Signor Scolara as Benvolio, and Mdlle. Ghiotti as the Nurse, completed a very efficient cast. The chorus and orchestra were tolerably certain of their work under the careful guidance of Signor Bevignani.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE ROTTERDAM FAILURES.

ON the 21st inst. a general meeting of the creditors of the Afrikaansche Handelsvereeniging took place at Rotterdam, where some interesting facts concerning the catastrophe came to light. It appears that whilst the news of the event became publicly known only on 15th inst. some lucky individuals had already been made aware of it on the 10th. Pincoffs, one of the two managers, had given information to some creditors that the concern was in difficulties, whereupon an investigation of the books was instituted on the 12th. Pincoffs then confessed that for a number of years he had been falsifying the books and balance-sheets laid before the Board, and offered to repay 1,600,000 florins. Being consulted on the subject, the Governor and the Secretary of the Netherlands Bank gave it as their opinion that there was hardly any prospect of saving the concern. They, however, urged upon the creditors not to take any rash steps, as every effort ought to be made to avert a disaster, lest

by a stoppage the important financial interests involved might be seriously endangered.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., some of the principal creditors met again, to consult about a gradual winding-up, and it was resolved to have another meeting on the morrow. But meanwhile both the managers—Pincoffs and Kerdyck—had already made their escape. It seems hardly credible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Pincoffs should have been able at the last moment to withdraw a sum of 400,000 florins from one of the branch establishments without any suspicion being aroused, and to make good his escape on board one of the vessels of the Company, which he had chartered for the purpose. Nothing would have been heard as to his present whereabouts had the Liverpool police not detected him at that port and telegraphed to New York. The personal property the criminals have left behind has been seized upon by the assignees. Pincoffs, being a peer of the realm, belonged to the first order of ratepayers of the province, and as such was obliged to own landed property to a certain amount. He was, however, never considered rich, hardly even well-to-do, a circumstance people were wont to look upon as rather meritorious. He possessed an estate at Katendrecht, near Rotterdam, which is said to be unencumbered.

When at last the flight of the managers had been effected, a meeting of the shareholders was no longer to be postponed. The confusion prevailing at this gathering did not allow of a reliable insight into the real state of the concern; but so much is certain, that the capital is lost. It appears from a tolerably correct abstract of the books that, including the bonds, the liabilities amount to about one million sterling. A list of the creditors could not be produced, as the complicated bill operations, with guarantees and sub-guarantees, had rendered it impossible until then to fix the claims and obligations of the parties. It is stated that the assets of the company are chiefly scattered throughout the fifty stations on the coast of Africa, and that their compulsory realisation, consequent on a bankruptcy, could not but produce the most disastrous results. Three delegates of the creditors were appointed. One of them, Mr. H. Muller, who is said to be well acquainted with African questions, warned the creditors not to entertain sanguine hopes. It was true that the goods already collected on the coast or *en route* to Holland were easy to be realised; but then it was all the more difficult with respect to the goods sent out. These were only to be sold by way of barter, and this might take years, especially as amongst them there were said to be quantities of goods of difficult sale, which had been in store for years. He further pointed out that under no circumstances must the news be allowed to spread in Africa that the company had failed, and would shortly be dissolved. In such a case it would almost be a miracle to obtain even so much as two shillings in the pound from the native traders for the goods given in barter. It was also impossible to say if, in case of the company's winding-up, the buildings in their African stations would fetch any sum whatever.

The Supreme Court of the Hague has appointed Messrs. M. H. Huygers, head of the firm of Messrs. Keurevaer and Co., at the Hague, and C. W. Vermeulen, clerk of the Rotterdam Branch of the Netherlands Bank official experts for the examination of the books of the Afrikaansche Handelsvereeniging.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—At the annual general court of this company on Thursday, John Goddard, Esq., Sydney Laurence, Esq., H. J. Tritton, Esq., and Samuel Harvey Twining, Esq., were re-elected directors.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

MACVEY NAPIER'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

THIS exceedingly interesting book—though access to it is only now granted to the general reader—has for some time past been indirectly known and drawn upon. Rather more than a year ago Mr. Macvey Napier printed it in not quite so full a form, and distributed copies among his own and his father's friends and among a very few other persons interested in literary matters. The result was not a few magazine and review articles, among which one of Mr. John Morley's in the *Fortnightly* deserves special remembrance. The specimens thus given naturally created a desire for further acquaintance, and Mr. Napier has certainly been well advised in admitting the general public to the knowledge of a volume which is hardly to be surpassed in point of interest among recent publications, and which represents his father in a most favourable light, as discharging with equal judgment and dignity duties of a character at least as delicate and difficult as they were honourable.

Most people who know anything of the recent history of English literature know that Mr. Macvey Napier was first editor of the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," then of successive editions of that work itself, and finally, on the resignation of Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*—a post which during the time that he held it (1829-1847) undoubtedly was, with the editorship of the *Quarterly*, one of the two thrones of the literary Brentford. Although Mr. Napier had little of the literary talent and brilliancy of his rival, Lockhart, he was beyond all doubt admirably fitted for his post by moral and intellectual qualities. Its duties were exceedingly delicate, and sometimes almost impossible ones. Jeffrey, in retiring, had left a *damnosa hereditas* to his successor in the shape of "tremendous Harry Brougham," and of other contributors who thought themselves, and were perhaps thought by the public, equally indispensable. The tribulations which Mr. Napier suffered at their hands are almost inconceivable. More than one of them entertained the idea that certain subjects were their own province, and were bitterly annoyed when articles even remotely trenching on their preserves were committed to other hands. Brougham went further even than this. He deemed himself at liberty to send in copy almost *ad libitum*, and to the very last moment, even should it supersede articles that the editor had regularly arranged for. This preposterous pretension, which Mr. Napier gradually, as soon as the *novitas regni* permitted, succeeded in quelling, was within an ace of losing the *Review* the contributor who was worth more to it than all her other contributors put together. Macaulay was not unnaturally indignant at having a carefully prepared and bespoken production of his own rejected to make way for one of Brougham's crude and hasty tirades. Nothing can be more amusing than the running fire of comments which these two famous enemies kept up upon each other's contributions. For long years no number appears without Macaulay writing to Mr. Napier to say how sad it is that Brougham should write such trash, and without Brougham writing to Mr. Napier lamenting Macaulay's vulgarity of style and incapacity for argument. This part of the correspondence is the very height of literary comedy, and, if the book contained nothing else of interest, would suffice to make it one of the most piquant that has appeared for a very long time. But, in point of

* Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier. Edited by his Son, MACVEY NAPIER. (Macmillan.)

fact, its attractions are very far from being limited in this way. A mere list of Mr. Napier's correspondents—of his own letters there are unfortunately but few—is sufficient to show this. Campbell, Jeffrey, both the Mills, Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Moore, Godwin, Brewster, Sir James Stephen, Thackeray, and Dickens make up a goodly show, especially when it is remembered that the subjects of the letters are always of some interest, and that not unfrequently they refer to work which has subsequently become famous. Lord Jeffrey makes a characteristic appearance both in the good temper of his letters themselves and in the almost invariable ill-fortune of the critical remarks they contain. It may be questioned whether there ever was a man of Jeffrey's powers who managed with such surprising adroitness to be always in the wrong. This very volume contains three critical judgments which, for hopeless want of insight and hapless reversal in fact, could hardly be surpassed. The awful aristarch of Craigcrook pronounces that Mr. Carlyle "will not do;" he says that Mill's Logic is an "unreadable book," and he ranks Thackeray with N. P. Willis. Could any three things be more hopelessly infelicitous? Another set of letters—those of Lord Lytton—is also most characteristic, being marked throughout by the oddly feminine kicking against the pricks of criticism which Thackeray's epistles to the literati so mercilessly exposes. Lastly, there have to be taken into account the letters of respectable mediocrities, like Mr. Senior, Mr. Rogers, and that remarkable "tame cat" of Holland House, John Allen, some of which contain delicious bits. The finest of all, perhaps, is a contemptuous remark of Mr. Senior's criticising, we forget what contribution to the *Review*. "I had as soon," magnificently observes the critic, who himself never wrote a line that was of interest or literary value apart from its subject, "I had as soon read Carlyle or Coleridge!"

It is impossible in a brief review to attempt extracts from a pudding so crammed with plums as this is. But there is one short letter of Lord Melbourne's which must absolutely be given, because of its intrinsic exquisiteness, and because of its illustration of the character of that very curious person. Brougham had, after his fashion, been making some virulent attack on the easy-going Premier in the *Review*, and Napier had also, as usual, to perform through Allen the unpleasant part of apologist. Lord Melbourne replied as follows:—

"My dear Allen,

"I beg you will assure Mr. Napier that I am not at all dissatisfied with the mention made of me in the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which is, as Brougham says, the statement of a fact. *It is, if I remember, not correctly stated, but facts seldom are.*—Yours faithfully,

"MELBOURNE."

Nothing could be more charming than the unexpectedness of the turn in the sentence we have italicised, and nothing more characteristic of the man who, by an evil fate, had to lead the most prosaic of parties at one of the most prosaic times of English history. There is, as might be expected, less of what is directly political than of what is literary in this charming volume. But its political, no less than its literary contents, are always fresh, varied, and instructive.

AN ULTRAMONTANE WAIL.*

THE translation of these "Adventures of a German Priest in Prison and in Exile, told by the Victim,"

* A Victim of the Falk Laws. The Adventures of a German Priest in Prison and in Exile; Told by the Victim. (London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1879.)

is evidently not made from the German original, but from a French version. Otherwise we could not account for much of its odd phraseology. The anonymous German priest, who boldly calls 'himself, with proud self-irony, a "brave 'Ultramontane,' a "thorough 'Obscurantist,'" and one of the "most hardened members of the 'Black International,'" is made to speak of *curés*, and of *Monsieur le Curé-Doyen*; of German *vicaires*; of German papers called *Gazette du Peuple*, *Gazette de (!) Moselle*, and *Correspondance Provinciale*; of a "chope of beer," of *sergents de ville*, of *précepteurs*, *bourgs*, and other things, men, and places which we are not accustomed to see so designated in an English description of German affairs.

This would be a minor blemish of the book. But a fatal one is the utter absence of all proper names for persons and localities connected with the alleged heroic sufferings of the "obscurantist" martyr. He does not give his own name; nor the name of his cure; nor those of his persecutors. When he charges an act of great brutality upon a mounted gendarme, an act of which he alleges he was made the victim in presence of his parishioners who mutely stood by, he says:—"I refrain from publishing the name of the man who thought that he deserved well of his country by passing over the body of a poor proscrip. May he sleep peacefully upon his laurels!" The whole narrative, entirely lacking identification as regards persons and places, has an air of unreality about it, and becomes quite worthless from the impossibility of its being tested. We only learn that the scene is near Treves; that is all. To publish 178 pages on this principle of mystery amounts to a mystification.

Yet the anonymous author, who prides himself on his classic knowledge (of which, by the bye, we find little proof in one of his remarks on Horace), asserts that he, too, has fought a fight worth being recorded in an *Æneid*, and that, another Odysseus, he has "earned a right to appropriate the fair-sounding name of *πολύτροπος*." Not less grandly does he remark:—"In the roar of which these personages were the victims, the combat was carried on with swords and spears around the walls of Troy. I have had to fight and suffer in a struggle for principles the objective of which is Rome." Shorn of a grandiloquence which is sometimes unwittingly, but not less often intentionally comic, the story of this priest—who has since become a traveller in wines—is a very simple one. It is that of an incorrigible upholder of the absolute sovereignty of "Holy Church," who forcibly effected his installation in a cure in virtue of what he calls his canonical right; thus endeavouring to set aside a judicial decree that had been issued against his State-paid, but obstreperous Bishop. The merits of the Falk or May Laws may here be left undiscussed. With the doings of the Prussian police and bureaucracy, as such, we have the least possible sympathy. All we can say is that the encounters with policemen, gendarmes, or mayors, and the few months' imprisonment of this pertinacious priest, were the inevitable result of his persistent violation of the laws of the land, as passed by a Liberal Parliament.

He relates how, in spite of his installation being forbidden, he effected an entrance of the place by a back door; how, warned and repeatedly arrested on account of his incessant breaches of the law, he ever and anon returned to the charge, stealthily and in disguise; how he alternately fell into the hands of the authorities, and then again baffled them; and how at last he was banished, or as he expresses it, "thrown into the wide world, towards France, England, America, or New Caledonia—the colony

of criminals." These countries are, in fact, to him all the same. We wonder he did not add Dahomey, Zululand, or even some more out-of-the-way cannibal island. In his description of prison-life, he now and then treads upon dangerous ground—for an obscurantist Ultramontane. Thus he says:—"The cell may imprison the body, but not the mind, which no paragraph of the law, however rigid, can hinder from traversing space, and not only lifting up its eyes to the hills from whence cometh help, but passing over them, and taking its rest in Rome. Perhaps some determined Liberal, by way of proving his right to the title, will one day propose a law to *gag the conscience, clip the wings of thought and aspiration*, and extinguish prayer."

Until now, many imagined that such procedures had been those of the Papal Inquisition—including torture and the stake for heretics or free-thinkers. We do not, therefore, consider it a very happy idea of the author that he should proclaim the resolution of the obscurantist members of the Black International to stick to their colours, even "if, to be martyred, it is necessary to be *tortured, torn to pieces, or burnt alive*." As to himself, we suppose he takes matters less tragically for his own person, since he has become a member of the plausible fraternity of travellers in wine, or Internationalists of the Bottle. In a great measure his book is already pervaded by the spirit of that jocular brotherhood. He slyly tells us how he contrived to pass his head and neck through the iron bars of his narrow window, in order to enjoy the panorama of Nature on the one hand, and the sight of the cloister of the Belgian Nuns on the other. "I often watched the religious, in their white or black veils, as they walked in their gardens." The traveller-priest also compares the catalogue of offences against the law laid to his charge with "the register of Don Juan's Leporello." Of his personal habits we learn that he is "a vigorous smoker;" and cigars form the frequent theme of his remarks.

Among the "guardian angels" who had to escort him, the banished priest—who now says he has become "one of the dried fruits of Progress"—notes "an (*sic*) herculean gendarme," who was "no bad hand at drawing, nor, for the matter of that, at verse-making either." As a set-off we are told that the superintendent of the prison one day handed to the author of the book a historical composition, entitled "The Battle of Cannae," which ran thus:—

"Cæsar had passed the Rubicon. On one side stood Leonidas, with ten elephants, and six batteries of four; on the other, Caius Julius Cæsar, at the foot of Pompey's column. The battle raged for hours, amid clouds of smoke from the guns. At last Leonidas, leaping on one of the elephants in the front, threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, and telegraphed to Rome, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

Here we catch the commercial traveller *in flagrante delicto*. We therefore refrain from giving the details of another story of this clerical Munchhausen, in which he professes to have gone in disguise, as a Liberal and a friend of the Empire, right to the "Hotel de la Poste" of some unmentioned place which it was forbidden to him to visit, in order to have his practical joke at the expense of the "prefect," and of the other swells of the town. To them—he says—he related how the police failed to get hold once more of that rebellious priest, which he was himself. "And so!"—exclaimed the prefect—"the Curé is not arrested? He is not. But I am able to state that the police left no stone unturned to discover him. At least, he was not taken *when I left the place*." This is one of the well-worn Joe Millers of Germany. It certainly does not increase our belief in the trustworthiness of so unauthenticated a book. A queer

mixture of weak facetiousness and of saintly complaints, its contents would be more fit for the feuilleton of a third-rate country newspaper than for the pages of a pretentious little volume, professing to describe the sufferings of a martyr.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN ITALY.*

A VOLUME of short studies from Mr. Symonds' pen is always welcome. His somewhat "sugared" style, as old Meres would have called it, is apt to cloy in lengthy works of a continuous kind. But to read an essay or two of his, especially on literary subjects, or involving local description, is no bad substitute for the summer weather which in this climate is so terribly long a-coming. The present volume, like most collections of reprinted magazine and review articles, is sufficiently miscellaneous in contents. There is one essay of which, for our own part, we must say that we should have been just as much pleased if Mr. Symonds had not reprinted it at all. This is the very odd study of "Antinous," which surprised, and, we sincerely trust, puzzled the readers of that old-established family magazine, the *Cornhill*, a month or two ago. If the said essay did not bring blushes to the cheek of the young person, it can only have been—and we devoutly hope it was—because the young person had no idea whatever of its meaning. Mr. Symonds has done so much good work that we shall not insist too much on his error in this respect. He alludes somewhere to the coarse and violent diatribes of "Clemens Alexandrinus" on the subject of his hero. We shall only say that if that hero is to be discussed at all we are on the side of Clemens Alexandrinus.

There is plenty of less perilous and wholly delightful stuff in the volume. The longest article, "Florence and the Medici," is not, indeed, very attractive to our taste. We feel rather inclined to parody the famous demand, "Qui nous delivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" and to ask to be delivered from the Italians of the fifteenth century. Italomania is in truth always rather tiresome, because of the inevitable element of affectation which it involves, but if anybody can make it tolerable, Mr. Symonds is that body. His opening essay, "Amalfi, Pæstum, Capri," though deformed by not a little of the lusciousness of style before noticed, is really such a charming piece of word-painting that one can hardly avoid leaning back and shutting one's eyes, as one reads, to see the lonely temples rising by the sea-shore, the grottoes of the tyrants' island home, and the narrow quays that now represent the greatest trading city of the early middle ages. Equally charming are the "Lombard Vignettes" and the sketch of "Il Medeghino, the Lake Robber of Como," while "Crema and the Crucifix," with its odd revelation of the Italian spirit—a dagger found concealed in the very structure of a portable crucifix—is perhaps something of a corrective to what an acute though unequal critic once called Mr. Symonds' "benevolent enthusiasm." Of the historical papers the best are certainly "Canossa" and "Fornovo." The former contains the best prose account we have ever read of the most striking transaction of all the middle ages, the humiliation of Germany, which Heine has enshrined in some of his wonderful verses, and which, after seven centuries, a statesman of the calibre of Bismarck could still feel prompted to remember and revenge. The Battle of Fornovo, on the other hand, is perhaps the most remarkable single instance of the turning of the tables upon

Italy, and the subjection apparently for ever of her feeble but showy qualities to the force and vigour of the north. From Fornovo to Custozza, no Italian troops have, unaided by foreign arms, been able to face any transalpine opponent, but, as may be supposed, Mr. Symonds does not draw this moral for his readers.

As, however, we have already hinted, the literary articles of the book are the most remarkable. We attach least value to an essay on "The Debt of English to Italian Literature," in which Mr. Symonds certainly overstates his client's case. The influence which worked on Chaucer was undoubtedly French and not Italian. It is moreover quite false to say that Italy was the first of the European countries to produce high literature in the dawn of modern civilisation; for nearly two centuries the Italians were content to translate French Chansons and Romances, and the actual stimulus which led to the production of finished literature in Italy was French and Provençal, not native. Mr. Symonds, however, shares this delusion with many other persons, and the incomprehensible neglect which till a very few years ago the French themselves showed towards the priceless treasures of their early literature is to blame for the error. The essays on "Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance" and on the "Orfeo" of Poliziano contain translations of the highest merit. But the gem of the book is undoubtedly the paper on "Lucretius." We have always considered the "Studies of the Greek Poets" Mr. Symonds' best work, and this study of a Latin poet will rank with the best of them. The inadequacy of Mr. Mallock's treatment of Lucretius' poetry in his recent handbook is so great that amends were absolutely due, and the re-appearance of this essay makes them. We only wish it were longer, for the spirit in which it is written is so thoroughly appreciative, and the literary excellence of it so high, as to leave hardly anything to desire. It would be unjust to forget Professor Sellar's admirable treatment of Lucretius in his "Roman Poets of the Republic," but that work is now getting well on in its teens, and twenty years have made a change in our literary standpoints and outlooks which deserves to be represented in a criticism of the greatest and most representative poet of Rome. If Mr. Symonds would give us a volume of studies to complete this, dealing with Catullus, Propertius, Lucius, the satirists, and the great writers of the miscalled age of decadence, Claudian, Prudentius, &c., he would do a work for which we should be much more thankful than for studies of the tyranny of petty Renaissance miscreants, and of the chaste and savoury fancies of Pontanus and Beccadelli. Latin literature has been extraordinarily neglected in the eager ransacking of the literary stores of the past, which the last few years have seen in England. There seems, moreover, to be a tendency just now to rehabilitate the pale Neo-Hellenic *postiches* of the Augustan age at the expense of the vigorous and racy poetry which in later and earlier times vindicated the poetical capacities of the Latin tongue. Let Mr. Symonds come to the rescue; we are quite sure that nobody could do it better.

We must notice before finishing this review some interesting studies of blank verse which are reprinted in an appendix. Mr. Symonds brings wide knowledge of poetry to this task (over which many investigators have stumbled in times past and present), and certainly good taste as well. He sees, too, that the dispute between quantity and accent ignores to some extent the fact that in English the quantity is determined by the accent, and therefore is varying, not constant. But he hardly, we think, recognises fully enough the fact that this accent-

* *Sketches and Studies in Italy.* By J. A. SYMONDS. Smith and Elder.

made quantity is, when it is once established, subject to quite as severe laws as those which govern any Greek strophe or Latin stanza. Johnson's notorious blunders over Milton's versification (upon which he comments) were simply occasioned by the assumption that the blank verse is decasyllabic instead of pentametric, which we may compare to an assumption that the Greek tragic line is dodecasyllabic instead of trimetric. In this respect Mr. Symonds seems to have gone nearly as far wrong as Ursa Major in part of his theory, though he brings himself right again. These points, however, of the highest interest to critical students of poetry, are perhaps somewhat unattractive to the general reader.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.*

WHEN "A Distinguished Man" first appeared in Germany some notice of it was taken in England, as indeed the nature of its subject made unavoidable, and it is not surprising that a translation of it should have seemed likely to be read here. The main theme is the travels and ludicrous adventures of two rivals in the British isles—travels undertaken at the dictate of a whimsical father-in-law prospective. Hamburg, Ostend, Dover, London, Edinburgh, Stratford-on-Avon, and Dublin are their successive goals, and at each they go through plenty of somewhat extravagant experiences. We have, of course, the usual amusing statement that Germans taught us to understand Shakespeare—did it ever occur to our good cousins to ask themselves what the state of their literature and literary criticism was at the time of Dryden's magnificent tribute?—and a comparison of German and English cookery, which is almost equally amusing. There is, however, genuine fun in the book, though it be rather of the Smollett and Fielding period than of the nineteenth century. The first volume, describing the humours of a small German town, has a considerable flavour of Jean Paul, and the resemblance is not by any means as disastrous as we might expect it to be. In some respects, such as the Scotch names of Macnab, Cochonulloch, and Macmucferrellen, Herr Von Winterfeld resembles rather a French than a German delineator of English life, and some other of his imaginations are not very happy. The distinguished man, for instance, who fells a burglar with a butcher's sheep-marking implement would be much more likely to have been "run in" for maliciously cutting and wounding than to be asked to dine with the Lord Mayor. It is hardly fair, however, to criticise seriously an avowed extravaganza. The object of "A Distinguished Man" is certainly nothing more ambitious than to make its readers laugh, and if they do not laugh they must be possessed of muscles exceedingly hard to move.

"The Gift of the Gods" is a pleasant enough specimen of an ordinary type of novel. A good many people, young and old, are thrown into juxtaposition at the beginning of the first volume, and most of them are comfortably paired off (not without a fair allowance of preliminary difficulties and dangers) at the end of the second. The intermediate incidents, such as picnics, balls, weddings, honeymoons, &c., &c., are described with spirit and success. The English is good, and the dialogue sufficiently lively and well-kept up. We are

afraid we cannot say that the book is one which leaves much impression on the mind, and the reason of this is not far to seek. The characters, though decently life-like and probable, are not drawn with any great distinctness or individuality; nor are they particularly fascinating in any way. It is by character alone that the novelist is saved, with a few rare exceptions in the shape of extraordinarily skillful constructors of plot and wonderful masters of the art of description. But while "The Gift of the Gods" is by no means below the average in this respect, it is, on the other hand, above that average in the collocation of good qualities which we have already noticed. One of its characters, Kathleen Power, a *ci-devant* flirt and actual beauty, who has become an extinct volcano by lapse of time and many experiences, has some touches of individuality which argue in the author the possession of greater talents for character drawing than the rest of her *dramatis personæ* would seem to indicate. Indeed, the book as a whole is of good time-killing quality, and deserves to be recommended for that purpose.

Mr. Strahan has lately been getting up the novels he publishes in paper and binding so different from those of the usual three-volume fiction as to deserve notice and commendation. The paper is laid and uncut, and the binding, rather after a French than an English pattern, is a combination of cloth and boards. Superior persons who concern themselves only about the contents of books may consider this a detail not worth mentioning, but then—fortunately—everybody is not a superior person. When we leave the outside and come to the inside, it may at least be said that Mr. Saunders' book is not wholly unworthy of its dress. The author of "Israel Mort" rarely puts his name to work destitute of a certain *cachet* of originality, and in especial his books possess a character of pathos which is peculiar and remarkable. The people who like a good cry over books will probably be able to indulge their desires over "The Sherlocks." The most interesting character in the book is bullied frightfully for the greater part of her youth, and loses her lover under specially painful circumstances, when the days of her persecution are past; while death and ruin are very liberally allotted to others of the personages. To us this is neither a recommendation nor a drawback. People do die and get ruined in life, and in novels which are, if only by courtesy, a representation of life, they must, we suppose, be allowed without objection to suffer the same fate. We have, however, a fault to find with Mr. Saunders, and that is, that his characters do not behave themselves in the manner usual with the inhabitants of this actual world of ours. It is not that their actions are intrinsically improbable, for in truth he must be a tyro in anthropology who sets down any action whatever as improbable, much more as impossible. But we are not made to believe in their actions, which is a very different matter, and one in which a novelist may justly be blamed. "If you are a great general make me come out and fight," said Marius to the boastful Samnite. "If you are a good novelist make us accept the motives and the words of your characters as natural," the critic may very properly say to the tale-teller. Now, this is what Mr. Saunders does not do. From first to last—with the exception of some touches in the character of Sophie Richardson, a very sweet, natural, and attractive heroine—his men and his women, his boys and his girls, appear to move as in a dream. They do not do what ordinary beings would do, and they do do what ordinary beings would not. It is difficult to substantiate this charge in

* *A Distinguished Man*. Translated from the German of A. VON WINTERFELD by W. LAIRD CLOWES. (C. Kegan Paul.)—*The Gift of the Gods*. By M. F. CHAPMAN. (Chapman and Hall.)—*The Sherlocks*. By JOHN SAUNDERS. (Strahan and Co.)—*Elisabeth Eden*. By M. C. BISHOP. 3 vols. (Sampson, Low, and Co.)

the space at our command, but we shall be surprised if most readers do not when they read admit the justice of it. Also we must note against "The Sherlocks" that it contains many letters and much poetry. Now, letters and poetry are perilous components of a novel that is to be readable.

That "Elizabeth Eden" shows deep thought and study no one will be able to deny. The plot is uncommon, and of its kind unique. The heroine (whose character is now and then a trifle unequal) is presented to us in the first volume as intensely uneducated, particularly in every-day religious matters. Her ideas are very remarkable, perhaps the most curious of all being her conception of the Divine Being, whom she had been accustomed to think of as "an intensely luminous triangle." From this ignorance she is, however, rescued by a puritanical parson, who comes to entertain a kind of platonic affection for his attentive pupil, which ripens in time to a tender passion. His love is reciprocated, but unfortunately for this wayward divine the object of his affection falls ill, a circumstance which causes a revolution in his amorous inclinations. A scheming young Genevese, who appears on the scene as a disguised claimant to the Eden estates through a *mésalliance* on the part of a scapegrace of the Eden family many years ago, wins the heart of the parson (who rejoices also in the prefix of "Sir") for the especial reason of being called "my lady." The heroine recovers from her illness, finds the two schemers under embarrassing circumstances, and as a matter of course breaks off her engagement. The rest of the novel is taken up with the account of how the Eden estates were transferred to their rightful owner, and how this owner misused them. The heroine eventually marries a somewhat obscure personage who appears at the commencement of the story and is then lost sight of for an indefinite period, turning up, however, at the right moment to marry the right person. The book contains all the elements of a readable story, unaccompanied by the love-sick effusions of similar productions. The plot is rendered diverting, too, by the introduction of a rector, his wife and daughters, the like of whom, we are happy to say, are rarely seen in real life. A young woman who uses such expressions as "prog," "slope around," "back-chat," &c., may be said to belong rather to the other side of the Ocean; though her designation of her father (the rector), his wife, and herself, as "the rector, the di-rector, and the mis-director" may fairly be called amusing, without being vulgar. The author of this novel has a wide scope of imagination, which she turns to use in the portrayal of her characters, one and all of which are drawn completely, and what is more to the point, realistically. A tragedy at the end of the story rather spoils the rhythm of the plot, which is otherwise well developed.

BOOKS ON HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Invalids Abroad, by E. Bibby (Hatchards), is none the less adapted for a large class of invalids at home. Primarily the writer addresses herself to those who, wintering abroad, find that at the pension where they have taken up their quarters every tray of the "frequent nourishment" ordered by the doctors runs the weekly bill up to an amount which possibly they can ill afford. "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a," and, when one has not at command a cook with a *batterie de cuisine*, it is astonishing what may be done in the way of invalid cookery with no more resources than a spirit-lamp, a saucepan, an old biscuit-tin, and a little ingenuity. A suggestion, however, to save from

the *table d'hôte*, with a view to ulterior cooking in the aforesaid saucepan, such items as cold fish and chicken, would, we fear, involve recourse to manœuvres resembling those of the late Mr. Grimaldi. A number of scraps of information, and tables of practical usefulness to those about an invalid, are appended, together with a glossary of medical terms. We cannot, however, regard as a satisfactory definition of "abdomen," "the whole of the large cavity of the body, containing most of the internal organs," and would advise the fair authoress to leave the hard words to the undisturbed enjoyment of the doctors who coin them.

Baths and Bathing. (Hardwicke and Bogue.)—There is still a good deal of faith in nasty physic, and certainly, as regards baths, men will occasionally submit to sit trustfully and contentedly in surprisingly unpleasant messes. Mud-baths, slime-baths, seaweed-baths, mucilaginous decoctions in which we have seen valetudinarians complacently indulging their minds with a theory that they were somehow soaking iodine or ozone into their systems—even dung-baths have, or have had, their day; and because beef-tea when swallowed affords an excellent restorative, or preparations of iron an admirable blood- tonic, hapless beings have been immersed by the hour in ochreous and soup-like abominations. Physiology, however, teaches us that absorption by the skin of water, or of salts dissolved in it, is, to say the least, extremely doubtful; indeed, were it otherwise, sea-bathing would be not only unpleasant but even dangerous. The benefits ascribed to medicated baths are to be attributed, therefore, either to the ordinary stimulant and reflex effects of a bath upon the skin and nerves, to some concomitant treatment or regimen, or to faith. So much quackery has been wrought by baths that, while on the one hand their virtues have been unduly extolled, on the other they have incurred the danger of falling into unmerited disrepute. This ably-written little book will enable the reader to appraise them at their true worth, and should be studied by those who would learn to bathe wisely, and to the best advantage.

Personal Appearances in Health and Disease. (Hardwicke and Bogue.)—This is certainly a wide subject, a full appreciation of which would demand the training of a physician and a deeper acquaintance with several "ologies" than can be condensed into 96 small pages. The writer has nevertheless executed his task well, and the lay reader may learn much that will be to him both interesting and useful. The chapter on artificial alterations in the shape of the body—by tight-lacing or high-heeled boots, for example—might, we think, be usefully extended, and some account be given of the effect of certain occupations upon bodily conformation.

Plague as it Concerns England. (Hardwicke and Bogue.)—That this *brochure* is almost entirely the production of scissors and paste-pot is rather an element in its favour than otherwise. The official papers relating to the plague, which have appeared from time to time in Blue Books and elsewhere, are not accessible to many, and the extracts here given are judiciously selected. A knowledge of the true nature of this disease, of the conditions which favour its spread, and of the machinery which we have in this country for dealing with those conditions, will do more than anything to restrain the unreasoning panic which the mere name of plague is apt to engender. There is one error four times repeated, and italicised, which should be rectified. General Boris Melikoff was *not* guilty, as is here stated, of the absurdity of maintaining a quarantine on the Lower Volga, when the plague had for two years been located behind his back in Viatka and Tchernigow. The disease which gave rise to this misconception was, as the EXAMINER has several times pointed out, an epizootic entirely distinct from plague.

The Elements of the Anatomy and Physiology of Man. By G. G. P. Bale, M.A. (Remington and Co.)—Mr. Bale, as we gather from the preface, addresses himself to "the early student" and to schools, and his aim is "to give with the greatest brevity consistent with clearness a fairly accurate reflection of the exact state of this field of science." Of the author's brevity we can hardly complain, for he compresses, or professes to compress, the not unextensive subjects above-named into some 170 pages of letter-press, but whether the average schoolboy will take kindly to a science

presented to him for the first time in the style adopted by Mr. Bale is another matter. We could, however, overlook the wearisome and uncompromising dryness of this book if that were its only fault, but we find that, while its author wastes his space by treating of minutiae utterly beyond the scope of a rudimentary treatise, and talks glibly of such details as "Schlemm's Canal," the structure of "Ruysch's Membrane," or of the "Zonule of Zinn"; he either omits entirely, or passes over slurringly, elementary facts of the utmost importance. For teaching purposes this work is, we believe, not only useless, but worse than useless, and the unfortunate schoolboy who is condemned to essay its study will probably carry away nothing but a parrot-like jumble of long words, and a profound and unconquerable disgust for what, when properly taught, is a most attractive science.

The Secret of a Clear Head. By J. Mortimer Granville. (Hardwicke and Bogue.)—Thoughtful and pleasant essays on various subjects, which may, however, rather disappoint some who have been attracted by the title.

The Hygiene of the Skin. By J. L. Milton. (Chatto and Windus.)—A discursive pamphlet, containing some very doubtful physiology.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Round the World in Six Months. By Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Bridges, Grenadier Guards. (Hurst and Blackett.)—We took up this portly volume with feelings of doubt and mistrust, fearful that we should have to deal with another of the too numerous specimens of amateur book-making. We have been, on the whole, agreeably disappointed, for although Colonel Bridges' hasty tour round the world opens up no new ground, although he tells us nothing which has not been told more than once before, although he introduces a quantity of irrelevant historical matter (particularly about the Indian Mutiny), and, lastly, though he is distinctly an amateur, unacquainted with the theory and practice of literature, yet his narrative is not devoid of much instructive matter and is written throughout so thoroughly from the "man-of-the-world" point of view that it comes to us, wearied as we are with the pseudo solemnity of the would-be scientific man, and exhausted by the nerveless jokes of the would-be funny one, as a fresh breeze, not perhaps from the wilds of North America, but from the pavement of Pall Mall. Colonel Bridges, something like Verne's hero whose title he imitates, started from his Club and returned to it within six months, proceeding round the world *via* New York, St. Francisco, Japan, China, and India. He does not pretend to have performed any marvellous feats whatever, but attempts to give travellers, without any special hobby, as much information he can of the countries he has traversed, of the points which will be interesting to the average mind of the educated, but not highly literary, Englishman, and professes to be particularly accurate about prices, cost of journeys, and bills of fare—valuable items of information which are too frequently omitted in more pretentious books of travel. It was, perhaps, unnecessary to devote so much space to chronicling the hours and minutes of arrival at and departure from every place *en route*, but this is a weakness peculiar to travellers, and one that we can willingly forgive. The best portion of the book is that devoted to Japan and China, where even students who have read the numerous important works on these countries will find much to interest them. A painfully realistic scene, showing that Colonel Bridges is not devoid of powers of observation or description, is the account of cremation in Japan, on page 58. As a specimen, however, of the combination of guide-book statistics with child-like simplicity we commend the following:—"October 3rd. I took my passage to Hong Kong, and paid £12 6s. for it. After dinner my hospitable entertainer drove me down to the tug-boat, which took me to the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Hindustan*. I got on board at midnight. She is a fine vessel. The cooking is very indifferent. There are only six passengers besides myself;" which is a fair example of Colonel Bridges' style. Yet with all its faults this book is not a worthless one. To make it a good one a quantity of "padding" should be cut out, and it should be reprinted in

a cheap handy form for those who want to "do" the world in the coming long vacation.

Visitors' Guide to Cannes and its Vicinity. By F. M. S. (Edward Stanford.)—This piece of trash was written, as the author tells us, with charming *naïveté*, to amuse his leisure. In Christian charity we hope he succeeded in so doing, but we very much doubt it. The mere reader when attempting to peruse it is overcome by sleep, and the effort of writing it must have been concomitant with a prolonged agony of waking dreams. Never before have we met with such persistent uniformity of dulness. The attempts to be lively are painful in the extreme, and the semblance of historical and ethnological learning lugged head and shoulders into the book are on a par with the historical sense in Miss Pinkerton's academy in the days when Messrs. Macmillan's primers were not. But a beneficent Providence has decreed that there is no situation without its consolations, and if F. M. S. has not succeeded in writing a good guide to Cannes, he may find some morsel of satisfaction in the thought that he has managed to produce, not only the worst guide to Cannes with which we are acquainted, but the very worst guide of any sort that ever was written. The information given is scanty, and even such scraps of useful knowledge as the author condescends to impart are wrapt up in confused and ungrammatical English. The book will be read when Baedeker and Murray are forgotten, but not till then. Visitors to Cannes this winter will no doubt, when ordering their Tauchnitz at the Agence Anglaise, find it consigned to them wrapt up in pieces of printed paper on which may be read by the curious the bald, disjointed fragments of the classic English of F. M. S.

[In our notice last week of "Horse Judging," Mr. Fearnley (the author's name) was by an error printed Framley.]

STRAY LEAVES.

THE "Special Fund," instituted by the Committee of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, on behalf of the orphan daughters of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of her Majesty's troops who have been, or may be, killed during the war in Zululand, is worthy of the warmest support. This deserving charity aims at more than immediately benefiting the bereaved families; it intends the help to be of a permanent character. The girls received within the Home will be retained till sixteen years of age, when they are provided with places as domestic servants, or other situations for which the training of the institution—moral, mental, and industrial—renders them especially well qualified. Sufficient amounts, we are pleased to hear, have already been received for the admission of six or seven girls, according to their ages; there are, however, vacancies in the Home for ten or twelve altogether, and the committee are naturally desirous of extending the benefits of the institution to the full number for whom places have been prepared. To be enabled to carry out this laudable purpose they make an earnest appeal to the warm-hearted for the necessary funds, which we cordially trust will be forthcoming. The Soldiers' Daughters' "Special Fund," we would add, is independent of the Mansion House and General Woodhouse's Funds, though nominations by the managements of these funds of orphan daughters, sufferers by the war in South Africa, will be eligible for admission to the Home. Major-General Boileau, of 31, Ladbroke Square, W., is the chairman of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home.

THE English Folk Lore Society has the following works in preparation:—"Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders," by William Henderson; "Aubrey's Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme," with the additions by Dr. White Kennet, which will be edited by Mr. James Britten, and "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," to be edited with illustrative notes and an introductory essay on "English Noodledom," by W. F. Thomas, F.S.A. The annual meeting of the society took place on Thursday last; the Earl of Verulam presided, and there was a good attendance.

THE International Literary Congress will meet on Monday, 9th June, and will sit on that and the five following days. The Committee of the International Literary Association, and the English Reception Committee, will meet in the Rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, at noon of the 9th, to complete the order of the proceedings; and at two o'clock the chair of the first public meeting of the delegates and of the honorary members of the Association will be held. M. Victor Hugo is President of the whole Congress, and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is Chairman of the English Reception Committee, which comprises nearly all the names most distinguished in contemporary English literature.

THE general meeting of the Sanitary Association took place on Thursday at the rooms of the Society of Arts, when the annual report was laid before the members. Of the work done by the Society, not least useful is the institution of public examinations to test the fitness of candidates for the posts of sanitary officers and inspectors of nuisance. The necessity for some proper test is sufficiently proved by the fact that nearly forty per cent. of the candidates were rejected. Sixteen more will be examined next month.

THE entries for the local examinations in music, to be held next month at Trinity College, London, have reached the large total of 3141 candidates, exclusive of the returns from the Colonies.

A BODY calling itself the "National Thrift Society" has recently been formed for the encouragement and development of thrift throughout the country by the establishment of penny banks, provident dispensaries, &c. The object is an excellent one, and if the idea is properly and economically worked out ought to be one of the greatest benefit to the working classes. The present head-quarters are at Oxford; but it is proposed to establish a centre in each county throughout the kingdom. Communications should be addressed to the secretary, Mr. T. Bowden Green, 7, New Road, Oxford.

THE press of Bulgaria has received a further addition in the shape of a daily journal called the *Slavianin*, which has just been started at Rustchuk. This makes the tenth newspaper established in Bulgaria since the beginning of the year

MR. JOHN WILLS'S earnest endeavours to hold an International Horticultural Exhibition in London next year will have the staunchest support of all true horticulturists and others interested in the science and practice of horticulture and floriculture. The idea has much to recommend it; there is no sort of reason why such an exhibition should not be held, and prove thoroughly successful. The Prince of Wales has been requested to become the president of the exhibition. H.R.H. has replied that he is inclined to look favourably on the project, and will consider the question of accepting the presidentship later on, when the required guarantees shall be forthcoming. An offer has been made by her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to provide accommodation on their estate for the proposed exhibition, on the condition that they receive 25 per cent. of the admission money.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND CO. have in preparation a "Glossary of Terms and Phrases," edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith, M.A., Vicar of Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, with the assistance of the Rev. Sir George Cox, M.A., Bart., the Rev. Professor Twisden, Mr. C. A. M. Fennell, and others. The Glossary is intended to bring together such words and expressions (only), whether English or other, as occur with more or less frequency in general English literature, and need for the general reader that explanation for want of which the meaning of a sentence or a paragraph is often missed. It will include technical, historical, geographical, proverbial, and allusive words and phrases; but on the other hand it is not professed that it shall be a dictionary of scientific terms or archaic words. Whilst intended primarily for the man of education, the needs of the student and the mechanic will be duly considered.

THE subjoined is the Russian literary news:—Count Tolstoy meditates writing a novel with scenes cast in the reign of Peter the Great. He has recently undertaken a journey to Moscow to examine archives bearing upon the epoch. The Academy of Science is printing a Russo-Kurdish dictionary, compiled by Professor Youlpi. At Tiflis a work has appeared on the "Linguistic Religions of the Armenians," by S. Kostianin. Wolf, a publisher at St. Petersburg, has brought out the first number of a work entitled "Picturesque Russia" (*Jivopisia Rossié*), modelled upon the "Picturesque Europe" of Messrs. Cassell. When complete the book will contain 3000 small engravings and 300 large-sized pictures, and will be about the best illustrated work on the Czar's dominions extant. G. Krivenko has done good service by publishing a volume under the title of "Bodily Work as an Element in Education." In most Russian schools physical training is wholly ignored, and this defect has been clearly exposed by the author. Of late years the Caucasus has become a great resort for invalid Russians, and many Germans find their way to the baths at Piatigorsk besides French and Italians. For their assistance Dr. Miliutin has brought out an excellent "Guide to the Mineral Waters of the Caucasus," which will shortly be translated from Russian into French. Bishop Krisanoff, of Novgorod, the author of "Religion of the Old World," a standard work of its class in Russia, has retired from his bishopric in consequence of ill-health, and has been appointed superior of a monastery at Moscow.

MESSRS. G. E. DOD AND CO., publishers, have lately been appointed the London agents of the *Société Biographique de France*. Applications for membership, and biographies of English literary men, soldiers, politicians, artists, and members of leading industrial firms intended for publication in that Society's journal, should be addressed to Messrs. Dod, 26, Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W.

THERE has been little that is remarkable among French publications this month. In poetry, the volume entitled "Poèmes de la Révolution," by M. Emmanuel des Essarts, deserves mention. A novel called "L'Inconsolée" has created considerable sensation owing to a preface by M. Dumas, and a legend attached to its inception. M. Louis Ulbach, who always publishes more books than works, has produced "L'Enfant de la Morte." M. Léopold Stapleaux has written "Les Cocottes du Grand Monde," the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by the title. New novels by MM. Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet are announced. Henry Greville's "Un Violon Russe" is also worth reading.

A NEW monthly review, called *l'Esprit Libre*, is about to appear in Paris. Madame Edmond Adam, well known in the literary world by the pseudonym of Juliette Lamber, will be the mainstay of the new periodical.

THE Russian journalistic notes are as follows:—The Russian Government has discovered that G. Dragomanoff, formerly editor of the *Kievskoi Telegraph* is now at Geneva, editing the Nihilist journal *Gromodara*. G. Masloff, the editor of *Stockbreeder's Journal*, the leading Russian agricultural paper, is dead. Permission has been given by the Censor at Tiflis to G. Gregory Ter-Meliksetoff to bring out a weekly newspaper in Armenian and Russ. It will be called the *Trood*. G. Artsruni, the editor of the leading native journal in the Caucasus, the *Mshak*, has established in the rear of his publishing premises a theatre for the performance of plays in the Armenian language. Great regret has been caused in journalistic circles at Moscow by the death last week of Doctor Stepan Nazariantz, the editor of the *Severnoe Sienie*. The condition of G. Katkoff is greatly improved, but it is believed he will have to go abroad sometime before he can resume his editorial duties. General Gourko is reported to have refused permission to the proprietors of the *Rooski Pravda* to start afresh their journal, which was temporarily suspended a short while ago. During its brief career the *Pravda* earned the esteem of the public by the frank and earnest spirit of its articles, and promised to become the leading journal of Russia.

ON the 23rd inst. Colonel Petrushevitch, well known in Russia as an explorer of the region lying between the Caspian and Khiva, gave a lecture before the members of the Imperial Caucasian Geographical Society, on "Intercourse with the Turcomans and its significance for Russia." No particulars are given by the Tiflis papers.

L'Art is now occasionally reproducing, in a larger and more elaborate form, Mr. Du Maurier's drawings, which originally appeared in *Punch*. "Madame est Servie" in last week's number will probably please our French friends more than the English public. We prefer Edmond Yon's etching—a scene on the Marne, and are hungry for more like it.

MDLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT'S criticism on the "Salon" may be mentioned as a curiosity; so also "Une Lettre à la Jeunesse," by M. Zola.

A PROJECT is circulating among the wealthy Armenians at Tiflis for the formation of an association to promote the diffusion of knowledge among their countrymen recently brought under the rule of Russia.

THE most conspicuous person in Paris is at present that gifted actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose many-sided talent excites at the same time wonder, admiration, mirth, and impatience. Madame Bernhardt, whom we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing in London, together with her talented colleagues of the Théâtre Français, seems indeed to possess wonderful powers of production under every form. She is not content with occupying a throne in the House of the Rue Richelieu; as an artist and a writer she competes with genuine though perhaps excessive fervency. Then she is represented at the Salon by a marble bust of Miss Habena, the painter; not content with contributing to the yearly exhibition of works of art, she undertakes to write the criticism thereof, and Parisians can read her remarks in the columns of the *Gaulois*. She promises "Letters from England" to the *Voltaire*, and no doubt it will be very interesting to hear Madame Bernhardt's six weeks' impressions of the Strand and Wellington Street, though one must wonder how she will be able to find time to observe the peculiarities of Englishmen. Parisians, however, are somewhat capricious in their infatuations; they seem to be getting rather tired of seeing Madame Sarah Bernhardt everywhere and in every capacity. The *Figaro* gives vent to this rising feeling of discontent against the waning idol in merciless jokes more remarkable for wit than for good taste.

THE private view of M. Gustave Doré's two new pictures took place at the gallery bearing his name on Tuesday last. These last works are "Ecce Homo" and "The Ascension." They are, as might be supposed, grand in conception, and grandly carried out. Of the two the "Ecce Homo" is decidedly the finer work; but though the majesty and dignified sorrow of the central figure is thoroughly maintained, yet, at the same time, no detail of the raging crowd surging at the foot of the steps is neglected, and each face bears a marked stamp of individuality. The colouring, also, of this picture is decidedly superior to that of "The Ascension." In the latter the colours, particularly on the angels' wings, appear to us too bright and glaring, though it is possible that this effect may to a certain extent be accounted for by the false light in which the picture is placed.

DURING the month of June Mr. Irving proposes to act in a variety of plays, and has made a selection intended to illustrate the English poetic drama. Such variety has often been wished for, but has never hitherto been given at any of our modern theatres. The pieces selected are:—"Hamlet," "The Lady of Lyons," "Eugene Aram" (by W. G. Wills), "Richelieu," "Louis XI.," and "Charles I." Occasional changes of programme even during successful runs of pieces are to be a feature in Mr. Irving's management.

M. VAUCORBEIL'S enemies, and he has many, now reproach him with being an enthusiastic admirer of Richard Wagner. "Tannhäuser," it will be remembered, was brought out in Paris some six years ago, and ignominiously

and unmercifully hissed. The new impresario proposes to produce "Lohengrin" next season. The representation promises to be a stormy one, and the battles of Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians, which have hitherto been fought in M. Padeloup's concerts, will now be transferred to the wider arena of the Grand Opera.

A COMIC OPERA, in two acts, entitled "Daisy Dingle," the music by Mr. J. H. Maunder, an amateur of some promise, and the libretto by Mr. Henry J. Cakin, who, we believe, was one of the original contributors to *Fun*, was performed by the Leytonstone Amateur Opera and Comedy Company at the Grosvenor Hall on Tuesday last. The music was very bright and pleasing, and the little piece went well.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Addis, The Late John, M.A.—Elizabethan Echoes. Edited by his Sister Pickering and Co.
 Anderson, Alexander ("Surfaceman").—Ballads and Sonnets. Macmillan and Co.
 Bright, Henry A.—A Year in a Lancashire Garden. Macmillan and Co.
 Calderwood, Henry, LL.D.—The Relations of Mind and Brain. Macmillan and Co.
 Canning, The Hon. Albert S. G.—Philosophy of the Waverley Novels. Smith, Elder, and Co.
 Chandler, W. A.—Feuds, a Novel in Verse. E. W. Allen.
 Dicken, Charlotte H., edited by.—The Scott Birthday Book. Hatchards.
 Dumphy, Charles J.—Sweet Sleep. Tinsley Brothers.
 Eliot, George.—Impressions of Theophrastus Such. W. Blackwood and Sons.
 Hime, M. C., LL.D., T.C.D.—Intermediate Schools in Ireland. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
L'Art. No. 230. Mai 25, 1879. A. Ballue, Éditeur. 134, New Bond Street.
 Leslie, Thomas Edward Cliffe, LL.D.—Essays in Political and Moral Philosophy. Longmans and Co.
 Lewis, John Delaware, M.A.—The Letters of the Younger Pliny literally translated. Trübner and Co.
 Modern Meteorology. A series of six lectures. Illustrated. Edward Stanford.
 Reid, M. F.—A Handy Manual of German Literature. W. Blackwood and Sons.
 Remembrancia. Preserved amongst the Archives of the City of London, A.D. 1579-1664. Privately printed for the Corporation of the City by E. J. Francis and Co.
 Simpson, Jane.—Linda, and other poems. Edmonston and Co., Edinburgh.
 Tales from Blackwood. New Series. No. 14. W. Blackwood and Sons.
 Taylor, T. S. (Undergraduate).—First Principles of Roman History. Rolfe Brothers.
 Tennyson, Alfred.—The Lover's Tale. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
 Veley, Margaret.—For Percival. New Edition with 8 Illustrations. Smith, Elder, and Co.
 Vigfussen, Dr. Gudbrand, and F. York Powell, M.A.—An Icelandic Prose Reader. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

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THE EXAMINER.

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The EDITOR cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.

Articles on THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND are now appearing in the EXAMINER.

The following have already appeared: I. WINCHESTER. II. ETON. III. WESTMINSTER. IV. HARROW. V. AND VA. RUGBY. VI. CHARTERHOUSE. VII. MARLBOROUGH. VIII. and VIII A. MERCHANT TAYLORS'. IX. WELLINGTON. X. AND XA. CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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MONDAY next, June 2nd; TUESDAY, 3rd; and THURSDAY, 5th, LADY OF LYONS, 8.15. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry.
WEDNESDAY, 4th, HAMLET, 7.30. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry.
FRIDAY, 6th, and SATURDAY, 7th, EUGENE ARAM. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry.
Preceded by the Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
SATURDAY MORNING, June 7, HAMLET, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry.
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