

THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3720.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

(PRICE6d.
By Post..6d.)

Registered at the General Post Office.

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NOTICE.

In the EXAMINER for May 24th will appear the first number of

GOD the KNOWN and GOD the UNKNOWN:
An Eirenicon.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER,

Author of "Erewhon," "Life and Habit," "Evolution, Old and New," &c., &c.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL NOTES.

THE German and Russian Governments have been putting pressure on various European States to induce them to give up political refugees. That such was the case in Spain the last official despatch from Madrid left no doubt. The Swiss Government, to which also remonstrances have been addressed by the Northern Powers, is following an ostrich-like policy, officially denying that any communications have taken place, and in practice obeying the dictates from St. Petersburg and Berlin. Thus the Italian Daresi and eight of his friends have been peremptorily ordered to leave the territory of the Republic. The Russian Turikoff, suspected of the assassination of General Mezentoff, has also been commanded to quit the country.

IN the coming reconstruction of the French Ministry, it is probable that M. Waddington will resign the Presidency of the Council, but retain the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. At the same time M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior, whom M. de Girardin's paper accuses of smoking all day instead of attending to his work, and who is manifestly incapable of conducting the duties of his office, would retire on the pretext of ill-health. He will probably be succeeded by a protégé of M. Gambetta's, viz., M. Henri Brisson; and another friend of M. Gambetta's, M. de Freycinet, now Minister of Public Works, will become President of the Council. Having thus been patched up, the Cabinet may manage to struggle on feebly for a few weeks longer, but the end is not far distant.

THE late Ministerial crisis in France has, up to now, not caused the dissolution of the Cabinet; but the end cannot be very distant; and it is pretty certain that the moderate Left Centre Party will be sacrificed to the extreme Radical section of the Cabinet. The cause of the quarrel was the return of the Chambers to Paris. Two months ago the Senate would have certainly rejected the proposal had not MM. Waddington, Léon Say, and Le Royer declared that, in the event of the Bill being carried, they would guarantee the safety of the Chambers by placing the Paris police under the control of the Ministry, and thus under that of Parliament. Upon this assurance the Senate consented to adjourn the discussion. But now the Municipal Council of Paris, which has much to do with the police, refuses to make any concessions to the Government. Ministers are unwilling to enter upon a conflict with the Council, as their only method of coercion would be to dissolve it, and if it were dissolved a still more radical body would probably be elected. They (MM. Waddington and Léon Say) being unable to satisfy the Senate, matters have come to a deadlock, and these two gentlemen have tendered their resignations; they have not yet been accepted, but there can be no doubt that ere long a change will be made.

REPORTS received from Baku speak of the utmost activity existing on the shores of the Caspian in connection with the movement against Merve. Ten schooners, each capable of conveying 500 troops, have been engaged for the purpose of transporting reinforcements from Petrovsk to Krasnovodsk, and a number of Volga steamers have also been secured. General Lomakin's artillery arm has been increased by six batteries, comprising twenty-four guns, while 2000 Circassian cavalry have been conveyed across the Caspian to increase the irregular horse. Everywhere the military movements are on a very large scale.

INTELLIGENCE from Tiflis states that a very uneasy feeling prevails at Kars on account of the deep hostility of the Mussulman population towards their Russian masters. Of late several sudden deaths attended with suspicious circumstances have taken place among the

officers of the garrison, and the belief that they have been poisoned by the Mussulmans is so general that a commission has been appointed to inquire into the matter. The last victim is Colonel Ugloff, the commander of the Caucasian Grenadier Guards. Another instance of the success of the Berlin Treaty.

ANOTHER secret printing-office has been discovered at St. Petersburg, this time in the very precincts of the printing establishment of the so-called Ministry of Official Communications. The head of the establishment is a German of the name of Boenke, whose antecedents place him above suspicion. In consequence of a denunciation however, the police, in the night of May 4 to May 5, suddenly appeared to make a domiciliary visit in his dwelling, as well as in all the houses where his compositors reside. After long and fruitless searching the proclamations of the Revolutionary Committee were at last found in the possession of a son of one of the compositors of the name of Kors, and these proclamations, it was then seen, had been printed with the very type of the official printing establishment. At Kieff a meeting of Nihilists was near being pounced upon by the police; but owing to a timely warning the members of the clandestine association were able to escape. Next morning a detective who is supposed to have informed the authorities of the intended meeting was found stabbed in the street. Numerous arrests have since taken place. The number of persons imprisoned on suspicion is now so large that the Government, it is stated, have discussed the question as to whether a great many of them ought to be sent off to Saghalien. Among the population of St. Petersburg in general the hasty flight of the Emperor to Livadia is very unfavourably commented upon. He is said to suffer greatly from nervous excitement, and his prestige has been considerably diminished.

THE unfortunate officer, Dubrovin, who, on May 2nd, was hanged at St. Petersburg, the first public victim of the state of siege, died most heroically. A company of the Wilmanstrand infantry regiment, to which the condemned man had formerly belonged, was ordered from Staraja Russ to be present at the execution. A square was formed about the gallows by a considerable number of troops. A man of noble presence, Lieutenant Dubrovin, clad in the black robe of the condemned, on which the word "Traitor" was inscribed, came out from prison with firm step, singing with mighty voice a kind of Russian Marseillaise, in which praise was given to the names of Rylieff, Odojevski, and other champions of freedom, who were hanged under Nicholas in 1826. This song seems to have been of Dubrovin's own composition. The beating of drums had to be resorted to in order to stifle his voice. When the death-warrant was read to him by a Lieutenant of the Moscow Regiment of Guards, he contemptuously said, "Stop that silly ceremony!" When the priest offered him the cross, Dubrovin bade him go to a place which is usually not mentioned. Then he walked firmly to the scaffold, calling out, "Long live freedom!" whereupon the executioner quickly threw the cap over his head and performed his office. There is much alarm in Government circles on account of the corps of officers among whom Dubrovin had lived having never given the slightest intimation to the superior authorities as to the sayings or doings of their revolutionist comrade.

COLONEL PREJEVALSKY has reached the Chinese frontier, and we may learn any day that the Russian Expedition has started for Thibet. It is certainly an anomalous

spectacle that the exploration of an almost unknown region lying just outside the walls of India should be undertaken by a Power with almost every obstacle lying in its path. Between Zaisan and Lhasa is a broad belt of desert country occupied by nomad tribes hostile to Russia, and fringed with towns, the functionaries of which detest the sight of the Muscovite. The authorities at Peking are averse to the exploration, the Governor of Kashgaria, Tso Tsoun Tan, has refused to allow it to pass through his district, and Hung Kow, the envoy at St. Petersburg, has repeatedly begged Prince Gortschakoff to stop. Yet, in spite of all this opposition, the Russian Government has persisted in the enterprise, and unless the authorities at Calcutta look to their laurels, Colonel Prejevalsky will be the first of modern travellers to lay open the secrets of Lhasa to us. On our part the only obstacle impeding British exploration of Thibet is the antagonism of the functionaries at Peking. This surely ought easily to be overcome, for our relations with China are of the most friendly nature, while the intercourse between Peking and St. Petersburg, is, to say the least of it, not of a very encouraging nature for Russia. We observe in some quarters a disposition to regard Prejevalsky's journey as being simply a mission in the behalf of science. This apology will not do. Colonel Prejevalsky is accompanied by three staff-officers. He has an escort of thirty Cossacks, besides a small detachment of the Turkestan Mounted Rifles. His collection of "scientific" instruments embraces 13 "spare" Berdan breechloaders, 22 revolvers, 6 American rifles, 10,000 ball cartridges, 110 lbs. of powder, and 10 cwt. of lead. All this may have a very scientific aspect in the eyes of those who have not watched the farce of Russian "scientific" exploration in times gone by, but it will not go down with experts of Central Asian politics. The fact of the matter is, Russia wants to find out whether Thibet serves as a base for Chinese power in Kashgaria, and if she discovers the people discontented with Celestial rule, it will be open to her to incite them against their suzerain. Connected with this desire may also exist the wish to discover a road to Assam and North-east India, in order to create a diversion in that quarter should she find it possible to do so. On this account it behoves England to extend her influence to Thibet before Prejevalsky can arrive with his Cossacks and set the authorities against us, and as time is now of the utmost value the rival expedition should be set on foot at once.

THE solution of the East Roumelian puzzle has been discovered at last. Nothing can be more simple: the threatened Bulgarian insurrection is to be avoided by giving the Bulgarians all they want. The letter of the Berlin Treaty is to be strictly carried out, but its spirit is to be that of the preliminaries of San Stefano. Turkey is to retain the right, given by the Treaty, of placing military garrisons on the Balkans, but is not to exercise it. Lord Salisbury gravely assures us that the Sultan could not renounce this right without the consent of the other Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin. But how are those Powers to prevent him? If after a few months Aleko Pasha should retire in favour of Prince Battenberg, in virtue of a secret agreement between Russia and the Porte, are Turkish troops to be driven from Constantinople by English and Austrian bayonets to occupy the Balkan passes? We may be sure that in such a case the authors of the Berlin Treaty would submit to the inevitable, after a solemn diplomatic protest and reiterated assertion of the "intentions" of

Europe and the "rights" of the Porte. Meanwhile the face of the Balkan frontier is to be played out to the end. A delimitation commission, to be protected by Russian troops against possible attacks of too-impatient Bulgarians, has proceeded to the Balkans to decide where Turkey is to have the right of placing her garrisons, and the Sultan has confirmed the appointments to the civil service made by Generals Dondoukoff and Stolipine south of the Balkans "on condition that the Russians among them become East Roumelians." The meaning of all this is only too evident. The Treaty of Berlin has served its purpose in securing a momentary triumph to the English and Austro-Hungarian Governments, and now it proves to be worth little more than so much waste paper. The Bulgarians, who, after being petted and praised and fought for, by two great Military Powers, naturally resented being cut in two, have shown themselves to be stronger than disunited Europe. Rather than encounter once more the cry of Bulgarian atrocities, England and Austria have preferred to abandon Turkey to the mercy of Russia, and the Sultan is consequently making the best terms he can with his late adversary. Such is the lamentable result of Party spirit at home and mutual distrust abroad. The union of Bulgaria, and the consequent advance of Russian power to the gates of Constantinople, will not be attributable to the conduct of our Government since the close of the Russo-Turkish War so much as to its hesitating policy before and during the war. The Treaty of Berlin was the death-warrant of Turkey, but it would have been impossible, when Turkey lay at the feet of Russia, to deny to the latter Power the fruit of her victories unless at the cost of a new war in which England would have been without an ally. If Lord Beaconsfield had not been hampered by the Gladstone agitation, he could have prevented the Russians from crossing the Pruth before they had acquired a claim to be rewarded for their sacrifices; and it might not have been impracticable even to stop them at the Danube or at the Balkans. But when Turkey had lost all power of resistance it was too late to save her, and the Treaty was merely an expedient to prepare her for a decent end.

THERE are conflicting statements current at Vienna with regard to the resignation of Major-General Feldmann, the military attaché of the Russian Embassy. While upon the one hand he was accused of having studied too much in detail the topography of Galicia, which, in the event of a quarrel between Russia and Austria, would become the theatre of war, upon the other he was said to have suborned officials of the War Office, and procured from them information which it was beyond his province to obtain. The opinion most generally received at present is, that his resignation has been brought about by the character of the report which he addressed to his Government concerning the recent operations in Bosnia and the Herzegovina—a report which, if military gossip is to be believed, spoke of the Austrian army as "inoffensive against a great Power," and which was communicated to the Austrian Government by the military authorities of Germany.

PUBLIC opinion in Austria is very dissatisfied with the Convention. Was it necessary, it is said, to mobilise 300,000, and sacrifice 7000 men, besides spending 145 millions of florins, to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina as a vassal of the Porte? Too many concessions have been made, and although most of these are merely nominal, and in practice not worth the paper they are written on, still in the eyes of Austrians their diplomacy has been outwitted. The growing influence of Russia at Con-

stantinople also fosters an uneasy feeling at Vienna. The Sultan is reported as entirely Muscovite in his sympathies, and the following words are said to have been recently spoken by a high Turkish official, "We have, alas! too late found out who are our friends and who our enemies. Austria and England with their land-hunger and brutal egotism are certainly not among the former." It will be easily imagined that neither Prince Lobanoff nor General Obrutscheff are anxious to combat such opinions.

WE have it from a good source that the negotiations at St. Petersburg between the Chinese Envoy, Hung Kow, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs respecting the retrocession of Kulja have come to a close, and the chief adviser on the Russian side, General Krijanovsky, has returned to his post at Orenburg. The decision of the Russian Government is kept a profound secret; but in official circles it is generally asserted that if any concessions have been made by the Czar, which is doubted, compensatory advantages of a substantial character have been secured from the Chinese.

WE learn from Russia that Colonel Domontovitch, of the Don Cossacks, and ten subordinate officers have left Rostoff for Teheran, where they will command a body of Persian cavalry.

WE understand that the Russian Government has decided upon the expenditure this year of a large sum of money towards the development of the Black Sea Fleet. Instructions have also been given for commencing the construction of a dockyard at Sebastopol.

THE German Ultramontanes are very hopeful as to the result of the negotiations which have been opened between Prince Bismarck and Herr Windthorst. They consider that the formation of a Clerical-Conservative Party to support the economical policy of Prince Bismarck will be the result of a compromise which is to be preceded by the following concessions to the Catholic populations by the Prussian Government: the creation of a Ministry of Public Worship and Education upon a basis of equal rights, and of a Catholic section in the said Ministry; the passing of a transitory measure with a view to the ultimate abrogation of the May laws; and the re-establishment of the banished Bishops in their respective dioceses. Herr Windthorst attaches great importance to the services which the Centre Party can render the Chancellor at the present juncture, and he has expressed his belief that Prince Bismarck is prepared to separate himself upon ecclesiastical questions from his Ministry, and also from Herr Falk, but that in the meanwhile it will be more prudent to lead Prince Bismarck to hope that they will vote in favour of the tax upon corn and butchers' meat. Upon the other hand, it is certain that the democratic Catholics and the extreme Catholics will detach themselves from the Ultramontane Party, and that a new Catholic Party of a Progressist tendency will eventually be formed. Those Ultramontanes who have coalesced at the elections with the Socialists and the Hanoverian Protestants will never be induced to fall in with the compromise which is now being arranged at Berlin, and Prince Bismarck will probably take advantage of this schism in the Centre Party to obtain his ends without conceding so much to Herr Windthorst as the latter expects to get.

SHOULD Lundi Kotul become—as is said to be intended—our future outpost on the Khyber road to Cabul, the troops there quartered will have no cause to regret the change from torrid Peshawur. There is a pretty exten-

sive plateau at Lundi Kotul, which affords a capital site for barracks. Being 3600 feet above sea-level, well drained by nature, and not closed in by neighbouring hills, its circumstances closely resemble those of Subathoo, the military station on the old road to Simla. The temperature is said to be reasonably mild all the year round, neither the midwinter frosts nor the midsummer heats being very severe. The one defect is a deficiency of water, the present source of supply being at an inconvenient distance. It is thought, however, that this can be remedied by sinking wells, and in that case Lundi Kotul will leave little to be desired. Every care should be taken when forming the new station to secure the efficient sanitation of the native bazaar which is sure to spring up in the immediate vicinity. Owing to a neglect of this precaution, many of the present hill-stations of India are subject to malaria, in spite of the salubrious breezes blowing over them. Natives, if left to themselves, invariably throw the refuse and sewage from their houses down the nearest declivity, where it remains, polluting the atmosphere until the hot sun has done its work.

WE do not know whether glory has forgotten to blush since she was requested to do so on a famous occasion, or whether the doings of Sir Robert Peel are of much concern to her. But we should think that if glory will not blushingly hide the division-list on Tuesday night, the Member for Tamworth might do a little blushing for himself. Coventry is not far from the honourable Baronet's place of abode, and he can hardly fail to remember how a certain famous hero once refused to march through that town with Wart and Feeble, Mouldy and Shadow. On Tuesday night Sir Robert marched through the division-lobby with followers compared to whom Feeble was as Guy of Warwick and Shadow a portly gentleman. Nor is this perhaps the only association with Coventry which the malicious will conjure up with regard to Sir Robert. But over this part of the matter we shall pass lightly. We cannot but think, however, that it is a pity that a man of no small ability, and inheriting a justly-honoured name, should have identified himself with proceedings so little creditable either to the taste or the sense of their promoters as those of the resolutions of Tuesday. With men like Sir Robert an infallible test of their actions is to ask whether they are amusing. When Sir Robert is lively, he is generally in the right; when he is dull, it is a sign that he is in the wrong. On Tuesday he was very dull indeed. He moved the adjournment of the debate when, as Sir Henry Havelock very truly told him, the House would willingly have listened to him for as long as he liked to talk, and he could find no more suitable epithet than "flabby" for a speech which friends and foes agree to have been one of the most forcible that Mr. Gladstone has ever delivered. It is very much to be feared that Sir Robert is suffering from a bad pain in the temper, and anybody who can discover an anodyne should apply it without delay. The House of Commons is not so lively that we can afford to have Sir Robert Peel degraded to the level of the very dull little dogs who bark and act with Mr. Edward Jenkins.

TO-MORROW, Sunday, the vote will be taken in all the Swiss cantons on the question of the re-establishment of the penalty of death. At Berne a mass-meeting has in the meantime been held for the purpose of protesting against such re-establishment; but only 3000 persons from that canton, as well as from Neuenburg and Solothurn, attended. The resolutions taken declare—"First, that the penalty

of death is to be rejected, because it is not absolutely necessary for the security of the human society; because it renders judicial murders possible; and because it does not act as a deterrent. Secondly, that the penalty of death is incompatible with the morality and dignity of a civilised people. Thirdly, that most crimes have their origin in ignorance and misery; that it is therefore the task of the Republic to destroy crime in its root by better education and by the moral and social elevation of the people. Fourthly, that the re-establishment of the penalty of death must be looked upon as a frivolous surrender, from erroneous motives, of the more ideal views of civilisation. Fifthly, that the re-establishment of that penalty constitutes an inroad into the Swiss Charter, and paves the way for political reaction; that a bad service is thus rendered to the Swiss people; and that its honour will be diminished in the eyes of foreign nations. Every Liberal citizen is consequently called upon to vote on May 18 with a "nay." There is much truth in some of the above propositions, but perhaps not the whole truth. We should not wonder if the popular vote tomorrow were cast in favour of a revision of Art. 65 of the Swiss Charter.

A CONTROVERSY has been recently going on in the *Daily News* as to the correct version of an old saying attributed to the Emperor Charles V. in reference to the characteristics of the principal European languages. The controversialists seem not to know that, after all, it does not matter very much what Charles V. said on that subject. It is well known that he spoke Flemish best, but German most indifferently; whilst the Spaniards expressed much doubt as to the purity with which he spoke their own tongue. When the Margrave of Brandenburg, addressing him in the name of the Protestant Estates of the Empire, said that "rather than renounce the Gospel, he would kneel down before his Majesty and be beheaded," Charles V. replied in his curious mixture of Flemish and of dialect German: "*Nit Kopp ab, nit Kopp ab, lewer Ferste!*" ("Not head off, not head off, dear Prince!") This was the extent of his knowledge of the tongue of the nation to whose headship he was elected, but with whose political and religious aspirations he was entirely out of sympathy. When Charles V. remarked that English ought to be spoken to the birds, having in his mind nothing but the frequency of the "s" sound, he little dreamt how the coming Shakespeare would sing.

PRINCE PETER of Oldenburg, who is now at Stuttgart on account of his daughter's marriage, is chief of all the Imperial Russian colleges for girls, and exercises the duties of his office with great diligence. On a recent occasion he decided to investigate for himself whether there were any grounds for the numerous complaints which had reached him of the food at the Smolnig Convent, where 800 girls are educated. Proceeding to the institution just before the usual dinner-hour, he avoided the main entrance, and walked straight towards the kitchen. At its door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming cauldron. "Halt!" he called out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers of course obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the Prince. The spoon was at once produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue," cried the Prince; "take off the lid. I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup," he exclaimed; "why, it is dirty water!" "It is, your Highness," replied the soldier, "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."

THE EXAMINER.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

MR. DILLWYN'S RESOLUTION.

ALTHOUGH certain Intransigents in the House of Commons succeeded in getting the debate of last Tuesday night adjourned, Mr. Dillwyn's Resolution is somewhat in the condition of Partridge, the Astrologer, according to Swift. It may show signs of life, its friends may argue that it is still living, but it is stone dead for all that. Nor can there be much doubt who killed it. It may be that it did not want much killing, and that if its actual executioner had held his hand there would have been plenty more to take his place. But after Mr. Gladstone's remarkable discourse, nobody but Sir Robert Peel and the Irreconcilables already alluded to, can have thought it worth even the trouble of a division. Mr. Dillwyn himself does not seem to have had the faintest idea what he meant; Mr. Courtney vindicated his professional reputation by a learned constitutional discourse, of which the learning was only equalled by its want of sense; Mr. Jenkins gave it his approval; and Lord Robert Montagu did something with it of which probably no person in or out of the House has any clear notion or understanding. On the other side, the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out in a few plain words the attitude of the Government, and Lord Hartington not too graciously or gracefully stated his intention of voting with the Ministry. But all this was merely idle talk beside Mr. Gladstone's speech. How that came to be delivered, whether it does not contain the severest possible censure of much of its speaker's own conduct during the past two or three years, and whether it would have been made but for Mr. Courtney's references to a certain Royal warrant and his absurd description of Lord Barrington's treason to the Constitution, are questions into which we need not here enter. It is sufficient to say that it offers one of the most remarkable examples of resipiscence that we remember, and to express a very fervent hope that Mr. Gladstone will long remain clothed in such comely and decent raiment and possessed of such an undeniably right mind.

Not the least curious thing about the speech was that Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone seemed to have changed places. The Whig leader was, as we have said, halting and ungracious in his opposition to Mr. Dillwyn's absurd proposition. He availed himself of the occasion to indulge in unnecessary flings at the Government and to enter into digressions which were altogether out of place. Mr. Gladstone did none of these things. His apology for his own conduct in the purchase matter was perhaps not strictly *ad rem*, but was amply justified by Mr. Courtney's reference to that business. Every other word of his not very lengthy speech was straight to the point, and was driven home by the force of a great orator's eloquence, when that eloquence is at its strongest because its least verbose and rhetorical pitch. Mr. Gladstone pointed out successively that the alteration of the terms of the motion had placed a grave issue, or what, as far as it could be comprehended, was a grave issue, before the House at barely twenty-four hours' notice; that it involved a sweeping censure of the conduct of Government in matters which had repeatedly been de-

bated in the House; that the supposed personal interposition of the Sovereign was a thing of which absolutely no proof had been shown in, or attempted in, all the previous discussions; and lastly, that the censure desired, if inflicted, would be a censure by the House on itself, inasmuch as it had again and again validated every act of the Government which was now called in question. It is impossible to conceive a heavier indictment or one more thoroughly borne out by the facts of the case. Irregularity of procedure, obscurity of meaning, rashness or rather falsity in statement of fact, inapplicability to the nature and circumstances of the case, all these things were to be found in Mr. Dillwyn's unlucky motion, and they were expounded to the House by one who, whatever foibles he may have, is undoubtedly the greatest master of exposition which that House contains. The nominal divisions on the adjournment may be taken to indicate the minimum majority which a division on the main issue would have given to the Government. We may safely assert that not half a dozen would have been added to the minority in any case, and the actual overwhelming majority of three hundred might not improbably have been increased in a real trial of strength to half as much again.

We are really very much obliged to Mr. Courtney for his little outbreak of Constitutional pedantry. It must have finally opened the eyes of all but hopeless zealots to the utter folly and unreality of the arguments which from many quarters have been advanced against certain proceedings of the present Ministry. When a man of considerable information and some ability gravely remarks that it is unconstitutional to take notes for her Majesty of debates which a score or so of reporters are busily noting all the time for her Majesty's subjects the topsyturvification becomes gross and palpable. It is no wonder that men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Fawcett begin to rub their eyes and look about them to see where they are going. We have said that it will not do to inquire too closely into the consistency of more than one of these convertites; but the fact of their conversion is the point of importance. We have taken the sense of the House, say they both, on these matters, and it is against us. Mr. Fawcett even goes further, and frankly admits that in at least some instances the sense of the nation has been against them too. We intend, they continue, to appeal to the constituencies as soon as we possibly can; but meanwhile we see neither use nor justice in asking the House to stultify itself by reversing its own judgment, and still less of either in attempting to bring about such a reversion by including in our complaints an august and guiltless head. This is the language of straightforward politicians who comprehend the rules of the game, and who do not seek to console themselves for defeat by mere obstructive cavillings. Should it be maintained—and we could wish that the nominal leader of the Liberals had been sharper in taking up the cue—the conduct which has been the opprobrium of the present Opposition will be condoned, if not forgotten, and they will be restored once more to their proper and most useful position in the respect of the nation. Mr. Gladstone observed that even the attractions which an opportunity of assailing the Government might be supposed to have could not tempt him to support Mr. Dillwyn. It is no secret that the motive thus sarcastically described has been imputed to a large section of the Liberal Party by a very large body of public opinion. Englishmen still have a fancy for fair play, and this suspicion has hopelessly weakened those against whom it has been made. There is no doubt that

on more than one occasion, when exception has been taken of late to the Government policy, the exceptors have been in the right. But the stigma of factious opposition has been on them, and they have in consequence spoken to obstinately deaf ears. In this justly-stigmatised course it appears that Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Dillwyn, with a ragged regiment of Home Rulers and free-lances, intend to persist. This will scarcely be of consequence if the memorable debate of Tuesday is the signal for a new departure on the part of the chiefs and the main body of the Liberal Party.

BISMARCK'S TARIFF BILL AND THE LIBERAL PARTIES.

AFTER a six days general debate on the Tariff Bill in the Reichstag, Prince Bismarck has succeeded in splitting up the National Liberal Party, with whose aid he had for years carried on the King-Emperor's Government, both in the Prussian House of Deputies and in the German Parliament. It remains to be seen in the end whether he will thereby have achieved a desirable result for his own political objects. Four chief parties—not counting the numerically insignificant groups of Social Democrats, Guelfs, Alsations, and Poles—compose the bulk of the Reichstag. They are the National Liberals, or moderate Constitutionalists, and the Progressists or Radicals on the one hand; the Centre Party, or Ultramontanes, and the Conservatives on the other. All measures in the interest of the Empire, or of anti-clerical reform and progress, were hitherto passed by the aid of the former. The Conservatives hung back; the Ultramontanes were on principle against the Chancellor's policy. The Empire, therefore, practically stood on the basis of parties which, of late, it has been the systematic aim of Bismarck to alienate, or to force into an unwillingly-accepted compromise.

So it was on the occasion of the Anti-Socialist Act, which was forced down the throat of the House, and of the Gagging Bill, which was thrown out by an overwhelming majority, including the Ultramontanes. Repeatedly baffled and defeated on one point, the self-willed Minister who, between 1864 and 1866, almost brought matters to a crisis similar to that which cost Charles I. his crown and his head, ever returns to the charge from another side. More than two months ago, we took occasion to remark that "in the background of his reactionary political schemes there looms his not less reactionary plan of returning to Protectionism in commercial matters. And in the darkest recesses of his Protectionist designs a plan is hidden of reconstructing the whole commonwealth on the principle of the *Polizei-Staat*, as it existed in the worst period between 1815 and 1848. Telescope-like, one antiquated and despotic idea after another is being drawn out by a statesman who began his career as one of the most rabid types of squirearchy, and who, in his ripe old age, turns his back upon the more modern and enlightened views to which he had for a time paid a reluctant allegiance. The Liberal Parties of Germany stand, therefore, in great need of closing up their ranks. The supreme danger is near, and it can only be averted by firmness and union."

The union has been broken by the defection of a considerable group of National Liberals under the guidance of Herr von Bennigsen, who went over to the Protectionist camp. Lasker, Forckenbeck, Bamberger, Rickert, Braun, and other leaders of the same Party, who had often enough exhibited a deplorable weakness in yielding

to the importunate demands of Prince Bismarck, stood their ground better on the occasion of the Tariff Bill, so that between Dr. Lasker and the haughty Chancellor there occurred a regular scene, the former having accused the omnipotent and omniscient Minister of an "untrustworthy enunciation of facts and figures." But whilst the Lasker group of National Liberals—together with the Radicals under the leadership of Eugen Richter, who are free-traders to a man—opposed the Tariff Bill, the moderate Constitutionalists under Bennigsen entirely faced round. Ultramontanes and political reactionists, fortified by a Liberal defection, were thus able to form a fortuitous majority, completely changing the balance of Parties.

The Parliamentary position is consequently entirely altered. As a proof of the extent of the change we need only refer to the *Danziger Zeitung*, a National Liberal organ of Free Trade proclivities, which bitterly denounces the "violent encroachments made by the Chancellor upon the whole social and economic condition of the nation," and ironically says that "perhaps it would be better to appoint Prince Bismarck Dictator of Germany at once for a fixed period, or even for life." Yet this Danzig journal is one of those which had hitherto salaamed most deeply before the high and mighty Transparency, Prince Bismarck. In the same way the *Freihandels-Correspondenz*, the organ of the Free Trade Section of the National Liberals, launches out into a severe condemnation both of Herr von Bennigsen and of the Imperial Chancellor, whom it accuses of "stirring up the cupidity of interested classes in a manner of which the history of the world—at any rate the history of Prussia, offers no example." These are the judgments of men who until lately were his out-and-out partisans.

Nor are there indications wanting that not a few of his present opponents and late friends think he is aiming at such Protectionist measures for landed proprietors as would serve his own private family interest. Indeed, the sympathetic eagerness with which he answered the letter which Baron Thungen, a Bavarian landowner and agrarian agitator, had addressed to his son, Count Herbert Bismarck, goes far to prove that the Chancellor is not above such a consideration. This occurrence has created all the greater disgust because Baron Thungen-Rosbach's "facts and figures" have also been proved since to be a ridiculously "untrustworthy enunciation."

Prince Bismarck's victory over his own late friends was initiated by the appearance for the first time of Herr Windthorst, the Hanoverian ex-Cabinet Minister and Ultramontane leader, at one of the Chancellor's famed evening parties. Windthorst is the man whom Bismarck formerly characterised as a back-stairs sneak who conspired with Court ladies against the existence of the Empire in the interest of the Vatican. Many amenities of this kind have passed between the two, but at last Windthorst appeared on special invitation at Bismarck's *soirée*, adorned with his Guelphic order, surrounded by four Romanist henchmen, and smilingly declaring to some astonished Liberals who asked for the meaning of this miracle: "*Extra Centrum nulla salus.*" It was observed that the Prince and the Princess exhausted themselves in attentions to their long-missed guest, even to the extent of hurrying to fetch napkins in order to wipe from little Windthorst's dress-coat with their own august hands the *Mai-trank* which the awkward Titanic Chancellor had spilt upon it. Well may the Berliners have shaken their heads when the next morning they saw the report of a meeting which seemed to beat the wonders of Marpingen.

In the discussions on the Tariff Bill, Windthorst has since made a speech which concluded with words appreciative of the "restoration of the German Empire for the welfare of the German fatherland." So unusual a declaration on the part of the Ultramontane leader has only contributed to make Liberals ill at their ease. There are rumours already in the air of the position of Herr Falk, the author of the May Laws, being shaken. Alarm and uncertainty are the prevailing feelings in public opinion. Everywhere men say that Bismarck's policy has become utterly incalculable and uncontrollable, and that representative government is incessantly being undermined by him. This condition of affairs is replete with danger, and those who work for steady progress on legal lines would be right glad if the course of nature brought about a change in the occupancy of the Throne—a change probably followed by a personal change in the occupancy of the Chancellorship.

AFFAIRS MILITANT.

THE synopsis of the terms offered to Yakoob Khan, which we were enabled to give last week, have been confirmed by the later intelligence received. Moreover, we are glad to see that the Indian Government, having learnt a lesson by the failures of the past, are fully aware of the necessity of recognising the claims of Yakoob Khan to the throne, and by their moral support establishing him firmly thereon as our friendly ally. There is one part of the treaty, or rather the draft of the proposed treaty, that is likely to cause some discussion. The Indian Government propose to pay an annual subsidy, nominally for keeping the passes open, but in reality to strengthen the Ameer's hands in dealing with malcontent tribes. To our thinking, this is a mistake. It savours too much of bribery and the purchase of Yakoob's good will. And when it is remembered what money means to the Oriental mind, it will be seen what a powerful weapon or loophole we give by this offer to Russian intrigue. Terms discussed in pounds, shillings, and pence with an Afghan ruler are rather apt to end in his endeavouring to make a bargain and sell what he has to the highest bidder. Russia must feel keenly the failure of her underhand policy, and would naturally seize on this as an opportunity for purchasing what intrigue could not obtain for her. If, as we firmly believe to be the case, money is requisite to "keep the passes open," it would be far better that we ourselves should pay it, and not allow it to pass through the hands of the Afghan despot. It may be urged that this course would materially affect the Ameer's sovereignty, but the effect on our own prestige must not be lost sight of. There is the usual amount of secrecy overshadowing the negotiations at Gundamak, and rumours of a hitch in the proceedings are rife, the reason given being that Yakoob Khan is forced to ask for better terms than we are inclined to grant him. It is sincerely to be hoped that the negotiations will not be allowed to drag, and, eventually, after falling through, turn out that they were merely a subterfuge in order to gain time. Such things are by no means uncommon, and are, in fact, the leading features of Oriental policy. Far better, unless we can pin Yakoob Khan at once, would it be to push on, and dictate terms from Cabul, than to find ourselves in the position of a *status quo ante bellum* after a protracted game of diplomatic shuffling at Gundamak. And we fail to see, even supposing the rivals of Yakoob Khan to be "strong in their positions," how the advance on the capital "would

render the confusion prevailing worse than ever," as suggested in the telegram of the *Standard's* Special Correspondent. Surely the British flag hoisted at Cabul would act as a forcible check on the aspirations of the various claimants, and, rather than complicating the position, would, by giving the key into our hands, render the cutting of the Gordian knot (if any exists) a comparatively easy matter. The game of arbitration, conferences, and various other diplomatic ruses, is almost played out, and the time is coming when "the nine points of the law"—to wit, possession—will be recognised as a leading factor in the equation. The blacksmith of history, who when playing in a cricket-match and being bowled out, much to the discomfort of his village *confrères*, turned the tables on his opponents by saying, "Out, is it? Well, I'm the biggest man on the ground, and I should like to see the one as 'ull fetch me out," certainly gave us an example which in the present instance we should do well to imitate. Delay at the commencement of the hot weather means disease amongst men and animals, a break-down of transports, and a half-completed conquest, to be commenced over again; while to our opponents it signifies a respite, and breathing time in which to reorganise their shattered forces. "Follow up advantages" is a cry that from time immemorial has been dinned into the ears of commanders and diplomats, and the neglect of this precept has often cost nations, ourselves among the number, very dear. It must not be imagined from what we have said that we are advocating an advance on the capital of Afghanistan. Far from it. All we wish to do is to point out the danger of a protracted negotiation, and the two sides which are involved in the question, laying it down as a broad rule that in politics or diplomacy no Oriental is to be trusted to act in a manner wholly aboveboard, and that we ought to hold ourselves prepared at any moment to place ourselves in the right by making the best of opportunities.

From the Cape we have no news of importance. Lord Chelmsford has asked for fresh reinforcements, and his request has been complied with. Taking the average of trained troops against savages, he has under his command nearly one per cent. more than are usually required, though in the face of the reverses we have sustained, the Government could hardly do otherwise than accede to the demand. It certainly shows a sign of doubt on Lord Chelmsford's part that he should require a further addition to the forces now under his command. That the standard should have been reduced again for infantry and volunteering opened from the militia shows plainly that the resources from whence we draw our "stop-gaps" are, notwithstanding the past flourish of trumpets, by no means satisfactory. To complete the establishment of regiments and battalions ordered on active service, the less fortunate ones have been forced to supply large drafts, thereby rendering themselves mere skeletons, and now their places are to be filled by volunteers from the reserve, who are to be tempted by the bait of a bounty. How much longer this state of things will last it is impossible to say. Depôt centres have (as predicted) ignominiously failed, and the army reserve has proved to be nothing more than a farce on paper. Common sense would suggest the increasing of regimental depôts and the abolition of that most pernicious system of "short service;" but common sense, alas! in the Army is trodden under foot by official routine and official "hobbies;" and as each succeeding Secretary of State for War has an infallible plan of his own for the reorganisation and readjustment of her Majesty's forces, it is improbable that we shall see the condition of affairs

much bettered. That the same blood that won our victories in bygone days still flows in the veins of our soldiers has been amply proved. The raw material is to hand, and seldom has such an opportunity presented itself as at present for weeding out abuses and placing the army on a permanent and sound footing.

THE NORTHERN UNIVERSITY.

THE imposing array of influential men who formed the deputation to the Duke of Richmond on Thursday, and urged the formation of a new University in the North of England, is not unlikely to make the public forget a few facts which, as the speakers were all in favour of the new scheme, were, of course, not mentioned. It was alleged that Lancashire and Yorkshire are obliged to send their sons to London if they wish to obtain a University degree, and cannot incur the expense and loss of time involved in residence at Oxford or Cambridge. But the allegation is not quite correct, for the University of London holds examinations at Manchester for the very purpose of conferring its degrees, and the successful candidates at these examinations are embodied in the same list and treated on precisely the same terms as the students who attend at Burlington House. The plan now pursued for Manchester is as follows:—The examination-papers are sent down, sealed, to the authorities of Owens College, who place them before the candidates, and the answers are sent back to London, also sealed up, to the examiners of the London University. Students at Manchester are therefore put to no trouble and no expense whatever; and if the proper authorities at Sheffield, York, or Halifax apply for the same facilities they will obtain them at once. Dr. Gott's statement that the number of men engaged in commercial pursuits who hold University degrees can be counted on the fingers is one of the wildest and most incorrect which has ever been made by a learned professor. The number of Cambridge and Oxford graduates who are "something in the City" is very considerable, and that of graduates of London almost as great. Mr. Forster's argument, "That the desire to possess a northern University sprang from an earnest craving on the part of those who were unable to send their sons to the older Universities to have the advantage of University culture within the reach of those who were following mercantile and manufacturing pursuits," was almost equally wide of the mark. The North of England appears to crave for what it has already got. For by attending Owens College, or some other of the numerous higher educational establishments in Lancashire and Yorkshire, any young man can prepare himself to take a degree, and can then, without even incurring the expense of a return ticket to London (available for one month), pass the requisite examination at Manchester, or, as above stated, elsewhere in the immediate vicinity of his residence. We cannot suppose that a body of men so highly educated as those forming the deputation desires to lower the standard of a degree; in fact, they distinctly and emphatically repudiate the notion that such is their intention. But if the scheme only proposes to make a degree more accessible to all classes, the examination remaining as searching as are those now conducted by the University of London, we fail to see how greater facilities would be afforded to Lancashire or Yorkshire students by the fact that the authorities of Owens College would have the right of setting papers composed by themselves rather than those they now receive by post from London. The fact that

the Board of Examiners in Burlington House is absolutely independent of, and quite unconnected with, any special educational establishment is the best guarantee that their examinations will always remain what they now are—severe and impartial. It appears to us that the wish of the deputation, reduced to its proper form, merely amounts to a request that a certain number of men who now direct education at Owens College (so successfully that Owens College students carry off many prizes in London) should be removed from the excellent control of a large body of examiners recruited from all England, and should themselves test the results of their own teaching. Thus stripped of factitious surroundings, the proposal has a distinctly narrow and retrograde character, and it will require better arguments than any we have yet heard to induce us to accept it as a step towards the improvement of higher education.

OUR SHIPS OFF ZULULAND.

THE following extract from a private letter received from a naval officer at the Cape, which gives an interesting account of the movements of H.M.S. *Active* during the war, shows that the mishaps which befell that vessel and the *Tenedos* occurred under very awkward conditions, and, in less fortunate circumstances, might readily have proved disastrous. Under date of April 14th our correspondent writes:—"I will try to give you an idea of how things have been going on out here since I last wrote. We left Simon's Bay for Natal on November 2nd, and when we arrived found the place in a very unsettled state—the whole Colony in alarm lest Cetewayo should make some sudden rush on them. From Natal we went up the coast to Delagoa Bay, which belongs to the Portuguese. It is a capital harbour, it and Simon's Bay being the only two along this coast. After staying there a few days we returned to Natal, and anchored off the port of Durban, in the open sea—a most frightful place to lie at, blowing a furious gale of wind regularly twice-a-week; we were never steady one moment till we returned to Simon's Bay on the 24th of March.

"On November 19th things were looking so bad that we landed a Naval Brigade of 180 men and officers. The Brigade was encamped at the mouth of the Tugela, the boundary between Natal and Zululand, and on the declaration of war they marched with Colonel Pearson's column. Of course you have seen by the papers all about the sad affair at Isaldhwanha. It took us quite unawares, and I never witnessed such terror as amongst the panic-stricken people of the Colony. The women and children were begging to be taken on board us, and I believe that at one time it was seriously thought of.

"Cetewayo boasted after the massacre that he would not leave a single white man, woman, or child alive in the Colony. On receipt of the news of Isaldhwanha, we in the *Active* went up to the enemy's coast to draw off their attention from the troops. We did it with a vengeance! They followed the ship in some numbers, and one fine morning, when we were quite close to the shore, we ran aground, and the *Tenedos* with us, on an unmarked shoal. I can tell you it was not altogether a joke. The Zulus saw in a minute what had happened, and evidently prepared to watch us. After some time this old ship managed to get off, after shaking us nearly to pieces, and running on to one bed of hard coral after another, but the *Tenedos* stuck fast. We went to her and grounded again, but we could not tow her off. This was early morning. At ten that night we went to her again, having

taken all valuables out of her, and luckily towed her off, quite disabled. But the worst was to come; as we towed her off we could not get out of her way, as we were anchored, and she ran right into us. It was as dark as pitch, and a nasty night, while all around us on shore were the Zulu watch-fires. For an hour and a half we were in collision, and every soul on both ships thought we were done for. We ground each other to pieces like matchwood, and the crashing of the spars falling from aloft was something not easily to be forgotten. As we were short-handed, chaplain, surgeons, and all had to give a hand, but the surgeons soon had other work to look to. How we did get apart I don't exactly know; we were both badly disabled, but as the *Tenedos* was quite a cripple we had to tow her. It blew a gale, and twice we parted the tow-rope, but at last got back to Durban. The *Tenedos* is so much injured that she will have to be sent home, and we are not much better. . . . This war is a sad thing, and when it is to be finished is very uncertain. People out here say, some a twelvemonth, others a shorter time; anyhow it is certain that the Zulus have proved themselves to be a fine set of fellows, not knowing what fear is, and being well armed with the breechloader, so that I am afraid they will take a lot of fighting."

THE MINERS' THREAT.

JUST as the needless and deplorable quarrel between masters and men in the Durham collieries has been brought to an end, the coal trade in all the rest of England is threatened with violent disturbance. At a conference of delegates, representing upwards of 120,000 miners, which was held at Barnsley last Tuesday and Wednesday, it was unanimously resolved that "the time has now come when the whole of the mining community of Great Britain should take united action to try and prevent the recurrence of reductions," and "therefore"—a somewhat illogical deduction from the premiss—that a demand should be made "in each district for an advance in wages of 10 per cent., and, if the employers will not grant us this, a general stoppage to take place throughout the country." It was also decided "that we try our uttermost to bring about a shortening or equalisation of the hours of labour, so as to bring the supply equal to the demand." As, however, the Barnsley conference only represented about half of the entire body of coal-getters in the kingdom, the Durham miners especially holding aloof on the ground that they wished to see the result of the arbitration then being carried on on their behalf, it was considerably resolved to suspend action until after another meeting of delegates, to take place at Birmingham on the 17th of June, though it was added, "that in the interim mass-meetings be held in each district to lay these matters before the men, so that each district may send delegates prepared to deal with these questions." This is certainly alarming. If experience did not prove that, when masses of ignorant men resolve upon a course of action, they stop at no folly, however suicidal, in endeavouring to achieve their purpose, we should be inclined to think that these resolutions are only bluster, an attempt to use the partial success of the Durham strike in frightening the masters in other counties from proposing reductions in the rate of wages. That, however, would be bad enough, and there is nothing to show that matters will not be much worse. At best we are threatened with a noisy and mischievous agitation throughout the coal districts, in which half the miners are pledged to do all they can to coerce the other half into agreeing with them in a line of

policy that cannot fail to be injurious to themselves and the whole community. If matters go no further than the proposed mass-meetings, there will be mischief enough done. We hope that those who have influence with the mining classes, whether Radical Members of Parliament, journalists, amateur political economists, or social reformers without commission, will see the propriety of doing all in their power to stop the agitation.

If any benefit to the miners could come from enforcement of the programme put before them, no one, of course, would be justified in opposing it. The miners, like all other classes of society, have a right to the highest wages, the lightest work, and the shortest hours they can get, provided their getting them for a short time does not ruin the industry by which they live, and thus lead to their own ruin as well as their employers'. It is in their own interest that we deplore their falling into blunders that may be fatal to them; and such blunders have rarely been more crowded together than in the resolutions that were passed at Barnsley on Wednesday. Strikes have been justifiable and successful before now. Indeed, whenever they have succeeded, that fact has gone far to justify them. But there seems no prospect at all of success in the universal miners' strike that is now projected, and the pseudo-economical reasons alleged for it are palpably at fault.

That the coal-getters should feel acutely their present position is not to be wondered at; but they should understand that they themselves are partly to blame for it, and that the misfortunes they have not brought on themselves are mainly due to circumstances that neither they nor their employers can control. Seven or eight years ago the demand for coal was so great, in consequence of the unparalleled prosperity of the iron, cotton, and other industries, both at home and abroad, that it could be sold for an average of eighteen shillings a ton at the pits' mouths, and at that time the men received about two shillings a ton in wages. The price of coal is now only about six shillings, of which the men receive barely a shilling. That trade has grievously deteriorated in the interval is nobody's fault—it is only a reaction from the excessive and unnatural prosperity by which everybody profited while it lasted, the men as well as the masters. The men obtained higher wages than they ever had before, and no one grudged them this advantage, though many warned them of the risks they were running by the uses they made of their temporary advantage. We do not refer here to the more luxurious habits of living that they acquired, nor has anyone much reason to reproach them for getting the best enjoyment they could out of the money that they fairly earned. They not only, however, lived up to their increased incomes, but also insisted upon working for fewer hours. It mattered little, of course, to the masters whether they employed four men or three to do a certain quantity of work, as the aggregate wages of the four, working short hours, were no greater than they would have paid to three for working long hours; but the men are now feeling, though they do not recognise or acknowledge, their mistake. Believing that high wages would last for ever, they obliged the masters to employ a large number of newcomers, from whose competition they did not suffer at the time, but which is now punishing them very severely. It is this competition, this redundancy in the labour market, that now enables the masters to pay lower wages than they need to pay, if that is really the case; and it is by working for fewer hours than formerly that the men have partly reduced their daily earnings to the low point at which they now stand. That, if not the whole root of the evil,

is the only one which it is in their power to pluck out. If they would reduce their numbers—say, by emigration—those who remained could command higher wages and earn much more. By clamouring for yet shorter hours, they only propose to make matters yet worse for themselves than they already are.

But they tell us that the chief cause of their low wages and of the general depression of trade is over-production. They are right, in so far as that it is, not the chief, but a minor cause. Over-production, however, is an evil that they have no chance of remedying; one that even the masters, hampered as they are by competition with one another, can hardly touch. It can only be cured by the ruin of so many producers that the fortunate residue will be able to command the market. The men's proposal to cure it by a stoppage of mine-working for a few weeks or a few months can have no appreciable effect at all, as they will inevitably be forced to give way long before the trade at large is materially affected. They may furnish the coal-dealers with an excuse for temporarily raising their prices, but that is all. Any effort of this sort "to bring the supply equal to the demand" must necessarily fail as long as there are plenty of mines to be worked and plenty of miners to work them, men who can be obtained from elsewhere, if those at present employed refuse to work. Their threat of a general strike, if carried out, will cause serious inconvenience to their employers and the public, but they themselves will be by far the greatest sufferers by it.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

FOR the month of May to elapse without the recurrence of certain attempts at rejuvenescence on the part of various sections of the charitable world would be as startling an innovation on established custom as to serve lamb without mint sauce. With the budding leaves of spring-time the public mind has grown accustomed to associate the efforts of the larger religious societies to secure a fresh start for their enthusiastic employés in the sphere of missionary enterprise. Accordingly, the organisers of eleemosynary Christianity are seen about this time flocking in imposing numbers to that gloomy edifice in the Strand, of which the "Grand Divan" tavern is the convenient and seductive *vis-a-vis*.

At first sight, perhaps, there might seem some incongruity in such a vicinage, but this is probably more imaginary than real. There is a substantial and commercial character about the evangelistic speculations of Exeter Hall, which, as charity lunches are as much in vogue as theatrical matinées, renders it perfectly natural that a far-famed purveyor of "saddles" and "sirloins" should have pitched his tent so discreetly. Indeed, from the rather dismal reports of some of the societies which held May meetings last week, we can readily understand that the facilities afforded (by Simpson's dining-rooms) to the less sanguine of their supporters, of keeping up their spirits during the proceedings by fortifying the inner man, must have been unusually attractive. The financial depression which has so generally prevailed of late appears to have affected the trade of benevolence equally with others. Amongst the societies for the spiritual improvement of their neighbours there is an almost universal complaint of want of funds. A few of the older and wealthier corporations are, of course, indifferent to a fluctuating subscription list; but even in the case of societies with an annual income of from £30,000 to £50,000 and more, the constable appears to have been more than usually distanced during the preceding year. Thus, at the annual

meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the report, "in all respects but the financial one," was regarded as not less encouraging than in former years. Again, we learn that at the seventy-first annual meeting of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, it was stated that in the Episcopal Jews Chapel no fewer than nine adults and ten children have been baptised, whilst in the Hebrew Missionary College there are eight students, and that the attainment of these and similar stupendous results has occasioned the society an excess of expenditure over income amounting in the space of two years to no less than £4346—a fact which would seem to demonstrate that a few, at all events, of the 138 agents whom the society employs might, with advantage to its next balance-sheet, be recommended to seek other occupation, and that the "thousands" of New Testaments, missionary tracts, and periodicals which these gentlemen have distributed in the course of the year should not have been thus forced down the obviously unwilling throats of the Jewish community, especially whilst their would-be instructors remained so involved in debt. At the meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society the secretary had to make the depressing announcement that at the close of the financial year, March 31, 1878, the total available income fell short of the expenditure by £8500! and this despite the fact that the society's income exceeds £50,000. An appeal, we are told, was made to the "leading friends" of Church Pastoral Aid, but the result was "not such as to afford any reasonable prospect of equalising the income and expenditure." With regard to the results for which congratulation is claimed by the Church Pastoral Aid Society, we fear the benefits accruing are more than problematical. For instance, a somewhat jubilant statement is put forth that many of the grants made by the society have "led to the formation of new parishes and to the erection of churches," but as "A Layman" has pointed out in the *Times*, in reply to the Bishop of London's appeal for more churches, "the difficulty nowadays is not to build churches, but to get congregations, for, beyond the choir and school children, from twenty to fifty, and in some cases even less, appear to be the average worshippers in buildings reared during recent years at enormous expense to accommodate anticipated congregations of one to two thousand persons." In the light of such statistics as these surely the Church Pastoral Aid Society is scarcely justified in exceeding its income by £8500, even in the indirect augmentation of church accommodation, nor in appealing for fresh funds for the purpose.

The statistics of the respective societies, of course, form a main feature in their reports. Imposing arrays of figures and sums total are hurled at the heads of those inclined to be incredulous or indifferent, until it becomes difficult not to believe that Exeter Hall has a monopoly of truth, and has really discovered the secret of public regeneration. It almost takes the breath away to learn that in the brief space of twelve months the London city missionaries have paid 2,935,356 visits; that they have distributed 3,642,204 religious tracts, and induced 157 couples to exchange unholy for a state of holy matrimony. Such heroic achievements as these make us wonder that all the funds of the mission have not been absorbed in shoe leather, and might almost draw a subscription from Lord Thurlow were it not for the fact that the society has succeeded in inducing "173 small shopkeepers" to discontinue the sale of brandy balls and pickwick cigars on the Sabbath. As for the British and Foreign Bible Society, we can only say that to have succeeded in issuing no less than 3,340,995 Bibles in twelve

months is a feat of bookselling energy which almost affords it an excuse for having exceeded its income by nearly £10,000. It appears, however, that in Persia this society has an agent who has been "prospecting"—whatever that may exactly mean; whilst at the Paris Exhibition no less than half-a-million of persons who had paid their francs for admission were induced to accept (gratuitous) copies of the Bible.

A good deal of that peculiar kind of sanctimonious tall-talk, which is the characteristic of the modern representatives of Puritanism, was indulged in as usual at most of the meetings. Thus a Wesleyan missionary in China reported that the famine in that country has "subdued the native mind, and British generosity to the famishing masses in Shansi has called forth a hunger for the bread of life"—a statement which is somewhat at variance with the opinion of the representative of the rival Church Missionary Society, who remarks that Christianity in China is making steady but "slow" progress. But perhaps the most significant revelation of the stationary state of thought in Evangelical circles which the May Meetings have evoked is to be found in the remarks of Lord Shaftesbury at the annual gathering of the Religious Tract Society. His lordship was pleased to state that he has lately "looked into" certain literature of the present day, which, though "attractive," he considers to be the "most foul in principle and design, and of the most deceptive character that ever came from the heads of men or from man's foul heart," and though he had been "much struck by the beauty of the composition and the artfulness with which its wickedness and foul ideas were clothed and conveyed," he was of opinion that it should be discountenanced not only by example and by religious education, but also "by the provision of something better on the part of such bodies as the Religious Tract Society." Does Lord Shaftesbury really think that a copy of "Braces for Unbelievers' Breeches" should be left in the Prince of Wales's box when the Comédie Française gives "Le Demi-Monde" at the Gaiety Theatre, or that Lady Greensleeves, on her way home from Hachette's with "La Dame aux Camélias," would read that volume sandwich fashion with "Stays for Limp Christians"?

THE NEW CARDINAL'S MANIFESTO.

LIBERALISM in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste—not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy." These words, as many of our readers are aware, form part of the speech delivered by Dr. Newman at Rome, when he received the Pope's official message that he had been created a Cardinal. They are very sad words, as embodying the speaker's last farewell of free-thought and free progress, and they have been received with a certain measure of respect, due to one of exceptional talents and undoubted goodness of heart. But falser and more mischievous words were never spoken. True Liberalism in religion does not deny the positive truth of religion, but insists rather upon its relativity; so far from holding one creed as good as another, it insists that every man's creed is a law unto himself, to be broken at each man's spiritual peril; and because it reverences religion and its place in the human conscience, it preaches

toleration in the widest sense to every creed under the sun. Here, as elsewhere, Dr. Newman shows a radical misconception of what Liberalism is and implies, for to him it is something abnormal and anarchical, instead of being totally simple and coherent. True, it is based on the assumption that in all matters of faith the individual conscience forms the last appeal; and hence, though it long ago pronounced its final opinion on the inspirations of the Vatican and the spirit of the Inquisition, it has enabled Dr. Newman to live his life in peace, and has provided for him at every stage of his career the cloistered shelter of popular esteem. Thanks to true Liberalism in religion, indeed, the author of the "Apologia" has prayed, worked, and spiritually thriven in a land which has formally renounced the thrall and, to some extent, the creed, of Rome; every utterance of his has been circulated by the pen, and commented upon in a kindly and a friendly spirit; his character has always been held venerable, and even his delusions have invariably been treated as sacred. And after all this, after years of solemn experience and mellowing wisdom, Dr. Newman, standing in the shadow of the Vatican, points his finger at his benefactors, and almost with his last breath abjures Liberty, and proclaims the gospel of intolerance, of torture, and of retrogression. The spectacle, to our mind, is a melancholy one. Not only does the old reason seem to have lost its cunning, but the gentle judgment appears to have become twisted and perverted. Such a definition of Liberalism as we have quoted is certainly unworthy of a divine trained among the free institutions of England. Accept that definition, popularise and legalise it, and we should speedily possess, instead of a free Church in a free State, not one Inquisition, but a dozen. Instead of "sentiment and taste," to which Dr. Newman has a characteristic objection, we should have "objective fact"—Catholic, Protestant, Positivist, and Materialistic. Dr. Manning would preside over one sort of Star Chamber, the Archbishop of Canterbury over another, Mr. Frederick Harrison over a third, and Professor Huxley over a fourth. The end might, perhaps, justify the means; but apostasy would then become a serious business, and quiet thinkers would no longer be left alone, even at Birmingham.

Of course what Dr. Newman means is simple enough. He has passed over into a Church which professes to hold the monopoly of objective and spiritual truth, and which has been historically distinguished for carrying the doctrine of protection even into the other world. He wishes to say, and in effect he says, as his Church has always said, that religion is to come from above, not from within, and that no man can be a Christian who denies the miraculous Virgin. The logical outcome of all this is inquisitorial. The creed of Rome is true, not merely relatively, but absolutely. Nay, the good Cardinal goes farther. "For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of Liberalism in religion." Yet for thirty, forty, fifty years Dr. Newman has been living under the beneficent protection of the Liberalism he has resisted. During all those years his protectress has never troubled him with questions concerning the material facts of his belief, but has left those facts to his own soul, which alone can apprehend them. He has seen everywhere around him the spectacle of a free people, eager to open all avenues of progress and of honour to all creeds, regardless of religious difference and tolerant to all opinion. How, and to what extent, has Dr. Newman resisted this Liberalism? Only, so far as we know, by expounding with strange clearness and beauty the meaning of his own

faith, and by casting into the side of Rome all the weight of his private worth and intellectual ability. Such resistance, a Liberal would say, is holy and justifiable; that is to say, honest propagandism is justifiable. Our knowledge of Dr. Newman's life is limited to facts which he himself has made public. Well, there is nothing in these facts to warrant the assumption that he ever really resisted Liberalism; on the contrary, there is much to prove that he, more than most men, respected the sanctity of private judgment, enjoyed the moral atmosphere of Liberal institutions, and cherished the privilege of passing pensively from one state of edification to another under the safe protection of a free and Christian land.

Our readers must perfectly understand that we pronounce no opinion on the creed which Dr. Newman holds and has held so long, or that faith which is built on miracles and has itself been most miraculously successful in its application to human needs. Our business is not to discuss dogma on one side or another, but to protest against a definition of Liberalism in religion which would ultimately make all private judgment impossible, and render religion itself, in time, a mere affair of government from above. Dr. Newman's speech would be equally false and offensive if it came from the mouth of one professing any other form of creed. Suppose, for example, that Professor Haeckel, of Jena, were to say, in as many words, "Liberalism in science is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in science, but that one belief is as good as another. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any science as true." How Dr. Newman and all Churchmen would open their eyes at such a definition. Yet the cases are identical. Positive or absolute truth is one thing, its recognition by the human intellect is quite another. Unfortunately for Dr. Newman, the world is not so certain about the truth as it used to be; it has been driven to the conclusion that absolute truth is inconceivable, and that there are a great many ways of looking at even one order of facts or miracles. So Liberalism says, "In God's name let all the creeds of God flourish, so long as they do not interfere with the due workings of the State; let Dr. Newman go to Rome if he pleases, and long may he wear his biretta; only he must let other men have their way too, and leave a little scope for taste and judgment, even in matters of opinion!" And Liberalism, true Liberalism, may add, with a sigh, "Since I *did* allow my good son, Newman, to go to Rome, and put no hindrance in his way, he might have remembered his first obligations to me and mine. He should not have abandoned me altogether, even to become a Cardinal."

CALVIN'S DREAM.

REVERENTLY INSCRIBED TO THE U.P. SYNOD OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE AGES."

THE books had been closed and the Judgment was done;
The stars had fallen, and black was the sun;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And Heaven and Earth had been swept away
In the blood-red storm of the Judgment day;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And behold! in the Heaven and Earth made new
The Tree of Life by the Water grew;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And under its branches was sorrow unknown;

And all the Angels stood round the Throne;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And clothed in white raiment a countless throng
Waved shining palms and sang a new song;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And shawm and timbrel and psaltery and fife

Shook the golden boughs of the Tree of Life;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And lo!—though the Heaven and Earth was glad—

The great human heart of Christ was sad;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And He looked at the Blest: "Of all that were dear—

Of all that I died for—how few are here!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And in the glad silence, 'twixt psalm and psalm,

Vague murmurs He heard in the Heavenly calm;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And faint far echoes of wailing came

From the outer dark and the deathless flame;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

Save Christ's human heart, there was none that heard

The faint cry of anguish, the bitter word;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

But ever some voice between psalm and psalm

Sent a throb of pain through the blissful calm:

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"It was not for *us* that He died," one said,

"Or ever He came *we* were doomed and dead!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"He died such long ages before," one cried,

"Men knew not for certain that *ever* He died!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"He died for *us*—truly. I saw it!" one said;

"But only God knew that a God was dead!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"Yea, truly, a God!—not a Man to know

Man in his weakness, man in his woe!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"Lord Christ, I would pity and spare *Thee*," one said,

"Wert Thou, the Lord, man, and I Lord in Thy stead!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"Remember *me*, Christ, for I stood at Thy knee

When the children were suffered to come unto *Thee*!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

"He forgets how we played," said a low sobbing breath,

"In the street by the fountain at Nazareth!"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And Christ's heart ached; He felt the tears rise

And darken out Heaven from His human eyes;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

But ever the shawm and timbrel and fife

Shook the golden boughs of the Tree of Life;

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And He said: "Do the men made perfect hear

No sounds of the Lost who were once so dear?"

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

And the Thousands Signed: "We hear no word;

For these which are dead praise not the Lord."

The Lord is a just and terrible God!

Then the Lord Himself said : " Son, let be ;
Even as it falleth, so lieth the Tree."

The Lord is a just and terrible God !

But Christ said : " Once yet again will I die
For these which in utter anguish lie !"

The Lord is a just and terrible God !

" It may not be, Son," the Lord God said,
" For Sin is cast out and Death is dead."

The Lord is a just and terrible God !

Christ rose : " If I cannot die again,
I will go to my Lost in their endless pain !"

The Lord is a just and terrible God !

And an awful shuddering silence fell
As Christ went forth to the gates of Hell.

The Lord is a just and terrible God !

And with a cry of terror Calvin woke,
Spread aguish hands, and raised to Heaven a face
Haggard and wet with agony of soul.

" Pity me, God !" he moaned ; " nor judge the sin
Corrupted nature blindly sins in sleep !

Deal clemently, nor visit with Thy wrath,

O Lord, Thou God most terrible and just,
The insensate blasphemy of evil dreams !"

WILLIAM CANTON.

THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

X.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—(PART SECOND).

THERE is nothing at Christ's Hospital resembling the house system. There are sixteen wards, each capable of accommodating fifty boys, and in most cases consisting of one large room in which the beds are arranged. Occasionally meals are served in the wards, but generally in the Great Hall, where the boys sit at sixteen tables according to their wards. A matron has charge of each ward, and presides at its table in hall. In this arrangement, as we think, and in the relations between master and boys, lies the one serious defect of the institution. From the moment school is over the authority of the masters—speaking generally—is at an end. The Warden is responsible for discipline for the rest of the day. With so many hundred boys his personal influence on each can be very slight. The only person older than themselves with whom the boys come into frequent contact for any other purpose than to say their lessons, is their ward matron. The matrons—or nurses, as they were called till quite recently—were no doubt the proper persons to have charge of the wards some centuries ago. Then it was their task " carefully and diligently to oversee, keepe, and governe all those tender babes and younglings that shalbe comitted to their charge, and the same holsomly, cleanly, and sweetly noorishe and bringe up." Now lads of fifteen have taken the place of babes and younglings, and it is high time that masters should replace matrons.

Besides the sixteen wards there is also an infirmary. The health of the boys is wonderfully good. We have visited the infirmary, and found only one patient, and his complaint a sprained ankle ; and sometimes it is absolutely tenantless. The food is plain, but sufficient ; and, though squeamishness is not encouraged, a daintier diet is provided when recommended by the doctor. The proverb bids us not look a gift horse in the mouth. Yet shall the donee examine its teeth, and feel its legs, and try its paces, and then, finding it young and sound and easy-going and free from vice, shall curse the giver for the

white star on its forehead. So we hear boys' friends or parents complain from time to time of the insufficiency of the food, or even that their boys are starved. Yet, spite of the white star, the horse is not returned, nor is the boy removed from school. Charity to the parent, as well as personal experience, makes us conclude that the complaint is now groundless.

The chief games are football and hockey—cricket in the play-grounds, which are asphalted, being impossible. The boys have now a cricket-field ; but, partly in consequence of its distance from the school, and partly because of the small number of older boys, cricket can never be really successful in the school. The seniors have a rowing club, with rooms at Putney. A gymnasium has also been built in the old Compter ground ; and, last but not least, a bath-house, with a famous swimming-bath, has been added. The year is divided into two "halves," Easter making a break in the "long half." There is a six-weeks' summer holiday beginning about the middle of July, a shorter one of four weeks at Christmas, and about a week at Easter. One or two whole holidays a month and a half-holiday every Wednesday and Saturday help to prevent the Blue becoming a dull boy.

To the general public the remarkable feature of Christ's Hospital is the boys' costume, and many are the outcries raised from time to time against its retention. For our part we should be very sorry to see it abolished. Clothes, as we have already mentioned, are supplied to the boys gratuitously ; such clothes must necessarily be as inexpensive as possible. Comparisons are proverbially objectionable, and the Christ's Hospital boy would feel them smartingly were any alteration to make them possible between him and other schoolboys.

The monitorial system is in force ; but with this peculiarity—that the monitors are not taken from the highest class, but from the Deputy Grecians, the First Order, Great Erasmus, or Fourth Form. There are three of these monitors to each ward. The serene dignity of a Grecian is only disturbed when the monitors find it necessary to bring the case of someone unusually incorrigible or unusually stalwart to his notice. The Grecians are very great personages indeed. We doubt whether, in these days of enlightenment, they still exact the respectful "Sir" when addressed by a small schoolfellow, or speak of one another to him as "Mr." Blank ; but, so far from thinking small beer of themselves, they claim to be Château Yquem at the very least, with a tendency to arrogate to themselves the divine aroma of nectar. No stranger can realise how absolutely they were isolated, until the last few years, from the rest of the school, and how this isolation was encouraged by the authorities.

"Religious, Royal, and Ancient" is the common style of Christ's Hospital ; and truly, under the old régime, the religious exercises were serious and somewhat oppressive to the younger part of the congregation. Two services in church, with sermons wherein the Roman Anti-Christ was pounded by all the artillery of Evangelical rhetoric : "sides," which consisted of reading and psalm-saying for three-quarters of an hour before the afternoon service ; and in the evening a lecture half-an-hour in length—such was the fare prescribed for bantlings of nine years old and upwards on forty-two out of fifty-two Sundays in the Christian year. The late Head-master abolished the lecture, and substituted evening service in the Hall for the second church service. There is a close connection between the civic authorities and Christ's Hospital, the Aldermen being *ex-officio* Governors ; and

in most of the Christ's Hospital field-days the Corporation plays a prominent part. At Easter time the Lord Mayor attends service in Christ Church in state. For this occasion the senior Grecian used to compose a hymn in praise of the founders and benefactors, which was set to music by the school organist. Now, however, words from other sources, sung to the music of Wesley, Handel, or Mendelssohn, are counted good enough to satisfy the manes of deceased benefactors and the ears of living Aldermen.

One of the most marked features of Christ's Hospital is the publicity which it invites. Except during school hours, the friends of the boys may visit them at any time; and the public may stroll unchallenged through the entrance in Christ's Church Passage, and wander at will through the grounds and cloisters, or into the gallery of the Hall where the boys are assembled at their meals. At certain times, however, Christ's Hospital formally invites the attendance of the public. The "Public Suppers" on Thursdays in Lent and "Speech Day" are old-established solemnities. Speech Day is necessarily much the same as the same anniversary elsewhere, though it has once more been reduced to the rank of the dullest rather than the sprightliest of such ceremonies. A Public Supper is a proceeding possessed of a quaintness quite its own. The process of eating implied in its name is, perhaps, its least important part. A somewhat lengthy religious service is its commencement; a performance, not without a comic element, is its conclusion. The whole string of boys, with the matrons at the head of their respective wards, pass round in order and bow their obeisance to the chairman of the evening. The annual concert, though more recently established, is the most pleasing entertainment given by the boys. Vocal and instrumental solos, with choruses by the choir and concerted pieces by the band, compose the programme; and choir and band vie with each other as to which shall do more credit to its teacher.

On leaving the school the majority of the boys, as might be expected from their circumstances, enter on a business career of some sort. There is a "Royal Mathematical School," founded by Charles II., to train forty boys for the sea; but of late years the number entering the Navy has been very small. Among its old scholars Christ's Hospital can score many successes. It can show a fair proportion of University distinctions, but does not add many names to the list of "public men." Though we would avoid anything like a catalogue, we cannot omit to mention that Leigh Hunt, whose name is identified with this journal, was a Blue. The late Head-master, Mr. Bell, now of Marlborough College, and the Head-master of Charterhouse went to the University as exhibitors of Christ's Hospital; and Sir Henry Maine also began his success in life as a "Grecian."

The present is a critical time for the Hospital, and it is impossible to forecast its future. We are bound to believe implicitly in the beneficence of Government Commissions; but at present our faith in the Public Schools Commission rests entirely on the basis of things "hoped for." What is "seen" is this—the Governors of the school kept in uncertainty as to its future, and their hands hampered when they would introduce improvements, for fear lest the money to be expended should be thrown away. The Commission propound no scheme of their own, and sanction none that is submitted to them. As the scheme may curtail the privileges of the Governors, none were appointed for some years, and thousands of pounds were thus lost to the Hospital. In spite of these disadvantages much progress has been

made, and honour is due to the Governing Body for having tempered their conservatism with a wise appreciation of the educational requirements of the day.

FEMALE DETECTIVES.

AT a period when the employment of women otherwise than in their special profession as wives is being discussed and encouraged by a large number of intelligent and influential persons of both sexes, it is rather singular that one species of work, for which many qualities inherent to the majority of the fair sex seem to fit them pre-eminently, has not yet been suggested. The great difficulty has always been to find employment for that numerous and ever-increasing class of women which is well educated but penniless, or nearly so. It is not likely that the institution of lady-helps will take any real hold on the customs of the country; the market is overstocked with governesses, and as education improves and collegiate institutions become more numerous the number of good governesses available is likely further to increase, while the number required will either remain the same or positively diminish. Even delicate manual labour does not make very great demands on the intelligence, and the number of ladies who can find remunerative employment in painting, decorating, or the sister arts must necessarily be limited to those who possess the really artistic temperament. Of the many who try to make money in this way the majority fail to secure more than the bare necessities of life, for talent and taste are not given to all. On similar grounds, and for other reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, the operatic and dramatic stage can afford an opening to a few only. Making full allowance for the number of intelligent and well-educated women who can find employment in the professions of art and of teaching, there must remain many whose capabilities are of no mean order, but yet do not enable them to adopt either. It is therefore a matter of urgent necessity to call the attention of the public and of our authorities to all such careers as may afford women another chance in the battle of life, and among these we think there is none for which they are better fitted than the detection of crime.

Our machinery for the protection of life and property has during the last few years showed itself lamentably deficient. The boasted Bow Street runner is a thing of the past, and the acumen and intelligence which are supposed to characterise the modern detective have not enabled him to trace home a number of crimes so considerable that the mere catalogue of the murders, forgeries, and robberies of the last few years whose authors still remain undiscovered and unpunished would fill several columns of this paper. Notwithstanding rose-coloured official reports and encouraging statements in Parliament, there can be no doubt that our whole police arrangements have broken down entirely. It appears that the corruption which a recent *cause célèbre* showed to exist among the very men who were set to catch criminals, and used their positions to shield them and to share in the plunder, was quite unsuspected by the chiefs of the Police department, and it is not too much to suppose that, notwithstanding its "reorganisation" and change of name, Colonel Henderson and the higher officials now no longer have entire confidence in their men. Indeed, it would be very surprising if they had; the public has not, and will, not unreasonably, for many years to come, view the conduct of "criminal investigators" with the greatest suspicion. Popular opinion now divides them into two

classes—the clever ones, who really do combine the qualities necessary for detecting and tracing home criminals, and the stupid ones, who merely follow certain routine directions, and are completely baffled as soon as a rogue refuses to be caught by the ordinary conventional artifices. But it is alleged that the former class is not entirely to be relied upon, while the latter, though honest, is of course incapable. We have every reason to believe that this rough-and-ready classification of our detective force is in the main correct. Notwithstanding the undoubted anxiety of the superior authorities at Scotland Yard to purify the force, they have not been able to re-establish the absolute confidence which existed some years ago. They have misgivings about many of their officers, but such misgivings are unsupported by any tangible evidence, so that official reticence and the natural desire to make things pleasant prevent the truth coming out, as it would be extremely unpleasant to everybody concerned. There exists, too, a desire to let bygones be bygones; and although everyone knew and many people still remember the *laches* of the police in the Benson and Kurr case (even apart from the criminality of the convicted detectives), no one in Scotland Yard is at all anxious to revive the subject, even though the missing diamonds escaped the search of the most acute investigators, and there are yet many other circumstances connected with several jewel robberies entirely unexplained. We know perfectly well how and where the diamonds were hidden, and that the astute criminals in this case reckoned on the stupidity of the men who searched their lodgings, and not on their corruptibility. Their calculation was perfectly successful; the police actually, at one time, held the diamonds in their hands without finding them. Thus, though the Turf frauds were punished, the proceeds of many thefts were not recovered. We quote this circumstance as an example of a case in which the assistance of an intelligent woman would have been invaluable. Poets and philosophers have, ever since the beginning of literature, abused women for deceiving the stronger but blunter sex. Thackeray only crystallised a number of very old opinions when he said that any woman, not positively ugly, could marry any man she pleased. Allowing a margin for exaggeration, it must be admitted that there is much truth in the saying, and it is obvious that an intelligent and not ill-looking woman can, if she chooses, get ten times as much information out of an average, or even out of a clever man, as one of the same sex, however able. Women have a thousand ways of working on the feelings of even the most hardened. Phryne carried away the judges by her mere beauty, and the case of Phryne is, *mutatis mutandis*, recurring daily in our law-courts. But if a woman can by her mere presence, her tone of voice in giving evidence, and her manner of giving it, influence twelve men in a box who have never seen her before, and even occasionally a whole bench of grave and reverend judges whose life has been spent in attempts not to be deceived, how infinitely better are her chances *sous quatre yeux*, when she can bring all her arts to bear on one man. In the first place, a woman can tell untruths infinitely better and with a more unflinching countenance than the most accomplished liar of the male sex. She has a hundred ways, too, of making her lies appear realities which a man does not possess. Secondly, when one man approaches another, particularly if the latter be aware that he has something to conceal, suspicion is instantly aroused. The investigator must invent all sorts of likely or unlikely stories to account for almost every word he says, and the moment

he asks a question his adversary is instantly on his guard, so that all the fencing and ingenuity which has been employed up to that moment is wasted. The woman has an infallible recipe by which nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand are caught. She can, in one of very many different ways, appeal to his vanity. She takes an interest in him; she is in love with him; she admires him; she has known his sister or his sweetheart; she wants him to buy her a dress, or to relieve her from the oppressive attentions of somebody else; or she can adopt one of a myriad other *ruses*. Thirdly, woman, though having less inductive power than man, is gifted with an intuition men rarely possess. She observes many apparent trifles which a man would not notice; above all, she knows how to watch another woman. She can tell from the appearance of another woman's dress whether she has been, as she professes, quietly at home all day, or whether she was travelling on the railway. She remarks a bow, an untidy bit of hair, a movement of the eyes, a mere look in one direction or another. And she instantly guesses what a man would never have dreamt of.

Her capabilities in this direction have long been successfully employed by the criminals who are anxious to escape detection; it appears high time that the same weapons should be placed in the service of law and justice. On a recent occasion one of a notorious gang of forgers was "wanted" by the police, and one of the best criminal investigators was directed to discover him. He had a daughter living in London, who was suspected of meeting her father occasionally to give him information and money; and the daughter's residence being well known, it was resolved to watch it. But she was as careful as the detective, and much more acute; for she discovered, in that manner peculiar to women, and which makes one suspect that they have eyes in their backs, that she was being followed whenever she left home. On one occasion she had made an appointment to meet her father at a certain place not a hundred miles from Scotland Yard. She left early for the purpose, but soon found out that Detective Smith was dogging her. She, therefore, began a little promiscuous shopping. Going in and out of several shops, and occasionally returning on her steps, she could not fail to meet friend Smith face to face, when his gentlemanly appearance and attractive countenance induced her to greet him with a smile. The detective at once thought that his task would be an easy one. She got into a train to Victoria; he followed by the same train. She crossed to the London and Brighton Railway; he did the same. She then took a ticket for Croydon, and made her way from the station to a comparatively remote house, where, as it happened, she had in former years given lessons. The inhabitants had no idea that their former teacher was a forger's daughter. She was a clever and lady-like girl, and they were always glad when she paid them a visit. So she stopped three hours, while the detective, who had, on his way, directed assistance to be ready at hand, was watching outside. When she at last left the house, Smith had made up his mind that the criminal was there; he therefore remained to watch the place while prosecuting inquiries, and deputed a local subordinate to follow the young lady, who was not long in perceiving the change. She returned to London, and again got into the Metropolitan railway, her new follower of course taking the same train. But just as it was moving out of the station, she got out, and bolted into one of the recesses; and he went on calmly unconscious until he reached Aldgate, and discovered that the bird had flown. Meanwhile the father, who had been cooling

his heels for five hours, was duly warned, and left *via* Dieppe for the Continent the same night, while his daughter, with much fuss and preparation, drove to Euston Square to see the Limited Mail off, and Smith was investigating the previous most uninteresting history of the Croydon family.

Now, less than half all this ingenuity, if devoted to the service of Scotland Yard, would have detected the man. Ladies of the best education and of the highest rank have been, and are, in the diplomatic service of foreign States as spies. They mostly serve the cause of might against right; but others, more high-minded but equally refined, have worked for the freedom of Italy and Poland. There appears to be no good reason why ladies in England should not devote their time, their infinite tact, their ingenuity, and their talents to the detection of that crime which is the disgrace of the country, and which the grosser mind of man is unable to trace home. The employment of educated women in the detective force would be of immense advantage to the public at large, and now that women are so rapidly qualifying themselves for being doctors and lawyers, callings which are not always delicate and pleasant, there is no valid reason why they should not become criminal investigators, an occupation for which they are particularly fitted, and in which, far from competing with men, they would only do that which men cannot do.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THREE PER CENT.

IT is, if we mistake not, above a quarter of a century since Consols stood at as high a figure as they do now, paying the investor, if he calculates the incidental expenses of investing and selling out, a very small fraction more than three per cent. on his outlay. Pretty much the same thing may be said in respect of other Government stocks, and, in fact, the whole category of securities upon which the rules of the Chancery Division and the dictates of legal prudence have agreed to allow the investment of trust funds. It is at the same time very long since that other class of securities, which are even remotely called speculative, have been worth so little in the market, and have found so little favour with investors of all classes. The two phenomena are obviously and indubitably to be accounted for by a common cause, and it is one which, on the whole, does the public not quite as much credit as is sometimes supposed. It is the fashion amongst those financial wiseacres who affect a high moral tone to congratulate the British capitalist upon his reformed opinions, and to crow complacently over the prudence of a nation which has abandoned the spirit of rash speculation, and returned to sound views in respect of commercial adventure. That there was much room for a reform of this sort a few years ago we do not for a moment wish to deny; nor can it be doubted that the violent fit of prudence which has now seized upon the public is a more satisfactory feature than the outbursts of temerity recorded in many a page of our financial history. Prudence is, however, a virtue which, like many others, may be carried a little too far; and there are strong reasons to suspect that the present state of affairs on the Stock Exchange is the result rather of excessive timidity than of any more sensible conviction in the public mind. It would indeed be strange if the English people should be by nature ready to content itself with 3 or 3½ per cent. on its capital,

while natives of other countries are barely satisfied with 4 or 4½.

The fact is that recent events in the financial world have so thoroughly frightened the more ignorant class of investors—that is to say, the great bulk of those who lend out their money at interest—that they have rushed from one extreme to the other, and have lost even the hope of being able by their own exertions to discriminate good securities from bad ones. When the grand series of repudiations and defaults on the part of certain foreign Governments occurred a few years ago, when the chimera of South American railways, Turkish improvements, and Peruvian guanos vanished into thin air, a sort of blind panic, comparatively well justified by the facts, but founded generally upon a very superficial knowledge, effectually scared away from foreign stocks the persons who had been most eager to embark in them. A period of great depression in home railways and in the trades and manufactures of the country had a similar, though, of course, a much weaker, influence in scaring a different section of the community; and when this was followed by the collapse of some of the banks once deemed most trustworthy there ensued a sort of general stampede, in which all low-priced stocks and shares were deserted for those of the most undoubted and universally acknowledged soundness. The bank failures were perhaps even more conducive to this panic than the more sensational mishaps which preceded them; for it was to the banks that the more cautious and ignorant investors had been in the habit of fleeing for refuge when they had not the courage to seek out for themselves a means of employing their balances. Consequently a panic in bank-shares put the finishing touch to that general mistrust which had already infected the community. The policy—faint-hearted as it always was—of lending to business men sums which the owner felt himself incompetent to lay out, in order that by that vicarious system a modest return might be secured, seemed itself to be now unsafe, and the most helpless section of capitalists found themselves thrown back upon the old and almost proverbially meek expedient of “investing in the Three per Cents.”

It would be very possible to give unqualified praise to such a practice as this, if the other modes of investing money which lie outside the pale of “authorised trust investments” were either generally less safe than they have been in times past or stood at a higher price. But when it appears, as it will appear to anyone who will look into the matter, that many of them are at least as safe as they have ever been, and almost all of them are considerably cheaper, it is impossible to accept the present state of affairs as rational or creditable to our common-sense. The difference between a stock upon which settlement funds may be legally invested, and one in which it may not, is one which, from a lawyer’s point of view, is useful and clear enough. But it is a complete mistake to suppose that while everything on one side is absolutely safe, everything on the other side is to be deemed unsafe. Practically there are securities unauthorised by the Court and by the conveyancer which are even safer as well as more remunerative than some of those within the pale. Take as an example, on the one hand, mortgages on freehold land, and, on the other, the debentures of some railway stocks which pay little or nothing on the ordinary stock. The former of these investments is authorised; the latter, unauthorised. Yet he would be a bold man who now declared that the investors in the former had made a safer bargain than those who bought the other. Free-

hold mortgages were for a long time impossible to procure at four per cent. ; they were in several cases effected at a rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Taking into consideration the very heavy expenses of lawyers' fees and stamps, the return to the investor was often not above $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. And now while rents are threatened, and tenants are in some distress, there is a difficulty in obtaining even that moderate rate of interest, while the expedient of foreclosure entails a risk of losing some of the capital outright. On the other hand, it is possible now, and was still more easy a short while ago, to buy the debenture stock of a British railway in a sub-unprosperous condition so as to return more than 4 per cent. Those who did so have seen their holdings rise in value from 1 to 10 per cent., and, in spite of a depression in trade, which has certainly affected the railways with ample force, have never had even the faintest alarm as to the payment of their interest in full. These are only examples of a fact which seems, when explained, perfectly easy to understand, but which is not understood simply because the public Press has not had the patience and courage to explain it at length—the fact, that is, that if an investor will only take the trouble to look into the matter for himself, he can now lay out his money with complete practical security at a much higher rate than 3 per cent. In order to do so he must have some reasonable intelligence, and take some pains to know what he is about. He will not be the worse for the advice of some broker who is really willing and able to give an honest opinion. But he has become imbued with the idea that all brokers are more or less dishonest, and that all investments which are unauthorised are more or less unsafe—a view which is as unjust and short-sighted as it is easy and simple to adopt.

Accordingly he invests in Consols, or in some security almost as dear, under the profound conviction that he is doing what is essentially and above all a safe thing. "Safety" is, however, a relative, and not, as people commonly suppose, a positive term, and it is, moreover, a term which may very easily be wholly misinterpreted. If by the safety of Consols, for instance, is meant the practical certainty that the interest will always be paid, the term is true enough no doubt. It will, however, apply in this practical sense with almost equal force to such things as debenture stocks, where a company has throughout its existence earned, say, a million a year, and has marketable property worth, say, ten millions, while the interest payable on its debenture amounts to some £100,000. But if by "safety" is meant that the investor is practically sure to lose little or nothing by his investment, then how is it possible to apply the term to Consols at 99? Even if the normal price, year by year, is reckoned at 95—and this is putting it a great deal too high—the reasonable chances are that when the investor sells out he will have lost 4 per cent. on his capital. It is necessary, in estimating the prudence of a man who "puts his money in the Three per Cents.," to take this little fact into consideration, and after doing so, it will perhaps appear rather less obvious a subject for boasting that there is a wish to buy Consols while a number of eminently sound stocks, which fluctuate even less widely, are neglected and despised, in spite of the fact—or rather, perhaps, sometimes even on account of the fact—that they return 4 per cent., or more.

PERUVIAN FINANCE.

ACCORDING to intelligence to hand this week, another chapter is about to be added to the already sufficiently scandalous record of Peruvian

finance. Peru is in want of money, and, as usual, it is not the Peruvian taxpayer, but the bondholder who will have to bear the brunt. The immediate cause of the pecuniary embarrassment is of course the outbreak of the war with Chili, though it is sufficiently patent to anyone acquainted with the habits of the Peruvians that what is now to take place must inevitably have ensued later on, even had the most profound peace been maintained both at home and abroad. It will be remembered that about a fortnight ago, when the news reached this side that the Chilian ironclad squadron had destroyed the landing stages and jetties at the guano islands, thus rendering the loading of vessels impossible, the Peruvian Guano Company, both in its own interest and that of the bondholders, and in accordance with the terms of its contract, announced its intention to the Government of suspending the monthly remittance on account of the £700,000 per annum apportioned to Peru out of the proceeds of the guano sales. This was in itself obviously a blow to the bondholders, as £300,000 out of this £700,000 had been arranged to be given up for the service of the foreign loans after the expiration of next month. The disappointment was considerable, but it was hoped that the war would be brought to a speedy conclusion. What now, however, threatens the position of the bondholders is a matter of far graver importance. We are informed on excellent authority that agents of the Peruvian Government are busily engaged in Paris in negotiating a new loan for the Republic, the guarantees for which are of course to take precedence of those for the existing debt. The amount required, it appears, is £1,000,000, and the object is stated to be the purchase of ironclads and materials of war in this country, although how this is to be accomplished in the face of the Enlistment Act is not quite clear. The proposed lender, it is needless to state, is M. Dreyfus, and his first condition is understood to be the acknowledgment by Peru of his claim of £3,000,000 against the Government; in other words, M. Dreyfus is willing to advance £1,000,000 if Peru engages to pay him £4,000,000, either in specie or guano, in priority to all other debts! It would be superfluous to dwell at length on the unhappy plight of the bondholders for many years to come if these proposals are to be carried out. Even the miserable pittance of £300,000 per annum now promised would be wrenched from them, and the remains of the guano deposits would substantially become the property of M. Dreyfus, for it would be ridiculous to expect that borrowing instituted on this basis, when once commenced, would see an early termination. M. Dreyfus is a shrewd financier, and one who fully appreciates the weak side of the Peruvian character.

In view of circumstances such as these, it is painful to see the conduct of the general body of bondholders. Ostensibly, at the meeting held under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Russell a few days ago, an union among the several discordant sections was effected, and two of the members of the International Committee were elected to join the Russell Committee. But can such an arrangement be said to be substantial and lasting? It is by no means certain that the two gentlemen elected will consent to join the opposing board, and, even if they did do so, everyone knows that Mr. Croyle and the remainder of his colleagues will take up the cudgels with renewed energy. Meantime the deepest animosity prevails on all sides against the Peruvian Guano Company, though what that company has done against the interests of the bondholders has never yet been made quite clear. The confusion is complete, and

M. Dreyfus, as a matter of course, is once more in the field.

THE new loan for the City of Paris is, after all, not to be issued. The Financial Commission of the Municipal Council has decided not to increase the debt of the town, and only to treat with the Credit Foncier concerning the repayment of the 280 millions which are owing to that institution. The Credit Foncier on its part has offered to postpone the repayment on terms which no other establishment tendered for the proposed new loan. At the same time this operation will give the town an immediate advantage to the extent of twenty millions. It is most probable that the arrangement will be ratified by the Municipal Council and the Government; so that neither the outside public nor the world of finance will have a share in the transaction, which will be entirely a matter between the city and her creditor.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MDLLE. MARIE VANZANDT is one of the very few *débutantes* about whose abilities rumour in advance has told the truth. We have long ceased to put faith in the flourish of trumpets by which some new singers are preceded. Generally speaking, the louder the fanfare the less ground there is for it, and in reality the chances of a *débutante* are seriously endangered by her falling at all short of what is expected. Now, for a long time the name of Mdlle. Vanzandt has been more or less persistently dinned in our ears as a youthful soprano of remarkable promise; and although we have obviously judged her merits without prejudice of any sort, it was impossible to avoid the anticipation of something unusually good. Accordingly we determined to be impartial almost to scepticism. But there was no need for the additional armour. The first notes of her recitative, when she tripped on the stage as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," revealed a bright, sweet voice of the purest quality, fresh and clear as a bird's, and evidently trained in an unexceptionable school. "La ci darem" was exquisitely sung, and her acting in the duet was as natural as it was graceful and appropriate. A charming rendering of "Batti, batti" only served to heighten our good opinion, and indeed Mdlle. Vanzandt's entire performance exhibited gifts of a very brilliant kind. How much further study will develop these gifts it would be superfluous to say. Beyond question Mdlle. Vanzandt is possessed of great artistic intelligence for her years, and there is every promise that she will ripen into a prima-donna of the highest order. The remarkable flexibility of her organ was made apparent in her subsequent appearance as Amina, when, substituting Madame Gerster at a day's notice, the young prima donna again achieved immense success, this time in a part she had never before attempted. Lack of physique is Mdlle. Vanzandt's only failing at present, and if time works reasonable improvement in this respect, her natural talents are sufficient to make an exalted position on the lyric stage within easy reach.

Of Mdlle. Libia Drog, who made her *début* as Leonora in "Il Trovatore" last week, we must speak after hearing her when she is mistress of her powers. Stage-fright so thoroughly incapacitated the young lady on her first appearance that she was totally unable to do herself justice. All we may observe is, that she has a fine, powerful

voice, apparently well suited for dramatic soprano parts, and in *cantabile* passages, at least, well under control.

Mdme. Christine Nilsson, whose *rentrée* has already been once postponed, was too unwell to appear on Thursday, when she was announced to sing in "Faust." Sir William Gull's certificate pronounced the Swedish *prima donna* to be "suffering under a rheumatic state," but it is hoped she will have sufficiently recovered to make her appearance on Tuesday. "Carmen," with Madame Trebelli in the title-part, was given instead of Gounod's opera on Thursday, and Signor Campanini, who had also been ill, was convalescent enough to sing as José. Meanwhile, Madame Gerster and Mdlle. Minnie Hauk are both suffering from the effects of our climate; so Mr. Mapleson may be considered particularly unfortunate in having such a heavy sick list.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE events of the week, so far as Covent Garden is concerned, may be summed up in a few words. The success of Mdlle. Heilbron in "Lohengrin" has equalled that gained by Madame Cepeda in "Tannhäuser," and the last-named *prima donna* has increased her reputation by an admirable impersonation of the Contessa in "Le Nozze di Figaro." But perhaps the most pleasing feature in a capital performance of Mozart's work was the bright, charming Susanna of Mdlle. Valleria, who certainly earned the loudest applause of the evening. Madame Patti has appeared in two of her favourite parts, Marguerita and Aïda, the house being crammed on both occasions. In "Faust" M. Gailhard made his *début* as Mephistopheles, and at once achieved an emphatic success. The fame enjoyed abroad by this excellent baritone is eminently deserved, and he can hardly fail to do great things here likewise.

CONCERTS.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The second concert of the season was even more interesting and well-attended than the first; but it was much too long. How Mr. Ganz can imagine that any but the greediest musical gluttons can stand three hours of orchestral music at a sitting we are unable to understand. The programme really contained two symphonies and two concertos. Herr Grimm's Second Suite "in canon form," a clever but rather dry work, is a short symphony, and later on there was the glorious "Scotch," by Mendelssohn. There was Chopin's concerto in F minor, magnificently performed by Madame Essipoff, who was well-received and recalled after her solo. She afterwards played a "Caprice Russe" by Rubinstein, which is almost as long as an ordinary concerto. This tremendously difficult and melodious, but wearisome composition, was rendered in marvellous fashion by the gifted Russian lady, for whom it was specially composed. Almost at the end of the concert came a couple of extremely pretty orchestral numbers from F. H. Cowen's cantata, "The Corsair." They formed a welcome relief after the Caprice, and were vigorously applauded. The orchestra sustained the afternoon's work wonderfully well, under the direction of Mr. Ganz, who again proved himself a skilful and painstaking conductor. Mdlle. Turolla, from Covent Garden, sang three long pieces.

ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL.—These most enjoyable and, in some respects, extraordinary concerts came to an end on Monday night, amid greater *éclat* than had marked their commencement. A tinge of real regret pervaded the crowded audience that came to see, hear, and say

good-bye to Herr Richter and the orchestra which in a fortnight he had made the equal of any in Europe. Not half that brilliant assemblage had attended the earlier concerts. They heard just in time of the marvels wrought by the Viennese conductor, and saw enough to make their parting with him even harder than it was for those who had not missed a beat or a note. Herr Richter's stay has been sufficiently long to put public curiosity on the *qui vive*; but it has yet to be satisfied, and we are not surprised to hear that he will come again next year and give eight concerts. Nor can we doubt that they will be a success; for the series just ended were, despite the empty benches at three out of four, financially satisfactory. We have no space at our command to describe Monday's performance. It must suffice to say that Herr Richter's conducting was as phenomenal as before, while the band distinguished itself in an equivalent degree. The programme was well selected, and included the "Eroica" symphony; the only item we did not care for was the monologue of Hans Sachs "Die Meistersinger," which might well be termed monotonous. The singing of Frau Schuch Proska was again an important feature of the concerts, and we hope that when Herr Richter returns he will not fail to bring with him this excellent soprano vocalist.

BACH CHOIR.—The rendering of Bennett's beautiful cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," was the most welcome feature in the second concert of this choir. Our countryman's composition, so full of the grace and melody that characterise his style, has not been given in London for some time, and had the weather been anything but wintry the audience would assuredly have been much larger. The popular unaccompanied quartet, "God is a Spirit," is the best number in the cantata, and as sung by Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Kempton, it gained the customary encore. In the hands of these artists the solos received able interpretation; while the choir maintained their usual excellence in the work that fell to their share. Here light and shade were chiefly the points to be observed, but they were not less successful in the separate choral pieces forming the rest of the programme, and which tested to a far greater extent their powers of execution. Three compositions were given for the first time in London. These were an eight-part chorus by Bach, thoroughly in the style of the old master; an unaccompanied motet, "Es ist das Heil" (sung in German), for a five-part chorus, by Brahms—an effective and very difficult composition; and a scene, "The Banquet of the Phæacians," from Max Bruch's "Odysseus"—a work, if we may judge by this extract, that follows closely in the wake of the modern German style, without being able to boast its best features. The Pastoral Symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and "Beethoven's "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" were also included in the performance, which was ably conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

MR. F. H. COWEN'S.—This now annual concert attracted a full audience to the Picture Gallery of Dudley House on Monday afternoon. Mr. Cowen was assisted by many artists of note, and placed before his patrons a very entertaining programme, conspicuous in which was an MS. quartet of his own composition, written some years ago, but never played in public before. Regarded as a youthful effort nothing could be more promising, and a similar work from Mr. Cowen's pen at the present day should be game worth Mr. Chappell's catching. The quartet was capitally played, the *bénéficiaire* undertaking the piano part, and was

received with distinct favour. The entire concert was a success.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WANT of space compels us to defer the notice of "Married, not Mated" to next week.

THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed in the letters which appear under this heading.]

AN EARNEST CLERGYMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Happening to take up the EXAMINER to-day in the house of a friend, I saw a letter from "E. D.," describing the way in which he became a sceptic, and the consequences it entailed upon him. He writes, it would seem, principally to warn young men of what may possibly be in store for them if they become clergymen.

I entirely agree with him that it is high time such a warning should be sounded, for the number of those whose fortunes have been wrecked on the rock of Theology is increasing almost daily.

Like "E. D.," I was once a clergyman, and happy in my duties; but having a mind desirous of the truth I could not refuse to examine the foundations of my belief, and I accordingly discovered, at the age of thirty-eight, that the Christian religion is not of supernatural origin. Of course I could not retain my position as a minister, and I therefore had to cast about for fresh occupation.

"E. D." says that when he left the Church he then discovered the difficulties that lie in the way of a clergyman obtaining other employment.

I, too, have experienced this.

In respect of many kinds of work I was prepared to encounter obstacles; but I may say I did not expect to find anything to prevent one's falling back upon teaching.

It appears, however, that outspokenness in questions of religion is fatal to one's prospects in this department. The heads of scholastic institutions, even where they themselves are confessedly of Broad Church proclivities, will take good care they do not employ anyone who, in candour of speech, passes the line drawn by discretion. Simplicity of speech in things theological seems to be the greatest of sins, though as followers of Jesus we are bound specially to cultivate it.

Earnestly would I join with "E. D." in exhorting young men thinking of orders to pause, or they may find themselves in evil case in after years.—I remain, &c.,

SOLLICITUS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LECTURE-ROOM (continued).

961. A HIGHLAND PASTORAL. *F. Macwhirter, A.* A flock of sheep being driven along a road on a Scotch river-bank. The greys are rather too blue.

962. PORTRAITS: GOLDEN-LION MONKEYS, RIVER AMAZON, SOUTH AMERICA. *S. E. Waller.* These may be true to nature, but then the originals must be very ugly.

963. A WINTER'S TALE. *Briton Rivière, A.* A dog discovering a child asleep or frozen in the snow. Another is standing sniffing on the top of the hill in the middle distance.

967. THE CALVARY. *C. Napier Hemy.* Villagers at prayer; the colour over-done.

969. WHAT SHALL I SAY? *John Ballantyne.* A girl holding an open letter, which evidently contains a proposal. A pretty *genre* painting.

970. MY WHITE MOUSE. *E. Grimston.* A white mouse on its box. A beautiful little cabinet gem.

972. FISHERMAN'S HOME—TRÉPORT. *E. M. Ward.* A child sitting on the doorstep of a cottage; an old woman spinning.

973. A WINTER TRYST. *W. G. Daffarn.* A girl waiting for her lover on a path supposed to be snowy. The pine-trees are covered with cotton wool.

976. THE DOG OF THE ALPS. *R. S. Moseley.*

"Where the traveller lies with his parting breath, sighing
Some name that he loves in a tremulous prayer;
The dog of the Alps comes with life to the dying,
With warmth to the frozen and hope to despair!"

The picture is about as good as the verses.

977. THE COUNTESS BROWNLOW. *Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.* A giantess, very crude in colour.

979. VERNEL FALLS, YOSOMITE VALLEY. *Albert Bierstadt.* A powerful, almost weird picture of a wonderful cascade. Splendid colour.

986. LA FAVORITA. *F. W. Waterhouse.* A disagreeable yellow-faced woman in dirty yellow *deshabille* sitting on a sofa.

987 to 992. KING AHAB'S COVETING. *T. M. Rooke.* A series of six small pictures telling the story of King Ahab. Well adapted for decorative purposes.

993. A VIEW IN CAPRI, NAPLES. *A. M. Y. Fondevila.* Some very objectionable blue rocks.

995. WAITING. *R. W. Radcliffe.* A girl waiting in an oak wood in October. Clever, but the withered bracken too, uniformly red, and the girl unnecessarily ugly.

996. SUNDAY MORNING IN TITIAN'S COUNTRY. *Eugene Benson.* An uninteresting procession, with a flat background.

1003. A FUGITIVE. *John M. Swan.* The story is not clear.

1005. ST. SIMEON STYLITES. *G. P. Jacob Hood.* The one solitary figure against the blue sky is decidedly effective. St. Simeon's face with its worn look, yet hopeful of a better future in store, is a good piece of work. There appears to be something not quite right with the muscles of the back.

1010. INTRODUCING THE STEPMOTHER. *Fas. C. Waite.* A modern gentleman presenting his little girl, who is still in mourning, to his new wife. Just the sort of picture to please the Philistines.

1011. SCENE FROM "LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI." *W. Maw Egley.*

Géronte—"Voilà ma fille qui parle! O grande vertu de remède! O admirable médecin."

Lucinde—"Oui, mon père, j'ai recouvré la parole; mais je l'ai recouvré pour vous dire que je n'aurai jamais d'autre époux que Léandre."

Géronte—"Ah! qu'elle impétuosité de paroles! Il n'y a pas moyen d'y résister."

Some life in it, but far too smooth and shiny. It is sufficiently described by the quotation.

1012. FOR HONOUR. *P. Sidney Holland.* A cold, dull morning. A man leaning against a wooden shanty, and thoughtfully smoking a cigar, waiting for his adversary to fight a duel. His second, round the corner of the shed, looks comparatively light-hearted.

1013. LIVERPOOL. *John Fulleylove.* A view taken from near the east corner of St. George's Hall. Clever and faithful; but it was a pity to choose so dull a day.

1016. . . . *Walter Shaw.*

"The sea-girt rock,
Washed by the surges for ever,"

is apparently a good picture, but hung far too high to be seen by the naked eye.

1020. MEG MERRILIES AND THE LAIRD OF ELLANGOWAN. *H. Hardy.* Very large; which is about all that can be said for it.

1022. ACROSS THE MOOR. *Ed. H. Fahey.* A woman and child crossing a moor on a gusty morning. A well-toned

picture, but the clouds hardly ragged enough for so much wind.

1024. A LITTLE BREAD-WINNER. *C. T. Garland.* A curly-headed little model leaning against a yellow curtain.

1025. POLITICAL DISCUSSION. *Carl Schloesser.* Two peasants in an old-fashioned village inn warmly talking politics to the notary, who listens with superior but not supercilious wisdom.

1026. LEITH HILL FROM DENBIES. *Vicat Cole, A.* This fine landscape is marred by the inky blackness of the trees in the right foreground. The distance and sky are excellent. The companion picture is

1033. BOX HILL FROM DENBIES, which is better and warmer.

1029. VIEWED AWAY. *Presented to John Harvey, Esq., on his Retiring from the Mastership of the South Durham Foxhounds, by Members of the Hunt and other Friends. John Charlton.* The fine hunter in the foreground is rather straight-shouldered, but his suppressed excitement is well shown in the modelling of head, neck, and near fore-leg. The whips' horses are cleverly foreshortened.

1031. THE THEOLOGIANS. *Howard Helmick.* A coarse picture of two vulgar men quarrelling.

1032. A FORLORN HOPE. *C. T. Garland.* A dear little boy in a Rembrandt hat standing on a wooden bridge, fishing for fish that won't bite. Beautiful background.

1038. RESTING. *F. B. Barwell.* A terribly green picture.

1039. TAKING HOME THE BRIDE. *F. D. Watson.* A yeoman of the last century riding off with his bride on a pillion behind him, the family and wedding-guests bidding them God-speed. The horses are good, and the bride's figure nestling against her husband has a certain pathos in it. The sentiment is of a rather conventional order.

1040. SPRING LABOUR. *Mark Fisher.* A tree just felled, which has fallen across a pool, in the foreground; ploughing in the middle distance.

1041. THE QUEEN OF THE MAY. *Eyre Crowe, A.* A hard, vulgarly coloured, and supremely ugly picture of a blowsy girl with black hair (the May Queen) in a donkey-cart led by a clown.

1042. THE LAST HOURS OF THE VENERABLE BEDE. *Charles Goldie.* A melancholy death-bed scene.

1043. PHILOSOPHY IN SUMMER. *F. D. Millet.* A girl asleep on a hammock which is hung up in an arbour; a dog asleep under it. A pretty little picture, and the sleeper has a sweet face. But the light on the greenery is hardly right; it is difficult to place the sun.

1044. BORRODALE, A FAVOURITE HORSE. *H. T. Wells, R.A.* An extremely well-drawn, but not so well coloured, hunter.

1047. ON THE "DOOMBAR," ENTRANCE TO THE ESTUARY OF PADSTOW, CORNWALL. *W. Shaw.* Like No. 1016, hung too high to be appreciated.

1051. A MUSIC PARTY. *F. D. Hardy.* Plenty of peach-coloured smooth faces; very well dressed and well-behaved people; but not highly interesting.

1052. UNDER REPAIR. *Fredk. A. Winkfield.* A riverside in a town. Barges and wharves and marine store establishments. A little hard, but wonderfully careful and true.

1053. RIEVAULX ABBEY, IN THE VALLEY OF RYE. *F. W. Inchbold.*

"The evening, rainy, cold, and grey,"

Requires both title and quotation to understand it, and even then—? Eccentricity does not necessarily denote power.

1054. LA BIGOLANTE. VENETIAN WATER-CARRIER. *William F. Yeames, R.A.* A handsome sunburnt young girl carrying two pitchers of water slung to a yoke, across her shoulder. The figure well painted, the position natural and full of grace.

1058. AN ANGEL'S VISIT. *M. Ellen Staples (née Edwards).* A female member of the flower mission bringing a bunch of primroses to a sick boy.

1059. FEEDING GEESE. *A. M. Rossi.* A hard and unpleasant picture. An iron girder bridge with red brick abutments forms the background.

1062. THE THREE DISGRACES. *Edwin Douglas.* Three puppies scrambling on a hunting coat.

1065. EDMUND YATES, ESQ. *W. W. Oulless, A.* A capital portrait of the editor of the *World*.

1066. TWEEDMOUTH. *Leslie Thomson.* A steamer coming down the river. Atmosphere and feeling excellent.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

DRAMATIC IDYLS.*

THE kind of literature which Mr. Browning has taken to producing of late can be called neither poetry nor prose. It is something of his own invention. It might, perhaps, be termed poetry in convulsions, if for no better reason, to differentiate it from the style of writing which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has adopted in his novels, which we should designate prose intoxicated. It is, at all events, unconventional to a degree that removes it from the sphere of conventional criticism. In order to estimate it properly we must forget all hitherto accepted definitions of poetry, and, taking the work for neither more nor less than what we find it, endeavour to decide how nearly the author has succeeded in realising whatever ideal he proposed to himself. He has entitled the volume at present under consideration, "Dramatic Idyls," and since this description is, upon the whole, non-committal, we will so far adopt it as to concede that, inasmuch as every book must have a name, "Dramatic Idyls" is as good a name as "Rhymed Stories" or "Versified Episodes" or "Melodramatic Fustian" would be, and makes, perhaps, a more presentable title-page.

Man, let it be premised, possesses a double nature, emotional and intellectual; and to one or both of these it is the object of every story-teller to appeal. Mr. Browning, being himself a man, must have felt himself moved, in one way or another, by his own "Idyls," and in writing them down he must have intended to make the reader feel them as he had done. Now, in the case of a new and unskilled writer, the charitable critic is always willing to make allowances—first, for crudity of judgment in the selection of subjects; and, secondly, for lack of ability to give a true account of the manner in which his subject has impressed him. But towards Mr. Browning any display of critical charity would be an absurdity, and would probably be considered an impertinence. He, if anybody, ought to know what to write, and how to write it; and since these "Dramatic Idyls" are the latest of his works, the inference is inevitable that he regards them as being, in aim and treatment, the worthy crown of his long literary career. In them we are to recognise the fruits of his matured taste and perfected power; the question, in short, is no longer one of success, but of quality; and if we are to blame anything it must not be his failure to accomplish an end, but the end itself which he has accomplished. Let us examine the motive and workmanship of the first of these pieces, called "Martin Relph."

The central idea is that a man shall let the woman he loves be killed, in order that the man she loves may not possess her. The choice of such a subject is characteristic of the author. Violent passion is Mr. Browning's weakness. His stories are like silhouettes—inky black relieved against glaring white. His imagination apparently boils only at heaven-and-hell temperature; his characters must be angelic demons or demoniac angels; his notion of power is breathless, teeth-gritting declamation, stuttering, as it were, against the limitations of language, and tying it into grotesque knots in the effort to break through its trammels. To that power which is serenity he has not only never attained, but apparently he has never even conceived of it. His conceptions, therefore, are very seldom lofty or sublime; if he ever glances heavenward it is through bloodshot and strained eye-

balls; he clutches the earth, and gasps and writhes in heated flesh-and-blood heroics. Withal there is a singular lack of sincerity in Mr. Browning's work. We feel that only the intellect of the writer, and never his heart, is concerned. He never loses his self-consciousness; in his most boisterous contortions he always keeps an eye disengaged to note the effect upon the audience. The truth is, we take it, that he altogether fails, literarily speaking, to feel the reality of life; it has for him no profound earnestness, no breadth, and no wholeness. It is simply a number of detached volcanic little dramas, no one of which has any significance outside of itself, and which only exist at all in order to provide Mr. Browning with an opportunity for being intense and analytical. He has never shown any evidence of the faculty, normal to all true genius, of raising matters of every-day experience to the height of tragedy, simply by letting in upon them the light of Divine truth and harmony. His muse seems to abhor nothing so much as veracity, and however much we may admire the ingenuity she displays in the construction of her subtleties, we can never succeed in persuading ourselves that they are anything but make-believe.

To return, however, to Martin Relph. The central idea above mentioned cannot be deemed essentially an original one, and this is perhaps one reason why Mr. Browning has chosen so extraordinary a method of developing it. Martin, when a youth, loves Rosamund Page, the betrothed of Vincent Parkes; but he has never spoken to her on the subject. Apparently he is a constitutionally reticent and secret personage, who lets his passions feed upon him inwardly, and makes no sign. He hates Vincent in the same way that he loves Rosamund, that is, secretly; and for the sufficient reason that she is to be Vincent's wife. Such being the situation, the village, in time of war, is occupied by soldiers; and Rosamund is arrested and condemned to be shot on suspicion of being a spy. She says she is innocent, and that Vincent can prove it; she is allowed a week in which to summon him for her vindication, as he is out of the way at the time. But the fatal morning comes, and he has not appeared. The condemned woman stands bound on a hill outside the town; the firing-party is drawn up; the officer in charge makes a long rambling address to the multitude, ostensibly to justify the execution, but in reality to furnish the reader with the information necessary to appreciate the *dénouement*. Everybody shuts their eyes and kneels, or falls down; probably they stop their ears also, though on this point Mr. Browning does not enlighten us. Everybody—except Martin Relph himself, who not only stands up and keeps his eyes open, but uses them to such good purpose that he sees in the distance the missing Vincent Parkes making towards them at headlong speed, and waving something white over his head, the much-needed pardon evidently. One word from Martin, therefore, would save Rosamund's life; he has only to call the attention of the officer in command, or of anybody else, to the fact of Parkes' approach, and the thing is done. But Martin holds his tongue; and the next moment the woman has been shot dead. Vincent Parkes also falls dead at the same volley, either from over-exertion and excitement, as would seem probable, or, as Mr. Browning suggests through the mouth of Martin, because the same bullet that ended Rosamund in the body ended Vincent in the soul. Everybody gets up and opens their eyes, and on discovering the corpse of the unfortunate man, ask one another in pardonable surprise how it happened that none of them saw him before? Martin Relph (who, judging from his mental eccentricities, might have been a progenitor of Mr. Browning's own)

* *Dramatic Idyls*. By ROBERT BROWNING. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

begins from that moment to indulge in a fatuous, casuistical merry-go-round, the aim of which is to decide whether or not he is morally guilty of murder. Was it owing to mere nervousness and cowardice, or was it from an exaggerated dog-in-the-manger feeling that he allowed Rosamund to be shot? His friends tell him the former; but Martin himself is inclined to the latter hypothesis, and thus poses as the chief of criminals. Our own opinion concerning Martin coincides with that recorded of Betsy Prig regarding Mrs. Harris—that there never was, nor could be, no such person. But if there was, we are still unable to see why Mr. Browning should have wasted so much time and bad language in telling us his story.

Mr. Browning, of course, would say that the "poem" is intended to portray the life-long pangs of a guilty conscience; but if such be his idea, it only proves that he has never been able to form a correct conception of the manner in which the pangs of conscience affect the human soul. No one who possessed even the rudiments of a knowledge of or sympathy with the nature of mankind could fall into the least of the errors and crudities which form the staple of Mr. Browning's stock-in-trade. He would seem to have evolved a grotesque sort of Frankenstein from the depths of his inner consciousness, and to spend his time in observing and recording this monster's insane gambols, in the belief that he is revealing and analysing the profoundest secrets of humanity. But the only secret which he ever succeeds in telling is the open secret of his own moral ignorance; and as he has been telling us this any time these last thirty years, often with great force and poignancy, and sometimes even melodiously, we are now ready to accept it as an established fact, and would be willing to hear no more about it.

First, however, we must briefly refer to the remaining contents of the present volume. In the first piece we have seen Mr. Browning speaking through the thin disguise of Martin Relph. In the second, we find him in Ancient Greece, under the name of Pheidippides, recounting in breathless and staggering accents his run to Sparta and back, and how he encountered the god Pan on the way. In the description of the latter episode occur three lines good enough to bear quotation. They are merely descriptive lines, and their merit is their picturesque quality, and their freedom from all metaphysical or psychological taint. If Mr. Browning would but take this hint to heart, he would be a much more agreeable person in literature than he is now.

"All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the
curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw."

This passage, it must be stated, reads much better apart from the context than it does in it; placed where it belongs in the poem it becomes vitiated by the pervasive Browning atmosphere of affectation. For the rest, "Pheidippides," considered as a subject for Mr. Browning's muse, is not a felicitous selection. Mr. Browning's mind is about as Greek as that of a Laplander; but since it is not English either, this objection may be over-ruled. The central idea, being simply that of a gallant physical achievement, is comparatively harmless; but, once more, what was the use of writing it? Had Mr. Swinburne been the writer, he would at least have put sound, swiftness, and melody into the work, and made us see the smoothed-limbed Grecian hero as he ran; but the movement of Mr. Browning's verse brings to mind nothing more noble and graceful than the hobbling scramble of our modern heroes round the saw-dust path of the

Agricultural Hall. These gentlemen might, it is true, give the Greek one mile in ten and beat him; but then his goal, as well as his gait, was more poetical than theirs; and, at all events, to our mind, less in harmony with the quality of Mr. Browning's genius.

The third piece, "Halbert and Hob," belongs to the conscience-stricken category; but we have not space further to characterise it than by saying that it exhibits the author at his worst in every respect. "Ivan Ivanovitch," the succeeding "idyl," is upon the whole the most commendable thing in the collection: there is a fine bit of description of wood-chopping (page 63); then, up rushes, headlong as usual, Mr. Browning, this time in the shape of a woman, Loukèria—known to fame as the mother who flung her children to the wolves during a terrible chase through the forest. She tells her story to the silent and wondering groups of Russian peasants: striving to make it appear that the wolves snatched the children away from her in spite of her utmost exertions to prevent it, and entirely sinking the hideous fact that she deliberately immolated them. Here, doubtless, is a fine chance for a poet of true insight and power to achieve an immortal success: Mr. Browning only succeeds in achieving a rather notable failure. The critical point, of course, is where, in the course of her hurried and excited narrative, the wretched woman betrays, by a momentary slip of the tongue, the truth that lurks concealed beneath her terrified lying. We will not cite the passage in which Mr. Browning attempts to do this: it is a bit of commonplace clap-trap that shocks and depresses the vainly hopeful reader, though it does not in the least dash the author's self-complacency. Further on he evolves a really fine idea—in the speech of the old priest, where the latter refers to woman, whose

"Hand God trusted with life's torch
Kindled to light the world."

But he falls away again immediately afterwards, and the poem ends with a preposterous anticlimax of melodramatic flippancy. The remaining pieces do not compensate for the earlier ones: we must omit further allusion to them here. Mr. Browning, we cannot help thinking, has mistaken his true vocation in life in becoming a literary man. With his power of forcible utterance, with his overwhelming command of epithets, with his dauntless effrontery and wholly irresponsible imagination, he would have easily risen to be the greatest auctioneer of the Nineteenth Century.

EVOLUTION, OLD AND NEW.*

FROM ONE STANDPOINT.

IF Swift had lived to be an evolutionist, he would have written Mr. Butler's new book. The irony of the author of "Erewhon" resembles the irony of no other English writer save that one. It is not a transparent pretence, like Gibbon's, nor a playful humour, like Addison's. It has the genuine downright ring of Swift, not only in its cleverness, its profundity, and its mystification, but to some extent in its sting. The present volume has a more evident purpose than any of its predecessors, but it runs in the same groove, and betrays the same singular union of oddly-assorted qualities. Whatever else it proves, it proves at least that its author is a man of genius—wayward, ill-regulated, self-reliant; but with the unmistakable signet-mark on the forehead for all that.

Mr. Butler's last book, "Life and Habit," fell for

* *Evolution, Old and New.* By SAMUEL BUTLER. Hardwicke and Bogue. 1879.

review into the hands of Mr. A. R. Wallace. Now, the second father of natural selection, though he stands high in the very first rank as a biologist, does not possess that sympathy with humour and wit which should be found in a critic of such works as these. Accordingly, Mr. Wallace set forth in *Nature* a rather unflattering account of the new aspirant for evolutionist laurels, whose lucubrations he accepted in all seriousness. Nothing could have suited Mr. Butler more admirably. He cuts out the most condemnatory sentence from the offending article, prints it boldly as his motto on the fly-leaf of his new volume, and rejoices to inform the world that he has so far succeeded in hoaxing a distinguished naturalist. At the same time, for the terror and discomfiture of all future reviewers, he crushes his adversary with an *ex cathedra* quotation from Paley, which forms the second motto to his present book, as a sort of wholesome corrective to the first. In short, as farmers nail a weasel's skin on their barn-doors to warn all future weasels off the premises, Mr. Butler exhibits the mangled remains of one critic on the threshold of his book lest any others should be rash enough to try their strength against him on his chosen ground. The prospect is not encouraging, nevertheless we will essay to mete out such even-handed justice as the circumstances will permit. If Mr. Butler hold us up in turn to ridicule, in his *Opus Quintum*, we must accept our fate with resignation, and consider that others have fared as ill as we.

Originality is our author's *forte*; accordingly, he has prepared a perfect *tour de force* in his particular line by writing a strikingly original book almost entirely with a pair of scissors. About two-thirds of the present volume consists of long extracts from early writers on the development hypothesis. What can be more original than originality under such trying circumstances? Yet Mr. Butler has achieved this unexpected result. He finds that most people somewhat pardonably confuse the theory of evolution, which is at least as old as Buffon and Lamarck, with the theory of natural selection, which is as new as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace. This idea he rightly judges to be incorrect; and he furthermore sets himself to work to prove that Lamarck's view of development was truer than that of the modern biologists. To this end he treats us to numerous cuttings from Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, and enlivens his way by choice stories from Miss Seward. These last, it is true, are somewhat digressive, and we fail to see any connection between his proper subject and the scene which introduces the grandfather of evolution (and of our great philosopher) "in a high state of vinous exhilaration," haranguing the men of Nottingham from the summit of an inverted wash-tub. But Mr. Butler is nothing if not humorous, and we forgive his digressions for the sake of their intrinsic humour.

As to his main argument, it comes briefly to this: natural selection does not *originate* favourable varieties, it only passively permits them to exist; therefore it is the unknown cause which produced the variations, not the natural selection which spared them, that ought to count as the mainspring of evolution. That unknown cause Mr. Butler boldly proclaims to be the conscious will of the organism itself. An intelligent ascidian wanted eyes, so it set to work and made itself a pair, exactly as a man makes a microscope; a talented fish conceived the idea of walking on dry land, so it developed legs, turned its swim-bladder into a pair of lungs, and became an amphibian; an æsthetic guinea-fowl admired bright colours, so it bought a paint-box, studied Mr. Whistler's ornamental designs, and painting itself a gilded and ocellated tail

was thenceforth a peacock. But how about plants? Mr. Butler does not shirk even this difficulty. The theory must be maintained at all hazards. A wise wayside weed once conceived the notable idea that gay petals might attract insects and aid in its fertilisation, so it collected a lot of coloured juices, poured them into a corolla, and called itself a tulip. The illustrations, it is true, are our own, but the fundamental idea is Mr. Butler's. This is just the sort of mystical nonsense from which we had hoped that Mr. Darwin had for ever saved us.

For the rest, there is some resemblance between our author's final conception of Nature and Professor Clifford's theory of "mind-stuff" as the ultimate reality of matter. There is also considerable likeness to the somewhat shadowy notions set forth by Professor Delbœuf, and a close relationship to those of Mr. J. J. Murphy. Doubtless all these authors have got hold of an idea, in Professor Clifford's case a very luminous idea, but so far as evolution is concerned it is the idea of least importance, for which they neglect that of most importance. Habit has doubtless done something towards producing variations, conscious effort has perhaps done a little, but accident or fortuitous circumstances have done a great deal more; yet none of the three, nor all three put together, would ever have produced an orderly and co-ordinated living universe without natural selection. This is what Mr. Butler positively refuses to see. An old proverb warns us against the futile attempt to open his eyes against his will.

Without natural selection, infinite varieties would arise every day, a few of them good, a great many bad, and a vast majority indifferent. Lamarck failed to show why the good in particular survived, while the bad and indifferent perished. In his world, there ought to have been numberless graduated forms, but no distinct species. Besides, as external circumstances must always have been causing variations, there should have been endless useless organs as well as useful ones. Darwin and Wallace put in our hands the key of natural selection, and the explanation was at once obvious. Only those varieties survive which are best adapted to their environment. In spite of all that Mr. Butler may say, that principle is the real pivot on which all organic evolution turns. The whole thing is mathematically demonstrable. Given a certain number of relatively homogeneous units, producing new units on which circumstances act in a heterogeneous manner, and heterogeneity must be the result. Apart from all will or consciousness, differentiation will take place. Of such variations some will, according to all probability, better adapt the organism to its environment, some will render it less adapted, and some will be indifferent. The first will survive in exceptional numbers of units, the second will die out immediately, and the third will on an average cancel out. Variations produced by conscious effort will be submitted to the self-same selective action; but variations without conscious effort are sufficient to account for most, if not for all, of the actual changes.

Thus it will be seen that we cannot agree with Mr. Butler in his estimate of the relative worth of Lamarck's and of Darwin's theories. In other words, we must regard his work, viewed as a piece of serious argument, in the light of a bolt shot, not beside the mark, but at a wrong mark. It is, in fact, a sustained *ignoratio elenchi*. But we can nevertheless cordially recommend it, even to unscientific readers, as a thoroughly amusing and transcendently clever bit of satirical writing. If Mr. Butler will only avoid science, he will make himself a great name in literature.

THE ZULUS.*

CAPTAIN LUCAS'S second book has appeared at an opportune moment. Few persons have the patience to read through all the Blue-books relating to affairs in Africa, as they appear at longer or shorter intervals, and fewer still, having done so, will, without further study and re-reading, have been able to gather from them a very distinct impression of the past history and future prospects of our dependency. Of course zealous partisans, who have already made up their minds on either side, will carefully extract from Blue-books such quotations as may suit their theories; but the majority of thoughtful persons, who possess only a limited knowledge of South Africa, and wish to enlarge this knowledge in order that they may be able to form distinct opinions on our past acts and on the steps we shall have to take after we have conquered Ketchwayo, will find a mass of useful information in the little work now before us. The very quantity of information makes the want of some systematic arrangement of the book very severely felt, and much as we may admire Captain Lucas as an energetic officer, an untiring sportsman, and a sensible politician, we cannot unfortunately praise him for lucid writing or logical sequence. It was, under the circumstances, no doubt impossible to devote sufficient time to revision and rearrangement, for the work would have lost much, not perhaps of its permanent, but certainly of its commercial value, if its appearance had been delayed. If we add that the want of a good map makes the first chapter almost unintelligible (although Captain Lucas refers us to an "Atlas") we shall have exhausted our stock of censure. For as the author warms to his work, his grammar and style improve rapidly, and what he tells us is so interesting that we do not boggle at his manner of telling.

Interesting as are the introductory chapters on the natural history and geology of the Kaffir country, they will probably be hurried over by the majority of readers, who are now more anxious for details of the Zulus than descriptions of the harte-beeste or of outcrops of granite. The chapter on Zulu tactics and military organisation contains little that is not now known, but much which, if known and acted upon in high quarters six months ago, might have prevented the disasters which have befallen our arms. On the subject of the Cape Mounted Rifles, which were disbanded several years ago, and have recently been newly formed on an entirely different basis, Captain Lucas, as an officer of the old corps, has of course much to say; and he certainly makes out a good case in favour of the regiment, well worthy of the consideration of the Cape authorities. An amusing episode of Kaffir warfare is related in Chapter VI. Sir Harry Smith, the Lieutenant-Governor, literally placed his foot upon the chief Macoma's neck, and by this *coup de théâtre* converted the dignified old man, who had up to that time been our faithful ally, into an inveterate enemy. Captain Lucas is justly indignant at this and many other childish farces which, to the disgust of all sensible men, whether African or European, have been performed in Natal, pointing out that the Kaffirs in general and the Zulus in particular are infinitely more intelligent than is generally supposed, and that their feeling of dignity as well as their intelligence is grossly outraged by such proclamations as the one written by Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone on the subject of the Langalibalele trial, and quoted on p. 186. Our readers will recollect that this chief was condemned for treason by a Court presided over by Sir B. Pine, and

sentenced to imprisonment for life at Robben Island. Bishop Colenso then took up his case, and, after a journey to England for the purpose, and an infinite amount of trouble and public discussion, obtained a mitigation of punishment for him and some sort of compensation for the Putili tribe, who had also been unjustly convicted. This is only one of many instances in which the local Government in South Africa has acted in a manner extremely unlikely to increase the respect entertained by natives for English honesty and justice, and Captain Lucas' sarcastic remarks on the folly of the Colonists, who made out of a "silly old beery chief a Kaffir Caractacus, a savage Owen Glendower, who vainly bearded the British lion in the person of Sir Benjamin Pine," are not more severe than the occasion warrants.

With the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley a better time commenced both for natives and for colonists. A new code of native law was published, which, though far from being worthy of England or in accordance with the laws which govern Englishmen, was yet a great improvement on the original Shepstone code. The author points out several very objectionable statutes: such, for instance, as the regulation of the price of wives at so many head of cattle, of which the result is that "the rearing of daughters for sale, to such an amount as may be yielded by the number of wives their sire can maintain, is a trade rather briskly carried on in this part of the Queen's dominions," and shows that the provision of an "official witness" for the legalisation of every (polygamous) marriage is illusory. "There seems," says he, "to be no efficient means generally afforded to native women of obtaining the protection of the British authorities in case of their feeling oppressed by the common usages and practices of Kaffirdom. It is to be feared that the British authorities in Natal are conscious of a want of strength to achieve the work of social reform upon so huge a mass of barbarism." For it must not be forgotten that Natal contains but 23,000 people of European race against 290,000 Kaffirs and 13,000 Indian Coolies, and is, in fact, a native State governed by us rather than a Colony.

The chapter treating of "Our Coronation of Ketchwayo" is not only the most amusing, but by far the most important in the book. It is not unusual for men who have acquired a great familiarity with the native language and with native habits, and who are, by means of their knowledge, placed in prominent official positions, to forget the State which has given them that position in the contemplation of their own grandeur. It has occurred more than once in India, particularly in the times of the old Company, that our natives, allies, or feudatories have been treated by English officers as if they, the officers, were in fact legitimate, though petty, monarchs; and playing at royalty is an amusement which has more than once produced the greatest mischief. Sir T. Shepstone's conduct on the occasion of Ketchwayo's coronation, "his own rank in Zululand" of which he continually speaks, and the authority he assumed, not as the Queen's official, but as the living representative of Chaka, Ketchwayo's father, suggest that it is by no means impossible that another and third cause may have contributed to the present war; that, in addition to our belligerent Christianity and our dallying over the land question, which ought speedily to have been settled, we have also committed the blunder of allowing our representative to assume a dignity and titles which might please him, but were calculated to offend the natives, and were, in any case, totally incompatible with the position of a servant of the British Crown. We cannot here pursue this subject further; but it will be worth the while of all

* *The Zulus and the British Frontiers.* By THOMAS J. LUCAS, Captain of the late Cape Mounted Rifles. (Chapman and Hall.)

who are interested not only in the future of South Africa, but in all our dealings with the numerous tribes and kingdoms surrounding our Empire, to study carefully Captain Lucas' calm and impartial, if occasionally confused, history of Natal since the death of King Panda. On the causes which led more immediately to the present disastrous war Captain Lucas assumes a distinct position of opposition; yet his objections to Sir Bartle Frere's policy, strongly as they are expressed, seem fully warranted by the arguments and facts he states in their support. There has been no stronger indictment of our justice, humanity, and moderation in Natal yet brought before the public than this book; and we entertain the gravest doubts whether Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Chelmsford, and Sir T. Shepstone could meet it even if they would.

THE NEW PLUTARCH.*

NOTHING is more fascinating than good biography. The shelves of Messrs. Mudie's library, that great criterion of literary popularity, bear witness to the eagerness with which a "life," contemporary or remote, is read by all classes of the community. And, in truth, the cause is not far to seek. In a well-written biography we see the man, as Dryden finely says Shakespeare saw Nature, "without the spectacles of books." The illustrious dead become our personal friends, and vastly more entertaining than most of them are wont to be. The weary man of business finds solace, perchance, in some poet's life, "babbling of green fields," and heaves something like a sigh when he reads of one whose heart was not set on gold, and whose life was yet incomparably rich. The jaded man of the world, sick of the tinsel and glamour of a hundred drawing-rooms and their everlasting meaningless tittle-tattle, seeks refuge in a world of higher aims and wider sympathies; and many a solitary struggler reading in a garret has found his resolution strengthened and his hopes brightened by a record of one of those who, greatly daring, by single persistency of aim, at last achieved a memory in the minds of men. In the face of this universal popularity of biography, it is curious to note that the subjects of the most widely-read lives, such as Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Southey's "Nelson," Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," Forster's Lives of "Goldsmith" and "Dickens," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," some of which are already and others seem likely to become a part of our classical literature, are chiefly writers—men of thought rather than men of action, unlike that *vade mecum* of ancient biography, Plutarch, whose translation by North was the delight of our Elizabethan ancestors, and whose eloquent pages are the source of some of the finest of Shakespeare's plays. Plutarch has admitted only one man of literary reputation into his gallery of portraits, and he was a politician. The "New Plutarch" is therefore a fitting title for the series of lives of men who have "made history" Messrs Ward and Co. are publishing, and of which the first volume, the "Life of Coligny," is before us. But the aim of the series is not only to present us with a complete biography of some of the most notable characters in the history they have helped to shape; not only to depict the man "in his habit as he lived," but also to give a connected view of the historical elements of the times in which he was a central figure. It is obvious that the successful fulfilment of such a task within the narrow limits of a small octavo volume presents peculiar difficulties. The more distinctly the individual stands out from the background of history

whose result and instrument he often is, the more difficult does it become to attract the attention of the reader to the impersonal forces, the currents of national feeling or European opinion which give the time its peculiar "form and pressure." On the other hand, a philosophical dissertation on the hidden causes of events, an anatomy of a past age, is likely to draw attention from the living body whose individuality it is the chief aim of the book to portray. We are bound to say that Mr. Besant has fairly succeeded in his difficult task. The intricate and wayward course of the French Reformation is indicated in a clear and sober manner, and the interest excited by the character of the great Admiral whose name is so indissolubly connected with the movement to which he sacrificed his life, is so great as to cause astonishment that a life so rich in varied interest should in this volume for the first time appeal to the sympathy of intelligent Englishmen.

The causes of the failure of the French Reformation, so different in its evolution and course from our English one, are analysed with justice and accuracy. Mr. Besant points out that, whereas in England the stronghold of the Reforming Party lay in the great towns, and it numbered among its members the leading scholars and ecclesiastics of the time, such as Cheke, Colet, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, in France the ranks of the Huguenots were principally recruited from the country; they were in a minority in almost all the towns, and the doctors of the Sorbonne, the most eminent theologians of France, looked upon the advocates of the new religion with decided disfavour. Mr. Besant is, we think, right in indicating that the Reforming movement was in England essentially middle-class, in France more aristocratic in its character; but it seems odd that in a book intended for popular reading Mr. Besant should not have drawn attention to those deeper causes having their root in the national peculiarities of the French character. Macaulay, who was not a very profound observer, long ago pointed out that the Reformed religion had never been able to establish itself permanently among a non-Teutonic people. Protestantism is the specifically Teutonic form of Christianity, and the mass of the French people were Catholic in Coligny's day as their descendants were Catholic in Voltaire's day and are in our own. A Celtic, or Romance nation may temporarily lapse into infidelity, but when it accepts a form of Christianity it will be the Catholic, not the Protestant one. Nor should the peculiar form of Protestantism which was the backbone of the French Reformation be forgotten. A chief feature of Calvin's theology was the doctrine of predestination—a doctrine involving the negation of the freedom of the will, the assertion of which has in all times been so dear to Frenchmen, with their clear, practical, logical intelligences and their almost entire lack of reverence and of a sense of the mystery of the universe. The Calvinistic Reformation failed, as in the next century the Jansenist movement did, mainly because the reformers in both instances pinned their faith to a dogma repugnant to the Celtic nature. Had it not been thus, who can say whether France, with its everlasting hankering after a national Gallican Church, would not at this day have been Calvinistic or Jansenist?

Mr. Besant says (p. 218):—"In truth, there is no grander figure in the sixteenth century than that of the great Admiral"; and we think readers of this volume will bear out his opinion. To the majority of educated Englishmen Coligny is a mere name; that he was a leader of the Huguenots and killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew is about all that is generally known of

* *Gaspard de Coligny.* By WALTER BESANT, M.A. (Marcus Ward and Co)

him that he was more than a mere party leader, a great statesman, a great captain; that he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by mankind as one of the most steadfast pioneers of liberty of thought, is known only to a few. It was he who first introduced discipline into the camp, thus anticipating Cromwell and Gustavus by a hundred years; his wise regulations as Admiral of France formed the basis on which William of Orange reared the formidable power of the Dutch Navy; he it was who first conceived the scheme of extending the power of France by founding colonies; he instigated those early expeditions to Brazil and Florida, which failed through no fault of his, and the account of which forms one of the most interesting portions of the book. A century later his idea was taken up by Richelieu. In an age of fierce contention and ecclesiastical wrangling he nobly advocated the broadest principles of toleration, and in the twilight of the sixteenth century, when education was a monopoly of the few, he urged the necessity of that free, universal, and compulsory education which is one of the aims of our own time. At his ancestral chateau of Chatillon he established a college where all might come and learn, and it was noted throughout France that nowhere were the lives of Catholic priests safer than in the domains of the heretic seigneur. All this and more than we have space left to point out the reader will find ably delineated in Mr. Besant's little book. His characterisation of Coligny has all the more value, as he, in spite of a certain bias of temperament against Catholicism, does ample justice to the Admiral's great rival, the Duke de Guise. In conclusion, we can unhesitatingly recommend the book, and hope it will find as many readers as it deserves.

FICTION.

A Debt of Love. By MONTAGUE. Chapman and Hall. 2 vols.

THE author of this book has been too ambitious, although happily his or her ambition does not extend beyond two volumes. We say "his" or "her," for there are many parts that read like a woman's writing, especially those relating to sport. The plot is not strong, and has the usual amount of improbabilities that novelists delight in. The scene opens with a discussion between the hero, Hugh Gerstoff, and his friend, the Hon. Algernon Danvers, afterwards Lord Elvinton, concerning the indorsement of a bill, which said article plays a prominent part in the drama.

Gerstoff is incarcerated for not meeting it, and while in durance vile at Cartmel meets "Jessie," with whom he falls in love. She proves to be Miss Danvers, Lord Elvinton's sister, who had, in what the author calls "a wild freak," gone to Cartmel *incognito*. They are married, and go off to Australia in a huff, refusing large sums of money and other advantages from Lord Dunmorven, Gerstoff's uncle, simply because he is angry at Miss Danvers' escapade, and will not attend the wedding.

Eventually, things come all right, and the happy pair return. Lord Elvinton marries Cassandra Marston, the daughter of a gipsy woman, who, after marrying Marston, leaves him, and returns to her tribe, to be discovered by her husband on her death-bed.

When we read, as at page 179, of snipe-shooting "in marshy osier beds," and that, "whenever Dido tried a point, Ponto would rush in and flush the bird," we confess to having learnt something, as we had never seen pointers used for that purpose; and, when further on, we are told "that neither of the 'retrievers' (!) could be commended for their manners," we are lost in amazement at the wonderful and varied qualities displayed by the dogs and the writer.

The description of a day's covert shooting is sublimely ridiculous, and we learn how one Marston "wiped the faces"

of his friends, and "after threading the well-stocked English preserve," emerged from a blinding thicket and killed a rocketeer at an unheard-of distance. New to us, also, is the partiality of horses for China tea-roses. But perhaps the most ridiculous situation is at the conclusion, where Dowager Lady Elvinton, who must necessarily be of a certain age, makes violent love to her old admirer, Dunmorven, soliciting his admiration by quoting "Old love is waking—shall it wake in vain?" Altogether, "A Debt of Love" must be written down as rubbish, and, though there are signs of talent here and there displayed, the book ought to serve the author as a warning against writing or talking about subjects of which he or she is in complete ignorance.

Coward Conscience. F. W. ROBINSON. Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols.

FROM the author of "Grandmother's Money" we might have expected a better novel than the one that now lies before us. Strong in description, and forcibly written though it is, the story is so improbable, or, rather, impossible, that as we read we are forced to the conclusion that its proper place is not in the pages of a book, but on the boards of a transpontine theatre, with a sufficient amount of slow music and red fire to make it "go down." The scene opens with a "Life on the ocean wave," or, in other words, a passage by a steamer called *The Witch*, from Honfleur to Littlehampton. On board the boat are the principal actors in the melodrama—to wit, a Miss Hilderbrandt and one Tom Dagnell. The former is a young lady with a history; the latter a young gentleman also with a certain amount of historic lore attached to his name, in that he seems to have left his father's house in anger, and for some time emulated the vagabond of song. He is now returning to the paternal mansion "ragged and tanned." When he has arrived at that haven of rest, he finds that everything has been arranged during his absence to promote a marriage between himself and his cousin, Ursula Dagnell, another heroine of the uncompromising order with a history—and spectacles. Tom Dagnell's father is in a moribund state, and is consequently not very pleasant company. His elder brother, Marcus, is a prig of the first water, and his mother a hypochondriac. After some conflict with himself, he is induced by something his father tells him to consent to the marriage, though all the time his mind is travelling back to his companion on board *The Witch*. He then receives a telegram from Miss Hilderbrandt from Birmingham to come and save her, and off he starts, followed and tracked by her father. After some episodes that would not disgrace the columns of a "penny dreadful," he is accused of robbing a Mr. Oliver, a man who has made his money in dish-covers, and has a large house in Birmingham. Here Violet Hilderbrandt's history is told; she has fled from her father because he is a professional receiver of stolen goods, and there is a warrant out against herself in France on suspicion. She accuses her father before Tom and Mr. Oliver of the robbery, and with the true melodramatic "Oh! my unnatural daughter!" he retires. Ursula duly arrives unlooked-for to console and comfort; takes Violet back to Broadlands, the Dagnells' house, but seeing in her a rival she gives information to the police, and then tries to drown herself.

Eventually, the wicked father Hilderbrandt gives himself up to justice, the daughter is released "without a stain on her character," and Tom brings her back to England. Ursula, seeing her, falls dead, and the curtain descends on the triumph of virtue and the defeat of vice, but in this instance without the necessary adjuncts of red fire and slow music.

From this brief outline the extraordinary nature of the plot may be gathered, and it is a pity that the author has so wasted his talent in working it out. The character of the moribund father, Sir John Dagnell, is excellent, and his grumbling remarks are particularly amusing. As we have before said, where description is required, the descriptions are good and forcibly drawn. The title "Coward Conscience" is not particularly applicable. "Misdirected Talent" would perhaps better meet the case, and would have the advantage of a double meaning.

A Marriage of Conscience, by Arthur Sketchley (George Rose) (Tinsley Brothers), is an attempt to convert the Mrs. Brown, who is already too well known to the public by her numerous experiences, and by Mr. Rose's readings, into the central figure of a three-volume novel. For although the Mrs. Tozer of "A Marriage of Conscience" is a lone widow, and plays a comparatively unimportant part, she is evidently the author's favourite character, and more care is bestowed on delineating her doings and recording her sayings than devolves on the colourless and pseudo-fashionable heroine. Mr. Arthur Sketchley's English is distinctly infected by Mrs. Brown, for the style of the whole work is precisely that which would be used by Mrs. Brown if she had enjoyed the advantages of a "superior education." Of such distorted and unnatural creatures as the Marquis and Lord Mildown it would be mere waste of time to speak. As a novel, the book is a distinct failure; as a further contribution to the literature of Mrs. Brown, some people may find it amusing.

STRAY LEAVES.

THE fourth annual public meeting of the Sunday Society will take place this afternoon at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. Sir Henry Thompson will take the chair at 4 o'clock, and will be well and numerous supported on the platform. Admission free. We wish well to these modern crusaders against intolerance and ignorance.

THE next meeting of the present session of the Statistical Society will be held on Tuesday, the 20th inst., at the Society's rooms, King's College Entrance, Strand, W.C., when a paper will be read "On Some Effects of a Crisis on the Banking Interest," by John B. Martin, Esq., M.A. The chair will be taken at 7.45 p.m.

WE are requested by the Committee of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, to state that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have signified their intention of attending a concert to be held at St. James's Hall on Tuesday next, the 20th inst.

WE have received the annual report of the Dangerous Driving Prevention Society, who do much real and useful work in a very unostentatious way. Considering the utterly reckless way in which coachmen of heavy vans drive, going usually at a fast trot, it is wonderful that more accidents do not occur even than the number recorded in the Society's list. More funds would enable the Society to extend its sphere of usefulness. We therefore inform those of our readers who are inclined to give, that subscriptions and donations will be received by the secretary, Mr. E. Colston Keevil, at the Society's offices, 17, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, or may be paid direct to the Capital and Counties Bank, Threadneedle Street.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND CO. announce for immediate publication an early poem, entitled "The Lover's Tale," by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, which has not hitherto been published. It consists of three parts, followed by "The Golden Supper," a more recent poem, which has already been included amongst the author's works, but which was written as a sequel to the original "Tale."

DR. J. P. STEELE, long well known as attached to the medical and general press here, and now settled in Rome, has, we hear, been compelled by the pressure of his professional work to abandon his design of writing a life of his friend, the late Mr. James Hannay.

WE hear that it is not unlikely that a new volume of essays, dealing with political and economical questions, will come soon from the able and versatile pen of Mr. R. H. Patterson.

MR. DUNNING MACLEOD, the author of works on banking, is a candidate for the Chair of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh, rendered vacant by the resignation of Professor W. B. Hodgson.]

THE subjoined is the Russian literary news:—Mr. Froude's "Caesar" is to be shortly brought out at Moscow. A very important historical work has just appeared at St. Petersburg. It is called the "Sbornik Kniazya Chilkova" (the "Collection of Prince Chilkoff") and consists of 252 documents dealing with events between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries. Much of it concerns Russia's early relations with Central Asia, particularly with Bokhara; but almost every topic of historical interest is touched upon in the volume. Mr. Uspensky has published a book entitled "The Formation of the Second Bulgarian Czarism" (*Obrazovanié vtorovo Bolgarskavo Tsarista*). Mr. Berezin has in the press a historical work dealing with "Slavonia, Dalmatia, and the War Frontier." At Moscow has appeared the first of a series of "Studies of Molière," by Alexis Veselovsky. The present volume is devoted to "Tartuffe." The clever satirist and poet Schuhmacher has issued a collection of his recent skits on Russian society, under the title of "Latter-year Humour." The Moscow Society for the Diffusion of Useful Literature has decided to publish a cheap shilling edition (forty copecks) of Count Tolstoy's famous novel, "Prince Serebrenni." The work was translated into English two or three years ago, but the task was so badly done that the book fell flat on the English market. It deserves a fresh translation.

"CAMPAIGNING," a new and original farcical comedy which we mentioned last week as being about to be produced, will be played to-day at 2.30 p.m. at the Criterion Theatre, with a strong cast, including Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Mr. W. S. Penley.

THE Russian journalistic notes are as follows:—The clerical review *Tserkovni Vestnik* has received a second warning from the Censor. The editor of the *Rooski Invalid*, General Lavrientieff, has gone abroad for the benefit of his health. Great talk is occasioned by the illness of the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*. The *Golos* asserts he is deranged. The *Molva* declares him to have been ordered to withdraw by the Government "on sick leave" from Moscow. The *Novoe Vremya* on its part says that while Mr. Katkoff was recently staying at St. Petersburg, at the house of Dostoievsky, he fell down some stairs and injured his back. Since his return to Moscow carbuncles have made their appearance at the part affected, and more than once his physician, Dr. Novatsky, has despaired of his life. The dangerous symptoms have now subsided, however, and it is hoped that he will soon be able to wield afresh his editorial pen. M. Zerentieff, the editor of the *Odesa Vestnik*, has issued an appeal to the Press of Europe to protect his journal from the calumnious statements of the German newspaper. For some time past the *Berlin Tagblatt* has been publishing sensational intelligence respecting the Nihilists, ostensibly translated from the *Odesa Vestnik*. M. Zerentieff has repeatedly of late called attention to those false translations, and, failing to induce the *Tagblatt* to mend its ways, has published an appeal setting forth the misconception to which he is thereby exposed at home and abroad by the conduct of the Berlin journal.

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIUS, the new Metropolitan of Moscow, is the author of many standard historical works. His first effort, the "History of Christianity in Russia previous to the Time of Prince Vladimir," appeared in 1846, and was followed in rapid succession by "A Glance at the Russian Church before the Tartar Subjugation," "A History of the Russian Dissenters," and, in 1857, the first volume of his great undertaking, the "History of the Russian Church," besides a number of minor works dealing with ecclesiastical affairs. His "History of the Russian Church" is the leading authority on the subject, and has been translated into the French and German languages.

A NEW way of utilising superfluous general officers has been discovered in Russia. It is the custom now in certain localities to hire generals in full uniform, decorations included, to take part in wedding festivities, in order to make the gathering look more elegant. The price is five roubles in silver and upwards, varying according to the number of

decorations possessed by the personage. The hired general has to remain at the festivities a certain time, then, having been paid his fee, he is allowed to get drunk "as usual," and marches proudly home—when he can.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Abbott, John S. C.—*Life and Achievements of Christopher Columbus*. Illustrated. Ward, Lock, and Co.
 Allen, John Barrow, M.A.—*An Elementary Latin Grammar*. 3rd edition. Clarendon Press.
 Argyll, Duke of.—*The Afghan Question from 1841-1878*. Strahan and Co., Limited.
 Baker, James.—*Quiet War Scenes. Poems and Translations*. With eight illustrations. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
 Chapman, M. F.—*The Gift of the Gods*. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.
 Clarke, Charles and Mary Cowden.—*The Shakespeare Key*. Sampson Low and Co.
 Clowes, W. Laird,—translated by.—*A Distinguished Man*. By A. Von Winterfeldt. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
 Cruttwell, Charles Thomas, M.A., and Banton Peake, B.A., edited by.—*Specimens of Roman Literature*. Charles Griffin and Co.
 Geikie, Archibald, LL.D., F.R.S.—*Outlines of Field Geology*. 2nd edition. With numerous illustrations. Macmillan and Co.
 Gould, Robert Freke.—*The Four Old Lodges*. Spencer's Masonic Depot.
 Heath, Francis George.—*Trees and Ferns*. Sampson Low and Co.
 Hoppus, Mary A. M.—*All the World's a Stage*. 3 vols. Sampson Low and Co.
 Hunt, Mrs. Alfred W.—*Basildon*. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.
L'Art. No. 228. Mai 11, 1879. A. Ballue, Editeur. 134, New Bond Street.
 Moore, F. Frankfurt.—*Mate of the Jessica*. 2 vols. Marcus Ward and Co.
 Randolph, Mrs.—*Genista*. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.
 Rival Captains, The. E. W. Allen.
 Saunders, John.—*The Sherlocks*. 3 vols. Strahan and Co., Limited.
 Simpson, Francis P., edited by.—*Select Poems of Catullus*. Macmillan and Co.
 Symonds, John Addington.—*Sketches and Studies in Italy*. Smith, Elder, and Co.
 Tardieu, Jules.—*Money*. Translated from the French by Margaret Watson. W. H. Allen and Co.
 Thompson, E. M.—*Phidias, and other Poems*. Remington and Co.
 Wright, C. E. Guthrie, compiled by.—*The School Cookery Book*. Macmillan and Co.

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. CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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Advertisements for insertion in Saturday's issue should be delivered at the Office not later than Twelve o'clock on Friday Morning.

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Large post 8vo, with Engraved Portraits, 6s.,

PROFESSOR MÜLLER'S

LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL

COUNT MOLTKE.

Translated by PERCY E. PINKERTON,

And Edited by CAPTAIN H. M. HOZIER.

"Müller's admirable life of Moltke."—*Globe*, in *Leader on Lord Chelmsford*, March 17th; also reviewed April 17th.

"Most graphic and picturesque."—*Morning Post*.

"A highly interesting monograph of this illustrious soldier."—*Court Journal*.

"This interesting account of Moltke's life."—*United Service Gazette*.

"Of absorbing interest to all.....Those who have undertaken it have shown themselves worthy of the subject, and deserve our best thanks for presenting us with a book so full of interest, at the same time so true a description of a master mind."—*Examiner*.

"Of the great, manly, modest old soldier, Moltke, we in England, at all events, have heard so little that there is scarcely a page in this admirable memoir that will not come on the majority of readers with the agreeable shock of a pleasant revelation. The book is, indeed, a delightful one, admirably translated and edited.....It might have been written by an Englishman for the impartiality of the opinion in it."—*Mayfair*.

"The volume is of great interest....It presents to us a man of fine character and amazing force of intellect and will.....We must not be tempted to further extracts, although the quotations given from Moltke's letters are full of interest.....We can only repeat what we have remarked already, that the book is one which ought to be read."—*Literary World*.

"The history of the two great campaigns, which are replete with military achievements of the highest order.....cannot be studied with other than absorbing interest.....In recommending this volume to our readers, we can only say that the translation of Mr. Pinkerton reads easily and well, and that the task of editing it has been performed by Capt. Hozier with success. The advantages afforded by his personal acquaintance with the two campaigns..... have enabled the editor to discharge his duty in a very satisfactory manner, and to the great benefit of the biographer and of the readers of his work."—*Army and Navy Gazette*, 19th April.

"It is just what a biography should be—brief and yet full enough to give a clear idea of all the leading incidents in a life that was well worth writing."—*Naval and Military Gazette*, 16th April.

"It is not a theme about which the author need feel diffident lest the subject he has selected should prove 'caviare to the general'.....We can cordially recommend the reader to turn to these pages for himself."—*Civil Service Gazette*, 12th April.

"Author, translator, and editor may be congratulated upon their respective shares in the production of this work, for all have done well, especially the author, who has had the good sense to write the life of the great strategist within moderate limits.....The materials for this admirable biography have been derived from works either written by Moltke himself or from information which he has himself furnished."—*Broad Arrow*, 29th March.

London: W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN,
15, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

LYCEUM. LADY OF LYONS.

MR. IRVING respectfully announces that in response to the expression of enthusiasm and delight with which the public has received the representations of THE LADY OF LYONS, at the Lyceum Theatre, it will be repeated every evening (excepting Wednesdays) when HAMLET will be performed.—LYCEUM.

HAMLET.—MORNING PERFORMANCES.—
 In accordance with the wishes of a large section of the public, Mr. Irving has much pleasure in announcing a Series of Morning Performances of HAMLET, THIS and EVERY SATURDAY during May, commencing at 2 o'clock. Seats for the Special Performance may be booked.

HAMLET—Mr. IRVING; OPHELIA—Miss ELLEN TERRY.—LYCEUM.

Now Ready, Price Sixpence,
WHAT TO SEE AT THE ACADEMY.

THE ACADEMY GUIDE,

1879.

NOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES,
BY THE ART CRITIC OF THE "EXAMINER."

"A concise and convenient 'Guide to the Academy' has been published by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*, containing criticisms in an epigrammatical form upon the most notable paintings in this year's exhibition. One in every three or four works is selected for notice, and the comments, which rarely exceed two or three lines of type, include not only a terse sentence or two, summing up its merits or demerits, but also some words of explanation where they are required. The *brochure* gives in a compendious form, and at a most modest cost, very much the sort of information which the less energetic section of the public most appreciate, and it will not be surprising if it competes with some success against the more complete but comparatively dry and tedious official guide."—*Globe*.

"Contains notes on the principal pictures in the Exhibition at Burlington House. The sub-title is 'What to see at the Academy,' and the object of the Guide is to enable people to see the most noteworthy pictures with the least expenditure of trouble to themselves."—*Standard*.

"A very handy guide to the Academy Exhibition, prepared by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*. His notes on the principal pictures are marked by sound judgment and good taste, the salient features of each work being briefly pointed out, so as to instruct as well as interest the visitor. Apropos of 'Remnants of an Army,' by Mrs. Butler (*née* Thompson), the author says, 'There has been one female academician, and it seems inevitable that there should now be another.' Each gallery is dealt with in order, so that the numbers form the easiest possible mode of reference, and the guide will thus lead to much saving of time in seeing the notable Art productions of 1879."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"This is a guide, and a very useful one, to the Exhibition of 1879, by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*. Artists will probably take exception to some of its judgments. But as it combines smart criticism with discrimination, and enables

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This Cheap and Excellent sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes most delicious. The most cultivated culinary connoisseurs have awarded the palm to the YORKSHIRE RELISH, on the ground that neither its strength nor its piquancy is overpowering, and that its invigorating zest by no means impairs the normal flavour of the dishes to which it is added. Employed either "au naturel" as a fillip to chops, steaks, game, or cold meats, or used in combination by a skilful cook in concocting soups, stews, ragouts, curries, or gravies for fishes and made dishes.

The only cheap and good sauce.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE and Co., Leeds.

TESTIMONIAL.

4, Wimbourne Street, New North Road, London, N., May 18, 1875.

Gentlemen,—I have not the pleasure of knowing you—never met you—never saw you—but still for a great length of time my sideboard has never lacked your celebrated "Yorkshire Relish," and it gives me very great pleasure to forward this testimonial in its favour, provided you think it worthy of your acceptance.

My sedentary habits as a writer for the magazines, &c., very often made me exceedingly peevish with my meals, but still no matter what I have, your "Yorkshire Relish" always brings me to. Sometimes I have a hot joint that it enriches, sometimes cold meat that it makes exceedingly tasty and palatable—with soup it is charming. And sometimes when the press is waiting for matter, I can make a very good makeshift for dinner with a roll stepped in it; so that in each and every sense of the word I cannot speak too highly of that which I find so good, so useful, and so cheap. If it is likely to be productive of good, you are quite at liberty to publish this.—Yours truly,
The Author of "Grace Darling," "Harriet Stanton," "The Wreck of the Royal Charter," &c.

To Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

Awarded seven Prize Medals for superior quality.

Unrivalled for efficiency and purity.

Recommended by all who have tried it.

Manufactured from the purest ingredients.

Testimonials innumerable.

Dispenses with brewer's yeast.

The best in the world. Defies comparison.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

The cheapest, because the best. Indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious puddings without eggs, pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast. One trial will convince the most sceptical of its superiority over others.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Chemists, &c., in 1d. packets, 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. tins.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE and Co., Leeds.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.

Highly recommended by the most eminent physicians, and acknowledged to be the best and cheapest tonic yet introduced. Strengthens the whole system, and stimulates the appetite. Is invaluable for indigestion, nervousness, gout, rheumatic, &c. Has proved an invaluable and agreeable stomachic to all suffering from general debility and loss of appetite. The best restorative for the weak, young, or aged. It is admirably adapted for delicate children, and is especially suited as a vehicle for the administration of cod-liver oil, where the combined effects of Quinine and of the Ol. Jecoris Aselli is desirable. A wine glass full twice or thrice a day will be found both grateful and efficacious in all cases in which a cordial tonic is required, far superior to sherry and bitters or bitter beer.—Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1/4d., 2s., and 2s. 3d., per bottle.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO., Leeds.

TESTIMONIAL from Miss EMILY FAITHFULL.

Victoria Press, 85, Praed Street, London, W., Aug. 29, 1874.
Dear Sirs,—Having tested your excellent Quinine Wine, I am only too glad to testify to its efficacy in neuralgia, &c., as a certain cure and preventive, which is better than cure.—Yours truly, EMILY FAITHFULL.

To Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

Delicious to Plum Pudding.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

Delicious to Jam Tarts.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

Delicious to Stewed Rice.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

Delicious to all kinds of Fruit.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

Delicious to everything.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER,

for making delicious custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequaled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally as a useful agent in the preparation of a good custard. Give it a trial.—Sold in boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, &c.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., White Horse Street, Leeds.