

THE

# EXAMINER

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**POLITICAL AND SOCIAL NOTES.**

THE Russian papers express much amusement at Lord Salisbury's statement that the Sultan has not engaged to refrain from sending his troops to the Balkans. "How useless," says the *Novoe Vremya*, "is this assertion! Now that the Russian envoy has announced the fact to the Bulgarian people, and the joyful message has been passed from mouth to mouth through the whole of Russia, no amount of speeches of English Ministers can recall what has been done. The Balkans and Eastern Roumelia are henceforward as much closed to the Turkish troops and the Turkish pashas as the Bulgarian Principality, Servia, or Montenegro. According to Lord Salisbury, the Sultan will send his army into the province after the delimitation of the frontier and the departure of the Russian troops, when such a measure will be most convenient to him from a financial and a political point of view. Let us for a moment give credit to this statement. If the Sultan sends his troops into Eastern Roumelia he will break the promise he has made to Russia, and Russia will have a right to make war upon him. Nor is this all. He will break the promise which has been solemnly announced to the Southern Bulgarians, and their militia will consequently have a right to use force to prevent the Turkish troops from entering their country. If Lord Salisbury wished to announce that the war will probably begin again next autumn he has attained his object, and the English people will not thank him for it; but his lordship is evidently not quite convinced of the truth of what he says, for at the end of his speech he suggests that the Sultan might be blind enough to renounce his right to garrison the Balkan Passes, and threatens that the Powers will forbid him to do so. Lord Beaconsfield used to threaten Russia with three campaigns if she should stand in the way of English interests; Lord Salisbury threatens the Sultan for a similar offence with the veto of the Powers. From three campaigns to a veto there is a considerable fall, and Lord Salisbury descends still further in revenging himself on the Sultan by twitting him with a defect of political vision. The

fact is, that the declarations of English Ministers have but little weight now that the Zulus beat English generals without artillery, that the Khedive dismisses English officials from Egypt with impunity, and that in India an English Viceroy, as if he were playing in a political opera-bouffe, concludes peace with an Ameer who has lost his army and does not know where his territory begins or ends."

A CORRESPONDENT at Odessa informs us that last Sunday the Russian transport, *Petersburg*, left there for Odessa with a cargo of cartridges for East Roumelia. The quantity shipped was nearly five millions, and was consigned to the Russian military agents at Bourgas.

WE are informed that the sentence on Emma Wade has been commuted to one year's imprisonment with hard labour. Our readers will recollect that a fortnight ago we pointed out a commutation as the only course consistent with justice. We regret the hard labour, but rejoice that no official murder will be committed.

WE have received the following from a thoroughly reliable but slightly Ministerial quarter at Paris:—Much has been said of Ministerial dissensions in France. This is—and from the most authorised source—the whole history of the difficulties which have been unduly magnified by correspondents in quest of subjects. M. Waddington has for a long time desired to relinquish the Presidency of the Council. This wish did not originate in any invidious desire to break up the Cabinet, or retire from office. His reason for wishing to confine himself to the avocation of Foreign Minister was most plausible and undoubtedly justified. M. Waddington thought, and thinks still, that the irksome duties of President of the Council—of spokesman of the Cabinet—are altogether incompatible with such heavy and busy functions as those of Minister of Foreign Affairs. In his opinion the President of the Council should be a Minister without portfolio. Further, M. Waddington is beyond question the most useful and practical member of the Cabinet, but he is quite aware, and he himself freely admits, that he lacks the power of oratory which Frenchmen rightly or

wrongly expect from the head of a Cabinet. Some ten days ago, therefore, the President of the Council formally requested M. Grévy to relieve him of his duties, and allow him to confine himself to his particular province at the Quai d'Orsay. He suggested that M. Le Royer or M. Léon Say should take his place. All the members of the Cabinet and President Grévy, however, deprecated this course; both M. Léon Say and M. Le Royer declined to take the lead of the Cabinet, and M. Waddington was induced to put off his intention of giving up the Premiership. The Prefecture de Police question then came on, and a difference of opinion at one time prevailed amongst the Ministers; but this was never serious, the affair was satisfactorily settled, and the Cabinet has been able to re-appear before the Chambers at Versailles more united than they ever were before. M. Waddington has emphatically declared that it never was his intention to retire unless M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior, gave up office, and affirms that he is on the best terms with him. He has, however, not relinquished his intention to retire from the Premiership, but he is in the hands of President Grévy, and will retain the lead until the time has come when he can confine himself to foreign affairs without inconvenience. But this will give rise to nothing like a crisis. The Ministry will remain identically the same, with the difference that the Premiership will devolve on another Minister.

THE Bulgarian insurgents in Macedonia are evidently acting upon instigation from without, for they have just declined to submit to the following conditions offered them by the Sublime Porte: A general amnesty, the remission of the arrears of taxes unpaid for the last two years, the nomination of a Commission to inquire into their alleged grievances, the application of a provincial constitution based upon the principles of self-government, and the nomination of Christians as mudirs in those districts of Southern Macedonia in which the Christians form a majority of the inhabitants. The insurgent chiefs to whom these proposals were communicated declined them upon the ground that "the same Providence which has brought the Servians, the Roumanians, the Greeks, and the Montenegrins from darkness into light will ensure for the Bulgarians a like destiny." It is significant, too, that the insurgent bands, composed in part of Servians and Greeks, have an ample supply of Martini-Henry rifles and revolvers of Russian pattern.

WE stated last week that the Russian Government had determined on the development of the Black Sea Fleet. We now learn that the Minister of Finance has consented to the expenditure of twenty million roubles in improving Nicolaieff, and that in a few days' time the Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied by Admiral Lessovsky, Minister of Marine, and Vice-Admiral Popoff, will proceed to the Black Sea to inspect the alterations projected.

GENERAL IVANOFF, Governor of Samarcand, has left Turkestan for Bokhara, where he will examine and report upon the military forces of the Emir, Mozaffar Effendi.

RUSSIAN ingenuity, which, in the Turkish War, invented the term "retrograde movement to the rear" to replace the awkward expression "retreat," has found a new means of gilding the tyranny of autocracy. The official *Odessa Pravda* a few days ago announced that his Imperial Majesty had "graciously" consented to liberate three political offenders from the Novorossesk Prison on condition of their proceeding immediately to the province of Archangel, and residing in a designated district the rest of their lives. It is difficult to see what

difference exists between this method of "liberation" and the old-fashioned Siberian exile. If anything, the forced residence in Archangel is worse, for it is notorious that Siberia is the pleasantest part of the Russian Empire, while the region of the White Sea is the worst. Concurrently with this mock clemency on the part of the great Emancipator, comes the news that a few days ago Kossagovsky, the Director of the Odessa Police, inspected the cruiser, *Russia*, with a view to testing its capacity for conveying exiles to Saghalien. As the *Russia*, during the evacuation of Roumelia, carried 2500 troops each trip, it is open to inference that she will be able to transport nearly as many exiles. But the number of political prisoners in Russia is so vast that a mere 2000 is a drop in the ocean, and, in consequence, the cruiser *Nijni Novgorod* has also been held for deportation-service, and inquiries are being made after the cruisers *Moscow* and *Petersburg*.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Univers* is always so well-informed upon questions relating to the Russian Foreign Office, that his statement as to the negotiations between Russia and China for the retrocession to the latter of Kuldja is worth reproducing. He says that, contrary to what is generally asserted, no positive settlement has been come to, and there are two currents of opinion. Upon the one hand, the party which was in favour of Russia abstaining from all intervention in the affairs of Turkey is anxious to have done with all questions which are likely to lead to a conflict abroad, because, they say, the situation at home is such as to demand all the attention of the Government. Upon the other hand, those who were most eager for the fray with Turkey declare that, whatever difficulties may have arisen at home, such an important affair as the abandonment of Kuldja cannot be allowed to go by the board. The struggle between the two Parties is very close, and it is impossible to predict the result, though the former is materially assisted by the energetic action of the Chinese Ambassador. The Chinese themselves, however, are so far from being sanguine as to a peaceful solution, that military preparations upon a large scale are being made at Chikko, the capital of the province of that name; and the news which comes from there is of a very significant character. Movements of troops are taking place between Chikko, which is not far from Kuldja and Djinko, and large accumulations of provisions and arms are being made by Lipa, who has the chief command. All the Russian subjects residing at Chikko have been ordered to cross the frontier, and not to enter the territory of China again.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Warsaw:—The following ten persons who have been incarcerated in the citadel for an alleged revolutionary conspiracy have been transported to Siberia:—

1. Minski, a schoolmaster and author, to Omsk.
  2. Toplowski, student at the University, to Wiatka.
  3. Julian Iwsanny, landagent, to Omsk; his wife went mad when her husband was arrested, and there are three young children left homeless.
  4. Albin Tomaszewski, a Government official, to Wiatka.
  5. Ian Tomaszewski, student, to Omsk.
  6. Sadowski, landagent, to Perm.
  7. Julian Sobolewski, student, to Omsk.
  8. Zielinski, an engine-driver, to Omsk.
  9. Adam Szymanski, student, to Irkutsk; he was a valued contributor to several Warsaw journals.
  10. Ladislaw Buchowiecki, landowner, to Perm.
- The deportation of these political prisoners took a whole fortnight, as they were despatched singly, with the

greatest caution and secrecy. Besides these there are over two hundred persons incarcerated in Warsaw at the present moment, partly in the citadel and partly in the fort of Modlin. On the 13th inst. a boy of the name of Wojnow, at the gymnasium of Siedletz, was arrested on the charge of revolutionary propaganda among the schoolboys, and brought to Warsaw escorted by gendarmes; he is now in the police-prison at Warsaw.

THE pacification of the Cossacks of the Don district is, in spite of the efforts of the Russian Government, not yet an accomplished fact. There are no fewer than 12,000 regular troops there to collect arrears of taxes and curb unruly spirits. The state of the country may be sufficiently gathered from the fact that in the Stanitza of Urupinsk alone, over two hundred Cossacks have been brought before a Court Martial for agitating against the Government.

THE position of Count Andrassy has been very much shaken by the publication of the text of the Austro-Turkish Convention. The military party particularly, led by the Archduke Albert, the commander-in-chief, whose opinion carries much weight with the Emperor, are indignant, and demand the dismissal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose policy has cost Austria a large expenditure of men and money with the doubtful result of a quasi-annexation of two turbulent provinces. Count Andrassy is himself, of course, aware of the danger of his situation; he has refrained from taking his usual holiday, is determined to fight the battle to the last, and relies, as his stronghold, on the confidence of the Emperor, which he still enjoys.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGRAIA'S visit to Vienna is, of course, intended to demonstrate to Europe that the new ruler does not consider himself entirely a vassal of the Czar of Russia. His overtures to the Vienna Court and the Vienna Cabinet have been most favourably received. The Austrian Government have urged him to proceed to Constantinople before presenting himself to his future subjects, and thus soothe the susceptibilities of the Turks.

WITH the dissolution of the Reichsrath in Austria the agitation of a General Election has begun. Most interest is naturally felt in the course the Bohemians will take, or, strictly speaking, the Czechs, who have abstained from a collective appearance in Parliament for the last seventeen years. They contend for autonomy in Bohemia similar to that already granted to Hungary. The attitude of the Young Czech (Liberal) Party may possibly complicate affairs, as this Party has always advocated ventilating the Bohemian propaganda in the Reichsrath instead of sitting apart in sullen obscurity.

HERR VON FORCKENBECK, the late President of the German Reichstag, is said to be planning a programme for a new Liberal Party, anti-reactionary in politics and economy. Although the distinguished ex-President may not have much chance of realising his object in the immediate future, he will sooner or later have a powerful prop by the support of the Crown Prince, who is known to share his views. The new President of the Reichstag, Baron Seydwitz, is a political nonentity, and his election is looked upon as significant of the triumph of the reactionary party.

THERE is no doubt that, apart from political considerations, public opinion in France generally blames the Government for the gross blunder they are committing in asking the Chamber for authority to prosecute M. Paul de Cassagnac. The Chamber cannot refuse without opposing the Ministry, but its feeling is against the measure.

M. Gambetta knows this so thoroughly that he kept in his Presidential desk for two days the Government demand for the prosecution, instead of communicating it directly to the Chamber, in the hopes that Ministers would come to a wiser frame of mind. He was at last compelled, on the demand of the Minister of Justice, to read the request. M. Paul de Cassagnac has been prosecuted five times within the last eighteen months for attacks on the Republic, so he is not very much alarmed at what awaits him. He has been writing for the last few days in the *Pays* about his coming condemnation, announces his intention to make a fuss, and to challenge the Under-Secretary of State for Justice, M. Goblet, to fight a duel on account of the offensive language in which the request for permission to prosecute was couched. M. Paul de Cassagnac, being a Deputy, will mount the Tribune, whence he can launch against the Government and the Republic, safe by his position, ten times as much sarcasm and insult as the articles for which he is to be prosecuted contained. These insults will of course be reprinted in the reports of the Parliamentary debates, and will in consequence be made a thousand times more public than the articles in the *Pays*. On Monday next the matter comes on for discussion; the seats reserved for the public will be crowded to excess. M. de Cassagnac, who both as speaker and as writer has a remarkable talent for invective, has set himself the task of being towards the Republic what Rochefort was towards the Empire. He is extremely popular in his own province, and even the Parisian populace has a sneaking kindness for him. His audacity, his personal bravery, and his powers of oratory are exactly those qualities which dominate a mob.

THE death of General Douay having caused a vacancy amongst the three Inspectors-General of the Army the French Government has determined to increase the number of these superior officers to four, each of whom would command an army in case of war. The two officers named for the post are Generals Clinchant and Chanzy, the latter of whom would, however, retain his post as Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

SOME recent comments in our columns will have prepared our readers for the information telegraphed to the *Times* last Monday, that the famine relief operations for Cashmere have completely broken down. We can supplement the information now forwarded to our contemporary with one or two rather important facts. It was originally estimated that one hundred thousand maunds of grain would have to be imported from India, and delivered at Serinuggur within two months, if the famine was to be permanently stayed. Now, the delivery during the first of these two months only amounted to two thousand maunds, and during the second to about twice that quantity, leaving a deficiency of more than ninety thousand maunds. This remarkable collapse of the undertaking was due in part to the impossibility of furnishing sufficient transport across the Himalayas, but chiefly to the greedy rascality of the native contractors. They are said to have sold the grain on a most wholesale scale while *en route* to the erst "Happy Valley."

THE Central Asian Papacy will soon have a new incumbent, it is said, in the person of Fakir Sahib. The late Akhoond of Swat was a person of such special sanctity that it is gratifying to hear favourable accounts of his probable successor in this matter of piety. So far as the history of Fakir Sahib has come to light—a great deal of mystery always clings round these holy men—he first distinguished himself in saintliness at Herat. Of course he

worked some wonderful miracles; it would be but a poor sort of "Pir" who could not do that. Having thus made a name for himself among the Northern Afghans, he suddenly migrated to the Peshawur Valley, where he soon became known as a prophet, and something more than a prophet, being possessed of a very pretty faculty for gratifying the longings of ladies who loved their lords. At the outbreak of the war between India and Afghanistan the saint took unto himself the title of Ghazi, and established himself among the Momunds, over whom he soon acquired great influence. It is believed that he preached a *jehad* on one or two occasions, by way of gratitude for the asylum he had received in British territory. Be this as it may, he is now making strong running for the Akhoondship, and, should he succeed, Swat will probably be as troublesome under the rule of Fakir Sahib as it always was before the late priest-king went to join the green-veiled hours.

THERE has been a great deal of excitement in the office of the Paris *Figaro*. The late M. de Villemessant, the proprietor of the journal, left by his will the management of the paper to three editors, who were to be entitled to 27 per cent. of the net profits at the end of the year, which, in the case of the *Figaro*, means the nice little sum of half a million of francs. The minor contributors, jealous of such valuable perquisites, threatened to strike, Albert Wolff at their head, unless they were given a share in the profits. Serious thoughts were entertained of seceding altogether and starting a rival paper, for which an enterprising capitalist was ready to furnish the funds. The matter was, however, compromised, the three matadors of the office agreeing to yield to their angry colleagues 10 per cent. of the 27 per cent. Peace reigns once more in the Rue Drouot. It will nevertheless be curious to observe the transformation of the despotism tempered by epigrams of M. de Villemessant into a tri-presidential republic.

THE O'Connor Don's Irish University Bill has twice during the present week been the subject of discussion in the House of Commons, and on the second occasion a little of the heat which is usually developed in Irish discussions made its appearance. The Government were charged with a desire to burke the Bill by refusing to name a day, and in some quarters this refusal has been taken to indicate a desire on their part to withdraw the very moderate assistance which they had previously given. Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Hartington both pointed out to the irate Irishmen that there was no ground for this inference, and The O'Connor Don himself seems to have been willing enough to accept Sir Stafford's plea of inability, and not unwillingness, to fix a day. It would certainly be a pity if this measure—which, though very far from an ideally perfect one, does seem to offer a possible solution of a most difficult and even dangerous question—should by any chance not receive full consideration. The argument that by it indirect endowment is secured to denominational places of education without any safeguard for the upholding of a proper standard of teaching and of degrees overlooks two important facts. In the first place there is nothing to prevent the affiliation to the proposed University of schools and colleges representing every shade of religious difference, and if such schools and colleges prefer of their own motion Trinity or the Queen's University that is their own look-out. In the second place, as the qualifications for degrees and emoluments is to rest with a Senate, three-fourths of which are to be nominated by the Lord

Lieutenant, no undue lowering of such qualifications would be possible, unless successive Lord-Lieutenants are guilty of a flagrant neglect of duty. The income of the proposed University has also been considerably exaggerated. There are, no doubt, many points in the measure which demand alteration and improvement, such, for instance, as the exclusion of members of the existing Universities from participation in the benefit of the scheme. But discussion in the House of Commons is the best way, and the only way, by which these improvements can be effected. The abstract objection to taking the money of a disestablished Church is mere prudery, especially after the measure of last year. In short, while the O'Connor Don's Bill is certainly not one deserving of unqualified approval, it appears to supply a possible end of a troublesome business.

THE French papers are half-bewildered and half-amused at the remarkable statements which are now so frequently made in the columns of the *Times*. One of these, after puzzling them considerably, has given occasion for ribald mirth. In its account of the opening of the *Salon* in Paris, the *Times* gave the following striking notice of one of the pictures:—"Gounod's portrait of Delaunay, the actor, is very subtle, delicate, and spirited." As there is no such portrait in the exhibition some difficulty was at first experienced in finding out what picture was referred to. It is now considered probable that the notice referred to "a portrait of Gounod by Elie Delaunay." One of the Parisian papers says that "it had to read the *Times*' notice several times before it could believe its eyes." There is something very touching in this picture of *naif* perplexity.

MR. AYRTON has given the quietus to the aspirations of the Radical Hundred of Northampton, and the deputation of that body who waited on him on Tuesday for the express purpose of soliciting his candidature in their interests at the General Election will have had their journey for nothing. The inducements held out by this body were of a varied character. Mr. Ayrton was urged to unite with Mr. Bradlaugh in the contest for the representation of the town, and to generally adopt the different bases of election "union"; in such case it was promised that a third Liberal candidate now in the field would withdraw, and Mr. Ayrton was, moreover, guaranteed two thousand votes, thus securing his and Mr. Bradlaugh's return. Mr. Ayrton, however, declined the honour intended for him. He had neither the desire nor the intention of a joint candidature with Mr. Bradlaugh; indeed, he was altogether opposed to a union of candidates, preferring to preserve an independent action in such matters. He furthermore candidly informed the deputation that he regarded the Radical action as an attempt to domineer over the political destinies of the whole borough; and when reminded that such eminent politicians and fervent admirers of the "Caucus" system as Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Fawcett, and "other gentlemen," had written counselling "union," he in language more forcible, perhaps, than complimentary, remarked that they had better attend to their own affairs. In fact, he said, they were not able to express an opinion with intelligence on the matter before them; and, even if they did, little value could be attached to it. The Radical representatives then withdrew with the best grace possible under such unfavourable circumstances, and returned to their native town, sadder, it is believed, but, it is much to be hoped, wiser men. Mr. Ayrton, it is understood, will contest the constituency in the interests of the moderate Liberals.

## THE EXAMINER.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

### MORAL SUPPORT.

THE sudden explosion of dissatisfaction with England and discontent at her policy which took place at the beginning of this week at Paris, has, we trust, to some extent cleared the atmosphere and will not in any case seriously affect our relations with France. But it is worth while examining a little more closely the cause of the violent expression of feeling which has endangered our relations with the only powerful Continental nation not identified with a huge military despotism, and therefore the only one with whom a permanent alliance would be possible for England. There is no doubt that the French are thoroughly disappointed because our Government is not inclined to take energetic measures to enforce the Greek claims on Turkey, and is still less disposed to make the dismissal of MM. de Blignières and Rivers-Wilson a reason for active interference in Egypt. So far the case is simple enough, and we have not a word to say against the action of the Government. They do well not to threaten any new armed interference in the East, and we cordially agree with their present inactivity. But approval of the course now being pursued by the English Government does not imply disagreement with the complaints of the French papers. They seem to us, on the contrary, thoroughly justified. At Berlin we promised to support the Greek claims, and thus kept the Greeks quiet; we did not then state that our support would be confined to advising the Porte to satisfy Greece, leaving her free to take our advice or reject it. We lent Mr. Rivers-Wilson to the Khedive, and virtually made ourselves, together with France, responsible—as is pointed out in another column—for the good administration of the finances of Egypt. But France could never have supposed that we intended, the moment any difficulty was raised, to accept the snubbing administered by Ismail Pacha, and leave her to fight her battles and those of honest government alone. The fact is, that in these, as in many other cases, our Government has either never intended to use more than the power of its seductive despatches, or, if it intended at the time to enforce its views should the occasion arise, has been afraid to do so. "Moral support" has been the favourite phrase of our rulers under both Conservative and Liberal administrations. None has done more mischief, for there was never any phrase more deceptive. It may mean a great deal, and we always intended the people to whom we promised it to suppose that it did. But it may mean nothing at all beyond a few gentle despatches, and when it has been convenient to ourselves we have always said that it meant no more. Sir John Lawrence promised his "moral support" to three Ameeris of Cabul in succession; two of them were upset, notwithstanding the moral support of England, by the third, who received during his reign repeated assurances of this valuable commodity. But when he wanted to find out what it all meant, and to use it to defeat his foes, to put down rebellion and to disarm pretenders, he was told that it implied no such help. On this he turned to Russia, who was ready with moral support and a little more. We then interfered, thoroughly disgusted with a potentate who could not be satisfied with our generosity,

and forced our way into Afghanistan. Now the new Ameer is again assured of our moral support, but is likely not to be any better satisfied with this alone than was his father. At any rate, he has found out what it means, and if he concludes peace on this basis only, he has no one but himself to blame.

Lord Palmerston promised England's moral support to Denmark, and our energetic Premier would, it appears, have willingly gone to war for the plucky little country, but was restrained by Napoleon III.'s indecision. Thus, in this case, moral support was on the verge of meaning a big fleet, a large army, and plenty of ammunition and money; but as the hesitation of the French Emperor—or another cause—made England play a very poor part in that war, which was the beginning of the end of liberty on the Continent, we were able to entrench ourselves behind our favourite phrase, and say that we never intended to give Denmark more than "moral support." Now, fifteen years after the event, no Englishman can read the story of the negotiations which ended in and followed the Danish war without feeling thoroughly ashamed of his country. Yet our statesmen are not more dishonourable nor more inclined to duplicity than the rest of us. But they have for years been timid and vacillating. And when a case has arisen in which it appeared that a foreign country has wished for our alliance, they have willingly promised it their "moral support," feeling that if the country were not very strongly excited they need never go to war for their new ally, and could always retire from an inconvenient position to the ambiguous but secure shelter of so beautiful a phrase.

Sir T. Shepstone gave Ketchwayo a startling proof of England's moral support when he was good enough to honour the chief's coronation by his countenance and presence, and the end of our moral support has, as in the case of Shere Ali and of the King of Denmark, been fatal to the individual whom we have supported. But in no case has this wretched policy been more mischievous than in the East. Unjust and totally uncalled for—as was the Russian attack on Turkey, it would have been better by far to have abstained from all interference, to have frankly told the Turks from the very beginning that they had nothing to hope for and nothing to expect from us, than to give them throughout the negotiations and the campaign which followed the moral support of England. As in Afghanistan, as in Denmark, as in Greece, we encouraged hopes our rulers either did not intend or did not dare to accomplish. Had we left the Turks entirely unfettered there can hardly be a doubt that they would have purchased peace by concessions to Russia far less than those forced from them at St. Stephano, and confirmed by the non-execution of the Berlin Treaty. That they could have done so there is no doubt whatever, and that they were encouraged in their resistance by their confidence in our helping them sooner or later—a confidence justified by our declarations—is now a matter of history. Nothing has probably during the last fifteen years had a more damaging effect on the future of Europe than England's interference, for it has always been displayed in the manner most alien to the English mind—fine promises, much bluster, a great fuss, then a lamentable collapse, ending in total retreat.

It is high time that a fresh view of the value of English promises, and a higher estimate of England's moral support, should obtain. It should be distinctly understood that we shall not support, either morally or materially, any King or Government whose cause we do not think right, or for whose sake we are not ready, if need be, to fight; but that when we have promised our alliance and

our help we shall stand up for our allies as if they were Englishmen. It is this straightforward policy which is true diplomacy; for uncertain engagements extending to indefinite periods, and of enormous, unascertained extent, will not be hastily concluded if the old maxim prevails that treaties are sacred, and must be defended at the point of the sword. It was this that made England great under Cromwell and Elizabeth; the neglect of this is now alienating from her her last possible ally. We had a chance to secure the Austrian alliance as a counterpoise to Russian aggression; we let it slip. We have now France remaining, and her we have offended because our Government made hasty promises in doubtful phraseology which they are not inclined to keep, and because we have not, as our neighbours say, the courage of our opinions.

#### THE FIRES IN RUSSIA.

A STRANGE Aurora Borealis has appeared on the Russian horizon. Conflagrations of unaccountable origin and threatening extent are reported from various parts of the Empire, reminding us of a series of similar occurrences some seventeen or eighteen years ago. At that time, the question of Serfage still occupied the public mind, together with a vague Constitutional movement which the Czar vainly tried to suppress. For many days, St. Petersburg itself was then the scene of fires, or acts of arson, attributed by Government to the "party of disorder." It was supposed that the originators of these ever-recurring conflagrations in 1860-62 intended working upon the popular imagination, and that, if a chance offered itself, they would perhaps make use of the confusion created for a revolutionary outbreak. A state of siege had at last to be proclaimed; but for a considerable period the authorities were utterly unable to cope with the mysterious danger.

In the present instance, the succession of armed attacks upon the tools of despotism in the north, south, and west of Russia has been followed by a series of fires in the east—chiefly at Orenburg, Uralsk, and Irbit, towns partly on the European, partly on the Siberian side. Neither the customary Russian mode of wood-building, nor the bad service of the fire-brigades, nor the prevalence of a carelessness which is the result of drunken habits, are sufficient to explain these repeated gigantic conflagrations. Orenburg, the centre of the caravan trade with Asia, has within a single week been thrice the scene of the most destructive fires. Irbit, which, next to Nishni Novgorod, is the most important place for annual fairs, and usually has about 70,000 European and Asiatic visitors within its walls when a fair is held, has been twice devastated by fire during the last few weeks. Four quarters of the town have been destroyed thereby. Again, the fortress of Uralsk, which contains 12,000 inhabitants, and is the residence of the Hetman of the Cossacks of that district, has been completely burnt down. When we remember how few towns of any importance Russia possesses, these events are of additional significance. In each case, the fire was at first quelled, but afterwards broke out again in the most distant parts of the town, at several days' interval. No wonder arrests of suspected persons—at Orenburg alone about seventy—have been effected by the distracted police.

Foreign journals favourable to the Russian Government acknowledge that, in spite of the attempt made upon the life of Alexander II., and in spite of the alarm occasioned by an incendiarism which destroys property

and injures personal security, no revulsion of feeling is observable in public opinion in favour of the established order of things. There is not even much indignation expressed on the part of classes and men who in other countries are always ready, on such occasions, to don the "dress-coat of loyalty," and to present themselves before the representatives of the Crown with an Address couched in the high-flown language of voluntary slavery. Seeing that no support is given to his recent terroristic measures by any noteworthy section of the population, the Czar has, by an ukase dated from Livadia, extended still further the powers conferred, on April 17, upon the Governors-General of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, Kharkoff, Odessa, and Warsaw. Not less than forty provinces are now under martial law, with despotic satraps placed over them. The system of military pro-Consuls, which in former years was tried more locally with those hated instruments of tyranny, Berg, Murawieff, Potapoff, and Dondukoff, is now employed on a vast scale in nearly one-half of European Russia.

An official report drawn up by Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Kharkoff, upon whom a sentence of death was successfully carried out at the order of the Revolutionary Committee, throws much light upon the necessity for these extraordinary governmental measures. Krapotkin asserts that the revolutionary propaganda, hitherto mainly active in the higher strata of the population, has scarcely reached yet the peasant class, but that the lower middle class and the workmen of the manufacturing establishments are already deeply imbued with its principles. A detective who was present in some of the clandestine meetings of the working class at Kharkoff reported, according to Prince Krapotkin, that strong, indignant speeches were made against official corruption and the squandering of vast sums without any public control, and that subjects were discussed on which, but a year ago, the common people had not yet formed any opinion whatever. At the same time, Prince Krapotkin declared that the landholding nobility were hurrying towards their financial ruin, so that "the outlook was altogether a dark one, if the Conservative elements could not be made to rally round Government."

In such a state of things, the main question is, how long the Army will yet stand by the Czar. The case of Lieutenant Dubrovin has proved that the officer class has already become imbued with revolutionary ideas. Since his execution, some ten soldiers, among them a few non-commissioned officers, have been sentenced to death on account of their connection with the revolutionary party. It is reported that they have been shot privately; and furthermore, that the same fate has been awarded to some Cossacks of the Imperial body-guard, and to some Circassians of the Czar's personal escort. Now, the history of those countries in which military revolutions have taken place, shows that whenever even a small and insignificant number of soldiers has become untrustworthy, confidence is rapidly destroyed in the ranks, and action on the part of the enemies of Government becomes comparatively easy. An army divided within itself to the slightest extent is very difficult to manage. The officer who at any moment may have to fear a bullet from the rear, is a bad leader. Government will, therefore, certainly resort to the most sanguinary measures in order to stamp out all vestiges of a spirit of rebellion which has shown itself in the army; but we are not quite sure that the very severity which it must needs employ, will not have the effect of increasing the dissatisfaction. When soldiers are shown that they are systematically suspected, they become all the more apt to kick

over the traces of discipline, and to seek safety in open acts of mutiny and rebellion.

Fresh from a campaign which had for its professed object the deliverance of the Bulgars, the Russian soldiers would be more stupid indeed than the ordinary Muscovite peasant in uniform usually is, if they did not compare the privileges of self-government which it was impossible to deny to the people between the Danube and the Balkan, with the continued political slavery under which the Czar's own subjects still groan. Looked at from this point of view, Alexander II. may yet find, one of these days, that, in running after the Turk, he has "caught a Tartar." Roumania, Servia, and now Bulgaria also, possess Constitutional charters—charters, it is true, which form but paper walls against any danger of Russian encroachment: as we have seen in the case of the Danubian Principalities at the beginning of the recent war. Still, the mere fact of these countries being gifted with some kind of representative government must act as an incentive upon the Russian nation. In the last proclamations of Alexander II. to the Bulgarians, this Constitutional fact is purposely slurred over, or at most indicated by a vague phrase. The logical consequences of that which has happened at the Muscovite frontier will however, sooner or later, make themselves felt. The longer the Autocrat persists in his obstinacy, the deeper will Russia be convulsed by mutual acts of terror, until her condition will be such that the question may be fairly raised whether it is not time for Turkey to march in her troops, in order to make an end of a reign of violence, and to free the unhappy Russian people.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

"SHAKING the Pagoda tree" has, unfortunately, become an obsolete saying, and its very meaning is likely soon to be forgotten, like that of many other popular expressions of bygone years. The Pagoda tree now, alas! no longer produces golden fruit, but rather Dead Sea apples; and those who go forth from England to shake it return on "privilege," or sick leave, with diseased livers and impaired constitutions, but no richer in this world's goods than when they left their homes. The mines of Golconda are mines of wealth no longer, and Ophir has ceased to be a paying speculation. Fair Cathay is devastated by periodical and ever-recurring famines, and the gold of the far East no longer fills the pockets of Leadenhall Street, but the bills which come "overland" are frequently protested. If India is not quite bankrupt, as Mr. Hyndman wishes us to believe, she is at any rate very poor, and can only pay her way by the strictest economy. Not only is the race of rich uncles who arrive at the nick of time to save their ingenuous nephews and beautiful nieces-in-law from the horrors of a "man in possession" absolutely extinct, but it has become a serious question whether, as far as mere money and trade is concerned, India is worth keeping at all. There are, however, as even Mr. Bright confesses, overwhelming reasons why we should not give back our largest dependency as a prey to the arbitrary sway of native rulers and the unchecked advance of the ever-increasing Russian Empire. To state that we must keep India may appear a self-evident truism, but it is necessary to bear the premiss in mind in order that we may be able to face the conclusion, for the work its carrying out necessitates is difficult. Sad experience has shown that, in order to keep two hundred millions of natives in order, our English forces in India are none too large. Satisfied as may be the great body of the people, and

unwilling as would be the majority to exchange law, justice, and good government for the oppressive exactions to which, for centuries, they had been accustomed under great and petty rulers, not always of their own race, we must yet remember that we are foreigners, more foreign to the natives of India, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, than were the Austrians in Lombardy to the Italians, or the Russians to the Poles. The Austrians required a hundred thousand men to keep something under eight millions of Italians quiet, and even with this enormous force were not entirely successful. We hold a population more than twenty times greater with an army considerably smaller. But the limit of the possible seems to have been almost attained. We cannot, as Mr. Stanhope stated, sensibly reduce the number of British troops in India, and it is notorious that the number of British officers serving with the native troops is totally insufficient. Under the great head of army expenditure, therefore, the largest item in the Budget, it will be hopeless to look for any important reduction. Nay, rather must we be prepared for an increase, not, perhaps, in the money spent in the pay of the officers and men on active service, but in the allowances made to those who have devoted the best years of their lives to their country, and are now obliged to return to England with broken healths, barely able to keep body and soul together on a miserable pittance.

Next in magnitude to the expenditure on the army is that on famines. We confess that, notwithstanding the able speech of the Under-Secretary for India, we are unable to view the prospect hopefully, unless that very expenditure on public works which he proposes to reduce be not only kept up to its present level, but largely increased. A famine in England, or in the civilised countries of Europe, is now an impossibility, for the simple reason that the moment the price of corn, or of some other staple of food, goes up perceptibly in one district, the fact is instantly ascertained, and it is the interest of all merchants to send their stores to the locality affected. They are informed of a scarcity, or even of the probability of a rise of price by the telegraph, and by means of railways, canals, and other numerous means of communication, are in a position to forestall any serious results. Prices between the Mississippi in the West and the Vistula in the East will never again reach a famine level. Even should an absolute failure of crops occur in any country within this area, the rush from all sides to the depression thus formed will instantly make up the deficiency, without causing more than a fractional rise in price elsewhere. The matter may be put in a simple arithmetical form: Suppose the corn or staple food required to nourish the population in the Eastern portion of the United States and all Western Europe to be represented by 100, of which each separate country contributes a quota. Taking France as an example, we will assume that she usually produces seven parts of this 100 and requires seven; in one year her crops fall short, and she produces four only—a deficit of enormous proportions, which practically never occurs. All the other countries together would then have to supply 96 instead of 93, and the price of corn might rise three or four per cent. But no famine would ensue, since long before any real scarcity had been felt in France its approach would have been telegraphed to New York, Pesth, and Odessa, and steamers freighted with corn would be on their way across the Atlantic, while others would be crowding into Marseilles, and vast trains from Hungary would be discharging their freights at the *Halle aux Blés*. But in India the case is different. The difficulties of transport have augmented tenfold the

horrors of every famine which has yet occurred. The distances are enormous, and the population of many districts is as dense as that of England. The railways, numerous as they are, follow the main lines of road only; navigable canals and rivers are very few indeed, the configuration of the greater part of India being against them; good roads (which, by the bye, however good, are always the worst channels for distributing large supplies) are almost unknown in the interior, and when, at enormous expense, they have been constructed, they have to be kept up, through the annual destructive rains, at a still greater expense. Now, it appears clear that there are only two means of reducing the inevitable famines of the future into manageable limits, that of these means one is an infallible cure and the other a palliative, but that neither of them is likely to be adopted by the Government. The palliative is the construction of irrigation works on a large scale. These may be, and have been proved to be, useful in many districts; but they are not of universal application. But the one absolute remedy is to cover all India with so close a network of railways that all, even the most remote districts, become accessible within a reasonable time, and that large quantities of rice or grain can be delivered at any one point at a sufficiently low rate and soon enough to satisfy the wants of the population.

Stated thus broadly, there would seem to be no possible objection to the course proposed, except that it would cost a great deal of money. Of this there can be no doubt. But we have spent fourteen millions unproductively, and are likely to have to spend two or three millions a-year, on an average, in the same manner. Would it not be wise to raise a loan of, say a hundred millions, spread over seven or eight years, and with this sum construct fifteen or eighteen thousand miles of light cheap railway? Even supposing—which is, of course, absurd—that none of these railways paid any dividend at all, the additional charge would, at the present rates, barely exceed four millions per annum, a sum not much larger, and possibly much less, than what we shall have to spend unproductively on the relief of famines. But there can be no doubt that if these lines were economically constructed and judiciously worked, many of them would pay handsomely, and that the charge, therefore, would be reduced to a much lower figure, and one very nearly approximating to the Government estimate of the future sums to be provided for famines. This, and not a reduction of the number of covenanted civil servants, or a small saving in the management of the India Office, we believe to be the real means of avoiding Indian deficits in future, particularly if it be combined with the re-establishment of silver on its proper basis—a subject too important to be dealt with at the end of an article.

We have not touched upon anything but the mere economic aspects of the question. Morally and materially the construction of a network of railways could not fail to have the best effect on the condition of the people—an effect which would, we think, be immediately felt in the larger receipts of the Exchequer, consequent on the increased prosperity of the people. Much, therefore, as we must applaud the judicious moderation displayed yesterday by the Opposition, we think that this time a little pugnacity might well have been displayed, and that Mr. Gladstone has neglected a good opportunity of attacking a budget of which the great fault is, that while professing to establish a new system, it does no more than re-sanction a very old principle—that of masterly inactivity, accompanied by cheese-paring.

#### THE CHAMPIONS OF GREECE.

THE amiable enthusiasts who were inconveniently crowded at Willis's Rooms last Saturday appear to have persuaded themselves and others that they were in some occult way the successors of the Philhellenes of fifty years ago. We may at least concede that they display their enthusiasm in a much more rational manner. It is more comfortable and less dangerous to go to Willis's Rooms than to Missolonghi, and it is probably also less expensive. We have no doubt that Mr. George Augustus Sala, who represented Literature on Saturday, is quite as ready to head any number of Suliotes as Lord Byron who represented Literature in the former movement was. Only the times are changed, and, perhaps without being personal, we may add that the men are changed too. Mr. Sala's enthusiasm for Greece does him all honour, and we have no doubt that its literature, which he so eloquently defended, is the principal model which he studies, and his most favourite amusement and delight. So it is, no doubt, with all the speakers of Saturday. It was indeed a little difficult to discover from the speeches of some of them whether they were most anxious that territory should be added to Greece, or that it should be taken away from Turkey, and this threw a slight air of inconsistency over their eloquence. Sir Charles Dilke, for instance, argued that Turkey had much better give Janina to Greece, because it would so thoroughly content the Greeks that the Porte would never have any more difficulty on that side of its frontier. Lord Rosebery argued that, as Turkey was sure to be dismembered soon, the more the Greeks got now the better position they would be in to get still more later. But this, no doubt, is a trifle. Enthusiasm is privileged to be as inconsistent as it likes, and the meeting on Saturday was nothing if not enthusiastic. It swallowed quite easily Herr Kiepert's argument that the Albanians must be Greek because they are Illyrian. Doubtless Mr. Sala's familiarity with the Classics supplied him with many passages in which the Hellenic qualities of those barbarians, as many Greek writers unaccountably call them, are fully acknowledged, though the ignorant reporters forgot to put them in his speech. Doubtless, too, the meeting was quite satisfied that the success of the Greeks in Liverpool and Manchester was a strong argument for the excellence of the Greek nation, though we do not observe that any non-Greek testimony from those respected towns was produced as to the merits of the Hellenic colonies. In fact, we have not the slightest doubt that the claims of Greece were made out irrefutably at the meeting; though, as we have already said, some of the reported arguments certainly seem to be a little this side of convincing on the face of them.

For our own part, we have no wish to throw cold water on the desire that the Treaty of Berlin, as far as it affects Greece, should be carried out. We think that it would have been wiser if the stipulations or recommendations, or whatever they may best be called, had been omitted. But since England has in a manner committed herself to the promise to do something for Greece, let the something by all means be done. Our chief wish in this and every other matter is that the honour of England shall be scrupulously maintained. Only let us have no nonsense about the thing. It is mere idle folly to plead for the present inhabitants of the Greek Kingdom—excepting, perhaps, some of the Highlanders of the Morea—as the heirs of the countrymen of Pericles and Leonidas. We do not admit that even if this pedigree were clearly made out it would be decisive of the matter, but it is not clearly



made out, or, rather, it is clearly not made out. As far as the subjects of King George are connected with any known peoples of the ancient world, they are apparently descended from the non-Hellenic inhabitants of Macedonia and Illyria. As far as the modern world goes, it would appear that they are principally Slavonian, though their Slav symptoms have of late years allowed themselves to be glossed over, as Slav symptoms very often do. As for the achievements of Greece since the acknowledgment of its independence, they are as the snakes of Ireland. There are none of them; unless a successful refusal to pay their debts, a fine taste in murder and brigandage, and a certain faculty of scraping together money in foreign parts may be called achievements. To speak of the moral and intellectual characteristics of a race is always unpleasant, because one runs the risk of offending and insulting a large number of individuals, some of whom, no doubt, are very honest and worthy people. But we really wish that a few deputations of "Barbarians" from Liverpool, Manchester, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria had been introduced to give the enthusiasts of Saturday the other side of the picture. We have no doubt that they would have painted the descendants of Pericles too much *en noir*. But then that would have been, at worst, a corrective to the extremely roseate tints of Saturday's picture.

One other point remains to be treated. We are told that Greece deserves well at the hands of Europe because she has kept quiet once and again. For ourselves, we fail to see any great virtue in abstaining under menace from attempts to rob a neighbour who has given no just cause of quarrel. But there is more to be said than this. What the duty of those who would be free is has been expressed in words too hackneyed to need repetition. If those who are no Italomaniacs acquiesce at least in the present unity and prosperity of the Italian kingdom, it is because the Italians, and especially the Piedmontese, have shown this note of worthiness for freedom. They have fought in season and out of season; they have painfully made their way in the council chamber as well as in the field, and have produced men the mere production of whom makes out a nation's title to be a nation. All this is exactly what Greece has not done. Where are her Victor Emmanuel, her Sella, her Charles Albert, her Cavour, her d'Azeglio? All she has to show are the names of Trikoupis and perhaps of Canaris, the latter a worthy, simple soldier, or rather sailor, enough, to be sure, but nothing more, and of a generation which is not ours, and hardly even our fathers'. Fifty years of independence have produced no soldier and no statesman of the first, the second, or the tenth rank. As for literary achievements, the education of which we hear so much consists in a painful effort to revive the classical language, which is, perhaps, rather more natural and germane to the nation of to-day than the English of Shakespeare to a Maori or a Hindoo. No; we repeat, the Greeks have done nothing to deserve generosity at Turkey's expense from the hand of Europe; they have, like tame dogs, constantly begged for scraps, and, when the word "Down!" has been sharply uttered, they have, with equal obedience, ceased to beg. Since it has seemed fit to the collective wisdom of Europe to be generous with Turkey's goods, let the alms be given and got over. It is not a creditable transaction, and we are far from being convinced that it is a wise one. But to endeavour to make the claim one of right by urging that the Greeks are excellent at filling their pockets, and that they are diligently unlearning their native patois, is to make what is questionably creditable simply disgusting, and what is questionably wise simply absurd.

#### PROSPECTS OF PEACE AND WAR.

THE past week has been an important one to this country, for the news has reached us that the basis of peace has been arrived at with the Ameer of Afghanistan, Yakoob Khan. The actual terms are not as yet published, but we believe them to be substantially those which we were enabled to lay before our readers last Saturday week. But the conclusion of peace with Yakoob Khan may not mean an immediate withdrawal and perfect tranquillity, for there are somewhat ominous signs of disaffection engendered by Russian intrigue on the northern side of the Hindoo Koosh. The Mir of Badakshan is in a state of rebellion, and Yakoob Khan will have to bring him to his senses. The Shah of Persia is also likely to give some trouble in Herat, a district of great strategic importance which he has always coveted. The chief question which affects the whole of the treaty is the amount of support we are prepared to give the Ameer in establishing himself firmly on his throne. That we have already recognised him as the ruler of Afghanistan is evident; but a mere recognition, accompanied by "moral support" alone, will not benefit him in any considerable degree. Past events have taught the people of Afghanistan and the nations bordering them what is the actual meaning and utility of England's "moral support." They have seen in the policy of Lord Lawrence a support accorded to two rival Ameers at the same time, with the natural result of disgusting them both. In Yakoob Khan's kingdom there are many tribes who have as yet refused to recognise his sway, and rebellion is rife in their midst.

Against this element, of what use is "moral support," or the conclusion of a treaty with a potentate powerless to carry out the articles contained in it? It may not be palatable, but we are firmly of opinion that the time has come when, having concluded a friendly alliance with the Ruler of Cabul, we must assist him to establish himself on the throne, and when he has done so make it our business to maintain him in the position not only by moral but by physical measures. Then, and then only, will our scientific frontier be secure, and Russian diplomacy and intrigue crushed for ever. Half-measures will not suffice for this end. Lukewarm and shuffling policy has signally failed; let us hope that now we shall, by bold straightforward acts, gain and hold the position that now lies in our grasp. The Khyber Pass we shall hold, though doubtless it will prove a costly jewel in the Imperial Crown. If we have the Khurum Valley ceded to us as far as the Shaturgardan, we shall hold the keys of the gates of Cabul itself. The Pisheen Valley will amply supply us with forage, and, with a hold on the Kojak Pass, we shall have Candahar at our mercy. We must not shut our eyes to the fact that the advanced positions necessitated by the new "scientific frontier" will be for some years a constant source of trouble. We shall have three dangerous passes to keep open through which our lines of communication must be drawn. Hitherto the tribes who invest and infest them have refused to recognise any authority whatever, and it is unlikely that they will of a sudden submit themselves to the rule of a stranger, although they may prove amenable to the power of what our American cousins would term the "almighty dollar." One thing is clear: that, come what may, we have, by the speedy conclusion of hostilities, gained immense prestige in the East—a matter of no slight importance. It rests now with the Indian Government to turn it to the best account, and place ourselves and India in absolute security.

Affairs in the Deccan have been much exaggerated, and though some curious revelations with regard to the Dacoits are expected, there is little fear of any serious trouble from that quarter. From the Cape our news is meagre. Detailed accounts of the battles of Colonel Wood are to hand, one of which reads uncommonly like a defeat. Every despatch and account shows more clearly that the Zulus are foes by no means to be despised; and fully establishes their character for unflinching bravery. Their knowledge of the art of war is, moreover, considerable, and the tactics they have displayed are of no mean order. Sir Bartle Frere's defence is merely a recapitulation of his former despatches.

Turning to matters nearer home, the speech of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief in the House of Lords on Monday night was decidedly to the point. The bane of the Army is the short service system, and, as he pointed out, unless special inducements were offered to non-commissioned officers, they would not remain. There is little doubt that the physique of our recruits is far below the mark, and that many are mere lads, incapable of the hardships of a campaign. The reserves have not worked well, notwithstanding the pats on the back that Lords Cranbrook and Cardwell administered to themselves. In the first place, the system is imperfectly understood (like most of Lord Cardwell's ideas); and, secondly, there is an absence of the essential element—*esprit de corps*. It is somewhat curious that, notwithstanding the repeated "Royal Commissions" that have been assembled, no definite conclusion has as yet been arrived at. The idea of increasing the numerical strength of each regiment does not seem to have occurred to any of those august bodies, and yet it is simple. Make three, or, if required, four *dépôt* companies, three and four to be composed of recruits, who would work up into one and two, from which source drafts for service with the colour might be taken. On this matter we hope to be able to refer at some future occasion, but combining the necessary *esprit de corps* with a minimum of expense, it would seem a plan capable of being easily perfected. The frivolous chatter of civilian members who know nothing of the subject on which they are speaking will not bring about any change, for a good example of their style of oratory may be gathered from the debate on Tuesday, when Mr. Sullivan informed the House that his reporters had come back from witnessing a flogging "covered with blood and flesh!" Things cannot go on as they are, and the sooner they are altered the better for England and the Army.

#### IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.

THE measure for which Lord Belmore stood sponsor in the House of Lords, and which was rejected without a division on Tuesday night, was a moderate and specious measure in appearance. It proposed to do very little, and it boasted itself to be favoured by persons who certainly cannot be accused of revolutionary tendencies or ideas. Furthermore, it had a sort of qualified assent from the Government as represented by the Lord Chancellor. Lord Cairns's help, indeed, was not of a sort for which Lord Belmore was likely to feel very thankful. It consisted chiefly in the suggestion that, if the Bill were something else, it would not be altogether a bad thing in the way of Bills, and might be taken as a sort of explanatory rider to the Act of 1870. Lord Cairns does not like the Act of 1870, but, as it is there, he would prefer to have it complete and logical. Perhaps it is not uncharitable to connect this somewhat half-hearted assent with the fact that the present Parliament

is sufficiently near its latter end. Ulstermen, like other classes of constituents, require to be conciliated, while the much-abused and much-suffering landowner can be made without much difficulty to pay the price of conciliation. It is true that the Bill introduced a very considerable extension of the singular custom whereby, in the Northern province of Ireland, tenant-right is secured at the expense of landlord wrong. Hitherto it has been supposed that that custom applies only to yearly tenancies; now Lord Belmore would have it apply to leaseholders as well. But the mover of the second reading took ground which, from different points of view, may be regarded as high ground and as low. "It will be all the same in a few years," said Lord Belmore, consolatorily. "If you don't give way now, you will have to give way then, and probably it will then cost you more than it will now."

We have heard a good deal of this argument lately, though perhaps it has not usually been produced in the House of Lords. It was put, if we recollect aright, both pithily and well by a certain Colonel Quagg: "Some takes it fighting, and some takes it lying down," said the Colonel; "but it comes to the same in the end." We are rather glad to see that the Upper House of the English Parliament is not disposed to admit this not very heroic and not particularly moral argument. It is satisfactory, too, that Lord Lifford and Lord Inchiquin should have faced the matter boldly, and spoken plain words about it. There can be no manner of doubt about the intentions of the extreme land reform party in Ireland, and to a certain extent in England too. Lord Lifford quoted a very apt expression of opinion from an open and candid professor of this sect: "Nothing will meet the case but fixity of tenure and valued rents with right to sell." Perhaps those who are not accustomed to the discussion may not at once apprehend the full meaning of these words. What they mean is simply this—that the landlord shall cease to be a landlord altogether, and shall accept in lieu of his property a rentcharge altered from time to time without his consent, and paid by persons in whose selection he has no voice whatever. Some people would even improve upon this notion, and by regulations about improvements and unexhausted manure, &c., &c., make the landlord pay for operations from which he would at least possibly derive no profit, and over which he would certainly have no control. But the general idea is fairly enough represented in the words we have quoted. The tenant is to have nothing to do but to pay his rent—in gold, if possible; in lead, if it be more convenient. As for the landlord, his connection with what is still to be facetiously called his own is to be limited to the reception of an annuity, occasionally commuted for payment in full by means of slugs.

We have no hesitation in saying that it is time that a stop were put to these unjust and immoral projects which the Act of 1870 has undoubtedly encouraged and fostered. We should be the last to argue for any privilege or immunity to landlords; we are also the last to advocate any postponement of their proprietary rights. In Ireland for centuries, in Scotland for some considerable time, and in England for the last few years, there has been growing up a kind of idea that the tenant of land has some extraordinary and miraculous "rights," which belong to no other class of the community. Nobody contends that when the corn is once grown the corndealer is under a moral obligation to sell it to a customer, or to charge a certain price for it, or to continue selling to the same buyers. He

may ask a guinea a grain for it, burn it on his kitchen fire, or leave it to rot, for aught that any economist will now say to the contrary. But before it is grown the landlord is forbidden to deal with the means of growing it as he pleases. No matter that the tenant is perfectly free to take the farm or not, no matter that his bargain is as purely a matter of ordinary contract as a bargain for a pair of breeches or a pound of cheese. In one country he is aggrieved if he may not step into his landlord's shoes and choose his tenants for him; in another he takes it as a dire injury that his landlord should settle his property on his eldest son; in a third he grumbles because, after taking a farm with a perfect knowledge that such-and-such rights are reserved by the landlord, he afterwards finds that those rights are exercised. We are constantly told with great pride that at last it is acknowledged that the holding of land confers no divine rights and prerogatives. We should very much like to know why these divine rights and prerogatives are to be transferred from landowners to landholders. Why is the tenant of a farm to have a right which the tenant of a house, the father of a school-boy, the customer of a butcher, does not dream of? or are we in the good time coming to insist on our landlords continuing to let us their houses, our schoolmasters to educate our sons, and our tradesmen to furnish us with commodities whether they like it or no?

There is one salutary warning to the tenant-farmer in Ireland and elsewhere which is not nearly often enough uttered. He is by no means such an indispensable person as he thinks himself. As the perfection of machinery increases, and as farming comes to be learnt scientifically, the direction of farms on a very large scale without the intermediation of tenants at all becomes more and more possible and profitable. In America and in Hungary, two countries sufficiently different in conditions, the experiment of very large farms—farms of ten, twenty, and fifty thousand acres—both for produce and stock, has been tried, and tried successfully. There is no reason why, if the tenant pushes things too far, the same thing should not be done in Great Britain. There are hundreds of young fellows in the upper middle classes who would be ready enough to take the position of bailiff; there are plenty of agricultural colleges to instruct them; and experience shows that the blunderbuss of the amiable cotter would not terrify them from their work. It may be said that there would be too much opposition to this from a political point of view. We doubt it very much. The plan would greatly multiply and cheapen food, and the inhabitants of the towns would soon understand that. The labourers would be better fed, better paid, better housed, and better treated than at present. The landlords would be spared anxiety, brow-beating, and irregularity of income. We do not hold out the plan as an altogether desirable one, or as one which we should be glad to see adopted. But it is by no means an unlikely solution of agrarian agitation, and it is one with which we should imagine the promoters of that agitation on both sides of the Channel would not be particularly delighted.

#### ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

THE connection which for some years past has existed between this country and Egypt has never been one which was intelligible or satisfactory to either nation; but throughout all the time it may be doubted if it was ever so incomprehensible and unsatisfactory as

it is at the present moment. Some of those ingenious and docile politicians who are prepared to back the Government at all costs have, indeed, lately gone so far as to deny that any such connection exists, and affect intense surprise if any attempt is made to make English Ministers responsible, even in the remotest way, for the misdeeds of the Khedive. Another section, admitting in a vague way both the connection and the responsibility, still maintain in an equally vague way that it will be recognised in the end, and that England will, by some more or less brilliant stroke of diplomacy or force, come to the rescue of the Egyptian peasant and the Egyptian bondholder. It is impossible at the present moment to say with any certainty which of these views commends itself most forcibly to the Government and its supporters. Some six weeks have elapsed since the ruler of Egypt, in open defiance of this country and of France, kicked over the traces in which it was supposed that these Governments had bound him fast, and taking, as it were, the bit into his own jaws, sent his unwelcome assessors and tutors to the right-about, and announced a determination to do what seemed good in his own eyes without reference to the advice or wishes of any other prince, potentate, or Power. During the whole of that six weeks the English Ministry have successfully parried all attempts to force their hand or to give one iota of valuable intelligence as to the policy which they intend to pursue under the circumstances. The meagre scraps of information which have been dragged from them in the House of Commons are not consistent either with any national system of action, diplomatic or bellicose, or with their own words uttered when the Khedive appeared as their obsequious friend and pupil. What wonder that their silence provokes mistrust at home, and excites a feeling of suspicion and jealousy abroad? The affront which has been put upon them in the person of Mr. Rivers-Wilson is not denied or palliated: we know that it has formed the subject of an official "remonstrance." But to admit that we have remonstrated, and yet to say nothing of any further steps, is going at the same time too far and not far enough. To remonstrate with a man who ill-treats you is all very well if you intend to object finally to a repetition or continuance of the insult. But if the sufferer is disposed only to turn his other cheek to the smiter, the remonstrance detracts decidedly from the Christian virtue of the latter act, without having any practical effect upon the adversary except to excite his anger and contempt. There is every reason to suppose that we have deeply angered the Khedive, who, regarded as an independent and autocratic ruler, would have made a most useful friend. And, on the other hand, there is not a jot of evidence that we are prepared to bring him to reason, which is the only course that could be adopted in order to justify our making an enemy of him.

The Egyptian complication has been so obscured by considerations of a speculative kind, and by the wild arguments of partisans who had no clear idea of what they were attacking or defending, that it is already difficult to distinguish the points at issue between the British Government and its critics. They may, however, be summed up pretty accurately in a few very simple questions, one of which we have already stated. Did the Government, in the first place, when it sent out Mr. Rivers-Wilson at the invitation of the Khedive, intend to assume any responsibility at all for the good government of the country in the future? If it did not, it would have been only a common measure of prudence to prevent all misunderstandings by giving public notice of the fact, an expedient which could have been adopted

without the slightest difficulty when Parliament was sitting. But the plea that no such intention existed is refuted by much stronger facts than the mere absence of such a disclaimer. Sir Stafford Northcote, who has been more unfortunate in his remarks upon Egypt than in anything else, confessed openly in the early part of March that the mission of Mr. Wilson was exceptional and peculiar, involving something more than a mere certificate from the Government as to his fitness for the post. The exact definition of that "something more" was not, it is true, defined. But the Stock Exchange, which does not misinterpret language wilfully for the purpose of ruining its members, understood that phrase to mean that the Government would back up the envoy; and that opinion was confirmed by the subsequent Ministerial statement that moral support was to be given to him by the Consul-General. This, however, is not all the evidence that can be adduced on the same side. On the 21st of February last the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a lengthy "statement" on the relations between England, France, and Egypt, and in the course of it insisted once more on the "exceptional" position of the three countries as regards both politics and finance. The condition of the Peruvian bondholders was most carefully distinguished from that of the Egyptian bondholders, and while the idea of playing the knight errant in support of other speculators was disclaimed, the disclaimer was followed by an ominous "but," which seemed to say quite as plainly as any words that in this case knight errantry might be deemed rather a virtue than a sin.

It was on the faith of such representations as these—meagre, it is true, and timid in the extreme, but still unmistakable in their import—that a number of English capitalists advanced money for the use of Egypt. It was in the same reasonable confidence that a number of Englishmen remained in Egypt to fill offices to which they were appointed by Mr. Wilson—by the man who was spoken of by English Ministers as their "representative." These bondholders have seen their capital depreciated in a sudden and extraordinary manner; these holders of official posts in Egypt have found themselves turned adrift at a moment's notice without the likelihood of receiving a penny of their salaries. Is it reasonable to expect that either class of them will agree to exculpate the Ministry on a simple plea of *non possumus*, and accept a mere repudiation on its part of all liability? The French Government has evidently answered this question in the negative; it has manifested a desire to do something more than "remonstrate;" and the very point of disagreement between that country and this—a disagreement of which it is puerile to deny the existence—is to be found in the backwardness of the English Government to take any efficient steps in common for the protection of the persons injured. Whether such steps will ultimately be taken we cannot pretend to say. It is possible that while Mr. Wilson, as the ostensible right-hand of the English, has been working in one direction, a left-hand in the shape of Consul Vivian has been playing other cards behind the board. But whatever may be the upshot of the matter, we fear that enough has already been done to discredit for ever the action of the Government during the past few months. If there were any sense in the explanations and "statements" made to the country, the Government were prepared to back up the man who appeared to represent them in the Khedive's country. If, on the other hand, they had no intention of backing him up at all, even to the extent of punishing an insult with which a

groom or a butler would not put up, nothing would have been easier than to say so before English capital and skilled labour were embarked in the administrative scheme. The truth seems to be that what was intended was to afford Mr. Rivers-Wilson "moral support"—to hoist, that is to say, the old flag, which is a cover for all sorts of weakness as well as a temptation for all sorts of rashness and folly.

#### THE ALLEGED RUSSIAN DEFEAT.

THE news telegraphed from Berlin to a contemporary that General Lomakin has been defeated, and has been compelled to retire upon Krasnovodsk, is an exaggeration. The real facts of the case are these. Towards the end of March 3000 camels, requisitioned from the Mangishlack Kirghiz, arrived in three detachments at Bournak, Kabeel, and Suelmen. The former of these oases is 25 versts (19 miles) from Krasnovodsk, and the latter 60. A few days later intelligence reached General Lomakin that the Tekkes were hovering about the wells. The Governor consequently despatched to Bournak two companies of infantry and a small force of irregular cavalry, composed of Cossacks, Kirghiz, and Göklen Turcomans. On the 19th of April the commander of the expedition, Captain Ter Kazaroff, despatched a message to General Lomakin, saying that the Tekkes had attacked a friendly Turcoman encampment in force, and had carried off the herds and camels, besides a large number of women and children. Without waiting for reinforcements, he set out to attack them while they were still encumbered with their spoil, but he did not make due allowance for the marching powers of the Tekkes, and, almost dying with thirst, the soldiers had to return to Bournak at the end of the day, completely knocked up with fatigue. The distance they traversed between sunrise and sunset was about 30 versts, which, in the blazing heat of the desert sun, unsheltered, and without a drop of water the whole way, was a cruel test of the endurance of the troops. Many fell out of the ranks and fainted. Many were totally incapacitated for further service, and had to be sent back to Krasnovodsk.

The discomfited Russian commander retired to rest chagrined at the failure of his expedition. During the night the idea struck him to place his men on the Mangishlack camels, and to set out afresh against the Tekkes. The next morning the idea was acted upon, and at six o'clock in the evening he had the satisfaction of finding himself in the presence of the enemy. By rights, in accordance with the usages of Turcoman warfare, the Tekkes should have left their spoil and have attacked the Russians. Captain Kazaroff prepared for this event by arranging his camels in a circle—in fact, he formed a laager of them—and behind this living earth-work placed his men to resist the Tekke onslaught. But, unfortunately for the Russian commander's calculations, the Turcomans appear to have learned a trick or two of late. Instead of dashing themselves *à la* Zulu against the deadly ring of Berdan breechloaders, they retired to the crest of a hill, and there took up also a passive attitude of expectancy. The Tekke commander would appear to have been a man of no mean intellect, for he disposed his 900 foot-nomads behind a series of sand-hills on the slope of the hill, and arranged on either side a body of 100 horsemen. Thus, as regards cavalry, the enemies were evenly matched, while, in respect to infantry, the breechloaders of the 400 Russian troops made them more effective than the matchlocks of the 900 nomads.

Seeing the Tekkes indisposed to attack him, Captain Kazaroff moved out of the laager the best of the troops, and with the irregular cavalry took the initiative. The Turcomans replied fiercely to the Russian fire, and after a series of attacks, during one of which the enemy got alongside the Russian flank and nearly crumpled up the column, Captain Kazaroff gave the orders for the troops to retire to the laager. Several times the nomad and the Russian got so close to one another that a hand-to-hand encounter took place, but the losses on either side, from being in such close quarters, appear to have been very slight. Kazaroff openly admits the excellence of the Turcoman resistance, and asserts them to have been armed with rifles and revolvers, obtained, he believes, from the English. The Russians claim to have come out best from the encounter, but two circumstances destroy the value of the assertion—one that Kazaroff thought it better to remove his laager further off for the night, and another that he despatched a Cossack to General Lomakin for assistance. The losses on the occasion are reported to have been four men killed and fourteen wounded (among them Kazaroff himself), but it is so usual with the Russians to officially diminish their losses in war that if we multiply this number by four we shall probably be nearer the mark. This would be justified by a report received from Baku that Kazaroff lost twenty men from sunstroke and other causes during the course of the expedition.

As soon as General Lomakin heard of the commander's predicament, he set out himself from Krasnovodsk with two companies of infantry, a force of cavalry, and a number of mountain guns. The expedition reached Kazaroff's in the afternoon, and there found that during the night the Tekkes had continued their journey homewards, and that Kazaroff's cavalry had been sent to pursue them. These latter came up in course of time with the retiring foe, but beyond the recovery of one woman out of the thirty-four carried away, and a few sheep from a herd of several thousands, they appear to have done nothing whatever. The same day Lomakin returned with his force to Krasnovodsk, and there the so-called "defeat and retreat" ended.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* imagines that the resistance of the Turcomans has caused General Lomakin to surrender all hope of advancing upon Merve until strongly reinforced from the Caucasus; but it is scarcely probable that such a gallant and skilful officer as Lomakin is reputed to be will be discouraged by a trifling encounter. Out of the 3000 camels encamped on the three oases he only lost twenty. In killed and wounded the Turcoman losses were twice as heavy as the Russian. And if, for want of regular cavalry and the necessary equipment, his force retired instead of pursuing the nomads, he can claim that during the march to Bournak and back the troops traversed forty-five miles in one day, a piece of endurance that will stand out prominently in the annals of Central Asia. We consider that Lomakin's return to Krasnovodsk was an evidence of prudent generalship, and that so far from the Governor of Transcaspiana being discouraged by the evasion of the nomads, we believe that the next mail from his settlement will represent him as advancing in force against the Turcomans. Since the affair at Bournak 400 Daghestan Circassians have arrived at Krasnovodsk, and troops are incessantly quitting Petrovsk for the same destination. General Lazereff, whom we learn from the Caucasus left Tiflis on the 8th instant with his staff, has probably by this time arrived at Chekesliar, and will at once set out, at the head of the expedition of the Atrek, for Kizil

Arvat and Askabat. That the Russians have a tough job before them in subjugating the Tekkes we do not deny, but the resistance will be nothing compared with the thirty years' fighting in the Caucasus. We recognise and admire the splendid bravery of the Turcomans, and wish them every success in the defence of their camps against the rapacity of the Russian invaders; but we cannot help repeating what we have already said before, that if Merve is to be preserved independent, it will have to be protected by other arms than those of the Tekkes.

#### TAXATION OF BEAUTY.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer when presenting, or about to present, his Budget, is annually inundated with suggestions and advice as to what article should have a tax imposed upon it; each would-be legislator of course being equally confident that his is the only right and proper way for diminishing the National Debt, or possibly producing a balance on the credit side. The list of articles when read cause much laughter, and, if the Budget is not so satisfactory as it might be, the Chancellor of the Exchequer benefits by this hilarity, inasmuch as, by the time he is ready to proceed to the *business* part of his speech, "the House" is in a good humour.

Amongst other gratuitous counsel there was one suggestion at the last "presentation" that struck us as being decidedly good. That was the proposal to tax photographs. The enormous increase of late years in this branch of pictorial art fully justifies the supposition that a small imposition would be a great source of revenue; and as the main object and aim of a Government is to tax luxuries only, leaving intact the necessary commodities of every-day life, it would seem to answer this requirement completely. It cannot be said that photography, especially portraiture, is a necessity, therefore it must come under the head of a luxury. It is one of "Mary Ann's" chief delights to be "took" with her "young man," and the effigy, costing from sixpence to a shilling, will remain in her possession long after the "young man" has transferred his powers of fascination to other fields; or it may be that Mary Ann herself is somewhat changeable, in which case her box will contain a perfect gallery of her own portrait, with the protecting arms of various "young men" encircling her waist. Again, surely it is not a necessity that photographs of reigning beauties, or so-called beauties, should fill our shop-windows side by side with actresses, leaders of the *demi-monde*, malefactors, and murderers, all labelled and ticketed—"Mrs. A., 2s. 6d.," "Mrs. B., 2s.," "Maud C., 3s.," and "Putney Bill, in great demand, 2s. 3d.?" No. The vanity of human nature, whether displayed, as in the case of Mary Ann, or by the love of publicity, as in the other instances (save and except, perhaps, "Putney Bill"), is fair game for taxation, and well worthy of consideration. At first sight it would seem somewhat difficult to collect the tax, or to obtain even an approximate idea of how many photographs were taken in the year by the various "galleries," "studios," and "companies" now extant. There are, however, many ways by which this difficulty might be overcome. Either by compelling each artist to take out a licence, costing, say, £15 per annum, or by having every card on which the photograph is mounted stamped at so much a piece, as is done abroad with bills and advertisements; or perhaps the best method of all would be—a fair impost on every lens or apparatus used in the studio.

It would, of course, increase the price of photography in a small degree, but that cannot be held up as a dis-

advantage, or one that the public would feel very strongly about. We doubt if it would diminish the production by so much as one "carte." For a short space certainly the "young men" and "followers" might grumble at having to pay an extra penny or so for Mary Ann's picture, and the contractors for malefactors and beauties might raise the cuckoo cry of "injury to trade." But that would not cause a revolution or civil war. Even if their trade were slightly damaged by reason of the increased prices, the pandering to human vanity is not an article of commerce that is essential for the welfare of the country, but rather the reverse. Indeed, it will be a healthy sign when the public are tired of portraits of celebrities (save the mark), and the celebrities themselves, or their husbands, perceive how execrable is the taste which allows of the practice being carried on.

#### GOD THE KNOWN AND GOD THE UNKNOWN.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

**M**ANKIND has ever been ready to discuss matters in the inverse ratio of their importance, so that the more closely a question is felt to touch the hearts of all men, the more incumbent it is considered upon prudent people to profess that it does not exist, to frown it down, to tell it to hold its tongue, to maintain that it has long been finally settled, so that there is now no question concerning it.

So far, indeed, has this been carried through all time past that the actions which are most important to us, such as our passage through the embryonic stages, the circulation of our blood, our respiration, &c., &c., have long been formulated beyond all power of re-opening question concerning them—the mere fact or manner of their being done at all being ranked among the great discoveries of recent ages. Yet the analogy of past settlements would lead us to suppose that so much unanimity was not arrived at all at once, but rather that it must have been preceded by much smouldering discontent, which again was followed by open warfare; and that even after a settlement had been ostensibly arrived at, there was still much secret want of conviction on the part of many for several generations.

There are many who see nothing in this tendency of our nature but occasion for a cheap kind of sarcasm; those, on the other hand, who hold that the world is by this time old enough to be the best judge concerning the management of its own affairs will scrutinise this management before they venture to satirise it. Nor will they do so for long without finding justification for its apparent recklessness; for we must all fear responsibility upon matters concerning which we feel we know but little; on the other hand we must all continually act, and for the most part promptly. We do so, therefore, with greater security when we can persuade both ourselves and others that a matter is already pigeon-holed than if we feel that we must use our own judgment for the collection, interpretation, and arrangement of the papers which deal with it. Moreover, our action is thus made to appear as if it received collective sanction; and by so appearing it receives it. Almost any settlement again is felt to be better than none, and the more nearly a matter comes home to everyone, the more important is it that it should be treated as a sleeping dog, and be let to lie, for if one person begins to open his mouth, fatal developments may arise in the Babel that will follow.

It would not be difficult to show that, instead of having reason to complain of this desire for the postponement of important questions, as though the world were com-

posed mainly of knaves or fools, such fixity as animal and vegetable forms possess is due to this very instinct. For if there had been no reluctance, if there were no friction and *vis inertia* to be encountered even after a theoretical equilibrium had been upset, we should have had no fixed organs nor settled proclivities, but should have been daily and hourly undergoing Protean transformations, and have still been throwing out pseudopodia like the amœba. True, we might have come to like that fashion of living as well as our more steady-going system if we had taken to it many millions ago when we were yet young; but we have contracted other habits which are so confirmed that we cannot break with them. We therefore now hate that which we should perhaps have loved if we had practised it. This, however, does not affect us, for our concern is with our likes and dislikes, not with the manner in which those likes and dislikes have come about. The discovery that organism is capable of modification at all has occasioned so much astonishment that it has taken the most enlightened part of the world more than a hundred years to leave off expressing its contempt for such a crude, shallow, and preposterous conception. Perhaps in another hundred years we shall learn to admire the good sense, endurance, and thorough Englishness of organism in having been so averse to change, even more than its versatility in having been willing to change so much.

Nevertheless, however conservative we may be, and however much alive to the folly and wickedness of tampering with any settled convictions without sufficient cause, there is yet such a constant though gradual change in our surroundings as necessitates corresponding modification in our ideas, desires, actions, and, lastly, in our bodily organisation. We may think that we should like to find ourselves always in the same surroundings as our ancestors, so that we might be guided at every touch and turn by the experience of our race, and be saved from all self-communing or interpretation of oracular responses uttered by the facts around us. Yet the facts will change their utterances in spite of us; and we, too, change with age in spite of ourselves, so as to see the facts around us as perhaps even more changed than they actually are. It has been said, "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*" The passage would have been no less true if it had stood, "*Nos mutamur et tempora mutantur in nobis.*" Whether the organism or the surroundings began changing first is a matter of such small moment that the two may be left to fight it out between themselves; but, whichever view is taken, the fact will remain that whenever the relations between the organism and its surroundings have been changed, the organism must either succeed in putting the surroundings into harmony with itself, or itself into harmony with the surroundings; or must be made so uncomfortable as to be unable to remember itself as subjected to any such difficulties, and therefore to die through inability to recognise its own identity further.

Under these circumstances, organism must act in one or other of these two ways: it must either change slowly and continuously with the surroundings, paying cash for everything, meeting the smallest change with a corresponding modification so far as is found convenient; or it must put off change as long as possible, and then make larger and more sweeping changes.

Both these courses are the same in principle, the difference being only one of scale, and the one being a miniature of the other, as a ripple is an Atlantic wave in little; both have their advantages and disadvantages, so that most organisms will take the one course for one

set of things and the other for another. They will deal promptly with things which they can get at easily, and which lie more upon the surface; those, however, which are more troublesome to reach, and which lie deeper, will be handled upon more cataclysmic principles, being allowed longer periods of repose followed by short periods of greater activity. Animals breathe and circulate their blood by a little action many times a minute; but they feed only two or three times a day, and breed for the most part not more than once a year, their breeding season being much their busiest time. It is on the first principle that the modification of animal forms has proceeded mainly; but it may be questioned whether what is called a sport is not the organic expression of discontent which has been long felt, but which has not been attended to, nor been met step by step by as much small remedial modification as was found practicable: so that when a change does come it comes by way of revolution. Or, again (only that it comes to much the same thing), a sport may be compared to one of those happy thoughts which sometimes come to us unbidden after we have been thinking for a long time what to do, or how to arrange our ideas, and have yet been unable to arrive at any conclusion.

So with politics, the smaller the matter the prompter, as a general rule, the settlement; on the other hand, the more sweeping the change is felt to be necessary, the longer it will be deferred.

The advantages of dealing with the larger questions by more cataclysmic methods are obvious. For, in the first place, all composite things must have a system, or arrangement of parts, so that some parts shall depend upon and be grouped round others, as in the articulation of a skeleton and the arrangement of muscles, nerves, tendons, &c., which are attached to it. To meddle with the skeleton is like taking up the street, or the flooring of one's house; it so upsets our arrangements that we put it off till whatever else is found wanted, or whatever else seems likely to be wanted for a long time hence, can be done at the same time. Another advantage is in the rest which is given to the attention during the long hollows, so to speak, of the waves between the periods of resettlement. Passion and prejudice have time to calm down, and when attention is next directed to the same question, it is a refreshed and invigorated attention—an attention, moreover, which may be given with the help of new lights derived from other quarters that were not luminous when the question was last considered. Thirdly, it is more easy and safer to make such alterations as experience has proved to be necessary than to forecast what is going to be wanted. Reformers are like paymasters, of whom there are only two bad kinds, those who pay too soon, and those who do not pay at all.

I have now, perhaps, sufficiently proved my sympathy with the reluctance felt by many to tolerate discussion upon such a subject as the existence and nature of God. I trust that I may have made the reader feel that he need fear no sarcasm or levity in my treatment of the subject which I have chosen. I will, therefore, conclude this preliminary article with a sketch of what I hope to establish, and this in no doubtful or unnatural sense, but with the same meanings to words as those which we usually attach to them, and with the same certainty, precision, and clearness as anything else is established which is commonly called known.

I cannot pretend that I can show more than others have done in what the Spirit and the Life consists, which governs all living things and animates them. I cannot show the connection between consciousness and the will,

and the organ, much less can I tear away the veil from the face of God, so as to show wherein will and consciousness consist. No philosopher, whether Christian or Rationalist, has attempted this without discomfiture; but I can, I hope, do two things: Firstly, I can demonstrate, perhaps more clearly than modern science is prepared to admit, that there does exist a single Being or Spirit, whom we cannot think of under any meaner name than God; and, secondly, I can show something more of the *Persona* or bodily expression, mask, and mouth-piece of this vast Living Spirit than I know of as having been familiarly expressed elsewhere, or as accessible to myself or others, though doubtless many works exist in which what I am going to say has been already said.

Aware that much of what I am going to insist on is widely accepted under the name of Pantheism, I venture to think it differs from Pantheism with all the difference between a coherent, intelligible conception, and an incoherent unintelligible one. I shall therefore in my next article examine the doctrine called Pantheism, and show how incomprehensible and valueless it is. Having done this, I will show that Theism, unless with certain limitations which are not commonly assigned to it, is no clearer nor more intelligible than Pantheism itself.

I will then indicate the Living and Personal God about whose existence and about many of whose attributes there is no room for question; I will show that man has been so far made in the likeness of this Person or God, that He possesses all its essential characteristics, and that it is this God who has called man and all other living forms, whether animals or plants, into existence, so that our bodies are the temples of His spirit; that it is this which sustains them in their life and growth, who is one with them, living, moving, and having His being in them; in whom, also, they live and move, they in Him and He in them; He being not a Trinity in Unity only, but an Infinity in Unity, and a Unity in an Infinity; eternal in time past, for so much time at least that our minds can come no nearer to eternity than this; eternal for the future as long as the universe shall exist; ever changing, yet the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. And I will show this with so little ambiguity that it shall be perceived not as a phantom or hallucination, following upon a painful straining of the mind, and a vain endeavour to give coherency to incoherent and inconsistent ideas, but with the same ease, comfort, and palpable flesh-and-blood clearness with which we see those near to us, whom, though we see them at the best as through a glass darkly, we still see face to face, even as we are ourselves seen; so that there should be less difficulty in conceiving to ourselves and realising the nature of God with much precision of idea than in understanding how anyone can fail to see Him when He has been once shown to them.

I will also show in what way this Being exercises a moral government over the world, and rewards and punishes us according to His own laws.

Having done this, I shall proceed to compare this conception of God with those that are currently accepted, and will endeavour to show that the ideas now current are in truth efforts to grasp the one on which I shall here insist. Finally, I shall persuade the reader that the differences between the so-called atheist and the so-called theist are differences rather about words than things, inasmuch as not even the most prosaic of modern scientists will be inclined to deny the existence of this God, while few theists will feel that this, the natural conception of God, is a less worthy one than that to which they have been accustomed.

S. BUTLER.

## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"DER FREISCHÜTZ," given on Saturday, brought forward two of this season's new-comers in new parts. Mdle. Tuolla, whose success as Marguerite and Leonora we have already noted, cannot be said to have increased her reputation by her performance as Agata. Not that she absolutely failed in the part. Mdle. Tuolla's declamatory vocal strength and earnest acting would probably enable her to do partial justice to any operatic rôle not requiring ability for florid singing. But she certainly does not possess the intense sympathy, the power of expression, the sweetness of voice indispensable for an Agata; nor was her rendering of the great *scena*, "Piano, piano" ("softly sighs"), sufficiently fine to atone for the absence of these qualities. On the other hand, the Caspar of M. Gailhard far surpassed that of any other artist who has undertaken the part in recent years. Possessing just the voice, style, and bearing best suited to the characteristics of the rôle, M. Gailhard threw his whole soul into his work and secured a well-merited success.

We must say a few words about Mdle. Heilbron's Elsa, which we had an opportunity of hearing on Tuesday. It is emphatically not such a good performance as many critics have led us to believe—whether because they are glad of a decent substitute for Madame Albani, or because Mdle. Heilbron looks the part so exquisitely, we cannot say. Assuredly it is something to look an Elsa, to know her music thoroughly, and invest the part with a fair amount of dramatic importance. So far Mdle. Heilbron is well enough; but something more is requisite before we can confirm all the high praise that the new Elsa has elicited. There is one fault, to begin with, that robs the character of all its poetry. Mdle. Heilbron never for a moment loses sight of the fact that there is an audience present, and that she has to look very lovely in their eyes. She never, in fact, becomes completely absorbed in her part, but constantly sings to the footlights, when she should be addressing the personages around her. This self-consciousness utterly destroyed the effect of the scene where Lohengrin first arrives. Here Mdle. Heilbron was strangely apathetic after her first moment of joyous surprise. In the duet of the last act the lady acted with spirit, but in the final scene she once more failed to lend due effect to the situation. In a vocal sense her success was barely less unalloyed. Mdle. Heilbron's voice is eminently unadapted for the interpretation of Wagnerian music. There is too much *vibrato*, and the organ lacks those essentials of sustained declamation, breadth, and richness of tone. The quality is pleasing enough, and Mdle. Heilbron phrases well; but these are points that go for comparatively little in an opera where the orchestra so frequently dominates the voice as in "Lohengrin." The general performance, under the energetic guidance of Signor Vianesi, was probably the best that has ever been given at Covent Garden. Signor Gayarré is a perfect Lohengrin, and that is paying him a great compliment.

To-night will be produced the Marquis d'Ivry's opera, "Les Amants de Vérone," with Mdle. Heilbron and M. Capoul in the chief parts. Unless it be to afford these two artists an opportunity of repeating the triumphs they gained in Paris as Roméo and Juliette, we cannot understand why this work is brought out. It was something very much like a failure at the Salle Ventadour, and, unless

the Parisian public were guilty of a gigantic mistake, it is not likely to meet with better fortune here.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WITH most of his principal artists on the sick list, Mr. Mapleson's position during the week has been far from an enviable one. Changes of performance at the last moment have been occurring with deplorable frequency, a misfortune at any time, but especially so just in the height of the season, when the *impresario* has his only chance of making money with stars. "Fidelio" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" have been given with familiar casts since we last wrote, but the audiences have been uniformly small. In Beethoven's masterpiece M. Candidus made his *rentrée* as Florestano, and repeated the success which he gained in the part last year.

## CONCERTS.

MISS ZIMMERMANN'S.—St. James's Hall was fairly filled on Tuesday evening, but the empty chairs in the orchestra produced a depressing effect, not, fortunately, on the performers, who had their backs to them, but on the audience. The season for benefit concerts has fairly set in, and it is impossible to do more than notice the very best of them. Among these Miss Zimmermann's can fairly be ranked. As a *pianiste* she has already taken a firm hold on the public, and she has only to continue such sterling work as her Third Sonata (performed on Wednesday for the first time) to obtain equally high honours as a composer. The piece is eminently melodious and classical, the *motif* of the second movement being particularly happy and well developed. Miss Zimmermann is rather fond of sad *diminuendo* finales, a tendency she betrays still more strongly in the two songs which were well given by Mdle. Redeker. They are of a distinctly melancholy cast. That Raffs' "Pianoforte Giga con variazioni" was admirably played by the gifted *bénéficiaire* need scarcely be said; but it was almost a pity that so much talent and so great a mastery over the instrument should have been devoted to a piece entirely devoid of any attractive qualities beyond mere brilliancy. Miss Zimmermann was throughout ably seconded by Madame Norman-Néruda's admirable performance on the violin. Herr Strauss and Herr Daubert took the viola and violoncello in Schumann's quartet.

PHILHARMONIC.—With a large company present at Wednesday's concert, it is to be regretted that Mr. Cusins's orchestra did not maintain the improved style it has lately attained. A worse performance of Beethoven's "Leonora" overture than that which inaugurated the programme it has rarely, if ever, been our lot to hear. The slips were ridiculously numerous, and the more ragged the playing grew, the less did the conductor seem able to bring his band into something like order. Their rendering of Schubert's (unfinished) symphony, after that of the Crystal Palace orchestra on Saturday, sounded very much like a body of amateurs playing together for the first time. What was even more remarkable than this poor exhibition was the enthusiastic applause that followed it, which showed the Philharmonic audience in the light of anything but a discriminate or critical assemblage. We can only express the hope that the band will endeavour to retrieve their lost laurels in the course of the next two concerts, or they will separate for the year with the certainty of hearing all the old complaints brought forward with redoubled vigour. Fortu-



nately, there were other features in the concert far more satisfactory in their character. There was Señor Sarasate to delight us once more with his sweet, silvery tone and marvellous manipulation—this time not in the oft-played Mendelssohn concerto. The Spanish violinist's solo was the first of the two concertos which Max Bruch has written, and he could have chosen no composition better calculated to display his extraordinary technical facility and purity of intonation. The concerto is so admirably written from the *point de vue* of the executant that it essentially recommends itself to the artist who can overcome its immense difficulties. But for our own part we must confess to no particular liking for the work. The "Vorspiel," which replaces the ordinary first movement, is dry and diffuse; as a daring innovation it lacks the genius which could be its only *raison d'être*. The adagio is full of melody, and undoubtedly the best movement of the three, the finale being simply a groundwork for brilliant execution. Señor Sarasate's performance of the concerto was masterly in the extreme, and in response to the prolonged plaudits of the audience he was generous enough to give a delicious rendering of a Chopin nocturne paraphrased for the violin. There was another concerto in the scheme, Beethoven's "Emperor," which had for an interpreter that accomplished pianist Madame Essipoff. The vocal portion of the concert was unusually excellent, Mdlle. Redeker and Mr. J. Maas being in first-rate voice, while their selection was unexceptionable.

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## TRADE AND FINANCE.

**CO-OPERATIVE STORES.**—The witnesses who have been called before the Select Committee on behalf of the opponents of Co-operative Stores have hardly strengthened their case. The allegation that civil servants have used the information they obtain through their position in Government offices to make advantageous purchases, broke down completely. Whatever may be said against the stores, they have certainly tended to improve the quality and diminish the retail price of many goods sold in shops, nor can we believe in their "ruining" trade. The only persons who will be permanently injured are those who have been in the habit of adulterating their goods, or by possessing a monopoly in some remote place, have been able to charge enormous prices. It is hardly probable that the agitation will seriously diminish the business of the stores, unless, as we sincerely hope it will, it induces tradesmen themselves to adopt a course which has proved so successful. We have now to notice another addition to co-operative associations—one for the purpose of supplying fresh meat of the best quality at lower prices than are now charged by butchers. The prospectus is very promising, and we can see no reason why this youngest association should not do quite as well as the older ones, as it proposes supplying a want long felt. If it only contributes to bring down the prices charged by the West-End butchers, the "London and Suburban" will be of the greatest benefit to the public.

**THE NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL COMPANY.**—According to the statements of the chairman at the first statutory meeting of shareholders held this week, it appears that more than one-half of this company's capital of £1,000,000 has been subscribed, in spite of the derogatory criticism to which it was submitted at the hands of some when the prospectus was first issued some months ago. The undertaking is now described as in no

absolute need of further capital; but, owing to the progress already made, the directors deem it expedient to add to the resources at their command. In evidence of the increasing value of land in New Zealand, mention was made of the fact that land originally sold by the Government in the Oamaru district at £1 or £2 per acre had recently realised from £20 to £30 per acre in its unimproved condition. The company possesses 170,000 sheep on its runs, and 16,000 acres are under cultivation, growing grass, clover, and grain crops. The supposed difficulty as to the title of the land has been satisfactorily settled, while the outcry respecting the rabbit pest is stated by the inspectors to be positively without foundation.

**FAILURES AT ROTTERDAM.**—Holland has in due course come in for some experience of the acute stage of the financial crisis through which the whole world, it may be said, has recently been passing. The failure, announced this week, of the Afrikanske Handelsvereeniging, is a serious matter, according to all accounts, for Rotterdam. The company was formed some eight years ago, and throughout the whole period of its existence heavy losses, it seems, were contracted. Unfortunately the undertaking was the pivot around which many other minor enterprises turned, and its stoppage has naturally brought the whole of these to the ground. Accommodation bills and false balance-sheets, it is needless to add, were the mainstay of its existence. Its two managers absconded. The losses sustained through the suspension are estimated at five million florins, or about 45 per cent. of the share capital issued. The late directors are stated to have endeavoured to obtain accommodation for a million florins from the King of the Belgians. The attempt failed.

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## THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

### THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"**MARRIED, NOT MATED**" was originally produced at Brighton some two years ago, where it met with some approval, though we do not consider that London audiences will endorse this verdict. The plot is of an ordinary character. Matthew Lambert, a tallow-chandler who has come into money, goes abroad, where his wife and son figure as great people.

The son wishes to marry Maud Pentreaty, the daughter of a Baronet not blessed with this world's goods, and succeeds in doing so, though the marriage is, of course, an unhappy one. Mrs. Lambert, junior, snubs the chandler's connections, and her husband is ruined by her father's friend. Eventually she elopes, and, notwithstanding that a certain Miss Margaret Weston, a cousin of the deserted Lambert, is dying to marry him, she refuses to do so until his first wife is dead—divorce or no divorce. To bring matters to a convenient ending, Mrs. Lambert dies, and the conclusion is orthodox.

No single character in the piece appeals to the audience, and the dialogue is vulgar, with some few occasional smart hits.

Since this piece was first produced at a morning performance, the cast has been much improved by the substitution of those excellent actresses, Sophie Young and Marion Terry, for the ladies who previously appeared in the parts they now fill. The piece, however, will shortly be withdrawn, in favour of "a drama of powerful interest."

## THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

## ITALY.\*

TWO great political events have occurred in the second half of the nineteenth century—two events of such importance that the wars of Napoleon, and even the very Eastern Question, sink into comparative insignificance beside them. Yet the succession of other occurrences of a much less important nature since 1870 has been so continuous and so full of surprises that we of this generation are hardly yet conscious of the immense magnitude of the change which has come over Europe through the new unity of Germany and Italy, and scarcely remember that these empires were, after many years' struggles indeed, formed in a comparatively short space of time, but that their establishment far outweighs in importance the outcome of whole centuries of mediæval wars and of the dynastic changes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The struggles of Germany and of Italy towards unity extended over almost the same period of time, and the end was attained almost contemporaneously. The story of the progress of two great nations towards so great an aim must always exercise a peculiar fascination for the historian, and in these cases the charm is increased by the fact that the one had taken, long before its unity was accomplished, the leading position in Europe with respect to literature and philosophy, while the other claimed descent from the ancient mistress of the world, and had been for five hundred years the special dwelling of the fine arts. But the parallel cannot be carried farther. For while Italy strove, above all, to get rid of foreign oppressors, and became one as soon as she did so, Germany has been free of the foreigner ever since 1813, and her unity was delayed by internal dissensions. Again, the sole object of the Italians was to gain independence. They did so in the first instance by war, since the stranger would not willingly abandon the fertile plains and smiling valleys he had occupied so long; but they carried on this war without any thought of foreign conquest, and sought by the help of the most liberal institutions and a Constitution which all nations, except our own, may well envy, to secure the liberty they had gallantly obtained by the force of their arms. Exactly the reverse has taken place in Germany. One unjust war after another was waged; unity was attained, not by the Germans for the whole country, but by the Prussians for Prussia alone. Italy is Italy, and not a magnified Piedmont. The German Empire is only a magnified Prussia. The Italians rejoice in a freedom which would have been undreamt of even in the old Grand Duchy of Tuscany, mild as was the rule of its master; the Germans are oppressed by a military despotism of which the severity would have caused even the most submissive subjects of the most sensual among its former princelets to rebel. Slow as may be the progress of the one, it is yet progress in the paths of peace, goodwill, and liberty; quick as may have been the strides of the other, they have been strides backwards, to reaction, aggression, and arbitrary rule. Hitherto no history of Germany since 1800 worthy of the name has been published in Germany, nor would a truthful one be tolerated under the present régime. Many contributions towards the story of Italy's resurrection have already appeared in Italian, in French, and in English. The work now before us tells the life

of the principal figure in the final struggle, which lasted from 1849 to 1870—the life of Victor Emmanuel.

In "The Pope and the King," which we had occasion to notice recently, we remarked a total absence of that historic *Ueberblick*—a word scarcely rendered by the English expression "comprehensive view"—which made Mr. Gallenga's book fall far short of being a history, though useful as a contribution towards it. Mr. G. S. Godkin has been more successful, for he does not attempt to cover as much ground—or, we should rather say, he discriminates the salient points of the ground, and covers them only. Hence we obtain, other things being equal, a much clearer view of nearly thirty eventful years. Neglecting many details, entirely scorning the "word-painting" in which Mr. Gallenga was, we suppose, forced originally to indulge in order to please the readers of the daily journals to which he contributed, Mr. Godkin obtains a much stronger effect in fewer words. His book is much shorter than "The Pope and the King," and yet it teaches more of what people want to know. The author has a central figure, that of Sardinia's gallant King, and round this he groups his personages, keeping them all subordinate to his hero. Mr. Gallenga tried to write a complete history, and succeeded only in producing two very confused biographies, full of facts indeed, but hard to read, and harder to be remembered; Mr. Godkin has attempted only a biography, but has given us an extremely clear and interesting, even if incomplete, history of one of the most important changes of later times. In the Introduction the sufferings of the people under the detestable rule of the different Monarchs who governed Italy by the help of the Austrian bayonets, is briefly but graphically described. Before 1847, Italy contained the most extreme specimens of all the various tyrannies which have ever disgraced the world. Modena was cursed with a cruel and wanton Bourbon; Tuscany was governed by a *duc fainéant*, who was too weak to resist the evil tendencies which surrounded him; the Papal States were under the sway of the Inquisition, which introduced torture, and governed by Cardinals and Bishops who had the power of life and death in their hands; the King of Naples was a monster of cowardice and cruelty; Parma was in reality under the thumb of the Duchess's confessor; and in Lombardy and Venetia a hundred thousand Austrians kept up a chronic state of siege. The prisons all over the peninsula were full of persons suspected of "Liberal" opinions, and the dungeons opened their portals only to receive new victims, or to allow those whose sufferings had killed them to be carried out to a felon's grave. The sporadic risings which these fearful tyrannies produced, even among so down-trodden a people as the Italians of the South, were suppressed by the legions of the Emperor of Austria, which were always kept ready for the purpose; and until the accession of Pius IX. the notion of a united Italy, or even of any release from the intolerable tyranny of priests and foreigners, was a dream in which few even of the *Carbonari* indulged. With a firm hand Mr. Godkin traces the first signs of a new order of things, and shows how Pius IX., having put himself at the head of the Liberal movement, became alarmed at its consequences, and soon fell back into the hands of the Reactionary Party. His appreciation of the character of the late Pope is as moderate as it is just. "Macaulay says it is not possible to be a good man and a bad king; but if ever that paradox existed, it was in the person of Pius IX., whose private character was so excellent and so lovable, and whose

\* *Life of Victor Emmanuel II., First King of Italy.* By G. S. GODKIN. (Macmillan and Co.)

Government was beyond all question atrocious." The history of the war against Austria in 1848 and '49, and of the "ten years truce" which followed it, is told with the assistance of a number of translations from the original letters of King Victor Emmanuel, the Pope, Cavour, Massimo d'Azeglio, and others; and if we have dwelt rather longer on the earlier years of the fight for Italian independence than the space they occupy would seem to warrant, it is not because the later history is less interesting or less well written, but simply because, in the cold indifference with which recent Italian policy has been, not unjustly, regarded by Liberal Englishmen, they are apt to forget the centuries of tyranny under which the Italians have groaned, and to expect too much from a country where Liberty is a plant of barely twenty years' growth. Intrigue, dishonesty, corruption, immorality, and hypocrisy were fostered and encouraged by a number of petty governments for many generations. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that when the great man was removed whose courage, single-mindedness, and immense capacities founded Italian unity, with the help of the "honest King," the absence of the guiding hand should have resulted in an outcrop of those excesses which, under a Constitutional Government and with Liberal institutions, will in time die a natural death.

Unlike Mr. Gallenga, Mr. Godkin indulges in no prophecies on a possible restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. His book closes with a few lines of eulogy on Victor Emmanuel, and throughout the work he carefully eschews recording his own opinions or expressing his views, except when the matter of which he treats makes such an expression indispensable. The care with which he adheres to fact makes us regret that more was not devoted to revision. The dignity of a work which can fairly claim to have permanent value is sadly affected by the frequent mis-spelling of names familiar even to the traditional schoolboy. The great Protestant warrior, Coligni, is called Caligny; *guerra a l'Austria* is spoiled by the omission of the article, creating a hiatus which would be impossible in Italian; Menabrea is spelt Menaprea; and Turin is asserted to have been plunged into "the greatest mourning." Vulgarisms, too, which would hardly be tolerated in the leading articles of a daily paper are numerous. Azeglio is said to have "wheedled himself into the good graces of the Pontiff," when in fact he used nothing more than justifiable policy, and the author does not himself wish to imply any blame whatever; "the Prince was burning to flesh his maiden sword in Austrian breasts" is a phrase calculated rather to raise a laugh than admiration for Victor Emmanuel's valour; and at Goito the Austrians outmaneuvered, but did not, as Mr. Godkin says, "outwit" the Piemontese. If we mention these blemishes—passing over many others—it is in no spirit of carping criticism, but because they are not unlikely to cause serious students to doubt the sterling value of a work which, being so good in the main, should not be disfigured by errors which a little more care would have avoided.

#### HAECKEL'S REPLY TO VIRCHOW.\*

WE are no blind admirers of the Professor who is just at present sending forth his splendid scientific prophecies from the University of Jena—indeed,

\* *Freedom in Science and Teaching.* From the Sermon of ERNST HAECKEL. With a Prefatory Note by T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul and Co.)

there are many points, especially those affecting the psychological conditions of mankind, on which we are ready to join issue with him. In reading his two principal works, the "History of Creation" and the "History of Evolution," it is impossible to tell where certainty ends and wild poetical hypothesis begins, and equally useless to speculate to what heights of daring assumption the author may be led at any moment by his passion for logical symmetry and his fervour for the fancies of his creed. At the same time his power is great and his courage indisputable, while, concerning his mechanical conceptions of creation, this, at least, can be said—that they are a good deal nearer to the truth than the old dreams of theologians or the last romances of supercilious naturalists educated in the school of Cuvier. Fascinated, bewildered even, by the mighty hypothesis of Darwin, Professor Haeckel has pushed that hypothesis to its utmost limits. He has drawn up plans of natural progression which revolutionise all orthodox scientific ideas; wherever links were wanting he has supplied them, with wonderful visions of the plastidulé soul and the potentialities of carbon; and the result is a chart of Man's place in Nature which may be mistaken, which is certainly highly conjectural, but which, however false in detail, is in every way fascinating as a generalisation. As might have been expected, however, Haeckel's calm apotheosis of Darwinism has not been witnessed without protest, even from natural philosophers; and everyone remembers with what warmth the orthodox party exulted, when Professor Virchow delivered last September his address on the "Freedom of Science in the Modern State," and held up to especial ridicule the evolutionary explanations of Haeckel. The name of Virchow, of course, carried extraordinary weight. "A Daniel, a Daniel, come to judgment!" cried the Churches and the journals; and the old Professor's words were flashed by the party of reaction all over the civilised world. The *reductio ad absurdum* came when the Prussian *Kreuz-Zeitung* bracketed Darwinism and Democracy together, and made the theory of descent responsible for the wicked attempts of Hödel and Nobiling!

The issue between the two Professors is very simple, and may be briefly explained. Virchow condemns the precipitation of Haeckel, accuses him of assuming as certain what is not verifiable, and insists that public teaching should be limited to the statement and illustration of facts which are actually conquered and firmly established. Haeckel, on the other hand, censures the retrogression of Virchow, avers that all human knowledge is subjective, and shows—we think with considerable success—that the mission of science embraces illimitable conjecture. Even those "axioms," which are the basis of the teaching of mathematics, are incapable of absolute proof. Conjectural in every way is all we know of Matter, or Force; and even gravitation is hypothetical. "The undulatory theory of Light, which we accept now as the indispensable basis of optics, rests on an unproved hypothesis, on the subjective assumption of an ethereal medium, whose existence no one is in a position to prove in any way." Again, the whole theoretical side of Chemistry is an airy structure of hypotheses, the common basis of chemical theories—viz., the atomic theory—being perfectly unprovable, since "no chemist has ever seen an atom." In all this, perhaps, Professor Haeckel is perhaps a little ingenious. He knows as well as anyone that he is not fairly crossing swords with Virchow, but enveloping him in a cloud of verbal dust. The real matter at issue is not what every modern philosopher has already answered affirmatively to the public satisfaction, *i.e.*, whether hypothesis is

admissible in science; but whether evolutionists, in using hypothesis wholesale and without due caution, and in mingling together material facts and subjective dreams, are not misleading both themselves and the public. Haeckel, for example, is a materialist pure and simple. Not content with leaving the evolution-hypothesis to illustrate itself and to point its own moral, he uses it as heavy artillery against the Cloud-Cuckoo-Town of popular Deism. He is eager at every step to show that Matter is everything, that Deity is impossible. He is never tired of ridiculing the religion which attributes, as he expresses it, "a dualistic existence to the psyche," his own certainty being that Matter and Spirit are identical; and he reminds his opponent that *he* too at one time expressed the same materialistic views. "He (Virchow) formerly supported with a clear conscience and with his utmost energy, in psychology as in the other collected departments of physiology (*sic*) that very mechanical standpoint which we to-day accept as the essential base of our monism, and which stands in irreconcilable antagonism to the dualism of the vitalistic doctrine. . . . He led me to the clear recognition of the fact that the nature of man, like every other organism, can only be rightly understood as an united whole, that this spiritual and corporeal being are inseparable, and that the phenomena of the soul-life depend, like all other vital phenomena, *on material motion only—on mechanical (or physico-chemical) modifications of cells.*"

The italics are ours, not Haeckel's. It seems to us that such language fully justifies Virchow's adjuration of "Restringamur." Haeckel not only exaggerates the monistic ideas formerly held by Virchow, but here, as elsewhere, he almost exaggerates his own conception of the theory. To assert that psychical or spiritual life is primarily or ultimately a material motion *only*, a mechanical modification of *cells*, is to use the language of wild hyperbole. It may or may not be true that such is the case, just as it may or may not be true that the moon is made of green cheese, but there is not the slightest evidence to justify the hypothesis. And the hypothesis itself is so charmingly easy and off-hand! What has puzzled philosophy since man began to think, what has eluded every kind of inquiry and research, all that wondrously complicated phenomenon which to this hour is the despair of physiology and the drunkenness of metaphysics, is only—mark the "only"—a mechanical modification of "cells." Why, this is no more than to say that to think is—to use the brain, and that the basis of life is physiological. Thought *may* be a mode of motion, as heat is, as electricity is supposed to be; but what then? Does that bring us an inch nearer to the central mystery, how cellular change, when such takes place, can possibly evolve psychic force? Haeckel's explanation, in fact, is no explanation whatever. It is a mere vision of a mysterious mechanism which no man has yet been able to explain. And when the Professor goes further and asserts that the mechanical nature of Matter and Spirit negates the idea of God, we cry again, with Virchow, "Restringamur!" How does the identity of Matter and Spirit affect the idea of God one way or another? Because we know how a monkey wags its tail, or how the mind of man receives its impressions and re-delivers them, have we solved the riddle of the Universe? Quite the contrary, says Virchow; so do not let us be vain-glorious. Here, certainly, Virchow is right.

But where Haeckel has his opponent on the hip is in his repudiation of the politico-theological assertion that the doctrine of descent leads to social anarchy, and supports the "Socialist theory." "What in the world,"

Haeckel naturally asks, "has the doctrine of descent to do with Socialism?" He proceeds to demonstrate, however, that Darwinism, at least, is the reverse of democratic, since it teaches the cheerful creed that "in human life, as in animal and plant life everywhere, and at all times, only a small and chosen minority can exist and flourish, while the enormous majority starve and perish miserably, and more or less prematurely." We cordially agree with him in his protest against Virchow's attempt to darken the discussion by awakening a political bias. We agree with him, moreover, whenever he takes his stand on the right of private judgment, and on the freedom of the truth. But this tract—with all its justice of polemics in certain particulars—forces upon us more than ever the fact that Virchow's protest was well-timed, and that pure scientists should clip their wings and lessen their fanciful flights, in which they try to rival theologians. Haeckel is a clever man haunted by one great truth, which casts a thousand delusive shadows. He seems utterly incompetent to give a philosophical opinion on the higher issues of the great religious controversy which his charts of facts and fancies illustrate so amusingly and so well; and he will leave the world where Aristotle found it, darkened by the shadow of its own doubt, and face to face with the everlasting Sphinx.

#### ART-CRITICISM AND ROMANCE.\*

TO the majority of readers, it is probable that the name of Henry Merritt will be totally unknown. A few may be aware that he was, during his lifetime, the most patient, zealous, and successful of picture restorers; fewer still that he had a considerable literary faculty which, despite untoward circumstances, found not a little exercise. These two volumes contain so much of his literary work as has seemed worth preserving to the careful scrutiny of an editor—Mr. Basil Champneys—equally qualified to judge in matters of literature and in matters of art, with the addition of some very interesting recollections by Mr. Merritt's pupil and wife, whom he married only a short time before his death, and of a good many etched illustrations by the same lady, partly, it would seem, original, partly from sketches of her husband.

We do not know that "remains" are, as a rule, satisfactory as literature. But assuredly the readers of these two volumes will be grateful to Mr. Champneys and Mrs. Merritt for the two volumes now before us. Henry Merritt was one of a class too much talked about and too much lauded—the class of self-made men. Unluckily, too, for him, yet by no fault of his, it was long, very long, before the making was achieved. "Everything in my life has come too late" are the melancholy words which he uttered just before his death. He did not die young, inasmuch as he was born in 1822, and lived till the year before last. But almost the whole of his life was spent in a desperate battle with poverty, and for the most part in unsuitable and uncongenial employment. Born of very poor parents at Oxford, he retained to the last the affection which the beautiful city has the power beyond all other English towns of inspiring in her children and nurselings, while he had at the same time something of the prejudices of town against gown. The struggles of his early years, and the way in which at last, when he had nearly reached middle life, he attained, not to the practice of art, which he had always yearned after, but at any rate to the kindred and tolerably lucrative position of a restorer of pictures, may be left to Mrs.

\* *Art-Criticism and Romance.* HENRY MERRITT. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Merritt and to himself to tell. We say to himself, because the novel of "Robert Dalby," which is here reprinted, contains, it is believed, an almost literal transcript of his early days. This and another unpublished but equally remarkable work, "The Oxford Professor and the Harpist," fill the second volume, and are undoubtedly the most remarkable of Merritt's works. They have, Mr. Champneys tells us, been compared to Defoe, and, indeed, the comparison is natural, if a little hackneyed, for it is the fashion with some critics to cry "Defoe" whenever a vivid picture of common life is presented to them. There is, however, a very important difference between Merritt and the author of "Colonel Jack" and "Roxana." Defoe, with all his vividness, is as little pictorial as any great writer that ever wrote. "Robert Dalby," on the contrary, and "The Oxford Professor," are little more than successions of elaborate studies for pictures following one another rather than grouped and composed with any reference to a central story.

The first volume contains such waifs and strays of Merritt's art-criticism—for during the latter part of his life he was a regular contributor of such matter to London newspapers—as Mr. Champneys has thought fit to preserve. If we except some interesting papers entitled "Dirt and Pictures," which compose a kind of apologia for the picture-restorer's not highly valued trade, this volume is inferior in interest to the second, as the editor frankly confesses. We ought, however, to make another exception—the short "Story of a Flower," already known to readers of *Fors Clavigera*, Mr. Ruskin having included it in that work some years ago. In this, as in the better part of the two novels, the grace and tenderness of feeling are as evident as is the remarkable faithfulness of the descriptions. To skill in character drawing Merritt has little claim, and, as we have said, his only complete novel (for "The Oxford Professor and the Harpist" is altogether in the rough) has but little pretension to plot. But "Robert Dalby" is simply crammed with striking situations. The boy ropemaker's journey to the gaol with a new rope slung on his shoulder, the destination of which rope is a condemned man's neck; the discovery of the little vagabond on his way to preferment by a brutal gamekeeper, and the downfall of his hopes; and a score of other things of the same kind, will impress themselves on the mind of any reader. Mr. Champneys asks the question whether Merritt would have been likely to succeed as an original artist, and is evidently disposed to give an unfavourable answer. Some of the sketches here reproduced—especially some studies of foliage—show a graceful touch, but perhaps not much more, and we are not aware that Merritt ever made any attempt on a larger scale. In literature there can be little doubt that with an earlier beginning and greater advantages he might have won himself a name. His faculties of observation and expression taken together would have made this certain. But even as it is, "Robert Dalby" is far too good to be allowed to slip out of memory into the usual limbo of anonymous novels, and the life, fate, and character of its author too interesting not to deserve the record which is here under touching circumstances accorded them.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

IF anybody wishes to read a thoroughly idyllic novel let him send for "Orange Lily." We must apologise

\* *Orange Lily*. By the Author of "Queenie." (Hurst and Blackett.)—*The House of Lys*. By MAJOR-GENERAL W. G. HAMLEY. (Blackwood.)—*An Unequal Marriage*. By VERE GREY. (Chapman and Hall.)

for using a word which has been so sullied and degraded by ignoble and ignorant use as idyllic. But it would be rather hard if the blunders of numskulls deprived reasonable people of the right to use words in their proper sense. "Orange Lily" is really an idyll in the strictest and most complimentary sense of the term. Its subject is the troubled course of love of a farmer's daughter and a cottager's son in that North of Ireland which has had so few sacred bards before the author of "Queenie" began to write, and which she has in more than one novel depicted so faithfully, lovingly, and well. The history begins according to ancient rather than modern precedent at the beginning, or almost at the beginning. Lily Keag and Tom Coulter are very small children when we first meet them, and they are well grown up before the traditional marriage-bells are allowed to ring out the story. The title, "Orange Lily," has a double justification in its application to the heroine: first, because of her somewhat flaming locks, and secondly, because of her father's august position as Master of an Orange Lodge in the very Protestant County of Down. The humours of Orangeism are brought into the record with a sparing and judicious hand. We can only laugh when, after a thunderstorm which extinguishes a promising "ruction" on the twelfth, good-natured Mrs. Keag laments "Ochone! but the weather made a sore hand of this day's diversion. My! but it's a pity ye couldn't get at them black Papishes to give them a bating!" We feel the hardship of it when the heroine's brother gets into slight trouble for his concernment in a more successful diversion, ending in the slaughter of a few black Papishes, slain, of course, in the purest self-defence by the mild wearers of the Orange lily. It is characteristic of the author's skill that this and other local colour is introduced, as it ought to be, merely as a set off and not as a solid of the feast. This latter is provided by the character of the hero and heroine and their fellows, and very charmingly those characters are drawn. It is a book to be read, and the recommendation to read it is really the best criticism that it can meet with.

General Hamley's is also a good book, though it wears its goodness with a considerable difference. The heroine, Thyrza Knowles, is a pleasant young woman enough, but neither in her nor in her lover, Beauclerc du Lys, still less in most of the minor characters, does the real interest of the book consist. It lies in the style and thought, sometimes almost too elaborately allusive, in the well-drawn sketches of military life in the Crimea and elsewhere, and perhaps in one character which, we greatly fear, must have been drawn from the life. This is a certain Colonel Warner, familiarly denominated Wiggy Warner, the very best exemplification of the undesirable type of elderly military man that we have ever met with—at least in fiction. If anybody can imagine the immortal Major Monsoon with most of the good fellowship out of him, with his vices strongly tinged with what is disgraceful as well as what is vicious, and with his Bohemianism tempered by the altered standard of manners in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there is Wiggy Warner. It was a good idea of General Hamley's to gibbet him for the benefit of posterity, and as the gibbeting is done with true artistic feeling, and as if the artist loved his victim, the effect is wholly delightful. The reader feels towards the Colonel exactly what his contemporaries and acquaintances felt, an amused contempt which really implies a certain amount of affection. A scene in the book which also deserves praise is that in which the brave and well-intentioned, but spoilt Guardsman, Du Lys, gets himself into dire trouble by a piece of impertinence to a superior

officer of a less distinguished corps. Outside the range of his military scenes General Hamley's hand is not quite so safe. His Lord Hardyknute, though an amiable Peer, becomes something of a bore, and the vulgar lawyer, John Darke, comes a good deal short of the living and breathing existence which is desirable in the personages even of fictitious worlds.

It is such an unprecedented thing for a reviewer of novels to find three good books in the same batch that we almost fear to be accused of over-clemency in affixing the word good to "An Unequal Marriage." Yet on any just system of criticism it certainly deserves the term. It is a more commonplace book than either of the two preceding, but at the same time it has more interest as a story than either. The chief feature to remark in it is the conduct of Lady Margaret Vernor, the mother of the unequally married man, an unamiable—in fact, a cruel mother, but possessed of certain rather original notions of justice. Nobody but a lady novelist would have dared to attribute even to a mother-in-law the diabolical idea of allowing her son to contract a marriage which is distasteful to her with the definite and fixed purpose of making life intolerable to the delinquents afterwards by obliging them—she having the command of the purse-strings—to live with her. As, however, the author is evidently of the sex which has no business to fight or to counsel, though it frequently does both, we shall not pretend to dispute her insight into the amiable eccentricities of her sisters. "An Unequal Marriage" is a really interesting book for anyone who can attune his mind to its key, and displays considerable pathos. The author, however, slips sometimes in her male characters. A wicked hero may utter wicked words, or think wicked thoughts, when he finds that his beloved is the daughter of a music-master, but he must not turn faint at the intelligence, and require to be brought round with a glass of wine. A good hero, who, knowing something to the discredit of a rival, bears tales to the lady, is a gentleman only to be characterised in terms which we feel sure would make Miss Vere Grey turn very faint indeed.

#### A GERMAN VIEW OF FRANCE AND FRENCHMEN.\*

TIME was—say any time within the last sixty years—when to seek for information about France in a German book was like going to the late Mr. Whalley for a history of the Jesuits, or to Mr. Plimsoll for an impartial account of our merchant navy. A German professor who could write with admirable cosmopolitan impartiality on the affairs of every nation under the sun, dead or alive, who, with a calm dispassionate judiciousness, would discuss the constitution of ancient Carthage, the institutions of the Aztecs, or the organisation of the village communities of Russia, became a changed being when he dipped his pen to write of his neighbours across the Rhine. The sober and learned judge was transformed into a bigoted and furious partisan. The mere mention of a Frenchman acted on him as a red rag does on a bull. No form of vituperation was too undignified, no epithet too gross, to be applied to the countrymen of Pascal and Voltaire. They were Babylonians, Canaanites, Græculi, more like tigers and apes than members of the human family; they were intellectually shallow and morally corrupt; they were conglomerations of all that is detestable, and without a single redeeming quality deserving

\* *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen von Karl Hillebrand; Erster Band: Frankreich und die Franzosen. Berlin: Oppenheim.*

the approbation or sympathy of mankind. And side by side with this outpouring of wrathful vials of contempt, there was a corresponding extravagant laudation of things Teutonic, a perpetual swinging of censers before the altar of the Fatherland. The patriot professors were never tired of singing the praises of German honesty, and German courage, and German thoroughness, and German science, and German *Gemüth*—that peculiarly national sensitive plant of which Goethe had so wholesome a horror—and German everything that it seemed to a plain Englishman, who could not understand the Hegelian mysteries, and had never heard of Schopenhauer, that these rampant Teutons claimed a monopoly of all theological and civic virtues for themselves. It was the period of what the two most illustrious modern German writers, both living in exile at Paris, characterised as *Franzosenfresserei*. They pointed out that such modicum of liberty as Germany enjoyed she owed to the French Revolution, that France, even after her religious wars, was never so utterly disorganised as Germany was after the peace of Westphalia. And as for morality, was there anything worse than the state of things which found literary expression in "Kabale und Liebe" and "Die Clubbisten von Mainz?" Was there anything more loathsome even in abhorred France than the corruption—moral, social, and political—which festered in some of the episcopal towns and small *Residenzen* within the memory of men still living?

We have dwelt at somewhat greater length on these manifestations of Gallophobia because, unfortunately, there are still symptoms that *Franzosenfresserei* has not quite died out in Germany. The colossal German success in the late war, which would have tuned any but Teutonic souls to feelings of generosity towards a fallen foe, has not mitigated their expressions of contempt nor their Pharaonic assumption of all the cardinal virtues. Still it is wholesome for us in England to remember that during and after the great war such a "high falutin" style was not uncommon among ourselves, and was habitually used by writers who ought to have known better; but we have, though slowly, improved since then, and such vain-glorious stuff is reserved for the delectation of Jingo-stricken music-hall audiences, and has become the peculiar privilege of the prophets of Peterborough Court. If our cousins in Germany progress at the same rate, we may expect generously-written comments on France somewhere in the first quarter of the twentieth century. At present, however, it is too early to look for them in any great number. It is, therefore, with unmixed satisfaction that we welcome Herr Hillebrand's volume on modern France. It is written with the thoroughness we have been taught to expect in everything from the hands of his conscientious countrymen, and with an impartiality as rare as it is admirable. Throughout, the work is written in a kindly spirit. There is no trace of antagonistic bias, and to say that the author occasionally betrays his nationality is no more than to acknowledge that he is mortal. He is well qualified for his work by a long residence in France, and an intimate acquaintance with all sections of French Society—Parisian and provincial. This has preserved him from an error that most foreigners, and more particularly Germans, writing about France are liable to—that of, from certain unsavoury forms of French public life, drawing conclusions invidious to the domestic habits of the people, and a minor, but still common one, of taking the froth which floats on the troubled waters of the metropolis as an index of the deeper currents of the national life. The volume is divided into two principal parts, the first dealing with

Society and manners, education and literature, and the second with politics.

The character Herr Hillebrand in general gives the French cannot fail to remind the reader in some of its aspects of the portrait of Elizabeth, given by Mr. Green—a clear, logical, and practical intellect playing on the surface of a sensuous and impulsive nature. A careful consideration of these seemingly contradictory attributes will go far towards explaining the astounding anomalies of the French character. "Grattez le Français, et vous trouverez l'Irlandais." Eliminate the *rationalising* elements from a Frenchman, and you have an Irishman. Herr Hillebrand, however, does not omit to do ample justice to their many amiable and useful qualities. Much that he has said has no doubt been said before, and will be repeated *ad nauseam* to the end of time. But there are many shrewd and original observations; it is interesting to Englishmen to note that he attributes the growing reserve, the increasing stiffness of intercourse, the gradual disappearance of the old French *bonhomie*, to British influence. Mr. Mathew Arnold will be grieved to hear that the passion for equality, which he has been recently parading as a nostrum to our working-men and in the magazines, is by no means so characteristic of French society as is often supposed; those below are of course eager to get their foot on the ladder, but those on the upper rungs are by no means inclined to view the advance of the plebs with equanimity. The chapter on education gives a lucid sketch of public instruction in France, which will be read with peculiar interest now that a new crisis is threatened by M. Ferry's Bill. It is curious that the German observer notes the same defects in the centralised system of French public instruction that reforming inspectors are wont to dwell on when insisting on the evils of our own voluntary system; but he gives full credit to the French for the advantages gained by their procedure, as, for instance, their devotion to the study of their native language; the result is clearly apprehended when one compares the "Revue de Deux Mondes" with the "Gartenlaube."

In the section on politics, which will probably be read with most interest, the author expresses his opinion of the unfitness of the French for Parliamentary Government. He contends that the form of Government under which the French best develop their great qualities is a Dictatorship—be the dictator a descendant of forty kings, a successful commander, a prime minister, or a president. And the French nation has undoubtedly put forth its chief strength when under such a rule; just as the Germans have manifested their national power in the highest degree under the form of a bureaucratic monarchy, the Italians in free municipalities, and the English with the help of the congenial machinery of an aristocratic Parliament. Herr Hillebrand reviews the various phases France has passed through from the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December to the resignation of Marshal MacMahon. The character of Napoleon the Third is drawn with great ability; it is one that has passed through the extremes of adulation and abuse; it is one which, like all those that embody most fully the spirit of their time and nation, has been much misunderstood. The elaborate analysis Herr Hillebrand gives is an attempt to do justice to the Emperor's character, swayed as he was by two conflicting motives—faith in the Bonapartist propaganda, and a furtive sympathy, contracted probably during his residence in England, with Liberal institutions. For the full character we must refer our readers to the volume itself; it is too long to quote. We have been able to do no more than draw attention to the chief features of an eminently

readable and interesting book. To give an instance of the author's impartiality, we translate a passage from p. 171, with which we must conclude:—

"French literature, indeed the whole spiritual life of France, has a freer, more man-of-the-world manner than our literature (*i.e.*, the German), which has been concentrated in the Universities—that is to say, in schools and provincial towns—for the last three hundred years. With the exception of Lessing, Goethe, and Schopenhauer, we have scarcely a writer of eminence who was not a professor or a tutor. . . . Our culture has come forth from libraries and lecture-rooms, the English and French from the bar and politics; both have thereby gained a certain grandiose trait which is absent from ours. . . . In Germany, since the decay of the well-to-do middle-class and the independent nobility and gentry, all intellectual activity has been left to pastors and professors. Our literature may have gained thereby in depth and seriousness; it certainly has not in taste or liberality of view."

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Institution of Marriage.* By PHILANTHROPUS. (Wilson, Royal Exchange.)—The author of this work is an LL.D., and it is presumed, therefore, has studied law, at least theoretically. He appears to have had his attention morbidly directed to Marriage, Divorce, and to Adultery; to have frequented the Divorce Court for several days consecutively, and to have made notes of the cases he had the *pleasure* of hearing. Instead of allowing these particular examples of human frailty to be forgotten he must needs put on permanent record circumstances which, though necessarily made public at the time, would ordinarily be hidden in the accumulation of daily journalism. Upon what plea the cases are remarkable is not suggested. If a young artist or doctor were to make a popular *resumé* of their particular studies, to be given to the world not as the careful well-considered experience of a man of the world, but as the crude coarse suggestions of a conceited youth who but half understood his subject, our minds would be filled with disgust for the author's want of *savoir faire*. Why should a legal be treated differently from an art or medical student? There are certain subjects which must be scientifically discussed by the experienced, which may be treated plainly in the schools, but which no one with ordinary feelings of delicacy would obtrude upon the general public. It is impossible, with a sense of what is due to our readers, to point out the nature of the remarks and observations which in our opinion warrant what we have said, but it is a pity that Philanthropus did not consult some friend of experience before publishing a book of which, in a few short years, it is to be hoped, he himself will be heartily ashamed.

*A Visit to South America,* by Edwin Clark (Dean and Son), is a work chiefly devoted to descriptions of the weather in Brazil, and the latitudes which the author passed to reach that country. It will, however, be no doubt interesting to students of the first principles of Meteorology and Physiography. Trade Winds, the causes and effects of the Gulf stream, and the universal influence of the Sun, are explained with more than usual clearness, and on such subjects Mr. Clark is evidently at home. But he is less at his ease in Philosophy, and his siesta meditations are very trivial. The appendix, showing the method of estimating heights by the barometer, is a useful addition to the book.

A more truthful and more graphic sketch of Street Arabs has never been written than *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor*, by the author of "Hogan, M.P." (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—It is not a painting in which the rough asperities of the subject have been toned down to please an æsthetic public; nor a sensational narrative in which all the horrors are exaggerated to satisfy a morbid craving. It is a photograph, and like a photograph it reproduces the ugly points as well as the beauties of the original. But it is more. Within sixty short pages, of which this little book consists, the

author has compressed a tale of which the simple and natural pathos far surpasses that effected by the hard and prolonged work of many a novelist. Without any striving for effect, by giving us merely the bare outline of a story with a few life-like touches, the author has succeeded in creating a new interest in the waifs and strays of our streets; for what he tells us of Dublin might, just as well, have occurred in London; and the way in which he tells it proves a thorough acquaintance with the least attractive side of that portion of society to which we were first introduced in "The Amateur Casual." The little work is worth more than the price at which it is published, or the half hour which will be spent in reading it.

*Concord; or, Medical Men and Manners.* By 'Ατιθάσσιτρος. Second Edition. (Baillière, Tindal, and Cox.)—We are told in the preface that "the first edition of this work being put together in a hurry, was carelessly written and as carelessly revised, and thus contained many imperfections." From this passage and the context we are therefore entitled to assume that this second edition is, as far as writing and grammar at least are concerned, in the author's opinion, perfect. What then will be thought of the following, and how can it be construed into any other known language? "But as he came to *extend time and distance in his investigations*, he would find that, with all the depth of religious sentiment, real and affected, which we show, we are still in many points as brutal, bloodthirsty, and immoral as the Thugs of India;" or, still worse: "Traces of his existence are found in few places generally through the country, which number less in population as a town than 40,000 or 50,000—this with an abundant surplusage in counter consultations will always keep him in moderate opulence as a country gentleman." What will keep him?—traces or places? Then it should be *these*. And what is an *abundant surplusage*? Notwithstanding, however, the defects of grammar and the absurd exaggeration of many of the statements, there is, no doubt, truth in some of the accusations brought by the author. There are abuses in the medical profession like in every other, and though we cannot believe that a pamphlet like this will do much to remove them, still its very exaggeration may make it useful as a contribution to the polemics of the subject.

*The Works of Robert Burns.* Vol. V. (Paterson.)—This volume of Mr. Paterson's sumptuous edition of the works of the Ayrshire poet contains letters ranging from 1781 to 1787—that is to say, covering the later part of the poet's Edinburgh days, and the whole of the Ellisland period. It thus includes the well-known and most interesting Clarinda correspondence, each reperusal of which can hardly fail to bring out more strongly the very great superiority of the letters of Mrs. M'Lehose to those of her admirer. The Sylvander letters are perhaps among the worst things Burns ever wrote, while Clarinda's replies are remarkable for the union of feeling and expression. Poor Clarinda was in truth out of place in the Scotch capital. In Paris she might, with good luck, have rivalled Madame Tallien, or even Madame Récamier. The death of Mr. Sam Bough, who has been illustrating this edition, is commemorated in the volume, which contains, as well as a silhouette of Mrs. M'Lehose, two landscape engravings from that artist. One of them, "The Gloaming," is a very fine example of the north-country painter, and exemplifies very happily the style of book illustration of which Turner (in his illustrations of Scott), with some other masters, set the fashion in the beginning of the century, and of which in late years we have seen but few instances, and those not over-successful ones.

*Papers for the Times.* Vol. I. (E. W. Allen and Co.)—These papers, which appear to have been issued separately at intervals, though we confess that they have not come under our notice before now, appear to be written by some persons who are really desirous to think for themselves on many important points. Such a desire is not so common nowadays that one can afford to slight any evidences of it. We do not know, however, that these "Papers for the Times" will do much good to any reader, though the writing of them was doubtless a wholesome exercise for their composers. Some original *aperçus* here and there do not fully compensate from the point of view of the public for a tendency, in Rabelaisian

phrase, to "break through open doors," for a very frequent indulgence in truisms, and for occasional inadequacy in point of expression.

*The Pythouse Papers—1642-1680.* Edited by W. A. DAY. (Bickers and Son.)—These memorials of the Civil Wars, and the subsequent period taken from the muniment-room of Mr. Benett-Stanford, M.P., are not remarkable for historical interest, as their editor very ingenuously confesses. Colonel Benett—an ancestor of Mr. Benett-Stanford's—was secretary to Prince Rupert, and thus a considerable number of letters addressed to the Prince by Charles I., by Lord Percy, and by a good many other people of more or less note, came into his hands. He was also a believer in the Popish Plot forty years later, as was perhaps natural in a neighbour and friend of Shaftesbury's. The letters are prefaced with a well-written historical introduction the editor. But, except to special students of the period, it cannot be said that they present much attraction.

*The Bookworm, and Other Sketches,* by Edward B. Aveling, D.Sc. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), is a collection of short pseudo-humorous essays. The author tries to imitate Charles Lamb and Dickens, and fails dismally. He thinks it funny to call Moorgate Street a Sodom and Broad Street a Gomorrah; to talk of an old man as Mr. Senex, and to begin a chapter with "One pleasant summer morning, not a hundred weeks ago, two individuals of aristocratic and striking mien might have been observed—had there been anyone to observe them," &c., &c. We have seldom seen anything more offensively silly than the remainder of this chapter, and others into which we have dipped. We cannot offend our readers by quoting the pathetic parts, for they are sickly; nor the comic ones, for they are almost pathetic, if we reflect that there *are* people in the world who will consider such stuff funny.

*Poems, chiefly Sacred.* By Rev. William Cowen. (London: C. Kegan Paul.)—There is much quiet beauty and tender grace in these poems, and especially in the sonnets, which are exquisite in form of presentation, and sweet in their musical cadences. The sonnet to Tennyson is as beautiful as it is true, and is the gem of the whole series. The translations from Goethe and Virgil are scarcely as successful as the charming renderings of "Dies Iræ" and "Veni, Sanctus Spiritus." In the translation from Virgil (Georgic Tenth) of the "*Rifled Nest*," the "*amissos fœtus*" (the *lost brood*) is strangely rendered "*her little brood all dead*"; while "*makes melancholy moan*" is a poor rendering of "*miserabile carmen integrat*" ("she renews her song of sorrow").

*Lessons in Horse Judging.* William Framley. (Chapman and Hall.)—In this little book the author has treated of the horse anatomically and otherwise in a very original and lucid manner. The ten lessons it contains, if thoroughly mastered, will do more to teach a novice how to judge of a horse than volumes of more scientific works. The chapter devoted to the summering of hunters is especially good, and we are glad to see Mr. Framley entering the lists against the *abuse* of the firing-iron and blister-pot. All owners of horses and would-be purchasers would do well to obtain a copy of "*Lessons in Horse Judging*."

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## STRAY LEAVES.

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MISS RYE has done a vast deal of good during the past year with her "Emigration Home for Destitute Little Girls." Within that period fifty little waifs were saved from absolute starvation, or worse, and placed in comfortable homes in Canada, with every prospect of future happiness and prosperity. Much praise is due for the economical way in which the Institution is carried on, and we cordially endorse the report on the Home for 1879. A charity which strives to do so much in the right direction cannot fail to commend itself to the favour of the truly charitable; it is deserving of their warmest support.

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WE are requested to state that the annual meeting of the



Workmen's Social Education League will be held in the hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 3 p.m. to-day. The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., will take the chair.

THE Midsummer term has now commenced at the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, 194, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E. The next examination for certificates will be held in July. The Museum contains many interesting specimens of needlework of the days of our grandmothers, and also specimens of what can be done by children now attending elementary schools.

WE have received an urgent appeal on behalf of John Keats' only sister, Madame Fanny Keats de Llanas. The application of her friends to the Treasury for a pension was unsuccessful; and it is wished to raise a fund which will place her in a position of comparative comfort. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. R. Garnett, Superintendent of the Reading Room, British Museum; by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, 56, Euston Square, and by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, 38, Marlborough Hill, N.W.

NO real work can be done towards a systematic exploration of the almost unknown field of folk-lore, in its philosophical and historical aspects, without the co-operation of many collectors in different parts of the world. We hail with pleasure the appearance of the first number of a *Folk-Lore Journal*, edited by the South African Folk-Lore Society. That the publication of a periodical of this description in a distant colony, appealing as it necessarily must, to a comparatively small circle of readers, must be a matter of great difficulty is evident, and we heartily congratulate the working committee on having so far overcome these difficulties as to have produced a small but highly interesting contribution to this immense subject. We sincerely trust that the enterprise will be warmly supported by English students of folk-lore, as well as by the public in South Africa.

THE subjoined are the Russian literary notes this week:—The Imperial Geographical Society announces that it has in the press an account of the travels of G. N. Potanin in North West Mongolia in 1876-77. An interesting series of articles is appearing in the *Rooski Starina*, entitled "A Russian Traveller in Europe in 1697-98." Professor Velinski has published a bulky volume called "The Condition of the Greeks and Roumelians." In this month's *Vestnik Evrope* is an article by Thalberg on "Exile in Saghalien," and the first of a series on the "History of Little Russia." In the *Otechestvenni Zapiski* is a preliminary instalment of "The Relations Between England and Russia during the Last Three Centuries." In the *Dairlo* M. Severin has commenced a novel entitled "In a Strange Family," Mr. Metchnikoff has finished his series of articles on "The Cultural Significance of Demonism," and Mr. Shelgounoff has commenced an attack on "Fiscal Optimism." At Moscow a curious little *brochure* has appeared under the title of "Tables of Speed," which gives the speed of almost everything that can be imagined. These are arranged under twenty-two different heads by a technical engineer named Kiréeff.

AS was anticipated in these columns, local Scotchmen are very indignant at certain of the views taken of their great poet by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford in his contribution on the subject to Mr. Morley's series of English Men of Letters. The Professor has, moreover, made one positively ludicrous blunder. Referring very disrespectfully to the Dumfries Mausoleum to Burns, he speaks of "a long rambling epitaph in tawdry Latin" as having been inscribed on it. There is not and never has been anything of kind. A classical inscription was drawn up about sixty years ago, but was abandoned.

IT is rather a remarkable circumstance in its way, that Mr. David Wingate, one of the leading Scotch working-man poets of the time, is about to marry Miss Thompson, a granddaughter of Burns.

THE Russian Government is making arrangements for the delivery of "four language" lectures to the masses in the

Caucasus. Topics of practical interest, such as sanitation, modes of dealing with the cattle plague, hints on agriculture &c., have been selected, and lectures will be given gratis in succession to Russians, Armenians, Circassians, and Tartars.

THE Russian journalistic news is as follows:—G. Kartamisheff has announced that, in consequence of the precarious condition of politics in South Russia, he has decided not to bring out at Odessa the *Granitza*, a new daily paper that he advertised a short while ago. The leading Esthonian journal *Sakala* has been suppressed for eight months. The Censor has removed the restrictions against the sale of the St. Petersburg *Listok* on the streets. Mr. Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, is still in a very feeble condition, and will not be able to resume his duties for some weeks. The editor of the *Golos*, Mr. Kraevsky, has returned from his journey abroad. The Grand Duke Michael having refused to accede to Mr. Nicoladze's petition for the removal of the repressive restriction on the press at Tiflis, the latter has decided not to republish his *Obzor* for the present. A military journal is being brought out at Kars.

POLITICS will prevent Señor Castelar from visiting England this autumn, as he intended, and there will be great disappointment in social, literary, and academical circles.

MR. W. PIRIE DUFF, who recently entertained Mr. Gladstone at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and led to a speech from him on religion, is not, like his father, a missionary in India. On the contrary he was an auctioneer, and had even, it is said, some connection with Government opium sales.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN are about to re-issue some of the once popular stories by Barbara Hoffland. We understand that "The Son of a Genius," "The Daughter of a Genius," "Ellen the Teacher," and "The Crusaders," which have all been out of print for several years, are now in the press, and will appear as the monthly volumes of the Favourite Library.

WE understand that Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, of the firm of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Wigmore Street, has in the press and will shortly publish a complete and exhaustive history of the Pianoforte (Novello and Co.), which will be enriched with numerous engravings, and will doubtless prove a most interesting book. We may add that Mr. Brinsmead, the founder of the firm, has just been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, in acknowledgment of the success of his pianofortes at the late Paris Exhibition.

AT last the French Opera has a manager. M. Vancorbeil has been appointed in M. Halanzier's place; and it is only to be hoped that the new-comer will make as good a thing out of the sumptuous establishment of which Parisians are so proud as his predecessor. It is also to be hoped that he will take care of art as well as of his pocket. The performances at the Paris Opera since the last few months have become simply ludicrous; they are hardly worthy of a third-rate German Opera House. M. Faure, however, has declined an engagement under the new management; the reason of his refusal is not quite clear; but it is probably because M. Faure would like to be manager himself. M. Vancorbeil, we are told, is preparing to cross the Channel; he proposes to secure the services of Madame Nilsson, of M. Maurel, the eminent baritone of Covent Garden, and other famed artists.

MUCH excitement, we hear, was recently felt at Lille, on account of the alleged discovery in a small inn of a portrait of Frederic II. signed Van Cuyp. It was added that the town of Lille had resolved to purchase the picture at any price. However, it has since been discovered that the picture cannot derive much profit from the signature; for it so happens that the monarch in question was born twenty-nine years *after* the death of the painter.

WE have received from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* an engraving of Mr. G. A. Holmes's picture

"Household Pets." The subject is a little girl fondling a pug; both child and dog are drawn with remarkable fidelity. Mr. Holmes is lucky in having secured such a capital pair of models, and he has certainly turned his advantage to the best account. This exact fac-simile of the original has been produced by a new process of engraving with the aid of photography, and is eminently successful.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S entertainment, "Grimstone Grange," is announced to be withdrawn after Monday next, to give place to a new first part, on Tuesday, May 27th, entitled "£100 Reward," written by Arthur Law, the music by Corney Grain. "Our Calico Ball."

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 L'Art. No. 229. Mai 18, 1879. A. Ballue, Editeur. 134, New Bond Street.  
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the next Half-yearly EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY, the 30th of June, 1879. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Examinations will be held at Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; Queen's College, Birmingham; St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; Stonyhurst College; St. Patrick's College, Carlow; St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore; University College, Bristol, and (for Ladies only) at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the Registrar (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) at least Fourteen Days before the commencement of the Examination.

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