

# THE EXAMINER

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## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL NOTES.

THE following synopsis of the terms to be offered to Yakoob Khan has been forwarded to us from a trustworthy quarter in India. We give it for what it may prove worth, merely premising that it is based neither on "bazar gossip" nor on "coffee-house babble." "Instead of the alienation from Afghanistan of the whole of the territory now held by our troops, the Indian Government will be content to retain garrisons in forts to be erected at Lundi-Kotul, Khoorum, and Pishin; the roads leading to these places from India being also left absolutely under our control. The Ameer to draw revenue from, and to administer in every respect, all the country not thus occupied. A British Resident to be permanently quartered at Cabul, and an Afghan Envoy always to accompany the Viceregal Court. The Indian Government to have the right to depute agents at any time to certain named towns in the North of Afghanistan, including Balkh, Maimana, Candahar, and Herat, for the purpose of obtaining political and commercial information. The two Powers to pledge themselves against listening to external intrigue levelled at the interests of one or the other, and to enter into a conditional defensive alliance. Finally, the Indian Government to pay the Ameer an annual subsidy of settled amount, nominally "for keeping the passes open," but in reality to strengthen his hands in dealing with malcontent tribes.

It is well known that the Austro-Turkish negotiations regarding Bosnia and Herzegovina repeatedly threatened to collapse, owing to the demand of the Porte for a limited occupation. A short time ago, after the conclusion of the Convention, it was bruited in the official world that the Convention was silent on the point of the duration of the occupation. Although this was formally true yet it was false in fact, as the following will show:—When Count Andrassy was anxious to push the Convention in time to lay it at his master's feet for the silver wedding, the Sultan insisted on the duration of the occupation being specified, in spite of the pressure brought to bear on him in the Austrian interest by the

representatives of Great Britain and Germany. The negotiations threatened to drop again, when the Austrian Ambassador, Count Zichy, suggested that although his Government could not admit such a specification as the Sultan wished, in the body of the Convention, yet Austria was willing, immediately after the signature of the agreement, to address a "confidential note" to the Porte, in which the provisional character of the occupation should be conceded. The Porte agreed, the Convention was signed; but where was the Austrian note? Friday, the 2nd inst., was the date of Count Zichy's departure for Vienna with the Convention in his pocket. On the evening of Thursday, the 1st inst., Karatheodori Pasha appeared at the Austrian Embassy, and threatened, if Count Zichy did not fulfil his promise, to despatch a telegraphic circular to the Turkish representatives abroad, declaring the Convention to have been obtained on false pretences and protesting against the bad faith of Austria. This had the desired effect. Count Zichy delivered the promised note, in which the suzerainty of the Sultan and the provisional character of the occupation are acknowledged. From this it will be seen that it is Austria, not the Porte, that has reasons for wishing to keep the history of the negotiations and the text of the Convention secret for the present.

THE Russian police seem, in spite of their zeal, to be the most indolent and incompetent in Europe. They can move heaven and earth to catch some unfortunate cook who has travelled two miles without a passport, while active Nihilist conspirators everywhere escape them. The following story, which reaches us from St. Petersburg, well illustrates their intelligence. A few days before the attempt on the Czar, Dr. Kadian, an eminent physician, who distinguished himself greatly in the late war, was arrested on an (as it proved) utterly groundless suspicion; at the same time, after the wholesale fashion of the wisecracks of the third section, of arresting not only the suspected person, but everyone who may have been in contact with him or her, his sister, the principal of an institution under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Katharina Michajlowna, was marched off to prison. The same day the Grand Duchess came to

inspect the institution; surprised not to find the lady-principal she inquired for her, and was told she had gone to the Police, and would probably shortly return. H.I.H. waited in vain. Growing tired she despatched her secretary, State-Councillor Pawlow, to the Police to fetch the lady. The secretary went, but he also did not return. H.I.H. sent her servant after her secretary, but servant and secretary alike mysteriously disappeared. The first thing the Grand Duchess did on returning home was to notify the mysterious disappearance of her officers to the Police. The Police hunted for two days without finding them, and reported to H.I.H. that the servant and the secretary had probably been murdered by the Nihilists. At length they were discovered securely locked up in the police-office itself. The minions of the law had arrested each of them on suspicion, the lady-principal because she was sister of the suspected doctor, Pawlow for inquiring after the lady, and the servant for inquiring after Pawlow. How nice it must be to live in Russia!

ARTICLE XI. of the Treaty of Frankfort, by which France bound herself in 1871 to treat all German goods on the footing of the most favoured nation, is causing considerable embarrassment to the French Government in the face of Prince Bismarck's commercial policy. Germany has now no commercial treaty with any nation, still German goods must be admitted into France on the basis of the most favoured nation clause. This Article XI. is causing a great outcry among the French Protectionists, an increasing party. It is curious to note, however, that M. Pouyer-Quertier, the Protectionist Minister of M. Thiers, is responsible for the much-condemned Article XI.

THE news from Natal which announced the serious indisposition of the Prince Imperial has created a great sensation in Paris, notwithstanding statements made by the Bonapartist papers to the effect that the Prince has quite recovered from his illness. But still more notice has been taken of an article published some days ago in the *Figaro* on Prince Jerome Napoleon and his family. The late Emperor's cousin has been forgotten since the war, and above all since, in the Corsican election of 1877, he lost his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. The article in question has a good deal to say about his eldest son, a young man of eighteen, who is preparing for a military career; this seems to be a *ballon d'essai*, intended to remind the public, and particularly the Bonapartist party, that failing the Prince Imperial, the Napoleonic succession would devolve on the issue of the Houses of Bonaparte and Savoy. Prince Jerome is, in spite of his undoubted talents, too unpopular in France on account of his way of living, his revolutionary and anti-Catholic opinions, which he openly declares everywhere, and his quarrel with the other members of the Imperial family, ever to reign in France. He well knows this, and therefore wishes attention to be directed to his son.

THE question of the restoration to the Legion of Honour of the Communists who were members of the order before their condemnation has made speedier progress than could have been supposed three months ago. For it has not only been decided to give them back their decorations, but the reporter of the Parliamentary Commission charged with the examination of the vote of credit for the Legion now proposes that a sum shall be added sufficient to pay them all arrears of their pensions which have accumulated during the time they have been erased from the list. There are about forty who will receive the Legion and forty-five the military

medal; and if this resolution be carried it will be an unexpected windfall for them on their return to France. One of the restorations has already taken place; it is that of the Military Intendant Brissy, who on the 4th of September arrested a General, his superior officer, and usurped his functions. After the amnesty he was restored to his military rank, and now he has got the Legion back. Decorations in general, and the institution of the Legion of Honour in particular, having always been bitterly attacked by the extreme Republicans as being symbols of aristocracy and inventions of despotism, it is, to say the least, curious to witness all the efforts they are making to get the ribbon of the Legion and the Military Medal restored to their friends and *protégés*.

ON the occasion of the golden wedding of the German Emperor there will be an amnesty granted to about one thousand non-political prisoners. Political prisoners, on the other hand, will not be pardoned in any single instance. This excludes Count Harry von Arnim and the fugitive Bishops from the benefits of the amnesty.

WE hear that instructions have been telegraphed to Saghalien to prepare for the reception of 10,000 exiles from Russia. Negotiations are in progress for separating the island from the administration of Siberia, and placing it wholly under the authority of the Third Department at St. Petersburg. The actual number of exiles on Saghalien is 1432, of which 1384 are settled round about the military station of Doué, and 48 at Korsakovsky. It is proposed to employ all the Nihilists in the coal mines of Saghalien, and to raise the output of fuel from its present point—5000 tons a year—to a quantity sufficient to enable Russia to dispense with coal from Australia for her Pacific Fleet.

ALTHOUGH it is to be hoped that the valiant Servians will not be called upon for some time to display their military courage and skill, it may be interesting to note the principal features in the new military organisation as sanctioned by Prince Milan, and published with great pomp and solemnity. We are told, for instance, that the military forces are to be divided, as before, into an active army and a national militia; but the former, which is to supply cadres to the latter, is to undergo a complete transformation. It is to comprise in future a brigade of infantry with two regiments, each having five battalions of 800 men; a regiment of cavalry, with four squadrons of 200 men each; a brigade of artillery with four regiments, consisting each of two divisions with four batteries (or thirty-two batteries in all); and an engineer regiment with a battalion of sappers and one of pontonniers. This gives an effective of nearly 20,000 men, with 192 guns. In the event of mobilisation, the active division is dissolved, and receives into its cadres the national militia, which is to comprise in the future 22 brigades of the first and second class, the whole forming four army corps. Each army corps is to have attached to it a regiment of artillery and a battalion of engineers; and it is anticipated that the Servian Army, when upon a war-footing, will number 110 battalions of 800 men each, 110 battalions of 600 men each, 48 squadrons of horse, 64 batteries of 6 guns each, and four battalions of engineers of 1000 men each. These, with 17,000 men of the train and transport service, make up a total of 190,000 men, and this looks very imposing—upon paper. The four army corps of the Schumadija, the Timok, the Morava, and the Drina are to have their head-quarters at Belgrade, Wogotin, Nisch, and Valjavo.

SINCE Roumania has achieved political independence the question of the succession to the Throne has become a burning one. Prince Charles is without a direct male heir. It is proposed to declare Prince Ferdinand, son of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern, heir-presumptive; hence the latter's approaching visit to Bucharest.

WE learn that General Medici, the Adjutant-General of the King of Italy, has sent in his resignation. The step taken is the result of a revulsion of feeling at Court, arising out of Garibaldi's recent Democratic agitation. It was General Medici who induced the King to go and see the Deliverer of the Two Sicilies—probably with the object of trying to influence the latter, and make him give up his plan of organising the Democratic Party. Garibaldi having, however, carried out his intention, the advice given by Medici is now looked upon as having been derogatory to the Royal dignity. Hence the offer of resignation, which it would seem has been virtually forced upon the old comrade of the Leader of the Thousand. Manhood suffrage, which the new Democratic League in Italy is to agitate for, is considered by some of the best Liberals and Radicals of that country as a danger to progress, so long as popular education is in its present backward state. As to the so-called "non-liberated provinces," we learn that the Democratic leaders assembled at Rome declared before to Garibaldi, by an overwhelming majority, that the country was in no mood for venturing upon a crusade for that object. Nor, said they, was there any desire for an expedition in favour of the enlargement of Greece, the sentiments of the populations whose annexation was called for being themselves doubtful.

IN reply to the attack made by the semi-official *St. Petersburg Gazette* upon Switzerland on account of the shelter she affords to exiles without distinction of Party, Mr. Eugene Dupont, the Swiss Consul-General in the Russian capital, wrote a short letter to that journal, protesting against its unjust recriminations. Though Mr. Dupont pointed out, in what we regard as not quite a dignified style, that a paper like the *Avant-Garde* had been punished for certain articles by judicial sentence, in accordance with the Helvetic law, his letter was refused insertion. The reason of the refusal is probably to be found in the concluding sentence, where the Consul said, "As regards the Swiss right of refuge, so far as I know, neither Nobiling, nor Hödel, nor Passanante had made use of it." This simple truth was too much for the semi-official Russian print.

GENERAL GOURKO has declared, before several persons, that he would "rather kill ten innocent people than let a single guilty one escape." A report in the *Odessa Messenger* speaks of the arrest of a peasant upon whom a charged revolver was found, and who is said to have avowed that he had been commissioned to make an attempt upon the life of the Czar on his passage to Livadia. The same news has been sent from Warsaw to the *Ostsee-Zeitung*.

CONTRARY to a report that had gone the round of the Press, we stated some time ago that the Polish patriots and the so-called Russian Nihilists still keep asunder, the opinions of the former not coinciding with those of the active Revolutionary Party in Russia. The organ of the Secret Committee of Kieff now avers that negotiations for common action had been attempted, but that the Poles had refused to accept the offer. The clandestine

Kieff journal expresses itself on that account in somewhat angry terms.

AN important map of Afghanistan has just been issued by the Russian Etat-Major. Besides embodying the latest information collected by ourselves on the Indian side of the Hindoo Koosh, it contains the data collected during the Stolietoff Mission at Cabul, and the results of the explorations of Grodikoff at Herat, Matvaieff in Badakshan, Brukoff on the Amou Daria, Severtsoff in Wakkan, and Maieff at Balkh. It should be at once secured by the English Intelligence Department for our political officers in Afghanistan.

THE railway between Trèves and Oberlahnstein, which is in fact a continuation of the line between Berlin and Coblenz by Wetzlar, will be open for traffic next week, and thus the frontiers of Germany in Lorraine and Russia will be placed in direct communication. The German Government is still spending a great deal of money in the annexed provinces, and to the twelve forts which Strasburg already possesses will shortly be added a thirteenth at Mundesheim. None of the present forts are upon the Alsatian or French side, three only being on the right bank of the Rhine. These twelve forts extend over a circumference of sixteen German miles, and Strasburg may now be considered one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Its northern front, backed by the Ill and the Rhine, is defended by three forts, whose line of defence comprises the road and railway to Lauterburg, and the Wissemburg, Metz, and Paris railways. The west front is protected by Hansbergen, and is formed by the three large forts Veste-Kronprinz, Gross-Herzog von Baden, and Prinz Bismarck. The south front extends between the Brücke and the upper part of the Rhine, with three forts commanding the outlets from the main valley of the Vosges, the valley of the Brücke, and the Colmar railway. These three forts also command the course of the Ill, the canal connecting the Rhine, and the Rhine and the Bâle road. The east front is situated upon the right bank of the Rhine, on Badish territory, and consists of three forts about three miles in advance of Kehl, this defence being intended to prevent Strasburg from being bombarded from this side, as it was in 1870. These three forts, named Blumenthal, Bose, and Kirchbach, are nearly completed, and are connected with one another by subterranean passages. It is estimated by the Germans that with a garrison of 35,000 infantry, 7000 artillerymen, 1300 cavalry, 1000 pioneers, and 1000 guns, Strasburg will be impregnable.

OUR Lahore correspondent represents the famine in Kashmeer as having arrived at the acute stage. Runbir Singh, the Maharajah, seems to be at last alive to the gravity of the situation, but he has so long delayed remedial measures that the Mohammedan inhabitants—that is, the whole indigenous population of the valley—are literally dying in thousands by the road-side. As for the Hindoo community, the Pundits, who are in charge of the various departments of Government, take very good care that their co-religionists do not starve. The present crops promise well, but some time will elapse before they can be harvested, and in the meanwhile the masses will have to depend for subsistence upon whatever good grain filters into the valley from the Punjaub. The supply from this source is not likely to be large, as the rough and precipitous nature of the roads renders the transport of grain a matter of supreme difficulty. During the last half-year only 30,000 maunds, or less than 1100 tons of grain,

have found their way over the three routes from British India, in spite of the most strenuous exertions on the part of the Punjab Government.

THE Berlin *Gewerbe Ausstellung* (Exhibition of Manufactures) was opened last week. It is stated that the trades of bronze and lacquer-work, pottery, and leather-work, show much progress, and that the exhibition is, considering its local nature, a great success.

A NOVEL mode of settling an international dispute—and an improvement, as most people will be inclined to think, upon the Alabama arbitration—has been suggested by the Government of Nicaragua. For some years past there has been a diplomatic correspondence between the Governments of France and Nicaragua with regard to the seizure, by an officer of the latter Republic, of some arms which the captain of a Bordeaux vessel was about to land in Nicaragua, the French Government taking up the case for M. Allard, who demanded an indemnity for the loss of his cargo. Finding that there was no prospect to a settlement being arrived at, the Nicaragua Government has paid the members of the French Supreme Court of Cassation the compliment of asking them to act as arbitrators, and in doing so has paid a very high tribute to their impartiality, an arbitration so undertaken being without precedent in French history. It is true that the French Parliaments under the old *régime* were often chosen as arbitrators by foreign Governments; but this was only in cases where the matter in dispute did not concern France. Thus, in 1244, the Emperor Frederick II. selected the Parliament of Paris to arbitrate between him and Pope Innocent IV., who was then in France, and in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Parliament of Grenoble decided the dispute which arose between the Archdukes of Austria and the Duke of Würtemberg with regard to their claims to the country of Montbéliard.

THE regret which Mr. Butt's death has occasioned is well-nigh universal, though we shall not undertake to say how far it is shared by the graceless crew whose insubordination embittered his last years and defeated his most cherished projects. In Carlylean phrase, Mr. Butt was a failure of a great statesman. He had the requisite quickness of intelligence and single-mindedness, and he had, moreover, the power of attaching others to his side, with which no statesman can dispense. But he was unfortunate in more ways than one. As an Irishman, he found, or thought he found, no avenue open to him except agitation. But before he came prominently on the scene all promising bases for agitation in Ireland had been cut from under his feet. Nor was he free from the peculiar curse of instability which has so often afflicted talented Irishmen, though his vacillations had not, as in some others, any taint of self-interest about them. This last fact makes the animadversions which have in some quarters been made upon his private life and circumstances as unfair as they are ungenerous and unusual. At any time within the last thirty years it was within Mr. Butt's power, had he chosen, to put his conscience in his pocket with a good round income to keep it company. He chose to do nothing of the sort, and the consequence is that Pharisees read lectures about improvidence over his grave. For our own parts we have little sympathy with his political views, but we have no doubt that the carrying out of those views, if it be still attempted, will fall into hands infinitely less able as well as less respectable than his. His followers while he lived could at least boast that they were led by a

gentleman, an orator, and an honest man. We shall not inquire too carefully as to the chances of the same combination being united in his successor.

THE promoters of the festivities on the occasion of the "silver wedding" of the Emperor and Empress of Austria are terribly disappointed. As has already been pointed out in the EXAMINER, all the persons concerned in getting up congratulatory deputations, processions, and fêtes expected at least a decoration of some sort—in fact, it has been whispered that the universal desire for a piece of ribbon to fasten in the buttonhole was the principal motive of the late violent and otherwise inexplicable demonstration of loyalty. Finding that no less than eighteen hundred persons expected some order of knighthood, and a couple hundred more even the title of baron, the Emperor has wisely decided—not to give any rewards whatever on this auspicious occasion. The only person who will be "raised" to nobility is Hans Makart, the celebrated artist who was good enough to paint all the prettiest ladies of Vienna in the suite of Charles V. entering Antwerp. According to the quaint old German of the legend, "*Dem Kaysrer folgten hile schoene frauen ohne jegliches Gewand,*" and Herr Makart was bold enough to represent the most fashionable ladies in this primitive costume. It is meet that this boldness should be rewarded. If Mr. Poynter had done the same in "Nausikaa," he might possibly also have been made K.C.B.

GREAT complaints are made by the owners of orchards in Herefordshire and Worcestershire, and indeed by British fruit-growers in general, of the large importations of foreign apples and pears. It is asserted that French and American produce is sent to Covent Garden and to the markets of our large towns at prices with which the English growers cannot compete; and that coalitions are formed to keep our own fruit out of the market, the greater number of the wholesale buyers being foreigners, who, it is alleged, do their utmost to prevent costermongers from loading up with and greengrocers from purchasing native produce—these buyers being men of large capital, and able to afford long credit. To these facts is attributed the sad state of our orchards. Farmers will not replace decaying trees because it actually does not pay them to gather their fruit and send it to market. The remedy would seem to lie in judicious co-operation. Let a united effort be made, and plenty of capital would be forthcoming; and surely our inland counties might supply London with fruit at least as cheaply as France and America. It has been sensibly suggested that instead of whining about bad times and making an outcry for protection—a thing which, were it possible to reintroduce, would but increase tenfold many of the evils under which they suffer—farmers should open marts for the sale of their produce in all the large towns, thus doing away with the middleman, and dividing profits between the grower and the consumer. Why should not the same thing be done with regard to fruit? If the wholesale buyers will not have English fruit, let co-operative fruit-stores be opened and let it be seen that home-grown apples at any rate are fully equal to imported ones, and somewhat cheaper. It is in vain to appeal to our patriotism in a commercial matter against our pockets; but give us a good value for our money and we shall all probably prefer to support our own countrymen instead of making the fortunes of Yankees and Frenchmen, who are actually extending their fruit gardens in consequence of the high prices they obtain from us.

## THE EXAMINER.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

## LORD SALISBURY AND THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

WE do not suppose that Lord Granville has any very anxious concern for Lord Salisbury's welfare. But the leader of the Opposition in the Upper House undoubtedly did the Foreign Minister a service by questioning him on Monday night about the performance of the Treaty of Berlin. That Treaty has the ill luck to be displeasing to very different sections of English politicians. One section thinks that it gave up far too much to Russia; the other that it did not give up nearly enough. The former, therefore, are naturally anxious that the "great deal" which, as Lord Salisbury himself, recently explained was given up at Berlin, should not be increased by any slackness in insisting on the literal execution of the Treaty. The latter are only too anxious to find fault with the negotiators of the arrangement, even if the fault consist in proceedings the result of which they would not themselves disapprove. Lord Salisbury has recently told us, with great emphasis, that the Government have put their foot down on the letter of the Treaty, and Lord Granville's challenge on Monday gave him an opportunity of proving the fact.

It is only fair to admit, while we are far from being well satisfied with the present state of things in the Balkan Peninsula, that Lord Salisbury's defence was valid as far as it went. We shall charitably suppose that those persons who accuse him of so interpreting the Treaty that Russia may find a pretext for indefinite lingering on forbidden ground, and who declare that he did not mention the Balkans, speak without having taken the trouble to read his speech. Lord Salisbury did touch on both these points, and his remarks were plausible, though we cannot call them altogether satisfactory. The mere text of the Treaty does seem to favour the interpretation that the evacuation by Russia shall last nine months, and not terminate at the end of nine months. On the other hand, we have Lord Salisbury's categorical assertion that, by the 3rd of August, there is not to be a Russian man, gun, or flag west or south of the Pruth. In this we have a statement, which there is no possibility of hereafter evading, and to which we trust that the Government will be rigidly kept. With regard to the Balkans, the explanation is more conditional. The line of the watershed extended in the interests of Turkey where it does not give strategic positions suitable for defence has been, we are told, adopted, and its delimitation is to be carried out by a majority of voices of the Boundary Commission. The third military point of importance was the demolition of the Danube fortresses, and here, it must be remarked, Lord Salisbury had a less satisfactory answer to give. He confessed, with much frankness, that little or nothing had been done in the matter, and that it "may have to engage the attention of the Powers." As for the Civil Articles, he claimed that they had been, or were being, carried out; and as these Civil Articles are for the most part very much in the interests of Russia, we fear there is little doubt of the fact. What the result of the Bulgarian Principality, with its dark brown flag, its German Prince, and its brand new constitution, may be, we have no intention of forecasting at the present moment. As to the organisation

of Eastern Roumelia, we feel sure that Sir H. Drummond Wolff and Lord Donoughmore deserve all the complimentary things that Lord Salisbury said of them, but we should be much more comfortable if we felt less convinced that another and rival process of organising Eastern Roumelia has been going on at the same time, as to the results of which we are very likely to hear news shortly. In other matters, an ingenious system of fencing enabled the Foreign Minister to return answers nominally at least not inapposite. "Time and I against any two," said a famous monarch. But Lord Salisbury thinks that time by itself is a match for a good deal more than any two, that is to say, for the assembled Powers of Europe. He tells us that we must not be in a hurry; that Batoum is indeed far from being a free port, but that is because it is not yet a port at all, and ports are not made in a day. Reforms in Armenia will, doubtless, be undertaken when the Porte is in a condition to pay for them. *Et patati, et patata.* It is all exceedingly plausible, and we wish we could say that it is exceedingly satisfactory.

We are perfectly aware of the difficulties which beset the Government in this matter. Their basis of the Treaty is none of the most satisfactory bases to begin with. They are working against a watchful and untiring enemy, and with the collaboration of a large number of helpers, some of whom are secretly on the other side, most of whom care comparatively little about the matter, and none of whom, with the exception of Austria, have the same interests as themselves. What is more, they have plenty of business elsewhere. What with momentous negotiations impending with the ruler of Afghanistan at one end of the world, and with Lord Chelmsford, after being furnished with an army greater than those which have won half the triumphs of the British flag, crying, "more! more!"—their hands are necessarily full. But what is of the first importance is that they should "stick." The Treaty of Berlin is not a satisfactory instrument, but even the Treaty of Berlin might be much worse than it is. Only firmness—a firmness, we are bound to say, much greater than anything they have yet shown—can save and establish the very limited amount of good which it is capable of doing. Lord Salisbury admits that the action of Russian military officers has constantly impeded and paralysed the action of the Roumelian Commissioners. He admits that the state of the Danube fortresses may furnish the Powers with serious occupation. When we remember that so noted a partisan as Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff has reminded his charges that Russia leaves behind her eighty thousand guarantees of freedom in the shape of rifles, it would be just as well to be sure that she does not leave some of the strongest fortifications in Europe as arsenals and rallying points for these defenders of Bulgarian independence. On this and on other matters the experience of years and almost of centuries shows that there is but one way with Czars and their agents; to be, in Shakespearean phrase, "peremptory and passing short." Our Government have been very long-suffering, and we fear they have not been peremptory at all. Lord Salisbury's two last speeches (the first, as we have before had occasion to remark, after a period of comparative silence) give at least the promise of such peremptoriness in future, and we trust that this promise may not prove delusive. The hopes of those of us who hoped to see the Balkan peninsula cleared of the Cossacks by last Saturday, have been disappointed, but it seems we did not read our Treaty with due care. Be it so; but we have now had the interpretation thereof fixed for us in a manner which admits of no further doubt or dissension. By August 3rd, on Lord Salisbury's own show-

ing, every Russian should be across the Pruth. There should not be one sod of the fortifications of Rustchuk and Silistria left upon another, and the sites at least of the bulwarks which are to do duty in their stead ought to be marked out and in the hands of the Turkish engineers. We do not say that all this may not be so if the Government keep a bold and determined front; but we do say that it will have to be a bolder and a more determined front than they have kept hitherto.

#### THE FLIGHT OF THE CZAR AND THE REIGN OF TERROR.

**I**N a whirlwind of Cossack sotnias densely sweeping round his carriage, the Czar, immediately after the attempt of Solovieff, fled from his capital, leaving behind him a reign of terror. The very place where he seeks a refuge from the increasing cares and dangers is under martial law. South, North, West, and East of that Empire which is said by recreant Liberals to possess a "paternal Government" under the "benevolent rule" of the "deservedly popular Alexander II." are all alike at the mercy of military satraps and their hosts of informers. A novel feature—unheard of even in the history of the maddest Roman Emperors or the vilest Mongol Khans—is the establishment of a spy-force of porters destined to watch the streets. Shades of the familiars of the Holy Inquisition, how small does your number look in comparison with this Porters' Army in Holy Russia! About 10 to 20,000 of them are stationed day and night before the houses of St. Petersburg, forming a valuable reserve in the despotic interest—unless these very guardians should one fine morning, or during a dreary hyperborean night, take the notion into their angry heads that a Government which requires such protection is not fit to exist.

Simple self-respect ought to have induced the Autocrat not to desert his post at this time of great crisis. *Noblesse oblige.* And though of the spirit of true nobility there is certainly not a spark to be found in Czardom, yet the duties of a chief ruler of 80,000,000 people are such that when personal risks are daily incurred by everyone, he cannot leave his place without losing caste. Men of ordinary political influence, when marked out for revenge, would not think, after being unsuccessfully shot at by an enemy, of running away to a distant part of the country, unless theirs was a craven spirit indeed. Alexander the Noble-hearted—of whom we have so often heard that "life is a burden to him"—places the whole length of his Empire between himself and his capital as soon as matters grow serious. It seems that the two holes found in his overcoat after the attempt of April 14th were enough to frighten him terribly. Yet to all appearance he was protected even then by a shirt of mail—a precaution perfectly comprehensible under the circumstances, and which it would be unwise on his part not to adopt.

At Moscow and Warsaw, at St. Petersburg, Kieff, Kharkoff, and Odessa, the Law of Suspects is in the meantime carried out with the utmost rigour. General Gourko, the crosser of the Balkan, has also crossed the last lines of legality—if the word "legality" applies at all to Russian institutions. Invested with unlimited powers, he is now Vice-Emperor, in the place of the disheartened Tyrant. The Grand Dukes are under his orders. For once they will be glad not to have to bear the chief responsibility for acts of sanguinary repression which might draw the hand of the Avenger upon their own persons. Still, we understand that the

Czarewitch himself has received a warning, telling him he had better leave the country for a while, lest trouble should befall him. As to General Gourko, who is known for his pitiless severity, he was shocked to find on his writing-desk a death-warrant—on a day when nobody had entered his room, except his old trusty servant and three officers of the General Staff of the Guards. Arrests among officers of the Preobraschenki, Semenovski, Ismailoff, and Pawloff regiments were the immediate consequence. In one or two cases compromising letters and prints were discovered.

Perhaps the most promising feature is the order issued, under court-martial law, that in all the barracks a list of the soldiers' arms is to be drawn up and to be handed over to the police. This is the strongest sign possible of a suspicion against the army itself. If the troops are no longer trustworthy, what will become of the basis of autocratic rule? The police are already to take charge of the soldiers; but who shall watch the watchers? Actually the first execution at St. Petersburg, carried out under the state of siege, has been that of an officer of the army, of the name of Dubrovin. He was hanged; for though hanging is not a Continental custom, it is by preference employed by military despots against so-called rebels, as in the case of Count Batthyany, General Kiss, and other martyrs of Hungarian independence, whom the wretch Haynau strung up at the gallows. Count Andrassy fortunately escaped at that time from the same fate—a mere accident, which has enabled him since to occupy the foremost position in Austria-Hungary.

There seems to be no doubt that the Revolutionary Committee in Russia has, to some extent, made its imprint upon the higher ranks of the army. The uninformed *mujik* is less easy of approach. The better-educated officers feel deeply the degradation which the autocrat system imposes upon them. We have before us an appeal of the Secret Executive, which urges the military class to take part in the growing movement. In that appeal a parallel is drawn between the return of the Russian army from the Napoleonic wars of 1813-15 and its return from the Turkish campaign, as well as between the conspiracies of 1815-25 and the present secret associations. Our readers may perhaps remember that the same parallels were contained in some articles of ours published in January last. The manifesto of the Revolutionary Committee expresses a firm hope that, "though many victims may yet fall, there is more prospect of success now than there was in 1815-25," and that "it will depend upon all honourable and far-seeing men in the army to facilitate and hasten the decision."

The degree of mistrust which pervades the whole social atmosphere shows itself in the imprisonment of persons belonging to the upper classes, or who are connected by parentage with the very tools of the Administration. Thus we hear of the arrest of a Senator, of a director of the Imperial Bank, of a distinguished Professor, of the son of the Chancellor of the dreaded "Third Division," of the wife of the procurator of a Military Court, and of a nephew of General Drenteln, the chief of the Secret Police. Of the 2000 persons arrested at St. Petersburg alone during the last few weeks, many had to be set free again. Even the officials of a Government which does not require "three lines in writing" from a man in order to be able to hang him, were in many cases utterly at a loss how to substantiate, or to bring forward, any charge whatsoever. The absurdity of the system of intimidation may be measured from the fact of the aged novelist, Ivan Turguénieff, who has

latterly revisited his country after long years of absence, having received a polite intimation that he should withdraw once more, so as to avoid "exciting ovations." At the Universities, the Professors themselves cannot brook the new repressive regulations. In rapid succession professorial protests have come from one University after the other.

During eight days a great scare prevailed at St. Petersburg, of which it is difficult to say whether it was the result of a mere device of the "Nihilists," or whether it had a serious basis. At all events, the Grand Duke Nicholas thought fit, owing to the discovery of a plan of insurrection found in the pocket of a peasant who had come to the capital, to shut himself up for more than a week with his General Staff, and to keep six regiments in constant readiness for action. For the present an open insurrection is out of the question. The Revolutionary Committee are, we believe, content for the nonce with the systematically organised acts of "wild justice." They can wait until the moderate Constitutionalists give some pledge for combined action.

This, we have reason to assume, is the meaning of one of the passages in the last number of *Land and Liberty*, which deals with the state of parties in Russia. The article itself is a full confirmation of what we recently stated. It clearly says that the Revolutionary Committee hold a middle position between the mere theoretic propagandists and the "Social Jacobins" of the *Nabat* (the *Tocsin*) on the one hand, and the moderate Constitutionalists on the other. As soon as the latter "enter the arena of action," in accordance with the suggestion of the Revolutionary Committee, the fate of Czardom will be sealed.

#### OUR TWO WARS.

THE news received from India would seem to point to a speedy conclusion of peace with Afghanistan. Yakoob Khan, after vacillating between two opinions, and, like all persons wanting in decision, offending every party, has at length arrived at the conclusion that his best policy would be to treat with us, and negotiations are now being actively carried on between himself and our representative. It is satisfactory that this should be so, especially as there are rumours of cholera and sickness, for which our troops are unprepared. There is, it is also reported, an outbreak of cattle disease and epidemic among the horses, which, with the hot weather rapidly approaching, would be in itself a very serious matter. While congratulating ourselves on the turn that affairs in Cabul have taken, it will not do to be too sanguine, for it must be borne in mind that it does not follow because Yakoob Khan agrees to the terms dictated by us, that either his people or the various claimants to the throne will be content to abide by his decision. It will tax the energies and diplomacy of the Indian Government to the utmost to place matters on a solid basis, and there must be now none of those half-hearted and double-faced measures which have disgraced all our dealings with former Ameers. The first question that will naturally arise and require settlement is, Who is the Ameer of Cabul? Is Yakoob Khan the head and ruler? If so, let him be recognised before we attempt to settle the terms of peace; otherwise, we may find any treaty that is concluded of no more value than the paper on which it is written, and liable to be repudiated at any moment by one of the numerous upstarts who, having collected a sufficient number of followers, may endeavour

to seize the throne *vi et armis*. It has been in a great measure due to our doubtful and shuffling policy that we have been compelled to send an expedition into Afghanistan at all, and it will be doubly disgraceful if, with the warning before our eyes, we now pursue the same course.

There is another and equally serious matter to be considered, which is, how far we can trust the tribes who hold the passes to keep their word? Supposing a satisfactory arrangement is come to with Yakoob Khan, and we withdraw our troops, can we be certain that even if they do not attack us on the homeward march (a favourite method of warfare with these lawless denizens of the mountains) they will not, so soon as we are clear of the country, refuse to recognise any of the conditions that may have been imposed upon them? It is sincerely to be hoped that it will not be found necessary to leave an army of occupation in Afghanistan; but, as we have said, it does not do to be too sanguine, and as this must, at all hazards, be a final and definite settlement, it behoves the Indian Government to look well at both sides of the question, and leave nothing to chance.

The prospect from South Africa is not so satisfactory, everything, according to the latest intelligence received, being in much the same condition as last week. "Active preparations for a speedy advance are being carried on." As we predicted, the bombast and "tall talk" of the Boers has resulted in nothing, and instead of carrying out their threat of making a prisoner of Sir Bartle Frere, they have welcomed him with effusion. Of course they made a great outcry about independence, as might have been expected, but as far as they are concerned, things would seem to have been amicably arranged. Doubtless the prompt arrival of reinforcements from England tended greatly to this settlement, but under no circumstances could the Boers have expected to do more than harass us and cause a certain amount of local inconvenience. The worst pieces of intelligence are the heavy sick-rate amongst the men in camp at Ginghilovo (ninety-three serious cases, four hundred on the list); and the disaffection and desertion of the cattle drivers. In the first instance the camp is, we are told, admirably adapted for defence, but deficient in water, whence arises the sickness of the troops. We fail to see the use of a site capable of resisting the enemy, but which is in itself an engine of destruction more fatal than the enemy. One of the first principles in selecting a camp is to ascertain that there is abundance of water; but "principles" do not seem to be much attended to in South Africa. The almost equally serious matter of the desertion of the ox-drivers seems to us another case of blundering. The men assert that they were only engaged for Secocoeni's war and for a term of three months; and no provision has been made to supply their places, nor any fresh contract entered into with them. Now, being naturally afraid of the Zulus, they say "enough," and by this circumstance the columns are likely to be seriously crippled. Who is to blame at present is not quite clear, but the inference to be drawn is that active measures against Ketchwayo were decided on in so hasty a manner that there was but little time to consider details. The forage for the horses of both cavalry and artillery is also, according to those who ought to know, unsuitable, more oats than at present issued being required. That after a four miles' march Colonel Law should have been forced to halt the artillery by reason of the deaths among the horses, is in itself a proof that something is radically wrong. It will remain to be seen whether under the

most advantageous circumstances horses direct from England will be able to stand the climate. Opinions are pretty equally divided on the point, but if the horses are improperly fed failure is reduced to a certainty. There is an unauthenticated rumour that there have been heavy losses as yet unpublished, but until confirmation of this is received we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement. There is one point which strikes us particularly, viz., the implicit faith that seemingly is placed in John Dunn, the brother-in-law of Ketchwayo. He appears to be a most trustworthy individual, and we hope and believe him to be so; but if at any time he proved the reverse, he has the whole of our forces in his power. One thing is certain, that there must be a considerable interval before a second invasion can take place. And during the lull before the advance is made it might not be out of place briefly to glance at one or two facts in conjunction with the South African War, the causes which led to it, and the disasters which followed the hasty plan of operations. It is now almost universally admitted, secretly if not openly, that the war was a mistake *ab initio*. It is all very well to say that it was necessary to subdue the Zulu King and bring him to reason. If that was so, care should have been taken that the means employed were sufficient for the end in view. We believe the real reason that Sir Bartle Frere so rashly decided on offensive measures, without waiting for instructions from home, was that he was afraid those instructions would not coincide with his views. Sir Bartle Frere, clever man though he may be, is a fanatic on the subject of Christianity. To christianise the Zulus, or indeed anyone else, he would go through fire and water, and herein lies the secret of his policy. He was determined at any cost to make Christians of Ketchwayo and his warriors, and in his enthusiasm lost sight of the fact that Christianity by coercion loses one of the first principles it professes, viz., brotherly love. Now Lord Chelmsford, on the other hand, is an ardent disciple of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson school, and to him spirituous liquors are the "abomination of desolation." Without for one moment denying the man who likes cold tea better than whiskey and water, or drinks the same for conscience sake, the right to please himself, we assert it as a curious though well-known fact, that anyone with a hobby, be the nature of it what it may, is never eminently successful when placed in a situation of responsibility. The hobby is sure to get the better of him; and while devoting half his energies in its direction, he neglects the more important subject-matter with which he may have been entrusted. In Lord Chelmsford we seem to have a notable instance of this, and "cold tea" in his case evidently was in the ascendant over intrenchments and ordinary precautionary measures. That he has profited by the lessons received is evident, and we here enter our protest against the too prevalent custom of laying the blame of every disaster on the shoulders of the General commanding. That he has committed grave errors is undeniable, but no man is ubiquitous, and some of those under his command have blundered on occasions when Lord Chelmsford himself was miles away and powerless to interfere. The non-recognition of a flag of truce has yet to be explained, and until some more definite details are to hand, it were well not to arrive at too hasty a conclusion. Ketchwayo's professions are not to be trusted, and if the reports that he is about to turn his attention to the Transvaal are true, no time should be lost in thwarting his operations and bringing him on his knees, a humble suppliant for our mercy.

## EAST ROUMELIA.

THE East Roumelian question is in a greater muddle than ever. By the Treaty of Berlin Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia were to be free from Russian troops by the 3rd of May, Turkish garrisons were to occupy the Balkans, and the Governor of Eastern Roumelia was to call in Turkish troops in the event of the Bulgarians raising disturbances. The 3rd of May has come and gone, and though there is an unconfirmed rumour that some of the Russian troops are on their way home, it seems that the Powers have tacitly consented to a prolongation of the Russian occupation for three months beyond the date fixed by the Treaty—which, notwithstanding the denials of Lord Salisbury and the *Times*, is plainly the 3rd of May, both in the French and English versions of the document. As to the occupation of the Balkans by the Turkish garrisons, this has been postponed *sine die*; and the calling in of the Turkish troops, which will doubtless become necessary as soon as the Russians leave, is even more problematical, Aleko Pasha, the new Governor, having declared that if the European Commission should ask him to do so, he would resign. What line of action Aleko will adopt in dealing with the formidable problems that await him is indeed a mystery. The Russian papers are doing their best to excite the minds of the Bulgarians against him by declaring that he is one of those Phanariotes whom the Porte has at all times of its history employed as unscrupulous agents of its will, and that his professions of attachment to Bulgaria are mere Jesuitry. Aleko and his family certainly proved themselves devoted servants of the Porte for many years, and especially on an occasion very similar to the present one. On the 1st of March, 1857, Prince Nicholas, Aleko's brother, was appointed by the Porte Governor of Moldavia, with instructions to use all possible means of preventing the election to the Diet of men favourable to a union with Wallachia, it being known that an agitation had been got up in both the Principalities with that object. Prince Nicholas carried out his instructions with such zeal that Russia, Prussia, France, and Italy demanded that the elections should be pronounced invalid, and the Porte was obliged to order new ones. A significant letter on this subject from Aleko Pasha, who was then Secretary to the Ottoman Embassy in London, to his brother Nicholas was published at the time, and may perhaps give some indication of his present way of thinking. "What does it matter to you," he says in this letter, "whether the men recommended to you by the Austrian Consul are moral or vicious? The only thing you have to do in such a case is to ascertain whether these men are really and truly against the union, and to employ them only on this condition. There is no longer any question now of morality, or, philosophically speaking, of good or bad conduct, but only of maintaining the Imperial rights against the evil-minded and the enemies of his Majesty our Sovereign; all those who can contribute to our attaining this object must be welcomed as friends." How entirely Nicholas failed in preventing the union of Moldavia and Wallachia by acting on these principles all the world knows. Whether his brother will be more fortunate in preventing the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia remains to be seen.

## SIR BARTLE FRERE'S POWERS.

DURING the past week constant reference has been made in both Houses of Parliament to the question of a possible arrangement in Zululand, and the



attitude which Sir Bartle Frere is entitled or expected to assume in such an event. On Friday last Lord Granville applied to Lord Cadogan for information in the Upper House, and received an answer amounting to the assertion that Sir Bartle had no discretion left him as to the terms of peace, but was to depend on instructions from home. On Monday Mr. Bright, making similar explorations in the Commons, was informed that the High Commissioner at the Cape had been furnished with instructions both negative and positive which put him fully in possession of the mind of the Government. Finally, on Tuesday night Lord Granville returned to the charge in the Lords, for the purpose of clearing up the apparent discrepancy. On this occasion the knot was thought worthy of the interposition of the Prime Minister as a *vindex*, though it cannot be said that his interposition entirely explained the difficulty. Practically the answer came to this: that Sir Bartle was fully instructed as to general principles (of which the most important, besides others not divulged, are the reception of a British resident in Zululand and the modification of the "man-slaying machine"), but that on details the Government held their own and his hands pending the receipt of some further information.

We hardly think that there can be much objection to this importunity, and it certainly expresses the anxiety of a good many persons outside the House who are by no means foes of the Government *quand-même*. The objections which lie against Parliamentary inquisitiveness into matters of European policy do not extend to such a case as this of Ketchwayo. There is no danger of that much-abused monarch being informed to our detriment of the tenor of debates in Parliament, and the publication of the intentions of the Government could not in any way prejudice the public interests. On the other hand, the circumstances of this contest justify a certain amount of anxiety and a desire to be fully acquainted with the plans of the Ministry. We have found ourselves engaged in an expensive and disastrous war, which every fair-minded critic allows to have been unnecessary, and which not a few people suspect to be monstrously unjust. This unpleasant predicament is not, indeed, due to the Government, but it is exactly in this fact that the mischief lies. The Government and the country have been plunged into the mess by the act of a very able and very meritorious, but exceedingly intractable and opinionated public servant. That public servant is very well known to be supported by a considerable body of opinion among the Colonists, who have everything to win and nothing to lose. The favourite dream of your enterprising Cape Colonist is an extension of his domains to the Zambesi, the expense thereof being charged strictly on the Imperial exchequer, and the profit going to the intelligent and enterprising persons who assemble in legislative assembly under the shadow of Table Mountain. For ourselves we have nothing at present to say to the plan, but we have a very great objection to make to the means by which alone it is proposed to be carried out. If English sovereignty is in the process of time extended to the Zambesi, or the Lualaba, or the Niger, by proper and legitimate means—that is to say, by the explorations, commerce, and peaceful establishment of British citizens—so much the better for Africa; we can hardly say so much the better for England. But still we should doubtless undertake this part of our mission as we have undertaken so many others. But we do very strongly object to the carrying out of this Capetown crotchet by main force, at the cost of blood, treasure, and honour to England, and of ruin and misery to free and not ignoble

communities who happen to lie in the way of our expansive zeal. The jargon of the Aborigines Protection Society is one thing; common sense and common fairness are things quite different. We do not set up black men as angels; indeed, we have every reason to believe that they are nearly as great scoundrels as white men. But we do object to a crusade against a nation because its military, diplomatic, and matrimonial arrangements interfere with annexationist plans, and appear ideally unfit to this or that apostle of this or that faith or crotchet. To illustrate what we mean we may notice that, at a recent May Meeting, a right reverend person extolled the Afghan War as a possible means of spreading missionary effort. It is notorious that the same attitude is common at the Cape with reference to the war in Zululand. The missionaries, indeed, are not agreed as to the precise Gospel which is to be spread. To some it is the Christian religion, to others the development of the trade in Cape brandy; some have in view the souls of natives, and others the tusks of elephants. But if there is a slight discrepancy as to the end, there is a singular unanimity as to the means.

Now what we want to know, and what we believe the great majority of Englishmen want to know, is whether proper measures have been taken to prevent our High Commissioner at the Cape from lending himself to these views of the Colonial gentlemen who are so industriously getting up meetings to pass votes of confidence in him. We do not in the least suspect the Government of sharing the views of the missionaries, reverend or alcoholic, ivory-hunting or abolitionist; for it is a comical but quite true feature in the case that some gentlemen hate slavery so much that they would willingly exterminate slaves and slave-holders together in order to put an end to it. Sir Bartle Frere is, as we have said, a very able man, but he is known to be an advocate of more than one of these crotchets. It is, therefore, not uncharitable to suspect that as he precipitated us into a war for which we were not ready, for which there was hardly any valid excuse, and which he was forbidden almost in so many words by the home Government to engage in, he may, unless measures are taken to prevent him, refuse or miss opportunities of putting an end to that war on terms which would be perfectly satisfactory to the country, but which might not satisfy himself and his Colonial crotcheteers. We may, of course, be doing Sir Bartle an injustice. But it must be remembered that England is a very severely burnt child in respect of this Zulu War, and it is not surprising that she should entertain some dread of the fire. The very distance and difficulty of communication upon which Lord Cadogan and Lord Beaconsfield dwelt are elements of aggravation in the matter. Sir Bartle cannot, if he would, send repeatedly for instructions, every one of which would take at least a month for application and reply; therefore it is that a clear intimation of the terms of peace which the Government have doubtless recommended to the High Commissioner in South Africa would be a considerable relief to the mind of this country. We have said that we can see no reason why it should not be given, and if it is not we fear that the general public will come to only one conclusion. It is possible that Ministers distrust their delegate so thoroughly that they are afraid to publish his instructions for fear of a telegram next day from St. Vincent showing that those instructions have been completely disregarded. But this is scarcely a consideration which can be looked upon as reassuring.

## MUSEUMS FOR THE MILLION.

A DEBATE which was unusually animated, and a division which was unexpectedly close, testified on Monday last to the importance attached by the House of Lords to Lord Thurlow's resolution. A proposal to throw open museums and other places of recreation on Sundays might naturally be expected to meet with more opposition in the Upper than in the Lower House, not only because an array of bishops sit ready to join in the attack upon it, but also on account of the long-standing aversion of the Peers to such radical changes either in Church or State, and to yielding a point in favour of anything which may be even erroneously described as popular clamour. The mere fact, therefore, that the majority against the resolution was only eight, in a fairly full House, proves that its advocates have gained much ground in the public favour since the subject was last before Parliament. Nor can it well be doubted that such progress will be steadily continued until at least some such reasonable concession as Lord Thurlow demands is extorted from the Legislature.

It is difficult, no doubt, to say anything new on this subject, although, as Lord Beaconsfield says, it is one of comparatively modern appearance. Still more impossible is it to discuss very patiently the arguments by which the proposed concession is combated by its opponents. The opposition may be considered as based upon two theories—one which denies the benefits to be secured by the change, and the other which asserts that the mischiefs involved in it outweigh the advantages. In the former of these lines we have the Archbishop of Canterbury, who denies that the working classes are anxious for the proposed boon, and the Prime Minister, who asks what is the evidence that there is any strong feeling on the subject. Now, it may be very likely that in some towns the working classes have not been very keen in support of the measure. Strike committees and agitators are not always distinguished by zeal for the moral improvement of those whom they claim to represent; and the delights of visiting collections of art and science are not very immediately apparent to men who have become habituated to Sundays at the gin-palace. But the proof that there is a demand for such advantages is no longer a matter of argument and speculation—it has been proved to exist not only in the great towns of the Continent and America, but in several places upon British soil, where the experiment of opening such places is now being tried. Lord Beaconsfield himself will hardly venture to doubt what is the state of public feeling in the country now that he has seen 59 peers in a House of 126 endorse by their votes a demand in respect of which they are personally more disinterested than any other class.

The disadvantages which are alleged to be inseparable from the measure are more numerous, and to some extent better established. But it will be noted that those arguments which a few years ago were most freely used are receding into the background. That purely Sabbatarian and Puritanical zeal which regards innocent recreation as sinful and illegal was very little used in the House of Lords, and can obviously be no longer insisted upon with the acrimony once displayed. Next in order to it, and depending also partly upon religious grounds, is the plea for a "day of rest," and the well-established horror of what is called "the foreign Sunday." This orthodox hatred of a system which prevails in Catholic countries is one with which we have no desire to quarrel. The fallacy of invoking it upon the present question is that it really is not involved therein. The Archbishop

almost took it for granted that the opening of the British Museum and the three other places named would necessitate a general "secularisation" of the Sunday. But is there any sensible reason for suspecting such a result in the case of museums and galleries rather than in the case of parks and gardens? Or has it been shown by experience either in Sydney, in Chicago, in Dublin, or in any of the English towns that any such result must follow? The conclusions which are drawn in theory have already been disproved by actual facts; and each day will demonstrate more clearly their utter groundlessness. Another of the ancient objections is based upon the undeniable fact that the opening of museums would entail a certain amount of Sunday labour upon the custodians. The extent of that labour as compared with the results to the public is, however, infinitesimally small, and Lord Thurlow has taken the trouble to find out that in the case of the special places to which his resolution referred there would be no objection on this score by the custodians on whom the extra trouble would be imposed. There is much force in the argument that if such an objection were upheld it would behove us to shut up parks and gardens and almost all places of public assemblage.

The Prime Minister, while he disclaimed in terms what is known as the "wedge" theory, advanced what is practically the same contention—that to open these places would lead to a change in the observance of Sunday and in the public habits of the nation. Yet even if we admit to the full the dangers of this result—if we grant that the English Sunday since the days of Cromwell has been so far superior to the English Sunday of older times—we may fairly question whether effects so sweeping would follow from a change so moderate. It is necessary that the line should be drawn somewhere, and it is at present drawn at a certain point. Does it follow that by moving the line a little higher or a little lower we thereby open the flood-gates of license, and abolish all distinctions between an English and a French or Spanish Sunday? We cannot help thinking that in this matter both common-sense and experience lead most infallibly to the opposite conclusion.

It remains to mention Lord Beaconsfield's plea for the repose of the working classes. This is a specious argument, and may have influenced more votes and opinions than any other amongst the more practical class of modern Englishmen. But there is an evident and dangerous fallacy in the definition of the word "rest." If the artisan, overdone with six days' labour, and weary both in mind and body, were anxious or willing to sleep away all his Sunday afternoon, or sit reading a good book for six or eight hours, it would be unkind, and perhaps wrong, to drag him away and force him to promenade a gallery of art; but statistics show that this sort of lethargic enjoyment is not what the British workman prefers. He is not too weary to get up and move about; he is not profoundly anxious to "rest" in the sense of doing nothing at all. If it is fine he swarms out into the parks and squares; if it is wet he goes to the public-house. The question is whether if he had the chance he would not go to some place of innocent instruction and recreation. This is what he does in Antwerp, as well as in Florence; in Paris, no less than at Berlin. Is there any reason to suppose that a visit to the National Gallery or the South Kensington Museum would be so fatiguing to the London artisan as to destroy his "day of rest?" It is idle to say that he has Bank holidays and Saturday afternoons, even if it were universally a true statement; for the question is

not whether he is now altogether without a chance of visiting museums, but whether that chance cannot fairly be offered to him on the day when he is most able and most likely to avail himself of it. The opulent classes have a hundred opportunities of visiting such places on Sunday, and a great mistake is made by those who imagine that the working man does not know this. It will not be the smallest of the benefits gained when Lord Thurlow's case is at last won, that another barrier will be then thrown down between one class and another, and that the poor man as well as the rich will have the chance at least even, if he will, to take his rest, as Lord Derby well expressed it, in gazing upon "the noblest works of God and man."

#### THE VICTORIAN DEADLOCK.

IF everybody does not know in a general way what the Hon. Graham Berry came to England for, several weeks ago, it is hardly Mr. Berry's fault, as his letters in the newspapers and his speeches at public meetings have proclaimed his mission pretty widely. As to its precise purport, however, he has not been very explicit, and as to its progress no information at all was vouchsafed till the beginning of this week, when Mr. Berry had done all he could with the Colonial Office, and had taken his passage back to Melbourne. Now that we do know something about the details of the business, it is worth looking into.

Mr. Berry, we need hardly remind our readers, is the Prime Minister of Victoria, a clever and successful politician, on whom the Democratic party in the colony bases its hope of utterly discomfiting its Conservative rival. The Conservatives in Victoria are, from an English point of view, tolerably democratic; but, comprising the largest landlords, nearly all the clergy, most of the professional men, and a great number of merchants—in fact, both the oldest colonists who have acquired a considerable stake in their new home, and those younger settlers who keep up most sympathy with the mother-country—they are not willing that universal suffrage, fickle in some of its dictates, and, as they think, most mischievous when its voice is most steadfast, should have undisputed power. They generally form only a very small minority in the House of Assembly; but their vote is always paramount in the Legislative Council. Accordingly, for the last two-and-twenty years, ever since the Colonial Parliament was divided into two Chambers, there has been more or less open war between the two. Professor Pearson, Mr. Berry's colleague in the mission to London, complains in a very able, but, of course, strongly biassed article in this month's *Fortnightly Review* that, in its twenty-two years' existence, the Council has rejected or quashed a hundred-and-six Bills sent up to it by the Assembly, and spoiled or damaged a great many others before allowing them to become law; that when, after years of fighting, it has at last yielded to the popular will, as in the abolition of State aid to religion and in allowing mines to be opened and carried on on private property, it has exacted unreasonable compromises; and that, not content to claim to itself in Victoria obstructive powers equal to those of the House of Lords in England, it has interfered with many Bills of a kind which the House of Lords would not venture to touch. Angry disputes between the two Chambers have thus been frequent during many years past, and at length matters have come to such a pass that Mr. Berry was sent home to lay the case before Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and to ask his consent to an appeal being made to the British Parliament with a view

to the functions of the Legislative Council being defined within very much narrower limits than it now claims for them. To that request Sir Michael Hicks Beach has very properly refused to accede; but he appears to have instructed the Governor of Victoria to recommend the Council voluntarily to yield the two principal points demanded—that is, to assert no authority over Money Bills, and to offer no more than a temporising resistance to any other measures sent up to it; in other words, to assume a similar position to the Assembly to that which our House of Lords holds to our House of Commons. He also suggests that an easy way of securing more harmony between the Chambers would be for the Council, instead of living on for ten years, as it now does, to be, like the Assembly, elected triennially.

In saying that the Colonial Secretary seems to have gone quite as far as he was justified in going. Some will think that he has gone too far. Yet it does not come to much. He only advises the Conservatives of Victoria to do what they are not very likely to do. When Victoria ceased to be a Crown colony, the colonists were left, as it was only reasonable and necessary that they should be, to frame for themselves a Constitution pretty much as they pleased. They chose to have an extremely popular Representative Assembly, intended to answer, for all domestic purposes, to the House of Commons, foreign affairs being of course left mainly in the hands of the Crown, and their Legislative Council was meant to be as much like the House of Lords as a body elected for decennial periods under a tolerably high property qualification can be like a body of hereditary peers with a sprinkling of bishops in it. Even twenty years ago there were far fewer wealthy landlords in the colony than there now are, and between those it had and the rest of their community there was much less difference of station and purpose than now presents itself. That any great differences would arise seems to have occurred to no one. All that was intended was, that the Lower Chamber should give the freest possible expression to the popular voice, and that it should be held in reasonable check by an Upper House representative of such matured wisdom as wealth and longer duration could secure. The difficulties that have since arisen were not foreseen, and were therefore not provided against in the Constitution of Victoria. Now that they have developed themselves, however, it seems unreasonable for the Radicals to call upon the British Parliament to side with them against the Conservatives in altering the slipshod arrangements that they adopted in 1856. They are, indeed, proposing to establish a precedent that may be dangerous to themselves. They clamoured for self-government till they got it. If they now ask Parliament to meddle with their affairs in a direction they desire, they may pave the way for future meddlings in directions very distasteful to them. It would be quite as legitimate for Parliament to break up their Protectionist tariff as to break up the Conservative power in their Council.

Whether the Victorian Conservatives will take Sir Michael Hicks Beach's advice remains to be seen. That they will yield in the matter of Money Bills is likely enough; but we doubt their doing more. If they are obstinate, we are threatened with another visit from Mr. Berry, and some much more ferocious action than he has hitherto pursued, though of what sort is still a mystery. But we need not be alarmed. The Victorian Radicals are hardly likely to rebel against England because England declines to stamp out their Conservative foes. And the political connection between England and her Australian colonies is already so slight that anything

short of open rebellion can hardly weaken it. Meanwhile both practical men and theorists may watch the struggle that is now going on with interest. It is the same sort of struggle that has been going on in England for a good many generations, and is still as vigorous as ever—the same sort of struggle as we also see going on in the United States, in France, and in every other country that has, or aspires to have, political freedom. Our kinsmen in Victoria have chosen to work out, in ways of their own, a problem which is very old, yet still as new as ever. All we can do is to wish them well through it, and to get what profit we can out of their blunders as well as their wise examples.

#### MATRIMONY IN PARLIAMENT.

MANY persons have complained, with some show of justice, that Parliament has devoted too much time during this session to foreign affairs, and too little to home matters. On Tuesday evening the domestic legislators had their turn, for both Houses debated proposals which, if carried out, would affect the most private affairs of the inhabitants of England, and theirs only. Of the two alleged abuses for which remedies were proposed, there can be no doubt that the one which formed the subject of discussion in the Lower House is the more real, and Parliament showed its appreciation of this reality by carrying the resolution, in the teeth of the opposition of the Solicitor-General and other eminent members of the Conservative Party, by a very considerable majority. Lord Houghton, as usual, made out a fair case for his—shall we say fair?—clients. Whether the present law presses most heavily on men who want to marry their deceased wives' sisters, or on ladies who are anxious to espouse their brothers-in-law, the noble orator did not state. Perhaps his eloquence has been inspired by the knowledge of several cases which are equally cruel to both sexes. If so, he should, like Mr. Farrer Herschell, have quoted them in support of his opinion, which had the benefit of the Prince of Wales's mediation in favour of the Norfolk farmers, and that of the Earl of Beaconsfield for those of Buckinghamshire. It is evident that the agricultural interest is desirous of marrying its sister-in-law, and that marriages in Norfolk and Bucks turn out so happily that no less than 4410 sturdy yeomen wish to repeat with a second sister the experiment which has resulted so satisfactorily with the first. But although it must always be the aim of every Government to conciliate this interest, if possible, we are happy to see that the Premier did not do more than present the petition, and was not induced by the knowledge that 1142 rural swains were languishing in the throes of an (at present) entirely hopeless attachment, to throw the weight of the Government vote into their scale. Hard as their case may be, and inappropriate as may be the application of the proverb, *De minimis non curat lex*, we cannot admit that any satisfactory reason has been made out to change a law which was based, not on this or that reading of Leviticus, but on expediency. It is true that in other countries marriages of this description are allowed, and cases have occurred in Austria of a man marrying three sisters in succession. But although the laws of the country, and not those of the Church, permit such unions, the state of morality there will hardly be quoted as an example of the beneficent effect of the laxity Lord Houghton would see introduced here. Not the marriage laws, but those of succession,

require amendment in this respect. If a man is not allowed to marry his sister-in-law because she is his sister *in law*, the law should not charge her with legacy duty on any money he may leave her, as if she were a stranger.

Mr. Herschell was more successful with his resolution condemning actions for breach of promise. He hardly, we think, quoted the strongest cases which could have been brought in to support his views. No counsel of eminence, when he gives an honest opinion, will ever advise a man to fight an action of this description. Unless the plaintiff is exceptionally ugly, and her case exceptionally weak, every barrister of experience will advise a male defendant to compromise at almost any cost. The few cases brought into court are a tiny minority of the actions for breach of promise threatened or commenced. Solicitors having a large practice know that ten, aye twenty, such matters come into their office for every one that is actually tried, simply because they, and the lawyers who advise them, are aware that a man has no chance whatever with a jury, unless it be under the exceptional circumstances mentioned. The Solicitor-General's argument that judges may be trusted to direct juries, and the juries to find accordingly, must have raised a smile on the face of the gravest lawyer in the House. For not only do juries frequently give the most outrageous damages to plaster the lacerated feelings of a pretty barmaid, whose coquettish smile and seductive "nips" have carried away one admirer, a little more ardent than the rest of the swains who lean confidently over the bar, to whisper something which can, by a liberal interpretation, be construed into a positive proposal; but they often give verdicts directly against the judge's summing-up, and entirely against the weight of evidence. The "Trial of Bardell *versus* Pickwick" was hardly exaggerated. A pretty woman, carefully and modestly got up in black, who throws back her veil to give evidence, and who answers counsels' cruel cross-questioning in a low, gentle voice, as if all her testimony against the vile deceiver was given most unwillingly, while she pretends to be only too eager to find something in his favour, will infallibly carry the jury as one man, and the defendant is lucky if she does not carry the judge too. All this is notorious in the legal profession, and the result is that, while a very large number of cases are settled out of Court by the payment of a heavy sum to the fair and disconsolate plaintiff, some few, where the sum insisted on is too extortionate, or where the defendant's lawyers care more about their fees than about their clients' interests, are actually tried. This is of course a matter of great joy to the public and of great discomfiture of the unfortunate man, who has not only to pay heavily, but to be laughed at by all the readers of the daily papers into the bargain. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the law, as it stands, is made an instrument of extortion far more frequently and to a much greater extent than the general public suppose. It can fairly be stated that it is more often made use of for this purpose than for obtaining real justice, and when once this is the case, it is high time that the law should be altered. A few careless girls may suffer, but the great majority will gain. And we believe that, in truth, the girls will suffer much less than is generally supposed. They will not only be more careful of their reputation and virtue, which under a promise of marriage many did not guard over zealously, but a great incentive to intriguing for a proposal, to that third-rate flirtation which makes the bars of refreshment-rooms almost inaccessible to the man

who only wants a sandwich and not a pretty barmaid, and which extends throughout the whole of the lower middle class, will have disappeared. That without this incentive the lives of girls who are liable to many attentions from passing admirers will be less pleasant, we cannot believe; that they will be better and purer, we see no reason to doubt.

#### EMMA WADE'S MARTYRDOM.

THERE is at present lying, in the county gaol of Lincoln, a young girl just respited from a sentence of death. Under what possible delusion the jurymen who convicted her were labouring when they found her guilty of murder in the first degree, we cannot explain; possibly, however, they were bewildered by the summing-up of the Judge, who, according to the reporters, "reminded the jury that their verdict must be based, not upon their feelings, but their judgment." It seems to us, at all events, that the verdict was very cruel, rash, and wrong, and that, while exhibiting little feeling, it showed no judgment whatever. The facts were very simple. Emma Wade, a domestic servant and the daughter of a police-constable, contracted an attachment for a jeweller's assistant in Stamford, was seduced by him, and gave birth to an illegitimate child. At the time of its birth she was residing at home, and the evidence showed that she was gentle, dutiful, and affectionate, both to her parents and to the child. Her father seems to have treated her kindly, with the patience of love, but it was proved that the mother subjected her to just that kind of persecution, seasoned with taunt and insult, which drives a feeble girl to despair. She was daily taunted with her shame, and urged to return to service. On the evening of April 18 her sister, hearing a scream, rushed upstairs, and found Emma in mortal agony. "Take the baby," she cried, "I have poisoned it and myself." Medical assistance being called in, the mother was recovered, but the infant died, traces of strychnine, Prussian blue, and wheat flour (elements of a poison called "Battle's Vermin Killer") being afterwards found in its stomach. Previous to taking the poison the distracted girl wrote to Scarcliff, her lover, a long letter of farewell, which we quote at full length, certain that it forms in itself a stronger appeal for mercy than any words of ours:—

"Stamford.—Dear Harry,—I am sorry to write to you. Dear Harry, I return your portrait with a heavy heart. It's sadder than I can express to anyone; but I have borne my mother's treatment till I can't any longer. Dear Harry, it is all because father won't turn me out in the streets. The words she uttered about me and the baby—they are too cruel to express to you. Dear Harry, I love my child as I love my life, but I can't go through the treatment I am going through now; my life is a complete misery, and my child's too. Dear Harry, I wish to bid you farewell in this world, but I hope to meet you in another, never to part again. I hope the Lord will forgive me and take me to a home of rest. Harry, I have one comfort; and that is I know my child will be happy. So now, dear Harry, you must pass me out of your mind and look for something brighter. Dear Harry, I wish to tell you it is nothing on your part. Dear Harry, my love is never vanished: I love you now as I loved you at first; you (have) been in my thoughts from morning till night. So now I must bid you farewell for ever. I hope you may enjoy happiness in this world and the next, too. My heart is too full to speak all, so good-bye for ever.—EMMA.—Respect Mrs. Weatherington. She has been a kind friend to me. I have sent you a piece of baby's hair. You won't forget her name—Constance May Scarcliff."

It seems to us, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that a more beautiful letter was never written. In its infinite simplicity and pathos, in its gentle dignity and sorrow, it is a wonderful production for the pen of a domestic servant. Note the tenderness of the thought,

"I have one comfort, and that is I know my child will be happy," together with the last piteous words, "I have sent you a piece of baby's hair." Yet with this document before them, with the poor heart-broken martyr herself facing them, the jurymen, listening to their "judgment," not their "feelings," brought in their verdict of wilful murder.

We are no apologists for infanticide. We have no sympathy for the mother, however troubled and distressed, who to save herself from ignominy or inconvenience destroys her helpless child. But for the poor, bewildered, distracted girl, herself almost a child, who loves her child so passionately that she cannot bear to hear it despised and spoken of with cruel scorn, and who, having no earthly hope, cries to God, "Forgive me, take me—take us both—to a home of rest," we feel, and every true-hearted man must feel, that pity which is too deep for tears. The law of this country, with curious inconsistency, pronounces suicide to be a criminal offence, and at the same time connects with every suicide an exculpatory explanation of "temporary insanity." The sentiment of this country pronounces that there are a thousand things so hard to bear, so terrible to understand, especially amongst those classes on whom the pinch of life comes sorest, that suicide is sometimes the only escape from a great and seemingly endless difficulty. The poor unfortunate, "weary of breath," and "sick of life's mystery," has the sympathy of every thinking being, whether her story be told by a penny-a-liner in a mere newspaper paragraph or by a great poet in an immortal song. Put the case only altered a very little: If a broken-hearted mother, clutching her child to her heart, were to leap over Waterloo Bridge, and if when they drew her forth still breathing the child were found to be dead, who would not sympathise? and if afterwards the mother were tried for murder and condemned to death, who would not feel his soul rise in passionate protestation? Now, it really makes very little difference, save to a poet treating the subject, whether the means of suicide is found in the Thames by moonlight or in a wretched packet of "Battle's Vermin Killer." The offence, the motive, the moral responsibility, is the same. Emma Wade's was a case of suicide pure and simple. The poor girl wished to die, and she loved her baby far too passionately to leave it behind her. In a moment of delirium, she clutched it to her, and sank, as she believed, to slumber, confident in the mercy of God. Her last thought was of her darling babe. "I have sent you a piece of baby's hair. You won't forget her name—Constance May Scarcliff." Her last thought was to give it *his* name, to lend its poor memory that shelter which she could not legally claim. Picture her agony, her despair, when they drew her back out of the very Shadow of Death, when she awoke, not to God's mercy, but to man's judgment; her babe dead upon her breast, her heart broken, her brain still stagnified from its fatal sleep. If ever woman was punished for her sins, if ever woman drank the cup of man's cruelty to the dregs, that woman was Emma Wade. Tortured back to life, dragged to prison, pitilessly tried, what must she have suffered in those dreadful days, until the hour came when the Judge assumed the black cap, and sentenced her to be hung by the neck till she was dead!

Of course the execution of the capital sentence was in this case impossible; of course the recommendation to mercy has been heard, and the reprieve has come. But a cruel injustice will still be done if the sentence is not commuted to a comparatively short period of imprisonment. Just now a contemporary is making a great agi-

tation because an elderly working man, having wilfully slain another man from whom he received a cruel provocation, has been sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, and a large public fund is being subscribed for the convict's family. Poor Emma Wade, a mere child of nineteen, for simply having tried to escape with her infant from the inhumanity of men, has been actually sentenced to death! And as yet scarcely a sign has been made on her behalf. Yet if eighteen months' imprisonment was a hard sentence on the man Pace, half that term of imprisonment would more than adequately punish the girl Wade. Come what may now, more cruelty or a little mercy—earth has no more happiness, heaven has no more comfort, for this poor martyred girl. Her punishment has been terrible beyond measure. If there is any justice in the law of England, if there is any pity in the hearts of Englishmen, if this is a Christian land, the prison gates will ere long be thrown open, and the poor would-be-suicide, awakened from her "temporary insanity," will pass forth to make one more trial of a wicked and a cruel world.

### THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

#### X.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—(PART FIRST.)

WHAT was true of Christ's Hospital sixty-five years ago is not a whit less so at this present day. It has "no rival even in a country abundant above all others in charitable establishments." Comparisons are often made between it and other schools, but such comparisons are apt to prove misleading, for Christ's Hospital is the only institution of its kind. It is, in fact, a charity school. We use the term in no sense of disparagement. It is the greatest and noblest charity school in the world; but a charity school none the less. Yet we would no more liken the Christ's Hospital boy to a "charity boy" than we would compare the ladies who live rent-free in Hampton Court Palace, with cronies in the parish workhouse. But while the recognition of the fact imports no loss of dignity either to the school or its scholars, it does enable the public to form a more correct estimate of the way in which the Governing Body have carried out, and are carrying out, the work entrusted to them.

We have no intention of tracing the history of the Hospital. Is it not already written in many chronicles? Whatever the original object of the foundation—and we may here remark that its revenues are derived almost entirely from gifts made since the time when the institution assumed its present shape—there can be little doubt that no scheme, essentially different from the present one, could go so far to secure the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." The true poor of England are to be found in the middle classes. Broadcloth is a burdensome badge to its wearer; and the tailor's bill is but a tithe of the total expenses it entails, so many are the conventional distinctions between the cloth coat and the fustian jacket. To the middle classes, accordingly, Christ's Hospital holds out a helping hand. One-sixth of the whole number of boys are clergyman's sons; the rest are for the most part sons of professional or commercial men, or of officers of either service.

The Governing Body of the school is composed of the President, Treasurer, and Governors—a donation of five hundred pounds giving the qualification of Life Governor. The Head-master has a voice, but not a vote, in the deliberations of this body. Boys are admitted on the presentation of a Governor. Every boy so presented must, however, pass the doctor, and also a qualifying entrance examination. Further than this, the circum-

stances of every case are inquired into by the Committee of Governors, and, if the means of the parents seem so easy as to warrant such a step, the boy is refused admission. If these various tests are satisfactorily disposed of, the boy is off his parents' hands for some seven or, it may be, ten or eleven years to come. During this time the Hospital provides him with food, clothes, lodging, instruction, books, and, if necessary, medical attendance—with everything, in fact, but pocket-money and travelling expenses. The youngsters are first sent to the branch establishment at Hertford; where there are over four hundred boys, and also—what is known to few in the outside world—a school for girls. When a boy has worked his way to the top form at Hertford, he passes to London. The great majority of the boys leave when they are sixteen; each year, however, some seven or eight are selected, who stay another three years, and then proceed to the University with an exhibition. Thus out of the seven-hundred-and-fifty boys there are only some two dozen who are above the age of sixteen.

The classes at Christ's Hospital bear names peculiar to the institution. The "Grecians," of whom there are two sections or "partings," correspond to the Upper Sixth; next come "Probationers," doing much the same work as Grecians, but shorn of their glories, and corresponding to the Lower Sixth. "Deputy Grecians" answer to the Fifth Form. These, with two Forms known as the "Great" and "Little Erasmus," compose the Upper School. The Upper Fourth, which represents the Shell elsewhere, takes precedence next after the Great Erasmus. The classes in the Naval or Royal Mathematical School are known as "Orders."

Though boasting itself an "ancient foundation," Christ's Hospital has not failed to move forward with the times. Twenty years ago, it is true, there remained more than was good of antiquity; but since that time many changes have been made, and very much is due to Mr. Bell during the seven years of his Head-mastership. He was every inch a head-master, having alike the eye to discover, and the courage to carry out, necessary reforms. The old, narrow grooves have expanded, new subjects of study have been introduced, sanitary arrangements have been more studied, and rules of discipline modified. The mathematical teaching at Christ's Hospital is especially good. Indeed, a distinguished "coach" at the University used to give it as his experience that there were two "mathematical masters" in England, of whom Mr. Potter, the late head mathematical master of Christ's Hospital, was one. But though more attention is paid to mathematics than is common in our public schools, classics still hold the most important place, and progress in classics decides a boy's place in the school. English, French, German, and Natural Science have been added to the list of studies. Christ's Hospital, sending only seven or eight boys to the University each year, is placed at a disadvantage, so far as University class-lists go, as compared with other public schools. It can, nevertheless, show two Second Wranglers and Smith's Prizemen, many first classes, and several Fellowships and University Scholarships. Music is perhaps the line in which Christ's Hospital has made most rapid progress. The music of the past and the music of the present are as unlike as a seven-leagued boot and Cinderella's shoe. A singing lesson in the old style was a thing to see. There were the boys in long rows on either side of the tables in the dining-hall, their faces towards the organ loft. Printed music was unknown; the organist shouted out the words of the anthem clause by clause, and the boys picked up the tune by ear. When the piece was in trim to be sung

straight through, the poor old gentleman would have to stop from time to time, because there were some boys "singing gruff" or "singing the wrong words," for there were traditional parodies much affected by the more profane. Now, however, the musical instruction is quite another thing. Instead of such a rough-and-ready teaching of the whole mass of boys, one hears a carefully-trained choir going through piece after piece with marvellous precision; or without fear for one's nervous system one may go into another room where the bandmaster is piloting the band through an operatic selection. Yet, somehow, we look back with a half regret to the old days. Individual urchins might be yelling fiendishly, with the mere unartistic aim of being heard, yet few things could equal in general effect their version of the "Old Hundredth" or of "God Save the Queen."

#### AT THE GROSVENOR.

I LOVE an adorable maiden,  
Her years number nearly nineteen,  
A visitant surely from Aidenn,  
So stately she stands—and serene.  
She owns a reciprocal passion,  
In fact we have only one-heart,  
When suddenly, since it's the fashion  
She's mad upon art.

She raves o'er Rossetian lyric,  
A *penchant* for Swinburne she owns,  
She holds every painter empiric,  
Excepting one master—Burne-Jones.

I scarce understood what the change meant,  
But, lo! the result's to be seen—  
She's now an entrancing "arrangement"  
In subtle sage-green.

Her talk is of Morris's "Lily,"  
And things that are "precious" and "sweet;"  
I feel it's consumedly silly,  
But still I bend low at her feet.

And vainly I try to divine a  
Deep meaning in what gives her joy;  
We didn't live up to blue china  
When I was a boy.

She quotes awful pages of Pater,  
She swears Matthew Arnold is right;  
In my day at old Alma Mater  
We knew neither sweetness nor light.

She thinks the Renaissance delightful,  
And Raphael quite *comme il faut*;  
In mental condition that's frightful  
I murmur—"Just so!"

She takes me to gaze upon pictures,  
The Grosvenor, of course, is her goal—  
She's fluent with critical strictures,  
And I—have no art in my soul.

"Pygmalion" hangs up behind us;  
"The Sirens" before us. Ah me!  
Thank heaven that Coutts Lindsay can find us  
A Soda-and-B.

I pump up a fancy for etching;  
I dote upon dry-point; I swear  
That Whistler's "uncommonly fetching;"  
He certainly does make you stare.

I always was very mimetic,  
And so with my arm round her waist,  
I feel I'm becoming æsthetic,  
A person of taste!

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

#### THE LEPROSY OF JOURNALISM.

##### No. VI.—A NEW PLAGUE SPOT.

FOR a short time there has been a cessation in the growths of the fungi to which we had occasion to call attention in some of our former issues, and we had begun to flatter ourselves with the false hope that offenders against the senses of decency and morality had seen the error of their ways and were content to confine themselves to the legitimate paths of journalism, and that "garbage" was a thing of the past. Our fond hopes have been rudely shattered by the publication of matter, infinitely worse than any that has hitherto been presented to the public, in a journal published weekly on Thursdays, which takes to itself the grandiloquent title, "A journal for society at large." The class of literature with which it fills its columns may be gathered from the headings of the two leading articles. The first is entitled "Dancing-Dens; or, How Girls are Decoyed," the second, "Women at the Aquarium," while it devotes a large space to correspondence on such subjects as "Houses of Ill Fame" and "The Aquarium Ladies." With reference to the article treating of "Dancing Dens," we assert that, notwithstanding the high-falutin prefaces of those who conduct the journal, and who affirm that their sole aim is to put down vice, it is simply an advertisement (we were about to say a gratuitous one, but that may or may not be) of those very places which, with much flourish of trumpets, they profess to be endeavouring to stamp out. The "correspondence" to which we have referred is conducted on the same principles. You can learn, if your inclination tends that way, how by walking through certain streets in certain localities you may meet with dozens of "pretty souls," who "wink and leer most consumedly." There is a certain amount of the eternal fitness of things displayed in the sub-heading of the leading article, which runs, "Parliamentary interference required." With this we cordially agree, but not in the sense in which the Editor meant it to be applied. The interference should be one that will sweep the publication of such nauseating stuff from the face of the earth. It is a scandal that men whose own sense of honour has sunk so low that they are willing to traffic and make capital out of the worsen passions of human nature should be allowed to sow their filthy seed broadcast under the fictitious garb of high morality. It is a disgrace to the journalism of England, an ulcer that requires the unsparing use of the knife. It is unfortunately true, to a certain extent, that the age is a vicious one, and that the public display a hankering after anything containing a spice of immorality. This being so, it is more than ever necessary that the minds of our rising generation should not be polluted by unscrupulous traders in the market of obscenity. Hitherto the fear of being "hounded out" and scouted by all has been sufficient to keep in check this style of literature. Now, however, the time has come when stronger measures are called for. The moral code of honour and proper feeling having failed, it behoves the strong arm of the law to assert itself, and, sorry though we are to be obliged to confess the fact, it would seem necessary to establish a Public Censor of the Press in order to teach these vile panderers to vice that there is a boundary over which they may not step, that there is a limit to their obnoxious traffic, that the threadbare cloak of virtuous indignation will not save them, and that however despicable their own inclinations may be, they will not be allowed to offer their unsavoury effusions to the public, and become, as they now are, advertisements for profligacy. That the conductor of the

paper to which we are alluding has some fear of this course being adopted may be seen from a note that appears in his journal which we give *in extenso*, merely suppressing the name, for we should be sorry in any way to lay ourselves open to the charge of advertising such a publication:—

“For some purpose of their own, several persons have industriously circulated a report that ‘the Government have stopped — —.’ I don’t pretend to know what they mean by this; but I can assure them that the Government have nothing to do with the conduct of this journal. Then, again, I receive abusive letters, the writers of which refer to — — as an indecent print. This is a gross libel. The object of this journal is to discourage indecency—to put it down—destroy it—crush it; to purge our streets of immorality, and to drive obscenity from our highways. This is not to be done by shutting our eyes to what is going on around us, and crowing about our morality when there is no morality. The dirty naked sores which abound in London are not to be healed by ignoring them. No; I mean to poultice them with pen and ink and paper, and prevent me who can. So look out, pots and kettles.”

Who or what the “pots and kettles” are we neither know nor care; presumedly as the Editor intends by his own showing to undertake a crusade against “dirty naked sores,” he may mean that his journal, like the old saying, will be “the Pot calling the Kettle black.”

As might be expected, besides the indecency there exists the usual amount of vulgarity, and the domestic affairs of the Prince and Princess of Wales are commented on in a highly offensive tone, though it is to the credit of the commentator that, unlike the Editor of the journal so “*intimately connected with the Court*,” he declares boldly from what source his information is derived—viz., at the bar of a tavern, and from the servants of Marlborough House. We have said vulgarity might be expected, for immorality and vulgarity go hand-in-hand, and the man who can lend himself to one must perforce use the other. ’Tis an old saying and true, “that it is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.” Nevertheless there are methods which can be employed in order to keep the Pig clean, and if our remarks in any way conduce to this happy result, we shall feel that we have not written in vain.

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## TRADE AND FINANCE.

### SCOTCH BANKS IN ENGLAND.

IT is unlikely that the method proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for getting rid of the difficulties which have been occasioned by the intrusion of Scotch banks into England will be approved by Parliament or by the public. The questions involved are too important and far-reaching for adequate treatment in a merely subsidiary provision of an enactment with whose main object they have no connection; and even if the plan suggested had been separately elaborated, it fails to meet the justice of the case so far as English banks are concerned, while it would inflict serious injustice upon a majority of the Scotch banks themselves as compared with two or three of their number. As the whole of the evidence upon the points at issue was collected nearly four years ago by a Committee of the House of Commons, it is rather discreditable that so little progress should have been made towards a satisfactory settlement. That the necessity for action should have been admitted in principle is, however, some gain, and affords ample apology for explaining both what is the real ground of complaint of the English bankers, and why the particular scheme now before Parliament is insufficient.

If they had nothing to fear from their Scotch rivals but equal competition in an equal field, the English banks could have little reason for their discontent. But their case is—and the truth of it has been proved before Parliament—that it is open to Scotch banks to compete with them in England, while it is not open to them in turn to compete with Scotch banks in Scotland; and further, that some of their number have less liberty even in England than the Scotch intruders, and that the advantage of certain large privileges which the Scotch banks possess is not wholly confined to Scotland, but follows them in a measure into this country.

Though some of the English banks have a restricted right to issue notes of their own, all of the nine Scotch banks over and above a restricted right, the limit of which is proportionately far less narrow, are allowed a further unlimited note issue in their own country against gold held at their chief offices. The Scotch banks can establish branches and conduct business here at least on equal terms with those English banks which have no right of issue at all, and at least on very nearly equal terms with those which have a restricted right of issue; and if English banks could do as much in Scotland, they would have had no grievance. But it is doubtful whether an English bank can lawfully open a branch in Scotland at all, and even if it be lawful, such a proceeding is practically impossible, as is proved by the fact that the nine remaining banks in Scotland have no rivals. The till of a Scotch branch bank in Scotland may be stocked with its own notes, against which until issued no gold need be held, and on which consequently no interest is being lost. But an English branch bank in Scotland would be compelled, at best, to stock its till with gold and Bank of England notes, on both of which interest would be lost; and, further, while even sovereigns are not readily taken by the Scotch public, who are accustomed to use, and prefer to use, their own £1 notes, Bank of England notes are not legal tender in Scotland, and would scarcely be taken at all. The English bank, therefore, would have to procure some of the local notes as a main part of its till-money, and not only would it lose interest upon the amount of these, but every note it might circulate would be an advertisement for one of its rivals. The result is that Scotch banks may not only compete with English banks in England for the ordinary business there, but they may obtain, if they like, a monopoly of such business as is desired from customers whose transactions are in both countries. The latter, if there were no Scotch banks with branches in England, must either employ two banks, one in either country, which is an uncomfortable and expensive arrangement; or if they confine themselves to one bank, their transactions in the other country must be conducted by its agents there, of course at increased cost either to bank or to customer, and probably to both. The Scotch banks, however, who have branches in England are able to do agency business in both countries without making any extra charge to their customers, their ordinary profits being sufficient for the purpose; and by this means they may ultimately attract to themselves the whole of the business of those who have transactions in both countries. Nor are these the only hardships; for while an English provincial bank which establishes a branch in London may have to forego a right of local issue, a Scotch bank may establish branches both in London and in the English provinces without giving up any part of its Scotch issue, so that, even in this country, a positive and important advantage



is possessed by Scotch as compared with some of the English banks.

In the counties bordering on Scotland the injustice is even more serious. The Scotch banks are not only able to compete there with the English banks, while the English banks are unable to carry the war into the enemy's country, but the privileges of note issue which the Scotch banks have in Scotland, besides enabling them to exclude their neighbours from their own territory, are of immense service to them in England as well. Scotch notes have always circulated largely in the English border counties, and their circulation has enormously increased since the establishment there of Scotch branch banks, which are ready to encash them without charge. The facilities which these branches are thus able to afford serve them as a valuable advertisement, and as an inducement to the public to come to them first for the changing of their notes and afterwards as customers. The proportion, moreover, of tradesmen and dealers who have Scotch transactions is, of course, much more considerable than in other parts of England, and as these Scotch branches are able to conduct English business as well, and, if they have a London branch, even better than the local English banks, while they can conduct Scotch business much more conveniently and cheaply, such persons are strongly tempted to transfer their accounts to them. The consequence is in a special instance that the Clydesdale Bank, with three branches in Cumberland and a branch in London, can offer to the public there all the facilities which they derive from their London and Scotch establishments, in addition to the conveniences common to other local banks, while the advantages indirectly arising from the extended circulation of their own notes is itself an important set-off to their branch expenses.

It so happens that most of the Scotch banks are in a position of some difficulty. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank has drawn the attention of their shareholders to the perils of unlimited liability upon their shares. They are, however, unable, without the help of Parliament, to limit their liability, or, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have it so, to limit their reserve liability; and the Government has told them that they shall only be enabled to do this upon their agreeing either to forego their local privileges of issue or to confine their operations to their own country, and the latter is the alternative they would certainly choose. If this provision were to extend to all the Scotch banks, the English banks might rest entirely satisfied. But, in fact, only six of the nine Scotch banks are really unlimited, and of the remaining three two would still be in a position both to retain all their existing privileges and to cover all England with their branches. The consequence would be that these two Scotch banks would monopolise the advantages now equally within the reach of their Scotch rivals, and might use them with fully as material prejudice both against them and against the English banks. With the exception, therefore, of these two banks it seems clear that the proposal now made must be entirely unacceptable to all parties concerned.

Several courses, theoretically at all events, are open to Parliament. The right of note issue against gold might be extended to all banks or bank branches establishing themselves in Scotland, and in that case the monopoly of the existing banks in Scotland would be terminated, and English banks might conduct their Scotch business through branches instead of through agents. Or the Scotch banks might be rigidly confined to their own country, in which case those already having a footing in

England might properly claim some moderate compensation. But while the former course savours, perhaps, of too great license, the latter course would involve a harassing restraint. There exists a substantial need in England, as well as in Scotland, for banks common to both. It would be possible, again, to assimilate the Scotch to the English, or the English to the Scotch systems of banking; but as each system is approved by the population accustomed to it, it would not be just to compel either to give way to the other, while the expense of compensating the Scotch banks for the loss of their privileges in Scotland, if their system should be superseded, would be somewhat formidable. It remains for Parliament to discover some middle plan, grounded upon a selection of what is best in both systems. In this there would be many difficulties, and not the least of them would be found in the £1 notes, which Scotland is solicitous to retain, while England would be loth to accept them. But these difficulties, great as they are, ought to be surmountable by competent statesmanship. The establishment of one banking law for both countries would confer an inestimable benefit upon trade, and especially upon Scotch trade, in its completion of the financial solidarity of Great Britain.

But whatever be the remedy ultimately adopted, subsisting conditions cannot be permitted to continue. The nine Scotch banks possess already a monopoly of all banking business in Scotland, while they are free to compete with English banks in England. Because they, and they only, can gain a footing in both countries at once, they are in a position to build up for themselves a further monopoly of all banking business throughout England, which is derived from customers who have transactions in Scotland as well as in England, and of course they can still more easily appropriate all the English business of their Scotch customers. As they extend their branches further and further across the Border, the circulation of their notes will follow them, and their unlimited right of issue in Scotland against gold will enable them to direct a steady current of these advertisements into the territory of their English rivals, against many of whom moreover, their liberty of establishing London branches will serve them as a formidable weapon. The evil is not as yet very materially felt in England generally; but it does press very hardly and most inequitably upon the English banks in some of the Northern counties, and, before it begins to press more severely and more generally, it is most important that adequate legislative action should be taken. The difficulty, and possibly the cost, of doing so are continually on the increase.

## MUSIC.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE task of sustaining for the first time a part which had hitherto been identified with one artist only, and that artist a *prima donna* no less popular than Madame Albani, fell to the lot of Madame Cepeda on Saturday. It was a task by no means easy of execution, and few singers might undertake it without the certain result of failure; for as the heroine of Wagner's operas Madame Albani has produced so deep an impression on all who have seen her that comparison would seem to be well-nigh fatal to any singer endeavouring for the present to follow in her wake. Madame Cepeda knew she ran this risk in attempting the part of Elisabeth in "Tarnhäuser," but we are bound to say that the result to a great extent justified the venture. This, of course, does

not signify that Madame Cepeda presented our ideal of Elisabeth, any more than Madame Albani could be expected to embody Lucrezia Borgia as successfully as does Madame Cepeda. But so far as a thoroughly dramatic and sympathetic rendering of the part goes Madame Cepeda left little to be desired, and in a vocal sense her declamatory powers lent even unusual effect to the great scene of the second act, where Elisabeth shields Tannhäuser from the vengeance of the Landgraf and his minstrels. Less successful, perhaps, in the prayer of the last act, Madame Cepeda still kept her hold on the sympathies of the audience, and finally won from them every sign of a favourable verdict. We should certainly have preferred Signor Gayarré to Signor Sylva as Tannhäuser, but the clever Spanish tenor cannot be expected to do everything. Signor Sylva far from looked his part, but was as artistic as usual, except in his acting in the situation above alluded to, when he remained on his knees for ten whole minutes at a stretch—a period considerably too long for his comfort or the dramatic exigencies of the scene. The striking assumption of M. Maurel as Wolfram was the only other feature of importance in a performance that gave fair satisfaction.

When Madame Adelina Patti arrives, it is time to shut up the ordinary dictionary and open a vocabulary of adjectives not in use for everyday purposes. But even then it is useless to attempt the discovery of anything fresh to say about the greatest *prima donna* of our times. Still in the zenith of her brilliant career; still many, many degrees above the rivals who approach her most nearly, there are but the old eulogies to repeat. For the hundredth time we can only speak of her gifts as matchless perfection. In a word, when the critic goes to hear Adelina Patti he abandons for the moment the task of finding fault, and listens in wonder and admiration. It is possible to say he likes her better in this part than in that. It is but natural that physical qualities and particular sympathies should adapt themselves more readily to one embodiment than another. But in the simple exposition of her art, the *diva* is beyond criticism; nay more, she is the standard by which others must be judged. Her reception on Tuesday was as enthusiastic as usual, and her impersonation of Lucia presented all the marvellous characteristics of old, with an increase, if anything, of dramatic intensity. Signor Nicolini appeared as Edgardo, a part that suits him remarkably well.

#### CONCERTS.

ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL.—It would hardly be rash to say that the conducting of Herr Hans Richter has been the musical sensation of the week. Rarely have opinions been so undivided respecting the qualities of a single musician, above all in a branch of art that gives room for such a variety of notions. The universal verdict of the connoisseurs who attended the two orchestral concerts given this week is that Herr Richter is by a long way the greatest of living instrumental conductors. That he enjoyed this reputation to some extent after the recent Wagner Festival, there can be no doubt; but then he was only called the Wagnerian conductor *par excellence*. On his present visit Herr Richter has done something more. Not only has he directed Beethoven symphonies and other "strange" music without score or book of any sort, but, taking in hand a scratch body of players who, though admittedly good men, have never formed one and the same band before, this prince of conductors has turned them, in half-a-dozen lessons, into as fine an orchestra as any we possess. In quality of tone, precision of attack, and unity of idea and spirit, the playing of

Herr Richter's band has simply astonished everybody. Barely less wonderful has been his extraordinary display of memory. Never has an instant's hesitation or forgetfulness marred the unerring precision of his inspiring beat; and it is needless to say that the music performed has been of a character difficult enough to follow with score, much more to direct without a note before one's eyes. In every sense, therefore, these concerts, of which the third and last will be given on Monday, have proved a treat; and thanks are certainly due to Herr Franke, with whom the idea of the concerts and the musical arrangements have rested, for his energetic services, besides his able playing as *chef-d'attaque*. A slight variation of the scheme which we published in full a month ago has been made, it having been thought desirable to leaven the programmes with a little of the early and more popular Wagner. They were substantially the same, however, and as the performances of the orchestra have been uniformly excellent there is no necessity for us to single out any items for special mention; while nothing absolutely new to this country has been given. The vocal assistance rendered by Frau Schuch-Proška, Fraülein Redeker, and Herr Georg Henschel, has been fully appreciated.

VIARD-LOUIS.—The novelties at Wednesday's concert were of less importance than usual, and at least one had no right whatever in the programme. This was the Earl of Dunmore's weak and unoriginal "Entracte," a piece in three movements, all of which are tedious and amateurish in the extreme. An "Air de danse varié," for strings alone, by Salvayre, proved metal of better value, and will stand hearing again. The Princess of Wales was present for the first time at these concerts.

## THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

### THE GAIETY THEATRE.

ANY person who witnessed "Niniche" in Paris must have said at once that an adaptation suitable for the English stage was an impossibility, unless, indeed, the adapter so hacked, hewed, and altered the original as to render it almost entirely as a new piece. Mr. Burnand has in "Boulogne" proved the conjecture to be a false one. For with a skill of no mean order he has managed, not only to adhere closely to the original play, but to present it in a form less calculated to offend English tastes than any of the numerous French adaptations that have lately been produced. The dialogue, as might be expected, is bright and full of genuine humour from the commencement, and the roars of laughter with which it is greeted by the audience show that humour and wit alone are quite capable of due appreciation without those *double entendres* which, however skilfully rendered, become, when translated into English, the essence of coarseness and vulgarity. It is no small tribute of praise to Mr. Burnand to say that throughout the piece there is not one single trace of anything of the sort. Probably from the very fear of being led into what might be considered bordering on the vulgar, the author or adapter has, in our opinion, left out some situations that might well have been retained. The heroine, the Countess Navariski, was before her marriage a sensational trapezist of the Zazel order, and went to perform, first at Margate, and afterwards at Paris, under the professional title of "Zu-Zu; or, the Winged Wonder of the World." She has been espoused by a distinguished diplomat, Count Navariski, he being in total ignorance

of her antecedents. While staying at Boulogne for the bathing, she hears from the mouth of a former admirer, the Hon. Tom Flimleigh, who has also come to Boulogne to bathe, that her furniture in Paris has been "attached," and is about to be sold for the benefit of her creditors. Fearing that some compromising letters to and from a certain Prince Ladislas, which are secreted in her wardrobe, might become public property, and also open her husband's eyes to her former life, she starts with the Hon. Tom for Paris to get them. Meanwhile the Count has received instructions to obtain the letters from a certain "Zu Zu," and starts on the same mission. Gregoire, the proprietor of the bathing machines, whose greatest ambition is to enter the diplomatic service, and who by the way is beset with a "marrying widow," whose life he has saved, overhears the secretary of the Count read him the order, and instantly starts also for Paris in quest of the identical correspondence. The whole fun of the piece turns on the various methods that each individual adopts to obtain possession of the precious documents, and the various mistakes that they make. Without going further into detail, it will suffice to say that all ends well, Gregoire obtains his wish, and the widow Fizet her desire, as she marries her preserver. The Countess saves her character, and regains her letters. The piece is excellently mounted and well acted. Miss Farren plays the Countess with irresistible humour, though the scene in her Paris apartment is perhaps somewhat overdone; and Mr. Royce as the Hon. Tom Flimleigh shows himself in a new light, and represents the character with commendable skill. Mr. Terry as Gregoire is as usual exceedingly comic, though we confess to thinking he makes the part, both in manner and dress, too much of the burlesque order. Mr. Elton gives a most clever and able sketch of the old diplomat Count Navariski; and Mrs. Leigh, to whose lot fell the widow Fizet, of the firm of Fizet and Co., champagne merchants, is very funny. The minor parts are well filled by Messrs. Strick, Squire, Fawcett, Miss Wadman, and Miss Newham. On the whole it will be seen that this inadaptable French piece has been well adapted, and, judging from its enthusiastic reception, bids fair to be a great success. "Boulogne" is followed by the admirably-acted burlesque of "Pretty Esmeralda."

## THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

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

### AN EARNEST CLERGYMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—I have just read several letters from an "Earnest Clergyman" in your paper. I cannot fully express how much I sympathise with them. I, too, am a clergyman. I was educated at one of the largest public schools in England, where thirty-five years ago all the Saints' days were observed, if attending chapel and enjoying a holiday can be called an observance. I was well drilled in the Greek Testament, and I need hardly say that I never heard a doubt expressed on the genuineness of any part of either the Old or New Testament. I was also naturally disposed to religion, even as a boy. When I was eighteen years old I went to Oxford, and there was no more regular attendant at chapel than myself. In my time (I am speaking of the Oxford of more than thirty years ago) there were several courses

of lectures on the Prayer-Book and Church History. I attended all these lectures and took every opportunity of acquiring what is called religious knowledge. I may add that I passed through public school and University life with a decided reputation for steadiness and application. Up to the time I took my degree I never had a suspicion that any doubts had been seriously entertained of the authenticity of the Scriptures. Well, Sir, in due time, after two years of foreign travel, I was ordained, and after a certain time passed as a curate, I was presented to a valuable living in an important and populous village. Here for more than fourteen years I devoted myself to preaching, visiting the sick, working the schools, and all the usual routine of a country clergyman. By degrees—how I cannot now say—doubts began to creep into my mind. Some pulsations of that great wave of thought which was beating so fiercely in Germany reached even the quiet English parsonage. These doubts, like the leaven in the parable, gradually spread, until my mind was thoroughly imbued with scepticism. I struggled to repress my doubts. I wrestled, as it were, with each sceptical thought. Can I express in adequate language the horror which I felt when I at last discovered that the building on which I was engaged as a workman rested on the most insecure foundations? With what different eyes then did I view that once to me sacred temple? The village church, the stately cathedral, which once spoke to me, as it were, out of every stone—no voice now of encouragement, no living words from the past to tell of victories won. No hope for the future! The mystic service, the mysterious entrance into the spiritual world by baptism, the sacred mystic sacramental rites, the solemn words of forgiveness, nay, of absolution to the sinner, the last solemn words of hope read over the grave, had now lost all their pith and meaning. Is there no pity for such an one as myself? Alas, from the Church there was none. The words of St. Paul rang out clear and decisive, and cut like a knife: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance . . . whose end is to be burned." Sir, I am writing the true history of my life. The Church has no compassion, but only swift destruction for the sceptic. The bishops are not more lenient than the Church, whilst the world only too generally views with ill-concealed contempt him who dares to think for himself on religion. Well, Sir, at forty years of age I resigned my living, I broke up my home, and I commenced, as it were, once more the battle of life. I then discovered how ill-suited a clergyman is to enter any profession or business. Now, why I beg you to publish this letter is simply this. I wish to do to others what I so deeply regret no one ever did to me—I wish to warn the young, more especially those who are intending to take holy orders, that there is another side to the whole question of Christian theology than the one usually presented to them, and that the time to consider that question is before, not after ordination. I wish to save some from the mental torture which I have endured. If after reading the sceptical works of the present day a young man is still desirous of being ordained, I think that the whole Bench of Bishops would agree that such a man would make a better priest than if he entered on his duties ignorant of even the existence of such works. I shall feel glad to continue my story and to detail how by degrees I have become reconciled to my new position.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently, E. D.

## THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

## THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.\*

THE fourth volume of "The Life of the Prince Consort" cannot, perhaps, compare in interest of subject with some of its predecessors, yet for all that the period over which it extends (1856—9) includes some events of capital importance in the history of England. The Indian Mutiny, the period of antagonism between France and England consequent upon the Orsini attempt, the beginning of the Volunteer movement, and the Italian War between Austria and France, make up a sufficiently interesting list. Of by far the most serious of these—the Indian disaster, and the consequent transference of the Government of India from the Company to the Crown—the notices here, though necessarily numerous, are comparatively less important than might have been expected. The Prince, with his usual conscientious and systematic interference, dealt with these as with other things, but he did not possess or pretend to the same interest in them as in Continental politics. From the latter point of view the period embraced by the present volume may perhaps be termed the period of disenchantment. When it begins, the Prince and the Queen are still charmed with the *parvenu* Emperor, and still more so with his wife. But by degrees a change comes over the spirit of their dream. The insolence of the French colonels raises a spirit of wrath in England which the rulers of our country are unable not to share, though they to some extent deprecate it. Repeated visits to Cherbourg raise uncomfortable suspicions about the intentions of France, and excite the just but somewhat nervous and fretful anxieties of the Prince about England's chronic unpreparedness. Above all, his personal estimate of the Emperor evidently declines. One can hardly help laughing at the amazed disgust with which he must have received Napoleon the Third's ingenuous remark that his objects in the Crimean War had not been Turkey or the preservation of Turkey, or anything of the kind, but "Poland and Italy," and that Poland being hopeless he meant, as the slang of twenty years later has it, to "go for" Italy. At last the Queen (that is to say, the Prince) writes to Lord Palmerston: "The Emperor follows the dictates of his personal interests, and is ready to play the highest stakes for them, being entirely uncontrolled in his actions." It appears, moreover, to have become evident that the Orsini business had greatly shaken the Emperor's nerve, and that his almost total lack of honest and wise counsellors, with the possible exceptions of Persigny and Pellissier, was patent and embarrassing. Indeed, we may say that much of this volume is more interesting as showing the origins of the disasters of 1870 than from any light it casts upon our own affairs. There is, however, one passage which we must cite, because of its exquisitely satirical effect nowadays. The Prince writes, twenty years and six months ago:—

"What especially pleases me is the prospect of seeing for the future, among the five Powers, a Continental Power which will take its stand simply and solely upon the domain of justice and equity, and will thus become a corrective element of the highest importance in the great Continental policy of intrigue."

Could anything more gloriously illustrate the satire of history? We look back at these words through a vista of alliances of the three Emperors, wars of 1870, wars of 1866, wars of 1864, and remember that the power which

\* *The Life of the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. Vol. IV. Smith, Elder, and Co.

is to take its stand on justice and equity is—Germany!

Of illustrations of its subject's character the volume is naturally full, all the more full that it includes the great domestic event of the Princess Royal's marriage. On this as on other similar occasions, such as the birth of the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh passing his first examination, &c., &c., the sincere and unaffected kindness, which is the reasonable boast of the present Royal Family, comes pleasantly out. Now and then perhaps the expressions of this are rather German than English in their demonstrative sentimentality, but it is only fair to remember that the documents in which they occur were never intended for publication. That the Prince Consort was ever thoroughly in unison with English feeling may indeed be doubted. An almost ludicrous instance of the dissidence occurs in the following passage, where the good points of the companions chosen for the Prince of Wales are being catalogued. Of one of them (we shall not emulate Mr. Martin's cruelty by giving his name) it is said that "he is a thoroughly good moral and accomplished young man, draws well and plays, and never was at a public school." Another is a passage where the Prince speaks of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time as being laughed at for quoting precedents as to the endowment of the Royal children. But that he did his very utmost to comprehend and to work for England is obvious from every page. There may be more opinions than one about the "closely reasoned memoranda," as Mr. Martin in his adjectival mood calls them, which the Prince was wont to send to Ministers on every conceivable subject. For one thing, the frequent occurrence of points of exclamation in them must have rendered them trying to eyes accustomed to the sobriety of the style affected by Englishmen in such matters. Nobody, however, will read without amusement the following letter of Lord Palmerston's in reply to one of these documents:—

"Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honour to receive your Majesty's communication of yesterday, stating what your Majesty would have said if your Majesty had been in the House of Commons.

"Viscount Palmerston may, perhaps, be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whose opinion your Majesty differs that your Majesty is not in the House of Commons, for they would have had to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument. Although, on the other hand, those whose opinions your Majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate.

"But with regard to the arrangements in connection with the state of affairs in India, Viscount Palmerston can assure your Majesty that the Government are taking and will not fail to continue to take every measure which may appear well suited and adapted to the emergency. But measures are sometimes best calculated to succeed which follow each other step by step."

If there is any unfavourable comment to be made upon this admirable specimen of polite snubbing, it is that the writer seems a little to forget that he is writing to a Queen, and that a Queen does not lose the privileges of ladyhood by the fact of her royalty. In short, we fear it must be admitted that Lord Palmerston was rude. His excuse must be found in the fact that he knew very well that though the voice was the voice of the Queen, the words were those of a person whom he had no special reason for sparing, and also in the fact that the deluge of "closely-reasoned memoranda" from influential but irresponsible hands would have been too much for a far more saintly person than Lord Palmerston to bear.

Of the merits of the book as a literary production there is, perhaps, not much that is new to say. We are,

indeed, surprised at finding a practised and scholarly writer like Mr. Theodore Martin indulging in the vulgar Americanism of "high-class" as an adjective. Not only is this phrase hopelessly low-class, to use its own formula, but if it be admitted into English at all, it has, by analogy, a meaning entirely different from that which Mr. Martin and its other misusers assign to it. A high-class novel would properly mean a novel about high classes, whatever they may be, and not one which possesses extraordinary merit. A less surprising but equally annoying fault is the prevalence of a certain air of over-courtliness, to use a mild term, throughout the book. Anything that glorifies or agrees with the hero has a string of laudatory epithets attached to it. A newspaper which praises the Prince Consort is conducted by "a thoughtful and high-minded journalist." A piece of very ordinary penny-a-lining, describing the Queen's visit to Cherbourg, is the work of a "brilliant word-painter." Some very natural and kindly, but perfectly commonplace and "truistic," expressions of the Prince's are "weighty and beautiful words." The effect produced is very much as if Mr. Theodore Martin had gone through his work with a pepper-castor full of admiring adjectives, and seasoned it, as the cookery books say, "to taste."

#### SPORT IN THE FAR EAST.\*

"NOTHING is more dishonest, and, indeed, easier than to concoct fictitious narratives of sport and travel in little-known countries . . . These fictitious works are greedily purchased and devoured by the uninitiated, whilst those accustomed to sport, or perhaps acquainted with the career of the author, marvel at his audacities." This passage occurs in Colonel Pollok's preface, and at once differentiates his work from those he so justly criticises. We have here no bookmaking, no writing for effect, no sensational narrative. The story of nearly twenty years' sport in the easternmost provinces of our Indian Empire is told with a simplicity which, indeed, occasionally almost amounts to baldness, but invariably bears the stamp of literal truth. If so enthusiastic and persevering a shekarry as Colonel Pollok could not fail to meet with many adventures and some marvellous escapes, he tells us, on the other hand, of many weary days spent in remote jungles where no pair of tusks or tiger-skin relieved the tedium of a useless search after game; if he occasionally chronicles with justifiable pride a good shot at long range, he does not hesitate to confess how often he missed an easy one, and how frequently impatience, nervousness, or carelessness affected his aim. All who have had any experience in Indian shooting will remember how few of their bullets have, on an average, killed, and how large a proportion of shots were wasted. To read many of the books on sport in the East one would suppose that the authors had seldom missed, and had, as a rule, brought nearly as many head of game back to camp as they had fired cartridges. Genuine sportsmen, therefore, generally read such works with feelings of surprise; if ingenuous, they suppose that the authors were deadly shots such as are described in Cooper's novels; if sceptical, they put the whole book down as a tissue of lies. The fact is that neither hypothesis is correct. These books are put together on the same principle which guides those who compile the proofs of the authenticities of the prophecies in Moore's almanack, or the chronicle of dreams which came true. Only those cases are noted in which the

sportsman was successful, while the many days on which he shot badly, the many occasions on which a royal tiger or a fine tusker escaped his rifle, and the still more numerous blanks which marked his diary, are entirely passed over. Hence the impression produced is an entirely erroneous one. The book amuses, but, far from being useful to those who desire to emulate the author's alleged doughty deeds, it misleads them and induces them to suppose that the countries where he shot are as full of game as Mr. Riviere's picture of the "Poacher's Widow" in this year's Academy.

Colonel Pollok calls British Burmah, Assam, and the Jyntiah Hills "the paradise of the sportsman in the East," and says that every variety of game is found there. So far, we agree with him thoroughly, as we do with his praises of the scenery of those countries, but when he says that the climate is "unsurpassed," we think that his love for the scenes of so many successful exploits rather warps his judgment. Some hundred and fifty inches of rain fall annually at Rangoon, more than two hundred in Arrakan, and nearly three in Assam; and this enormous rainfall produces a wealth of vegetation and a wealth of mosquitoes, ticks, gadflies, and other pestilent nuisances certainly "unsurpassed," if equalled, in any part of India. The extent to which this plague of insects affects, not only the temper, but the health and even the life of Europeans, is illustrated on page 21, where Colonel Pollok says that "the mosquitoes in the Panlong Creek were so bad that one gunner threw himself overboard, and was saved with difficulty; the horses kicked, screamed, and bit at one another," while the author's truthfulness as to facts, but too roseate opinion of the climate, is graphically shown further on, when he tells us that he crawled up close to an elephant—"I threw up my rifle, but an overhanging bamboo caught the barrel, the rifle exploded in mid-air, and the elephant was clean missed and gone before the left barrel could be brought to bear. Oh! the weary walk back to camp, with leeches and mosquitoes fastening on one every moment, and nothing to console one for the day's trudge! The memory of that wretched miss rankled for many a day in my bosom."

It must not, however, be supposed that Colonel Pollok is a mere sportsman, killing for the sake of killing. Although the first part of the second volume, which contains a record of his shooting in Assam, becomes almost tedious from the repetition of his marvellous bags of rhinoceros, and the reader is inclined to wonder whether any specimens of that ungainly, but, on the whole, comparatively harmless animal, are left in the country, the author gives in the first volume an exhaustive description of the different species of game to be found in British Burmah, in which he betrays keen powers of observation, and considerable ability in distinguishing between the differences which characterise varieties and species. Although he modestly disclaims being anything of a naturalist, and quotes Colonel Macmaster and other authorities in support of his views, he has so well used his numerous opportunities of sport, and supports his own theories by so many facts which came under his own observation, that his *catalogue raisonné* of the wild beasts and birds of Burmah may safely be accepted as a reliable guide to those who are tempted by this book to try their fortunes in its jungles and mountains. On one or two minor points, however, we must join issue with Colonel Pollok. He says that he never saw but one jack-snipe in Burmah, "and that was killed by Melville, of the 67th, east of Prome." Now, there are many jack-snipe on the Pyne-Kyoung Creek and the Pegu River, from thirty to

\* *Sport in British Burmah, Assam, and the Cassyah and Jyntiah Hills.* By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL POLLOK. (Chapman and Hall.)

forty miles north-east of Rangoon, where on one occasion a notoriously bad shot brought in no less than four and a-half couple of genuine jack-snipe, to the immense relief of a camp reduced to stringy tinned meats. Again, on page 43, we find the statement that "whilst India is swarming with this wild-fowl (ducks and teal) they are very rare in Pegu." It is evident that Colonel Pollok's shooting excursions were mainly confined to the upper country, to which, as there are no tanks and few bheels, the assertion no doubt applies. Those, however, who have worked the Irrawadi Delta south or south-west of Rangoon have brought back extraordinary accounts of the quantity of water-fowl of all sorts which can be bagged in the muddy creeks and swamps of that district. In the Twantay Creek and neighbourhood no shooting party can stop a week without becoming quite sick of bringing down duck, teal, and heron. They are best shot from the prow of a Burmese boat, noiselessly drifting along the creek with the tide. As each point in the crooked stream is successively turned, something or other is sure to fly up, and the Burmese are excellent retrievers. But the plague of mosquitoes in these aquatic districts makes the sport a very trying one.

There is much we would wish to quote out of Colonel Pollok's book; there are many amusing, if simply-told, episodes, but space will only permit us to refer to the excellent description of the habits and ways of elephants, tame or wild, and to the precautions necessary for the health of that most useful and most intelligent animal. "Elephants when asleep snore a good deal, and I have often seen them use a foot for a pillow on which to rest their heads. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick, they will plug a wound with clay, they scratch themselves with the tip of their trunk, or, if they cannot reach the part, they take up a small branch and use that; they can pick up a pin with the tip of their trunk." But Colonel Pollok points out that elephants, notwithstanding their size and strength, require as much careful attention as race-horses, and that, as a rule, Englishmen imagine they want none, and neglect to look after them; the consequence is that they are disabled by sore backs, rheumatism, or numerous other complaints which proper precautions would have avoided. In the concluding chapter of Vol. I. we have a short but sufficiently clear description of the principal evils which elephant flesh is heir to, and an account of the mode of treating them. This cannot fail to be most useful to griffins, and those who are no longer griffins in age, but who have not had the opportunities of studying the habits of an animal which is indispensable for successful sport in India.

Of the buffalo-shooting, of deer of various sorts, jungle fowl, pheasant, and partridge, we have not spoken, and must refer the reader to Colonel Pollok's work, in which he will also find extraordinary takes of "Mahseer" and other fish duly recorded with mathematical accuracy, not without many practical hints which may enable him to emulate the author's doughty deeds. The work is illustrated by a number of sketches by Corbould, which are not much better, but no worse, than the usual pictures of hunting in India; and by two maps, one of Burmah and the other of Assam. These are, in our opinion, the one weak point of the book. It would have been easy enough to make them more complete, as the scale adopted is large enough. But they are both incomplete and incorrect. A number of important places mentioned in the text, and for which there would have been plenty of room, are entirely omitted in the map of Assam, which, in fact, is a mere skeleton. That of Burmah, while more pre-

tentious, is still worse. The Yunzaleen River, which Colonel Pollok justly praises for its beautiful scenery, far surpassing, in our opinion, that of either Rhine or Danube, is cut off short; while so important a place as Pah-poon, our frontier station on the north-east, is not marked at all, or, if intended to be represented by a town called "Pa Phos" in the map, entirely misplaced. Nor is the frontier line correctly drawn, although it was fixed many years ago by Captain Reilly's surveys. Again, Thyetmyo, though repeatedly mentioned in the body of the work, is not given in the map. It may appear captious to mention errors and omissions which are unimportant to the majority of our readers. But as they are the only faults which prevent this book from becoming a complete "Guide to the Sportsman" in Burmah and Assam, it is worth while calling attention to them in order that they may be remedied in a future edition, which will no doubt be required before many months have passed.

#### FROUDE'S CÆSAR.\*

THIS is an unsatisfactory book in various ways. The author says he called his work a "sketch" because the materials do not exist for a portrait which shall be at once authentic and complete. Yet he extends the "sketch" over nearly five hundred pages. A large part of the volume is filled with the famous facts which "every school-boy knows," and which have but little connection with the portrait in question. On the other hand, the few statements which are really new cannot conscientiously be declared to be true.

As to the public to which Mr. Froude has this time addressed himself, we confess being in considerable doubt. He is—to give but one instance—careful enough to explain that the title of "Magnus" assumed by Pompey means "The Great." It might be hoped that anyone going to the trouble of reading five hundred pages about Cæsar would possess such rudimentary knowledge; but the author must know better to whom he means to speak. How, then, are we to explain it that in his use of geographical and ethnological terms he employs words most misleading for the untrained reader? Would it be allowable for any historian to say that Cæsar battled with the French and the English? If not, why should Mr. Froude, in speaking of the Helvetians, assert that "half of the fighting men of the *Swiss* were killed," and that the rest "were sent back to their own cantons"—namely, to "Switzerland"? Without the slightest warning Mr. Froude introduces this hysteron-proteron phraseology in the very table of contents prefixed to his work. We there read of "The Battle of Maubeuge," the "Sea-fight at Quiberon," the "Reduction of *Normandy*," how Cæsar "Crosses the Thames and reaches *St. Albans*," and so forth. We should have considered it more correct, and better taste for a historian, to give the Roman designations, with an occasional reference to the modern rendering of the locality—a rendering which in most cases is based on well-ascertained facts, but in some cases remains in the condition of a contested hypothesis. But to lug in the "Swiss cantons," "Normandy," and so forth, without further ado, is the merest affectation of modern liveliness of style. The author becomes guilty even of a double want of historical tact when he employs a pre-revolutionary term of French geography such as "Normandy," instead of trying to make his meaning clear by a

\* *Cæsar*. A Sketch by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1879.)

reference to the present departmental division of France.

Now and then, we are puzzled as to whether Mr. Froude does not commit a blunder through real ignorance or looseness of thought. What are we to say of his description of the Suevian chieftain Ariovistus as "a Bavarian prince, who spoke Gaelic like a native," and who, of course, "came over into the *Franche-Comté* at the invitation of the Sequani"? Would it be possible to contrive a more comic mixture of erroneous and anachronistic statements? Ariovist (for why should Mr. Froude, who is dead against Roman designations, preserve the Latin ending of a Teutonic name which is clearly the same as the Old Norse Arfast or Arfastr?) was of Marcoman extraction. The Bavarians are for the first time mentioned many centuries after him. The original country of Ariovist was the later Suabia, not Bavaria. Why, then, call him a "Bavarian" prince? In this droll manner Arminius could be dubbed a Prussian prince, or a Brandenburg margrave, or perchance even a Hohenzollern king.

Again, might not even Mr. Froude, with all his characteristic disregard for the niceties of facts, distinguish between Gallic and Gaelic? After all, Gaelic, Kymraeg, and Erse are the terms for certain well-defined branches of the Keltic tongue, which cannot be exchanged *ad libitum*. Why did Mr. Froude not remain perfectly consistent in his transmogrification of terms by saying that Ariovist spoke *French* like a native?

Our doubts increase when we find Mr. Froude making the following loose statement about the Belgic tribes:—"The Belgae, whom Cæsar believed to have been originally Germans, extended from the mouth of the Seine to the Rhine, and inland to the Marne and Moselle." What Cæsar really says is, not that all the Belgic tribes had originally been Germans, but that the majority of them declared themselves to have sprung from the Germans, and to have come from the other side of the Rhine ("*plerosque Belgas esse ortos a Germanis, Rhenumque antiquitus transductos.*")—De Bell. Gall. ii., 1.). Another dubious statement is this:—"At one time the Celts had probably been masters of the whole of France, but had gradually yielded to encroachment." The probability, on the contrary, is, that the present Basque population in the south-western corner of France is a remnant of an Iberian race which once occupied even a larger part of that country, having been there before the arrival of the Kelts. "According to the Druids," Mr. Froude says—"they (the Kelts) came out of darkness, *ab Dite Patre*; they called themselves Children of Night, counting time by nights instead of days, as we say fortnight and se'nnight." Mr. Froude seems to think that counting time by nights was a peculiarly Keltic custom on which the English expressions "fortnight" and "se'nnight" are based. Has he never read in Tacitus that "the Germans do not, as we do, count time by days, but by nights; that in this way they call their meetings also; and that with them night appears to herald in the day?" (*Germ. XI.*) It is from this Germanic custom that in English the expressions alluded to have grown up.

Then Mr. Froude asserts that the Nervians, "as the abstemious Cæsar marks with approbation, are *water-drinkers*," though of fierce courage. But Cæsar says nothing more than that they allow no wine or other luxuries, which they look upon as enervating, to be imported by merchants. This prohibition of the importation of wine by foreign traders was also a Suevian custom. Why should Mr. Froude interpret the commercial interdiction of a special foreign beverage as a proof of

teetotalism, contrary to all that we know of the ancient Germans? Again, when Mr. Froude speaks of Teutonic and Cimbrian priestesses as "northern Iphigenias, sacrificing prisoners as they were taken to the gods of Valhalla," we may well ask him whether he thinks the Germanic gods dwelt in Valhalla? Does he not know the difference between Asgard at large, with its many special dwelling-places for the gods and goddesses, and Valhalla, the palace of the departed heroes, who are served by the Valkyrs, and presided over by Odin?

However, we are quite accustomed to find such slipshod talk in his book. The looseness of language is sometimes gravely misleading. Thus, Mr. Froude observes:—"In one corner of the country (Gaul) only, the dream still survived that if the patriots could hold out till Cæsar was gone, Celtic *liberty* might yet have a chance of recovering itself." Now, put at the side of this the description given by Cæsar himself of the princely and priestly yoke of oppression under which the vast mass of the Gallic populations suffered, who were held "almost like slaves." (De Bell. Gall. vi., 2). What Mr. Froude really means is, not Celtic "liberty," but national independence.

We have little space left to touch on views which call for severe criticism. Mr. Froude is considered an Elizabethan in politics; yet he opens his first chapter with remarks wonderfully couched in the "Perish our dominion in India" style. It is as if Mr. Freeman had taken a malicious pleasure in clapping a paragraph of his own on the work of his *bête noire*. Those introductory sentences in "Cæsar" seem to us utterly at variance with Mr. Froude's well-known maxims, nay, with the whole drift of his present book. We cannot account for the mystery, except by some ritualistic miracle. Mr. Froude's Cæsarian principles, which make him grossly unjust towards the nobler, law-abiding defenders of the Commonwealth, are openly indicated by a quotation on the title-page from Shakespeare's "Henry V."—

Pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit that hath dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object.

Flat, indeed! The conclusion of "Cæsar" is not less remarkable. After having said that, on March 14, Cæsar was present at the "Last Supper" (in capitals and with marks of quotation) at the house of Lepidus, Mr. Froude writes:—"Strange and startling resemblance between the founder of the kingdom of this world, and the Founder of the Kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was denounced for making himself a king. Each was maligned as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Cæsar also was believed to have risen again and ascended into heaven, and become a Divine being." We consider this parallel rather unfounded, not to say ridiculous. Some will not relish it on religious grounds. Others will say that it is impossible to compare what is historically ascertained with that which, in the absence of all contemporary evidence, must remain enshrouded in utter doubt and mythical darkness. Of one thing, however, we are sure—namely, that Mr. Froude, though a fluent writer, takes it rather too easy with the duties of a historian.

#### DEAD LILIES.\*

OUR first feelings on concluding this novel were those of intense commiseration for Mrs. Henry

\* *Dead Lilies.* By CECIL HASLEWOOD. Edited by Mrs. HENRY KINGSLEY. (Remington and Co.)

Kingsley, since she must presumably have had to wade through these pages before their publication. But sorrow for a fellow-sufferer gave place to astonishment that Mrs. Kingsley, having read this book, should allow it to go forth to the world with her name as editor on the title-page. It would, perhaps, be too rash to say that we shall never have to read a worse novel, for it is impossible to gauge the depths of imbecility into which some fiction writer of the future may descend; but we may safely say that in a long and painfully varied course of novel reading it has never been our misfortune to come across so unutterably silly and vulgar a book. We had, it is true, fondly imagined that we were hardened—that many years of criticism had rendered us callous to the worst that the female novelist of the period could do—but we confess ourselves conquered by the writer of "Dead Lilies." The book shall have a conspicuous place on our shelves. Just as the Spartan made the helot drunk to show to the Lacedæmonian youth the evils of that vice, so we shall preserve "Dead Lilies" to exhibit to any enterprising writer about to attempt fiction what to avoid. To Cecil Haslewood we may present the Wooden Spoon of fiction, for she has the proud satisfaction of having written the worst novel of the season.

"Dead Lilies," of course, professes to be the autobiography of a girl; equally of course it is written in the present tense, and the heroine is wild and wilful, skittish and saucy, and we might add vicious and vulgar. Miss Broughton has a great deal to answer for, since she was the first to introduce us to this odious kind of heroine, a girl who, with the manners of a barmaid and the morals of the Haymarket, is presented to us as a fair specimen of the English women of to-day. The heroine of "Dead Lilies" is called Helen Beresford, and her account of her entrance into the world strikes the key-note of the book. She tells us, "I was born at my mother's death, or rather I should say I came into the world as she quitted this gay and festive scene." Miss Beresford owns also that her hair is like "a haystack as to tidiness," and it hides rents in her dresses. She hates petticoats, and sits in a tree showing her legs to a stranger (a common characteristic of this class of heroine). She has a "dad," and no mother, and she talks a hideous mixture of slang and bad grammar, interspersed with stale, and in such a connection blasphemous, balderdash about God and Nature. A business man is a "Brummagen cad," to whom this lady-like creature says, "Give you a dance, Mr. Jones? I would not make quite such a fool of either you or myself." She owns to liking to lie in the arms of a man who is a perfect stranger to her. Her head is a "jolly big one," she is "awfully peckish," her hand is kissed "with as much reverence" as though the man "were kissing the Pope's great toe," and then in the midst of all this we read of her gazing up "as if in search of God's face in His heavens above." This precious heroine falls in love with a certain Mr. Lefroy, and, as usual, he turns out to be a married man, though his wife, according to Miss Beresford, lives in St. John's Wood, which is "a place near London, where there are such lovely villas!" Lefroy's wife is naturally exhibited as the vilest of women, and the amiable heroine thus apostrophises her: "Oh, God, to think that woman had laid her head where mine had laid on his bosom! had polluted his mouth with her foul kisses!" In the end Miss Beresford dies, to the unspeakable relief of the reader, though, by the way, she is an unconscionable long time about it; still, her language during dissolution is really beautiful and does her credit. She is expiring, of course, in Mr. Lefroy's arms, who is congenially occu-

ried in execrating his lawful wife, and pressing "burning hungry kisses" on the moribund minx's "sweet lips." And then she says, "Jack, I once stood upon the very brink of hell (we can quite believe it from the manner in which she has conducted herself). Yes, in the first bitterness of the blow I was almost an unbeliever; but I listened to my, *our* old friend Nature, and now I believe I am God's." The italics, it must be understood, are the author's, and we can add nothing to that delightful touch. Nature is "our mutual friend," and so we can die happily. It must be said that Mr. Lefroy is by no means behind-hand in the matter of platitudes, and, among other things he apostrophises the eyelids of the corpse saying they were like a "summer's sun warming my old life up in me," which suggests the concoction of an *entrée* from the remains of yesterday's dinner.

Here we must part with the author of "Dead Lilies," though it would be easy enough to fill pages with quotations showing how painful has been the task of reading it. The public can, however, easily escape the infliction. The hapless critic, who feels that life is shortened by such books as this, alone suffers from them, and it is only by a strong effort of Christian charity that we can forgive Mrs. Henry Kingsley for introducing us to such a writer.

#### WHIST.\*

THIS little volume consists of a series of letters embodying the laws of whist, and instructions how to play the game, about which, as the author says, it is difficult to write too much, "for the number of good players is limited, while that of bad is legion." It may, however, well be doubted whether the multiplication of books on whist is likely to make bad players good ones. The tenth edition of Cavendish is so clearly written and arranged, while the hands contained at the end of the book are so much more easily understood by being actually placed before the reader than they could be if the old system of merely mentioning the cards they contain (which Colonel Drayson adopts) were pursued, that it is difficult to suppose that persons who neglect learning whist from Cavendish will learn it from this new work. But, on the other hand, there have been certain developments of the game introduced since 1874, which some people consider improvements, and these, of course, have not been hitherto collected in a handbook, although they have been fully described and discussed in the now, alas! extinct *Westminster Papers*. One of them, and the one most generally adopted, is the rule of leading the lowest but one of a five suit; another is the "echo" of the call for trumps, so as to indicate to your partner whether you have three, four, or five. As to the former, notwithstanding the extent to which it has been introduced in the Clubs, we are not yet entirely convinced of its efficacy; as to the "echo" we have no manner of doubt at all; and as to the third "improvement" suggested by Colonel Drayson, and, it appears, already approved of by some very cultivated players, that of leading the lowest but two of a six suit, we condemn it unhesitatingly. The object of all these rules is to give one's partner information. Colonel Drayson says, on page 82:—"The great object of play at whist being to inform your partner of the state of your own hand," &c. Now, with all due deference to our author, we contend that the object of play at whist is to enable you (and your

\* *The Art of Practical Whist.* By Colonel A. W. DRAYSON, R.A. (George Routledge and Sons.)



partner) to make as many tricks as possible. It is true that towards the end of the book (page 181) Colonel Drayson himself condemns people "who consider the main object of whist is not to win tricks, but to convey information," in no measured terms; yet his whole work is based on the former incorrect assumption. Nine players out of ten—nay, ninety-nine out of a hundred—do not possess a memory sufficiently retentive nor sufficiently practised to remember all the different rules of leads and echoes laid down, with all their exceptions, so as to be able to act on them in the hurry of the game. The simpler and more evident to common sense the rules are the greater will be the number of average persons who can recollect them and play in accordance with them. The whole tendency of modern whist—of which this book is a distinct production—is towards the increase in the number of rules. With this increase there must also follow a very great many exceptions, and thus the system of play becomes so complicated that it takes any man of ordinary intellect all his time to watch the working of the machinery and to follow the regulations. He is therefore extremely apt, in his anxiety to do what the book tells him, to slip many tricks which a little less knowledge would have enabled him to secure. Of course Colonel Drayson, like other good players, appears to consider that these rules are not too numerous nor too difficult, that they are only results of actual practice, and that they are in every respect useful. He also warns players against adhering too closely to them, and devotes two sections to "underplay" and "false cards." But what may be easy for such players as Colonel Drayson is extremely difficult to the great majority; and this book is professedly written not for fine players, but for the legion of inferior ones. Those who, aware of their deficiencies, attempt to remedy them by studying it, will not improbably, even after a regular course of Drayson in small doses on every alternate day for a month, only end in having a number of unconnected rules in their head, carefully echoing their partner's call, and leading the lowest but two of six, but losing trick after trick from their desire to observe all the new regulations.

Yet, besides the new rules with which we do not cordially agree, there is some fresh matter in this little work which commends itself to the notice of all whist-players. Such, for instance, is the use and the danger of playing twelfth and thirteenth cards, which former writers have hardly noticed at all, and which are here clearly and cleverly pointed out. Such, again, is the remark that "some players actually treat a force from their partner as if it were an ask for trumps, assuming that he would never force them unless very strong," and the whole section devoted to forcing. The chapter on finesses is also very instructive, though the word *arbitrary* is absurdly misapplied. The author means *compulsory*, as the intelligent reader will soon discover; and on page 114 there is another, though happier, misapplication in the word *reticence*; similarly, *exact* is used for *enforce*. On the same page we notice a misprint—*two* for *ten* of clubs—to which we call attention because of the difficulty in carrying written hands in the mind, even if correctly given. The cases with which the volume concludes, and the decisions given, will no doubt prove useful, and if consulted will put an end to many unseemly wrangles in the card-room. But we cannot agree with the decision given in Case V. (where a card having been exposed, and the guilty party having got rid of it in the course of his play, his partner is called on to lead a suit), as it appears to us totally at variance with the accepted law on the subject.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

IN the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Montagu Cookson, under the title of "The Nation before Party," pursues his ideal of forming a new Party, which shall consist of the moderate men on both sides of the House—a sort of Central Liberal-Conservative Party. The late Walter Bagehot, in one of his acute and thoughtful political essays, expressed his opinion that the section of the House which he, in Continental phraseology, called the Left-Centre was the one best fitted to govern a country in the interests of sober progress, but at the same time he was too shrewd an observer to miss seeing that that moderate Party, however much to be desired, was the one that had least chance of being called to the helm under a popular *régime*. "In Moderation setting all my glory, while Tories call me Whig and Whigs a Tory" is not a cry to go to the hustings with. Lady Strangford's paper on Eastern Roumelia will be read with great interest. The testimony of a charitable and accomplished woman to Muscovite misdeeds, enacted under her own eyes, ought to dispel any illusions still perchance lingering in obscure quarters as to Russian philanthropy. Lady Strangford clearly sees, like all intelligent and unprejudiced observers, that the dissolution of Turkey is a question of time. Yet she would rightly, we think, rather trust the infant aspirations of Bulgarian nationality to the Turk controlled by Europe than to the irresponsible, if paternal, tutelage of the Czar. What Mr. W. R. Greg says is always worth reading. Some years ago Mr. Greg, under the title of "Rocks Ahead," published a paper, enumerating, among other things, the dangers he saw, or thought he saw, threatening British commercial prosperity. But the nation was then in the full tide of prosperity, and refused to listen to his Cassandra-like warnings. Now that we are drifted among the shallows, his opinions may perhaps command the attention they deserve. Mr. Greg lays particular stress on the unsoundness of our distributive system—*i.e.*, the excessive proportion which the *distributors* bear to the producers.

In the last article of the number, Mr. Gladstone discusses in his copious and eloquent way the proposition of "Analogy" Butler that probability is the guide of life.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains articles of such surpassing interest, written with high average ability, that it would require several columns to do anything like justice to one of them alone; we must content ourselves with summarising. In the editorial leader Mr. Morley attacks the policy of M. Ferry's Education Bill; he sees no crying need to save the State from the machinations of the Ultramontane Party, and no one can accuse Mr. Morley of clerical sympathies; he disapproves of the Bill because, even granted the peril were portentous, the Bill is inadequate; its conclusions are too narrow for the premises. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*. And even if the Bill does become law its provisions will most certainly be evaded; it is a Radical retaliation, not a well-considered reconstructive attempt. Two of our most important colonies, Victoria and Canada, are dealt with in "Democracy in Victoria" and "Canadian Protection Vindicated." In the first Professor Pearson gives us the clearest sketch we have yet seen of what may be called the Constitutional history of the Colony; he gives a succinct account of the causes, on the one hand, which make Victoria Democratic, and a no less impartial one of the tendencies to Conservatism on the other, which are a powerful political factor there no less than here. The clash of these antagonistic forces, working in a stereotype Constitution, has produced the present deadlock which the confabulations between Mr. Graham Berry and Sir M. H. Beach are intended to remedy. It seems evident to us, not only from Professor Pearson's article, but also from an able contribution to the last number of *The Melbourne Review*, by an eminent Australian Conservative, that the Legislative Council is somewhat to blame; it is easy enough to decree bi-cameral Parliaments, but difficult to prevent their functions from overlapping, and if the will is there on both sides, conflicting.

Mr. D. McCulloch's article corroborates the late Mr. Bagehot's view that there is no such thing as a universal science of political economy holding good alike in all times

and places. Mr. McCulloch tries to show that although unrestricted Free Trade is the sound and rational course for England, Canada, where circumstances are totally different, would be ruined were she to act in entire accordance with its doctrines. The article ought to be read by all those Englishmen who fancy true political economy is only taught within the limits of the four seas, and that the statesmen and economists of all other civilised countries are the victims of transparent fallacies. The spirit of historical inquiry, so characteristic of our age, finds expression in Sir H. Maine's clear and able discussion on ancient ideas as to the arrangement of codes; and Mr. E. B. Tylor's thoughtful and recondite research into the history of games, the substance of which was, if we mistake not, delivered as a lecture at the Royal Institution some weeks ago.

Hardly any view advanced by the illustrious author of the "Descent of Man" has met with so much disfavour as the explanation of the loss of hair in mankind through sexual selection." Mr. Grant Allen, in an admirable paper adapted alike to scientific and popular readers, tries to prop up Mr. Darwin's theory by acute observation of extraneous causes which make for hairlessness. We think he has thoroughly succeeded in the main, and, however opinions may differ, his paper is certainly a valuable and original contribution to the controversy raging just now. The friends of the late Professor Clifford—and who ever met him who was not anxious to be his friend?—will be delighted with Mr. Pollock's tribute to his memory. The tone is kindly and sympathetic, but the judgment is sober and impartial; there is no trace of *furor biographicus*.

The article in the *Contemporary Review* which is likely to excite most interest is Professor Bonamy Price's contribution on Commercial Depression and Reciprocity. The Professor clearly proves that the cause of the present serious distress is neither over-production, in the first instance, as believed by many so-called friends of the working classes, nor the appreciation of the value of gold on which so much stress was laid by the Prime Minister in his recent speech on Lord Bateman's motion, but simply over-consumption of wealth in all classes of the community. The Professor shows the futility of the remedies most eagerly proposed—limited production on the part of the wage-receiving class, and the revival of a pseudo-protectionism, in the shape of the cry for "reciprocity," on the side of the employers. The true nostrum is the careful consideration by all classes of the questions put by Mr. Shepard, U.S. Consul at Bradford, in his report to the Secretary of State at Washington. "1. Can and will English artisans live as cheaply as their competitors? 2. Will they accept the same wages? 3. Will they give more labour for the wages? 4. Will all classes live within their means? 5. Will young people be content to commence life where their fathers began instead of where they left off? 6. Will English manufacturers keep pace with the wants and advancement of the age? 7. Will they encourage and adopt new scientific and labour-saving improvements? 8. Will they stimulate, foster, and disseminate both general and technical education." If these questions are not soon answered, the result must inevitably be a still further depression, bringing destitution and misery in its train, and the natural outcome, a complete transfer of English trade to other centres, accompanied by emigration on a scale never before known. Even at the risk of transgressing the conditions of space we cannot refrain from pointing out that the most unanswerable argument in favour of Free Trade we have ever met with, and it is worth insisting on at the present juncture, is to be found at p. 285 of the *Review*, or p. 307 of Professor Price's "Chapters on Political Economy." The other articles in the number, which we can do no more than mention, are of varied interest, notably Professor Rogers on "English Agriculture," and Professor Caird's critique, from the point of view of an impartial opponent, of the social philosophy of Comte. Lovers of literary controversy will be amused by Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Last Words on Mr. Froude," in which the pugnacious historian of the Norman Conquest appears in the diverting character of an injured innocent.

In *Blackwood* "Reata" drags its slow length along.

Interesting, however, is the article on some aspects of the present French Republic to which the versatile Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* drew attention by special wire some days ago. In it the writer enumerates almost everything that can be said in favour of or against the Republic without coming to any very definite conclusion. As was said of old, "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," so the writer, "in the multitude of pretenders there is Republic"—"le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins," in the words of M. Thiers. The political articles are two party pamphlets defending the Budget and the Foreign Policy of the Government. The recent volume of the life of the Prince Consort is ably reviewed.

In *Fraser's* Mr. Wilson's paper on "The Game of Egyptian Finance" deserves attention, also an article on "Reforms in Asiatic Turkey," by one who has lived there. In it the writer conclusively shows that unless England carries on the negotiations respecting the future government of the Asiatic provinces in a manner which shall leave no doubt that no more trifling will be allowed, she had better repudiate the responsibilities cast on her by the Anglo-Turkish Convention altogether.

*Macmillan's* is not quite up to its usual high standard this month. Mr. Hueffer discusses the chances of English opera; Mr. Grant Duff reviews Professor Seeley's "Life of Stein"; the Dean of Westminster contributes a translation, more elegant than forcible, of Manzoni's "Hymn for Whit-Sunday"; Mr. George A. Macmillan ably advocates Hellenic claims as far as Janina is concerned.

The chief feature of *Temple Bar* is an admirable personal sketch of the late Sidney Dobbell, by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Let us hope it will bring readers to the comparatively neglected poems, "Balder" and "The Roman," which contain passages unsurpassed in beauty and vigour by anything that has been written for the last fifty years. The problematical task of making the rather slippery memoirs of Captain D'Artagnan, one of the heroes of Dumas' "Three Musketeers," the basis of a magazine article intended for popular reading in the reign of Queen Victoria is cleverly solved.

*Tinsley's Magazine* brings an interesting sketch of Christina of Sweden, by Miss Cobbe, and a vigorous but somewhat mistaken article by Mr. Joseph Hatton attacking the policy of Free Trade on the evidence of Bradford.

All parents and guardians having sons or wards they think of sending to the Bar, should first read Mr. Kent's article on "The Bar as a Trade" in the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In it the very slender average prospects of that overcrowded profession are put with a clearness that leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Buxton Forman draws attention to Mr. William James Linton as a poet; and Mrs. Heaton gives us a concise sketch of the painter, Mulready.

The *University* contains an excellent article on "Gentlemen of the Press," which will serve, we hope, to dispel some illusions the general public is subject to.

*London Society* is bright if superficial. The Club Cameo is "Agitation," and any of the articles will pleasantly while away half an hour.

Besides the serials, *Belgravia* brings an excellent short story by James Payn, "An Unrequited Attachment." "Half-an-Hour at Didcot Junction" is an interesting philological essay in an easy narrative form. No one with a shilling to spare can do better than invest it in the *Cornhill* for this month. Mr. Mathew Arnold's speech at Eton has points of interest far beyond the circle to which it was originally addressed. George Pzalmanazar, of Formosa, and Samuel Ireland are resuscitated in a bright article on "Two Impostors of the Eighteenth Century," while a more learned but still easily-read paper will tell the general reader all he is likely to want to know about the lost classic Menander.

The *North American Review*, among many interesting contributions contains a discussion on the "Evidences of Law and Design in Nature," after the fashion of the Symposia that appeared some time ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. The interlocutors are Presidents Porter and McCosh, Professor Newcomb, Dr. Clarke, and the Rev. Joseph Cook.

We have further received the *Argosy*, the *Theatre*, *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *St. Nicholas Magazine*, *Science Gossip*, *Modern Thought*, the *Sunday Review*, the *Journal of the National Indian Association*; also the concluding part of "Saul Weir," and the thirteenth number of "Tales from Blackwood," all excellent reading in their way.

### STRAY LEAVES.

**A GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, in aid of General Ross's Fund for the immediate relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell at Isandlana and Rorke's Drift, will take place at Willis's Rooms on the 15th May, commencing at 3 o'clock. Tickets at one guinea and half-a-guinea, are procurable at Mrs. Gould's, 111, Adelaide Road, N.W., and at the usual agents.

WE are requested to state that a bazaar, of which the Princess of Wales is patroness and the Duke of Buccleuch President, will be held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the West-End Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, 73, Welbeck Street, W. The price of admission will be 2s. 6d. the first day, a shilling on the other two days.

W. L. THOMAS, ESQ., Managing Director of the *Graphic*, will preside at the festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution, to be held 7th of June, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN inform us that the issue of the volumes of the Favourite Library will in future be continued monthly, and that it is intended to improve the series by the introduction of some standard old favourites, particulars of which will be shortly announced.

THERE has been some correspondence, we understand, between Inspectors of Schools on both sides of the Tweed on the desirability of producing a work similar to the American "Cyclopædia of Education." It is high time that something of the sort were published.

THE subjoined is the Russian literary news this week:—Frequent attention has been called by the Russian Press to the difficulty experienced in obtaining the works of standard Russian authors. The works of Poushkin—the Byron of Russia—cannot be purchased anywhere. Those of Lermontoff and Tourgénéff are only to be had in the early editions, and at an exorbitant price. To remedy the evil, Mr. Glazunoff, the representative of the oldest publishing firm in Russia, has announced his intention of bringing out a series of classics. The first volume, Gontcharoff's "Fregata Palladi," was issued this week, and will be followed shortly by a volume of Lermontoff's. The *Novoe Vremya* has commenced the publication of a "St. Petersburg Décameron; or, Stories during the time of the Vellianka Plague of 1879." The work is conducted on the same lines as Boccaccio's, and promises to be full of interest. A M. Telephonoff, who borrows his *nom de Plume* from Mr. Edison's invention, has published a novel, entitled "In Troubled Waters" (V. Mootnoi Vodé), dealing with events of the Plevna period. Under the title of "From Old and New" (Ecz Staravo ee Novavo) has appeared a volume of "sayings" of the novelist Glebé Uspinsky.

THE little world of Stuttgart has been a good deal agitated of late by the publication of the "Auch Einer" (Also one!) of Frederick Theodore Fischer, Professor of Æsthetics in the Polytechnic there. Differing from his previous works in many particulars, it has provoked very diverse criticism. We learn that a translation of it is being prepared for the English public. It is rather a curious fact that last year some assiduous Stuttgartians sent to London publishers no fewer than 300 translations of works that had within that period made a sensation in the Fatherland, and that not one of these was accepted.

THE Russian journalistic notes are as follows:—M. Kraevsky, the editor of the *Golos*, has gone on a tour to Italy

and Spain. M. Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, has been ordered by the Government to suspend for a while his political contributions to that paper. After three months' suspension, the journal *Nedairle* has again made its appearance. Criminal proceedings have been commenced by the Government against the *Seen Otetchestva*, for a libel referring to the gymnasium at Ekaterinburg. Journals which copied the article from the inculcated newspaper have been ordered to insert a two-column contradiction from the director of the gymnasium. A daily newspaper is about to be started at Toula, a town of 60,000 people, which hitherto has managed to exist without a newspaper at all. Two years ago a feeble attempt was made to publish a bi-weekly *Listok*, but the Censor suppressed it after a few numbers. A trial has come to a close at Odessa of an individual charged with "delivering M. Zinovieff, the editor of the *Odessa Vestnik*, a knock on the head with a hard stick," because the latter objected to inserting a letter from the assailant in his columns. The inquiry lasted several days, and in the end the accused was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

A YOUNG Yorkshire gentleman engaged on the expedition of Colonel Gordon, in the Soudan, is preparing for publication an account of it, and also of the work done by Admiral McKillop.

IN the present dearth of original pieces we are glad to be able to state that an entirely new and original comedy in three acts, entitled "Campaigning," will be produced at a morning performance at the Criterion Theatre on May 24th, under the management of Mr. E. H. Warren Wright.

AMONG the works of a geographical nature that may be expected to appear next season is one on the Samoan Islands by a Scotchman engaged in missionary work there.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S annual concert will take place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, the 20th inst., commencing at 8.30 o'clock. The eminent pianiste will be supported by Madame Norman-Neruda, Herr Strauss, and Herr Henschel. With such assistance, Miss Zimmermann can hardly fail to obtain the success which we cordially wish her.

GENERAL BARON PHILIPPOVICH, the "conqueror" of Bosnia, is to be made a Peer of Austria. So is also Baron Heine, the proprietor and editor-in-chief of the *Fremdenblatt*, and brother of the poet. This is the first instance of a journalist being elevated to the Upper House. It is, however, not as a journalist, but as a great landowner that Baron Heine is so distinguished. The honour of a peerage, moreover, confers little or no social distinction in Austria. The Vienna aristocracy persistently ignore any *novi homines*, however eminent their public services may have been, and treat them in the same way as in the last century the then Duke of Grafton tried to treat the first Lord Thurlow.

THE Opera question in Paris, now reduced to the choice of an inspector, is still in suspense. The Government has not yet decided to make a selection from the only three candidates yet remaining—M. Vancorbeil, the protégé of M. Jules Ferry, the Minister in whose department the appointment lies; M. Léony Déroyat, the editor-in-chief of the *Estafette*, who is supported by M. de Girardin; and finally, M. la Rounat, formerly director of the Odéon. As politics are now mixed up with everything, the newspapers are trying to damage the candidates by calling them Bonapartists; M. Vancorbeil is also reproached for the concert which his wife gave at Brussels during the war in aid of the Prussian wounded. A fourth person, who is hardly spoken of, but who might very well at the last moment carry off the concession, is the outgoing director, M. Halanzier, who has the advantage of being in the place, and of knowing all the advantages and disagreeables attendant on carrying on the Grand Opera. In the meantime, while the interregnum is prolonged, the artists are arranging for other engagements, and are leaving for abroad without being retained, so that it is quite possible that when the Opera question is settled, no Opera will remain.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

*Emilia. A Drama of the Fourth Century.*—By J. W. Wyman and Sons.  
*A Victim of the Falk Laws. The Adventures of a German Priest in Prison and in Exile; told by the Victim.* Richard Bentley and Son.  
 Ball, Prof. R. S.—*Mechanics.* London Science Class Books. Longmans and Co.  
 Balzac, Honoré de.—*The Cat and Battledore, and other Tales.* Translated into English by Philip Kent, B.A. 3 vols. Sampson Low and Co.  
 Barrett, H. J.—*Fifteen Years Among the Zulus and the Boers.* M. C. Peck, Hull.  
 Bridges, Lieut.-Col. E. S. *Grenadier Guards.—Round the World in Six Months.* Hurst and Blackett.  
 Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* With Memoir of the Author.—By H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. 200 Illustrations. Ward, Lock, and Co.  
 Butler, Samuel.—*Evolution, Old and New.* Hardwicke and Bogue.  
 Church, R. W., Dean of St. Paul's.—*Spenser.* English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan and Co.  
 Churchman's *Daily Remembrancer, The.* Griffith and Farran.  
 Clements, Hugh.—*A Manual of Organic Chemistry.* Blackie and Son.  
 Clement, Clara Erskine, and Laurance Hutton.—*Artists of the Nineteenth Century, and their Works.* A handbook containing 2050 biographical sketches. 2 vols. Trübner and Co.  
 Dickens's *Dictionary of London, 1879.* *All the Year Round Office.*  
 Dowling, Richard.—*The Mystery of Killard.* 3 vols. Tinsley Bros.  
 Guest, M. J.—*Lectures on the History of England.* With Maps. Macmillan and Co.  
 Hancock, E. Campbell.—*The Amateur Pottery and Glass Painter.* Illustrated. Chapman and Hall.  
 Hillebrand, Karl.—*Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen. Erster Band. Frankreich und die Franzosen.* Berlin: Verlag von Robert Oppenheim.  
 Hime, Maurice Charles, M.A., LL.D., edited by.—*Parting Words to Boys Leaving School.* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.  
 Hopkins, Ellice.—*Work Amongst Working Men.* Strahan and Co., Limited.  
*L'Art.* No. 227. Mai 4, 1879. A. Ballue, Editeur. 134, New Bond Street.  
 Leigh, Alfred.—*Maud Atherston.* 2 vols. James Blackwood and Co.  
*Never Wrong.* Illustrated. Favourite Library. Griffith and Farran.  
 Park, Abr.—*A Manual of Method for Pupil Teachers.* Blackie and Son.  
 Pressensé, E. de, D.D.—*The Early Years of Christianity.* Translated by Annie Harwood-Holmden. Vol. I. The Apostolic Age. Hodder and Stoughton.  
 Reeves' *Musical Directory for 1879.* W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.  
 Shoolbred, J. N.—*Electric Lighting.* With Illustrations. Hardwicke and Bogue.  
 Smith, Mrs. Adolphe.—*A Woman of Mind.* 3 vols. Sampson Low and Co.  
*The Consummation of the Age. A Prophecy Fulfilled in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.* Longmans, Green, and Co.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.

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

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find so good, so useful, and so cheap. If it is likely to be productive of good,  
you are quite at liberty to publish this.—Yours truly,  
The Author of "Grace Darling," "Harriet Stanton," "The Wreck of the Royal  
Charter," &c.  
To Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**  
Awarded seven Prize Medals for superior quality.  
Unrivalled for efficiency and purity.  
Recommended by all who have tried it.  
Manufactured from the purest ingredients.  
Testimonials innumerable.  
Dispenses with brewer's yeast.  
The best in the world. Defies comparison.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**  
The cheapest, because the best. Indispensable to every household, and an  
inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious puddings without eggs, pastry  
without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast. One trial will convince  
the most sceptical of its superiority over others.  
Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Chemists, &c., in 1d. packets, 6d., 1s., 2s.,  
and 5s. tins.  
Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE and Co., Leeds.

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

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

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Delicious to Plum Pudding.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Delicious to Jam Tarts.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Delicious to Stewed Rice.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Delicious to all kinds of Fruit.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Delicious to everything.

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



## THE EXAMINER.

## ROYAL ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## FOURTH GALLERY.

(No. 292 to 381.)

293. FLORIE. *Arthur Hacker*. A pretty portrait showing promise.
294. JOCELINE JOLIFFE SENDING PHOEBE MAYFLOWER DOWN TO THE LODGE. *Chas. Landseer, R.A.* Stupendously bad. Drawing and colour alike hideous. By an Academician of course.
295. MAY-DAY. *P. F. Poole, R.A.* A series of ghosts, wholly unsatisfactory.
306. LE DUCAT. *Henriette Brown*. A forcible picture, good in colour, and deftly painted.
307. NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS PLAYING AT BALL. *E. J. Poynter, R.A.* Celebrated beauties masquerading as Grecian damsels. The artist has pitted himself against the photographers, and the latter win in a canter. The figures are wooden, the composition is clumsy, the drapery badly managed, and the colour by no means pleasing. Mr. Poynter is capable of infinitely better work than this pretentious and disappointing picture.
315. J. R. CLAYTON, ESQ. *J. E. Hodgson, A.* A good portrait of a gentleman endeavouring with complete success to look like Mr. J. L. Toole.
324. "NO SURRENDER." *Andrew C. Gow*. French soldiers defending themselves in a garret and firing through a trap-door. Eminently picturesque and vigorous, telling a stirring story with dramatic effect.
325. TWILIGHT. *P. H. Calderon, R.A.* Unworthy of the artist. Hot and unnatural in colour.
326. CHELSEA PENSIONERS. *Ellen Conolly*. Miss Conolly seems to have modelled herself on Mr. Herkomer, and with considerable success. The faces have character.
330. A RESTING PLACE. *G. H. Boughton*. A labourer, some children, and two women on the tramp resting under a tree by the roadside. The picture has poetry in it, but the artist's persistence in one key of colour spoils his work. It is pretty, but not true; and the eye wearies of his yellows and greens, no matter how cleverly used.
331. THE LAUREL WALK. *H. T. Wells, R.A.* Hard faces and scamped drapery. The laurels might be anything else.
332. A COMING STORM. *E. Pavey*. Hung rather high, but apparently solid work, with some characteristics of the Norwich School about it.
336. "NAUGHTY KITTY." *G. D. Leslie, R.A.* A young girl sits on a terrace in an antique garden, while a child fondles a struggling cat. Sweet faces rendered with singular charm in the painter's best manner.
337. "GREY SWAMP AND POOLS." *Frank Walton*. Woodland and water, painted with force and precision. An admirable work.
340. BELOW BRIDGE. *Peter P. Pugin*. An effective picture seemingly, hung far too high.
342. NUTTING. *Hamilton Maccallum*. Too hot in colour, and the sea too glaring, but not destitute of a certain picturesqueness.
344. MIDDAY REPOSE. *T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.* Cows, of course, and of course, also, capitally painted. Were metempsychosis possible, Mr. Cooper might look forward hereafter to a vaccine existence.
347. THE RIVULET. *J. Armstrong*. An unpretending little work, good in tone, and showing poetic feeling.
351. POMONA FESTIVAL. *L. Alma Tadema, A.* The

apple-tree in blossom round which the revellers are dancing painted with marvellous precision and truth. Colour and composition exceedingly happy.

357. THE STUDENT IN DISGRACE. *F. B. Burgess, A.* A scene in the University of Salamanca. A young student is arraigned before his Dons. A well-composed picture, light and shade adroitly managed, and the faces full of character. The brazier in the foreground is a capital piece of work.

362. IN THE SHADE. *Marcus Stone, A.* A maiden sits forlorn in an Old World garden, while her more fortunate friend or sister has secured a cavalier, and the two hang over the flowers in the background. A twilight tone pervades the picture, which is full of poetic feeling and soft harmonies of colour.

367. SABRINA. *Alfred Elmore, R.A.* The nymph stands in the water, supported by one hand and arm on the bank. In such a position, and in a girl so young, the acromion would not be so prominent, and the clavicle would have shown more.

374. BY THE SEASIDE. *W. F. Yeames, R.A.* Portraits again, and on the line, but such works should be relegated to a separate exhibition, and not be hung in an academy of arts.

377. A CONSULTATION. *C. Green*. Three doctors discussing a case. The family apothecary, a stout little man, is evidently being lectured by the advisers he has called in, but he seems likely to stick to his opinion. The faces of the disputants are well managed, and each shows character, and the colour is sound. A clever work.

378. DISTURBED. *J. W. Oakes, A.* A twilight effect, and a bird starting from the grass. The painter quotes:—"In sober livery all things clad," and has carried out the idea well.

379. SCIENCE IS MEASUREMENT. *H. S. Marks, R.A. Elect.* An old savant going to measure the skeleton of a bird. Full of humour, and painted with admirable technical skill. Mr. Marks's diploma picture, and one worthy and characteristic of him.

380. THE MARQUIS OF EXETER. *H. Weigall*. A good and truthful portrait.

## FIFTH GALLERY.

(No. 382 to 462.)

385. SIGNALS OF DISTRESS. *Arthur Hopkins*. An old mariner and his daughter peering out from a jetty in a storm. Fine sense of wind and stormy atmosphere, but the painter should improve the sea.

394. GEHAZI, THE SERVANT OF ELISHA. *J. E. Hodgson, A.* Infinitely humorous. The expression of Gehazi's face is inimitable.

395. SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE, BART. *W. W. Oules, A.* Another masterly portrait by a young artist who has sprung almost at a bound into the front rank of portrait painters, and who thoroughly deserves the success he has achieved.

396. ENID AND GERAINT. *H. M. Paget*. More bad anatomy. Does nobody attend the Life School in these days? Evidently painted from a dead body, for in no living man would the abdominal muscles fall in after the fashion here depicted. The sternum indicated in a most ludicrous way, and the deltoid broken up into bits of muscle instead of being continuous as in life.

398. JOSEPH INTERPRETING DREAMS. *H. Sidney*. Another picture enough to drive an anatomist mad. A bursa on the acromion of the Butler. Where did the artist get his authority for it?

401. GATHERING CLOUDS—MEDMENHAM. *Keeley Halswelle*. Cloud wrack in the distance, swaying reeds, and darkened water on which lie heavy aquatic plants. A very low key of colour well sustained. A true and powerful piece of work.

402. NELLIE, DAUGHTER OF ARTHUR BASS, ESQ., M.P.

*Jas. Sant, R.A.* A stronger portrait than most of those Mr. Sant has given us this year.

403. THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS. *Sir John Gilbert, R.A.* A wild and tumultuous work. A chaos of confused colour and crowded composition, like nothing that ever existed or could exist. Sir John can paint so well when he likes, and even in parts of this picture there is good work, that we can only wonder at it.

405. DOLLY'S GARDEN PARTY. *Sydney P. Hall.* Deservedly skied.

407. DUTCH PINKS WARPING OFF SHORE. *Edwin Hayes.* Good sea and sky by a painter who has given us similar effects in water-colour.

408. PRISCILLA. *G. H. Boughton.* The heroine of Longfellow's "Miles Standish." A delicious Puritan maiden, most delicately and daintily painted, and realising for us the Puritanic side of Priscilla's character. But the painter has made her just a little too demure. This Priscilla is worthy of all the worship that John Alden bestowed upon her, but she would scarcely have behaved as we know Priscilla did. The painter has surely forgotten how

"Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

409. THE ROUM-I-SULTANA. *Val. C. Prinsep, A.* One of Mr. Prinsep's Eastern reminiscences. Clever management of difficult colour; an interesting rather than a pleasing picture.

413. THE DEATH. A KILL WITH THE PYTCHLEY. *John Charlton.* This young artist is rapidly coming to the front as a painter of animals, more especially of hounds, and this picture shows that his hand is gaining additional mastery of his subjects.

414. THE LATE F. P. COCKERELL, ESQ. *G. F. Watts, R.A.* A very vivid and truthful portrait.

416. SUMMER-TIME. *Marcus Stone, A.* A sleepy-eyed maiden in old-fashioned dress sits in the summer noon-tide, while a tall thistle rises fantastically near her. The greenery in the background is too indistinct, and the picture lacks strength. It looks like a clever pot-boiler.

421. GERTRUDE. *G. A. Storey, A.* A soberly and well-painted portrait of the daughter of a Mr. Harter.

427. SERMON TIME. *Arthur Stocks.* Recalls Mr. Frith in his worst manner. An ambitious work, in which the artist has endeavoured to show how a sermon affects various hearers. Mr. Stocks would do better if he attempted less.

428. A STORM IN THE GLEN. *R. Ansdell, R.A.* Quite satisfactory to those who like this sort of work.

429. MRS. TEMPLE SOANES. *F. Sandys.* Far too highly glazed, and raw and vulgar in colour. The roses, nevertheless, are skilfully painted.

430. A BIT OF COMMON. *E. B. De Satur.* We have put a title to this clever work, which describes it fairly enough. A piece of waste ground, sand pit, and furze rendered very sympathetically and well.

434. "ADDING INSULT TO INJURY." *G. Chierici.* A beggar-boy feeding chickens, and putting out his tongue at a cat who watches the process enviously. The look of disgust and reproach of the cat's face is cleverly caught, and very comic.

435. THEIR ONLY HARVEST. *Colin Hunter.* Another picture purchased by the Academy in accordance with the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. A boat rising on a groundswell in which are fishermen and a girl engaged in gathering seaweed. The sea is well modelled, and the floating wrack in it well indicated. A clever and interesting work, though not without some touches of exaggeration in the management of the light and shade on the water.

436. TAMING OF THE SHREW. *Frank Topham.* A vigorous though rather conventional picture, which ought to have rejoiced Lord Beaconsfield, who, at the Academy

dinner, so strongly recommended Shakespearian subjects. If the Premier's unkind suggestion is carried out, there is a terrible future before us.

439. THE RISING MOON.

445. THE VALE OF LLANRWST. } *Joseph Knight.*

Two very characteristic specimens of the painter's work. The former solid and low in tone, and the latter full of feeling and refinement.

440. SARAH AND ISAAC.

446. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. } *F. Goodall, R.A.* Very

familiar work, well conceived and well painted. Hagar's face in the latter admirable. Academic pictures in a good sense.

447. THE SEABIRDS' RESTING-PLACE. *P. Graham, A.*

A collection of birds that would gladden the heart of Mr. Buckland or Mr. Tegetmeier. The birds better than the sea.

453. THE CONVENT GARDEN. *J. B. Burgess, A.* A nun in a convent garden bright with flowers. Well managed colour.

454. NO SURRENDER. *J. Watson Nicol.* One man stands with a drawn sword, while in front of him is a door under which the flames are bursting, and where the foemen may be expected to enter immediately. Another holds back a bloodhound who has his eye on an enemy who is coming down a staircase on the left, and beckoning others to follow. A dramatic and clever picture, telling a definite story with effect, and showing much technical skill.

460. THE CAPTIVE BRITON. *W. Small.* A child brings the captive water. Better in intention than execution, which is rather rough. At the same time the picture has a refreshing amount of meaning in it, a quality only too rare in these days.

461. FALAISES.—COAST OF NORMANDY. *E. W. Cooke, R.A.* A pretty street-scene, but Mr. Cooke should not desert the sea.

## SIXTH GALLERY.

(No. 463—556.)

464. SUNDOWN. *Cecil Lawson.* In this rather startling and effective picture Mr. Lawson has deliberately modelled himself upon Turner.

466. SAD DOGS. *F. Vinea.* There is humour in this work by a foreign artist, and the story is well told.

475. WHEN YOUNG SPRING, &c. *Frank Walton.* The dawn of Spring shown with much skill and feeling. A charming woodland scene.

477. A SUSSEX VILLAGE. *J. W. Oakes, A.* The sky adroitly painted, and the water admirable. Delicate handling without losing breadth of effect.

478. RUTH AND BOAZ. *D. W. Wynfield.* Corn and foreground well managed, and the figures fairly composed. Ruth's countenance too commonplace.

482. AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON. *F. Slcombe.* A woodland pathway over which the gaunt trunks of trees nearly bare cast shadows. A picture that would etch well hung cruelly high.

486. THE EARL CADOGAN. *G. F. Watts, R.A.* A face painted with admirable directness and simplicity. The artist has kept himself in the background, and thought only of the sitter.

487. "IN MANUS TUAS DOMINE." *Briton Riviere, A.* A fair-haired young knight of the Middle Ages in shining armour is about to ride into an enchanted cavern. His horse and his dogs show unmistakable signs of fear, but he holds his cross-handled sword in front of him, and murmurs, "In manus tuas Domine." The picture, which is somewhat in Mr. Millais' earlier manner, is admirably conceived and executed. We are not certain that the knight's face is not a shade too effeminate, but that may be forgiven, the picture as a whole is so good. The dogs, as might have been expected, are masterly.

488. MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS. *T. Moran.*

A large and impressive picture of a scene in the Rocky Mountains. A giant is needed to deal with such Titanic scenery.

491. ——— *Keeley Halswelle.* The artist puts no title, but this motto—

“Solemn and silent everywhere,  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!”

A clump of trees stands against a wild sky, and in the middle of a dark river are rushes bearing marks of the sweep of its waters. An impressive work, in which the artist has thoroughly caught the spirit of the scene he depicts.

493. TANNING NETS. *J. C. Hook, R.A.* Roughly painted, but effective at a distance, especially the sea.

495. STONEPICKERS. *Alice Havers.* Graceful figures—too graceful, perhaps, for rustics; sunset sky well managed. Reminds us of F. Walker's work.

502. A STRANGER IN THE FIELD. *R. Meyerheim.* Some humour. A little black porker in lush herbage among white cows. The meadow clever.

509. RAINBOW BRIDGE. *G. Daffarn.* The bridge and the rainbow in the spray of the cataract are better managed than the water itself. A nearly successful attempt to put a difficult scene on canvas.

511. BEFORE LEUTHEN. Dec. 3, 1757. *R. C. Woodville.* Vater Fritz rides down the line, and his sturdy soldiers salute him. The artist quotes a bit of Carlyle, but he might have chosen a better passage. “What is thy news, then, so late?” called out some veterans as Friederich ambled past. “Good news, children,” said he; “to-morrow you will beat the Austrians tightly.” “That we will, by —,” answered they. A soundly-painted battle-piece, showing thought and good work.

512. SHOWERY WEATHER. *W. S. Fay.* Deft work modelled on that of certain Dutch masters.

516. ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT. *C. Calthrop.* A well-drawn and dramatic picture. The dead man, however, has the hue of death unduly emphasised. The grouping well managed, and the colour fairly satisfactory.

517. THE FRENCH NATURALIST IN ALGIERS. *J. E. Hodgson, A.* Our friend Gehazi (see No. 394) engaged in the congenial occupation of cheating the naturalist.

524. UNTIL THE EVENING. *H. R. Robertson.* A labourer plodding homeward from his work. Good.

525. THE EMPTY SADDLE. *S. E. Waller.* An old hall in winter. A cavalier comes home with a riderless horse, and a maiden on the balcony swoons at the sight. A dramatic scene fairly well painted. A wholly inappropriate motto from Præd is quoted in the catalogue. Much better have given us—

“Toom hame cam the saddle,  
But never cam he.”

526. “OH, THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.” *T. Graham.* Brightly painted. The girls in sabots good, the sea unnatural.

528. A GOOD HAUL. *J. G. Naish.* Net and fish show skill.

531. MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD. *J. E. Millais, R.A.* Too pale, and strange flesh tints.

533. THE COTTAGE. *A. Scifone.* Another foreigner well to the front. A classic game painted with precision and sound arrangement of tones.

538. SCENE FROM BARNABY RUDGE. *F. Barnard.* Much character in the picture. Dolly Varden prettier than most of Mr. Barnard's faces. A distinct advance in his art.

540. TOIL AND PLEASURE. *J. R. Reid.* (Purchased by the Academy.) A number of rustics gathering turnips suspend their labours as a hunt sweeps past. Indubitably vigorous, but would be improved by more refined and careful painting of the faces.

541. AT HAMPTON COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

*F. E. Cox.* A bright and attractive scene. The Chinese umbrellas strike us as too modern.

545. WOMEN WASHING. *G. Clausen.* Graceful figures and careful colour. A very pleasing picture.

548. DISCORD. *Marcus Stone, A.* A lover's quarrel. Gracefully and sympathetically painted, but the background is too misty.

549. “MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT.” *H. O'Neil, A.* Hard and glaring. Might have done for a wood engraving in a cheap illustrated paper, and even then would have caused a shudder.

550. THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT. *C. Amyot.* Mr. Amyot's penitent has apparently fared better than Mr. Fildes's while away from home. Too stagey, but shows good intentions.

555. A SECLUDED SPOT. *Stuart Lloyd.* Pollard willows and a still pool on a bright summer's day. A promising bit of work.

#### SEVENTH GALLERY.

(No. 557—662.)

557. PROFESSOR HUMPHREY, F.R.S. *W. T. Roden.* The well-known Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge. We are weary of portraits, but this deserves a word of praise.

562. THE LATE Hh. BROWN. *Edwin Long, A.* The life-long friend of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A blind old lady. A pathetic work, the face magnificently modelled, and the texture of the black lace admirable. Seems too obviously posed, but no doubt the position was one natural to the sitter.

567. AFTER THE DUEL. *G. C. Hindley.* A cheerful gentleman in yellow, smoking the pipe of peace after having spitted his man. A spirited picture.

570. THE REV. DR. RIDDING. *W. W. Oulless, A.* Every inch a schoolmaster!

571. TRÉPORT AT LOW TIDE. *R. Mols.* Good low tone, but rather too hard.

572. CROSSING THE SARDA. *Herbert Johnson.* The artist quotes from the *Times* of March 20, 1873:—“The afternoon sport was inaugurated by a display rarely given to anyone to witness . . . Such a spectacle was never beheld by living man; and, indeed, it may be doubted if the like was ever seen in past ages. This was a procession of 700 elephants. The Prince sat in his howdah waiting for three-quarters of an hour, and watching the wonderful column cross the arm of the Sarda.” By no means an easy scene to paint, but Mr. Johnson has depicted it for us vividly and skilfully, and we doubt not with abundant truth.

575. LILIES, OLEANDERS, AND THE PINK. *G. A. Storey, A.* A dainty maiden seated among the flowers, holding a Japanese umbrella behind her head. A very charming picture, but the drawing of the right arm more than doubtful.

579. SIGNOR PIATTI. *Frank Holl, A.* A striking portrait; genuine work.

582. THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY. Jan. 13, 1842. *Elizabeth Butler (née Thompson).* This is Mrs. Butler's text from Mr. Justin Macarthy's “History of Our Own Times”:—“One man alone reached Jellalabad. Literally, one man—Dr. Brydon—came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestion of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.” A profoundly pathetic and most powerful picture. Jellalabad is seen in the distance, whence issue a general and his staff. The “one man” is nearly in the centre of the picture, his head thrown back against the pitiless sky, and his hands grasping the pommel of his saddle, as he sways backward on his spent horse in an agony of weariness and pain. The artist has put her whole

heart into the work and the result is a masterpiece. There has been one female Academician, and it seems inevitable that there should now be another.

595. A RUSTIC ORLANDO. *H. T. Wells, R.A.* A woodman carves a name on a tree. Wholly uninteresting and trickily painted.

596. ASHURST DOWNS. *J. L. Pickering.* A tiny bit of road limed with genuine art.

597. "I'M SO HAPPY." *M. Ellen Staples (née Edwards).* A bonnie little girl paddling in the water. Will come home to the heart of all who have bairns.

599. "UNTIL DEATH DO US PART." *E. Blair Leighton.* An old man has married a young woman, and as she passes down the aisle she sees her old lover. Sickly sentiment carried out with appropriate vulgarity.

610. PERILS OF THE ROAD, 1710. *R. Beavis.* Highwayman by a carriage on a common. A very spirited work sound in tone.

612. A STALL IN THE FISHMARKET, ANTWERP. *R. Barrett Browning.* Life-like fish, but surely a poet's son might have chosen a more sympathetic subject.

613. ON THE EVENING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. *E. Crofts, A.* The French army retiring, and Napoleon leaving his carriage to mount a horse. A historical episode treated after a workmanlike fashion, though we question whether so much is made of the central figure as should have been the case.

616. THE MOATED GRANGE. *J. L. Pickering.* Leafless trees and still water, and the grange behind. True in colour, and admirable treatment of trees, but the grange is rather too much in the background, and the picture therefore fails to be as impressive as it might be.

626. A STUDY. *Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.* A soft and beautiful face. Exquisite workmanship.

627. IN THE TIME OF CONSTANTINE. *L. Alma Tadema, A.* Two gentlemen of the period teaching a dog to sit up. A quaint little work.

636. C. J. THOMAS, ESQ., MAYOR OF BRISTOL. *W. W. Ouless, A.* If provincial Mayors must be painted, no one can immortalise them better than Mr. Ouless, and this is a splendid portrait. But why should they be exhibited at the Academy? This picture would, no doubt, be profoundly interesting in Bristol, but it is rather a bore in London.

643. THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SEASON. *J. Brett.* The artist's customary vivid colour rather overdone. "The Camp of the Kittywake," his second title, shows us some cleverly-painted gulls.

648. LIMEHOUSE PIER. *F. A. Winkfield.* Admirably true sky and water. A gem in its way.

651. JOHN HARE, COMEDIAN. *Val Prinsep, A.* A faithful but rather hard likeness of the popular actor.

653. AMONG THE PENTLAND HILLS. *R. S. Temple.* Fine sweep of hills in foreground and in distance. A striking landscape.

656. PILGRIMS EN ROUTE TO MECCA. *R. Beavis.* Careful grouping and painting, and commendable reticence in the matter of colour.

660. THE AMBUSH. *P. H. Calderon, R.A.* Portraits, again, presented under the guise of a picture which should have some interest. How is it that Mr. Calderon is not himself this year? He is capable of far better work than any he has sent to the present Academy.

#### LECTURE-ROOM.

(No. 920—1067.)

923. A DAY DREAM. *Georgine F. Terrell (née Koberwein).* A girl in a white cap, a large white collar, white sleeves, and a pale face. Rather sickly, but pretty.

924. A HAMPSHIRE NOOK. *Jas. Charles.* A girl coming down a walk paved with bricks, and bordered by an orchard on one side and cottages on the other. Hard and glaring.

929. THE PROPERTY-ROOM. *Arthur Hughes.*  
"To look beyond the stage  
Thy life is but another page  
Continued of the play."—*Thomas Hood.*

An idealised picture. An extremely pretty girl is descending a narrow flight of steps into the property-room. But there is not much in it.

930. FLIGHT FROM THE DANES. *A. B. Donaldson.* A number of nuns, followed by servants and children, crossing a heath.

931. FERDINAND ARKWRIGHT, ESQ. *J. Forbes-Robertson.* A capital portrait, unfortunately skied.

933. DINANT ON THE MEUSE—BELGIUM. *R. Barrett Browning.* A good landscape, but the water is so smooth that it looks like ice.

934. GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA. *W. E. Lockhart.* A *tableau de genre*, with a long explanation, but without much power, though well painted.

935. PICARDY SHEEP. *H. W. B. Davis, R.A.* Truthful, if rather commonplace.

936. NORHAM. *George Reid.* A fine landscape, rich in tone. The distant woods are rendered with great force.

937. HER LORD AND MASTER. *Wm. Weekes.* A ragged tramp trudging along in the snow, his wife plodding wearily behind, laden with all their goods and chattels. There is much pathos in this picture, though it is necessarily not a pleasant one.

941. MRS. GORDON. *Jas. Macbeth.* A good portrait, but face patchy.

942. THE NEST. *John R. Reid.* The scene is an orchard. An old man is showing a little girl a bird's nest, her nurse standing by. A fine dish of metallic greens.

943. EXECUTION OF THE DUC D'ENGHEN, 1804. *Eyre Crowe, A.* The Duke is cutting off his hair, while the *peloton* is waiting to shoot him. His position is awkward, and it is difficult to discover where, in the grey dawn, the light comes from. Evidently not from the lantern on the ground, for that looks like a red brick.

944. UNBREATHED MEMORIES. *Seymour Lucas.* A knight of old looking at the portrait of a lady. There is much power in his half-averted face, but why should the lady be made so very ugly? The accessories are executed with great care.

946. MOUNTAIN STREAMS. *F. W. Hulme.* Our first impression was that this picture represented loose bundles of hay.

949. THE MERE—ALDEBURGH. *S. Melton Fisher.* A good piece of unattractive scenery.

950. THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE. *Frank Holl, A.* A sick child looking at picture-books. A clever, if rather maudlin, picture.

951. ROBERT MARNOCK, LANDSCAPE GARDENER. Presented by his Friends. *T. Blake Wirgman.* A good rugged portrait.

952. THE VILLAGE OF AROCH. *Colin Hunter.* Good in design, but rather metallic in colour. Too much striving after striking effects of light.

954. THE SHOES OF THE FAITHFUL. *Chas. Robertson.* An oblong picture representing the steps of the Mosque, where the worshippers have left their shoes. Funny, and a piece of painstaking, careful work. But the shoes are hardly as dirty, nor as worn, as they would be in reality.

955. VASHTI. *Edwin Long, A.*  
"On the seventh day, when the heart of the King was merry with wine, he commanded . . . to bring Vashti, the Queen, before the King, with the crown royal, to show the people and the Princes her beauty, for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come at the King's commandment by his chamberlain. . . ."

The companion picture to ESTHER, No. 102, in the Second Gallery. The stately, fair-haired Queen sits on a throne covered with a lion's skin, and her face is turned towards the chamberlain who brings her the King's mandate. Her face tells the story; her beauty is treated in just the right way. She has been too proud to wipe away the half-dried tears.