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NOTICE.

In consequence of a press of matter, the third article of Mr. Samuel Butler's series, "God the Known and God the Unknown," is unavoidably postponed till next week.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL NOTES.

LORD CRANBROOK'S speech at Sheffield was undoubtedly a great success, as it appears to have been addressed to a meeting into which only one solitary Liberal gained admittance. Hence, with the exception of the occasional vociferous expression of opinion of that gentleman, the feeling of the meeting was of course unanimous. We candidly admit that it was better that this very long and very elaborate speech should have been delivered at Sheffield than that the time of Parliament should have been occupied by listening to arguments which every single member of both Houses knows by heart. The Opposition has by the proceedings of its more violent leaders given Ministers numerous chances of which so able a debater as Lord Cranbrook was not slow to avail himself; nor can Mr. Chamberlain complain if some of the mud he so freely hurled at the Conservatives is returned with interest. But it is curious to observe how all the speakers on the Ministerial side evade the *gravamina* of the charges brought against them, and keep working round the fringe of the real questions on which the country is not in accord with them and disapproves their policy. The Secret Memorandum, the annexation of Cyprus, the blundering in Egypt, the vacillation in South Africa, were none of them touched upon by Lord Cranbrook. He had, no doubt, a perfect right to confine the defence of the Cabinet to the points he considered defensible; but then Conservatives must admit that his speech, however able, was not a complete answer to those who, not being carried away by the passions which now agitate both factions in the State, desire the policy of England to be in the hands of firm and courageous men, who neither undertake responsibilities they are afraid of carrying out, nor conclude agree-

ments which will not bear the light of day—men who are ready to back up their brave words by determined actions, and are not constantly committing blunders and then very cleverly finding a way out of the mess into which their blunders have brought the country.

LORD SALISBURY and Count Andrassy having intimated to M. Waddington their unwillingness to consent to an official Conference of the Ambassadors at Constantinople on the subject of Greece, the latter has addressed a circular to the Powers proposing, instead, a confidential interchange of views between the respective diplomats. The difference between the first and second proposal is only that in the case of an official Conference minutes of the proceedings would be taken, and these might possibly prove inconvenient in some future phase of the question. Germany and Russia at once agreed to this suggestion, and Count Andrassy also consented after some hesitation. England has approved it on the whole, without expressing her absolute consent; Italy, however, has given no reply whatever. The Ambassadors are now to determine on the future frontier line by private conversations, and will inform the Porte and Greece of the result as soon as it is attained. Meanwhile the French Ambassador at Athens has been earnestly urging the Greek Government to take serious measures for suppressing the insurrectionary committees which are keeping the northern frontiers in a constant state of agitation, as the continual annoyances to which the Turks have been subjected from the Greek side are not likely to induce the Sultan to increase his concessions, but, on the contrary, will probably make him and his advisers more obstinate than ever.

It may not be generally known that Sir Daniel Lysons was originally selected for the chief command at the Cape, but he could not be spared at a moment when the reorganisation of the Army was about to take place. Sir Garnet Wolseley was therefore sent out in his stead.

If one may believe the rumours lately current in Afghanistan, Russia has little intention of quietly acquiescing in the new arrangements between Yakoob Khan and Lord Lytton. A Punjaub correspondent

informs us that intrigues are said to be on foot in Khiva and Bokhara, having for their object the starting of Abdurrahman Khan as a "national" candidate for the throne. This chief, who is a grandson of Dost Mahomed, and therefore uncle to the present Ameer, has long been a Russian pensioner, and if he comes to the front we may depend upon it that he will have previously received permission from Tashkend. He is reported to have already secured promises of active co-operation from several northern chiefs, especially in the Balkh district; and he is also credited with having ample funds at his disposal, whence obtained no one knows. The ominous thing, however, so far as our own interests go, is that the common belief in Afghanistan points to Russia as being the indirect promoter of the enterprise. The prevalence of such rumours cannot but conduce to keep alive a general sense of uneasiness and of vague expectation beyond our frontier. Probably this is the real purpose of Russia's action in the matter.

THE mild and merciful Emperor of Russia having concluded his mission in Bulgaria has set a glorious example to the unspeakable Turk by the establishment of a school for hangmen. This institution, we are informed, came into existence last week at St. Petersburg, the plan of organisation, drawn up by General Drenteln, having received the signature of the Emancipator, Alexander II., himself. The object of the founders is to provide an efficient staff of hangmen for the wholesale executions that are likely to take place all over Russia. Thus far capital punishment has been carried out in an extremely bungling manner, Dubrovin, for instance, having struggled for ten minutes on the scaffold, while at Kieff this week Antonoff Brantner and Ozinsky endured torture almost as long. The pupils for the School for Hangmen are to be selected from the ranks of "intelligent and deserving men" in the Army, and for the present the number is not to exceed a dozen. Whether Russia, with her customary anxiety to avail herself of foreign talent, will endeavour to tempt Mr. Marwood from our shores we are not in a position to say.

THE influence which Admiral Popoff exerts over the mind of the Grand Duke Constantine is to be illustrated next week by the departure of the latter for Batoum in one of the well-known round boats. The cruise will be rather interesting from a naval point of view, as thus far the circular ironclads have confined their movements to a cautious and sluggish crawl around the Russian coast, being in most instances attended by a bevy of tugboats and tenders. On this occasion, however, the *Vice-Admiral Popoff* is under orders to dash—if a round boat can dash—across the Black Sea from Sebastopol to Batoum, proceeding thence to Bourgas, and afterwards to Nicolaieff. To render the arrangements as complete as possible, Admiral Popoff has been spending the last few months at Sebastopol, supervising the alterations on board for improving the ventilation and increasing the speed. The constructor is sanguine that the Grand Duke Constantine and the Minister of Marine will be charmed with the improvements effected; but if the news we have received be true the august passengers will have to be content with less than six knots an hour, "with a favourable wind," and with a temperature in the saloon a trifle higher than that of the equator. Still, Imperialism is nothing if it is not imposing, and a brother of the Czar having resolved to overawe the conquered "Batoumtsi" with a visit, the ceremony could not be carried out on a vessel of less pretensions than a circular ironclad.

WE understand that negotiations are passing between Russia and Germany with reference to the despatch of the Russian Squadron to Samoa.

MATTERS are getting worse and worse with the British Army. Grown men only enlist in the smallest numbers, and the boys, who form the majority of the recruits, are scarcely adults before they pass into the Reserve. The inducements to non-commissioned officers to re-engage are so poor that we are obliged to put up with boy-sergeants and corporals as well as boy-privates. Now, boys are not capable of supporting the fatigues of war. Consequently when a Colonial campaign takes place, and a regiment embarks for the seat of hostilities, the youngest of the boys have to be sent to the depôt, their places being filled by older soldiers from other corps. Even, however, if every man in a regiment were fit for active service, the home establishment is below the war establishment, and the additional men required are obtained by calling for volunteers. The consequence is that every regiment at home is depleted of every man that contributes to its efficiency, and the Army in England consists at present of little better than a number of cadet schools. This state of things is too dangerous to be allowed to last. The system is extravagant to a degree. If it is worth while to keep up an Army at all, it is worth while keeping it in a state of efficiency. No private individual would be so foolish as to keep a lame screw in his stables, for he costs as much as a good and sound animal, yet he is merely eating his head off. This, however, is exactly what we are doing with our Army.

WE mentioned last week that affairs in Kulja had assumed a serious aspect owing to the fears entertained of a Chinese invasion on the 1st July. We now learn that later despatches received at St. Petersburg announce that General Tso Tsoun Tan has delivered an address to 25,000 troops assembled at Chikho, in which he promised to reconquer Kulja before "the waning of three moons." As the Chinese have 20,000 troops in Kashgaria, as well as the 25,000 encamped at Chikho, the Russians are grievously outnumbered, and reinforcements are being despatched to Kouropatkin's assistance from every part of Turkestan.

THE Russians are steadily pushing their way into the administration of Persia. General Ogranovitch has left Tiflis for Teheran, to supervise the Criminal Courts modelled upon those of Russia, which are now being established throughout the Iranie dominions. One would have thought that an English official could have performed the task better, especially as the procedure of Russian Criminal Courts is marked with corruption of the grossest character; but we have no influence nowadays in Persia, and are not likely to have any until the control of Persian affairs is transferred from Downing Street to the India Office.

TRADESMEN who complain that their customers leave them for co-operative stores are perhaps not generally aware that there are other reasons besides that of economy which lead many persons to desert the shop for the store. In the Metropolitan district—in the suburbs especially—the vestries are chiefly composed of local tradesmen. Householders who would not object to paying reasonable charges for groceries and other articles to be obtained at neighbouring shops, even although such charges were slightly in excess of those made at the stores, have a very decided objection to paying heavy rates and seeing their money squandered and misapplied

by the very men who look to their custom for support. On every side they see around them evidence of gross jobbery and mismanagement by local authorities; the roads are imperfectly repaired and cleansed; dust and refuse are allowed to accumulate on their premises until their families are attacked by fever. Contractors are constantly allowed to neglect the duties they have undertaken to perform. The penalty clauses of their contracts are seldom or never enforced, and it is a well-known fact that they are often treated with indulgence simply because they have intimate friends among the vestrymen. The sanitary laws are frequently not put into operation in the case of dwellings unfit for habitation, owned by vestrymen landlords. The provisions of the Adulteration Act are in some districts neutralised by the inaction of the vestries, who are averse to prosecuting their brethren for fraudulent practices in which they themselves indulge. These and similar causes have engendered in the bosom of the householder a feeling of bitterness towards local tradesmen, leading him to deal with the stores, which are not associated in his mind with parochial iniquities.

A CORRESPONDENT at Tiflis informs us that the Russian Government has determined to break up the tribal organisation of the Circassians in Daghestan, and to deport five thousand of the highlanders next month to various parts of Russia. The measure has been decided upon in consequence of the fears entertained of a fresh revolt, similar to that which took place during the Turkish War.

WE hear that thirty officers belonging to the Russian Baltic Fleet have been despatched to the Caspian to assist in the transport of troops and stores from the Caucasus to Chikisliar for the column under General Lazareff operating against Merve.

A SMALL but well-contested literary duel which is going on between Canon Liddon and Professor Odling has attracted some attention beyond the walls of Oxford to the new statute now proposed to the University. To understand the object at which the statute aims it must be remembered that the degree in "arts" which it is proposed still to confine to students of Greek has in the course of centuries come to be regarded almost essentially as the badge of proficiency in the classical languages. The University desires to retain for it this distinctive meaning, and yet not to retain the universal obligation to study Greek, which has hitherto been maintained, but against which the students of natural science have always vigorously rebelled. The statute would represent a compromise by which these students would be excused that labour which they so cordially detest, allowed to substitute for it the study of some other and (as they think) more useful subject, and, after passing an examination therein and in Latin, to proceed to become graduates of Oxford in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, comparatively senior members of the University, enjoying all the privileges of a B.A. degree. But then they would not be Bachelors of Arts—they would be Bachelors of Natural Science. Having substituted for the orthodox Greek text-books works of a less classical character, they would have to substitute also for the B.A. degree the less imposing letters B.N.S. This is the compromise which the Professor declines on the part of his flock, the science students. He is evidently quite capable of fighting their battles and understanding their aspirations, and the University at this stage of its history is most unlikely to deal with either in a narrow or illiberal spirit; but we

may perhaps be allowed to say that from a national point of view the contention of Dr. Odling is one which we should be sorry to see adopted. A B.A. degree is not a very important badge of distinction, but it has hitherto been a guarantee that a man was at least refined by some degree of educational culture of the very highest sort. It may be a curious phenomenon, but it is certainly a true one, that men who have read a few plays of Sophocles or a book or two of the Iliad do, as a matter of fact, very rarely leave out their H's or commit gross solecisms in conversation. Professor Odling says that the amount of Greek now required is enough to be troublesome, but not enough to be of any real use. But it is an amount which somehow or other cannot be got up by undergraduates and schoolboys without leaving a most distinct mark on their education, and it is of no use to deny the fact that this result has not hitherto been produced by the study of any other language, or, indeed, of any other branch of learning under the sun.

WE learn from a Viennese source that an interview recently took place at Florence between the once famous insurrectionary chief Ljubibratics and the Russian General Ignatieff, in which the latter, by order of his Imperial master, entrusted the former with the mission to set an agitation against the Austrians on foot in the district of Novi-Bazar, and to encourage the Albanese population in an armed resistance against the occupying Power. Thereupon Ljubibratics is said to have proceeded to Rome in order to confer with the Committee of the Italia Irredenta for material assistance eventually to be rendered to the Albanese.

THE new military organisation in France is going to be put to a severe test. The Minister of War has declared to a parliamentary commission that he is ready to give his attention to a Bill which should render the period of military service equal for all, and abolish the system of one-year volunteers. At the present moment half the young men called out annually serve with the colours for five years; the other half for six months only. It is impossible, for very serious financial and social reasons, to keep everybody equally for five years. Therefore the only way to equalise the term of service is to keep all the recruits indiscriminately for three years. At the same time the privilege granted to those who are capable of passing certain examinations and of paying a sum of 1500 francs and thus reimbursing the State by a service of one year would be abolished. Already, as a commencement of this plan of military reform, the Minister of War has decided to release all soldiers who joined in 1875, and who have thus only three and a half years' service. This reduction of service and the application of it to everybody is demanded by a portion of the Republican Left and by the Radicals. Amongst the military partisans of the measure is General Trochu. But the military organisation of France is still new and far from complete, and there is serious danger in thus so soon changing its very foundation. Neither M. Thiers nor Marshal MacMahon would have allowed it to be touched by anyone before it had had a fair trial; but M. Grévy is not a soldier, like his predecessor, and he does not take the same interest in military questions as did M. Thiers.

It appears that there is to be no representative of the Austrian Court at the approaching Golden Wedding at Berlin. People are curious as to the part Prince

Bismarck will play in the festivities ; his relations with the Empress are notoriously far from cordial. The Czar will probably stay in Berlin a week, and will be accompanied by Count Schouvaloff, who is to play the part of mediator between the two Chancellors. Count Schouvaloff returns to Russia *sans portefeuille*, but the real confidential adviser of his Sovereign in home and foreign affairs. The Count is busy devising a project which shall strengthen autocracy and at the same time hoodwink Western nations by a semblance of liberty. Prince Gortschakoff remains the nominal head of the Foreign Office.

THE occupation of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar by Austrian troops is imminent. According to the Convention, five thousand men were to be employed for this purpose ; military authorities at Vienna, however, were of opinion that the number would be found insufficient for occupying a difficult country with a notoriously disaffected population. Count Andrassy endeavoured to induce the Porte to consent to a modification of the article of the agreement stipulating the number of men, but without success ; on the other hand, the Ottoman Government promised the co-operation of the Turkish troops now stationed in the Sandjak.

IT is amusing to observe the tenacity with which the apologists of the Berlin Treaty continue to stick to their text. That the main object of that Treaty—to secure the Balkans as a frontier for Turkey—has now been abandoned must be obvious to all the world ; yet the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* still profess to believe that the Treaty will be carried out, for the notable reason that the Bulgarians, under a lively sense of favours to come, will strive to propitiate England and other Powers interested in the Treaty by refraining for the present from interfering with its execution. Seeing that the only favour the Bulgarians can expect from Europe is that she should permit their union, and thereby render the Treaty a dead letter, it is not easy to understand how the encouragement of the hope of the Bulgarians that they will be so favoured can tend to the preservation of the Treaty. It is perfectly true, as the *Times* says, that gratitude has little or no influence on the policy of nations, and that the Bulgarians will probably be no better than their neighbours in this respect. But whatever may be thought of the Bulgarians, they have never been accused of a want of comprehension of their own interests ; and from this point of view there surely can be no question to which of the two Powers—England or Russia—they will look for support. The interest and wish of Russia, as of Bulgaria, is to tear up the Berlin Treaty ; of England, to maintain it. Both Russia and Bulgaria desire an extension of the Bulgarian Principality to Philippopolis and Adrianople ; England insists on the Principality being limited to the Balkans. Bulgaria, like Russia, hopes for the fulfilment of her political aspirations through the dissolution of Turkey ; England feels that her most vital interests are bound up in the preservation of Turkey. The Russians, a kindred nation by race and religion, are close at hand ; England, a country inhabited by heretics, with customs and a language utterly unintelligible to the Bulgarians, is more than a thousand miles away. Can there be any doubt, in the event of a conflict between Russia and England for Constantinople, on which side the Bulgarians would be found ?

THE chief objection to Ali Khel, our future frontier post in the Khoorum Valley, is the short supply of water.

This defect might, however, be remedied by damming up a neighbouring ravine, and so forming a reservoir. Ali Khel owes its importance to being so situated as to command, not only all the roads leading into the Khoorum Valley from the country west of the Shuturgardun Pass, but in addition the only practicable routes into the Khost Valley. The position is, unfortunately, commanded from some adjacent hills, which would therefore have to be crowned with earthworks in the event of future hostilities. It is erroneous to suppose, as some have done, that the possession of Ali Khel secures to us complete control of the road leading to Cabul. About one march beyond it there is a very narrow defile, running between densely-wooded and almost perpendicular acclivities, which would be very difficult to force if stoutly defended. Our position at Ali Khel, however, would enable us to seize this Dobundur defile at the very outset, provided we had a sufficiently strong force at the spot to admit of this being done without leaving the station defenceless.

THE Danish postal agent, M. Hansen, who is at present Editor of the *Europe Diplomatique* at Paris, has been nominated to the Governorship of the island of Bornholm.

THE advertising mania has assumed such large proportions of late years, that little astonishment is felt at tailors' poets and hymns from patent pill manufacturers ; but an advertisement extracted from a French contemporary, of which a translation is here given, has, as far as we know, not yet been attempted even in the English journal which weekly professes to chronicle the fluctuations and exchanges of a bonâ-fide marriage market. It runs thus:—"A gentleman, 35 years of age, with 200,000 francs, *consumptive*, is desirous of marrying a young and pretty person with same fortune and *disease*, as he wishes to live quite quietly on the borders of the Mediterranean. Photographs exchanged." That such a state of things should be is indeed terrible news for the believers in the "survival of the fittest," for what the offspring of such a marriage would be is a problem worthy of solution by eminent Professors.

SOME of the staunchest adherents of Prince Bismarck begin to shake their heads at the craze which has come over him in matters of political economy. In his last speech he treated the corn and wood importers of the Baltic towns as if they were downright traitors to the Empire. Not the import only, but even the mere transit trade is spoken of by him as if it were the very essence of unpatriotic conduct. It will soon come to this—that neither wool from Southern America, Australia, nor the Cape, nor even cotton from America or India, can be imported into Germany without the high and mighty Chancellor flaring up against the luckless wights who dabble in such a shameful commerce. He talks of "the glory of exporting German wood." Yet if other countries were to apply the protectionist principle which he enforced by means of his alliance with political and clerical reactionists, where would that "glory" be ? The consequences of his views would be the cessation of all commercial intercourse between Germany and other nations. All through this passionate pseudo-patriotic agitation for higher duties on wood, corn, cattle, and so forth, the Prince, who is himself a landowner, and a distiller to boot, has apparently taken good care of the family interests of the Bismarck dynasty. This fact is broadly hinted at in several German prints.

THE EXAMINER.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

IT is recorded in the delightful, if somewhat unhistorical, pages of the "Morte d'Arthur" that once upon a time Sir Lancelot, or one of his fellow-champions, rode into the courtyard of a spacious castle. He expected, no doubt, the usual hospitality of the period, but instead thereof there looked out upon him from the windows a number of persons who merely observed, "Fair knight, thou art unhappy!" We do not suggest that any such lugubrious welcome should be made to the young Prince who, during his tour of calls on the chief European Powers, has this week made his appearance in England. It is sincerely to be hoped that Prince Alexander of Battenberg, as he was called before he changed his title for another much less secure and scarcely more honourable, may not find in his new Principality any dragons, sorcerers, or felon knights of an absolutely unconquerable character. But that he has taken upon him one of the very toughest and probably one of the most thankless jobs that has presented itself to any young gentleman of this century is a proposition which we do not think will be gainsayed by any person acquainted with the facts. All the world has laughed at the characteristically cruel and characteristically witty *mot* attributed to Prince Bismarck, to the effect that the Principality would at any rate provide its Prince with "a reminiscence." And it must be admitted that the fortunes of the new States and dynasties which have been set up in the last century is not reassuring. The House of Bernadotte, alone among parvenu houses, has maintained itself upon the throne allotted to it without difficulty. It is notorious that there were times when even the first Leopold of Belgium thought of abandoning his uneasy crown. But when we look elsewhere the press of disrowned kings and princes becomes so great, that the giver of any modern Candide's supper would have to lay as many covers as the hospitable providers of sea-side *table d'hôtes* in a fine August. Especially have the provinces which it has seemed good to the wisdom of Europe to cut off from the Turkish Empire been notorious for providing unstable seats to their rulers. Neither Greece, nor Servia, nor Roumania has its throne now occupied by princes of the same houses as those who first attempted the government of these States. Prince Alexander must have an ultra-German stolidity and a less than German openness to sentiment if he does not feel himself somewhat in the predicament of Childe Roland when he came to the dark tower.

There is, however, one thing upon which we may fairly congratulate ourselves. From official sources in England—we say nothing of others—the Prince is not likely to receive any other than wise counsels for his future guidance. We have not been enthusiastic in our approval of the Berlin settlement. Nor have we regarded it as a specially magnificent or victorious achievement of the present Government. But there is at least, it is fairly to be believed, an honest intention on the part of that Government to see its provisions justly carried out without *arrière pensée* or self-seeking. It has been asserted that Prince Alexander enters upon his dubious Principedom with the same feelings, and that he has no intention of allowing himself to be made the tool of Russia or of

anybody else. We hope it is so. Such a resolution will not make his game much more easy to play at first, and until the deliverers of Bulgaria are well on the other side of the Pruth it may possibly make it a decidedly difficult game. But it is the only spirit in which he can hope to retain his position, and unless he is singularly ignorant of history he must be pretty well aware of the fact. We are not just now very admirable backers of our friends—more's the pity. But it is a peculiarity of the Power under whose influence Prince Alexander is in most danger of falling that that influence is never otherwise than positively baneful to its object. Prince Alexander will probably get very little help from us in doing his duty. But if he be guilty of deserting his duty in another interest he will assuredly receive the wages of Stanislaus Poniatowski, and of many another misguided prince who has followed Stanislaus' evil and luckless example. It is probable that during his stay in England opportunities will occur of ascertaining whether his eyes are open to this fact, and it will certainly be the duty of English statesmen to make use of those opportunities.

The main difficulties of the new Prince, however, will be of a kind in which neither probable English advice nor improbable English help would be of much use, however liberally either or both were given. Supposing that all his foreign relations were of the most satisfactory character, that no susceptibilities were aroused, no underhand influences attempted to be exercised, no unfair advantages essayed to be taken, he would still have to reckon with his main problem, the remarkable entity which it is the fashion to call the Bulgarian people. The great defect of our passion for multiplying States is, that in so doing we generally throw the luckless "nationalities" whom we make into nations entirely off their balance. In no case is this more to be feared than in the case of Bulgaria, because in no case does the "nationality" seem to be so totally destitute of the preliminary requirements of independent national life. The Bulgarians are called upon not merely to run before they can walk, but to perform intricate gymnastic exercises before they have even learnt to use their limbs. They have got a Constitution and an Assembly and a complicated scheme of government before they have acquired even the simplest habits of self-management and the most rudimentary accomplishments of civilisation. Except that they belong to a somewhat more improvable stock, their plight is not unlike that of the unlucky Haitians who were supposed to be qualified for admission into the family of nations by the erection of Marquisates of Marmalade and Dukedoms of Ginger-beer. They have got to be educated, to acquire the habit of municipal self-government, to learn to respect the private rights of individual citizens, to develop the agriculture and the commerce of their country, and, last not least, to polish and civilise themselves in the most ordinary points of manners and social decency. But all this takes a great deal of time, is very uninteresting, and, it is to be feared, to a great extent absolutely repugnant to the spirit and genius of the people. It is so much easier and more exciting to hoist brown flags with golden lions on them, to pass resolutions of sympathy with "Bulgaria Irredenta," to furbish and flourish the rifles which the Russians have left them, and, in short, to carry out the good old rules and simple plans of modern political agitation. From these seductive and poetical employments Prince Alexander has got to wean his infant people; to the other hard, prosaic, uncomfortable duties he has got to train them. Perhaps the extremely uninviting nature of the task is the very best guarantee we can have that at least

an effort will be made for its performance. It is not conceivable than any human being should look upon the Principality of Bulgaria as an honour or a possession to be coveted. It is scarcely conceivable, on the other hand, that a young man of fair fame should put himself into the odious and thankless position of cat's-paw and shoe-horn, and should, without the temptation or excuse of patriotism, consent to lend himself to sinister designs. We may question Prince Alexander's taste if he likes the task he has undertaken, or admire his heroic virtue if he has undertaken it from a desire to benefit his future subjects. But we have no right to impute to him other than worthy, or at least harmless, motives in his assumption of his powers. Therefore he may be welcomed to England cordially enough, if with a certain admixture of wonder and compassion. If, as we are told, his subjects are pleased at the circumstances of his presence amongst us, so much the better for his prospects of success. It is not likely that England can ever, if she follows her interest, be an ill-friend to Bulgaria, and perhaps the same can hardly be said of all the Powers at whose Courts this adventurous Prince has been paying his respects.

LORD DERBY'S DEFENCE.

IT may, we think, be assumed that the article by Mr. Wemyss Reid, entitled "Lord Derby at the Foreign Office," which appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, and has already been noticed by many of our contemporaries, is an official exposition of the late Foreign Secretary's policy, authorised, if not inspired, by himself. Mr. Reid claims to write on special and thoroughly reliable authority, and we can hardly doubt that the authority and special knowledge he claims more than once are supplied by no other than Lord Derby. Such being the case, it may fairly be assumed that his Lordship is saying, through an able and eloquent counsel, the very best that can be said for him, and is placing his political conduct during the last few years in the light in which he sees it himself, and therefore, of course, in the most favourable one.

We do not suppose that Lord Derby's unpopularity, which Mr. Wemyss Reid thinks undeserved, will be in any way modified by his article. He contrasts the positions now held by Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone in public estimation with that of Lord Derby, who, he says, "has had the rare misfortune to be unpopular on all occasions, and with both political Parties," but fails to perceive the real and sufficient reason of that unpopularity, which is to be sought, not in the questionable wisdom of a particular despatch or a diplomatic step, but in the half-heartedness which has characterised Lord Derby ever since he entered political life, although it was never so apparent as during the two years which immediately preceded his last resignation. People could and can understand Mr. Gladstone, who, from the beginning of the Bulgarian atrocities, declared that Russia was justified in attacking and partitioning Turkey, and that the Turks should be driven out of Europe. They could, though to a less degree, understand Lord Beaconsfield, who regarded the integrity of Turkey as an element necessary for the peace of Europe, asserted that English interests would be injured by a Russian advance, and declared that he would, if necessary, resort to arms to enforce his views. But Lord Derby did not share Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with Russian aims, while to his advice and influence are no doubt to a great extent to be ascribed the vacillation and ultimate surrender of the Ministry.

Hence it is *à priori* evident that he could not expect to have any large number of supporters on a question which, perhaps more than any other during the last ten years, has divided England into distinctly hostile camps. Whether justly or not, what Mr. Wemyss calls his moderation was considered cowardice, and what he terms consistency was termed duplicity. The fact, therefore, that he was and is unpopular as a politician should astonish no one who remembers that a thorough-going partisan is always more popular even among his opponents than one who avowedly attempts to conciliate both Parties and succeeds in pleasing neither.

Mr. Reid further attempts to show that the odium the late Foreign Secretary incurred is undeserved—and this on two grounds: Firstly, because Lord Derby knew that a secret alliance between Russia, Germany, and Austria, of which the objects were briefly the modified partition of Turkey, had been concluded so far back as 1873 (a date which, by the bye, should be corrected to 1872); and, secondly, because this being the case, he foresaw that war between Russia and Turkey was inevitable, and therefore consistently tried to keep England out of it. Now these facts on which Mr. Reid relies for the defence are the very ones which testify most strongly against Lord Derby's policy. On the subject of the existence of the Triple Alliance there can be no doubt whatever; but Lord Derby had, as well as other people, opportunities of knowing that this alliance was held together by comparatively slender threads, and did not amount to an offensive and defensive one. No one would venture to assert that if England had declared war against Russia, Germany would have assisted the latter. Still less would Austria have done so. It is, on the contrary, notorious that, notwithstanding the secret treaty, Count Andrassy was waiting for England to declare herself, for no less than nine months—from August, 1877, to April, 1878. All the Emperor of Austria wanted was Bosnia and Herzegovina. If England could have offered him these provinces as a reward of his active assistance in covering the left flank of an army advancing from the South against the Danube, there can now no longer be the slightest doubt that he would eagerly have grasped an alternative which would have made him the most popular monarch on the Continent. But England hung back, quite as much through the indecision of Lord Beaconsfield as through the "consistency" of Lord Derby; and Austria, who for some time had virtually separated herself from her two allies, then joined them again, and the Tripartite Treaty became firmer than ever. This treaty was, in fact, one which any determined politician could at any moment have destroyed by adopting a decided line of policy; it is not, and never was, a secret that it extended only to friendly neutrality and not to active assistance against Turkey. To say that war was inevitable is a misstatement. Russia had, it is true, determined on war; and Austria and Germany promised not to interfere to prevent her making war. But Russia had only determined to invade Turkey alone; she had not determined, and could not have determined, to invade Turkey if the latter were supported by England. Far from being inevitable, therefore, the war might probably, as Lord Beaconsfield said, have been entirely avoided if we had shown sufficient firmness. The man who, primarily, prevented our showing that firmness was certainly Lord Derby.

When once the premise that "war was inevitable" is shown to be incorrect, Mr. Wemyss Reid's main argument breaks down entirely. The subsidiary points of his defence are, in many respects, almost comical, inasmuch

as he attempts to prove, and succeeds in proving, that Lord Derby did a number of things which were unpopular at the time, and of which the results have proved to be singularly mischievous. He takes, for instance, great credit to Lord Derby for having threatened to withdraw Sir Henry Elliot from Constantinople in 1877 unless the Porte granted an armistice to the beaten Servians. The armistice was, therefore, granted, and the Servians concluded a peace which they broke nine months later, when their Russian allies had taken the field, and having wiped out their first reverses, were sufficiently successful to relieve Servia from any fear of fresh punishment for her treachery. Not even the most extreme partisans of Russia have asserted that the first unprovoked attack of Servia on Turkey was justifiable, and everyone, except Lord Derby, perceived that the peace she begged for in the moment of defeat would be shamefully violated whenever the opportunity arose. In fact, neither side has been able to say a good word for the dastardly behaviour of the Servians from the beginning of the Eastern complications to this date. Mr. Reid, however, actually quotes with pride the fact that it was Lord Derby who prevented the Turks marching to Belgrade, and repeating at Pirot the horrors of Batak, forgetting that the latter were committed by Bashi-Bazouks, that the Turkish regular soldiery has never been charged with these horrors, that there was a regular and properly organised army on the Servian frontier, and that such horrors were as unlikely to occur in Servia as in Constantinople or in Broussa. In effect, however, Lord Derby said to the Sultan—Conclude a peace with the Servians, and England will take the consequences; and when the consequences were those which everyone foresaw, he was afraid to take them. No heavier charge was probably ever brought against Lord Derby than that quoted as a proof of his consistency, on page 184: his knowledge that the disturbances in Turkey were encouraged and fomented by Russian money and Russian influence. That, possessing this knowledge, he still pretended to believe in Russia's peaceful protestations, and still continued to negotiate with a Government whose every despatch was a misstatement, every note an obvious lie, and now takes credit for having done so, is surely sufficient proof that England's foreign policy was never entrusted to feebler and more incapable hands than those of Lord Derby.

AN IMPERIAL ANNIVERSARY.

RICH in years and in honours—if it is an honour to uphold an Imperial position by a reactionary policy subversive of the very foundations of the newly-created German Empire—William I. has of late been troubled by an accumulating series of ill-luck and ominous accidents. Within the space of a few months, he twice had falls which, at his advanced age, and with his increasing infirmity, might easily have had fatal results. By a curious coincidence, the last accident happened on the anniversary of the attempt made by Dr. Nobiling, when the blood-covered monarch had to be carried back to his Palace in a state almost of insensibility, from which, however, thanks to his strong constitution, he quickly recovered. The pious martinet Emperor is perhaps not as superstitious as his Chancellor, who, according to his biographer, considers Friday an unlucky day for any new enterprise, and will not have his hair cut when the moon is on the wane. Still, there is a strong touch of superstition in the Emperor-King also, forming a strange contrast to the free-thinking propensities of educated Germans

at large. We should, therefore, not wonder if the hoary-headed and now somewhat decrepit ruler, who through all his life has harped upon the decrees of Providence, were to look upon the accident which befell him a few days before his forthcoming Golden Wedding as a very inauspicious portent.

This anniversary will, in more than one respect, be shorn of the splendour which it had been expected to assume. Though the Royal and Imperial pair have, for many years past, practically lived apart from each other in different towns, only joining occasionally for the sake of keeping up appearances, it was fully understood that this Golden Wedding, coming quickly upon the silver celebration at Vienna, was bound to be something startling in the way of great ceremonies, were it only to show that the House of Hohenzollern wears the Imperial crown with that dignity and grandeur to which all Court milliners and upholsterers attach a befitting importance. But it is reported now that, in consequence of the fresh accident, the celebration will shrink to much smaller dimensions. The silver-sticks-in-waiting must have been unhappy beyond the powers of description when the souls which they are supposed to possess beneath their embroidered and be-starred coats had to resign themselves to the idea of a mere *Defilir-Cour*—that is to say, to the filing past of the congratulating crowd of the *Hof-Fähigen* (or Upper Ten, who are possible at Court), whilst the Monarch remains helplessly, and most unimpressively, seated in his chair. However, it cannot be altered, and the Prudelwitzes of the higher regions must try to square it with Providence as best they may.

The Czar, too, it is announced at the last moment, will not be able to put in an appearance. On the 10th of June, the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment to the command of the 3rd Brandenburg Regiment of Uhlans was to be celebrated at Berlin by a grand military dinner in his honour. Fifty years ago Alexander was present, with his father Nicholas, at the marriage of the then Prince William of Prussia. It was therefore doubly natural that the Russian Emperor should have been expected to come to the Golden Wedding of his uncle. The severe illness of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna is now given as the cause of this intention having been abandoned; but rumour will have it that there are some other, more powerful, reasons. It has been remarked that the Russian police, with a view to the proposed journey of the Czar, had sent an order to the newspapers, prohibiting them to speak of the date of his departure or the route he would take. Again, it is noted (and this we were able to mention ourselves in our issue of May 31st) that there is apparently much disagreement between the Czar and the Czarewitch, the latter having refused to accompany his father to Berlin. In the present state of affairs in Russia these might be held sufficient reasons for the hesitation of Alexander II. and the final abandonment of his intention.

The year 1879 is the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of William I. It is also the thirtieth anniversary of the sanguinary overthrow of the Revolution in southwestern Germany by that Prince, and of the atrocities he then committed in the interest of despotism. The year before—in 1848—he had been compelled to fly for his life from Berlin, after the successful rising of the people. It was he who sought to prolong the struggle by every means still at the command of Royalty; even though his brother, Frederick William IV., a thorough despot, if ever there was, had already given up the further contest as an impossibility. Berlin had fought with that grim

resolution so powerfully depicted in Freiligrath's noble song:—

“Sie fochten dreizehn Stunden lang—
Die Erde hat gezittert!
Sie fochten ohne Sang und Klang,
Sie fochten stumm erbittert!
Da war kein Lied wie “Ça ira”—
Nur Schrei und Ruf und Röcheln,
Sie standen ernst und schweigend da,
Im Blut bis zu den Knöcheln!”

Whilst the mystic absolutist on the throne was forced by the victorious masses to come down and do obeisance before the corpses of those shot during the barricade struggles, the Crown Prince William fled in disguise. His palace was saved from destruction by the words “National Property” being chalked on it. An exile for many months in this country, he only obtained re-admission to Prussia by making a declaration that he would henceforth respect the Constitution and the liberties of the country. In the following year, 1849, he became false to his word by marching forth at the head of a vast army, in order to attack Rhenish Bavaria and Baden, which had risen—population, army, and all—in support of the German Parliament against a despotic conspiracy of monarchs. It took several months, and a series of battles, before Baden was subjected. The gates of the fortress of Rastatt opened in consequence of a voluntary surrender, the conditions of which William of Prussia faithlessly broke. Then he began his court-martial fusillades, which lasted for fully three months, so as to keep the country in a ceaseless state of terror. Even as the Hapsburg, some eleven months before, had shot Robert Blum, the member of the German National Assembly, together with Messenhauser, the governor of Vienna, and other men more or less notable: so William of Prussia shot Adolf von Trützschler, the member of the German National Assembly, together with Tiedemann, the governor of Rastatt, and a whole string of prisoners of war.

Not only the dungeons, but all available places of confinement in Baden, were crammed with the victims of tyranny. Reactionary persecution did not even spare the veteran of Parliamentary Constitutionalism, Adam von Itzstein, who had not been mixed up with any Democratic rising. The captive and exiled leaders were sentenced to a joint liability for 12,000,000 florins of war-costs, besides imprisonment for ten or more years on the solitary system, or death. In Rhenish Bavaria, the High Court delivered in a single day 333 sentences of death *in contumaciam*. These were some of the results of the doings of the present Emperor-King thirty years ago, after he had dealt on the battle-field with those who struggled for German Freedom and Union. Times have much changed, but at heart William I. is still the same, though he now wears an Imperial Crown of what is called United Germany. Were it not that he prides himself still—witness a speech of his made last year—on his performances in 1849, we might assume that the spectres of his court-martial fusillades would haunt him at his Golden Wedding. As it is, his days are numbered, and when he goes to his eternal rest, a feeling of relief will be experienced by many upon whom the present condition of Germany weighs heavily.

VICTORIOUS VACILLATION.

IF the report of the special correspondent of the *Standard* is to be trusted—and we believe and fear that it is accurate in every detail—it is a fortunate thing for the country and our soldiers that Sir Garnet Wolseley is on his way to supersede Lord Chelmsford and take

command of the forces in South Africa. It will be a matter for conjecture what course Lord Chelmsford will adopt on hearing that his reign is over. An energetic man would naturally say, “I will show my country that their distrust was unnecessary,” and by a bold stroke would endeavour to regain all his lost prestige. But Lord Chelmsford is seemingly not an energetic man, and we believe he will sit down and wait until the new Commander shall arrive; by which time it will be too late for further operations until the month of September, when the new grass may be expected. Should he pursue this course, the country will have to thank him for a heavy burden that at the present time it is ill able to bear. Anything more shilly-shallying, more vacillating and hopeless than the procrastination the Commander-in-Chief has displayed cannot well be imagined. To telegraph repeatedly to the base of operations requesting information about stores that have been in their positions some three weeks is in itself a sufficient reason for deposing a General. It shows a complete want of organisation and combination. Add to that a habit of issuing varying and conflicting orders every half-hour, and spending the intervals in petty and personal quarrels—and we have the supreme qualification for victory, but victory by the enemy. The battle, or rather the disaster, which changed the whole aspect of the campaign, namely, Isuldana, was, we firmly believe, brought about by conflicting orders. The delay in advancing, subsequent to that fearful massacre, is known to be due to that cause; and in every movement hesitation has in a great measure marred the chances of success. There is no blinking the fact. Lord Chelmsford is a *moral coward*—that is to say, he is afraid of responsibility. He knows that he has made a great blunder, and, doubtful of himself, he now tries by every means in his power to avoid bringing matters to an issue. Never was the old proverb, “He who hesitates is lost,” more clearly brought home to us. And it is the more to be regretted, for he who points the moral is in personal courage an exact opposite. While on the subject of Isuldana, we would ask one question. In the returns of killed, were the drivers of the waggons and the camp followers ever included? For if, as we believe, they were omitted, it will add some 800 or 1000 more to the list of slain.

The health of the troops is far from satisfactory. Accounts reach us of regiments almost decimated by sickness, and the delay is, we are informed, causing general dissatisfaction throughout the army. Now, there is no cure for sickness like excitement and active work, and on that fact our greatest general, the Duke of Wellington, was never tired of insisting. To keep the men disheartened, stagnating, is fatal. Nature itself shows us this, for a stagnant pond is unfit for drinking water; to have health there must be vitality; and yet the only individuals employed are those fortunate enough to be with Colonels Wood and Buller and those engaged in manipulating the instruments required to transmit the Commander-in-Chief's ridiculous messages. Still, as we said last week, we may have news of a great achievement any day, and we should be glad to see it for Lord Chelmsford's sake as well as the country's. One thing is certain, if we are to terminate the war it will not be done by sitting down and looking at the Zulus. Rapid and decisive measures must be adopted, and if by his shuffling Lord Chelmsford puts it off until it becomes necessary to wait till September, and makes the past a blank and useless page of history, then the country may well ask why he was not superseded before. “Why were the Zulu warriors under Ketchwayo allowed

to be victorious (for it amounts to that) by the vacillation of this man?" And if the Government can answer this question satisfactorily we shall be indeed surprised.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE RAMPAGE.

IT is very natural that the present time should be a time of electoral gatherings and manifestations, especially on the part of the Opposition. It is holiday tide, and in the state of the weather there is not much else to do. The country is not in the most prosperous condition, and under such circumstances an interest in Party politics naturally flourishes; and, lastly, there is very little of general interest going on abroad after the stirring events of the last four years. Moreover, the Parliament which effected such a memorable change five years and a half ago is on its last legs. It is loth to depart, and those who hold the office at once of physicians and executioners protest that they are not at all certain when it will die, but die it must soon. Accordingly a great stir is taking place in the two camps, and especially in the camp of the "outs." Her Majesty's Ministers, perhaps not unwisely, are not greatly violating the maxim that silence is golden. They allowed Sir W. Hart-Dyke to blow a blast of comfort into Conservative ears at Manchester the other day; but for the most part they are too much occupied with bringing Afghan, Zulu, and other unpleasant matters to as decent and comely ends as may be, and with studying how to make friends with different Parliamentary and electoral mammons of righteousness and unrighteousness to make much figure upon platforms. Nor are the bigwigs of the opposite Party much more voiceful. It may be that they are patching a plan of campaign and scheming how to give as little as they can to the ultra Radicals without appearing to ask too much in return. But the young lions of the same side are very active. They have been roaring all over the country this week, and last Wednesday night they assembled at Gloucester and succeeded in giving vent to a very loud roar indeed.

With the majority of the gentlemen who did the roaring, the world, whether Conservative and Liberal, is perhaps not very intimately acquainted. Large numbers of influential persons were invited to Gloucester, but somehow most of them seem to have sent highly sympathetic letters of excuse. Mr. Handel Cosham, indeed, the world does know something of; but perhaps we need not attempt to define too rigidly the tenor of its knowledge. Sir David Wedderburn is a very amiable and respectable person, who has sometimes a knack of finding himself in strange company. But respecting Mr. Harris and Mr. Winterbotham, Mr. Southall and Mr. Jordan, deep may call to deep without getting much information. The enthusiasm of Gloucester, however, was not satisfied without an evening as well as a morning portion, and the dispenser of the latter was no less a person than Mr. Chamberlain. He had sent his acolytes, Messrs. Collings and Wright, to the morning meeting, and in the evening he appeared himself. If the Gloucester people were not satisfied with what they then heard they must be hard to please. There was nothing of what they used to call in Scotland "cold doctrine" then. The present Parliament, said Mr. Chamberlain, was equal to nothing but the protection of hares in Ireland and the propagation of bishops in England. The Government strongly resembled the directors of the West of England Bank, they were a "Tory Long Firm," their conduct had paralysed our trade, emptied our workshops, and filled

our workhouses. And so it went on. It is no wonder that the Gloucester people should have felt inspired by such an exceedingly certain sound as was given by this trumpet. We do not read that, as happened at a meeting a little further north, they pledged themselves to use "every lawful means" to carry their candidates at the next election; but there can be no doubt that they must have felt that Mr. Chamberlain's was a very comfortable doctrine, and well qualified to lead to political success. That honourable gentleman's speech may indeed be said to have consisted of a simple syllogism in Barbara, of which the major premise is quite indisputable and the minor was at Gloucester at least quite undisputed. All Governments composed of liars, swindlers, bullies, and fools ought to be turned out of office; this is a Government composed of liars, swindlers, bullies, and fools, therefore it ought to be turned out of office.

We are not at all concerned to argue with Mr. Chamberlain as to the truth of his minor. In the first place, it is none of our business to fight the battles of the Government, and, in the second, there are some arguments in which no wise man thinks of engaging with some people. But we must condole very sincerely with the respectable members of the Liberal Party if this Gloucester meeting represents the spirit in which they are expected by any large portion of their adherents to fight out the next election. So far there has been one very notable thing in English political history, and we trust it may still continue to be notable. Any attempt to bring exaggerated charges against the motives and morals of persons or Parties for political purposes, even if it has had a brief success, has invariably recoiled on the heads of the makers. Now, we need hardly put on the gown of the advocate in order to show that remarks about fraudulent bank directors and Tory Long Firms are charges of this order. It is fair political warfare to accuse your opponents of incompetence and of mistakes—it is not fair to accuse them of dishonesty and immorality. If the Liberals want to win at the next election they had better take a wrinkle from the campaign which preceded the Conservative victory of 1874. Lord Beaconsfield and some other persons then kept up with remarkable skill and damaging effect the charge of mismanagement against Mr. Gladstone and his Government, but we cannot remember that they accused them even by insinuation of immoral or improper conduct and motives. The course of conduct which Mr. Chamberlain has adopted may please the extreme Party on his own side, but as their votes are already safe that can do him no good. It may catch a few—a very few—of the lowest of the people who like the style of language which they are themselves disposed to employ in their private controversies. But the class which decided the elections of 1874, and which will probably decide those of 1879, is a different class from either of these. It is a class moderately intelligent, of no very definite political views, and given to veer from side to side, or to abstain from taking any side at all, in accordance with the influence of a very intricate and fluctuating set of motives. We do not think, and should despair of the state of England if we think, that mere Billingsgate is likely to attract this class to Mr. Chamberlain's side. The extraordinary outburst of popular sympathy which greeted Lord Beaconsfield a year ago was far less due to any enthusiasm for the Treaty of Berlin—which few people understood, and most of those who did understand liked very little—than to a sense of the unmeasured abuse which had been poured upon a man of whose sinister intentions there was no

evidence whatever. Apparently Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are now going to repeat the game of mud-throwing against the whole Government, and not against its head merely. It is no affair of ours if they choose to do so save in one respect. The more such conduct is resorted to the more difficult will it be to go back to the legitimate modes of opposition and criticism, the absence of which has been so remarkable in the last few years, and not seldom so disastrous. When an advocate can do nothing but say to his opponent, "You're a liar!" or "You're a swindler!" plain people are apt to shut their ears to whatever else he may have to say. They may even go further, and, whether rightly or wrongly, proceed to entertain a shrewd suspicion that he has got nothing else to say at all. This will certainly not advance the cause of the Liberal Party generally, and we venture to doubt its advancing the causes of Disestablishment, Free Land, Reconstruction of Villages, and the other pet crotchets by suggesting which the speakers at Gloucester manifested their spirit of Party discipline, and gave the leaders of their side a pleasant anticipation of the task before them.

INDIAN ECONOMIES.

SINCE commenting upon the Indian Budget, on a recent occasion, a telegram from India has been published showing how the economies in public works expenditure are to be accomplished, and what sums are expected to be saved to the Imperial Exchequer in the present and next ensuing years. In the face of the financial difficulties which, owing to exceptional circumstances, have recently embarrassed the Indian Government, it became necessary to consider seriously how the annually recurring deficit due to the "loss by exchange" could best be covered. Two courses obviously presented themselves by which this difficulty might be met—viz., increased taxation and reduced expenditure. The great disturbing element to which the depreciation of the Secretary of State's bills is due remains still undiscovered, so far as official knowledge is concerned, and the numerous doctors who have been called in to prescribe a remedy for this disease have failed to make a satisfactory diagnosis of the case, and have therefore been unable to prescribe an effective remedy. The disease is apparently not considered likely to prove fatal, and may therefore be safely left to run its course. The failure of the financial advisers of the Government to discover any practical means of further taxation, in order to meet the present difficulty, shows, it must be admitted, a want of resource which is not very complimentary to their efficiency and talent. In the meantime, however, the urgency of the case continues, and it has at last been decided to meet it by a sudden reduction of expenditure on the very class of works which is of all others the most wanted in the country, and the best calculated to aid in the development of its resources and wealth. It would be the greatest possible fallacy to assert that any country had been crippled in its resources by any amount of expenditure properly laid out in the improvement of its communications; and, on the other hand, it might be shown that trade and wealth have developed with the extension of improved means of internal transit, and in consequence of it.

In 1863 Mr. Ayrton, in the discussion on the Indian Budget, remarked truly that railways were the greatest boon that had been or possibly could be conferred upon India. It was sometimes said, he remarked, in this country

that our free-trade policy was the sole source of the increased enterprise, and wealth, and industry of England. But he should be prepared to maintain that railways had done four or five times as much in developing the wealth and industry of this country during the last twenty-five years as could be done by any number of fiscal or financial measures. He believed that that would produce the same results in India. "Talk of fiscal remission of one penny or twopence as bringing about a great development of trade, why for every penny or twopence thus reduced, a railway lessened the cost of goods by one shilling or two shillings, by reducing the cost of conveyance." Six years later Lord Halifax bore testimony to what railways had already done for the country. There was nothing, he observed, which had effected so great an improvement in India, or which would cause such a revolution there, as the introduction of railways. He believed that it would go far to break down caste prejudice, and to carry civilisation to the utmost bounds of our Empire. Sir Charles Trevelyan also expressed it as his opinion that there was no country in the world where, with common prudence and exertion, railways could be made with greater advantage than in India. Other authorities of equal Indian experience might also be quoted as to the probable results of railways, but we must turn now to a consideration of what they have already accomplished for the country. So far back as 1864, when there were but comparatively few miles of railway open, Mr. Crawford bore testimony that a considerable increase in wages had taken place in India during the last few years. The fact was, he said, that since railway operations had been carried on in India the value of labour had increased to an extent which no person could, a few years previously, have thought possible. Their influence upon the trade of the country may be gathered from an examination of the annually published statistics. From these papers, it appears that the first short length of railway was opened in 1854, in which year the gross value of the import and export trade of India amounted to only thirty-five millions sterling. With an extension of the railway system, trade has increased; the two have been gradually growing side by side until now the one has up to the present date increased to 8200 miles and the other to the value of 114 millions in 1876-77. Thus we see that with an annual average increase of railways, amounting to 328 miles per annum, the trade has more than trebled in value, having developed at the average rate of three-and-a-half millions a year. That a great part of this increase has been directly due to increased and improved means of communication can hardly admit of a doubt, for in the twenty years preceding the introduction of railways, the trade of India developed only at the average annual rate of little over one million sterling. Our evidence of what railways are doing for India does not, however, stop here. Without them famines would be far more fatal to human life than now can be. In the last report on Indian railways, it is stated that "the famine which devastated the southern part of India last year again brought forth the great power of railways to alleviate distress in the stricken districts," and the Government of Bombay, referring to the value of the Great India Peninsula Railway on the occasion stated in a resolution, as follows:—"It is difficult to measure the value of the railway at such a time as this, or the magnitude of the calamity which, without it, must have supervened. If these events had happened before the construction of this railway, the misfortunes of the people and the

responsibility of Government would have been indefinitely aggravated."

It is one characteristic of benefits that they are generally more readily forgotten than injuries, and although the late famine in India will long survive in the recollection of Government and the people, the great benefits derived from railways on that occasion, and to the country generally, must have already passed from memory, else how could the order have been issued that "no fresh capital expenditure for guaranteed railways will be sanctioned unless absolutely necessary, and economy is to be enforced on State railways and canals." This economy, it must be observed, when read with its context, does not mean what is ordinarily understood by that word, but a reduction of annual expenditure on the construction of that particular class of works; in other words, the very undertakings which above all others may be relied upon to promote the development of industry and wealth are to be checked in order to meet the exigencies of an exceptional financial pressure. The amount of the evil inflicted upon the country does not, probably, present itself at first glance to the mind of everyone. Not only do the present orders imply that the rate of progress of the country is to be temporarily checked, but the sudden contraction of public works all over the country must necessarily lead to a considerable amount of distress amongst those who have hitherto depended upon Government employment for the means of subsistence. In a recent telegram it is stated that the reduction in establishment charges amounts in the aggregate to 52½ lakhs of rupees, or over half a million sterling per annum. If this figure be correctly stated, it must mean a wholesale pensioning of men who have for years past done good service to the State, and very probably many will be affected by the reductions who, not having served long enough for a pension, will be cast upon the world with a small gratuity, and have to struggle for an existence in a profession already overstocked, or abandon the experiences of the best years of their life and seek for occupation in some new field of enterprise. Besides this, however, thousands of natives will also be thrown out of employment, or forced to fall back upon agriculture as a means of subsistence, and being probably without capital, their labour will be spent more for the benefit of the rapacious money-lender than for their own profit, thus multiplying grievances and discontent at the instability of the ruling powers.

That the position of affairs is serious can admit of no doubt; but the present action of the Government in curtailing expenditure ordinarily met by means of loans instead of reducing that which properly falls upon the current year's revenue; and in checking the construction of reproductive works rather than cutting down unprofitable expenditure, hardly commends itself as a satisfactory method of producing economy. Of the result of such a policy as this there can be no question. It seems to have been initiated under the influence of panic at the apparent state of the finances of the Indian Empire; and when this influence shall have passed away with a general improvement in trade and consequent appreciation of the rupee, the real extravagance of the present economies will manifest itself, and the reaction will be more disastrous to the financial condition of the country than the retrenchments. Whether the system of constructing public works, adopted by the Indian Government, which necessitates the maintenance of a large establishment of engineers for whom constant employment must be found, is the most economical and best suited for the country is no doubt

open to question; and its impending collapse in consequence of a temporary scarcity of funds seems to furnish a strong argument in favour of the introduction of some radical changes in a system which is unable to survive a period of adversity.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

THE British farmer has now for some six months past been the object of greater public interest than at any time since the era of the Corn Law agitation. A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about his present condition and prospects, and many unjust and ill-natured strictures have been passed upon his behaviour by those who might with advantage have looked somewhat nearer home. A better example of this style of criticism can, perhaps, scarcely be found than the *Times'* leader of May 28th, which, after misquoting a passage from Virgil relating to weather forecasts, finishes up a long dissertation upon agricultural distress by declaring that if the farmer is caught unawares "he has to thank himself for it." This summary method of disposing of the whole question by simply shifting all blame upon the shoulders of the greatest sufferer is, perhaps, as likely to aggravate the existing evils and difficulties as any that could be devised. Any influence that such language may have upon the readers of it will only strengthen the resolve of the labouring classes to fight it out with their employers, and hinder those landlords who are most ignorant and thoughtless from taking such steps as lie in their power to make matters more easy to their tenants. What we want at the present crisis is a policy diametrically the reverse of this—a policy which would enable all persons interested in the tillage of the soil to put their shoulders to the wheel together, and make common cause against the obstacles which are already at their doors. At a moment when it is clear that each of the three classes must submit to losses more or less grievous, it is the height of folly, as well as of injustice, to single out one of them, and charge it with being to blame for what has occurred and is occurring. If, indeed, the farmer, besides an endless supply of weather-wisdom, could be expected to boast an infallible knowledge of coming financial changes—to foresee the fall in shipping freights, the increase of steam-ships, the reduction of charges upon railway lines at home and abroad, the diminished earnings of the working classes, and consequent falling off in consumption of high-priced food—if he could have predicted all these and a score of other altered conditions vitally affecting his own prospects—although no other person was equally far-sighted—and could have framed his seven-year lease with the express object of allowing for all such circumstances—then, perhaps, there would have been room for charging him with imprudence and over-confidence; but as it is, public opinion will not believe, and landowners do not pretend, that any such prescience could be demanded of him; and the consequence is that a great amount of well-merited sympathy is already felt throughout the country for a class upon which "depression" has come with as little warning as upon any other.

With the near approach of the forthcoming Agricultural Show in London it may be expected that agricultural prospects will be canvassed more keenly and more generally by all classes of the community. It will be fortunate if, when those discussions spread beyond the sphere of associations and cliques, and invade our clubs and private houses, some of the false facts and arguments now freely used and uncontradicted shall be swept out of

the field. The ill-founded pretence that farmers squander their money in silks and satins and grand pianos, in high-stepping horses, gaudy dog-carts, and other adjuncts of luxurious life, has already been refuted by sufficient testimony. A more plausible argument—which has been endorsed by a very high authority, moreover—is that which attributes the existing depression to bad harvests in this country. But the harvests have not, as it is alleged, been abnormally and persistently bad; and even if they had been so, the enormous losses which have been experienced by sellers far exceed anything that can be explained by a deficiency or a depreciation in the value of home produce. It is mere fencing with the question to saddle the “bad seasons,” as they are called, with a result to which they contributed at the most in a very minor degree. The plea that rents have been run up to an undue height has a little more in it, for an eager competition both to buy and to rent land has in many cases varied its value to what is in reality a “fancy level.” Yet the very fact that landlords have not been violently abused for extortionate practices proves that there is not much fault to be found with them. If the material for vituperation were present, there are plenty of agitators to make use of it; and if the present depression had occurred at any other time, it might have been predicted with tolerable certainty that a sort of agrarian outcry would be raised against the landowners. As it is, there is not a sign of any such feeling in the country. There is no acrimony, and there are no recriminations. Tenants give warning, and in many cases throw up their farms; but they do so without any bitter words imputing unfairness or greed to the landlord.

If we pass from the untrue and inadequate reasons sometimes alleged for existing evils to those which have a real foundation, we need not go far to ascertain what are the most important of them. Foremost in this branch of industry, as in every other, stands that ancient bugbear, the labour question. The agricultural labourer has for years past been enjoying what is in many respects a happier and more comfortable position than his employer. Engaged for the most part in work which the farmer would do himself if he had time, fed upon nearly, if not exactly, the same meat and drink as his employer, housed in a well-built and well-drained cottage, he has been earning wages on a scale very much higher than his father or grandfather could hope for; while the employer has, on the contrary, been either losing or making nothing at all. Strong in all these advantages, free from anxiety, and secure of his pay in the future, he has been able to dictate terms to the farmer, and, what is often still worse, to do as much or as little as he likes for a day's work. Farmers who have not a word to say against their landlords may be heard bitterly inveighing against the labourers, and there is no reason whatever why they should select the latter in preference to the former, unless in the nature of things there were some cause to justify their complaints. Upon the subject of foreign competition we have, perhaps, said enough already. The agriculturalists of the United States have walked like giants into our markets, and as we have made up our minds to let them in on absolutely free terms we must even make the best of it, and accept this obstacle to English farming as one that can only be surmounted and not escaped. There is a fourth subject of complaint which, as it will be observed, is now occupying the attention of farmers' clubs, and which will possibly become more debatable before many months have passed. The farmer is rated heavily for advantages from which he reaps little or no benefit. The lighting

and draining of a neighbouring or, as it may be, a distant town or village, and the various local benefits by which the townspeople alone are gratified, are paid for out of money partly extracted from the farmer. The board school, which he not only does not value, as it is too far from him to be of any use, but which he cordially hates, because it robs him of his younger labourers in the field, is supported by his contributions; so that in summing up the receipts and expenses of the year, the rates form usually the most aggravating and unprofitable of all the charges on the disbursement side. We arrive now at the point which really presses most cruelly upon the British agriculturist, and in respect of which he complains most justly of the conduct of his fellow countrymen. The produce of the English farms finds its way into English households after paying blackmail to an extent of which few Englishmen have the remotest idea. It is no exaggeration to say that the cheeses made on remote pastures in America come all the way thence across land and sea to London, and pay less in their passage from the producer to the consumer than the cheeses of some parts of the United Kingdom. For a great part of the exorbitant tax thus levied on British produce the shopkeepers are, of course, responsible. An enormous profit is secured by them at the expense of their own countrymen, while they are content with mulcting the stranger in comparatively insignificant sums. But much greater is the grievance under which English agriculture—or, at least, English dairy farming—suffers at the hands of that other middle man—the factor who goes round collecting produce at the various farms. It is well known that the factors, by “standing in” together, have the farmers almost at their mercy, especially on small farms and in the districts where only second-rate cheese can be made. It is thus that excellent cheese, which is sold for 6½d. and 7d. in Somersetshire, fetches 11d. and 1s. in London, and that the producer is ruined by the falling off in prices, while the consumer reaps little or no advantage. It is obvious that in this case the remedy rests with the consumer alone, and that co-operation and the store system are the most likely means of providing an antidote. But the question of remedies must be left for future consideration. What has been said above will, perhaps, suffice to point out the main dangers and difficulties which, at a moment of supreme importance to all classes, beset that one of them upon whose welfare our own principally depends.

OUR TROUBLESOME COLONIES.

HOWEVER proud she may be of her progeny, a mother who has fifty children to look after, with due regard to their several and often conflicting interests as well as to her own, has an arduous task to perform. England holds that position as the “mother country” of the half-hundred or more colonies which she has planted or adopted, and if the difficulties forced upon her by the aggrandising and proselytising zeal of the people at the Cape just now make most claim upon her attention, there are others hardly less momentous in their issues which must not be overlooked, even at a time like the present. Some of these difficulties are very clearly pointed out and very shrewdly discussed by Earl Grey in an important article which he has contributed to the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The question asked in his title, “How shall we retain the Colonies?” is hardly the one that he answers. The problem which he raises is rather how we can persuade our colonies to act wisely and loyally towards ourselves and one another, and that especially with reference to their commercial

policy, than how their nominal allegiance to the Crown can be maintained; and even in this respect he rather calls attention to their folly, and to our own folly in allowing them to be so foolish, than suggests any satisfactory remedy for the evil. For all that, however, the subject of which he treats is one of extreme importance, affecting not only our relations with the colonies and their own wellbeing, but also the prosperity of England herself and her economical arrangements with other countries. His complaint may be summed up in a few words. When England pledged herself to a policy of Free Trade—a policy which has been wholly beneficial to all concerned in so far as it has been honestly adhered to—she procured for the colonies even greater commercial advantages than those placed in the way of her own people at home. Up to that time “there had never been any question as to its being the right and the duty of Parliament to regulate the commercial policy of the whole Empire.” While with more show than reality we have ourselves been true to our Free Trade policy, however, we have allowed the colonies to be almost as Protectionist as they chose. We have permitted the Australians and the Canadians to impose any prohibitory tariffs that they pleased upon both English and foreign goods, restraining them only from appointing differential duties; and now, in the case of the new Canadian tariff, we are about to withdraw even that last restraint and to sanction undisguised “reciprocity” in the dealings of the Dominion with the United States. All our principal colonies have avowedly taxed the commodities imported by them, not merely for revenue purposes, which, if properly managed, no one could object to, but with a view to encouraging local industries by artificial stimulants; and thereby they have not only directly injured themselves and one another and England, but have also falsified our Free Trade policy, and given the European nations and the United States a fair excuse both for taunting us with departure from it and for believing that, while asking them to be Free Traders towards us, we approve of Protectionism in the colonies; in fact, that we are Free Traders at home and Protectionists in the colonies, and in each case for selfish reasons, not on principle.

There is great force in Earl Grey's statement of the pernicious effects of the wayward policy of our colonies both on our own commerce and on theirs; and his argument deserves careful consideration from all to whom it is not a foregone conclusion; but that which most concerns us at present is what may be called the Imperial aspect of the question. We are all proud of our Empire, and our pride is well founded, because its outside members, ten times more numerous than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom alone, claim to be loyal subjects of the Crown, and acknowledge the immense benefits they derive from connection with it. We are also proud of our Free Trade principles, which, in spite of the spurious talk of a few misguided enthusiasts, are held by all parties alike, and advocated as stoutly by Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote as by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Yet we have quietly allowed our largest colonies to go dead against those principles, and to adopt fiscal and economical arrangements which we hold to be as indefensible in theory as they are baneful in practice. It is to a great extent our own fault that they do so. The very men who adopted Free Trade as a shibboleth, and to whom by tradition the adjective “free” is a fetish in everything, increasing in sanctity in proportion to its inappropriateness, were the great champions of “free”

colonies. That the Whigs, during their long term of office, should have yielded to the desire of colonies like Canada and Victoria for a large measure of self-government is neither strange nor blameworthy. It is as reasonable and proper that a colony, when it grows into a nation, should manage its internal affairs for itself as that a son, when he quits the paternal roof and makes a separate home for himself, should direct his own household in any way he thinks best, even if the way is not one that his father approves of. But there is no precedent or warrant for its claiming a continuance of all the advantages it has derived from the family connection while setting at defiance in external affairs the rules and principles adopted by its parent. Yet that is what the colonies have been allowed to do in their commercial tariffs and fiscal economy. As we have endowed them with Parliaments of their own, no one will dispute their right to pass any Franchise Bills, Marriage with Deceased Wives' Sisters Bills, and so forth, that they like, whether these are wise or foolish in themselves. But when great principles are involved, when paramount interests affecting others besides themselves are affected, they have no such right. Though some people aver that we allow them too much license in that direction, we do not and should not sanction any proposal from Queensland or Mauritius to establish slavery among their Chinese or Coolie immigrants; and, though we have suffered the New Zealand and the Cape colonists to drag us into more than one war with the Maories and Kaffirs, and are now bearing the burthen of the Zulu War that has been forced upon us, we do not and should not think of conferring on any colony the power of carrying on a war on its own account, even if it did so at its own expense. Yet we have gradually, and almost without a murmur or a formal protest, suffered all our self-governing colonies to make their own commercial tariffs, in contempt alike of our Imperial interests and of what we profess to be our Imperial policy, until at length the last feeble claim of the Crown to interfere in these matters was intentionally expunged from the commission that the Marquis of Lorne took out with him as Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, and the Canadians are now passing a law which will certainly involve us as well as them in great economical quarrels with the United States. “Just at the time,” as Earl Grey truly says, “when it is of peculiar importance that our policy towards America should be judicious and conciliatory, the Queen is to be asked to give her Royal assent to a measure of the Canadian Parliament which cannot fail to be regarded in the United States as hostile and unfair to them. Nothing could be more calculated than the passing of such a measure to destroy any hope of an improvement being effected in their laws affecting our trade. It will be in vain to represent to the American Government and people that the blow which is to be aimed at their commerce is the act of Canada alone, and is disapproved in this country. The Americans know well that under our laws and constitution this hostile legislation against them can only be adopted by Canada with the consent of the Queen, and they will with reason hold the Imperial Government answerable for it, nor can it repudiate this responsibility without proclaiming that the British Empire no longer exists except in name.”

The awkward dilemma in which we are placed in that particular case is only an extreme instance of our uncomfortable position with regard to the economical policy of our larger colonies in general, and it is easier to state

and deplore the predicament than to suggest a way out of it. We agree with Lord Grey that, "the control of the Imperial Government over the commercial legislation of the colonies having been practically abdicated for more than twenty years," it would be both difficult and dangerous suddenly to restore it; and we are not as sanguine as he is as to the success of gentle expostulations and conciliatory arguments. Nor does the scheme briefly put forth by him for organising the London agents of the different colonies into a Committee on Colonial Affairs, to advise the Secretary of State and the Cabinet on this and all other difficulties that may arise in colonial administration, appear to us to be very satisfactory. Some method must be devised for holding together our colonial Empire, however, unless we are willing that it should be broken up; and the sooner our statesmen apply themselves to the work the more chance they will have of finding one.

TO MADEMOISELLE SARAH BERNHARDT,
In the Second Act of "Phédre,"

GAIETY THEATRE, JUNE 2ND, 1879.

WHAT though the love that so o'erwhelms her be
A fearful passion redolent of shame;
Swift as the prairie flashes into flame
It comes, and as the thunder on the sea.
The lightning lurks within her eyes, and we
Who stand and mark her statuesque suspense,
See how the soul's convulsion sways each sense:
Then, quivering like an earthquake-stricken tree,
"Donne," is her shriek, and since full well she knows
Hippolytus is cold, and earth and sky
Are blotted out before her, fain to close
A life so passion-stained, outleaps on high
The dagger that alone can give repose,
To tell the world that Phædra dares to die!

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

MARRIAGE: A LITTLE TALE.

BY T. C. G.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments."—*Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

I WILL state the circumstances just as they occurred:—
There were present Mr. and Mrs. Page, my friend Edwards, and myself, and we were parting—the husband and wife going far away, perhaps out of our ken for ever, my friend and I remaining behind. I think I see her now—a slight creature with beautiful hair, clear, gentle eyes, and a sad mouth that hinted many things; weak in character, if you will, but gentle and sensitive to a degree; married while a mere child to a coarse, self-indulgent, good-natured, good-looking, well-mannered man, far her inferior in every respect—well-meaning enough, on the whole, but blindly under the impression that he understood his wife thoroughly, when, in truth, he was completely below her, and possessed nothing of that fine sympathy which helps many of us at least to see and love a large, high nature, though we feel sadly we are but little beside it.

We—all four of us—had been thrown into close relationship for the past month—indeed the Pages were in a measure dependent on us even for money during that time, circumstances which I will not stay to detail having given little alternative in the matter. A certain faculty of readily understanding one another had soon bridged over the natural gulf between Mrs. Page and myself, and the sad tale of her married life, though never told, was fully and tacitly understood between us; and I was conscious of having stretched out to her a right-hand of brotherhood, and having done all that a brother could have done to help her to face bravely and steadfastly the conditions of her life.

Well, I have left us all standing—and you, too, friend reader—waiting for events; and I am afraid you will be rather cross with me when you find that this is really but "a little tale."

Mrs. Page first bade farewell to my friend Edwards. I confess I was rather surprised to see her, after she had taken his hand, kiss him in a frank, sisterly manner. I had not expected any such demonstration.

She turned quietly to me, and I involuntarily extended both my hands. She took them in hers, which were instinct with life, pressing and holding mine with a quivering, strong, nervous grasp; then straightway we exchanged two—nay, three—living kisses, the like of which I had never known or conceived before; then she left me and went to her husband. Our lives had touched—the very last thinnest film of partition had dissolved for a moment, and our spirits had stood side by side in absolute bareness. I felt as she left me that she had bravely accepted her lot, and how hard and relentless soever her circumstances might be she was greater than them. I felt, too, that her simple, straightforward acknowledgment was a kind of thanks far greater than any poor help I had rendered could deserve; nay, what virtue I had practised had already been plentifully its own reward, and this was in clear addition to it.

Now (to leave this a minute), I will faithfully narrate the rest of this parting scene at the risk of raising a smile, and taking your attention from the essential feature which I have just described. Mrs. Page, I said, walked towards her husband; he, who doubtless had been looking on with some puzzled surprise at his wife's odd farewell, now came forward, and, with the best good humour, wrung us both by the hand—that is, Edwards and myself. It was clearly a time for good advice, and to me he said, with genuine concern:

"Now, my dear fellow, you had much better take to drinking wine now and then; you know it will do you good. This sort of game isn't the thing, you know." He referred to certain habits of abstinence which I am free to confess I indulge in.

I laughed, and thanked him. Before I had well finished doing so they mounted to their carriage—they were away—they were quickly lessening in the distance—they were gone. I think it very likely our lines will never cross again, and indeed, probably, we shall never even hear, during the rest of our lives, the one party of the other.

Now I want you to enter upon a discussion of this matter. Is this the "marriage of true minds"? If so, may husbands have many wives, wives many husbands, of this kind? Indeed, I vow and affirm that Mrs. Page and I are not married in the highest sense of the word; we are but brother and sister, but that emphatically, and for ever. But is such plain recognition of relationship *right*? For here Mrs. Page and I are on terms of intimacy infinitely closer than she and her husband are or can be for years—I had almost said ages. He will, yet this long while, alas! be but a blundering, wayward, petulant child; while she, weak, I say, if you will, will bend over him with tender, motherly pity from a height many stages above him.

But, I ask again, is this absolute bareness of soul a thing possible to frail humanity? *Is it not rather the only true relationship between honest and pure spirits?*

MARRIAGE: ANOTHER LITTLE TALE.

BY H. F. J.

"Il en est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits: tout le monde en parle, mais peu de gens en ont vu."—*La Rochefoucauld, Reflex. Mor. lxxvi.*

IT was nearly dark, but the moon would soon rise, and I like to see the moon rising over an Italian lake; so I left the *table d'hôte*, and, lighting a cigarette in the hall, went down to the shore. As I strolled up and down I found myself thinking of the two people who had been sitting opposite me at dinner. They had arrived at the hotel only that afternoon, and, the waiter said, were a newly-married couple. She was a slight creature with beautiful hair, clear, gentle eyes, and a sad mouth that hinted many things; weak in character, I felt sure—it was written on her face; gentle and

immeasurably sensitive perhaps, I was not in a position to judge. As for him, he drank an unusual quantity of wine, and wore a distressing look of weariness and disappointment.

There was another smoker waiting for the moon to rise, and as he passed and repassed me I heard him talking to himself. "But," he was asking himself, "is this absolute bareness of soul a thing possible to frail humanity?" I guessed it might be the newly-married husband, his weary looks and these murmured sentiments went so well together; so when he sat down on a seat facing the lake I sat down beside him, and remarked on the stillness of the evening. I found I was not mistaken, and we soon got into conversation and began exchanging the usual pieces of information common among tourists.

He spoke in a most dejected manner, and told me that he and his wife had half completed their wedding tour; "and," he added, with a sigh, "hitherto we have been supremely happy." There was evidently more truth in the sigh than in the words; however I felicitated him upon his enviable condition. Something in my voice must have betrayed me, for he replied, sadly, and with great commiseration, "Ah, I see you are married, too!" I explained that I was a widower, and he showed more interest, and asked with some anxiety how long it had taken me to get over my bereavement. I was a good deal astonished at his question, but before I could make up my mind what to say in reply, the spring of his misery was tapped, and he was giving me an account of himself. Omitting the more incoherent passages, his little tale ran somewhat as follows:

"I met her first a year and a half ago. Circumstances," with which he made me acquainted, but which I will not stay to detail, "threw us for a time into close relationship. She was married to a husband of whom I have since seen much reason to change the opinion I then formed. I remember thinking he was far her inferior in every respect, and possessed nothing of that fine sympathy which would alone have made him a fit companion for her. I considered that she wanted something nobler, more refined. I felt that what her elevated nature demanded, mine, and perhaps mine alone, could supply. It was with the greatest emotion that she and I parted when they had to leave England.

"A few months afterwards I heard of his sudden death in a distant country. What were my feelings? The young, frail, beautiful creature alone in a foreign land—not even her unsympathetic husband to protect her! I flew to her. I found her, as I had hardly dared to hope, equal to the distressing position in which she was so suddenly placed—calm, fearless. I did my best to comfort her, and, being obliged to return, committed her to the care of a lady who was in the neighbourhood, and who consented to bring the young widow home to her friends.

"Soon after her arrival in England she wrote to thank me for what she called my disinterested friendship—my brotherly conduct. I went to see her, and after that we frequently met.

"I could not have said it then, but I can say it now—the more I saw of her the more she fell short of what in my first enthusiasm I had believed her to be. And the more I became conscious of this—for I did become conscious of it even then, though I never would admit it even to myself or to Edwards—the more I despised myself. Had I not vowed to protect her? Had I not already performed part of my vow? Had I not sworn she must not be left alone and unprotected in an unsympathising world? Could I ever forgive myself if a designing man were to step in before me and betray her into another marriage no less uncongenial than her first? Was not I the only being in the whole world capable of understanding her character? Had I not told myself so a thousand times? I refused to consider whether she had changed, whether I had changed, whether anything had changed; I proposed, we were married, and my dear friend Edwards, whom I have not seen since that day, and to whom I have not dared to write, was best man.

"And what has my life been? The first week or so was perhaps tolerable; it seems such ages ago now that I can scarcely remember. She had never been in Italy before, and, in the enthusiasm of first love, I thought the six months

which we set apart for our honeymoon would pass only too quickly in showing her places she said she wished to see, and in talking over subjects in which I supposed her to take an interest. I was disappointed when I began to suspect that few places and few subjects interested her much; and my disappointment deepened into despair when the conviction was forced upon me that there was hardly a place or a subject that interested her at all. Every day has shown me more and more clearly that we have made a horrible mistake, and it is no consolation to me to feel that she is equally alive to this fact.

"At first I approached her as the more than earthly being I supposed her to be, trying to please her by bowing unquestioningly to her opinion whenever she expressed one, and the result has not been encouraging. It was necessary to let her descend from this pinnacle, but when I talk to her and treat her as an equal, her large eyes only become larger, and a painful, vacant look comes over her face; while her replies, if she makes any, only show that she is thinking of something else, or not at all. Nothing but a blessed power of silence which I have managed to develop has restrained me from treating her as a being of another order altogether. Absolute bareness of soul I had asked for; but I had not supposed it would amount to absolute barrenness.

"I dread the revelations the second half of this tour may have in store for me. The first half has taught me a great deal. I know now what solitude means. I know now that it is not good that man should be alone; but I have not yet learnt why God should have thought fit to fashion woman to live with him and make his loneliness complete. Can it be, I have asked myself, that 'the marriage of true minds' is a thing never attained among men and women, or is it that I have only made the same kind of mistake as I thought she had made in her first husband? How well I can now understand his recommending me to take to drinking. It's all very well for a bachelor to indulge in habits of abstinence, but let him take for his sole companion a wife, and you will not have the heart to condemn any falling-off in his sobriety. I remember reading that some old philosopher used to advise a man to take for his wife one who was less than his equal, and for his friend one who was more than his equal. In the days of this old philosopher the possibility of the average man doing otherwise in the matter of wives may have rendered such advice necessary. Certainly, if the average woman of to-day is always like my wife she will scarcely—

"But I have no business to be talking like this. It is because you are the first person I have spoken to about it, and I hope you will forgive me for boring you with my troubles. We shall probably never meet again, as you will be half-way up the Pass before I am awake to-morrow morning."

I tried to persuade the poor fellow that I sympathised with him far too deeply to be at all bored, and my patience was rewarded by the assurance he gave me that he should seek his pillow that night with more peace of mind than he had known for a long while.

"Possibly children will be born to us," he went on, as we rose to go in; "and after years of trouble and much change we may learn partially to understand one another, and look back on our married life together perhaps with a smile. It may be that first love is like first teeth, and must be shed to give place to something more deeply rooted and better fitted for the requirements of life. It may be that we shall attain through sorrow to that which I had hoped we should reach through happiness. It's a cheering prospect!

"The last time I slept," he said, as we neared the hotel, "I dreamt that an angel, clothed in the brightness of that risen moon, stood by my side, and said that all this married life was unreal, and had been sent as punishment for my sins. 'It was not with her,' the angel said, 'but with Edwards, that you vowed to pass the rest of your days. You have stood your trial bravely. Return now to him where he awaits you. Behold, she is already with her sisters.' I can give you no idea of the delight that filled me as I listened to the angel's words. It was only just to say I had borne it well, for, I reflected grotesquely, whatever I had gone through, and whatever I had thought, and however much I had been tempted, at all events I had never struck my wife.

And the angel said, with a smile I shall never forget, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

[The writer of the first article is of opinion that there is a difference between his people and their counterfeits which mock them in the second: namely, such difference as there is between golden and sandy hair; which things, however, the commonplace take to be the same.]

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

WITH the death of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, the last of the three brothers who had for many years exercised an influence on English finance and society larger than is perhaps generally known has departed. There has probably never been a family which "held together" like that of the Rothschilds, and to the mutual support which all its members gave each other is no doubt to be ascribed much of their success. So close was their connection that the general public frequently almost imagined *the* Baron to be the incarnation of the house of Rothschild, as he was undoubtedly its moving spirit. It was vulgarly supposed that the man who kept open house at Mentmore, whose horses ran prominently in many great races, and whose staghounds were celebrated all over England for their speed, was also the arbiter of the Stock Exchanges of Europe. The identity of interests strenuously kept up, not by the English branch of the family alone, but by their relatives in Paris, Vienna, Frankfort, and Naples, has become a tradition of the house. Death has been sadly busy within the last few years among those who contributed largely to its glories, and has now seized him who, more than any other member of the family, defended the principles adopted by his father, and which were carried out with such extraordinary success by himself and his brothers. Modern finance undoubtedly owes its development to a great extent to the Rothschild family. They were among the first to bring foreign loans into this market, and to introduce that element of cosmopolitanism which now unites all the Exchanges of European capitals. Enormously wealthy as they have become, they might have been far wealthier if they had lent their name to support the many doubtful loans and risky undertakings for which their support was asked; but prudence and integrity have been as strictly observed in all their commercial transactions as co-operation and mutual support in their social and political ones. The growth of joint-stock banks and the increase in the number of bankers who, *longo intervallo*, carry on a similar style of business to that initiated by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons has, of course, to some extent diminished the immediate influence the firm exercised on the money market. Time was when the funds would have fallen considerably on the announcement of the demise of the head of the family. Yet this influence, if not omnipotent, was vast and far-reaching to an extent hardly appreciated by outsiders; and great as it was, it has never, we believe, been used in an illegitimate manner. The house of Rothschild did not condescend to rig the market for the sake of a job, nor to "bear" stock with a view of buying cheaply. The extraordinary acuteness and the wise judgment which characterised the late Baron Lionel will make his loss severely felt; but he, like his relatives on the Continent, has trained up his sons to take his place, and the continuity of the firm will not be affected by the death of its chief.

Since the death of Baron Meyer and the continued illness of Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, a gloom has necessarily been cast over the family, and the share they have taken in social festivities has largely diminished. But schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions have always been largely subsidised by the Rothschilds, who know that wealth has its duties as well as its pleasures, and to-day a not unnatural anxiety prevails in many a poor home for fear the bountiful aid it has enjoyed for years should be withdrawn. Sir Nathaniel, now the Head of the House, is, however, not likely to turn aside from a course so clearly marked out by example and duty, and which has contributed not a little to the unusual popularity of his family.

A BERLIN firm has received a telegram from Frankfort containing orders for selling a quantity of shares at extremely low prices. On inquiry it was discovered that the telegram was false, and it turned out to be the manoeuvre of a "bear" on those shares, who thus wished to cover his position better than the circumstances permitted of. A judicial inquiry is being made; but the case ought to attract the attention of all who operate on telegrams. It is so easy to avoid fraud by arranging with correspondents for a conventional word which certifies the true origin of the message.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

"DRINK."

IT is not exactly a healthy sign of the popular taste when an actor who has represented a drunken scoundrel dying in a fit of delirium tremens is called five times before the curtain. The disgusting realism of "L'Assommoir" has indeed been sufficiently toned down by Mr. Charles Reade to make it just acceptable to the gallery, but no more. Repulsive it was in its original form, and repulsive it remains. It may possibly do no harm; indeed we have heard it asserted that it might, by showing people inclined to drink the horrible consequences of indulgence in their fatal passion, even do good. If this assertion be correct, then, of course, the piece has an object, and one of the functions of the stage—that of improving the morals of the people—will have been accomplished. Even, however, admitting that drunkards will be reformed by witnessing the new melodrama at the Princess's—with its accompaniments of slow music, virtuous tags, and the lime-light—we still maintain that as a work of art it deserves not only the most severe criticism, but is far below any real criticism whatever. Construction, motive, dialogue, action, are all equally bad—almost incredibly bad; and nothing deserves a single word of praise except the acting, which was as good as the low, wretched parts admitted of, and the scenery, which is admirable.

We will attempt very briefly indeed to justify our strictures, merely pointing out on what bases they rest, but not attempting to go fully into all the grounds for condemning this last importation from Paris, for they would amount to an essay on modern realistic drama and novels. As to the action, the play has seven acts. There are therefore six intervals, which last approximately about thirteen minutes each. An hour and a quarter is therefore wasted, and the play necessarily drags in a most wearisome manner. On Monday it began at 7.45, and was not over till ten minutes to twelve. As to motive—the one and only nominal motive in the drama is supplied by its name, yet the whole plot hinges not on drink, but on an ugly quarrel between two jealous women—a

virtuous wife and a frivolous lady who has been flirting with her husband. The latter gets the worst of it, for her rival souses her with the contents of a wash-tub, and swears revenge, which she effects in a series of horrible ways—first, by not warning her enemy's *second* husband of a dangerous scaffold plank of which she knows, but which she allows him to tread on, so that he falls from the top of a house; secondly, by enticing him to drink; and, lastly, when drink has nearly brought him to his grave, by sending him a present of a bottle of brandy labelled "claret." Now it is clear that the motive is totally insufficient. Virginie—for this is the amiable flirt's name—does not love Coupeau, the second husband, whom she tries to kill no less than three times, succeeding at last, but she *does* love Lantier, whom she has all to herself. Even a sousing with dirty water does not convert coquettes into murderesses. In fact, the adapter uses this idea not as a plot, but simply as a framework on which to hang the story of a drunkard. We could point out that even this story is not properly worked out, for though Coupeau, the honest second husband, whose weakness is his ruin, is killed by brandy, the first reprobate husband, Lantier, survives the drink, and appears better dressed and more and more respectable in every successive act of the play. Of course he comes to a bad end at last; but he is the villain of the piece, and drink, which made him a worthless husband in the first act, does not appear to do him a bit of harm from the second to the sixth inclusive.

The construction, again, is faulty to an almost incredible extent. Gervaise is Lantier's wife; he disappears, and she marries again, believing he is dead, and holding, as she says herself, a certificate of his death. He reappears, but we are not informed how the false certificate came into existence, by whose agency, and for what purpose. And although Gouget, the teetotaller and *deus ex machinâ* of the piece, threatens him with a prosecution for bigamy if he does not cease annoying Gervaise, the latter has clearly also committed bigamy, and Lantier neglects the obvious retort that if he were charged with this crime his wife could also be charged with it. In French pieces the brilliancy of the dialogue frequently redeems the weakness of the plot and the faultiness of the construction. But no such redemption occurs in "Drink." Sensation follows sensation, and the dialogue appears to exist for two purposes only: to explain, like the showman of the menagerie, the scene of horror which is about to begin, or to deliver common-place platitudes in favour of total abstinence. We listened for four weary hours, anxiously watching for a single scintillation of wit or a single gleam of humour. Neither came. Something humorous might indeed have been made of the scene in the wash-house, but after a slight attempt in that direction the author evidently gave it up as a bad job, and devoted himself with renewed vigour to working out his theme. That the dialogue, poor as it is, should also be intensely vulgar goes, of course, without saying. As the play represents vulgar scenes, it would not be realistic if the actors did not drop their *h's*, and otherwise maul the English language. We have already said that this thoroughly bad and, in our opinion, extremely pernicious and degrading play is well acted. This is unfortunately the case: were it not, we might hope to see "Drink" soon replaced by a more worthy successor. As it is, we fear that Miss Amy Roselle's conscientious, simple, and thorough rendering of the part of Gervaise, and Mr. Warner's interpretation of a hopelessly drunken idiot (which was thoroughly appreciated by an audience who are evidently connoisseurs in this department), will ensure

the piece a long run. Need it be added that the highly intelligent British public constantly attempted to hiss Miss Ada Murray off the stage because she personated the wicked coquette with unusual force and vivacity?

PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THE summer programme at the home of comedy is, as might be expected, an exceedingly attractive one. Sorry as all of us are to lose Polly Eccles, we welcome Mrs. Bancroft again in two parts which suit her admirably, and to which she does thorough justice. It would be hard to find any two characters so dissimilar as Jenny Northcote in "Sweethearts" and Nan in "Good for Nothing," and still harder to find such perfect representative and true pictures as they are under Mrs. Bancroft's treatment. The performance commences with Mr. Palgrave Simpson's "Heads or Tails," in which Mr. Cecil plays Mr. Wrangle Worth with considerable talent, and Messrs. H. B. Conway and Kemble appearing as Herald Dyecaster and Christopher Quaile. There is not much in the piece, but, being in competent hands, it is well played. Following this comes "Sweethearts," by W. S. Gilbert, in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft play the principal characters of Harry Spreadbrow and Jenny Northcote. The piece is called a "dramatic contrast," and treats of the constancy of woman and the fickleness of man. In the first act young Spreadbrow, on the eve of his departure to India, comes to say good-bye to Jenny, and she, though loving him, pretends indifference. In the second act, after a lapse of thirty years, we are shown Harry, now Sir Henry Spreadbrow, returned, having forgotten his old love, and Jenny Northcote constant and loving her old playfellow all the time. He lightly talks of his former folly, and tears her heart by his words. However, she convinces and astonishes him by the production of the flower he gave her on the eve of his departure, which she has treasured, and he finds that after thirty years it is not too late to claim her. Nothing, as we have said, could be finer than Mrs. Bancroft's reading of Jenny. The wayward girl, the faithful woman are life pictures, and drawn with a marvellous depth of pathos. Mr. Bancroft is best in the second act, where he appears as Sir Henry. We confess we do not like him as a lover—he seems too slow of speech and studied, and the monotony of tone does not please the ear. But as the cynical baronet he is excellent, and also manages the change from banter to the final reality with great skill. Mr. Deane is clever as Wilcox, the gardener.

The concluding piece is "Good for Nothing," and Mrs. Bancroft as Nan eclipses herself, and again gives proof of her true artistic skill. Mr. Conway as Charlie; Mr. John Clayton as Harry Collier, the engine-driver; Mr. Arthur Cecil as Tom Dibbles; and Mr. Kemble as young Mr. Simpson, are all as good as they can be. And it is, as may be gathered, a most powerful cast. There is one thing to which we object strongly, which is the introduction of music in pathetic parts. In "Sweethearts," which is so well acted, it is unnecessary and unpleasant. We can confidently recommend everybody to go to the Prince of Wales's if they wish for real genuine acting with no detail omitted, and we heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on their summer programme.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SON'S SOSTENENTE PIANOS, with the Perfect Check Repeater Action, Patented throughout Europe and America, may be obtained on Sale, Hire, or the Three Years' System, at 18, WIGMORE STREET, London, W.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE re-appearance of Madame Nilsson and Madame Gerster has enabled Mr. Mapleson to put forward performances more indicative of mid-season than some that had previously been given. But he has been badly off for tenors, or else has been content to allow mediocre artists to do work for which they are not qualified, in place of good men apparently kept in the background. At least it would seem so when a fine singer and excellent actor like M. Candidus is not allowed to sing parts that are given to such a weak, moderate artist as Signor Frapolli. Signor Campanini has decidedly been overworked, and Signor Fancelli, who has only just arrived, comes none too soon for the credit of the department of the theatre to which he belongs.

We were astonished the other night to remark the similarity between Madame Nilsson's Elsa and that of Mdlle. Heilbron. The only reason why we did not observe this when we saw the French *prima donna* in "Lohengrin" must be that we never cared sufficiently for Madame Nilsson's assumption of the part to see it twice before, and then were not familiar enough to notice the resemblance. Whether a mere coincidence or the result of a copy it would be hard to say; but the two performances are undoubtedly as much alike as they are both unlike Madame Albani's. The superiority of Madame Nilsson's voice, of course, is very marked; but in all other respects what we recently said of Mdlle. Heilbron's Elsa might apply to that of the Swedish *diva*, who happily returns in full possession of the glorious gifts that have entitled her to her present fame. The *rentrée* of Mdlle. Tremelli (the young contralto who was so highly successful last season) in the part of Ortruda calls for special mention, inasmuch as she has made a wonderful amount of improvement in a dramatic as well as in a vocal sense. Her voice has grown in power, richness, and extent of compass, while her acting, in one of the most trying *rôles*, must have taken by surprise all who knew how much it left to be desired a year ago. Mdlle. Tremelli is, therefore, more than ever welcome.

Madame Gerster has come back a greater artist than when she left us. Her impersonations of Lucia, Amina, and Gilda in the course of the past few days leave no room for question as to this. Her charming voice previously lacked strength and resonance, while boasting, perhaps, the sweetest *timbre* of any organ with which we are acquainted; but the other qualities are now no longer absent, and her vocalism is more astounding than ever in its brilliancy. The most important feature, though, in Madame Gerster's advance is the increase of histrionic power that she has developed. This naturally adds greatly to the perfection of her various delineations, except in such instances as that of Amina, where the Hungarian artist may be warned that the character can be spoiled by being overwrought. But in "Rigoletto," on Saturday night, there was ample scope for the emotional actress, and the consequence was a complete artistic triumph. Madame Gerster was fortunate in her Rigoletto. This was M. Roudil, a *débutant* here, but evidently a singer of considerable stage experience, and altogether possessing merit out of the common order. M. Roudil has a powerful baritone voice, with comparatively little *tremolo*; its upper notes are particularly fine, and they are under admirable control, whether in declamatory passages or when given *pianissimo*. The new-comer is a capable and

sympathetic actor, and his Rigoletto was in every detail a most excellent performance. He gained frequent and hearty applause, and clearly succeeded in making a highly favourable impression on his audience.

CONCERTS.

VIARD-LOUIS.—The symphony by Svendsen, produced by Mr. Weist-Hill, at the concert of last week, is too likely to find a lasting place in the repertory of orchestral masterpieces for its introduction to an English audience to be passed over without record on our part. This symphony has the rare merit of originality, and proclaims its composer a musician of whom Scandinavia may well be proud. And we are proud, too, that Svendsen has not been allowed to become an old man, or die, or be dead twenty years previous to an English recognition of his unquestionable genius, which has yet, happily, to arrive at its maturity. For this departure from the ordinary course we are indebted to Madame Viard-Louis and Mr. Weist-Hill, who may also be congratulated on the superb performance that revealed the beauties of the symphony to a surprised and delighted audience. They deserve a bumper at their benefit concert, and if Svendsen's work can be given again so much the better.

MISS FANNY ALBERT'S.—The concert given by this talented young pianist at Steinway Hall on Thursday night is a fair sample of the innumerable benefit concerts that take place at this period of the season, and with accounts of which, were we to notice half of them, columns of the EXAMINER might be filled every week. Miss Albert, although a youthful artist, commands a large circle of admirers, and the room was fairly crowded. Schumann's trio in D minor was the chief item in the programme, and it was capitally rendered by the *bénéficiaire*, aided by M. Ovide-Musin and Herr Van Biene. Both these gentlemen played solos on their respective instruments, their efforts meeting with great applause; but the varied selection of pianoforte pieces interpreted by Miss Albert naturally excited the principal interest and heartiest recognition of the audience. Prominent among these was Sir J. Benedict's "Andante and Rondo Brillante," the last movement of which displayed the capacities of the performer to the utmost advantage. She has a brilliant touch and is a remarkably clever executant—gifts which time will doubtless develop sufficiently to place Miss Albert in the very front rank of native pianists. Her concert was a signal success, and towards this result the charming singing of Miss Mary Davies and able conducting of Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. F. H. Cowen contributed in no slight measure.

MATINÉE MUSICALE.—Madame von Asten, Professor of Singing at the Academy of Music at Berlin, who appeared once or twice last season, will give a *matinée musicale* at No. 16, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday next. The accomplished vocalist will be supported by Mademoiselle Redeker, Madame Essipoff, and Herr Hermendahl. The season is so crowded with engagements that some of the best performances are apt to be overlooked. We believe, however, that many persons will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing a singer who possesses not only power over, but unusual knowledge of, her art.

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

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NEW WORK.*

WHILE in "Middlemarch" we were presented with a wonderful picture of life in an English country town—a picture in which no detail was neglected, while yet all the details were fused into one harmonious whole—in "Daniel Deronda" the greatest living English novelist deserted the paths of pure romance and attempted the philosophical novel, following in some degree, if so original an author can be said ever to copy anything, the lines of Wilhelm Meister. In "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Middlemarch" George Eliot showed at their very highest her powers of story-telling and of photographing and fixing characters we meet daily. In "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" (not to mention "Felix Holt") a romantic idea pervades the whole. We have no longer an intensely vivid and realistic *comédie de mœurs*, but a drama revolving round one central figure, of which the character was raised by the author far above the average of humankind. Everyone has met people more or less like Mr. Casaubon, nor did Ladislav, the hero, ever inspire us with any intense admiration. He is a nice young fellow, but he is not gifted with any extraordinary greatness of mind, any special mark which makes him different from other clever, frank, and gentlemanly young artists. He embodied no theory, he was not the incarnation of any great idea. Adam Bede, on the other hand, and Felix Holt are distinctly characters whom none have met, and whom few are likely to meet. They are head and shoulders above their surroundings; they far surpass even the best and noblest among the circle of acquaintances of most people, not because they are better and nobler, but because they are altogether different. Ladislav is objective, Felix Holt is subjective. No doubt Mrs. Lewes has seen many people like Ladislav; she probably sketched Ladislav from someone she had seen. But Bede and Holt are very creatures of her noble mind, the children of her lofty aspirations. Natural as they are—for in these books there is nothing unnatural, even though, to a merely ordinary observer, there may be much which appears overstrained—they are types, not of what is found daily, but of the highest development of human nature. It follows that, on the whole, "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Middlemarch" are infinitely more amusing, notwithstanding the comic element George Eliot's sense of humour forces her to introduce even in her most serious work, than the other three novels. Everyone can understand the former; many people enjoy without completely understanding the latter. In "Daniel Deronda" a new departure was taken. The hero of this book is so great an enthusiast that it is no longer the unintelligent minority of readers, but the intelligent majority, which ceases to be sympathetic with him even though they understand him. If Felix Holt is the embodiment of a magnificent idea, the description of a grand life with its frequent disappointments and occasional weaknesses, Deronda is simply the evolution of a theory. George Eliot's philosophical view of Judaism has been thrown into the form of a novel. She could not possibly write a bad one; the subsidiary characters, therefore, are worked out with the same loving care and the same truth as in her former works. But the result of the combination of story-telling and philosophy was not

entirely happy. The intention of the book was that the public should learn to understand and appreciate the simplicity and grandeur of the Judaic faith, and sympathise with the aspirations of a now dispersed people towards unity and national life. Although these objects may, and no doubt have been, to some extent attained, and although they might possibly not have been attained at all if Mrs. Lewes had not clothed her theory in the attractive garb of a new novel, yet we venture to say that nine-tenths of her readers were disappointed that Deronda did not marry Gwendoline, and were annoyed at his irrepressible Judaism. Nay, more, we fear that many skipped those very chapters for which the author wrote the book—the conversations with Mordecai and the history of the process which went on in Deronda's mind—and perceived in it only a very interesting novel which would have been still more interesting if "all that about the Jews" had been omitted. It may well be doubted if the average English mind will ever accept with enthusiasm the philosophic novels of which so many enrich the literature of our German cousins. No Englishman could ever have written "Wilhelm Meister," or "Werther's Leiden," and if he had, no one would have read them. We decline to take our philosophy wrapped up in the jam of romances. The reason is probably to be sought in the fact that the habit of constant subjective introspection is one alien to the English mind. There are readers of books of philosophy and there are readers of novels; there are also many who read both; but they don't want them mixed up. The novel is taken up as a relaxation, and the average Englishman and Englishwoman is disgusted when, instead of an amusing tale and startling incidents, he finds the theory of evolution or the doctrine of eternal damnation to form the staple of his three volumes. He has not prepared himself to think very deeply, and the mental exertion involved is the more distasteful because it comes on him as a surprise. "Daniel Deronda" ran counter to this English tendency, of which the existence can hardly be doubted, but it also ran counter to another very pronounced feeling—the religious one. Goody novels have been more successful in England and among English-speaking nations than elsewhere—in fact the genus is all but unknown on the European Continent. With us they take the place of the German philosophical romance. Whether their readers skip many of the religious platitudes they contain, or not, we do not pretend to state, but they appeal to feelings fully in harmony with the author. The public thinks going to church, Dorcas meetings, and Sunday-schools very good things; the public's parents have carefully instilled into the public's mind a respect for the Lord's Day (which has so long been mis-called the Sabbath), for the Church (High or Low, as the case may be), and for Christian ministers of religion. When, therefore, these and kindred objects are discoursed of in a novel they are accepted, if not as highly entertaining, at any rate as eminently satisfactory, and the disputes over church decorations or the jealousy of sundry young ladies about a new curate are eagerly followed in the pages of the last importation from Mudie's; for they are the embodiment of what goes on around, and of what is possibly at that very moment agitating the fair reader's bosom. In "Daniel Deronda" the very reverse was tried. The philosophy it contains, the new points of view it so powerfully advocates, clashed with all the feelings which the British Philistine has always considered most sacred. If these points of view were right he and his parents and teachers were wrong, mistaken, or at least ignorant and prejudiced. Attractive as was the

* *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By GEORGE ELIOT. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

form in which Judaism was clothed, even George Eliot could not by one novel destroy the repulsiveness it had acquired by centuries of intolerance and cruel oppression. The public was disgusted at finding its ingrained opinions—which can hardly be called by such a name, since opinion implies something based on reason—ruthlessly scattered to the winds, and it was the more annoyed that the refutation of prejudices which had been absorbed with mother's milk was forced down unwilling throats by the charming romance which contained them. "Had George Eliot," cried they, "said she was going to write up the Jews, we should not have read the book. But this is not fair. She pretends to write a novel, and we read it and find that she is in fact only praising those who crucified our Saviour." Nothing annoys people more than to have the worst of an argument. And knowing this, Mrs. Lewes was bold enough to risk unpopularity, if not failure, in pursuit of a noble end. But, however good the end, there can be no doubt that, as a work of art, "Daniel Deronda" fell far short of the author's previous works—why, we have to some extent indicated above; other reasons will suggest themselves, which we have not space to elaborate here.

In "Middlemarch" we have a novel without philosophy; in "Daniel Deronda" a novel with a great deal of philosophy; now we have in "Theophrastus Such" philosophy, or at any rate philosophical essays, without a novel. Yet, instead of giving us her thoughts straight out, which we would have preferred, Mrs. Lewes has devoted her first two chapters to describing Theophrastus Such, the unsuccessful bachelor, whose ideas on various subjects we are supposed to be reading. He does not appear again in the book; his character is indistinct, if not uninteresting; it has no bearing, as far as we can make out, on any of the following pages. He is merely used as a peg on which to hang many wise and witty remarks, many acute and thoughtful observations. It would, we think, have been much better if the peg had been omitted altogether. "Looking Inward" and "Looking Backward" are the least interesting chapters of the book. The humour is hardly natural; the healthy English objection to introspection alluded to above is constantly offended by the minute examination to which Mr. Such submits his inner man—an examination we do not care about. Many of the severe remarks he makes are undoubtedly true, and scarcely any reader will not find one or another applicable to himself; but even their truth and cleverness do not make them entirely acceptable. It appears almost a pity to waste so much acuteness and such power of analysis on describing the petty convolutions of a very ordinary brain. No doubt "Les Caractères de Theophraste" has suggested the name as well as the plan of this volume. But we have here more than mere characters. Brilliant and amusing as are the sketches of the witty Frenchman, they are far surpassed in depth and thought by those of our clever countrywoman. She does not confine herself to characters, but writes something—we think too little—about many of the problems which are now agitating the world. If "A Too Deferential Man" is merely an amusing sketch of a character many of us have met in real life and in the pages of novels—in the latter generally exaggerated—"Only Temper" is equally amusing, but conveys a deeper censure of a very common fault:—

"As people confess to bad memory without expecting to sink in mental reputation, so we hear a man declared to have a bad temper and yet glorified as the possessor of every high quality. . . . A man who uses his balmorals to tread on your toes with much frequency and an unmistakeable

emphasis, may prove a fast friend in adversity, but, meanwhile, your adversity has not yet arrived and your toes are tender. . . . It is among the repulsive effects of this bad temper, which is supposed to be compatible with shining virtues, that it is apt to determine a man's sudden adhesion to an opinion, whether on a personal or impersonal matter, without leaving him time to consider his grounds. This determination of partisanship by temper has its worst effects in the career of a public man."

"The Watchdog of Knowledge," an essay on the man who, though good and kind in his private character, violently attacks everyone who either disagrees with him or displays more knowledge on any subject than himself, is a further distinct advance on the opening chapters. There is in it more depth, more real thought, and less toying with superficialities or mean and unimportant characteristics:—

"We have convinced ourselves by this time that a man may be a sage in celestial physics and a poor creature in the purchase of seed-corn, or even in theorising about the affections. . . . It is not true that a man's intellectual power is like the strength of a timber beam, to be measured by its weakest point. Why should we any more apply that fallacious standard of what is called consistency to a man's moral nature, and argue against the existence of fine impulses or habits of feeling in relation to his acts generally, because those better movements are absent in a class of cases which act peculiarly on an irritable form of his egoism? . . . When a man is in a rage and wants to hurt another in consequence, he can always regard himself as the civil arm of a spiritual power, and all the more easily because there is real need to assert the righteous efficacy of indignation."

The happiness and truth of this last remark will strike all. It is the peculiar characteristic of George Eliot's observations—and one exemplified in this her last work perhaps more than in any previous one—that she always puts in the best language thoughts which appear to have been in the reader's mind often before. We say "appear," for it may be doubted whether they have existed there in other than a vague and ill-defined shape. In these pages they are crystallised. If there are people who are not only witty themselves, but the cause of wit in others, George Eliot is surely one of those who is not only clever herself, but the cause of cleverness in others. After reading her book one feels brighter and more brilliant, and full of acute remarks and sharp sayings. Perhaps there is no audience, and they do not come out; or if an attempt is made to reproduce some of the "happy thoughts" suggested by "Theophrastus Such," it may end in failure, and the thoughts which, clothed in her language, appeared so epigrammatic and to the point, fall flat when expressed in other less pungent words; but the impression remains, and the reader is, by the perusal of the book, put on the best terms with himself. And this self-satisfaction is likely to be increased by the fact that the volume is small, well printed, and with wide margins—a pleasant resource for a single rainy afternoon. Just because it is small, it is difficult to quote much from it without spoiling, not only the pleasure of the reader, but the force of the quotations; to tear them from their context is to act like the house-agent who brought a man a brick as a proof of the excellence of the house he had to dispose of. We cannot, however, resist a passage from "Moral Swindlers," the most powerful essay in the work except the last, and one particularly applicable to these days of bank failures:—

"I find even respectable historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a King was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches in the administration of justice, end by praising him for his pure moral character, by which one must suppose them to mean that he was not lewd nor debauched, nor the European twin of that typical Indian Potentate whom Macaulay describes as passing his life in chewing bang and fondling dancing-girls. And since we are sometimes told of such maleficent Kings that

they were religious, we arrive at the curious result that the most serious wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both morality and religion—the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses and perhaps not drinking too much, and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God which can be carried on equally well side by side with the basest conduct towards men.”

“Shadows of the Coming Race” has evidently been, to some extent, inspired by Mr. Butler’s “Erewhon,” of which one of the leading ideas is here humorously reasoned out to its conclusion. A very different and more lofty line of thought is followed in the last essay, which is, in fact, a concise statement of the idea which inspired “Daniel Deronda.” In terse and incisive words, in language which often rises to eloquence, and never falls to weakness, Mrs. Lewes traces the cause of the modern dislike to the Jews, reduces it to its proper position of a silly, unmeaning prejudice, and strips the question of all the accessories of false religious sentiment with which it has been surrounded. And if, towards the conclusion of the work, she is carried away by an enthusiasm which the great majority of Jews will scarcely share, to believe in and hope for a restoration of the Jewish nationality, such enthusiasm will be the more readily accepted from one who, though not a Jewess, is the most powerful advocate of the social emancipation of the Jews (as contrasted with the political and religious equality granted them twenty years ago) who has ever existed, and is promoting this emancipation by the most legitimate weapons—common-sense, intellect, and humanity.

GALILEO.*

“ON Wednesday, 22nd June, in the forenoon, Galileo was conducted to the large hall used for melancholy proceedings of this kind, where, in the presence of his judges and a large assemblage of cardinals and prelates of the Holy Congregation, the following sentence was read to him. . . . Immediately after hearing it Galileo was compelled to make the following degrading recantation, humbly kneeling, before the whole assembly.” It was in rising from his knees that he was long believed to have uttered his famous aside, “*E pur si muove*,” which must now be abandoned as a myth. He might well have urged the phrase, not merely in its obvious sense, but with a figurative application. Even as he rose criminal and judges were slowly but surely beginning to change places. Ere the period of an average lifetime had elapsed, Galileo stood absolved of every charge except that of his mock repentance for an imaginary crime, and Pope and cardinals and prelates stood arraigned in his place. A full elucidation of the matter is of the utmost moment towards the determination of that conflict between faith and reason of which our times have not seen the end. Did the highest visible religious authority on earth actually condemn demonstrable scientific truth? How far did it act within its competence, or how far did it meddle with matters admittedly beyond its province? Was the seal of assumed infallibility impressed upon its sentence? or did it leave itself a loophole to retract? And, again, although this merely personal question is of far less importance, had Galileo himself given a handle to his enemies by the breach of any engagement into which he had entered or seemed to enter? And, finally, what kind of spirit did the ecclesiastical authorities evince towards Galileo throughout these proceedings? Did they treat him as an erring son, a pestilent agitator, or something between the two?

* *Galileo Galilei and the Roman Curia.* From Authentic Sources. By KARL VON GEBLER. Translated by Mrs. GEORGE STURGE. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

Thanks to the zealous and impartial investigations of Herr Gebler, with whom must be named Berti, L'Epinois, and several others, who have recently examined Galileo's case from different points of view, the answers to these questions are no longer obscure. It cannot be said that the Church of Rome has so unequivocally committed herself to the wrong side as to have made the immovability of the earth a test question of the infallibility of the Church. Urban VIII. never pronounced any condemnation of the Copernican theory *ex cathedra*. The work was left to subordinate agents, who might, if convenient, be disowned. At the same time the inevitable inferences from this conclusion are hardly less destructive of Papal pretensions, than the self-stultification of infallibility would have been. Short of the Pontifical announcement *ex cathedra*, the condemnation of Galileo wanted no sanction that ecclesiastical authority could bestow. It was arrived at after long deliberation and frequent examinations before a most dignified tribunal; it was subscribed and published by a body of cardinals especially charged with the determination of such matters; it was announced without the faintest shadow of scruple or hesitation; it was implicitly confirmed by Papal authority, and the Pope repeated over and over again that it entirely expressed his sentiments. Providentially, as an enlightened Roman Catholic of the present day would consider, he omitted to pin himself down to a distinct public declaration, and shrank from staking his infallibility upon the question. It is reasonable for Catholics to rejoice at this, but impossible to do so without admitting that the entire judicial machinery of the Church may be, and has been, hopelessly perverted; that cardinals, inquisitors, and congregations have erred egregiously, and may do so again; and that no absolute trust can be reposed in any authority except the very highest. When finally we come to inquire into the nature of this highest authority, we are in danger of finding it evaporate in the search. What constitutes an *ex cathedra* decision? Must this character be expressly claimed in the document itself? or may it be implied or collected from the circumstances of the case? If the former, few Papal decisions have any claim to infallibility. If the latter, it is precisely the most preposterous and the most offensive to enlightenment whose claims are the strongest. No Pontifical manifesto has been made public with more pomp and circumstance than the recent Syllabus; but is that *ex cathedra* and binding upon every faithful Catholic? Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull against witches, lacking no official formality, and invested with exactly the same claims to an official character as any other bull. One only of three conclusions is possible: either witches exist, or Papal bulls may signify nothing, or Papal infallibility was as grievously compromised a hundred and fifty years before Galileo's condemnation as it could possibly have been had his sentence received the direct official sanction of the Pope.

The minor but still interesting questions, how far Galileo himself may have played into his persecutors' hands by the breach of any expressed or implied engagement, and how far his own deportment corresponded with the character of a martyr, admit of an equally decisive answer. Galileo broke no pledge, for he had only promised to abstain from advocating the Copernican theory, not from discussing it. This engagement was entered into upon his citation to Rome in 1616, on which occasion he escaped with comparative ease. A prohibition restraining him from ever discussing the Copernican theory does, indeed, appear in the records of the Inquisition, and Berti and Gebler have shown that this is not,

as at one time suspected, a spurious concoction at the period of the second prosecution of 1632, but was actually committed to paper in 1616. From a variety of circumstances, however, it appears certain that, although recorded, it was never actually conveyed to him, but was interpolated among the official records with an eye to future mischief. Galileo, therefore, was undoubtedly a victim; his claim to be regarded as a martyr must depend upon our definition of the term. He was a martyr in the sense of a sufferer for opinion, hardly in that of a witness to the truth. He prevaricated, misrepresented; and, although it was impossible for him actually to renounce what he knew to be true, he would gladly have persuaded his persecutors that he had. His behaviour at first sight contrasts unfavourably with that of a fearless and high-minded sufferer like Giordano Bruno; but, in justice to him, it must be remembered that he was far from sharing Bruno's intellectual convictions. Bruno not only discerned the incompatibility of the Copernican hypothesis with Catholic doctrine, but valued it chiefly on that very ground. He could not, like Galileo, establish it by irrefragable demonstration in the world of sense, but he was much better able to anticipate its operation in the world of thought. He was a Pantheist first and a Copernican afterwards. Galileo, a mere physical philosopher, had no notion of undermining established creeds by his discoveries. His science was to him not religion, only truth; and the conception that the quest of truth could be invested with the sanction of religion hardly existed in his time. Hence, if he cannot be compared with Bruno, still less can he be compared with Cranmer; and, although the story of his having been racked is fabulous, he had undergone sufficient mental torture to palliate his declension from the highest standard of moral heroism. It must also be considered that a different course would have estranged not only his benefactors and patrons, but his own family and his dearest friends.

Galileo's treatment by the Roman authorities during his prosecution was more lenient and considerate than usually supposed. He was comfortably accommodated and allowed many privileges, and it is quite certain that physical torture was never applied to him. It would be ungenerous to inquire too minutely how far this mildness was due to humanity, and how far to policy or a sense of the insecurity of the orthodox position. It is certain that the conduct of the Court of Rome after his condemnation and retractation might have been thought to have morally annihilated him, betrays an abject terror of their victim, evinced in the most jealous prohibitions and the utmost indisposition to allow him the slightest indulgence after he had been permitted to withdraw beyond the actual surveillance of his gaolers. This petty persecution cannot have proceeded from wanton cruelty, from which the Pope and his counsellors seem to have been wholly exempt. It can have been dictated by nothing else than the dread that Galileo would after all find means to publish his discoveries and conclusions; and was no less childish than cowardly, for it implied the utter forgetfulness of the existence of Protestants. Protestant astronomers, it might have been foreseen, would not be restrained from making discoveries by the disabilities of their Catholic colleagues, and the restriction could have no other effect than to place Catholics in that position of intellectual inferiority from which, as Catholics, they have never since emerged. The fact is worth tomes of controversy, and, in truth, once fully understood, supersedes controversy. Indeed, the Pope's assertion of the right to arrest the subject of another

sovereign, carry him off to his own capital, and try him before his own tribunal, is so utterly monstrous that it would seem incredible that it should ever have been maintained were it not so clear that its rejection brings the Catholic Church to the level of other religious associations. When we consider that it is maintained to this day, and that the restoration of the Pope's prerogative of acting independently of the civil power in all cases affecting faith or morals is the declared object of a powerful and numerous party in every Catholic country, we are better able to appreciate what often appears the needless exasperation of religious strife upon the Continent.

Herr Gebler's book may not be the last word on the trial of Galileo, but, thanks to him and other labourers, the leading points may be regarded as finally set at rest. His industry, acumen, and impartiality are worthy of the highest praise, and it is exceedingly to be regretted that such remarkable talents for historical investigation should have been lost to the world by his premature death. Mrs. Sturge's version is smooth, idiomatic, and, so far as we have tested it, very correct. In one place, following her original too literally, she speaks of "the Engelsburg" when she means the Castle of St. Angelo.

TWO NOVELS.*

WE have before us two books, widely different in character and style. In the first, "Wolvern Chace," the author makes the following couplet do duty for a patronymic:—

"One who, not unknown to fame,
Yet dares to write without a name."

If the name had been the only commodity wanting, it would have signified but little, but, unfortunately, knowledge is also conspicuous by its absence, and the author has shown a wise discretion in resting on past laurels, for we doubt if much fame can come from the present essay. "Wolvern Chace" proposes to be "a chronicle of days that are no more," but a more complete jumble of past, present, and future it has seldom been our lot to peruse. There are parts which read pleasantly, notwithstanding the almost Johnsonian style adopted by the author, and some scenes are vividly painted, yet just as we are getting interested we are treated to pages of pedantry and moralising that are ill in accord with what has gone before, or with the subject coming after. Old time-honoured stories are rehabilitated and reproduced, and, stranger still, those of yesterday, still fresh in our memory, with the very characters still moving in our midst, are "put back" to the days that are no more. The writer is evidently an admirer of Shakespeare, but unfortunately either trusts to an imperfect memory, or admires the great poet from an inverted position, as whenever he is brought upon the stage everything is upside down. For instance, in the first volume, relating an amusing and well-known story (one of the rehabilitated reproductions), Hamlet, as played by one O'Rourke, is interrupted by the indiscreet endeavours of a friend in the pit, to call his attention to the fact that "the laste taste in life of his shirt was hanging out." The *contretemps* is made to occur in what is known as the churchyard (though the author calls it the "Alas, poor Yorick") scene, and "Still on went the soliloquy to be or not to be," we are told. Now, as the said soliloquy occurs in act iii., scene 1, and the churchyard and Yorick's skull does not appear till act v., scene 1, it is plain that either the author or his character O'Rourke was not particularly well up in his part. As an example

* *Wolvern Chace.* (Remington and Co.) 3 vols.—*The Mystery of Killard.* R. DOWLING. (Tinsley Brothers.) 3 vols.

of a modern story relegated to past time, the following will suffice:—

Time: the Prince Regent's Palace, Brighthelmstone. Scene: a Guards' ball at the Pavilion. "Some of the Guardsmen had at this time taken the tone of, 'We of the tenth don't dance,' and one of these was overheard by Mrs. Langdale replying to a friend who wished to introduce him to her, by saying, with a dandified air, 'Oh! aw! trot her out; which is she?' The friend indicated which lady it was. . . . Mrs. Langdale measured him from head to foot through her eye-glass with a critical smile, and said, 'No! no! thank you, trot him back again; won't do.'" What does *Mr. Punch* say to this?

The principal characters in the book are Sir Geoffrey and Lady Langdale, their daughters, and his elder brother, William Langdale; and for the most part it treats of the loves of Caroline Langdale and a Mr. Pierce Falconer, a maudlin sentimentalist. The plot we have failed to unravel, and we must leave the task to those who care to read the book. "Wolvern Chace," we should say, is a good subject badly handled, and overwrought with homilies. There is much in it that is good, but more that is bad, and the latter weighs down the scale, making it as disappointing a book as we have seen for some time.

With the second—"The Mystery of Killard"—we have little fault to find. Pleasantly written, with a thorough knowledge of Irish life and complete grasp of the subject, Mr. R. Dowling has written a decidedly clever book. The incidents are out of the common, and though in themselves not of particular interest, yet are vividly drawn and well maintained. The plot is peculiar.

The scene opens with the arrival at Killard, a small fishing village in County Clare, of Edward Martin, who, being hospitably entertained by John Cantillon, works in his boat, and eventually marries his daughter and becomes well-to-do. Abreast of Killard lies a small island, called Bishop's Island, inhabited and owned by a man called David Lane, a dummy—*i.e.*, a deaf and dumb man; his father had been deaf and dumb, and his mother before him, and now he is looking out for a consort equally afflicted, whom he finds; his only other friend is Tom the fool, a half-witted and excellently-drawn character. David Lane, after his marriage, is blessed with a son, John, whom, when he finds him to be in possession of all his faculties, he discards. The boy is taken care of and brought up by Edward Martin, and, of course, falls in love with Martin's daughter, Mary, who is also loved by a man called Christopher Cahill, the son of a bailiff; but she gives her heart to John. There is a mystery about Bishop Island which the superstitious of Killard believe to be connected with the Prince of Darkness, and David Lane is shunned accordingly. The real reason he wishes for a deaf and dumb son is that his father had, either by wrecking or in some other way, got together piles of guineas, which were carefully concealed in the island, and Lane feared that if his secret was known to a being who could speak he would be robbed by the Government of all the gold, which he used to melt down to avoid recognition. John Lane goes away to the diggings in Australia, and, coming back rich, finds his father dead, and is put in possession of the secret and the island. He determines at once to find out about the gold, and for this purpose proceeds to London, braving the anger of Edward Martin and the sorrow of Mary, who both think the "curse of the Lanes" has fallen on him, and that he has deserted them. Eventually he succeeds in tracing the gold to guineas lost on the coast by

a shipwreck, and the Government give him a large share, keeping the rest for themselves; and at last, as John says, "the curse has gone for ever from the Lanes," and by marrying Mary Martin he finds a blessing instead. As we have said, the author shows an intimate acquaintance with Irish life, and a better description cannot be found without endeavouring to be sensational. He has given us a book to *read*, and one we can commend to all who care for a realistic picture without the too-common trash associated with the ordinary novels.

WALLACE'S AUSTRALASIA.*

THESE useful volumes of Mr. Stanford's are, it is well-known, based upon the German work ("Die Erde und ihre Völker") of Hellwald. It is, however, not surprising to find that Hellwald's book has proved of very little service for the present volume. Mr. Wallace, than whom no more competent editor could possibly have been chosen, tells us that not more than a tenth of the work is borrowed from the German original, and we can very well believe it. The great English colonies of the southern hemisphere, which form by far the most important, if not the most interesting sections of this volume, are not likely to be treated by any German in a manner suited to the requirements of English readers, and the vast regions of Oceania, except in a few places such as Samoa, have not been much explored by German savants or traders. Now, indeed, that German enterprise is calling for colonies, the South Seas may become of more interest to Germany, and there is already a reference to the blessings which Hamburg traders have conferred upon the Navigator's Islands, which, we feel sure, Mr. Wallace has allowed to stand out of a little mischievous irony. But for the most part Englishmen are the only persons who have either the right or the power to speak on the contents of this volume of the series, and it is right that they should speak at first hand. No one has a better title to give an account of the Malay Archipelago than Mr. Wallace himself, and with the exception of a few Dutch officials probably no one has a title half so good. As for Australia and New Zealand no foreign account could for a moment be accepted.

The present volume fully preserves the level of excellence marked out by Mr. Keith Johnston's "Africa," and Mr. Bates's "South America." Its maps are not only very numerous, but of admirable execution, more than supplying the place of the most voluminous atlas. The statistics, as well as the physical and geographical treatment of the Australian Colonies, are exceedingly full, and brought up to the latest dates, while the difficult but necessary apportionment of space to botanical, geological, zoological, and ethnological details is very successfully managed. Indeed, the book, like its predecessors, is not only a valuable book of reference, but one which can be read continuously with profit and with pleasure. Mr. Wallace's excellent volume of "Sketches on Tropical Nature" had already shown him to be possessed of the faculty of succinctly stating large bodies of facts without sacrificing literary attractiveness, and this faculty is equally well exemplified in the present volume. As an instance of it we may point to the exhaustive and yet compact account of the Aborigines of Australia, and to the chapter, most interesting at the present time, on New Guinea and the Papuans.

There is one point which must strongly impress any

* *Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel: Australasia.* Edited and Extended by A. R. WALLACE. (Edward Stanford.)

reader of the book, and that is the thoughts which it suggests as to the apportionment of the vast regions dealt with among European Powers. At present it is well known that we ourselves possess the whole of Australia and New Zealand, with a few outlying islands, such as the Fijis, and shall probably soon be driven by manifest destiny to take, first informal and then formal, investiture of New Guinea. Spain holds the Philippines and part of the Carolines and Ladrones; Holland rules the Malay Archipelago in a way which, for a wonder, is alike beneficial to the rulers and the ruled. America has made various indirect, and so far not successful, attempts in the Sandwich Isles and elsewhere. France protects the Society Islands, and occupies New Caledonia, with very little benefit to herself or anybody else. Germany has just established, or is about to establish, her footing in Samoa on a regular basis. Now of all these foreign rules the Dutch is the most successful, the Spanish next. We ourselves have done not a little to make the wilderness blossom like the rose, but wherever the wilderness has had inhabitants we have, in one way or another, destroyed or begun to destroy them. So has France, without achieving the material successes which in some degree palliate our own failures. Germany has not yet had time to try her hand, but it is probable, unless the Germans forget all about their home ways, that they will do most harm of all. The easy-going Polynesian or Malay is too evidently not a favourable subject for our religion, our morality, our education, or our law. He simply withers away under them, and the statistics given in this book contain some of the most ghastly records of interference with happy, peaceful lives that history has known since the actions of the first Conquistadores of America. Thirty years of French protection, for instance, have reduced the population of the Marquesas from fifty thousand to a twelfth of that number. Even in islands where the relative decrease has been less, universal testimony shows the degradation of the standard of living, the loss of grace and happiness of life, and the substitution of an imperfect Western civilisation for the suitable if somewhat Arcadian customs and habits of the islanders. Nor is it easy to see, except from a point of view which need not be discussed here, any valid reason for this destruction. Australia, if not New Zealand, was too sparsely peopled, had too great gifts of Nature, and was occupied by natives of too low a type to make much moan necessary in their case. The Spaniards and the Dutch have developed the immense wealth of Malaysia with little harm to the inhabitants. But in Polynesia proper this is not the case. The additions to European commerce made by European occupation of the islands are quite insignificant. The climate, however delightful, is not suitable to Western civilisation, morality, or habits of life. Even admitting, which we are by no means ready to admit, that crusades are justifiable, there was nothing in the mode of living of most of the Polynesians which made a crusade necessary or excusable. We, therefore, ourselves to some extent, and the French and Americans to a far greater, have destroyed a sufficient scheme of existence for a large number of people, while we have got no counterbalancing advantage for ourselves, and certainly have conferred none on them. As for morality, this book contains abundant proof that the amiable foibles of the Polynesians have been exchanged for the coarse and destructive habit of drunkenness, the one vice which Western civilisation facilitates, and, according to some anthropologists, absolutely encourages. An account of Australasia such as this book contains is one of the heaviest indictments

against civilisation which can well be drawn. Certainly the instinct of Diderot was not at fault when he found in the account of Tahiti given by its first discoverers an argument for the paradox he had suggested to Rousseau much stronger than anything which his sentimental friend had devised. The Marquesans and the Society Islanders would hardly, we should imagine, join Tennyson's hero in objecting to be vacant of the glorious gains of disease and drunkenness, unhappy living, and uncomely costumes which civilisation has conferred upon such of them as it has not already sent to join their happier ancestors.

PICTURES OF THE PAST.*

OF all the different pursuits to which, in these active times of competition, men devote themselves, there is probably none—not even excepting the position of an Old Bailey barrister—which affords more opportunities for “taking notes” worth preserving than the profession of a civil engineer. In the early days of railways, of which the first part of this book contains a graphic account, men carried the level and theodolite into remote parts of England, which were then as unknown to the inhabitants of London as China is now. Their work brought them into contact with persons in every class of life; they, perforce, made the acquaintance of the frugal village parson; of the pushing attorney; of the land-agent who sent up the rents four times a year to the absentee proprietor in London; of the country squire who dwelt on and loved his broad acres—jealous lest the march of railways, which he could not admit to be that of improvement, should introduce new-fangled ideas into his rustic corner—of the burly landlord of a much-frequented posting house, and the honest landlady of a remote inn which stages never reached and where letters were delivered once a week in summer, and at irregular intervals in winter; of the horse-keepers, stage-coachmen, and all who lived by the road and feared they would perish by the railway; of the first railway directors who were not deterred by the risks and dangers of a new enterprise, but pushed on at all hazards; of the shareholders who, after many doubts and hesitations, rushed into railways as they had done, three generations before, into the South Sea bubbles; and of many other types and characters too numerous to mention, but most of whom are now, if not extinct, no longer marked out from the rest of the world by bold features and special characteristics. When the great trunk lines in England were completed, and the profession of civil engineering had become an established one, not many years elapsed before, like all other professions, it became overcrowded, and its younger and more restless members sought work beyond the seas. In this second period the engineer had fresh openings of adventure and excitement frequently far surpassing those even of the professional traveller. To explore a new country for the purpose of constructing a line of railway is a very different matter to a sporting or holiday trip, and to construct the line after the surveys have been completed involves a prolonged residence and a close contact with the people, and, therefore, ensures a knowledge of them which no naturalist or geographer has the opportunity of acquiring. But, although the men who have carried their levels across the Andes, who have dwelt for years in remote districts of Asia Minor, who have laid down roads across the Russian steppes, and have forced a way for the iron horse through the wilds of

* *Pictures of the Past: Memories of Men I have Met and Places I have Seen.* By FRANCIS H. GRUNDY, C.E. (Griffith and Farran.)

Transylvania, are to be counted by hundreds, few of them have written down their experiences, either of the early days in England or of the later ones abroad. The profession is, as a rule, an intensely active one. Every moment is occupied, and when a welcome rest from the hurry of work is reached, it is more willingly spent in relaxation, in social amusements, or in sport, than in compiling notes on the inhabitants or the natural productions of the country. Nor is the civil engineer, as a rule, a literary man. His education as conducted in England has not fostered a taste for the higher paths of literature, and he is not unfrequently inclined to put down men who read and write as unpractical theorists. Although it is now no longer unusual to find, in the ranks of the engineering profession, men who have not only passed through one or other of the Universities, but even many who have gained eminent scholastic honours, there were, thirty years ago, hardly any railway men who had not deserted the class-room for the lathe and the office long before their second decade had expired. Books on any but strictly professional subjects by civil engineers are, therefore, very rare, and we welcome this amusing volume of unprofessional adventure and gossip as a contribution to that portion of history which is, as a rule, least known—that of the times immediately preceding our own.

Mr. Grundy was, as a youth, articled to George Bidder, the calculating boy, partner of George Stephenson and manager of his business. He had ample opportunities of knowing, and devotes a whole chapter to, the father of English railways, and his active occupation in Lancashire and Yorkshire during fifteen years, when he was successively assistant and resident engineer of various lines in those districts, afforded many occasions of meeting a number of men who had either already made their mark or have since become eminent. At intervals, too, he spent some time in London, particularly in the autumn months, when railway bills were being prepared for the Parliamentary Committees. In the course of the first half of his book, which most readers will find the most interesting one, he introduces us to James Martineau, George Robert Stephenson, Patrick Bramwell Bronté, Joseph Locke, George H. Lewes, Leigh Hunt, and many others. Of the latter's improvidence he tells a story which we do not remember to have yet seen:—

"One afternoon Leigh Hunt drove up to the door in a hansom. I met him at the door, where he was beaming benevolently at the cabman, who was beaming too. Says Leigh Hunt after the usual salutations, 'Fine fellow, that.' I ask how, for neither man, cab, horse, nor harness seemed particularly fine. 'Well,' says Leigh Hunt, 'I found him returning from Hammersmith, and he said as an empty he would take me for half-fare' (the whole fare was about three shillings), 'so I told him to drive on. He drove nicely and steadily, and now when I asked him his fare he left it to my honour. You know nothing could be fairer than that, so I said I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket—would one of them do? I could give him that, and if not enough he could call at So-and-so, or I would borrow it from you. 'Oh! that would do,' he said; he would not trouble you. He took it, thanked me, and was getting on to his cab when I stopped him to say that I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come and receive the same fare back. He said he would, but now he has driven away so suddenly as you opened the door that I hardly know what to think.'"

Two chapters are devoted to Patrick Bronté and George Stephenson. Into the elaborate defence of the former, against what Mr. Grundy terms Mrs. Gaskell's unjust aspersions, we have not space to enter, and can only remark that, even on our author's own showing, his friend was a reckless drunkard, though possibly not an irreclaimable one. The chapter devoted to Tapton House, where Stephenson lived for many years, is full of amusing gossip, which we hope is as true as it is lively. But

whether true or not, the following story of the veteran is worth recording. Stephenson was in a railway carriage with his secretary (who tells the anecdote), a gentleman, and a young lady, the two latter being strangers to the other two:—

"Old George was seated opposite the lady—a fine, tall, handsome girl, of a very perfect physique, and evidently a lady. He eyed this girl admiringly and critically for some time, and then rapped out—'You'd make the mother of a grand breed of navvies, my lass!'"

We have ventured to hint a doubt of the accuracy of some of the author's statements, and we have done so on the evidence of some others which are manifestly inaccurate. Mr. Grundy tells us, for instance, how the Maidstone and Paddock Wood Branch of the *Eastern Counties Railway* was opened. Now this line is not, and never was, any part of the Eastern Counties Railway, but was constructed by the South-Eastern. For a Civil Engineer, this is almost as great a mistake as to call Joseph Locke Mr. *Lock*, which the author does persistently.

The second half of the book is filled with Mr. Grundy's experiences in Australia, whither he went in 1854, and whence he dates his work. It contains, perhaps, more new matter than the first part, but we imagine will not be read with as much curiosity. For we are generally more anxious for gossip about people and places of which we already know something than for information about scenes and persons of which we know nothing at all. But we are presented with some excellent sketches of bush life and of the condition of the colony of New South Wales in its earlier days, and lay down the book with a feeling of regret that a little more care was not devoted to its revision, and that Mr. Grundy had no sensible friend at his elbow to recommend the excision of a quantity of uninteresting, would-be funny, and totally irrelevant matter. For it can fairly be stated that out of the four hundred pages composing the volume two hundred are very amusing indeed, and contain a mass of entertaining if not very valuable matter, while the rest are merely the lucubrations of a gentleman who has never previously appeared in print, and fancies that his thoughts, the smallest details of his daily life, and even his poetry, must be acceptable to the public because they have evidently delighted himself and his private friends. This is a mistake.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

THE *Westminster Review* for April, which we received too late for notice among the quarterlies, is a remarkably interesting number. The *Review* has long made Colonial affairs a prominent feature, and devotes a considerable space in each issue to a synopsis of the contemporary state of things in outlying parts of our Empire. Besides this, in the number before us, there are no less than three articles bearing directly or indirectly on questions of Imperial policy. The leader deals with a question which must sooner or later become a burning one—the relations between the mother-country and the Colonies, and which it were well should be considered in time. No consideration is more important, not only for the future of the English race, but for the history of the world in time to come, than the question whether the bonds which still hold the English Empire together shall be tightened or loosened. All patriotic Britons, and we do not narrowly confine this designation to inhabitants of our little island group, must feel an interest in the fortunes of the Empire our fathers built up. Our system of Colonial Government is one which tends to loosen the connection between the motherland and the daughter nations. The Colonies, if they are to remain united with us by ties more enduring than mere sentiment, must sooner or later,

as they approximate in wealth and population to the mother-country, have a proportionate voice in the direction of Imperial affairs. The present state of things is as absurd as if the local Parliament of New Brunswick were to legislate for the Dominion of Canada, or the Common Council of the City of London for Great Britain and Ireland. If we are not to degenerate into a second Holland, smug and prosperous, but insignificant in the comity of nations, the mechanism of Imperial Government must be thoroughly reconsidered and interpreted in a more patriotic and unparochial way. Foreigners well know that the dignity of the British name is indissolubly bound up with the maintenance of our widely-spread Empire. They point with a malignant joy to the secession of the United States, that splendid colony which was lost to us by the temper of a pig-headed monarch and a clique of backstairs politicians, and they gleefully prophesy a similar catastrophe in relation to Canada and Australasia. *Absit omen.* It lies with us and the next generation to lay the foundation of a federation of the English race which shall be, by the unparalleled territorial extent of its Empire, above temptation to aggression, and equally impervious to attack. Such a federation would ensure to us and our descendants in all parts of the globe an everlasting peace. The paper on "Our South African Colonies" seems to us to fall in too much with the "tall talk" of certain unquiet politicians of the Cape Assembly, who want the Zambesi frontier and the honour and glory of Empire without the burden of paying for it. In the "Imperial Policy of Great Britain," a strengthening or rather rehabilitation of the Persian alliance is contended for as the best barrier against Russian aggression. "The Relations of the Sexes" is an article containing many beautiful theories, which an attentive consideration of the dictum of an eminent philosopher, that there is a wonderful deal of human nature about most of us, might perchance induce the writer to materially modify.

The first and most invaluable article in the *Nineteenth Century* for June is discussed at full length in another column. Mr. Gladstone contributes an eloquent defence of the claims of Greece, in which, however, as in most of his recent political articles, he proves himself unable to perceive more than one side of the question, and views the progress of this little kingdom through rose-coloured spectacles.

The *Fortnightly* contains an extremely clever essay by Mr. Grant Duff on Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. But the able Member for the Elgin Burghs rather reminds us of the famous Mr. Dick, who never could keep Charles I. out of his memorials. Mr. Duff seems to find the same difficulty with respect to the education now given at our public schools, and introduces the subject somewhere in almost everything he writes.

The *Contemporary* for this month is an uncommonly strong number. The place of honour is rightly assigned to Dr. von Döllinger's address to the Bavarian Academy of Sciences on the distinguished French Orientalist, the late Garcin de Tassy. The subject, of course, opens up the whole question of British rule in India. Dr. Döllinger seems to think that statesmen in London and Calcutta should be cautious, or they may be surprised by a repetition of the events of 1857. Under the title "Conspiracies in Russia," Karl Blind gives an interesting account of the revolutionary rising in 1826. Professor Newman contributes an incisive article on the barbarisms of civilisation, in which, however, the facts want sifting and the invective finish; and Sir Benjamin Pine in the penultimate draws attention to some points in relation to the Boers and Zulus, which, being written by an ex-Lieut.-Governor of Natal, deserve attentive consideration.

Fraser's takes the lead this month in papers of varied and general interest. The article on "Command of the Sea," which most Englishmen are apt to consider their inalienable birthright, shows in an unmistakable way how very little reason we have under the changed conditions of modern naval warfare to be so very sure about it, and merits more than ephemeral attention. "The Revival of the Warlike Power of China" is an able view of Chinese capacity for progress, by one who evidently thoroughly understands his subject, and which, if carefully read, will do much to educate the public mind to a just appreciation of one most important but little-considered factor in that remote phase of the

Eastern Question, the affairs of Central Asia, in which China seems destined to play a part commensurate with her population and resources. "Wandering Thoughts about Germany" draws attention to the coming conflict between Militarism and Socialism, and reads something like Arthur Young's prognostications uttered before the French Revolution; there is evidently thunder in the air. "G. S." pulls up Mr. Caird for giving too roseate a view of our agricultural prospects, and is himself attacked by "C. E." in a paper on "Starvation Wages and Political Economy." People who do not know German, or who are too indolent to read Miss Zimmern's recent little book on Schopenhauer, will find in a short compass that distinguished misogynist's choicest utterances on *men*, books, and music. A notice of the early numbers of *Fraser's*, which will be interesting to the general reader as indicating the earliest work of Mr. Carlyle, which is not included in his miscellaneous writings, appropriately concludes the number, the last issued under the editorship of Mr. Allingham.

In *Blackwood* Mr. Trollope's novel and "Reata" are concluded, the former to the reader's regret. There is a lively *aperçu* of French novelists. Those who sent money to the Mansion House or Mrs. Freake's for the Hungarians will be interested in a personal sketch of the Szegedin disaster, and a wider circle may read with advantage of bank failures and their remedies.

Temple Bar contains a good shillingsworth of matter, instructive and amusing. The sketch of Richard Cumberland, the playwright, gives some startling instances of what was considered "fine writing" in the halcyon days of the drama, which may console the average citizen that, if we have now inferior actors who tread the stage of Kemble and Siddons, we have at least acquired some compensation in a truer and more refined taste. A melodramatic sketch of Russian Court life under Peter the Third and Elizabeth the Second gives a melancholy but too truthful picture of intrigue and crime. "The Professor's Niece" is a Dutch picture.

In the *Cornhill* "Old Joquelin's Bequest" is the *pièce de résistance*; it is a really admirable and first-rate piece of work. Those who like to read about Spenser, and don't care to dip into the "Faëry Queen" for themselves, will be charmed by Professor Dowden's acute and elegant criticism.

Macmillan's is rather dull. There is a pretty little wrangle about "International Copyright" between a distinguished American journalist and an Englishman, in which, to our prejudiced way of thinking, the "Britisher" gets rather the best of it. Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's thoughts on Lord Derby's tenure of the Foreign Office are dealt with in a separate article.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Dr. Richardson has a thoughtful paper on "Health and Recreation for the Young," while Mr. Arthur Arnold gives a sketch of the relations between England and Greece for the last fifty years, which may prove useful at the present juncture.

Were the "Views from a German Spion" in *Belgravia* not written by Mr. Bret Harte, we should declare them to be almost as dull as the German town in whose exhilarating atmosphere they were composed. As it is, perhaps the jovial Whitsuntide weather has had a depressing effect on our otherwise keen intellectual faculties, for we fail to note any of the characteristic humour and pathos we have been accustomed to expect from the pen of that charming and original American writer. Mr. James Payn contributes a capital "Independent Opinion," and Mr. Procter a formidable account of calculating boys, who, it is some small consolation to reflect, did not turn out calculating men, but respectable citizens with no hyper arithmetical propensities, and eschewed mathematics to the end of their days. There is a pretty little dramatic vignette by Austin Dobson, and an interesting sketch of Madame Récamier.

London Society begins with a sketch of the history of the Comédie Française, now our guests at the Gaiety, and a short characterisation of the principal members of the fraternity. The rest is sprightly enough, and the illustrations are excellent.

"The School of Culture" is best worth reading in the *University*.

Light and airy *Tinsley* is the vehicle Mr. Joseph Hatton

has chosen for giving utterance to his Protectionist wail, crammed with facts and figures and melancholy reflections on the commercial decline of England. Whatever we may think of his conclusions, a good many startling statistics are here brought together in a readable manner, and within the compass of a few pages.

The Theatre contains two excellent photographs of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, the great French *tragédienne*, one as the Queen in "Ruy Blas," and the other in male attire, with a chisel in her hand. The number is full of news in matters theatrical. The *Comédie Française* fills, of course, an exceptional space. The most interesting thing to the general reader, however, will be the concluding article, "A Very New Hamlet," which chiefly consists in an attempt to defend Mr. Irving against the strictures recently passed on his acting in *Blackwood*.

We have received the *Argosy*, *Modern Thought*, *St. Nicholas*, *All the Year Round*, *Science Gossip*, *Social Notes*, the *Ladies' Treasury*, the *Foreign Church Chronicle*, *Mission Life*, *St. James's*, and *Charing Cross Magazine*, of which space precludes any further notice.

STRAY LEAVES.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND CO. are preparing for publication a series of books, which will treat of the Principles, Methods, and History of Education, and will afford trustworthy information with respect to the different systems of instruction adopted in Europe and in America. Whilst the area of subjects which this series is intended to cover will be sufficiently wide to give to it the completeness of a cyclopædia of education, each subject will be discussed with that reference to practical details which its relations to school management may require. In the composition of the several volumes, the requirements of teachers in secondary as well as primary schools will carefully be kept in view; and whilst due attention will be given to the discussion of "elementary subjects," the attempt will be made to explain the best methods of teaching those branches of knowledge which are included in the curricula of higher classical and modern schools. The various volumes will be written by experienced teachers, or by specialists who have devoted much time and study to the subjects of which they will treat, the whole series being under the editorial care of Mr. Philip Magnus.

WE understand that the following authors will be among the early contributors to the above series:—Dr. Abbott, Head-master, City of London School; Professor Simon Laurie, Professor of Education, University of Edinburgh; Professor Mahaffy, Professor of Ancient History, University of Dublin; Professor Meiklejohn, Professor of Education, University of St. Andrew's; Right Hon. Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P.; Francis Starr, Chief Master of Modern Subjects, Merchant Taylors' Schools; James Sully, Examiner in Mental and Moral Philosophy, University of London; Dr. Wormell, Head-master, City Middle Schools.

SEEING that the University of Cambridge has already issued the regulations for the First Teachers' Examination, to take place in June, 1880, we think the publication of the proposed "Education Library" very opportune; the works of which it will consist will be of the utmost service to all students of the subject.

WE learn from the best possible source that Victor Hugo, who was expected to preside at the International Literary Congress that is to open in London on June 9th, will not be able to come over from Paris. Castelar, whose arrival had also been counted upon, cannot leave Madrid.

PROFESSOR CH. DE UJFALVY, who was despatched on a scientific mission to Turkestan by the French Government two years ago, has published a small volume at Paris, entitled "Leçon d'Ouverture d'un Cours de Géographie Historique et Politique de l'Asie Centrale à l'Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes." A larger work, dealing fully with his travels, will shortly be issued.

THE subjoined is the Russian literary news this week:—Prince Mestchersky is about to bring out a novel with events cast in the reign of Nicholas. Mademoiselle Ermoloff, an artiste extremely popular at Moscow, has arrived at St. Petersburg to play the leading rôle in the drama, "Deetyar" ("The Child"), founded on "Dombey and Son." G. Bogolouboff has had the honour of being thanked by the Czarévitch for the publication of his work, "Istoria Korablya" ("The History of the Ship"). Persons interested in the progress of the Russian peasantry will find much information in a bulky volume just issued by G. Sokolovsky, entitled, "The Economical Well-being of the Village Population of Russia, together with Remarks on the Colonisation of the Steppes." The Imperial Geographical Society announces the publication of a map showing all the communications existing in the Russian Empire. The third and fourth volumes have appeared of the "Collection of Stories of the War" ("Sbornik Voenich Kaskazoff"), edited by Prince Mestchersky, and intended to serve as a popular history of the Turkish campaign. G. Vornis, sub-editor of the *Tiflis Vestnik*, has published an interesting novel, entitled "On the Road," with scenes cast in the Caucasus. The May number of the Armenian journal, *Nords*, contains an article on Garibaldi, and a lengthy critique on G. Abgar's work, "The Opinion of Foreigners respecting the Armenian People."

THE Russian journalistic notes are as follows:—A censor is to be appointed to the province of Kharkoff. Hitherto the Press there has been supervised by a Government official who can barely read and write. The Central Asian estimates this year contain a vote of 25,000 roubles, or £2500, for the publication of the *Turkestanski Vedomosti*. This is altogether excessive, as it is a feeble production, and compares unfavourably with the subsidised *Cronstadt* and *Nicolaieff Vestniks*, which receive only 5000 roubles a year a-piece, although they are daily papers, while the *Vedomosti* appears only once a week. The amount allotted to the official journals of the Minister of Railways and the Minister of State Domains this year is 8000 roubles. G. Piltz, who for two years has acted as editor of the Warsaw journal, *Nowiny*, has relinquished his post, and left Poland for St. Petersburg, where he intends devoting himself to literary pursuits.

THE new work on which Canon Farrar has for some years past been engaged will, we understand, be ready for publication next month. It will be entitled "The Life and Work of St. Paul," and will be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, in two volumes, uniform with the Library Edition of Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ."

PROFESSOR SMITH, the leading Presbyterian "heretic" of the time, is said to intend devoting the leisure which is allowed him before the final settlement of his case to the preparation of some magazine articles on "Egypt in its Various Phases," as it came under his notice while he travelled there recently.

"MIDNIGHT Walks with Mr. Carlyle" is the daring title of a book which a Chicago publishing house promises to issue in August next.

THE notion of a biography of the late James Hannay having been finally given up, an attempt will be made by some of his friends to collect and publish his fugitive papers which appeared in daily and other journals, including "Cad Papers," which he contributed to the defunct *Imperial Review*.

MR. ALEXANDER NICOLSON, author of many pleasing verses, and sheriff of the county of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, is spoken of as likely to be the first occupant of the Celtic Chair in University of Edinburgh, which is as good as founded by Professor Blackie.

As was anticipated in this journal, Miss Thompson, granddaughter of Burns, was this week married to Mr. David Wingate, the Scotch collier poet.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Annual Register, The. New Series. Rivingtons.
 Barber, Rev. T., M.A.—David. Simpkin Marshall and Co.
 Blakely, Edward T., F.S.S.—A Handy Dictionary of Commercial Information. Sampson Low and Co.
 Brassey, Thomas.—Recent Letters and Speeches. Longmans.
 Campbell, Sir George, M.P.—The Afghan Frontier. Edward Stanford.
 Campbell, Sir George, M.P.—White and Black in the United States. Chatto and Windus.
 Coppée, François.—L'Exilée. Done into English verse by I. O. L. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
 Creighton, Louise.—Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. Rivingtons.
 Durant, Charles.—The Lady of Oakmere. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.
 Fitzpatrick, W. J., LL.D.—The Life of Charles Lever. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.
 Flint, Robert, D.D., LL.D.—Anti-Theistic Theories. [Being the Baird Lecture for 1877. W. Blackwood and Sons.
 Gardiner, Samuel Rawson, edited by.—Notes of the Debates in the House of Lords. Printed for the Camden Society.
 Gilbert, W. S.—Gretchen. A Play in 4 Acts. Newman and Co.
 Goldney, C.—Heronden. 2nd Edition. Provost and Co.
 Grohman, W. A. Baillie.—Gaddings with a Primitive People. 2 vols. 2nd Edition. Remington and Co.
 Keene, Henry George, M.R.A.S.—The Turks in India. W. H. Allen and Co. L'Art. No. 231. 1er Juin, 1879. A. Ballue, Éditeur. 134, New Bond Street.
 Parables of the Kingdom, The.—By the Author of "Earth's Many Voices." W. Wells-Gardner.
 Scott, Sir George Gilbert, R.A., The Late.—Personal and Professional Recollections. Edited by his son, G. Gilbert Scott, F.S.A. Sampson Low and Co.
 Simpson, Henry Trail, B.A.—Archæologia Adelensis. W. H. Allen and Co.
 Smith, J. Hamblin, M.A.—An Introduction to the Study of Heat. 6th Edition. Rivingtons.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis.—Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
 Through the Light Continent; or the United States in 1877-78. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
 Trollope, Anthony.—Thackeray. Macmillan and Co.
 Trollope, Anthony.—John Caldigate. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.
 Voysey, Rev. Charles, B.A.—The Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin. Williams and Norgate.
 Voysey, Rev. Charles, B.A.—The Sling and the Stone. Vol. VII. Williams and Norgate.
 Ware, Mrs. Hibbert.—The King of Bath; or, Life at a Spa in the 18th Century. 2nd Edition. 2 vols. Charles J. Skeet.

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THE EXAMINER.

In the course of the Summer and Autumn will appear
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TESTIMONIAL.

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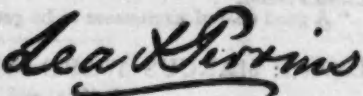
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"A concise and convenient 'Guide to the Academy' has been published by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*, containing criticisms in an epigrammatical form upon the most notable paintings in this year's exhibition. One in every three or four works is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

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

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

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

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"This little guide is 'by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*,' and that gentleman heads his pamphlet, 'What to see at the Academy.' The chief pictures in each room are commented upon in a few lines of incisive criticism which is certainly more outspoken than most of the art notices of the day. 'The Academy Guide' is illustrated with a frontispiece, a drawing of 'The Last Call,' by that rising sculptor Mr. Birch, which occupies a place of honour in the vestibule of the Academy, and is certainly an admirable and original work. People are always asking what to see at the Academy, and this book which is issued at sixpence supplies exactly what is wanted, enabling the visitor to see the most noteworthy pictures without the trouble of wading through the Catalogue."—*Court Circular*.

"For criticism of a sharp, decisive, practical kind, dealing with each subject in the fewest possible words, but making those words express the Critic's meaning with striking force, we commend this little guide-book heartily to our readers' attention. 'Solidly painted,' 'Full of poetry,' 'A promising work,' 'Sea unnaturally opaline,' 'Good atmosphere and well-painted surf,' 'A vigorous work,' 'Smooth and conventional,' 'Tawdry and vulgar,' 'A masterly portrait,' are some few specimens of the brief way in which the writer dismisses, so far as criticism is concerned, one work after the other, saying in most cases all that need be said, and hitting at once the more striking faults or beauties. But all the pictures are not dismissed with this extreme brevity. Of Sir F. Leighton's 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' the author, for instance, says:—'The angel is a graceful figure, though her drapery curls up after a wholly inexplicable fashion, as there are no indications of wind, and the variegated colour of the wings savours of burlesque. The muscles of the upper part of Elijah's body are exaggerated, noticeably the *Latissimus dorsi* and the *Pectoralis major*, and the development of the lower does not correspond with that of the upper extremities. A disappointing work.' The comments upon Mr. J. C. Horsley's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Jessop run thus:—'Shilling photographs. On the line, of course. The sort of thing that makes the intelligent foreigner who knows anything of art rush out of Burlington House howling.'—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

"A guide to the Royal Academy is quite as necessary as some one who is well acquainted with the pathways in a difficult Swiss pass, or an intelligent *cicerone* in a foreign town. Visitors to the art show at Burlington House have long felt this, and we are glad to say, this want is at last supplied in a handy little volume, entitled the 'Academy Guide,' by the Art Critic of the *Examiner*. It is cleverly and crisply written, it does not bore you with long-winded dissertations, which nobody understands, nor elaborate theories on art, which the general public do not care twopence about; it is bright and lively, and tells you, in as concise a manner as possible, how to skim the cream of the Academy in the shortest possible time."—*Sunday Times*.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

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